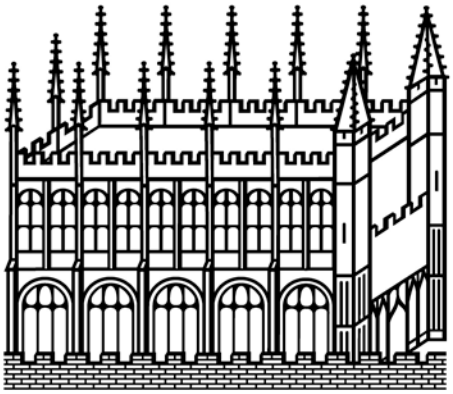


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Historic scenes in Perthshire

William Marshall



Scotland 4° 139

HISTORIC SCENES

IN

PERTHSHIRE.

BY

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PREFACE.

This Volume is composed of Papers which had been appearing for years in the *Weekly News* of Dundee.

The Volume is identical in character and design with "Historic Scenes in Forfarshire," published in 1875. In the Preface to it we said two things which it is expedient to repeat here. The first was, that Historic Scenes being our theme, other subjects, however closely allied, were either avoided by us, or were touched on only so far as they were subservient to our proper purpose. The second was, that our Papers were compiled for the information and entertainment of the general reader. We, therefore, studiously shunned all nice and doubtful questions, which had engaged the researches and exercised the ingenuity of learned inquirers into our annals. These could only have perplexed and repelled the mass of those to whom the Penny Weekly Newspaper has happily become indispensable.

If there is any difference between this Volume and its predecessor, it lies in the more patient and ample treatment which the Scenes in Perthshire have received. Our writing on those in Forfarshire was so far an experiment. It had not, so far as we were aware, been previously attempted in the Penny Weeklies of Dundee. It remained to be seen what acceptance such Papers would have from the general reader; and the fear of wearying him hurried us, sometimes perhaps unduly. We were not haunted by any such apprehension in compiling our Papers on the Perthshire Scenes; we were sure of the avidity with which they would be read. We composed them, making a freer and larger use of the materials we had before us, and it is to be hoped that the information contained in them will be found comparatively more replete and more satisfactory.

Accuracy has been aimed at throughout, but we cannot flatter ourselves that it has been always reached. It is scarcely attainable in a work of such extent, dealing with matters so multitudinous and so multifarious, and over many of which, notwithstanding the efforts of *savans* to illuminate them, not a little obscurity hangs.

Our thanks are due to Subscribers, and are hereby tendered to them. The circulation of the Volume must be mainly local, and without their kindly encouragement we could hardly have ventured on putting it to the Press.

COUPAR ANGUS, *January, 1880.*

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HISTORIC SCENES IN PERTHSHIRE.

It is allowed on all hands that Perthshire is unrivalled in Scotland for scenery; and it is not excelled, we believe, by any other shire for Historic Scenes. The latter alone is our subject; and the limits which we have prescribed to ourselves require that we rigidly adhere to it. We shall begin with the "Fair City" itself, the capital of the county. Well is it named the Fair City, not only for the taste with which it is laid out, and the elegance of many of its buildings, but for the fineness of its situation and the beauty reflected on it from the landscape by which it is surrounded. For these reasons it has been likened to a brilliant gem with exquisite setting. It is said that when the Romans caught the first glimpse of the plain on which it stands, and of the majestic Tay flowing through it, they exclaimed in rapture "*Ecce Tiber! Ecce Campus Martius!*" "Behold the Tiber! Behold the field of Mars!" The exclamation was a compliment to the Tiber rather than to the Tay, and we sympathise with Sir Walter Scott when he wrote:—

> "'Behold the Tiber!' the vain Roman cried,
> Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side;
> But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
> And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay?"

Tennant did more justice to the Fair City when he pronounced the view which bursts on the traveller from the south of it "The glory of Scotland."

PERTH.

The age of Perth is unknown. The generally received tradition is that it was built by the Romans under Agricola, in his campaign in A.D. 83. The tradition rests on the authority of Richard of Cirencester. And it is a noteworthy fact that three Roman roads leading towards Perth, if not into it, have been traced; one from Ardoch, another from Abernethy, and a third from Kinross, where the two Roman roads from Queensferry and Aberdour united. Some allege, and they have the authority of Geoffrey of Monmouth for doing so, that Perth is older than the Roman invasion. They say that the Romans found it a British town, which had been built ages before the birth of the Saviour, with a temple dedicated to Mars; that Agricola turned it into a Roman town, which he named Victoria; that he worshipped Mars in its temple, praying him to be propitious to him in the expedition in which he was engaged; that he fortified the town with walls and a deep fosse, which he supplied with water by an aqueduct from the Almond; and that he spanned the Tay with a large wooden bridge. Farther, Boece, followed by Camden, Buchanan, and others, alleges that the Perth of those days was at the confluence of the Almond and the Tay; that its original name was Bertha or Berth, which became Perth by turning the B into P, these letters being interchangeable in Celtic; that the town was swept away by a terrible inundation in 1210; that it was rebuilt two miles farther down the river; and that it received that year from William the Lion, a charter of erection into a Royal burgh. Holinshed says of King William:—"Comming unto the towne of Bertha, he had not remained there manie daies, but there chanced such a flood, by reason of the rising and inundation of the two rivers, Taie and Almond, that through violence of the stream the town walls were born down, and much people in the towne drowned, yer they could make anie shift to save themselves, insomuch that though the King, with his wife, and the most part of his familie, escaped out of that great danger and jeopardie, his youngest son yit named John, with his nurse and twelve other women, perished, and twentie others of his servants beside. Here was heard such clamour, noise, and lamentable cries, with bitter roring and dreadful shrinkings, as is used in time when anie towne is suddenlie taken and surprized by enemies: for as the common proverb witnesseth, Fier and water have no mercie: and yet of these two, water is more terrible and dangerous: for there is no force or wit of man able to resist the violence of inundations, when they suddenlie break in.

"King William, after that the towne of Bertha was thus destroied and overflowed with water, began

the foundation of an other towne, which was after called Perth, by a man of that name that owght the ground where the same towne was builded. Furthermore, to advance the dignitie and augmentation of this towne, the King granted sundrie beneficiall privileges and freedoms thereto, that it might the sooner rise in riches and wealth."

The story of Boece as to a change of the site of Perth may be dismissed in few words. It never rested on anything worthy the name of historic authority, and it is disproved by extant charters, some of them more than a century older than 1210, and which so describe tenements and streets in it as to make it indisputable that Perth stood then where it stands now. It is possible, however, if not probable, that the legend which we thus dismiss had its origin in a royal residence being at the junction of the Almond and the Tay, called by the natives Rath-inver-Amon; and that the inundation of 1210 swept that residence away. The Roman station Orea was there; and Knox says in his Topography of the Basin of the Tay:—"*Orea* appears to have continued a place of importance long after the departure of the Romans, and to have been a residence of the Scottish Kings. Kenneth M'Alpin died at Forteviot; but his brother and immediate successor, Donal III., according to the chronicle in the Reg. of St Andrews, died in Rathinveramon, anno 863. *Rath-inver-Amon*, the fortress at the influx of the Amon (Almond) into the Tay. The Chron., No. 5 of Innes, states that Constantine IV. was slain in Rath-inver-Amon, anno 995."

Like other old towns, Perth had its Castle, which was the first residence of the Scottish Kings in it, and the building of which is traditionally ascribed to Agricola. All vestige of it disappeared long ago; and there is no record to give us any idea of its size, or strength, or the style of its architecture. We know its site, however. It stood without the walls of the city, about what is now the north end of the Skinnergate. There is a memorial of it in the name of the street which runs north-west from this spot, and which is called the Castle Gable.

In process of time Perth was often called by a new name, as it is sometimes to this day. It was called St John's Town, or, more shortly, St Johnston. The occasion of the new name is connected with a memorable epoch in the annals of the town. When the inhabitants of it were converted to the Christian faith, which is thought to have been about the beginning of the fifth century, they by and by required, if they were to be neighbour-like, a tutelary Saint; and to this high office they chose John the Baptist. They also dedicated to him the first church which they built, and the then Tay bridge. The church, which was on the site which St John's Church still occupies, was originally, we may believe, a humble enough erection; but, by the twelfth century, the piety of the intervening ages had turned it into a large and magnificent fabric, parts of which constitute and adorn the present edifice. Hence the name of St Johnston, which was not unnaturally given to the town. Hence, too, the devices and inscription on an old Seal of the town, which was in use at the commencement of the fifteenth century, and which, for anything certainly known to the contrary, may have been its first Seal, after it was erected into a royal burgh. On the one side was represented the beheading of John the Baptist, Salome, the daughter of Herodias, standing by with a platter to receive the head. On the other side was represented his enshrinement; and around the sides were the words, "S. communitatis ville Sancti Johannis Baptiste de Berth;" which are, being interpreted, The seal of the community of the town of St John Baptist of Perth.

Perth was anciently a place of great importance. It was long the capital of the kingdom; the usual residence of the Sovereigns; the seat of the high Courts; "the London of Scotland," indeed, as it has been aptly phrased. As late as 1482 it ceded this honour to Edinburgh, after having worn it for, as some reckon, fourteen hundred years; and it still ranks next to Edinburgh in the list of the Royal Burghs of Scotland. Its trade and wealth were not unworthy of its metropolitan dignity. It did much business with the Netherlands and the Hanse Towns, and many Flemings not only frequented its port, but settled in it; became burgesses of the burgh, and contributed much to advance it in the useful arts, more especially the manufacture of woollen and linen fabrics, and the dyeing of cloth. These immigrants Alexander III. was sufficiently enlightened to encourage, in spite of the native jealousy of them, and of the protectionism which, it must be conceded to the worshippers of the wisdom of our ancestors, is hoary enough to have been then almost universally received as the true faith in political economy. The couplet of Neckham, Abbot of Exeter, who died in 1227, is a high tribute to the commercial enterprise, prosperity, and riches of the city. He apostrophised the Tay thus:—

"Transis, ample Tai, per rura, per oppida, per Perth,
Regnum sustenant illius urbis opes"—

which has been Englished thus:—

"Great Tay through Perth, through town, through country flies,
Perth the whole kingdom with her wealth supplies."

Other things might be alluded to as indicating the importance of Perth in olden times. For example,

the first Parliament in Perth which is on record was in 1201; and it is calculated that from that year to 1459, no fewer than fourteen Parliaments were held in Perth. It is also calculated that of thirty-seven ecclesiastical Councils in Scotland from the establishment of Popery in it to the Protestant Reformation, no fewer than sixteen were held in Perth between 1201 and 1465; and that the remaining twenty-one were distributed among nine different towns, viz., Edinburgh, St Andrews, Roxburgh, Linlithgow, Scone, Dundee, Carlisle, York, and Northampton.

According to Chalmers in his Caledonia, it was by Alexander I. (1107—1124) that Perth was made a royal burgh. There is a charter extant, bearing that it received this honour from William the Lion (1165—1214); but there is much reason to regard that charter as spurious; and if we are not to follow Chalmers on this point, we should be disposed to concur with those who ascribe to David I., the brother and successor of Alexander I., Perth's royal rank and privileges.

Perth makes a conspicuous figure in the history of the War of Independence. It was repeatedly visited by Edward I. of England. Impelled by the wicked ambition which inspired him, he had assumed the title of Lord Paramount of Scotland. At Norham Castle, in June, 1291, the Scottish nobles and clergy had meanly and basely acknowledged his right to the title. On the death of Alexander III. and of his grandchild, the Maid of Norway, the competitors for the Crown had agreed to refer their claims to his arbitration, and to abide by it. In this state of matters he proceeded northward through Scotland to Perth, where, as afterwards at Dunfermline, St Andrews, Kinghorn, and Linlithgow, he required all ranks to do him homage as his vassals.

Edward was again twice at Perth in 1296. He had, by his intolerable usage of him, goaded John Baliol, to whom he had awarded the crown, into what he construed as rebellion against his liege lord. To punish the rebel, and to put an end to the independence of Scotland, the grand object at which he aimed, he returned to it at the head of an army of thirty thousand foot and four thousand horse. Having taken Berwick in March, and sacked it, putting seventeen thousand persons to the sword; having in April completely routed the Scottish army at Dunbar, ten thousand falling either on the field or in the pursuit, and the Castles of Roxburgh, Dumbarton, Jedburgh, Edinburgh, and Stirling having surrendered to him, he continued his progress to Perth. Here he halted for three days, and kept the feast of the Nativity of John the Baptist, "with circumstances," says Tytler, "of high feudal solemnity, regaling his friends, creating new knights, and solacing himself and his barons." On the 10th of July he received at Brechin Baliol's formal resignation of his crown and kingdom. He still went northward as far as Elgin, the nobles everywhere crowding in to swear fealty to the victorious invader; and on his way south, he was a third time at Perth, on Wednesday, the 8th of August, and carried away with him the records of the kingdom, and the Sacred Stone from the Abbey of Scone, on which the Scottish monarchs had so long sat at their coronation. We have said that he carried away with him the national records; but, according to Holinshed, he "burnt all the Chronicles of the Scottish nation, with all manner of books, as well as those containing divine service, as any other treatises of profane matters, to the end that the memorie of the Scots should perish."

Sir William Wallace, the renowned champion of his country's independence and freedom, now appeared on the stage; and he was often at Perth, though we cannot say precisely how often. "It is a great pity," as Sir Walter Scott remarks, "we do not know exactly the history of this brave man; for at the time when he lived, every one was so busy fighting that there was no person to write down the history of what took place; and afterwards, when there was more leisure for composition, the truths that were collected were greatly mingled with falsehood." For what has come down to us concerning him we are indebted mainly to Blind Harry, the minstrel. He derived his information from the Memoirs of Wallace, written by his chaplain Blair; but there is too much ground for Fordun's criticism. "Of this William Wallace, one Henrie, who was blind from his birth, 'in the time of my nativitie,' saith John Mayor, 'composed a whole book in vulgar verse, in which he mitred all those things vulgarlie spoken of this Wallace.'" "But I do not in all points," saith mine author, "give credit to the writings of such as he was, who onlie get their food and clothing (whereof this man was most worthie) by reciting of histories before the nobilitie of Scotland."

Wallace was in Perth immediately before capturing Kinclaven Castle. He came to it in disguise, intending to tarry in it for a few days, and, by a messenger, apprised the Magistrates of his presence. Being asked his name and the business that had brought him to Perth, he said that his name was Will Malcolmson (that is, Will the son of Malcolm, which was literally true, Malcolm being his father's name), and that he had come from Ettrick Forest in quest of a better home in the north country than he had in the south. In explanation of the jealousy of strangers, and of the questioning to which he was put, he was told that alarming tidings had come from the west country concerning one Wallace, who had been making havoc

of King Edward's men. The real object of the hero's visit was, to judge whether it was practicable to wrest Perth out of the hands of the English, but when he saw the strength of its fortifications he decided against making the attempt.

Falling in love at this time with a fair damsel of the Fair City, his subsequent visits to it were not on that account the less frequent. In November that same year (1296), he came to it from Elcho Castle in the disguise of a priest; saw his mistress; and arranged to be again with her at her house three days hence. In spite of his caution, certain enemies observed him, and immediately gave information to Sir Gerard Heron and Sir James Butler, who held the town for the English. The woman was called before them, and at first stoutly denied any knowledge of Wallace; but, threatened, on the one hand, with being burned if she did not disclose all that she knew, and promised, on the other hand, great riches and honour and marriage to a knight, if she did disclose it, the temptation was too strong for Delilah's virtue. She engaged to betray her Samson to the Philistines. He kept his appointment with her, but could not be induced to remain over the night with her; and it was during the night that he was to be seized. Suspecting that her paction with his enemies was discovered, fear overwhelmed her; and, closely questioned by her gallant, she confessed what she had done, and cast herself on his mercy. "Believing her contrition to be sincere, he forgave her, and borrowing part of her attire, as a disguise, he hurried away by the south gate. To the many armed men he found there he dissembled, telling them to hasten quickly to the chamber of the leman, where, he said, Wallace was locked in. Misled by this information, Wallace was allowed to pass without further question, and he hurried on with such strides as awakened the suspicion of some of the soldiers, who followed him as far as the South Inch, where, turning upon two of the foremost of his pursuers, he slew them both."

Next year Wallace effected the capture of Perth. He approached it from Dunkeld, where he had spent several days in preparing for the siege rude ordnance of wood, which he floated down the Tay. His patriot band encompassed the town; filled the fosse with earth and stones; and brought their engines to play with good effect on the walls. In spite of the brave defence which the English offered, a thousand men soon passed over at a breach in the wall; and Sir John Ramsay and Sir John the Graham, gaining the Turret Gate, which stood where the High Street and Methven Street now meet, gave the whole force of the besiegers free entrance into the town. At this juncture, Sir William Ruthven of Ruthven, ancestor of the noble House of Gowrie, joined them with thirty men, and gave them effective aid. The English were overpowered, and upwards of two thousand of them slain. Not a Southron was permitted to remain in the city; and Sir William Ruthven was appointed Sheriff of it.

After this date, Wallace was repeatedly at Perth. According to Blind Harry, he twice besieged and took it in subsequent years, after it had fallen into the hands of the English. Be this as it may, soon after his signal victory in the battle of Stirling Bridge on September 11th, 1297, he was at Perth, "where he held a Convention of the Estates, settled the whole country, and took an oath of the nobility to be faithful to the State, until such time as they should condescend who should be King"; Cospatrick, Earl of Dunbar, being the only nobleman who refused to attend, and to own the authority of the Convention. He suffered his disastrous defeat at Falkirk on the 22d July, 1298, after which he marched to Perth with the remains of his army, and held another Convention in it, to which he resigned his office as Guardian of the Kingdom.

It was, we may believe, because he had been so much at Perth, and because it and its neighbourhood had been the scene of so many of his exploits, that it was appointed to receive, for a spectacle, one portion of his dismembered body. Betrayed in 1305 by the base Sir John Monteith; hurried to London; tried and condemned in Westminster Hall, as a traitor to Edward, to which his answer was, "To Edward I cannot be a traitor, for I owe him no allegiance," and as having burned villages, stormed castles, and slain many subjects of England, which he freely confessed that he had done in a just war; part of his sentence was that his right foot and limb should be sent to Perth for exhibition.

Edward I. survived the execution of Wallace for only two years, but the War of Independence continued under his successors; and Perth still figures in the annals of it. After the battle of Falkirk, in 1298, the First Edward had improved the fortifications of the town, and made it a place of great strength. He had also repeatedly fixed on it for the residence of his deputies. His son and successor, the second Edward, when Prince of Wales, had lived in it for some time. Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, grandson of the Robert Bruce who had competed for the crown with John Baliol, succeeded Wallace as the head of the patriot cause. He had hitherto, from motives of policy, attached himself to the English interest; but he now changed sides. Having slain his rival, the Red Comyn, in the church of the Minorites in Dumfries, he avowed his resolve to deliver his country from the yoke of the Southron

and as many gathered around the banner which he unfurled as were able to crown him King of Scotland on the 29th of March, 1306. He forthwith made a progress through the kingdom, seizing, wherever he could, the strengths and towns that were in possession of the English. After ravaging Galloway, he came to Perth on the 18th of June, where Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, lay with an army. Bruce challenged the Earl to fight him in single combat. The Earl answered that he would do so on the morrow. Bruce retired for the night to Methven, whither the Earl perfidiously followed, and fell on him and his adherents, giving them a severe defeat.

In 1311, Bruce returned to Perth, and, after besieging it in vain for six weeks, effected by stratagem what he had failed to effect by force. William Oliphant, an "Anglicised Scot," had then the command of the town from Edward II. Raising the siege, and retreating to a considerable distance, as if he had in despair abandoned his design, Bruce returned to it in about a week, in a very dark night, at the head of a picked body of his men. With a scaling-ladder in his one hand, and with a spear in the other, he crossed the deep, broad ditch surrounding the city wall, now wading up to the chin, and then swimming, and was the second person who fixed his ladder, and mounted to the top of the wall. In a very short space of time he was master of the town, its capture being the easier that its defenders were taken by surprise, when they were flattering themselves that it was impregnable. The English garrison was spared; but the Scots who had joined the enemy were put to the sword. The spoil which fell to the victor was large and valuable; and the fortifications of the town were levelled to the ground. Though afterwards rebuilt, again and again, it is said that they never were so strong as they were when Bruce demolished them. The bravery which he displayed in the assault enshrined him in the hearts of his adherents, and raised their hopes to the highest pitch. A French knight of his party (of whom we shall have more to say when we get out to Kinfauns), when he saw him plunging into the ditch which defended the wall, exclaimed in admiration, "What shall we say of our French Lords, who live at ease in the midst of feasting, wassail, and jollity, when so brave a knight is here putting his life in hazard to win a miserable hamlet!"

Perth was not then a very large town; but it certainly was not a "hamlet," as the Frenchman contemptuously styled it. It was bounded on the east by the Tay; its south wall ran along from the river, in the line of Canal Street, to the west side of Methven Street; its west wall ran thence, along the line of Methven Street, to the head of Mill Street; and its north wall ran thence, along the line of Mill Street, to the Tay. A small portion of the last of these walls is yet to be seen on the north side of the Close which communicates between George Street and the Skinnergate. The area included within these boundaries was about 600 yards by 450 yards; but it was not nearly filled with buildings. There were then but two or three houses in Mill Street; and a considerable part of South Street was lined by garden walls in place of houses, and much of the west side of the Meal Vennel was in the same state.

Though very greatly beloved, King Robert Bruce had his enemies; and, in 1320, four of a band of conspirators against his life suffered at Perth the death of traitors. Over this page of our annals some obscurity hangs; but the immediate occasion of the conspiracy seems to have been the offence and alarm of the Scottish nobility at a somewhat impolitic step which the King took. Having called a Convention of the nobles, he bluntly asked them by what title they held their lands. They instantly drew their swords, and answered with one voice, "We carry our titles in our right hands." Nursing their anger and dread, a portion of them concluded that their only safety lay in getting rid of a sovereign who dared to stir a question so insulting and menacing. The principal conspirators were William de Soulis, who held the office of seneschal, or high butler of Scotland; Sir David de Brechin; Sir Gilbert de Malherbe; Sir John Logie; Sir Eustace Maxwell; Sir Walter de Berkeley; Sir Patrick de Graham; and three Esquires, Richard Brown, Hameline de Troup, and Eustace de Rattray.

The first on this list was the grandson of Nicolas de Soulis, who had competed for the crown with Bruce's grandfather, as being the grandson of Marjory, daughter of Alexander II., and wife of Alan Durward. The second on the list was the King's nephew, the son of his sister who had married the Lord of Brechin. The design of the band was, having dispatched Bruce, to set William de Soulis on the throne. The Countess of Strathearn was privy to the plot, and, under the influence either of remorse or of terror, revealed it. The conspirators were seized, tried before a Parliament which met at Perth in August, 1320, convicted, and sentenced to expiate their crime with their life. Sir David de Brechin, Sir William Malherbe, Sir John Logie, and Richard Brown, Esquire, were executed. Drawn through the streets to the place where the scaffold was erected at the tails of horses, they were hanged; their hearts were taken out, while they were yet palpitating with life; and their bodies were dismembered. The lives of their accomplices were spared; and Sir William de Soulis and the Countess

of Strathearn were doomed to perpetual imprisonment.

The Parliament which condemned them was branded as the Black Parliament, chiefly because of the great popularity of the young, handsome, and chivalrous Sir David de Brechin, and the commiseration which his fate excited. But the proofs of his guilt were indubitable. "He had always been the secret or avowed partisan of England. In 1308, he assisted Comyn, Earl of Buchan, in his attacks upon the King while marching through Aberdeenshire: in 1302, we find him a pensioner of Edward, and Governor of Dundee, in the English interest: in 1315, he was a prisoner of war, but though generously pardoned by Bruce, he stood coolly aloof from the brilliant movements which followed; viewing with dislike the success of his relative, or secretly plotting his overthrow. His doom, therefore, was most deserved." It was not the populace alone that were blinded to his guilt: Sir Ingram Umfraville, one of the nobles, sold his estates in Scotland, went to England and transferred his services to Edward, declaring that "he would not remain in a land where so noble a knight was put to a pitiful and shameful death for so slight a cause." Well has Sir Walter Scott observed, "It is difficult to conceive how far Sir Ingram de Umfraville imagined the immunities of a noble knight to extend. This was the fourth time he himself had changed sides. He had borne arms under Wallace, and under the subsequent Scottish regency; he had become English, and was one of the knights appointed to keep Edward's rein at the battle of Bannockburn. That victory reconverted Sir Ingram to the Scottish allegiance, which he finally renounced out of pity and tenderness for the fate of Sir David de Brechin, and, perhaps, some lurking anxiety concerning what might be ultimately reserved for himself, when traitors were receiving payment at the hands of the executioner."

A memorial of the interest which King Robert Bruce took in Perth has come down to us. In the records of the Abbacy of Scone is an order to the Abbot and monks to allow the magistrates of Perth to take stones from his quarries of Kincarrochy and Balcormac, for the building of the bridge of Tay, the bridge of Earn, and the Kirk of St John's. The order is dated 1329.

In 1332 Edward Baliol, eldest son of John Baliol, invaded Scotland, judging it a favourable juncture for the recovery of a throne which he regarded as his birthright. King Robert Bruce had died in 1329, when his son and successor, David II., was a boy under six years of age. Edward III., one of the most warlike of the monarchs of England, was entering on a course which displayed alike high talent and boundless ambition. The English barons, who had got estates in Scotland under the First Edward, but whom Bruce had dispossessed, were longing to have their lands in the north restored to them. The great Regent Randolph, Earl of Moray, had fallen a victim to poison, given him by the hand of an English friar, who was in the service of the English faction, and he had but a poor successor in Donald, Earl of Mar. In these circumstances Edward Baliol appeared on the scene claiming the Scottish crown. Having won the bloody battle of Dupplin, he pushed on to Perth, and hastily fortified it with palisades against an attack apprehended from the Earl of March, who was in the neighbourhood at the head of thirty thousand men; but which March was too cowardly, or rather too treacherous to make. Instead of an assault on the town he contented himself with a blockade of it, which was very harmless to the garrison; it being abundantly supplied with provisions from the fleet, with which Baliol had sailed from the mouth of the Humber, and which, having landed him at Kinghorn, now lay at anchor in the Tay. The blockade was raised ere long, the Scottish army dispersed, and the faithless March acceded to the English interest.

Baliol was crowned on the 24th September, but he had soon to flee the land, the crown of which he had managed to snatch. It speedily appeared that the venture was made with the advice and assistance of Edward, though at first he did his best to keep in the shade. When, after his coronation, his puppet Baliol made a progress to the southern parts of Scotland, Edward moved to the Borders on the pretext of securing the safety of that divided country. They met at Roxburgh, where Baliol basely surrendered the freedom and independence of Scotland into Edward's hand, and acknowledged him as his feudal lord. This was more than Scotland, humbled, torn, and bleeding though it was, could brook. While its vassal King "lay encamped in careless security at Annan, a body of horse, under the command of young Randolph and Archibald Douglas, broke in upon him at midnight, slew his brother and many of his followers, and chased Baliol himself almost naked across the Borders." Perth, the keeping of which Baliol had entrusted to the Earl of Fife, was in the meantime retaken by the Scots. It was surprised by Sir Robert Keith and Sir Simon Fraser, who stormed it, destroying the fortifications which Baliol had raised; and took the Earl of Fife and his family prisoners.

After the disastrous battle of Halidon Hill, fought on the 20th July, 1333, and in which the Regent was mortally wounded, and many other Scottish nobles and barons, and fourteen thousand men, were left dead on the field, Perth fell again into the hands of

the English, as did almost the whole kingdom. It was for a time, more than any other place, their headquarters, and the seat of Baliol's government. To wrest it from them was one of the first feats of Robert, the Steward of Scotland, when he was made Regent on the death of Sir Andrew Moray. Vast sums had been expended on the fortifications of the city; and the defence of it was confided to Thomas Ughtred, a veteran and most skilful warrior. When the Steward had pressed the siege of it for ten weeks, Sir William Douglas, the Knight of Liddesdale, returning from France with five ships of war, brought him valuable assistance. So did also parson Bullock, who, bribed by large grants of land, now deserted Baliol, whose Chancellor he had at one time been, and attached himself to the patriots. The Earl of Ross secured the success of the besiegers with a body of miners, who, by underground excavations, drained the water from the fosse and laid bare the walls. "Preparations were now made to storm the town, but in the midst of these operations an eclipse of the sun took place, and filled the minds both of the besieging army and of the garrison with great terror. Bullock, however, showed the hardihood of his character by taking advantage of the darkness to advance his military engines close to the wall, to be in readiness for the assault. But the Governor had at length lost all hope of relief, and capitulated upon honourable terms. He and his soldiers were allowed to retire into England, where his conduct was made the subject of a Parliamentary inquiry, which terminated in his acquittal of all blame."

For the good service which he did at the crisis of which we write, one is almost tempted to wish Bullock a better fate than that which awaited him. The self-seeking, envious, malignant Knight of Liddesdale, had murdered Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie, because the young King had rewarded Ramsay for his taking Roxburgh with the shrievalty of the county, an office which Douglas had held. Having come upon him by surprise, and wounded him, and thrown him bleeding across a horse, he carried him through many a bog, and by many a mountain path, to his Castle of Hermitage, among the morasses of Liddesdale; thrust him into a dungeon there, and left him to perish of hunger; his sufferings being protracted by the grains of corn which fell from a granary above the dungeon, and by which life was prolonged for seventeen days. "About this time a fate similar to that of Ramsay overtook William Bullock, the able but versatile ecclesiastic who deserted the cause of Baliol, and assisted so powerfully in the capture of Perth. Having, for some cause or other, lost the confidence of the King, he was suddenly seized by David de Berkeley, stript of his high offices, and thrown into the dungeon of the Castle of Lochendorb, in Moray, and there, like Ramsay, starved to death. An ancient Scottish historian, who evidently regarded Bullock as an innocent and oppressed man, makes this melancholy remark on his fate:—'It is an old saying, that neither the wealthy nor the valiant, nor even the wise, can long flourish in Scotland, for envy obtaineth the mastery over them all.' There is reason to believe, however, that this intriguing ecclesiastic had been detected in a traitorous correspondence with the English, and that his fate was not wholly unmerited."

Edward III. was not less passionately bent on the conquest of Scotland than his grandfather, Edward I. had been. With this view he invaded it many times, and was repeatedly at Perth. He was at it, if we may credit Fordun, in 1336, and committed a very rash and tragic deed. He imbrued his hands in the blood of his own brother John, Earl of Cornwall. On his way from England to Perth, John had perpetrated some great atrocities in the western counties. He had burned, for example, the priory and church of Lesmahago, with many of the people of the neighbourhood, who had taken refuge therein as a sanctuary. So he boastfully told his brother, on his arrival at Perth, expecting, no doubt, to be approved and commended by him. Edward received the report as he stood before the high altar in the Church of St John's. He vehemently upbraided John for his cruelty and sacrilege. A violent altercation ensued between the brothers; when the King stabbed the Earl to the heart with a small sword which he wore, and he immediately expired.

In 1341, David II. and his Queen Joanna returned to Scotland from France, where they had been for upwards of eight years. They had been sent there for safety, by the nobles attached to the house of Bruce, after the severe defeat which the Scots suffered in the battle of Halidon Hill. They landed at Inverbervie, where they were welcomed with enthusiastic joy; and they forthwith proceeded in great state to Perth, where they had a like reception. But from the recovery of Perth by the Steward in 1339, there is no very outstanding event in its annals till we come to the reign of Robert III. In 1396 it was the scene of the famous battle of the Clans. The battle field was the North Inch. The combatants were the Clan Chattan and the Clan Kay. It were perhaps more accurate to say that they were groups or confederacies of Celts, headed by these Clans, and embracing a large portion of the population of the Highlands. A deadly feud had long subsisted between them, and had often broken out in mutual attacks of the most ferocious character. They also

lived by plunder, "robbing," as Holinshed says, "and wasting the countrie with continued slaughter and reife."

The King appointed the Earls of Moray and Crawford to deal with those caterans, endeavouring to bring to an end the chronic feud between them, and to tame their wildness; or, if that might not be, to so reduce their strength that they should be no more the terror and scourge of the land. Those noblemen, considering the savageness and power of the Clans and the blood which it would likely cost to subdue them by arms, had recourse to policy in place of force, to accomplish the royal commission which they had received. To the chiefs of the Clans they proposed that thirty of the best warriors chosen from each, and armed only with weapons of offence, should in the presence of the King decide in mortal conflict the long-pending disputes between them; the vanquished to have a pardon for all past crimes, and the victors to be honourably rewarded by the sovereign and his nobles.

The chiefs consented to this proposal; the 25th of October was fixed on as the day of combat, and was anticipated with profound and wide-spread interest. When it came, the public excitement knew no bounds. The multitude of spectators who assembled to witness the fray was immense, and it included all ranks and classes in the land, with several distinguished foreigners from England and France. They were accommodated with seats placed around the ground staked out for the battle, and which was protected by strong barriers to keep off the crowd; and a long range of galleries for the King and his courtiers was erected in the garden of the Blackfriars Monastery, close by the beautiful summer-house called the Golden Arbour, which stood in that garden, and overlooked the Inch.

Just as the combat was about to begin, some delay unexpectedly took place. It was discovered that the heart of one of the Clan Chattan had failed him, and that, throwing himself into the Tay, he had swum across it, and fled with a whole skin to his native mountains. Proclamation having been made for one to supply his place, Henry of the Wynd, an armourer of the city, whom Sir Walter Scott in the Fair Maid of Perth has rescued from the oblivion into which most of Henry's comtemporaries have sunk, offered his services. Springing within the barriers, he said, "Here am I! Will any one fee me to engage with these hirelings in this stage-play? For half a mark will I try the game; provided, if I escape alive, I have my board of one of you so long as I live." The offer was gladly accepted.

The number of the devoted sixty being thus made complete, the signal was given them to close in mortal strife. The onset was terrific; and the yells and the butchery, as the hand to hand struggle proceeded, must have made all ears to tingle, all eyes to grow dim, and all hearts to melt. We read in the Tales of a Grandfather, "As they fought with the two-handed sword and axe, the wounds they inflicted on each other were of a ghastly size and character. Heads were cloven asunder, limbs were lopped from the trunk. The meadow was soon drenched with blood, and covered with dead and wounded men." The furiousness and bloodiness of the contest could not be more graphically told; and they clashed and mangled and destroyed one another, till only one of the Clan Kay remained alive. Eleven of the Clan Chattan survived; but they were so severely wounded, that not one of them was able to follow the single remaining opponent, who made his escape by plunging into the Tay, and swimming to the opposite side. The city armourer performed prodigies of valour and strength; and contributed mainly to the victory of the Clan to which he had hired himself. Tradition says that when the battle was over, he could not tell the name of the Clan for which he had fought, but answered, on being asked, that "he was fechtin' for his ain hand;" and hence the old Scotch proverb, "Every man for his ain hand, like Henry of the Wynd."

We do not move the much disputed questions, Who were the Clans Chattan and Kay? and, By whom are they now represented? We could easily rehearse opinions on them; but, after all the investigation and discussion to which they have been subjected, these questions have not yet been satisfactorily solved; and they are perhaps now insoluble. Burton, one of the latest writers who has touched on them, says: "So little eminence appears to have been among them, that even the men who are said to have been the heads of the quarrel on either side are not identified by Celtic antiquaries with any thing like certainty as belonging to eminent or even known Highland families. They cannot be fitted into any of the genealogies, accurate or fabulous, to be found in the peerages and family histories, nor has any one been able to show the districts over which they ruled."

The country, we may add, reaped one of the advantages anticipated from the mutual carnage of the Clans, on the memorable day of which we have been writing. It so weakened them, and bereaved them of leaders, that they were obliged to suspend for a season at least their reiving practices. "This terrible conflict justified the expectations of its cold-blooded abettors. The fierce mountaineers, deprived of many of their ablest leaders, were compelled to remain quiet, and for a time ceased to scourge the Lowlands with their periodical incursions."

About two years after this battle Robert held a

Parliament at Perth, which is memorable as having sanctioned a new title of nobility in Scotland. It had previously had Earls, and before them it had Maormars; but it had no Dukes. In 1393 the King, with consent of Parliament, created his eldest son David, then eighteen years of age, Duke of Rothesay; and his own brother Robert, Earl of Menteith and Fife, whom he had long before made Governor of the kingdom, he created Duke of Albany. "This empty title," says Buchanan, "then first introduced into Scotland, displayed a great increase of ambition, but none of virtue. The King wished to bestow a similar distinction on the Earl of Douglas, but he, being a grave man, constantly refused this show of useless honour, and indignantly spurned the presumption that any of his race would ever deign to wear it."

Robert III. died in 1406, and was succeeded by his son, James I. His eldest son, David, had perished of famine five years before in a dungeon of the Palace of Falkland, into which he had been thrown by his uncle, the Duke of Albany. His father, trembling for the safety of James, now his only surviving son, resolved to send him to France, as the best security against the intrigues of his uncle, who, to pave the way for the succession of his own family to the throne, had compassed the death of James's elder brother. Only James himself now stood between him and the object of his guilty ambition. When a boy of fifteen years he embarked for France at the Bass, accompanied by the Earl of Orkney and a small party of friends. The vessel in which he sailed was captured by the English off Flamborough Head; and, though there was then a truce between the kingdoms, Henry IV. most shamefully detained him a prisoner in England, where he continued for the long period of nineteen years.

The government of Scotland was in the meantime wholly in the hands of the Regent, Robert, Duke of Albany, who conducted it with a view to the consolidation of his own power and to the accomplishment of the designs which he cherished for his house. He died in 1419, aged fourscore, after he had governed the country under his father, brother, and nephew for thirty-four years. He was succeeded in the Regency by his son Murdoch, who was destitute of all qualifications for the high office, and under whom the country soon became a scene of anarchy and confusion; and the profligacy of his sons, Walter, Alexander, and James greatly aggravated the public discontent and misery.

It was in Perth, soon after the death of Robert III., that the first Lollard martyr was brought to the stake. He was the first, too, whom we read of in the records of history as suffering in Scotland for his religious opinions. The Lollards were the followers of John Wycliffe, the Morning Star of the Reformation. Wycliffe died in 1384, and by the beginning of the next century his disciples were exciting the jealousy and fear of the Papal Church in Scotland, of which Robert, Duke of Albany, was a leal and obedient son. Winton says of him—

> "He was a constant Catholicke,
> All Lollard he hatyt, and hereticke."

The Lollard proto-martyr in Scotland was James Resby, who was burned at Perth in 1407. He was not a Scot, but an Englishman, and an English priest, who is said to have come to this country either as a refugee from the persecution to which the Lollards were subjected in the South, or from a desire to propagate the truth. According to Bower, he was considered a famous preacher by the "simple," that is, doubtless, the common people. His popularity only made him the more obnoxious to the Popish rulers in Church and State, and drew on him their vengeance. Laurence, Abbot of Lindores, Inquisitor General of heretical pravity for Scotland, convened a Council at Perth, by which Resby was tried and condemned to the flames, and his books and writings were consumed with him. He was charged with no fewer than forty heresies. Bower has specified only three of these, viz., that the Pope is not the vicar of Christ, that none but a holy man ought to be acknowledged as Pope, and that auricular confession is useless. To his other thirty-seven heresies we have a pretty sure index in the fact that he was a disciple of Wycliffe. They must have been what his enemies took for Wycliffism, and branded as such. The chronicler farther says that Wycliffe had many disciples who entertained his opinions and books, though with extreme secrecy, by instigation of the devil, working on those to whom "stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant." He tells still farther that he seldom, if ever, knew any infected with the pestilent doctrines of that wicked school being recovered from them, or going to sleep in the Lord in a Christian manner: a high compliment, certainly, to the constancy of the Lollards; an unwitting testimony to their being steadfast and immovable in all the fiery trials through which their enemies made them pass.

His long captivity in England proved an unspeakable blessing to James I. His natural talents were of a high order; the education which he received was excellent; and he readily took on the impress of the superior civilisation and refinement of the South. He was for his day singularly scholarly and accomplished, excelling equally in his knowledge of literature and of the Fine Arts. He came into contact in England with many of the most illustrious men of the age; and there was not then in the world a better school

than its court afforded for teaching both the science and practice of Government. The captive, moreover, loved and wedded Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, niece of Richard II., and granddaughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Her charms he celebrated in "The King's Quhair;" "a poem not inferior in fancy, elegance of diction, and tender delicacy of feeling, to any similar work of the same period, produced either in England or in his own country." So says Tytler; and two verses, slightly modernised by the critic, are sufficient to justify his verdict of the poem. They describe Lady Jane, as James accidentally cast his eyes on her, from the latticed window of the Tower, walking in the garden below.

"Then as it hapt, mine eyes I cast below,
And there I spied, beneath my prison tower,
Telling her beads, in walking to and fro,
The fairest and the freshest youthful flower
That ever I beheld before that hour;
Entranced I gazed, and with the sudden start
Rushed instant all my blood into my heart.

"Awhile I stood, abased and speechless quite,
Nor wonder was; for why?—my senses all
Were so o'ercome with pleasure and delight
Only with letting thus my eyes to fall,
That instantly mine heart became her thrall
Forever of free will: for nought was seen
But gentleness in her soft looks serene."

The consequence of all these things was, that, when at length restored to liberty, James returned to Scotland in 1424, with high promise of a useful and happy reign, and was hailed with universal acclamations of joy. And, considering the deplorable condition to which the country had been reduced, and the huge difficulties with which he had to contend, he did much to realise his noble resolve: "Let God but grant me life, and throughout my dominions I shall make the key keep the castle, and the bush secure the cow, though I myself should lead the life of a dog to accomplish it."

One of his first acts, after he was seated on the throne, was the destruction of the house of Albany. His uncle Robert, first Duke of the house, he looked upon as the murderer of his brother David, Duke of Rothesay, and as the main cause of his own protracted captivity in England. He was now beyond his nephew's reach. But on his son, Duke Murdoch, on Murdoch's sons, Walter and Alexander, and on his father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox, a venerable nobleman, eighty years of age, James took terrible vengeance. They were arrested at Perth in March, 1425; tried before a Parliament held at Stirling in May following; and condemned and executed on the Heading Hill immediately to the north of Stirling Castle. Twenty of the nobles were arrested with them, but they were set at liberty when those victims had suffered their doom.

As this example is enough to show, the justice of James was excessively severe; so much so that it merits the name of tyrannous cruelty; and Perth was the scene of other examples of it. One of these Bower, the continuator of Fordun, relates. A Highland petty chief, named M'Donald, had plundered a poor widow of two cows. In her grief and sorrow she repeatedly exclaimed that she would never wear shoes till she had in person carried her complaint to the King, and sought redress. "It is false," said the savage chief; "I'll have you shod myself before you reach the court." He was as good as his word. A smith among his serfs he ordered to lay hold on the widow, and to nail shoes on her naked feet as if they had been the feet of a horse. The smith did so, and thrust the widow forth on the highway wounded and bleeding. She was a woman of high spirit, and, as soon as her wounds permitted, she walked to Perth, sought out the King, told him the outrage which she had suffered, and shewed him her feet bearing the marks of it. His compassion and indignation were excited to the highest pitch. He gave instant orders that Macdonald should be apprehended and brought to Perth. He was on his trial found guilty of the atrocity of which the widow complained, and condemned to be executed. He was then clad in a linen shirt, on which was painted a representation of the monstrous deed he had done, and after being exhibited through the town in this ignominious dress, he was dragged at a horse's tail to the Tyburn of Perth, and hanged on a gallows. Sir Walter Scott's version of the story says that twelve of M'Donald's principal followers were seized with him; that they all had their feet shod with iron shoes like the woman; and that after being made a spectacle to the public in this condition they were all executed.

Perth was the scene of James's own assassination. Though one of the best of our kings, he had his enemies. Even his kingly virtues made him enemies. The taxes which he required for an efficient government hurt his popularity. His stern administration of law and justice armed many against him, more especially those who had profited by the disorders and abuses which had long prevailed. His resolute policy to reduce the exorbitant power of the nobles, and to restore to the crown the revenues of which they had robbed it, gave deep offence to them. The annexing of the March estates to the crown spread alarm among them. Several near relatives of the royal family strongly sympathised with the barons, and the summary vengeance taken on the house of Albany awakened apprehensions of what might

await themselves. Each of these, moreover, had resentments, and jealousies, and ambitions of his own, which moved him to enter into the dark conspiracy, which was lamentably successful.

The principal conspirators were Sir Robert Graham, uncle of Malise, Earl of Strathearn, a great grandson of Robert II.; Walter, Earl of Athole, and uncle of the King; and Walter's grandson, Sir Robert Stuart, Chamberlain to James, and a great favourite with him, and whom Graham promised to make King of Scotland, if James were disposed of. Inferior accomplices were Sir John Hall and his brother Thomas, and the two brothers, Christopher and Thomas Chambers, all of whom had been dependents of the house of Albany. Sir Robert Graham had been a chief adherent of that house; and James, on his return from his captivity in England, had thrown him into prison. Two years afterwards he had divested his nephew Malise of the Earldom of Strathearn, on the pretence that it was a male fee, which his grandmother, Euphane, ought not to have inherited, and taken by marriage to the Grahams. Determined to be avenged for his wrongs, personal and relative, he had no difficulty, for the reasons hinted at above, in organising a party of the nobles to carry out his design. In the open Parliament he laid his hand on his Sovereign, accused him of high crimes, and pretended to arrest him in the name of the three Estates. His friends shrunk from giving him the support which they had promised him; he himself was arrested, and hurried to prison, and soon after his estates were confiscated, and he was banished from the court. He retired into the Highlands, whence he addressed a letter to James, renouncing his allegiance, denouncing him as a tyrant, and declaring that he would kill him whenever he had opportunity.

In his Highland retreat, and with a high price on his head, Graham matured his plot; and too good an opportunity of executing it soon occurred. The Christmas of 1436 James kept at Perth with great splendour. He came to Perth for this purpose from Edinburgh. On his way, and while he was yet on the south side of the Forth, a Highland woman, pretending to the gift of prophecy, presented herself before the royal cavalcade, and besought the King not to cross the water; for if he did, he would never return alive. Her warning, though disregarded, struck James the more, because of a prediction which had got into currency, that a king would be slain that year. He had a lively recollection of the prediction; and on the day before his murder, it suggested to him a jest with one of his knights with whom he was playing at chess. The knight he had sportively named the King of Love, and, alluding to the prediction, he admonished him to beware of his safety, they two being the only kings in the land.

The time which Graham fixed on for the murder was the night between the 20th and the 21st of February. The residence of the court was the Monastery of the Dominicans or Black Friars, the Castle being by that time in a somewhat dilapidated state. The evening which was to issue in an event so very tragic, was spent very festively. When it was far advanced the Highland soothsayer appeared at the Monastery, imploring an audience of his Majesty. Asked to call to-morrow and tell him her errand, she answered sorrowfully and solemnly that he and she could never, after that night, meet in this world. Considerably after midnight, James called for the parting cup, and the guests dispersed; the Earl of Athole, and his grandson Sir Robert Stuart, being the last to leave. The King, half undressed, was standing before the fire in his chamber talking gaily with the Queen and her Ladies. Lady Catherine Douglas who had gone to her own room, hearing unusual and ominous sounds in the garden of the Monastery, ran to their Majesties with terror and horror in her countenance. "What is the matter, Douglas?" the Queen eagerly asked. "I fear treason," was the reply; "people have been walking in the garden with studious precaution, and they have entered the Convent." As she was speaking, the clash of arms was distinctly heard, and the flash of torches glared through the windows. Graham and his accomplices, attended by three hundred Highland caterans, were upon their victim.

James, dreading their purpose, and calling to the Ladies to keep the door as long as they could, first tried to escape by the windows; which the closeness and strength of the bars prevented. He next, in his desperation, seized the tongs of the chamber, tore up with it one of the boards of the floor, and let himself down into the vault below, the board being carefully replaced. This vault used to have an opening into the court without, large enough to admit of his passing through it; but unhappily just three days before he had built it up because when he played at tennis in the courtyard the balls often ran through it into the vault. In a few minutes the assassins were at the door of the chamber. The Chamberlain had prepared for them by destroying the lock and removing the bar of the apartment. Lady Catherine Douglas thrust her arm into the staple. It was easily and instantly broken. Rushing into the room with their naked weapons, which were red with the blood of a page whom they had slain on their way to it, the ruffians threw down and wounded some of the trembling, shrieking Ladies. One of them even attacked and wounded the Queen herself, and would

have despatched her, had not a son of Graham interposed, and said, "What will you do, for shame to yourself, to the Queen? She is but a woman; let us go and seek the King."

They did seek for him in vain throughout the Monastery; and, but for his own impatience, he might have escaped. Hearing no noise for some time, and thinking that they were gone, he called to the Ladies to bring the sheets from the bed, and to pull him up. As they were attempting to do this, Lady Elizabeth Douglas fell down beside him. At that very moment one of the Chambers, who was well acquainted with the Monastery, suddenly recollected the vault below the royal bedchamber, and returned to search it. Hearing him coming, the Ladies closed the aperture in the floor, but, detecting the breach, Chambers raised the plank, and, looking down by the light of the torch which he held in his hands, he shouted with savage glee to his fellows, "Sirs, the bride is found for whom we have sought and carolled all night." Sir John Hall leaped down, his drawn dagger in his hand; but the King, who had great physical strength, grasped him by the throat, and threw him under his feet. Hall's brother followed him, and met the same fate. James had no weapon; and, in the struggle to wrest their weapons from them, his hands and arms were severely cut, and bled profusely. Sir Robert Graham now sprang in; and, unable to defend himself further, James implored mercy. "Thou curst tyrant," answered Graham, "thou never hadst mercy upon thine own noble kindred, nor upon any one else; therefore no mercy shalt thou have here." The King then entreated, "I beseech thee that for my soul's salvation thou wilt let me have a confessor." "Thou shalt have no confessor but this sword," was the reply, which the villain instantly ran through his body. It is said that when he saw his Sovereign lying bleeding at his feet, his heart relented; and that he would have left him with the life in him but for the cries and threats of his associates who were above. He and the Halls then fell upon him, and despatched him with their daggers. An account of his death written at the time says that there were no fewer than sixteen wounds in his breast alone.

Thus perished James I., in the forty-fourth year of his age, and in the thirty-first of his nominal and the thirteenth of his actual reign. The regicides fled immediately to the Highlands. Sir David Dunbar, brother of the Earl of March, pursued them, and slew one of their number; and vengeance soon overtook the rest of them. It is harrowing to read the accounts of the tortures to which they were subjected. Sir Robert Stuart and Christopher Chambers were first captured, and brought to Edinburgh. Their flesh was torn from their bodies with pincers; they were dragged through the town at the tails of horses, and were beheaded with an old rusty axe on a high scaffold in the market place; and their heads were fixed upon the gates of Perth. The punishment of Walter, Earl of Athole, "was," says Cant, "inflicted on three successive days. On the first day, he was placed in a cart, in which a stock-like engine was erected, and by ropes let through pulleys he was hoisted up on high; the ropes being suddenly let go, he fell down, but stopped near the ground, with intolerable pain by the luxation of his joints. Then he was set on a pillory that every one might see him, and a red hot iron crown set on his head, with this inscription, 'THE KING OF TRAITORS.' On the second day, he was bound upon a hurdle, and drawn at a horse's tail through the principal streets of Edinburgh. On the last day, he was laid upon a plank, in a conspicuous place, his bowels were cut out while he was yet alive, and thrown into the fire before his face; afterwards his heart was pulled out and cast into the same fire. His head was cut off, exposed to the view of all, and set on a pole in the highest place of the city. His body was divided into four quarters which were sent to be hung up in the most noted places of the principal cities of the kingdom."

Horrible in like manner was the doom of Sir Robert Graham. It was suffered at Stirling. He was carried naked through the town in a cart, with a gallows set up in it, to which his right hand was nailed, the knife with which he had slain the King hanging beside it. The hangman followed, who, taking down the knife, cut off with it Sir Robert's right hand. He also tore his flesh with pincers, and ran red hot spikes into his arms, thighs, and other parts of his body farthest removed from the seat of life. His son was tortured and beheaded before his eyes. He bore all with amazing firmness; justifying the murder of James; and warning his tormentors that if his anguish should drive him to blasphemy, to the perdition of his soul, the guilt would be theirs. He was at last beheaded and quartered; and "this dreadful scene of feudal vengeance, which it is impossible to read in the original account without sentiments of the utmost loathing and horror, concluded with the execution of Thomas Hall, one who had apparently belonged to the house of Albany, and who to the last vindicated the share he had in the King's death."

After the assassination of James, Perth was rarely the residence of royalty. Apprehensions of insecurity in it made the sovereigns and their courts shun it. The widowed Queen Jane fled at once for refuge to Edinburgh Castle, taking with her her son James,

then a boy of only six years of age; and Perth gradually sank in importance and prominence, till Edinburgh became the seat of government, and the capital of the kingdom.

In 1443, there was a rather sanguinary skirmish at Perth. Sir William Ruthven, Sheriff of Perth, was taking an Athole thief to the place of execution, John Gormac of Athole, captain of a band of Highland robbers, who were the terror and scourge of the surrounding country, attacked Sir William and his guards, with the view of rescuing their brother felon from the gallows. A fierce scuffle ensued, in which Sir William narrowly escaped being killed. "But at length," says Holinshed, "true men being always better than thieves, the Sheriffe recovered the battell, and killed the Capteine Gormacke, with thirty of his company, and put the rest to flight into the mounteins." After this an Act of Council ordered the citizens to keep the walls of the city in repair next their own houses. James II. had, on the murder of his father, seven years before, issued an order that the walls should be repaired.

In the Middle Ages, Perth was full of Monasteries and other Religious Houses, and these may be regarded as all more or less Historic Scenes. The Monasteries in it were four. That of the Dominicans or Black Friars has already been mentioned by us as the scene of the assassination of James I. It was a large and stately building, and was often the residence of royalty; more especially after the Castle had grown old, and got somewhat into disrepair. It was founded by Alexander II. in 1231; and was endowed by him with the extensive grounds afterwards called the King's Garden, and with a conduit of water from the Mill Lade, of four inches in diameter. Every vestige of the Monastery has long ago disappeared; but it stood without the walls, on the north of the city, in the district still known by the name of the Blackfriars. Attached to it was a church dedicated to the blessed Virgin and to St Dominic, and in which the dust of several historic persons was laid. Among these were some of the Earls of Errol, and members of their family; Alexander, third Earl of Huntly; and above all Elizabeth Mure, daughter of Sir Adam Mure of Rowallan, and first Queen of Robert II. A Lady of great beauty and worth, she captivated the heart of Robert while he was yet a stripling, living in concealment about Dundonald Castle, during the usurpation of Edward Baliol. Their marriage was long doubted; and some historians, among whom was Buchanan, were of opinion that it had never taken place. But decisive evidence of the fact has been discovered. The Pope's dispensation for it for example, dated December, 1347, has been found; as has also the testimony of Roger M'Adam, priest of our Lady Mary's chapel of Kyle, in the parish of Monkland, that he united in marriage Robert and Lady Elizabeth Mure.

The Carmelite or Whitefriars Monastery was founded in the reign of Alexander III. (1249-1286); and was situated to the west of the town, on the lands of Tullielumb, about where Dovecotland now is. It was called "The Prior and Convent of the Carmelite Friars of Tulilum, near Perth." After the Reformation the property belonging to it was given to the support of the Hospital of King James VI.

The Carthusian Monastery or Charterhouse was on the west of the town, near to where the Hospital of King James VI. stands. It was founded in 1429 by James I. and his Queen, and was the only Monastery which the Carthusians had in Scotland. The letter to James authorising the erection of it, from William, Prior of Great Chartreux in France, says that it is "for the accommodation of thirteen monks and their competent number of servants, who shall there serve God perpetually, for the remeid of the soul of your Serene Majesty, of the soul of the renowned Lady your Consort, and of the souls of your heirs, predecessors, and successors;" and that it was to have an "endowment suitable to Royal munificence:" "two hundred merks, with privileges and liberties competent to the Order," being specified. It was designated "The Prior and Convent of the House of the Valley of Virtue of the Carthusian Order." The church attached to it was honoured as a place of Royal sepulture. James I. and his Queen were buried in it; as also Queen Margaret, mother of James V. One of the relics kept in the Charterhouse was the doublet in which James I. was murdered. It was preserved after the Reformation, and Gall says that he had seen in it the holes made by the daggers of the murderers. Pomarium now runs through what was the orchard of the Monastery, which produced the choicest fruit; and hence the name Pomarium, which is, being interpreted, A place set with fruit trees, an orchard. James VI. made George Hay, of Nether Lyffe, Commendator of the Charterhouse, with a seat in Parliament, giving him all the property of the establishment; to which he afterwards added all the ecclesiastical lands of Errol, with their privileges and pertinents; but Hay, finding the rents insufficient to support his dignity, resigned his peerage into his Majesty's hand, reserving to himself and his heirs the patronage of the Church of Errol, which resignation, with the reservation, was accepted.

The Franciscan or Greyfriars Monastery was founded by Lord Oliphant of Aberdalgie in 1460. It stood at the south-east corner of the town, near the

Tay. In 1580 the ground belonging to it, and on which the Convent with its church had stood, were appropriated as a burying place, in all time coming, for the inhabitants of the town and parish.

The other Religious Houses of Perth we shall do little more than enumerate.

Our Lady's Chapel was at the foot of the High Street, on the north side of the street. It is not known when or by whom it was founded; but it was an old fabric in 1210, and suffered so much from the flood of that year that it had to be rebuilt. The present Council Hall and Police Office are portions of it. Part of St John's Church excepted, it is now the only remnant of a Popish ecclesiastical edifice in the city.

St Lawrence Chapel was at the Castle Gable. It was founded in 1405, and was given by Robert III. to the Monastery of the Black Friars, that prayers might be offered by the monks for the soul of his mother, "who was resting in the church of the predicatory friars (*i. e.*, the Black Friars) of Perth."

The Chapel of St Ann, the mother of the Virgin Mary, was on the south of St John's Church, in what is now called St Ann's Lane, and had an Hospital for the entertainment of strangers and poor persons. It is not known when it was founded. Sir Walter Eviot, of the Eviots of Balhousie, was long chaplain of it. He died in 1528.

St James's Chapel was at the south side of St John's Church, and was dedicated to the Apostle James and to Thomas á Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. The founder of it is unknown. By 1400, the tooth of time had reduced it to a state of utter decay; but it was rebuilt that year by the piety of the magistrates, assisted by that of the community, more especially by that of a worthy burgess named William Whitson.

St Paul's Chapel was at the north-west corner of the street which we call New Row. It was founded in 1434 by John Spens of Glen Douglas, and had an Hospital for strangers, and for the infirm and the poor. This John Spens was of the Lathallan family. He was the son of William Spens of Lathallan, and his wife, Isabel Duncan, daughter and heiress of Duncan Campbell of Glen Douglas; and the brother of William Spens, the first of the Spenses of Kilspindie.

St Catherine's Chapel was on the west of the town, in the locality called Claypots. It was founded in 1523 by Sir John Tyrie, long Provost of the Collegiate Church of Methven, and had an Hospital "for the entertainment of poor travellers coming thither."

The Chapel of Our Lady of Loretto or Allareit was on the north side of South Street, near the head of it. It was not famous for the miracles wrought at it, like its sister chapel at Musselburgh: why, we have not met with any lore to explain.

The Rood Chapel, or Chapel of the Holy Cross, stood, Mr Cant says, "at the South Street Port, on the north side"; and nothing more seems to be known concerning it.

The Nunnery of St Mary Magdalene, with its Chapel, was a very old foundation, though its age has not been ascertained. It was about a mile south of the town. Its locality is indicated by the name of St Magdalene's, which the lands bear to this day. It was suppressed when the Carthusian Monastery was erected, and its lands and rents were given to that Monastery.

The Nunnery of St Leonard the Abbot, with its Chapel and Hospital, was founded before 1296. It was a little to the south-west of the town, in the quarter still known by the name of St Leonards. This Nunnery also was suppressed when the Carthusian Monastery was built, and its lands and rents were given to that Monastery; but the Chapel continued to stand under the patronage of the monks. A singular interest attaches to this Nunnery and Hospital, from the connection with them of Lady Elizabeth Dunbar, daughter of the Earl of Dunbar and March. The profligate Duke of Rothesay, son of Robert III., after having been affianced to her, married Marjory, daughter of the Earl of Douglas; the temptation being a richer dowry offered by Douglas with his daughter than March had promised with his. Lady Elizabeth Dunbar retired from the world, took the veil, and became Prioress of the Nunnery and Governess of the Hospital of St Leonards, Perth.

The Monasteries and Chapels of Perth had altars in them dedicated to particular saints, and at which prayers were said and masses celebrated for the souls of their founders and others. Each altar had its own chaplain; and, if it was dedicated to two or more saints, it had a chaplain for each. The annual salary of a chaplain was £10 Scots in money, besides other emoluments. The chaplains in those days acted as public notaries, which of course improved their incomes. St John's, the Parish Church, had likewise numerous altars, at which similar services were performed. In their foundation charters, no fewer than forty of these are mentioned as having been richly endowed. The priestly order must have been large in Perth in those good times for the Church; and we read accordingly that the streets swarmed with the cowled members of it.

Looking at the number and wealth of the religious establishments in Perth in the heyday of Popery, and at the zeal of the crowds of officials and devotees that served and worshipped in them, we might have

thought it one of the last places in Scotland to be seduced from its allegiance to Rome. We might have been apt to say with the Duke of Rothesay, in the Fair Maid of Perth, when the Prior averred the havoc which heresy was making in the congregation :—"There are enough of shepherds to watch the fold. There are four convents of regular Monks alone around this poor hamlet of Perth, and all the secular clergy besides. Methinks a town so well garrisoned should be fit to keep out an enemy." Yet Perth was one of the first places in the land to show favour to the dawning Reformation. Bishop Keith in his History asserts "that town (Perth) and the country thereabout was more infested with heresy than any other parts of the nation."

The martyrdom of Resby in 1405 did not purge the town and the country around of Lollardism. It continued to infest not a few; and in this, doubtless, we have the explanation of the early friends which Perth gave to the Protestant Reformation. The old leaven of Wycliffism and the new leaven of Lutheranism amalgamated readily, and fermented strongly; the spread of the Reformed doctrines being much helped by the satires of Sir David Lindsay on the Kirk and the clergy, and by the Gude and Godlie Ballates of the Wedderburns of Dundee.

James V. had Lindsay's Plays publicly performed at Perth, as at other places; and the performance was attended by multitudes, and enjoyed exceedingly. A citizen of Perth had got possession of Lindsay's "Monarchies." That citizen had a boy at the Grammar School, who pocketed the "Monarchies," and shewed it to his school mates. The humour of the piece had irresistible charms to them; and the argument underlying the humour opened their youthful minds to the loathsome corruption and impudent impostures of the Popish priests. By and by, on a Sabbath day, upwards of three hundred of the boys happened to be at church, where the Friar who preached indulged in fable-telling about the miracles by which, as he alleged, the Church of Rome was sealed, and in inveighing vehemently against the Reformers, who had begun to preach in the fields, and to draw large audiences. The boys could not contain themselves, but broke out in such hissing and crying as terrified the Friar, and made him flee. He forthwith complained of their behaviour to Mr Andrew Simson, Master of the Grammar School. Simson was then a Popish zealot, and was to have the delinquents severely punished; more especially the boy, who had brought the "Monarchies" to the school. The boy pleaded in behalf of the book; entreated the Master to read it; and promised to submit to any punishment, if, after reading it, he should pronounce it heretical. The Master yielded to the scholar's importunity; and the reading of the book was the means of converting him to the Protestant faith.

This was somewhere between 1550 and 1558. But prior to that date the converts to Protestantism were numerous; the flames of persecution were kindled against them; and not a few of them suffered the most cruel death. According to Dr M'Crie, the Treasurer's Accounts and Register of Privy Seal contain the names of nearly three score, male and female, as having suffered death or confiscation of goods, on charges of heresy. Several of these belonged to Perth, among whom, of "persouns delatet," were John Cameron, "declarit heretyke," and John Stewart son of Henry, Lord Methven. In 1536 indignity was done at Perth to the image of St Francis. John Blacat and George Lovell were suspected of the impiety; and a messenger was sent to St Johnston to search for and seize them. In 1543 the Word of God in the vernacular tongue having got into circulation in Perth, a messenger was sent "to proclaime twa letteris, tuiching the having the Scriptures in Inglish."

These things shew how early and powerfully the leaven of the Reformation worked in Perth, and how jealously and resolutely the Popish authorities exerted themselves to arrest and expel it. Their efforts were vain; and hence the increased severity to which they had recourse in 1544. The following narrative of it is accurate and clear, succinct and full. We shall therefore transcribe it.

"This (1544) was a busy year. Cardinal Bethune, in the last Convention, having obtained an act in favour of the bishops and clergy, to persecute and punish heretics to death, came in January this year to Perth, with the Regent Hamilton, Earl of Arran, who was a weak man. Friar Spence accused Robert Lamb and his wife, Helen Stark, William Anderson, James Ronald, James Hunter, and James Finlayson. Lamb and his wife were accused of interrupting Spence in a sermon in which he taught that there was no salvation without intercession and prayers to the saints. They confessed the charge, declaring that it was the duty of every one who knows the truth to bear testimony to it, and not suffer people to be abused with false doctrine, as that was. Anderson, Finlayson, and Ronald were indicted for nailing two ram's horns to St Francis's head, putting a cow's rump to his tail, and eating a goose on All Hallow even. Hunter, a butcher, simple and unlearned, was charged with haunting the company of the heretics. Helen Stark was further charged with refusing to pray to the Virgin Mary when in childbirth, and saying that she would only pray to God in the name of Jesus Christ. They were all imprisoned in the Spey Tower, being found guilty and con-

demned. Great intercession was made to the Regent for them, who promised that they should not be hurt. The citizens, who were in a tumult, relying on a promise of Arran, dispersed, and went peaceably home. The Cardinal, who had the Regent in his power, had taken his measures. Determined to make an example of these heretics, he brought them forth next day to the gibbet, January 25th, being St Paul's day, and feasted his eyes from the windows of the Spey Tower with their execution. The men were hanged and Helen Stark was drowned. Robert Lamb, at the foot of the ladder, made a pathetic exhortation to the people, beseeching them to fear God, and forsake the leaven of Popish abominations. Helen Stark earnestly desired to die with her husband, but her request was refused; however, they permitted her to accompany him to the place of execution. In the way she exhorted him to constancy in the cause of Christ, and, as she parted with him, said, 'Husband, be glad, we have lived together many joyful days, and this day of our death we ought to esteem the most joyful of them all, for we shall have joy for ever; therefore I will not bid you good-night, for we shall shortly meet in the kingdom of heaven.' As soon as the men were executed, the woman was taken to a pool of water hard by, where, having recommended her children to the charity of her neighbours, her sucking child being taken from her breast and given to a nurse, she was drowned, and died with great courage and comfort."

While those citizens of Perth were thus honoured with the crown of martyrdom, others were at the same time banished from it for heresy, among whom were Sir Henry Elder, John Elder, Walter Piper, and Lawrence Pullar.

After visiting Dundee, the Regent and the Cardinal returned to Perth, and their measures led to the battle of the Brig, on the 22d July, 1547. William, Lord Ruthven, who was then Provost of the city, favoured the Reformers. Beaton therefore persuaded Arran to turn him out of the Provostship, and to give the office to Sir John Charteris of Kinfauns, a relation of Lord Gray. The citizens rebelled; they refused to receive Charteris as their Provost, and would not allow him to enter the city. He applied to Gray to assist him in asserting by force his right to the office which the Regent had conferred on him. Gray consented, and, according to the plan of operations agreed on between them, Gray was to attack the city from the bridge, and Charteris was to storm it with great guns brought up the river from Kinfauns. But the state of the tide made him too late to co-operate with his ally. Ruthven helped himself by stratagem. He withdrew his followers from the bridge, and concealed them in the neighbourhood of it. Seeing it undefended, Gray fell into the snare, and crossed it. Ruthven's men immediately rushed from their concealment, and easily routed the enemy, killing sixty of them, while in their flight through the narrow passages by which they tried to make their escape they trod not a few of their own number to death.

The persecutions to which the Reformers were subjected had their usual effect: the more they were afflicted the more they multiplied and grew. Their cause advanced steadily and rapidly in Perth. By 1559, the year before the formal establishment of the Reformed religion in the kingdom, eight towns were provided with Protestant pastors, and the gospel was preached in them, and the sacraments dispensed, according to the views of Protestants; and Perth was one of the eight. It was also the scene of several other most memorable events in that very eventful year.

The Queen Dowager, Mary of Guise, was Regent, having supplanted Arran in 1554. Laying aside the guise of moderation which she had hitherto worn, she now made herself the tool of her brothers, the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the Duke of Guise, in their project for the destruction of the Protestant religion, and the re-establishment of Popery in Europe. In a Convention of the clergy held at Edinburgh in March this year, she refused the Lords of the Congregation—the leaders of the Protestant party—every thing they petitioned for; declared that no language but the Latin was to be used in the public prayers of the Church; issued a proclamation enjoining conformity in religion, and commanding all persons to resort daily to mass and confession; and summoned the most distinguished Protestant ministers to appear at Stirling on the 10th of May, to answer the charges which should be brought against them.

The Earl of Glencairn and Sir Hugh Campbell, sheriff of Ayr, craved an audience of the Regent, and remonstrated with her against these tyrannous and perilous proceedings. Her answer was that their ministers should be banished from Scotland, though they preached as soundly as St Paul. They reminded her of the repeated promises of toleration which she had made them. Her defence was, "the promises of princes should not be urged, when they find it inconvenient to fulfil them." They had the courage and fidelity to tell her plainly, that "the duties of princes and subjects are reciprocal, and that if princes do not keep their promises, they cannot expect subjects to acknowledge their authority."

Perth having in the meantime openly embraced the Reformed opinions, the Regent commanded Lord Ruthven, the Provost, to suppress the rising heresy. He answered, "That he could bring the bodies of his citizens to her Grace, and compel them to prostrate themselves before her till she was fully satiate of their

blood—but over their conscience he had no power." Her Grace taunted him for what she called his "malapert" reply; commanded all places which had forsaken their ancient faith and worship to return to them; and again summoned the preachers to appear at Stirling on the day already mentioned.

The Reformers resolved to accompany their ministers to Stirling; and with this view, as the 10th of May drew near, they gathered in large numbers at Perth. From it they sent forward Erskine of Dun to Stirling to explain their intent. He assured the Regent that their single demand was to be allowed to worship God according to their conscience, and to secure liberty for their preachers. Cowering probably at the threatening aspect of things, she promised that, if he would prevail on the Congregation to disperse, the preachers should be unmolested, their summons discharged, and their grievances redressed. Erskine at once forwarded the good news to Perth, and the people were disbanded. The Regent shamefully broke all her promises to them; continued the summons to the ministers; and, because they did not appear at Stirling on the 10th of May, she declared them outlaws, and forbade all, under pain of treason, to harbour them, or to give them any countenance or aid.

The Reformers were shocked by the Regent's breach of faith, and alarmed at the danger which threatened them. A few days before this John Knox, who had lately returned from Geneva to his native country, joined his friends at Perth; and on the 11th of May he preached in St John's his famous sermon, in which, with his characteristic plainness, and power, and fervour, he exposed and denounced the idolatry of the Mass and of image worship. His hearers were powerfully impressed by the discourse, but at the close of it they quietly dispersed. "A few idle persons only loitered in the church, when an imprudent priest, wishing either to try the disposition of the people or to shew his contempt of the doctrine which had just been delivered, uncovered a rich altar-piece, decorated with images, and prepared to celebrate Mass. A boy, having uttered some expressions of disapprobation, was struck by the priest. He retaliated by throwing a stone at the aggressor, which, falling on the altar, broke one of the images. This operated like a spell upon the people present, who had taken part with the boy, and in the course of a few minutes the altar, images, and all the ornaments of the church were torn down and trampled under foot. The noise soon collected a mob, who, finding no employment in the church, by a sudden and irresistible impulse flew upon the monasteries; nor could they be restrained by the authority of the magistrates and the persuasions of the preachers (who assembled as soon as they heard of the riot) until the houses of the Grey and Black Friars, with the costly edifice of the Carthusian monks, were laid in ruins. None of the gentlemen or sober part of the congregation were concerned in this unpremeditated tumult; it was wholly confined to the baser inhabitants, or (as Knox designs them) 'the rascall multitude.'"

So M'Crie puts it; but it must not be ignored or disguised that Knox and his disciples approved of the doings of "the rascall multitude," in so far as they confined themselves to the destroying of the implements and monuments of Popish idolatry. The Mosaic statute, which commanded ancient Israel to "destroy the altars, and break down the images, and cut the groves, and burn with fire the graven images" of the idolatrous Canaanites, they held to be binding on the church of the New Testament; and this doctrine Knox had insisted on in the sermon which he had just preached. The real difference between Knox and his disciples, and "the rascall multitude," was, that the latter freely helped themselves to the spoil of the houses which they demolished; and it was worth coveting and seizing. Of the Greyfriars Monastery, for example, Knox himself records that it "was in very deed a place so well provided, that unless honest men had seen the same, we would have feared to have reported what provision they had; their sheets, blankets, beds, and coverlets were such that no Earl in Scotland had better; their napery was fine; there were but eight persons in the convent, and yet they had eight puncheons of salt beef (consider the time of the year, the 11th of May), wine, beer, and ale, beside store of victuals belonging thereto; the like abundance (he adds) was not in the Blackfriars, and yet there was more than became men professing poverty. The spoil was permitted to the poor; for so had the preachers before threatened all men, that for covetousness sake none should put their hand to such a reformation; that no honest man was enriched thereby the value of a groat; their conscience so moved them that they suffered those hypocrites to take away what they could of that which was in their places; the prior of the Charterhouse was permitted to take with him even as much gold and silver as he was able to carry." So it was with the "honest men;" but the "rascall multitude" were not so scrupulous. As Calderwood says, "after they had destroyed the monuments of idolatrie, they began to seek some spoil."

These proceedings incensed the Regent beyond measure. When tidings of them reached her, she vowed vengeance on all who had taken part in them, and that she would raze Perth to the ground, and sow it with salt. She especially lamented the destruction of the Carthusian Monastery, which was a royal

foundation and a magnificent edifice, and contained the ashes of James I. And she took immediate measures to fulfil her vow. Having summoned to her assistance the Earls of Argyle, Arran, and Athole, with D'Osell, the commander of her French auxiliaries, she advanced towards Perth on the 18th of May. The Protestants forthwith issued from Perth three manifestos, which are important documents connected with the Reformation struggle in Scotland. The first was a letter to the Regent, in which, protesting their loyalty, and vindicating their conduct, they declared to her Grace "that, except this Cruelty be staied by your Wisdom, we shall be compelled to take the sword of just Defence, against all that shall pursue us for the Matter of Religion, and for our Conscience Sake"; but faithfully promised their accustomed obedience, "provided that our Consciences maye live in that peace and liberty, which Christ Jesus hath purchased to us with his blood; and that we may have his Word truly preached, and holy Sacraments rightly ministered unto us; without which we firmly purpose never to be subject to mortall man." The second was a letter to the nobility of Scotland; in which they dealt very plainly, first, with that class of the nobles who regarded them as a heretical and seditious faction, and, next, with that other class, who, persuaded of the justice of their cause, and having themselves for a time espoused it, had yet deserted them as their troubles and dangers increased. The third was a letter "To the Generation of Antichrist, the pestilent Prelates and their Shavelinges within Scotland," the contents of which Tytler has thus summarized: "It contained a tremendous anathema against those who in their blind fury had caused the blood of martyrs to be shed; it warned them that if they proceeded in their cruelty they should be made the subjects of a war of extermination such as Israel carried on with the Canaanites; it arrogated to themselves the appellation of the congregation of Christ; it stigmatised their opponents as the offspring of the man of sin; and concluded by uniting, in a manner which none can read without sorrow, expressions of extremest vengeance and wrath with the holy name of God, and the gospel of peace and love which was preached by His Son."

The Regent would listen to no proposal of accommodation with the rebels against her tyranny, but prepared for wreaking her vengeance on the devoted city, ordering all who were not inhabitants of it to leave, till the Earl of Glencairn came to the help of his friends in it, at the head of 2500 men. Through the mediation of the Earl of Argyle and Lord James Stuart, afterwards the "Good Regent," on the 20th of May an armistice was agreed to, on these terms:—Both armies were to be disbanded, and the town left open to the Regent; no person was to be troubled on account of the late alterations in religion; the religion begun was to be suffered to go forward; no Frenchman was to come within three miles of the town; when the Regent retired, no French garrison was to be left in it; and all pending controversies were to be settled by the first meeting of Parliament. The pacification rejoiced the Reformers, who shouted with one voice, "Accursed be they who seek the effusion of blood; let us profess Christ Jesus, and the benefit of His gospel, and none within Scotland shall be more obedient subjects than we shall be."

On the next day, the congregation dispersed, after Knox had suitably addressed them, and warned them to be ready for the worst that might happen; "for," said he, "I am persuaded that the treaty will only be kept till the Regent and her Frenchmen get the upper hand." Before separating, the Lords of the Congregation entered into their second covenant. This instrument, which had much influence on the ecclesiastical affairs of the country, ran in the following terms:—

"At Perth, the last day of May, 1559, the Congregations of the West Country, with the Congregations of Fife, Perth, Dundee, Angus, Mearns, and Montrose, being convened in the town of Perth, in the name of Jesus Christ, for furthsetting of his glory; understanding that there is nothing more necessary for the same, than to keep a constant amity, unity, and fellowship together, according as they are commanded by God, are confederate and become bounden and obliged, in the presence of God, to concur and assist together in doing all things required of God in the scripture, that may be to his glory, and with their whole powers to destroy, and put away all things that do dishonour to his name, so that God may be truly and purely worshipped. And in case that any trouble be intended against the said Congregations or any part or number thereof, the whole Congregations shall concur, assist, and convene together, to the defence of the said Congregation or persons troubled; and shall not spare labour, goods, substance, bodies, or lives, in maintenance of the liberty of the whole Congregation, and every member thereof, against whatsoever power which shall intend the said trouble for cause of religion, or any other cause depending thereupon, or lay to their charge under pretence thereof, although it happen to be coloured with any other outward cause.

"In witness and testimony of which, the whole Congregations foresaid have ordained and appointed the noblemen and persons underwritten to subscribe these presents. *Sic subscribitur.*

"ARGYLE.
"JAMES STEWART.
"GLENCAIRN.
"R. LORD BOYD.
"OCHILTREE.
"MATTHEW CAMPBELL,
"FARINGHAME."

Perth being open to her, the Regent entered it, and was honourably received; but, in her procession

through the streets, an incident occurred which had a very unhappy effect on the public mind. In passing the house of Patrick Murray, a zealous Reformer, six of her French mercenaries levelled their pieces, fired them into a wooden balcony from which Murray's family were viewing the procession, and killed his only son, a boy of thirteen. When his dead body was carried before her, the Regent was heartless enough to remark that such accidents could not be prevented, and that she lamented this one only because it had happened to the son instead of the father.

As Knox had shrewdly discerned, she soon trampled on every article of the treaty into which she had entered with her opponents. Before three days had elapsed, she banished from Perth several citizens who had favoured the Reformation, and fined others; thrust the magistrates out of their office, and supplied their place with creatures of her own, the base Charteris being installed in the Provostship; forbade all worship but the Romish in the town; and on her departure from it, left in it a garrison of six hundred soldiers, Scottish soldiers indeed, but in the pay of the French King. Remonstrated with for this new and scandalous breach of faith, all the satisfaction obtained was the reply that she was not bound to keep faith with heretics. The Earl of Argyle and the Lord James Stuart, who, though opposing many of her measures, had hitherto adhered to her, now deserted her, and joined the Congregation; and they were soon followed by the Earl of Menteith, Lord Ruthven, and Murray of Tullibardine.

The Earl of Argyle and the Lord James having written the Regent to remove her troops from Perth, and to restore it to its rights and liberties, and having received no answer, the Lords of the Congregation resolved to wrest it from her. They marched to it in great force, and on the 24th of June summoned the garrison to surrender. This being refused, they next day formally invested the city, and Lord Ruthven opened batteries on it on the west side, and the citizens of Dundee on the east. The first discharge having made the vanity of resistance evident, the garrison surrendered on the 26th, having stipulated that they should march out with military honours. The Reformers took possession of it, and one of their first acts was to replace Lord Ruthven in the provostship.

Next day, tidings were received that the Regent was to garrison Stirling, to seize the passes of the Forth, and to prevent the Reformers on the north and south of the river from uniting. To balk her design, the Earl of Argyle and the Lord James hastily left Perth in the evening at the head of three hundred citizens. They received many recruits during the night, and reached Stirling next morning, which opened its gates to them. They took possession of it. Not forgetting what they considered a main part of their vocation, viz., purging the land of idolatry, they overthrew the Monasteries in Stirling, and laid in ruins the Abbey of Cambuskenneth, which was in the neighbourhood. In token of their determination to accomplish the enterprise to which they committed themselves, or to perish in the attempt, this little band, before leaving Perth, put ropes instead of ribbons about their necks; the symbol of the doom of any one of their number who should faithlessly desert them: and hence the saying about "St Johnston's Ribbands." The band they adorned were a sight much worth seeing; and a picture of them was long seen in the city, but has unhappily perished, "There was a painting of the commencement of the march of these heroes of the Reformation, from the South Port of the City, in the Town Clerk's office—subsequently the Chamberlain's, but now taken down—said to have been well executed. But it was wantonly defaced, in the year 1795, by the town guard, who, in consequence of some riot in the town or neighbourhood, had obtained a temporary lodgment in the Court-room adjoining the office. No vestige of the painting remains."

The Regent had now entered on the last year of her earthly career, and affairs were hastening to a crisis. The struggle between her and the Reformers waxed in intensity. Proclamations and counter-proclamations were issued, till at length a great Convention of peers, barons, and burgesses, held at Edinburgh in October, deposed her from her office. Their reasons for this bold and strong step they thus stated: "We plainly perceive, by the letters and mandates sent us by your herald, your persevering aversion to the true worship of God and the public welfare of the nation, and our common liberty. In order, therefore, to preserve them, we, in the name of our King and Queen, suspend and prohibit you from exercising the Government in their name, as Regent, ..."

She treated the suspension with contempt, and the war between her and the Congregation continued, with various success, till her death at Edinburgh on the 10th of June, 1560. She expired worn out with anxiety and disease. She possessed excellent talents, and the first years of her administration were highly promising; but it was her misfortune to fall on evil times, and to be the sister and the tool of the princes of Lorraine. We trace to these things the perfidiousness and cruelty which latterly made her government so odious and intolerable, and which have attached to her name so much infamy.

Yet the closing scene sets her personal character in

a very interesting and amiable light. Feeling death to be approaching, she sent for the Lords of the Congregation, received them affectionately, spoke to them of the distracted, miserable state of the kingdom, much of which she ascribed to the violent counsels she had been obliged to follow, and advised them earnestly, with a view to the recovery of peace and prosperity. With tears she begged forgiveness of all whom she had offended, and assured offenders of forgiveness. "She then, with an expression full of sweetness, though her countenance was pallid and emaciated, embraced and kissed the nobles one by one, extending her hand to those of inferior rank who stood by, as a token of dying charity. It was impossible that so much love, so gently and unaffectedly expressed, should fail to move those to whom it was addressed. The hardy barons, who had lately opposed her with the bitterest rancour, were dissolved in tears; they earnestly requested her to send for some godly and learned man, from whom she might receive not only consolation but instruction, and on the succeeding day she willingly admitted a visit from Willock. Mild in his manner, but faithful to his belief, the minister spoke to the dying Princess of the efficacy of the death of Christ, and the abomination of the Mass as a relic of idolatry. To the first point, she assured him that she looked for salvation in no other way than in and through the death of her Saviour; to the second, she quietly declined to give an answer; and on the succeeding day expired, full of faith and hope."

As we shall see when we come to the seats of the neighbouring barons and gentry, they and Perth were often at feud; and the enmity between them had some serious and violent outbreaks. In the days of Popery, too, the citizens of Perth and the inmates of the Convents and other Religious Houses about it had frequent quarrels. In 1534, for example, five persons were summoned to appear before the Privy Council to answer for an outrage which they and their accomplices and servants had committed on the Monastery of the Black Friars. According to the charge against them they had come to it on a morning, when the monks were engaged in divine service, and had "struck up their front gate, broke the locks and bands of the same, and siclike broke up two inner doors on the thoroughfare on the north side of the said cloister, and took away with them the locks of the said doors; and broke up the water door, and took away out of it chandeliers and glasses; and broke their kitchen door, and took off the fire the kettle with their meat, and carried it about the town, and yet withheld the kettle and pewter dishes, one or more, from them; and also broke their inclosure gate, which was new made, with great violence and contemption, to their great damage and skaith, and against justice if so be."

The unfortunate Queen Mary was repeatedly at Perth. She returned by it to Edinburgh from her progress in the North in 1562, when Huntly raised the standard of rebellion against her, for which he and his house suffered so severely. She was again at Perth and Darnley with her in June, 1565. They were publicly married next month, but it has been discovered that they had been privately married nearly four months before at Stirling Castle, in the apartment of David Rizzio, which had been fitted up for that purpose as a private chapel. It was while the Queen then sojourned in Perth that five commissioners from the General Assembly of the Kirk met in Edinburgh, waited on her with a petition, in which the Assembly supplicated her to suppress the blasphemous Mass and all Popish idolatry in her royal person and household, as well as throughout the kingdom, and to establish the true religion; that it should be professed by herself as well as by her subjects, and that it should be made obligatory on all persons to resort to the preaching of the Word, and to prayers, if not every day at least every Sunday; that a sure and definite provision should be made for the ministers of the gospel, and pluralities abolished; that all teachers in schools and colleges should be thoroughly examined; and that a fund should be set apart for the maintenance of the poor, and for the relief of the oppressed labourers of the soil.

At that time Perth narrowly escaped being the scene of a sad tragedy. A good deal of obscurity and uncertainty hangs over this chapter of our annals, but the following statement may be accepted as authentic —The Queen's brother, the Lord James Stuart, had ere this been created Earl of Moray. Both for his opposition to the proposed Royal marriage, and for his being the head of the Protestant party, he was very obnoxious to Darnley and his friends. They conspired to murder him at a Convention of the nobility which Mary summoned to meet at Perth on the 22d June, with the view of their giving their final consent to her marriage, and fixing the time of it. They were then to execute their plot, and "the plan was this," says Buchanan:—"Moray being called to Perth, where the Queen then was with a few attendants, was there to enter into conversation with Darnley, and as nobody doubted but Moray would express himself with plainness and freedom, a quarrel was to ensue, when David Rizzio was to strike the first blow, and others present were to consummate the deed." Apprised of the plot, Moray defeated it by refusing to attend the Convention.

Moray and his adherents had their counterplot against Darnley. It was known that the Queen and

he were, on the 1st of July, to ride together from Perth by Queensferry to Callander House, to be present at the baptism of a child of Lord Livingstone. For the purpose of preventing their marriage, Moray and his friends conspired to attack them, either in the pass of Dron, a few miles south of Perth, or in the deep ravine to the west of the Hill of Benarty, near Kinross; to seize the person of Darnley, and either to send him a prisoner to England, or to dispose of him otherwise as might serve the end at which they aimed. Having got a hint of the plot on the last day of June, Mary defeated it by arranging to leave Perth as early as five o'clock next morning. This she and Darnley did, accompanied by the Earl of Athole and Lord Ruthven, and an escort of three hundred horse. Ere Moray had any knowledge or suspicion of their movements, they passed through Kinross, reached Queensferry, crossed the Firth, and arrived safely at Callander House. Argyle, one of Moray's chief accomplices, appeared at Kinross in the course of the day, but too late, by hours, to intercept their progress or to catch his prey.

In the annals of the reign of James VI., Perth has a somewhat conspicuous place. It was at it that Regent Moray, in July, 1569, convened the nobility to travel in the case of the unhappy Queen Mary. The conferences on it both at York and at Westminster had closed without any definite or satisfactory issue. Three proposals from Queen Elizabeth were submitted to the Convention at Perth. The first was, that Mary should be replaced on the throne as Queen of Scotland. This was rejected without discussion. The second was, that she should be associated in the government with her son. This was voted dangerous, if not impracticable. The third was, that she should live in Scotland as a private individual. This met with little favour, but was reserved for future consideration. Mary herself had a letter before the Convention, in which she applied for its sanction to her divorce from Bothwell, that she might be married to the Duke of Norfolk; a project favoured by a numerous and powerful party in England, and which had also some very influential friends in Scotland. After a long and violent debate, this request was refused; and the result of the Convention was, that a deeper gloom than ever settled down on Mary's prospects.

It was at Perth, in 1572, that the treaty of peace, sometimes called the treaty of Perth, was entered into between the supporters of the young King James and the adherents of his mother. The contest between those parties had lasted for five years, and had been the source of unspeakable miseries to the kingdom. Killigrew, Elizabeth's ambassador, met with the commissioners of both parties; and the principal articles of the treaty were these:—"That all parties claiming any benefit from the pacification 'shall acknowledge, affirm, and confess the confession of Christian faith and true religion of Jesus Christ, now publicly preached and professed within this realm, established and authorised by laws and Acts of Parliament;' that they shall acknowledge the authority and submit to the government of the King, and to that of the Earl of Morton, as Regent; that they shall acknowledge to be illegal, and 'of no force, weight, or effect,' every thing done in opposition to the King since his coronation; that all prisoners taken on both sides shall be liberated, and all the lands which had been declared forfeited restored to their owners; that all acts passed against the Queen's adherents shall be annulled, and a complete amnesty granted them for all the crimes of which they have been guilty since the 15th of June, 1567; and, finally, that, with the consent of both parties, the treaty shall be ratified by Parliament." So important was this treaty, that the subscription of it, according to one historical writer, completed the first step towards the ruin of the Queen's party; and it concluded, according to another, the civil war between the factions, from which the nation had suffered so much.

James's grandson, Charles II., disliked and discarded Presbyterianism, because, as he used to say, "It was not a religion for a gentleman." James had a deeper and more philosophic reason for his antipathy to it. He thought it unfavourable to that absolute power which he believed to belong to kings, and which he was determined that he should have and wield. Bishops bowing in abject submission to kings as the Church's Supreme Head, and all the inferior clergy bowing in like submission to bishops—these he regarded as the best supports of the thrones of monarchs, and the best tutors and models for fashioning the people into unlimited, unquestioning subjection to their sovereigns. But the very contrary tendency and effect he saw and dreaded in presbyters, all on a level, claiming authority immediately derived from Jesus Christ, owned by them to be the only Head of the Church, and exercising a government distinct from, and not subordinate to, civil magistrates. In his "Basilicon Doron," written to initiate Prince Henry into the mysteries of tyranny, civil and religious, he says:—

"But the Reformation in Scotland, being extraordinarily wrought by God, wherein many things were inordinately done by a popular tumult and rebellion of such as blindly were doing the work of God, . . . and not proceeding from the prince's order, . . . some fiery-spirited men in the ministry got such a guiding of the people at that

time of confusion, as finding the gust of government sweet, they beqouth to fancy to themselves a democratic form of government; and having (by the iniquity of the time) been over well baited upon the wrack, first of my grandmother and next of mine own mother, and after usurping upon the liberty of the time in my long minority, settled themselves so fast upon that imagined democracy, as they fed themselves with the hope to become *Tribuni plebis*. . . . And for this cause, there never rose faction in the time of my minority, nor trouble sensyne, but they that were upon that factious part were ever careful to persuade and allure these unruly spirits among the ministry to spouse that quarrel as their own; where-through I was ofttimes calumniated in their popular sermons, not for any evil or vice in me, but because I was a King, which they thought the highest evil. . . . And yet for all their cunning, whereby they pretended to distinguish the lawfulness of the office from the vice of the person, some of them would sometimes snapper out well grossly with the truth of their intentions, informing the people that all kings and princes were naturally enemies to the liberty of the Church, and could never bear patiently the yoke of Christ; with such sound doctrine fed they their flocks. And because the learned, grave, and honest men of the ministry were ever ashamed and offended with their temerity and presumption, . . . there could be no way found out so meet in their conceit, . . . for maintaining their plots, as parity in the Church, . . . parity the mother of confusion, and enemy to unity, which is the mother of order. . . . Take heed, therefore, my son, to such Puritans, very pests in the Church and commonweal, whom no deserts can oblige, neither oaths or promises bind, breathing nothing but sedition and calumnies, aspiring without measure, railing without reason, and making their own imaginations (without any warrant of the word) the square of their conscience. I protest before the great God, and since I am here as upon my testament it is no place for me to lie in, that ye shall never find with any Highland or Border thieves greater ingratitude and more lies and vile perjuries, than with these fanatic spirits. And suffer not the principals of them to brook your land, if ye like to sit at rest, except ye would keep them for trying your patience, as Socrates did an evil wife."

Having thus blackened Presbytery as the mother of all ills, specially of rebelliousness against kings, the paternal writer proceeds to laud Prelacy; points out the restoration of bishops, and their re-admission into Parliament, as the sole remedy for the national pest of Scotland; and concludes with an earnest exhortation to his son Henry to perfect whatever part of this good work he should himself be obliged to leave unfinished.

It was not for want of diligence in it, if James left much of this good work unfinished. As he grew up to manhood, and as his two favourites, Lennox and Arran, acquired complete ascendancy over him, he laboured in it with increasing resolution and zeal; subverted Presbytery, and established Prelacy in its room; and silenced, imprisoned, and banished all who dared to oppose him in his policy.

The General Assembly of the Kirk met at Perth in August, 1572. A Convention of the superintendents, commissioners, and ministers, at Leith, in January of that year, had been as pliant as to allow that the titles of archbishop, bishop, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, should be retained, and that the bounds of the ancient dioceses should not be altered, during the King's minority. The Assembly at Perth, having taken this bit of good-natured compliance into consideration, resolved that the titles in question "are thought slanderous and offensive to the ears of many of the britheren, appearing to sound to Papistry. Therefore, the whole Assembly, in one voice, as well those that were in commission at Leith as others, solemnly protest that they mean not, by using any such names, to ratify, or consent and agree to any kind of Papistry and superstition, and wish rather the names to be changed into other names that are not scandalous and offensive, and, in like manner, protest that the said heads and articles [agreed to at Leith] be only received as *ad interim*, till further and more perfect order may be obtained at the hand of the King's Majesty's Regent and nobility, for which they will press as occasion shall seem; unto the which protestation the whole Assembly convened, in one voice adhered."

Ten years afterwards Perth was honoured by the lifting up at it of a much nobler testimony for the religion and liberties of the land, when the King and his minions were doing what they could to stamp these out. The struggle between Presbytery and Prelacy had reached a crisis. The Montgomery case had brought the Court and the Kirk into direct collision. The Kirk had excommunicated Montgomery for accepting the archbishopric of St Andrews. The Council had proclaimed its sentence null and void. For denouncing Lennox and Arran for advising James to invade the Kirk's jurisdiction, John Durie, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, had been brought before the Council, and banished from the city. For fulfilling the Kirk's instructions anent Montgomery, the Glasgow Presbytery had suffered violence in the person of its Moderator, who had been dragged from the chair, struck in the face, and one of his teeth knocked out, and then imprisoned for days. Matters were in this

state when the General Assembly met at Edinburgh in June, 1582. The celebrated Andrew Melville was the retiring Moderator; and, in the sermon with which he opened the Assembly, he declared that the "bloody gully" of absolute power was whetted for their destruction; that the object of their tyrannical oppressors was to pull the crown from Christ's head, and to wrench the sceptre out of His hands; and that a scheme had been formed for restoring Mary to the throne, and re-establishing Popery in the land. The Assembly adopted a spirited remonstrance to the King, setting forth a long catalogue of the grievances which the Kirk had suffered at his hand, and craving the redress of them.

The Court was then at Perth; and the Assembly's commissioners proceeded to it with the document entrusted to them for presentation to His Majesty. On their way to it they received repeated intimations of the danger they were encountering, and after they had reached it friends strongly advised them to quit it at once. Andrew Melville replied that, come what might, they would execute their commission. Ushered into the Royal presence, they read the Assembly's remonstrance, and laid it on the table. Arran, snatching up the paper, loudly and wrathfully demanded, "Who dare subscribe those treasonable articles?" Melville, rising to the sublime of Christian heroism, stepped forward and said, "We dare, and will subscribe them, and we will surrender our lives in the cause." Seizing a pen, he put his name to the document, and all his fellow-commissioners followed his example. James and his vile courtiers were abashed; and the commissioners were dismissed in peace.

James fixed on Perth for the trial of the parties implicated in the "Spanish Blanks" conspiracy. George Kerr, a Popish zealot, and brother of the Abbot of Newbattle, was seized at the island of Cumbray, on board the vessel that was to carry him to Spain. Among his papers, when examined, were found letters from Jesuits and seminary priests in Scotland, and blank sheets having at the bottom the seals and signatures of the Popish Earls, Huntly, Angus, and Errol, and of others of the faction, with a commission to one William Crichton, a Jesuit, to fill up the blanks, and to forward the sheets to the persons for whom they were intended. Kerr was put to the torture, and confessed the whole plot. The King of Spain was to land 30,000 troops on the west coast of Scotland, where the Popish Lords were to meet him with all the forces they could raise. The one half of the Spanish troops was to march directly into England, to do what they could to Romanise it. The other half, with the assistance of the Scotch Papists, was to suppress the Protestant religion in Scotland, or, should they not be able to do that, to secure complete toleration for the public exercise of all the rites of the Romish worship.

The discovery of this conspiracy produced a panic; and James, much against his will, had to promise that he would visit the traitors with condign punishment. He ordered them to repair to Perth, and to remain there till arrangements should be made for their trial; which was expected to take place on the 15th December, 1593. But it was on the "Puritan" Presbyterians that James expended his severity; to the Papists he was all leniency and tenderness. Graham of Fintry, an inferior agent among the conspirators, was offered as a sacrifice to allay popular clamour; being beheaded at the Market Cross of Edinburgh. The villain Kerr was allowed to escape from his prison in Edinburgh Castle; and his safety was made sure by the officers, employed to recapture him, being sent in a direction the opposite of that in which he had fled. And in place of being brought to trial, an Act of Abolition was ultimately passed in favour of the Earls, as also of Gordon of Auchindown, and of Chisholm of Cornileys; an Act which declared them "unaccusable" for the past; and gave them the option either of remaining in the country, and conforming to the established religion, or of going abroad, if they did not conform. In the latter case, they were to retain their estates, but to give security that they would not engage in any intrigues with foreigners against their country.

The contest between the King and the friends of the constitution and polity of the Presbyterian Kirk was now deepening apace. A General Assembly, called by Royal summons, and a Convention of the Estates, met at Perth in February, 1597; and by both James's Erastianising and Prelatising plans and measures were materially advanced. How freely and effectively Court influence was employed to promote his designs we learn from James Melville's Diary. In particular, he records its perverting effect on his friend and bedfellow, James Nicolson, minister of Meigle, and afterwards Bishop of Dunkeld. Sir Patrick Murray, a gentleman of the bedchamber, brother of Sir David Murray, afterwards Lord Scone, took Nicolson one evening to His Majesty, who detained him till midnight. Nicolson, who had hitherto stood shoulder to shoulder with Melville, forthwith spoke and voted on the King's side. The honest minister of Kilrenny was shocked and disgusted; protested against the lawfulness of the Assembly, which had been called only in the King's name; and hastened from Perth, as if afraid to trust himself in an atmosphere so corrupting.

The northern legions were strongly represented in this meeting, and were bent on abridging the power

and humbling the pride of the "Edinburgh Popes;" and so pliant did the Assembly prove, that the object of James, disguised in a long series of questions proposed for discussion and answer, was virtually approved of. It was declared that the King might propose to the Assembly any changes in matters of external church government which appeared to him expedient; that no ministers should discuss public questions in the pulpit, or reprove public men, either by name, or in a way which might make offenders to be recognised, that in preaching no application should be made of the subject handled, but what had respect to the edification of persons present at the time; that, except in particular cases specified, there should be no meetings of church courts without the King's authority; and that no minister should be chosen to a charge in any of the principal towns without his Majesty's consent.

All this tended to the absolute subjection of the Kirk to the State; and had commentary on it been needed, James supplied it in publications from his Royal pen. The following are samples of the propositions which these contained:—A king is above the law, though a good king will frame his actions according to the law. The office of a king is a mixed office betwixt the civil and the ecclesiastical. The ruling of the Kirk well is no small part of the King's office. The minister who appeals from the King's judicature in reference to his doctrine should "want his head" (be decapitated). No man is more to be hated by a king than a proud Puritan. Parity among ministers cannot agree with a Monarchy. Godly, learned, and modest men among the ministry should be promoted to bishoprics. Without bishops the three Estates in Parliament cannot be re-established; therefore there must be bishops, and parity must be banished. Those who preach against bishops should be punished with the rigour of law. Puritans are pests in the commonwealth, and for a preventative against their poison, there must be bishops.

The overshadowing event associated with Perth in the life of James is the Gowrie conspiracy, which has been pronounced the most mysterious event in Scottish history. It issued, on the 5th August, 1600, in the tragedy of which Gowrie House, the magnificent town residence of the noble family of the Ruthvens, standing on the site now occupied by the County Buildings, was the scene. James, who was then residing at Falkland, had arranged for a great buck hunt on the day named in Falkland park. He stirred early in the morning; and as he passed to the stables between six and seven o'clock to mount his horse, Alexander Ruthven, brother of John, Earl of Gowrie, and commonly called the Master of Ruthven, approached him, and, doing him lowly obeisance, requested him to hasten with him to Perth, to possess himself of a rich *pose* which awaited him there. His story was, that he had on the previous evening, in the neighbourhood of the Fair City, met a suspicious-looking fellow, carrying concealed under his cloak an urn filled with foreign gold pieces, whom he had seized, and locked up for the night in a chamber of Gowrie House; and that he had galloped from Perth that morning to apprise His Majesty, that he might come and secure the treasure. James heard the tidings with surprise and scepticism; but he by and by consented to return with his informer to Perth, for which they set out as soon as the buck was killed, which was about eleven o'clock, the Royal train numbering some fifteen persons, among whom were the Duke of Lennox, the Earl of Mar, Sir Thomas Erskine, Sir John Ramsay, and Sir Hugh Herries, the King's physician. Andrew Henderson, Gowrie's Chamberlain, had accompanied the Master to Falkland, and was back at Perth by about ten o'clock to report the success of the Master's mission, that the Earl might prepare for His Majesty's arrival, and improvise dinner for him and his attendants. As they approached the city, the Master himself rode on before, and brought his brother, with a few followers, to meet the Royal cavalcade on the South Inch.

James having dined, the Master signalled him to follow him; and, conducting him through several apartments, the doors of which he locked behind him, he brought him at length to the small room in the round turret, in which, as he pretended, were the prisoner and his pot of gold. On entering into the room, James did not find these; but he found, instead of them, a man standing fully armed, and, hanging on the wall, a covered picture of Gowrie's father, the first Earl, who had been executed for treason. This armed man, it may be stated, was no other than the above-mentioned Andrew Henderson, Gowrie's Chamberlain. The Earl had ordered him to arm, on the pretext that he had that day "a Highlandman to take in the Shoegate"; and, after arming, he had been shut up in the round turret, entirely ignorant of what he might see, or of what he was expected to do. The King started back at the sight which met his eye; and Ruthven, putting on his hat, snatched the dagger from the girdle of the armed man; pointed it to the Kings's breast; drew aside the curtain from the portrait on the wall; charged James with murdering his father; and warned him that if he uttered a word, or made any motion to open the turret window, the dagger would be sheathed in his heart. The King retained his presence of mind wonderfully; and his remonstrance elicited this explanation: that it was not his life that was sought,

but "ane promise," which Ruthven's brother would tell him. "Go fetch him then," said the King; which Ruthven said that he would do, and left the room, locking the door behind him.

In his absence for a few moments, James persuaded the man in armour, who had hitherto stood mute and trembling, to open the turret window. As this was being done, Ruthven again broke into the room, and exclaiming, "By God, sir, there is nae remeid!" attempted to bind his hands with a garter, which Graham of Balgowan, one of the King's suite, afterwards found on the floor of the room. James wrenched himself from Ruthven's grip, crying, "I am a free prince, man, I will not be bound!" That instant the man in the armour snatched away the garter, and James "leapt free," and had almost reached the window, when Ruthven again seized him by the throat with one hand, and thrust the other into his mouth, to prevent him from giving the alarm. As they struggled thus, James succeeded in throwing his head half out of the window, though Ruthven's hand was still on his throat, and cried, "Treason! help! Earl of Mar, I am murdered!"

His cry was heard; an attempt to remove his attendants, by persuading them that he had left the House, and was riding away by the South Inch, having happily failed. Lennox said to Mar, "That's the King's voice, be he where he will himself!" and "looking up they saw the King's face at the window of the turret—the head uncovered, the features red, and a hand grasping his mouth, while he cried out, in a tone of extreme distress and terror, 'I am murdered! treason, treason! my Lord of Mar, help!' Sir Thomas Erskine and his brother James seized the Earl of Gowrie by the collar, exclaiming, "Traitor, this is thy deed!" and threw him on the ground. The Earl asserted his innocence; and his servants soon rescued him from the grip of Sir Thomas, who then hastened to the assistance of the King.

There were two approaches to the small room in the round turret: the one by the great staircase, and through the long picture gallery, at the end of which was a door into the gallery chamber, off which was the room in question; the other by a spiral stair, called the Black Turnpike, which led directly to the gallery chamber. Lennox, Mar, and others tried the former; but the door between the long gallery and the chamber was locked, and resisted all their efforts to break it open. Sir John Ramsay rushed up the latter, dashed the door of the chamber at the head of it open with his foot, and found the King and Ruthven struggling desperately in the middle of the chamber. Drawing his whinger, he stabbed Ruthven, the King directing him to aim low, as he "had on a pyne doublet," and when struck, the King thrust him out of the chamber, and down the stair. At Ramsay's call from the turret window, other friends ran up the Black Turnpike; and meeting Ruthven on it bleeding and staggering, Sir Hugh Herries dispatched him, his last words being, "Alas! I had not the wyte of it."

A few minutes after his brother, the Earl, met his fate. With a rapier in each hand he threw himself furiously on Erskine and his companions, vowing that he would avenge the death of the Master. Some one shouted that the King was slain. As if smitten with paralysis, Gowrie instantly dropped the points of his weapons, and Ramsay despatched him, passing his sword through his body. His servants, seeing him fall, "gave way, and were driven out of the gallery; and Lennox, Mar, and the rest, who were still thundering with their hammers on the outside of the great door, having made themselves known to the King and his friends within, were joyfully admitted. . . . The first thing that met their eyes was the dead body of Gowrie lying on the floor, and the King standing unharmed beside it, although still breathless from the recent struggle, and disordered in his dress."

The citizens of Perth flocked to Gowrie House in a state of the highest excitement, and shouted for vengeance on the murderers of their young but beloved Provost—Gowrie had held this office for six years—and his brother. They did not spare the King himself, many of them crying, "Come down, come down, thou son of Seignor Davie! thou hast slain a better man than thyself." Having with the assistance of the Magistrates appeased the populace, and prevailed on them to disperse, James left for Falkland about eight o'clock in the evening. It was thought prudent, however, that he and his party should take boat, and drop so far down the river, after which, having mounted on horseback, crowds from all quarters poured in on their path, to satisfy themselves, by seeing him as he passed, of His Majesty's safety.

Such was the Gowrie conspiracy, as far as our space permits us to give a glimpse of its leading facts. Not a few at first doubted the reality of it; like Sir Thomas Moncrieff of Moncrieff, who, meeting James on his way to Falkland, near the Bridge of Earn, and hearing his account of the affair, replied, "May it please your Majesty, it is a strange story indeed, *if it be true.*" It was strongly suspected to have been a plot of James against the Ruthvens, rather than a conspiracy of the Ruthvens against James. Among those who discredited his account of it were the ministers of Edinburgh, with whom James was so angry that he banished them from the capital, and forbade them, under pain of death, to preach in any

part of Scotland. This sharp discipline cured them all of their incredulity, except the famous Robert Bruce of Kinnaird, second son of the Laird of Airth; and him James punished by depriving him of his benefice, and banishing him to France.

The correspondence between the Ruthvens and Logan of Restalrig, found eight years after in the possession of Sprot the Eyemouth notary, seems to have put the reality of the conspiracy beyond all reasonable doubt; but it concurs with other things greatly to modify the character of it. It was a conspiracy, not to assassinate James, but to kidnap him, and so to bring the reins of the Government into the hands of the kidnappers—quite a common dodge in those days for effecting a change of Ministry. Had it succeeded, James would have been floated down the Tay from the back of Gowrie House, and taken to Logan's impregnable stronghold of Fast Castle, on a rock near the southern entrance of the Firth of Forth. The project failed for two reasons—first, James's attendants were too numerous; and, second, when they were told that James had, after dining, left Gowrie House for Falkland, they did not believe the tale so implicitly, and act on it so promptly, by following him, as it was counted that they would.

James's severity to the Ruthven family was fiendish. Two sisters of it were Maids of Honour to the Queen. On his return to Falkland, on the night of the catastrophe, James dismissed them from office, and expelled them from the Palace, swearing that he would root out the whole race and name. Two brothers of it, boys at school, happened to be with their mother at Dunkeld. Search was immediately made for them, that they might be destroyed; but they happily escaped in disguise to Berwick, and passed thence into England. A Parliament was held in November, before which the corpses of the Earl and Master were produced. The formality of trial having been gone through, they were found guilty of treason, their estates and honours were forfeited, they were hanged and quartered, their heads were fixed on the top of the prison in Edinburgh, and their quarters exposed in the most conspicuous places of Perth, Stirling, and Dundee, the name of Ruthven was abolished, and those bearing it were forbidden to come within ten miles of the King, and the brothers and posterity of the House were declared for ever incapable of enjoying inheritance, place, or dignity in Scotland. The Estates at the same time enacted that the 5th of August should be for ever observed as a day of thanksgiving for His Majesty's escape.

After the Gowrie conspiracy, James shewed himself very solicitous to stand well in the estimation of the citizens of Perth. In the September following he wrote a letter to his "trusty friends," signifying his gracious pleasure that the present Provost, Bail and Councillors should continue in their sev offices; which they did, supplying the places Oliver Peebles and Andrew Henderson, who, their supposed complicity in the Gowrie conspir had been put to the horn, and summoned to ans for their treason. In April next year he vis Perth in great state; was made a burgess at Market Cross; and signed the Guild Book with own hand, adding to JACOBUS REX, *parcere jectis et debellare superbos.* In the November fol ing he gave the city a new charter, confirming to i its rights and privileges, and speaking of it in te which could not fail to ingratiate him with all wi hearts were not impervious to flattery's most hone words. On the occasion of that visit, Perth queted his Majesty; and Mercer's Chronicle rec that at the Cross, where he received his bur ticket, were set eight puncheons of wine, which all drunk out.

At his accession to the English crown on the d of Elizabeth in 1603, James transferred his resid to England. He left Scotland vowing inviolabl tachment to the Scottish Kirk, and giving freq and solemn assurances that he would maintai privileges and independence. He was no so seated on the throne of England than he trode t protestations and promises under foot; proclai his preference of Prelacy, and his resolution to e lish it in his native kingdom; and began that p cution of Presbyterians, which issued, not in thei termination from the land, as he expected, but in ruin of his race.

In August, 1606, the Parliament at Perth held, sometimes called the "Red Parliamen Perth." The Abbacy of Scone it erected into a te ral Lordship in favour of Sir David Murray, for his good services to the crown, had by this been created Lord Scone. To Perth it confirme its privileges, especially those enumerated in charter given under the Great Seal at Holyroo November, 1600; and to these it added the gift the parsonage house and the patronage of the vic of Perth. The "creature comforts" of the mem of Parliament were well looked after; as we ma fer from the sale of salmon being prohibited w the senators were sitting, and from the provision tun of wine, the one-half to be given to his Maje Commissioner, the Earl of Montrose, and the oth the Earl of Dunbar; in the use of which they tised, let us hope, all due hospitality. But this liament is memorable chiefly for some very infa Acts which it passed. It invested the King supremacy over all estates, persons, and causes in the realm, spiritual as well as temporal.

stored the order of bishops to their ancient honours, dignities, prerogatives, privileges, livings, lands, &c., as in the days of Popery. The former Act made his Majesty Lord of the consciences of his subjects, and gave him the rule of them in religion as much as in civil things; and the latter Act furnished him with fit tools for the execution of this rule.

This pliant, servile Parliament was followed by an equally pliant, servile Convention of ministers, gathered by James, and misnamed a General Assembly. This Convention approved of the bishops being made constant Moderators, with a stipend therefor of £100 Scots. The Royal Commissioner to the Convention was the Earl of Dunbar; and "it was afterwards discovered that a large sum of money had been distributed by Dunbar, in addition to all his other arguments, in order to attain his object." The potency of the *golden* argument having been proved, it continued to be freely employed. The bishops had the power of regulating stipends; and this gave them a mighty power over the "weaker brethren," as Calderwood mildly calls them. A rule was adopted for paying the travelling expenses of members of Assembly, especially of the distant northern legions; and, under the pretext of doing this, round sums were doled out to the time-servers and lick-spittles who supported the policy of the Court.

The constant Moderatorship of the bishops, presiding in all meetings of Presbyteries, Synods, and General Assemblies, was an aggression on the liberties of the Church which true-blue Presbyterians stoutly resisted. Hence the scene which took place at Perth at the opening of the Synod there in March next year. King James wished Lindsay, bishop of Dunkeld, to take the chair of the Synod, as of right belonging to his Prelatic dignity, and to be the constant Moderator thereof; and Lord Scone was one of the commissioners whom he sent to induce the Synod to accept of Lindsay. William Row, minister of Forgandenny, the old Moderator, wished the chair to be filled, as heretofore, by the vote of the Synod, and Henry Livingston, minister of St Ninians, to be chosen to the office. The scuffle that took place between the parties was semi-ludicrous and semi-melancholy; and has been well told by the late Dr M'Crie in his "Sketches of Church History." "We may describe the scene that took place in Perth, at the opening of the Synod there, in March, 1607, when Mr William Row, a bold and zealous champion of Presbytery, presided as Moderator. The King had sent Lord Scoon, a man of violent temper and dissolute habits, to force them to accept a constant Moderator. Scoon sent notice to Mr Row that if, in his preaching, he uttered a syllable against constant Moderators, he should cause ten or twelve of his guards to discharge their pieces in his face; and during the time of sermon he stood up in a menacing posture to outbrave the preacher. But Mr Row, no way dismayed, knowing what vices Scoon was most addicted to, and particularly that he was a notorious glutton, drew his picture in the beginning of his discourse so much to the life, that Scoon, seeing all eyes directed towards him, was glad to sit down and cover his face. After which the minister proceeded to prove that no constant Moderator ought to be tolerated in the Church; but being aware that Scoon understood neither Latin nor Greek, he wisely avoided naming the constant Moderator in English, giving him the learned title of *proestos ad vitam*. Sermon being ended, Scoon said to some of his attendants, 'You see how I charmed the preacher from meddling with the constant Moderator; but I wonder what man it was he spoke so much against by the name of *Prestos ad vitam*.' When told that this was a learned phrase for *constant Moderator*, Scoon's rage knew no bounds, and he resolved to prevent the Synod from meeting, unless they chose for their Moderator one of those who had been nominated by the King. Upon their refusing to submit, and proceeding to elect one of their number, Scoon rose in great wrath, threatened, and gave abusive names to them, and even attempted to snatch the roll of the members out of the Moderator's hand; but Row, who was a man of great bodily strength, kept down the Commissioner in his chair with the one hand—exhorting him to 'speak with reverence and reason'—and holding the roll in the other, deliberately called over the names of the members who chose Mr Harrie Livingston as their Moderator. 'Let no man be so bold as come there!' cried Scoon, rising to intercept Livingston on his way to the Moderator's chair. 'Let us begin at God,' said Livingston, kneeling down, when he had got to the middle of the table, 'and let us all be humbled in the name of Jesus Christ.' 'The d——l a Jesus is here!' exclaimed the Commissioner, with shocking profaneness, overturning at the same time the table around which the ministers were kneeling. But they continued to kneel, undisturbed by his violence, till the praying was ended and the meeting constituted. During the time, Scoon stood with his head uncovered, calling for the Bailies of Perth, and commanding them to ring the common bell, and remove these rebels—an order which, though he was at that time their Provost, none of them chose to execute. Baffled in this, on their adjourning, he ordered the doors of the church to be locked, so that, when the ministers returned, they were compelled to hold their Synod in

the open churchyard, the members kneeling down on the graves for prayer, amidst the tears of the populace, who crowded around them, deeply sympathising with the dishonour thus offered to their church, and soon furnished them with tables and stools from their own houses."

Row, we may add, suffered for his fidelity and courage. He "was put to the horn, and forced to abscond, because a minion of the crown had raised this disturbance."

In 1617 James visited Scotland, attended by a numerous and splendid train of his English courtiers. In his tour through the country he honoured Perth with his presence, on the 5th of July. By communications addressed "To our right trusty friends the Provost and Bailies of Perth," the Privy Council had given instructions to the authorities as to the preparations they were to make for his Majesty's reception, and even as to what they were to say in the address to be presented to him. The Chancellor and President also had correspondence with them on these matters. Fifty persons, dressed in black gowns, met His Majesty at his entry into the city with a *propine* of 1000 merks, and the silver keys of the city overgilt. The city officers shone in new red Flemish cloth. The mouthpiece of the burgh was merchant-burgess James Stewart, who welcomed his Majesty in a speech, the style of which was so fustian, and the flattery of it so nauseous, that Cant would not "defile" his pages with it. The King, however, was mightily pleased with the oration; and according to the city records the orator had a more substantial reward. They have preserved an "Act granting to the children of James Stewart . . . the sum of 300 merks, and the same to the survivors of them, and Cathne Peebles, their mother." His Majesty was at the same time hailed in "several elegant Latin poems by merchants and other gentlemen of Perth," *swatches* of which our readers will kindly excuse us for not giving. They are too classic for our Doric pages, where they would only be as a jewel of gold in a swine's snout. "Fed beef" was providently laid in for the occasion; and the 3000 merks for which the city was assessed, to defray the expense of "his Majesty's coming to the town," were surely sufficient in those days to banquet him in a style worthy alike of his Highness and of the Fair City. His entertainment otherwise was altogether fit for a King. For a week before his arrival, the youth of the city practised daily, to perfect them in the exercises of the wapinschaw, which were to be exhibited before him; and the "Skinners provided for the sword dance (the Council giving them £40 for it), the Baxters (bakers) for the Egyptian dance, and the schoolmaster and the bairns gud dance to His Majesty."

James gave out that he visited Scotland at the impulse of "a natural and salmon-like affection to see the place of his breeding—his native and ancient kingdom." But he had another object in view, which was still dearer to him than the gratification of this affection; the thorough conformity, viz., of the Scottish Kirk to the Church of England. So far as government was concerned, he had already effected this conformity in the restoration to Scotland of the order of bishops; and what his heart was now set upon was the conformity of Scotland to England in respect of ritual. Accordingly, having come down to "the place of his breeding," he, by virtue of his royal prerogative, commanded the Scottish clergy to adopt the following ceremonies of the Anglican Church:—1. That the eucharist should be received in a kneeling, and not in a sitting posture. 2. That the sacrament should be administered privately to the sick at their request. 3. That baptism should be administered in private houses, in similar cases. 4. That the bishops should give confirmation to the youth. 5. That the festivals of Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension-day, and Whitsunday, should be commemorated in Scotland as in England.

James's best friends advised him that "prerogative" was not very much worshipped in Scotland; and that it would be wise to remit these innovations to a General Assembly of the Kirk. He consented to do so, on being assured that matters might be so managed as to make the Assembly submissive to his will and on his return to England, a General Assembly was called, by his royal proclamation at the Cross of Edinburgh, to meet at Perth on the 25th of August 1618. The royal commissioners to it were Lords Scone, Binning, and Carnegie; and among their assessors were the Earl of Lothian, Lords Ochiltree Sanquhar, and Boyd; Sir Gideon Murray, Treasurer-depute, Sir Andrew Kerr, Captain of the Guard, Sir William Oliphant, King's Advocate, and Sir William Livingston of Kilsyth.

The constitution of this Assembly was made suitable for the royal purpose for which it was convened. It "was not made up," says Row, "of commissioners sent from Presbyteries, but of bishops, doctors, deans and such ministers as were the bishops' followers; then the King had his commissioners, and there were sundry noblemen and gentlemen who were written for by the King and bishops to keep the said Assembly and sundrie commissioners, sent from Presbyteries were not called upon, nor got any vote there, the Moderator knowing what they would say." "There was set in the Little Kirk," says Calderwood, "a long table, and forms at every side for noblemen, barons, burgesses, bishops, and doctors, and at the head of it a cross table with chairs for His Majesty's commis-

sioners and the Moderator. The ministers were left to stand behind, as if their place and part had been only to behold. But this apparently was done of policy, that they might carry some majesty on their part, to dash simple ministers."

The first day of the Assembly was kept as a fast. Forbes of Corse, bishop of Aberdeen, preached in the morning, teaching the very needful doctrine, that nothing should be determined in the Church by any superior power but that which is according to the commandment of the Almighty King. He was followed in the forenoon by Archbishop Spottiswood, who preached two mortal hours in favour of Anglican ceremonies. The Archbishop claimed the chair of the Assembly, as it was held within the bounds of his diocese. The King's letter was so good that it was twice read. It was addressed to "the Right Reverend Fathers in God, Right Trusty Cousins and Counsellors, and others, our trusty and well-beloved subjects," and by expostulations, promises, and threats, it urged the acceptance of the ceremonies. "Do not think," said the King, "we will be satisfied with refusals, or delays, or mitigations, and we know not what other shifts have been proposed; for we will content ourselves with nothing but with a simple and direct acceptation of these articles, in the form by us sent unto you." Spottiswood, unable to answer the reasoning of those who opposed the innovations, burst into a passion, saying, "This matter shall not be carried either by arguments or votes; if it were but we bishops, with his Majesty's commissioners, we will conclude the matter, and see who dare withstand it." He was followed by the Dean of Winchester, whom his Majesty had commissioned to be present, in a long speech, in which he lauded James as the matchless mirror of all goodness and the nursing father of God's Church; and laboured hard to prove that loyalty to him, and duty to God, and regard to their own welfare, temporal and spiritual, alike required of them to receive the rites which His Majesty wished inserted among the canons of the Church. Having warned the Assembly that he would report to his Majesty the names of all adverse voters, Spottiswood put the question in this form—Will you consent to these articles, or disobey the King? stood with the roll in his hand, and, wherever he discerned any signs of hesitancy in a member, exclaimed, "Have the King in your mind! Look to the King!"

The five ceremonies which James, as we have said, had previously enjoined in the exercise of his royal prerogative, were adopted by a considerable majority of the Assembly; and they form the famous Five Articles of Perth, so called from the place where they were adopted. They were soon thereafter sanctioned by the Privy Council; and the bishops lost no time in rigidly enforcing them. Ministers who would not comply with them were prosecuted before the Court of High Commission, separated from their charges, and banished to other parts of the country. Recusant Professors in Universities were cast out of their chairs. Recusant private members of churches were thrown into prison, and ruined with heavy fines. The tyrants knew better how to use these weapons than how to stop the mouths of adversaries by reason or Scripture. When they attempted the latter they made a poor figure, of which we may give a specimen. John Mein, an Edinburgh deacon, refused to conform. Galloway and Struthers, two Edinburgh turncoat ministers, who from being loud and fiery denouncers of the Perth Articles, had become zealous apologists of them, one day entered the lists with Mein, when the following colloquy occurred:—

Galloway. "What will ye say, if I prove kneeling (at the eucharist) out of the Scripture? Ps. xcv. 6, O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our maker?' Heard ye me on that text last Sabbath?"

Mein. "Yes, sir, and thought ye proved nothing. If you can prove kneeling out of Scripture, I will be content to go with you. But you allege only the 95th Psalm, which was sixteen hundred years before the institution."

Struthers. "May not that content you which has contented the Kirk of Scotland?"

Mein. "That is a point of Papistry, to believe as the Kirk believes."

Galloway. "What will you say to this, then, the Kirk has concluded it, and the King and Council has confirmed it? Would you set yourself above both Kirk and King?"

Mein. "Sir, ye were wont to say to us langsyne, 'Thus saith the Lord;' but now ye change your tune, and say, 'Thus saith the Kirk and the King.'"

King James himself had a similar passage at arms with one James Cathkin, an Edinburgh bookseller, apprehended in London in 1619, for circulating Calderwood's treatise against the Perth Articles. Brought before His Majesty, they tilted thus:—

King. "Where do you dwell?"

Cathkin. "If it please your Majesty, I was born in Edinburgh, and dwell in Edinburgh."

King. "What religion are you of?"

Cathkin. "Of the religion your Majesty professes."

King. (With a tremendous oath) "You are none of my religion! you are a recusant—you go not to the church!"

Cathkin. "If it please your Majesty, I go to the church."

King. "Were you there on Christmas day?"

Cathkin. "No."

King. "And why were you not there?"

Cathkin. "Holidays have been casten out of the Kirk, and it had been good if ministers had acquainted the Session of the Kirk before they had brought in these novelties upon us."

King. "Plague on you and the Session of your Kirk baith! When I was in Scotland, I keeped Yoole and Pasch (Christmas and Easter) in spite of all your hearts; and"—(pointing to Cathkin who was on his knees before him)—he added, "see, my Lords, these people will kneel to me, and will not kneel to God. I never can get order of this people of Edinburgh. I forgave them the seventeenth day (December 17th, 1596). Ye are worse than Turks and Jews." He finished with a horrid execration against the "souls and bodies" of the whole population of Edinburgh, which we shall not reprint.

On Saturday, the 4th of August, 1621, the Parliament, met in Edinburgh, ratified the Five Articles of Perth; after which, conformity to them was forced by increasing severity. It is not to the honour of Perth itself that it kept a whole skin by conforming to the Articles. The Saturday referred to was long known by the name of the Black Saturday; and it was well named. It was a black day morally when the Scottish Parliament set its seal on usages so superstitious and Popish, and which outraged the religious convictions and feelings of the great body of the nation. And it happened to be a black day physically as well as morally. A dense cloud, which had been gathering for hours, had settled over the Parliament House, and enveloped it in darkness. Just as the Marquis of Hamilton, the King's Commissioner, rose from the throne to ratify the obnoxious Acts by touching them with the sceptre, three most vivid flashes of lightning lighted up the House, and each was followed by a terrific peal of thunder, which seemed to shake it to its foundation. The storm exhausted itself in a very extraordinary fall of hail and rain. Diverse constructions were put on these phenomena. The Presbyterians looked on them as evident tokens of the ire of heaven against the supple, time-serving Parliament. The Prelatists, guided by the wisdom given to Spottiswood, looked on them as equally evident tokens of heaven's approbation; likening them to the blackness and tempest and thunder and lightning which attended the giving of the law on Mount Sinai.

Perth took its share in the Holy War waged in those days against witches. It does not seem to have been so much infested by them as some other places were; but, in 1580, the Kirk Session had to banish one of them from the town. In 1581, another, who resided in the Meal Vennel, was ordained "to be warned against that day eight days." In 1598, three of the sisters, named Janet Robertson, Marion M'Ach, and Betsy Ireland, were burned on the South Inch, between the Butts. Why on the *South* Inch, we have not seen explained. From other historic notices we learn that the usual place for the execution of witches was a hollow in the *North* Inch: and there, on the 18th July, 1623, Margaret Hormscleuch, Isabel Haldane, and Janet Trall were first strangled at the stake, and then burned.

First strangled, and then burned; why this leniency? It was, perhaps, because of a noteworthy peculiarity about the Perth witches. Other witches got and exercised their powers for maleficent purposes. The Perth ones got and exercised theirs for beneficent purposes. So Janet Trall said. "Being asked where she learned her skill, she deponed as follows:—To wit, when I was lying in child-lair, I was drawn forth from my bed to a dub near my house door in Dunning, and was there puddled and troubled. Being asked by whom this was done, she answered by the fairy folks, who appeared some of them red, and some of them grey, and riding upon horses. The principal of them that spoke to me was like a bonny white man, riding upon a grey horse. He desired me *to speak of God, and to do good to poor folks;* and he showed me the means how I might do this, which was by washing, bathing, speaking words, putting sick persons through hasps of yarn, and the like." Obviously it was from the same personage, as good as he was "bonny," that Isabel Haldane had her "skill," though she did not know him. "Being asked if she had any conversation with the fairy folk, she answered that ten years since, when she was lying in her bed, she was taken forth (whether it was by God or by the Devil she knows not), and was carried to a hillside, when the hill opened and she entered. That she staid there three days, to wit, from Thursday till Sunday at twelve hours; when a man with a grey beard came to her and brought her forth again."

Accordingly, while other witches delighted in such mischief as bringing diseases on man and beast, the Perth witches delighted in healing the diseased. Witnesses deponed, "with regard to Margaret Hormscleuch, That she came to Alexander Mason's house, and having seen his wife, who was very unwell, she commanded that south-running water should be brought from the Tay, the bearer to be dumb both in going and coming, and to hold the mouth of the pig to the north. That she washed her with this water, and afterwards made a bath of great meal. That the diseased immediately recovered, arose, and supped with her. That she cured Marjory Lamb in the Muirton (who was sick by the dint of an ill wind),

by washing her with south-running water, and rubbing her arms with fresh butter; and that she had learned these cures from Oliver Rattray's wife in Pittmudyne."

It was deponed, "with regard to Janet Trall, That Janet Burry brought her bairn to her, and told her that it started in the night. That she told the mother that the bairn had gotten a dint of evil wind, and she directed her to cause two persons to go down to south-running water and bring as much of it as would wash the bairn; and that they should be dumb when bringing the water. And that after the bairn wan washed they should carry back again the water with the bairn's sark and cast them into the place where the water had been taken up. She farther directed her to bathe the bairn with black wool and butter. That she got a shot star at the burnside, and sent it with black wool, and that after the cure was used the child was healed."

They wrought like benignant cures on beasts. It was deponed "that Margaret Hormscleuch had restored milk to the cow of Robert Christie from Ruthven (which had grown yeld), by causing a peck of draff to be carried home to the cow in the name of the Sacred Three. That she had restored milk to the cow of Andrew Louraine, in Mireside, by mumbling some words over a firlot of draff, which he bought by her directions; that she came home with it, and bid him cut the cow's leg and mix the blood of it with the draff, which he did, and the cow gave milk."

While the performances of the Perth witches seem to have been generally such good deeds as these, it is right to state that some of them were of an opposite character. "Hugh Pherskin, in Perth, deponed that Margaret Hormscleuch had by witchcraft done him great skaith in his goods; for on a morning she came to seek draff, when his new ale was working; upon her being refused she departed mumbling some words unheard by him, and immediately the brewing fell to the ground, and so it happened to five brewings after that. At another time he was passing by the playfield when he met the said Margaret Hormscleuch mumbling some words to herself, and then he immediately contracted a grievous and unnatural disease, which lasted twenty-two weeks."

Charles I. came to Scotland in 1633 to receive the crown of the kingdom, and to complete its ecclesiastical assimilation to England. On this he was even more intent than his father had been. Laud accompanied him to guide his conscience, and to make the most of his Sovereign's bigotry and zeal in the interests of Anglicanism. He reached Edinburgh on the 15th of June, and was crowned at Holyrood on the 18th.

Before returning to England, Charles visited Linlithgow, Stirling, Dunfermline, Falkland, and Perth. The Privy Council advised William, Earl of Errol, that His Majesty "intends, God willing, to ryde fra Falkland to Perth upon the aucht day of July nixt-to-come," and that "it is thairfor vere necessar for the honour and credit of the countrie that his Majestie be well attended and accompanied in that little progresse. And for this effect these are to requeist and desire your good lordship, That accompanied by your friends weil horsed and in good equippage and appareil you prepare your selffes to meet his Majestie vpon some part of his way within twa mile of the bridge of Erne, on the south side thereof, And to attend his Majestie's convoy therefra towards Perth, and that no rascalls commons nor others be suffered to be in your lordship's company bot gentlemen weil horsed and in good equippage. Not hindering always the commouns to stand upon the gait side and to get a sicht of his Majestie." His Lordship communicated with the authorities of the Fair City, and for His Majesty's coming they provided forty fed oxen, and appropriated the best houses in the city for the Englishmen of his suite, and the malt barns as stables for their horses. They also arranged for such amusements as might be most grateful to Royalty, and passed several significant Acts, of which we may mention two—one to cleanse the causeway; and another forbidding beggars to appear on the streets during the Royal stay, and women to wear plaids.

Charles arrived on the day appointed, and was received at the Southgate Port with every demonstration of loyalty and joy. A sufficiently fulsome address was delivered to him, to which he listened on horseback, and graciously responded; and, under a guard of young men of the Glovers' Incorporation, he was conducted to Gowrie House, in which he was to lodge during his sojourn, and which was then the property of George, Earl of Kinnoul, the Chancellor of Scotland. "The morrow thereafter," says the Register of the Incorporation which we have just named, "he came to our church, and in his royal seat heard a reverend sermon, immediately thereafter came to his lodging, and went down to the garden thereof; his Majesty being there set upon the wall next the water of Tay, whereupon was a floating stage of timber, clad around with birks, upon which, for his Majesty's welcome and entry, thirteen of our brethren of this our calling of Glovers, with green caps, silver strings, red ribbons, white shoes, and bells about their legs, shewing rapiers in their hands, and all other abulzement, danced our sword dance, with many difficult knots, five being under and five above upon their shoulders, three of them dancing through their feet and above them, drinking wine and breaking glasses, which, God be praised, was acted

and done without hurt or scaith till any. Which drew us till greater charges and expenses, amounting to the sum of 350 merks, yet not to be remembered because it was graciously accepted by our Sovereign and both Estates, to our honour and great commendation."

One of the Bailies of the city, Andrew Wilson by name, made a contribution of his own to His Majesty's entertainment. It was a comedy, which has not risen to a first place among the Classics of the Scottish muse. It was played before His Majesty, the players being David Black, who spoke for the Tay, and George Pourie, who answered for Perth. How they performed their part we are not told, nor whether Charles split his sides with laughter as he listened to them. After perusing the play, we are disposed to suspect that, had he happened to witness the feat which Peter Mackie attempted, much about the time of the King's visit, he would have enjoyed it almost as much as the comedy, or the sword dance, or anything else of the kind to which Perth treated him.

Peter was one of the *religiosi* of the city, who had risen, as he thought, to very eminent attainments, more especially to singularly strong faith. He had faith, as he imagined, to walk on the Tay without any danger of sinking, as his namesake, Peter the Apostle, began to do on the sea of Tiberias. Public intimation of the place and hour of the prodigy having been made, an immense crowd gathered on the North Inch to witness it. Peter approached the river with firm step and undaunted mien, paused for a moment on the brink, and called for sawdust to be thrown on the water to prevent it from dazzling his eyes, and thereby shaking his faith. This being done, he walked in, expecting every moment that the liquid element would bear him up. He found no support for his feet but the bottom of the river. Still he proceeded till the water reached his chin, when, amid peals of laughter from the spectators, he was heard crying, "O Lord! ye'll surely no drown poor Peter Mackie in this way, gaun' your ain errands," and he forthwith turned and made for the shore.

In 1637, Charles imposed his Service-book upon Presbyterian Scotland. It was identical in much of it with the English Prayer Book, but in so far as it differed from it it approached closely to the Roman Missal. He also established. by his Royal supremacy, his Book of Canons; and all archbishops, bishops, and subordinate functionaries were commanded to enforce conformity to the Service-book, by bringing recusants to condign punishment. In throwing her stool at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh, on the 23d of July, as, arrayed in his surplice, he began to read the Service-book in St Giles' Cathedral, Janet Geddes took the initiative in opposing force by force. The Four Tables, as they are called, were instituted in Edinburgh, consisting, one of nobles, another of the gentry, a third of the ministers, and a fourth of the burgesses; and in their hands the whole authority of the kingdom was placed. One of the first acts of the Tables was the revival of the National Covenant, with a clause added, suited to the times, binding those who entered into it to "forbear the practice" of all the late Prelatic "innovations," "and to labour by all means lawful to recover the purity and liberty of the Gospel, as it was professed and established before the aforesaid innovations." The Covenant was almost universally subscribed by all ranks and conditions in the land. The General Assembly, which Charles was shut up to call, met in Glasgow in November, 1638. Soon dissolved by the King's Commissioner, it continued to sit notwithstanding, abolished Prelacy, and rescinded all Acts of the Assembly in favour of it during this and the preceding reigns; and ordered the Covenant to be subscribed by all the lieges, under pain of excommunication.

Obviously, an open rupture between Charles and the kingdom was now imminent; and the Covenanters prepared for it by raising an army, the command of which was entrusted to the celebrated General Leslie, and by providing the munitions of war. Perth cast in its lot with them; signed the Covenant numerously and cordially; and purchased arms, enlisted men, and contributed money for the defence of the religion and liberties of the country. The Town Council ordered a hundred muskets, sixty pikes, and a puncheon of matches to be procured; and Robert Arnot was sent to Dundee, Arbroath, and Montrose to buy powder, lead, matches, and other warlike stores and implements. The Records of the Council, under date February 3d, 1639, bear that Thomas Durham and others were chosen Commissioners to the "Committee of War;" that a hundred and fifty pikes and sixty muskets were ordered; and that George Brown, at the Mill of Collace, was appointed to drill those who were engaged to serve in the army. When Leslie and Montrose, who then professed himself a keen Covenanter, were despatched to the north to oppose Huntly, Perth supplied a hundred of the 7000 or 8000 men with whom they marched to Aberdeen; and each man of the hundred was furnished, by the Magistrates and Incorporated Trades, with fourteen days' provisions, a pound of powder, a pound and a half of lead, and a pound of matches; with a barrel of powder to be sent back if not used.

Perth also sent men to the south; the Council enacted that every fourth man in the town should be obliged to join the army of the Covenanters; and they

also furnished a contingent of twelve men to what was called a "flying army," which was to be assembled at Leith. The expense incurred by the city in these and in such measures, between 1637 and 1640, is computed to have amounted to no less a sum than £19,748 Scots.

Charles revisited Scotland in 1641; and in the course of that year Montrose openly deserted the Covenanters, and went over to the King's party. "Too lofty to play any second part," he "revolted from a cause where Leslie held the baton, and Argyle directed the mace." It is now known that he had, for a while before, been in traitorous correspondence with Charles, and had proffered his services to him. Even at the time, his fidelity was deeply suspected; and with the view of allaying the suspicion he sought an interview, in March, 1641, with John Robertson, minister of Perth, and Richard Murray, minister of Methven. The three met in a publichouse in Perth; and what Montrose said for himself would have been unsatisfactory enough, though the step which he by and by took had not given the lie to it. No good came of the conference; and Robertson afterwards suffered severely for having been a party to it. It was not forgotten, we may be sure, when, in February, 1645, the General Assembly suspended him, and when, in May that year, the Commission of the Assembly deposed him "for holding conversation with the excommunicated Montrose."

Montrose captured Perth on the 2d of September, 1644. This was the first movement which he resolved on after raising the Royal standard at Blair Athole, and sending the "fiery cross" through the glens. Having, on the 1st of September easily and completely routed the raw Covenanters who had marched out to Tibbermore to oppose him, the next day Perth opened its gates to him. He pillaged it of whatever could be serviceable to him. The plunder, in money, provisions, clothing, &c., was a most important acquisition to him. So were the horses which he found in the town, and the young men, the stoutest of whom he pressed into his service. He remained in Perth only three days; Argyle following closely on his track with a large force, and many of his Highlanders having left him for their homes with the rich spoil which the Fair City had yielded them.

The surrender of Perth was loudly condemned. It was certainly a cowardly deed; but it was attributed to treachery as well as cowardice. A defence of it was attempted in a very elaborate and lengthy document, written by the two ministers of the town—John Robertson, already referred to, and George Halyburton. One's feeling, in perusing the document is that a deed which required such a defence was not very defensible; and it appears from what followed that the defenders were strongly suspected of being not indisposed to do Montrose a friendly turn. We have already seen how Robertson was regarded and treated, and Halyburton's fate was similar. The Commission of the General Assembly, which met in the ensuing November, deposed him "for speaking with Montrose at his being in the town of St Johnston." It is significant, too, that the Royalists thought themselves so much indebted to him that, after the Restoration, they made him Bishop of Dunkeld, and that he then "proved a cruel persecutor of his former friends."

Charles I. having been beheaded in front of Whitehall on the 30th of January, 1649, the Scots, in their inviolable attachment to hereditary monarchy, hastened to acknowledge his eldest son, Prince Charles, as King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and to offer him the Crown, provided that, "before being admitted to the exercise of his Royal power, he shall give satisfaction to this kingdom in those things that concern the security of religion; the union betwixt the kingdoms; and the good and peace of this kingdom according to the National Covenant and the Solemn League and Covenant." The conditions involved in this provision, when they came to be more minutely formulated, were most abhorrent to the Prince; but after the defeat and execution of Montrose, he affected to make a cordial acceptance of them. He seemed to have no alternative, if he was ever to sit on his ancestral throne. He arrived from Breda at the mouth of the Spey on the 23d of June, 1650, and, proceeding southward, reached Falkland Palace on the 10th of July, whence, on the 23d of that month, he came to Perth, where the Committee of Estates and the leading clergy were waiting him. He was dressed in mourning; and the Provost, Bailies, and Councillors received him at his entry in the same weeds, with a body of "partisans," who formed his guard while he remained in the city. George Halyburton, one of the ministers of the city (he must have been reponed since his deposition six years before), had what Sir James Balfour in his Annals characterises as "a pretty congratulatory oration to his Majesty." His residence was Gowrie House, where the Magistrates had prepared a banquet for him and his suite; and it was in the garden of that house, by the side of the river, that the Provost, on his knees, presented him with his Burgess Ticket, and that he thus wrote his name and motto in the "Book of Privileges"—"24th July, 1650. CHARLES R. Nemo me impune lacesset."

Among the Covenanters by whom he was surrounded in Perth, Charles was altogether out of his element. He endured a misery, indeed, which he felt to be intolerable. "The ministers beset him

with exhortations and sermons of immoderate length, introduced on all occasions, and exhausting the patience of a young prince, whose strong sense of the ridiculous, and impatience of serious subjects, led him to receive with heartfelt contempt and disgust the homely eloquence of the long-winded orators. The preachers also gave him offence, by choosing frequently for their themes the sins of his father, the idolatry of his mother, who was a Catholic, and what they frankly termed his own ill-disguised disposition to malignity. They numbered up the judgments which, they affirmed, these sins had brought on his father's house, and they prayed that they might not be followed by similar judgments upon Charles himself."

The intense aversion and loathing with which these things filled him, coupled with the delusive promises by which the Cavaliers lured him, explain his flight from Perth on Friday the 4th October, which is known in history by the name of The Start. On the pretence of going a hawking, he left the city about one o'clock p.m., accompanied by only four attendants. In an hour and a half, he reached Dudhope, by Dundee; whence he was conveyed, first to Auchterhouse, and then to Cortachy, seats of Lord Airlie; and from the latter, after a little refreshment, he was taken to a poor cottage in Clova, in which he was to hide and rest for the night. He was assured that, on the very day of his escape from Perth to the Grampians, a thousand Athole Highlanders would seize the Committee of Estates; that Lord Dudhope would secure Dundee; that Lord Douglas would forthwith take arms in Angus; and that the Earls of Middleton and Huntly would raise the north. In place of all this, the reality dwindled down to a guard of some three or fourscore Highlanders from Cortachy to Clova. A little before day, Lord Colonel Nairne and Colonel Bynton, who had been sent in pursuit of the fugitive, found him in the Clova cottage, "lying in a filthy room, on an old bolster, above a matt of seggs and rushes, overwearied and very fearful." They brought him back to Perth, which they reached on Sabbath, too late for the afternoon service in the Kirk; a loss which was compensated for by his hearing "ane comfortable sermon in his owen chamber of presence."

The Scottish Parliament met at Perth on the 26th of next month. It appointed two fasts, one for the contempt of the gospel, "ane ither for the sins of the King, his family, and nobility." These may be regarded as good deeds; but it did one very bad thing, as the rigid Presbyterians thought. It repealed the Act of Classes; so that the Malignants and the Engagers—that is, the Royalists and the Moderate Presbyterians—might now serve in the army, and in any other public office or employment. The Act referred to had excluded from the camp no fewer than four thousand men. This meeting of Parliament was attended by two bad omens. The one was the speech with which Charles opened it; which affected to be very pious, and to breathe confidence that God would continue to dwell generously with him, since He had moved him to swear and sign the Covenant, and inclined him to resolve, by His assistance, to live and die with his people in defence of it; and which also professed deep sorrow and penitence for the folly and sinfulness of The Start: all which from Charles's lips was double-distilled hypocrisy. The other bad omen was an act of a nasty impudent owl; a Republican owl doubtless. While the Parliament was sitting on the evening of the 9th December, after "the candles were lighted in the House, a great stock oule muttet on the top of the crown, which, with the sword and sceptre, lay on a table over against the throne."

Notwithstanding these discouraging and distressing omens, the actors proceeded to crown Charles at Scone, on the 1st of January, 1651; after which he assumed the command of the army in person. It had taken up a strong position at the Torwood near Stirling; and he was chiefly with it, till he marched into England to meet the disastrous defeat that awaited him at Worcester, on the 3d of September.

The English Parliament, having set up the Commonwealth, could not allow these proceedings. To put a stop to them, and to subdue Scotland, it was resolved to invade it. Within a month of Charles's arrival at the mouth of the Spey, Cromwell was on the banks of the Tweed, at the head of sixteen thousand veteran troops; and after highly important operations in other parts, at which we cannot glance, he appeared at Perth. Having for some time tried in vain to draw out the Scottish army to battle from its entrenchment in the Torwood, he crossed the Forth at Queensferry; fought and won the battle of Inverkeithing; and, on the 2d of August, marched to Perth, and sat down before it, "Thereby to stop the Highlanders from sending any supplies to the King." The Governor of Perth at that time was Alexander Sutherland, first Lord Duffus, a relative of the noble house of Sutherland. He had a garrison of six hundred men; but unable to resist the invader, he surrendered the city to him the day after its investment. Cromwell's own account of the taking of it, in a letter to the Speaker of the English Parliament, was in these terms:—

"Sir,—In pursuance of the providence of God, and that blessing lately given to your forces in Fife, and finding that the enemy being masters of the pass at Stirling, could not be gotten out there without hindering his provisions at St Johnston, we, by general advice, thought fit to attempt St Johnston, knowing

that they would necessitate him to quit his pass; wherefor leaving with Major G. Harrison about 3000 horse and dragoons, besides those that are with Colonel Rich, Colonel Sanders, and Colonel Barton, upon the Borders, we marched to St Johnston, and lying one day before it, we had it surrendered to us, during which time we had some intelligence of the enemy marching southward, though with some contradictions, as if it had not been so, but doubting it might be true, ere leaving a garrison in St Johnston, and sending General Monk with about 5 or 6000 to Stirling to reduce that place, and by it to put your affairs in a good posture in Scotland, we marched with all possible expedition back again, and had passed our foot and many of our horse over the Frith this day, resolving to make what speed we can up to the enemy, who in his desperation and fear, and out of inevitable necessity, is run to try what he can do in this way. I apprehend that if he go for England, being some few days' march before us, it will trouble some men's thoughts, and may occasion some inconveniences, of which I hope we are as deeply sensible, and have, and I trust shall be, as diligent to prevent as any."

This dispatch was dated "Leith, August 4th," from which it is apparent that Cromwell's stay at Perth must have been very brief. Three of the citizens so came into contact with him as to get their names into the annals of fame. They were John Davidson, Andrew Grant, and Andrew Reid. Davidson was a notary and fiscal, and proprietor of the lands of St Leonard's, the chaplainry of which his ancestors had founded. He had been lieutenant of the hundred men whom Perth had sent to intercept Cromwell's progress northward. When he returned with the remains of his company, after being soundly beaten at Inverkeithing, he caused the gates of the city to be shut, and a great noise to be made in it, by carts driving and drums beating, to frighten the English as they approached it. It was in his house that Cromwell and his officers were lodged and entertained. Grant was the Laird of Murrayshall, and the Provost of Perth. In Davidson's house, whither, after the surrender of the city, he conducted the English officers, Cromwell asked him how, in his state of helplessness, he had ever thought of keeping him at the gates. He answered that the design was to stand out till they heard that the King was in England. Cromwell called him "a silly body below his notice; but said that, if he had time, he would hang Davidson." Reid was a merchant of the city, rather noted for face and zeal, and with as much "siller as sense." Of the expenses of Charles's coronation he had advanced no less than 40,000 merks, for repayment of which Charles had given him his bond. Introduced to Cromwell, he presented the bond to him, and asked him to honour it. Cromwell returned it, saying that he had nothing to do with it, being neither Charles's heir nor executor. "If your Excellency is neither heir nor executor, you are surely a vicious intromitter," was Reid's reply; the sting of which Cromwell felt, and remarked to the company that he had never had such a bold tale told him.

A numerous garrison of the English "Sectaries" occupied Perth, whom it was no easy matter to find in lodgings and provisions. The citizens bitterly complained of the burdens, as also of the "casting down of houses, barns, &c., by the English army;" and they appealed to the Lord Protector for compensation. From one Act of the Town Council, "for the prevention of the kirk being abused by the English soldiers," we infer that at Perth, as elsewhere, they used the Kirk for conducting religious exercises in after their manner; which the Presbyterians looked on as profanation of the holy place and the holy service.

The amount of taxes levied from Scotland by the Council of State to which the administration of civil affairs was committed, was £10,000 a month. It was afterwards reduced to £72,000 a year —a heavy drain in those days on the resources of the country, and which there was much difficulty in paying.

Not many of the inhabitants of Perth obstinately persisted in refusing submission to the Commonwealth. Those who did were of course treated as rebels. A proclamation by General Monk, requiring the names of all such to be returned by a given day, was issued; and any parish or Presbytery failing to make the return was liable to a fine. The list returned from Perth contained about twenty names; for clemency to whom a humble petition was presented to his Highness the Lord Protector from Noblemen, Gentlemen, Burgesses, with many thousands in the City of Perth.

Of the four citadels which Cromwell erected to overawe Scotland and keep it in subjection to the Commonwealth, one was at Perth. It was a square, with a bastion at each corner, and was surrounded with a deep moat filled with water. It was built in 1652, and stood at the head of the South Inch; its north wall running parallel with the south wall of the Greyfriars burying ground, and its east with the Tay and near to it; each side within the moat measuring 266 feet. Some idea of the hugeness of the fabric may be formed from the things which Mr Thomas Hay Marshall has thus put together in a footnote to his "History of Perth." "Within the citadel on the east side was a range of stables, which could contain two hundred horses. Opposite to it

they built a pier for the loading of ships. The commanding officer ordered great trees to be cut down in the King's hunting park at Falkland and brought to the citadel. The schoolhouse was demolished, which contained three hundred and sixty scholars, was three storeys high, and contained rooms for the rector, doctors, and music master; they demolished the walls of the Greyfriars, which were between six and seven quarters high, carried away the stones, with betwixt two and three hundred tombstones and one hundred and forty dwellinghouses, with the garden walls, the hospital, which contained many large rooms, and was three storeys high, the Town Cross, not inferior to Mary Magdalene's Chapel, the stone pillars and abutments of the bridge, besides many kilns and cobles, all were carried away to build the citadel. One hundred and forty families were turned out of their houses, and had starved if they had not been supplied by the town; the surface of the two Inches, which yielded two thousand merks yearly for grass, were carried to build the ramparts."

In 1661, Charles II. made a gift of the Citadel to Perth, as an indemnification for the loss the town had sustained by its erection, and in consideration of the town's faithful services to his Majesty. In 1666, the Magistrates sold it by public auction; and in process of time the materials of it, both above ground and below, were carried away; the trenches filled up, and the ground levelled; so that not a wreck of the stupendous structure was left behind.

Perth was, like the rest of Scotland, sufficiently Monarchical and Presbyterian to be jubilant over the Restoration. In the exuberance of its joy it gifted Gowrie House and the lands attached to it to Charles, which he appreciated so highly that he gave the city in return Cromwell's citadel and all that it contained. The Presbyterian hope which centred in Charles was doomed to speedy and bitter disappointment; and Perth shared in the grievous persecution by which he forced Prelacy on the country. The authorities of the Fair City were servile enough to copy the perjury and to bow to the tyranny of the restored Monarch. To a man they subscribed the infamous Declaration, appointed in 1662 to be signed by all persons in public trust. It ran thus:—"We, the Provost, Bailies, Dean of Guild, Treasurer, Council, and Deacons of Crafts of the Burgh of Perth, under subscribing, sincerely affirm and declare that we judge it unlawful in subjects, upon pretence of reformation, or other pretence whatsoever, to enter into leagues and covenants, or to take up arms against the King, or those commissioned by him; and that all these gatherings, convocations, petitions, protestations, and erecting and keeping council-tables, that were used in the beginning and for carrying on of the late troubles, were unlawful and seditious, and particularly that those oaths, whereof the one was called the National Covenant, as it was sworn and explained in the year 1638 and thereafter, and the other entitled a Solemn League and Covenant, were, and are in themselves, unlawful oaths, and were taken by and imposed upon the subjects of this kingdom against the fundamental laws and liberties of the same; and that there lieth no obligation upon us, or any of the subjects, from the said oaths, or either of them, to endeavour any change or alteration of the government, either in church or state, as it is now established by the laws of the kingdom."

Having thus surrendered their liberty to Charles, who claimed to rule absolutely in all things, sacred as well as civil, they proved the ready tools of the Government in its most oppressive measures. They were even ostentatious in the display of their fealty to it. Thus in 1669, having erected a new Cross with the Royal arms on it, they celebrated the anniversary of the Restoration by carpeting the terrace of the Cross and drinking at it two gallons of French wine, which ran out of the mouths of two lions, bears, griffins, and other sculptured figures with which the Cross was adorned; and in the evening they lighted bonfires and indulged in other demonstrations of their loyalty. Thus again, in 1679, they were forward to testify their respect for the arch-traitor, Archbishop Sharp, by joining in doing him honour in his funeral. The Minutes of Council record the order for payment of horse hire and other expenses thereby incurred.

Happily the people of Perth were not all so craven and pliant and faithless as were their rulers. It furnished a not inconsiderable number of the host, who valiantly maintained the cause of God and of truth at every hazard and every cost for twenty-eight long years, till the doomed house of Stuart, having filled up the measure of its iniquity, was swept away as with an overflowing flood. In 1676 Perth was fined for the countenance given by citizens of it to conventicles, in spite of the vigilance and rigour of its authorities; and in the face as of manifold other Acts against these, so of the peculiarly severe proclamation against them by the Council in March that year.

Among the sufferers for nonconformity in Perth and its neighbourhood in those evil times, the following persons have been particularly commemorated. Several of them are in the list, printed by Wodrow, of the fined in Perthshire by Middleton in 1662, and of whom he says, "As far as I can now learn about them, they were, generally speaking, of the best morals, and most shining piety in the places where they lived, and chargeable with nothing but being

Presbyterians, and submitting to their conquerors when they could do no better." Others of them were victimised at a later date. Lord Ruthven was fined in £4800 Scots; Oliphant of Gask was fined in £6000; Blair of Kinfauns was fined in £4600; James Duncan at Dupplin was fined in 2000 merks for being present at a conventicle held at the Bridge of Earn. For the same offence, Hugh Craig, Dumbarney, was fined in £1000. George Hay of Balhousie, a near kinsman of the Earl of Kinnoul, and whose son, Thomas Hay, succeeded to the Earldom in 1709, was fined 27,000 merks. The crime laid to his charge was hearing his own chaplain, who was a Presbyterian, preaching at a conventicle. But Wodrow says that George Hay was not present on the occasion libelled, but that his son Francis was; "who heard (and only once) Mr John Welsh when he preached at Mr James Duncan's house, at the end of the avenue leading to the house, and the old gentleman was fined for what the son had done." This Welsh was, we presume, John Welsh, minister of Irongray, ejected in 1662, and of whom Kirkton says, he "was the boldest undertaker that ever I heard of as a minister in Christ's Church, old or late; for, notwithstanding all the threats of the State, the great price set upon his head, the spite of the bishops, the diligence of all the bloodhounds, he maintained his difficult post of preaching upon the mountains of Scotland many times to many thousands for near twenty years; and yet was always kept out of his enemies' hands. It is well known that bloody Claver'se, upon intelligence that he was lurking in some secret place, would have ridden forty miles in a winter night, yet, when he came to the place, he always missed his prey. I have known him ride three days and two nights without sleep, and preach upon a mountain at midnight in one of these nights." Patrick Hay of Leys, another kinsman of the noble house of Kinnoul, was fined in 1000 merks for being present at a conventicle in Glendoick, and was confined to his chamber in Edinburgh. Drummond, Laird of Megginch, was fined in £500 sterling, because his wife was present at the same conventicle, and was confined to Edinburgh, and his son John, then a merchant at Perth, was imprisoned till his father should pay the fine. James Mercer, tutor to the Laird of Megginch, was confined to the town of Edinburgh. Alexander Christie and Thomas Keltie, merchants in Perth, were fined in 600 merks each for attending conventicles, and were carried prisoners to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh. James Brown, John Drysdale, and Alexander Whyte, also merchants in Perth, were prosecuted for the same crime; as were Alexander Rankin of Pottie; Arnot, chamberlain to the Laird of Balhousie; William Dorn; Alexander Moncrieff, brother german to John Moncrieff of Culfargie; Patrick Glover, Simpson, Gilbert Hall, George Johnston, Robert Fleming, and James Gray, all citizens of Perth.

In 1684, the Kirk Session of Perth, which was as servile to the powers that were as the Council was, summoned before it, to answer for conventicling, Margaret Lundie, relict of Alexander Leslie; Andrew Playfair; James Brown, maltman; Isabel Young, spouse of Skipper Ferguson; Agnes Duncan, spouse of James Dewar; Eupheme Souter, spouse of Alexander Crookshank; Janet Barclay, spouse of John Strachan; Janet Johnston, relict of Thomas Craigdallie; Cecil Paton, spouse of John Cree, jun., glover; Margaret Bower, relict of John Minnieman, minister at Abernethy; Isabel Mitchell, relict of John Anderson, glover; Margaret Playfair, relict of George Haliburton, minister of Aberdalgie, and mother of the famous Thomas Haliburton, Professor of Divinity at St Andrews; Katherine Young, spouse of Charles Wilson; Janet Boig, spouse of Andrew Davidson; Margaret Jackson; Magdalen Craw, spouse of Patrick Coupar; Laurence Johnson, in Balhousie, and his spouse; James Robertson, in Balhousie, and his spouse; Janet Young, spouse of John Dow, glover; and Margaret and Christian Young, daughters of Patrick Young, tailor. In 1685, these parties were again cited for recusancy; and with them the mother of John Strachan; Martha Cree, spouse of John Drysdale; Margaret Jackson; William Schaw, and Henry Fairie; and they were all fined, and imprisoned till their fines were paid.

Perth has the further and higher honour of having, in 1681, contributed one to the list of Scottish martyrs. She was a young unmarried woman, named Isabel Alison. Apprehended in Perth, she was taken a prisoner to Edinburgh, and brought first before the Privy Council; and was subjected to a teasing, ensnaring examination, the object of which was to draw from her what might be turned into matter of accusation against her. Besides the usual questions, such as—Do you own the King's authority? Do you adhere to the Sanquhar declaration? Was the killing of Archbishop Sharp murder? Was the insurrection at Bothwell rebellion?—she was closely interrogated as to the preachers she had heard, and the intercourse she had had with intercommuned persons. She frankly acknowledged that she had heard Donald Cargill and some other field preachers, and that she had conversed with such leading Covenanters as Rathillet, Burley, and the two Hendersons. Out of her answers and confessions a libel was forthwith framed, and she was sent for trial to the Justiciary. "This," says Wodrow, "was the constant practice at this time—the one day to bring such as fell into their

hands before the Council, and there engage them by captious questions into a confession of statutory crimes, and next day to panel them before the Justiciary, where, if they were silent, they were asked if they would quit the testimony given yesterday." The confession before the Council put into her mouth, Isabel refused to sign. This refusal one of the assize urged in her behalf, and maintained that there was no fact proven against her. The "Bloody Mackenzie," the base Lord Advocate of Charles, alleged that the juror was uttering treason, and ordered him to act according to law, otherwise he knew what to do. Isabel was, of course, found guilty, and was sentenced to be hanged at the Grassmarket.

Marion Harvey, a young maid servant of Borrowstonness, was accused of the same crimes as Isabel Alison, was tried with her, and was condemned to suffer the same death. Paterson, Bishop of Edinburgh, cruelly mocked them as they were on the way to the place of execution, saying, "You would never hear a curate; now you shall hear one pray before you die." A curate did pray by the bishop's order, but the martyrs drowned his voice by singing together the twenty-third Psalm. "I am informed," we again quote Wodrow, "they were executed with three or four wicked women guilty of murdering their own children, and other villanies, which was very grievous to these two. One of the Episcopal ministers of the town, who waited upon the others on the scaffold, railed bitterly on these sufferers, and assured them they were in the road to damnation, while he, without any evidence of penitence, was sending the other wicked wretches straight to heaven; however, Isabel Alison and Marian Harvey were not commoved, but sang some suitable psalms on the scaffold, and prayed, and died with much composure and joy."

According to the Cloud of Witnesses, Isabel Alison had quite a triumphant death. "Being come to the scaffold, after singing the 84th Psalm, and reading the 16th chapter of Mark, she cried over the scaffold and said, 'Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and again I say, rejoice.' Then she desired to pray at that place, and the Major came and would not let her, but took her away to the ladder foot, and there she prayed. When she went up the ladder she cried out, 'Oh, be zealous, sirs, be zealous, be zealous! O, love the Lord, all ye his servants; oh, love him, sirs, for in his favour there is life." And she said 'O, ye his enemies, what will ye do, whither will ye fly in that day? For now there is a dreadful day coming on all the enemies of Jesus Christ. Come out from among them all ye that are the Lord's people.' Then she said 'Farewell all created comforts; farewell sweet Bible, in which I delighted most, and which has been sweet to me since I came to prison; farewell Christian acquaintances. Now, into thy hands I commit my spirit, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.' Whereupon the hangman threw her over."

At the Revolution Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, adhered to the forfeited James VII., and by and by took up arms with the view of retrieving the fortunes of his master and restoring him to the throne. In May, 1689, he made a descent, with about eighty horse from Badenoch into Athole, and marching thence to Perth with all expedition and secrecy, he took it by surprise on the 11th of the month. It had been committed to the keeping of the Lairds of Blair and Pollock, whom he seized in their beds. Them and some others in arms for the Convention, which had settled the crown on William and Mary, he made prisoners; and after carrying them about for some time with his army, he sent them for safe custody to the Isle of Mull, thought to be secure by the Castle of Dowart. According to tradition, he made good use of his possession of the two lairds. When two of his dragoons fell into the hands of the enemy, he threatened that if a finger was laid upon them "he would cut up his two captives joint by joint, and send the fragments to the Privy Council."

In the office of the collector of the revenue in Perth, Claver'se found nine thousand merks of the King's cess and excise, which he appropriated. "It was afterwards considered very strange," says Robert Chambers, in his History of the Rebellion in Scotland in 1689, "that he did not also take a sum of about five hundred pounds which happened to be lying in the same room. But those who looked upon this as a wonder knew little of Dundee. The grand principle on which he acted was, according to his own declaration, to do everything 'for conscience and loyalty's sake.' He esteemed himself at liberty to take the King's money from the hands of his enemies to be used in his own service. But he would scorn to rob any private individual of a farthing. With similar views of public spirit, he took care that the town did not receive the least damage from his soldiery."

Marvellously must Chambers' hero have improved comparing him now with what he had been for the nine years preceding the Revolution, and in which he had acted so conspicuous a part! He did not then trouble himself with distinguishing so nicely between the "King's money" and the property of a "private individual;" nor did he shrink so sensitively from touching "a farthing" of the latter. His own account, in his report to the Privy Council, of his measures for quieting the west, ought to have stopped the mouths of all his Jacobite eulogists. Burton was quite free of Presbyterian prejudice when he thus wrote:—"At

this time we find Claverhouse and the clergy of the west transacting business together of a kind scarcely appropriate either to a chivalrous soldier or an earnest priesthood. Claverhouse himself reports to the Privy Council the change he had created in a district where he found the rebels (the nonconformists) presumptuous and comfortable, and the churches deserted. The first work he did was to provide magazines of corn and straw in every part of the country, that he might with convenience go with the whole party wherever the King's service required, and running from one place to another nobody could know where to surprise him. And in the meantime quartered on the rebels and endeavoured to destroy them by eating up their provisions; but that they quickly perceived the design, and sowed their corns on untilled ground. After which he fell in search of the rebels, played them hotly with parties, so that there were several taken—many fled the country, and all were dung from their haunts; and then rifled so their houses, ruined their goods, and imprisoned their servants, that their wives and families were brought to starving, which brought them to have recourse to the safe-conduct, and made them glad to renounce their principles, declare Bothwell Bridge an unlawful rebellion, swear never to rise in arms against the King, his heirs and successors," &c.

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"One of his instructions was to compel the people to attend the parish church; and to encourage, as he says, those he appealed to, he 'told them the King had no design to ruin them, nor yet to enrich himself, but only was positively resolved to bring them to conformity, and if there were severe things done they might blame themselves.' There was to be an indemnity, 'even to conventicalists,' if they would go to church, but the difficulty was to know if they did go. So that we find in his report to the Privy Council, that 'it could not be known in most parts who were absent. Whereupon he ordered the collectors of every parish to bring in exact rolls upon oath, and attested by the minister, and caused read them every Sunday after the first sermon, and mark the absents, who were severely punished if obstinate. And wherever he heard of a parish that was considerably behind, he went thither on Sunday, having requested them to meet, and assured them he would be present at sermon, and whoever was absent on Sunday was punished on Monday.'"

We have now come to the verge of the eighteenth century, but, before entering on it, there are some fragments of our subject, belonging to the preceding ages, which we shall gather up.

From the earliest times, Perth was often visited by two calamities, which contributed to make its place in history notable. These were inundation and pestilence. To the former it was exposed by its situation on the bank of the Tay, and by its low level, which, after all the elevation it has received in the course of time, does not yet rise much above the channel of the river. We mentioned already the great inundation of 1210, and quoted from Holinshed's account of it. From Fordun's silence on the point, we may hope that it was not so fatal to the royal household as Holinshed represents; but that it was very disastrous is undoubted. It swept away the bridge of the Tay, and deeply flooded the town. It overthrew many of the houses, and many of the inhabitants perished.

There were like inundations in 1573, 1582, and 1589. Each of these broke down a portion of the stone bridge, with which the Magistrates had spanned the river in 1329, and did serious damage otherwise. Those successive breaches of the bridge were repaired with timber; but between 1599 and 1617 it was entirely rebuilt. It had, however, stood only four years, when a great flood, caused by a deluge of rain after a long period of drought, destroyed it, and overflowed the town and neighbourhood with a waste of waters, which did much injury, and produced the deepest consternation. Calderwood says:—"October 14, A.D. 1621, the stately Bridge of Perth, newly completed, consisting of ten arches, was destroyed by the high swelling of the river Tay. The water of Almond, and a loch bewest the town, came down on the west hand, as dangerous as the river on the east. The town was environed with water, so that none could pass out for five or six days, nor could the inhabitants go from house to house for the water in the streets. Young children were let down at windows by cords into boats." He also touches upon the cause of this fearful opening of the windows of heaven. "The people," says he, "ascribed this wrack to iniquity committed in the town; for there was held the last General Assembly, and another in 1590, when the schism in the Kirk began; and, in 1606, here was held that Parliament at which Bishops were erected, and the Lords rode in their scarlet gowns."

From 1621 to 1771, the communication across the Tay was only by ferry boats, but in the latter of these years the present bridge, a little farther up the river than its predecessors, which had all been at the foot of the High Street, was completed, chiefly through the indefatigable exertions of Thomas, eighth Earl of Kinnoul. It is a noble structure, admired alike for its strength and its elegance. Having in process of time become inconveniently narrow for the great traffic on it, John Pullar, Esquire, lately signalised his Provostship by realising the long cherished pro-

ject of widening the Tay Bridge without in the least marring its beauty. It has now resisted the floods of upwards of a century ; and some of these, as we may afterwards see, were very heavy.

Perth has suffered still more from pestilence than from inundation. It was visited by this dire scourge in 1512, 1585-7, 1608-9, and 1645-7. Full details of the ravages which it committed have not been preserved, but we have some very vivid glimpses of them. We give two examples. Of the visitation in 1608-9, so many died that they had to be buried at the public expense, and special places of burial were appointed for them. Hospitals for the sick were improvised in lodges or huts set up in the neighbourhood of the city, as at St Leonards, the Town Moor, the Lone of Balhousie. and the Croft of Blackfriars. Those who died at St Leonards were buried there : as also those who died in Watergate, Southgate, and beneath the Cross. Those who died in the Lone of Balhousie and that neighbourhood were buried in the graveyard of Blackfriars, as also those who died in the north and south sides of the High Street. For each interment the buriers received twelve shillings, and the gravediggers six. Cleansers were employed to examine suspected houses, and for every tenement which they cleansed, they were paid thirteen shillings and four pence.

The visitation in 1645-7 was very terrible and mortal. We learn from an old MS. volume that, after trying other methods of separating the sick from the whole, it was thought proper to put the former out of the town at some distance. Huts were accordingly erected in different places around, "particularly in the South Inch, Vicar Knowe in the grounds of Friartown, Witch Hill, near the parish kirk of Kinnoul, and the ground near the river Almond, at the mouth thereof, in all which places there are as yet remains of their huts which they lived in. The persons who died were buried deep in the open fields, never being allowed to be buried in the precincts of the town, or if they were, it was in a certain place allowed for that purpose, as in the west side of the South Inch. The wearing apparel, goods, and gear of the persons afflicted were burned, and their houses shut up for some time, and their money was afterwards given to persons employed to boil it, who returned the same to the relations of the defunct. This calamity not only raged in the town, but was severely felt throughout the adjacent country—great multitudes in the neighbouring parishes dying of it. Three thousand of the inhabitants died of it during that time, besides many who died afterwards, it not ceasing for several years, though not raging with the same violence. It almost depopulated Perth, many houses in different places being shut up, which afterwards, in back parts, went to ruin ; and what houses stood to the streets uninfected were inhabited but by few. Several houses were infected in a great degree to the front, and even some streets were entirely forsaken, particularly one between the church and the Meal Vennel. And the inhabitants being few in number had no courage to carry on trade or manufacture, and buildings, for many years."

Laudable efforts were made to stay the plague by the exercise of a strict discipline on the profane and immoral ; and in these efforts the Magistrates and the Kirk Session joined. In those times, indeed, certain of the civil rulers—the Provost and Bailies—were *ex officio* a constituent part of the Kirk Session ; and the administration of the court corresponded with its composition. It was not scrupulous in distinguishing between *crimes* and *scandals :* it took almost equal cognisance of both. Neither was it scrupulous in visiting scandal with spiritual censures only. It dealt in punishments that would be more readily felt by rude, thick-skinned offenders. Breakers of the seventh commandment, for example, were fined, pilloried, warded, "doukit," and banished the town and parish for ever. David Gray and Helen Watson, convicted of being irreclaimable adulterers, were executed in 1585, on a gibbet beneath the Cross, opposite the door of Helen's mother.

In and about Perth are many particular spots, which have good claim to be noticed by us, however briefly ; each of them, taken by itself, being truly an Historic Scene. To a number of these we shall now advert.

We begin with the Cross ; associated as it was with many of the most important events in the history of the city and the country. It stood in the middle of the High Street, between the Skinnergate and the Kirkgate ; in the spot which is marked by an octagon in the causeway, the figure of the building. The Old Cross Cromwell demolished, and took the materials of it to help in the raising of his huge citadel. After the Restoration, the Magistrates erected a New Cross on the site of the Old. It was a very elegant fabric, twelve feet high ; adorned with rich sculpture ; gilded with the royal arms, and with those of the city ; having a spacious terrace on the top of it, which was reached by a flight of steps within. Though highly ornamental, it was a serious obstruction on the street ; and in 1765 the Town Council resolved to remove it. It was publicly sold to the highest bidder, for the munificent sum of £5.

A short way east of the Cross, on the south side of the High Street is a house, in the front of which a marble stone is inserted, bearing the arms of the Mercers of Aldie and Meikleour, and with this inscription, "Here stood the House of the Green." It was

on this spot, according to the legend, that the British temple dedicated to Mars stood, in which Agricola is said to have worshipped, and which had been built by the son of Regan, second daughter of Lear, who governed Britain long before the birth of the Saviour. The legend is certainly not discredited by what the workmen of the Mercers found in digging the spot, in quest of a foundation on which to build their City House. About three feet below the level of the street, they came to two parallel arches, under each of which was an apartment 26 feet long and 14 feet broad; the wall, 3½ feet thick, and strongly cemented; a door in the one to the south, and in the other to the north.

The house raised by the Mercers on this site, after having been long their town residence, was demolished in the seventeenth century, and was succeeded by that which was called "The House of the Green." It was a famous hostelry; the favourite resort, as of others of the better sort, so of the country Lairds. Its hostess, when it was in the height of its popularity, was Kitty Reid; whence it was also called "Kitty Reid's House." An old song of which it was the subject, names many of the guests who were in the habit of frequenting it:—

"Kirkpottie, Kintullo, Pitcur, an' Laird Rollo,
Cam' a' to this house, to Kitty Reid's house;
Invermay, Monivaird, Balbeggie, Kinnaird,
Cam' a' to the house on the green, Jo.
Hech, hey, the mirth, &c.

Gan' tell Tullylum that he's wanted to come
To Kitty Reid's house, to Kitty Reid's house;
Tell Bousie an' Kerr, and Ruthven the peer,
To come to the house on the green, Jo.
Hech, hey, the mirth, &c.

Lady Nairn wrote a new version of this old song, which, notwithstanding the popularity of her Ladyship's songs, all our readers, we fear, have not seen. We shall therefore give it:—

KITTY REID'S HOUSE.

Air—"*Country Bumpkin.*"

"Hech! hey! the mirth that was there,
The mirth that was there,
The mirth that was there;
Hech! how! the mirth that was there,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
There was laughin' and singin', and dancin' and glee
In Kitty Reid's house, in Kitty Reid's house,
There was laughin' and singin', and dancin' and glee
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

"Hech! hey! the fright that was there,
The fright that was there,
The fright that was there,
Hech! how! the fright that was there,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.
The light glimmered in thro' a crack i' the wa',
An' a' body thocht the lift it would fa,'
An' lads and lasses they soon ran awa'
Frae Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo.

Hech! how! the dule that was there,
The dule that was there,
The dule that was there,
The birds and beasts it waukened them a',
The piper, the fiddler, auld Kittie, and a',
The kye fell a routin', the cocks they did craw,
In Kitty Reid's house on the green, Jo."

A little eastward of this house, in the middle of the street, is a large stone, which marks the spot where the pillory was wont to stand. "It is recorded that on one occasion when this instrument of punishment was in use, Sandy Dowie, the town's hangman, after pillorying his own daughter, turned round to the assembled crowd, and told them that 'she was a base limmer, and he was clean affrontit wi' her.'"

A short way west of the Cross, on the north side of the High Street, is Parliament Close. In that close was the house in which the Parliament ordinarily met, as long as Perth was the seat of the court, and the metropolis of the country. It is supposed to have been as old as the twelfth century; and was for its day a very imposing edifice, decorated in the highest style which architecture had reached. In its old age the Parliament Hall was used as an Episcopal chapel, and the other apartments were inhabited by poor families, thankful for what they could call a home, however decayed and dilapidated. It was removed in 1818, and the Royal Arch Mason Lodge now occupies the site of it. The Monk's Tower was close by the Tay, on the south-east extremity of the city wall. It was a place of great strength, and was enriched and beautified with very choice specimens of some of the fine arts. The ornaments of its ceiling are said to have been a copy of those of the Golden Arbour in the Blackfriars Gardens; and the first Earl of Gowrie hung its walls with allegorical and astronomical paintings, representing such subjects as the virtues and vices the seasons, the zodiac, &c. Lord Chancellor Hay added a summer house on the top of the Tower when he resided in Gowrie House.

The Spey Tower was on the city wall, by the Speygate. It had a strong prison; into which, as we already had occasion to state, Cardinal Beaton threw his victims condemned for heresy; and, from the windows of it, glutted his cruel eyes with their execution. Of the Perth Towers, the Spey was the last that was taken down, and that as lately as toward the end of the first decade of this century.

While Perth was the capital of the kingdom, many of the Scottish nobility had residences in it. Of Gowrie House, or Palace, as the palatial edifice was often called, we have already written; and we

may here note that it was built in 1520 by the Countess of Huntly. The house of the Earl of Athole was in the Speygate, on the west side of it, opposite Gowrie House, and nearly opposite the gate of the present Jail. The House of Lord Crichton of Sanquhar was also in the Speygate. The House of Lord Chancellor Hay, first Earl of Kinnoul, was in the Watergate, on the east side of it, immediately contiguous to Gowrie House. The House of the Earl of Errol was opposite to it, on the west side of the Watergate. It was commonly called The Constable's Lodgings; the Earl of Errol being Hereditary Lord High Constable and Knight Marischal of Scotland. Near to it was the House of the Bishop of Dunkeld, which had an entrance from South Street, supposed to have been what is now called the Fountain Close. The House of Lord Murray of Tullibardine was in Curfew Street or Row, a little to the north of the Old Glovers' Hall. The front portion of it has survived the wreck of ages; and is the only remnant now to be seen of the mansions of nobles which once graced the Fair City.

As we are at Curfew Row, part of a note of Sir Walter Scott to the Fair Maid of Perth, "furnished by a gentleman well versed in the antiquities of bonnie St Johnston," may be inserted here. "In the wall of the corner house of the Curfew Row, adjacent to Blackfriars Vennel, there is still to be seen a niche in the wall where the curfew bell hung. This house formed at one time part of a chapel dedicated to St Bartholomew, and in it at no very distant period the members of the Glover Incorporation held their meetings." It was from this "bell" in the niche, and the use it served, that the Row derived its name. Hence the opening of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard:"—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind softly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Hence also Longfellow's lines:—

"Solemnly, mournfully,
Dealing its dole,
The curfew bell
Is beginning to toll.

"Cover the embers
And put out the light;
Toil comes with the morning
And rest with the night.

"Dark grow the windows,
And quenched is the fire;
Sound fades into silence—
All footsteps retire.

"No voice in the chambers,
No sound in the hall—
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all."

There was likewise an Argyle Gate, which is mentioned in the archives of the city. The locality of it is now unknown, but it can hardly be doubted that it took its name from the House of MacCallum-More.

The matchless Inches of Perth have from time immemorial been used for promenading, and for golf, cricket, and other games and amusements of the people. The racecourse is on the North Inch, and military exercises and reviews often take place on it. James VI. one day disported himself on this Inch in a style not over-kingly. Walking on it with some of his courtiers, he was told of some rough handling which Montgomery, a prelate whom he did not greatly love, much as he loved Prelacy, had received from the populace of Edinburgh. James threw himself on the grass, called Montgomery a "seditious loon," and indulged in convulsive fits of laughter. On the South Inch were the bow marks, at which, from the days of James I., archery was much practised, and that skill in it acquired for which the citizens were erst so famous. Adamson in his "Threnodie" thus sings their fame:—

"Among the first for archers we are known,
And for that art our skill was loudly blown:
What time Perth's credit did stand with the best
And bravest archers this land hath possesst.
We spared nor gaines nor paines for to report
To Perth the worship, by such noble sport;
Witness the links of Leith, where Cowper, Grahame,
And Stewart won the prize, and brought it home;
And in these games did offer ten to three,
Here to contend; *quorum pars magna fui.*"

We read in the Statistical Account of the city: "Near the south end of this Inch stands yet a stone which tradition says was the southern mark. The northern is near to the north-west side of the ditch that surrounds the mound (Cromwell's citadel). It was fixed on a rising ground called the 'Scholars' Knoll.' The stone was but lately carried off. The distance between these marks is about five hundred fathoms. They must have been very strong and expert archers who could shoot an arrow between these marks."

We have been repeatedly at St John's Church, but we must visit it once more. Prior to 1588, the area of the Church was used for interment; and the environs of it were the public burying ground of the city and parish, densely filled with the spoils of countless generations, which death had gathered. In the year named, the authorities of the city passed an Act forbidding burial in the Kirk in time coming. This Act not having been duly honoured, another to the same effect was passed next year; contraveners whereof were made liable to a penalty of ten pounds, and a public repentance to satisfy the Kirk.

These Acts sufficed to send the community to the

Greyfriars for burial, the grounds of which had, eight years before, been appropriated to this purpose. But the prohibition to bury in the Kirk not being absolute, the authorities claimed and exercised the right of making occasional exceptions. For example, in 1631, for the sum of £40 Scots, they permitted David Moncrieff, Laird of Craigie, to bury his spouse, Margaret Beetoun, within the Kirk of St John's; and, in 1639, for £100 Scots, they sold the same privilege to Lord Stormont, who buried Lady Stormont "beside her mother in the north-east neuk of the Kirk of Perth."

St John's Church is now divided into the East, Middle, and West Churches. The burying place of the Gowrie family being "in the north-east neuk of the Kirk," was, of course, in the now East Church, and it would seem to have been in it that Lady Stormont was laid. The figures sculptured on the blue marble stone in the east wall of the Church are understood to be those of James I. and his Queen. The northmost of the four pillars supporting the great square tower is in the now Middle Church; and close to it stood the pulpit from which John Knox preached his iconoclastic sermon in 1559. On another of these pillars, that on the south-west, was the Royal Pew. Beneath the north wall of the Middle Church, and stretching out some way under the street, was the burial vault of the Mercers of Aldie and Meikleour, in which several members of the family have been interred within the last fifty years. Their common ancestor was John Mercer, burgess of Perth, who, as early as 1106, the last year of the reign of King Edgar, obtained a charter of the lands of Meikleour from Mauritius de Cromod, who had bought them from Allan of Cambus. In their vault in St John's was once a Latin epitaph, which commemorated another John Mercer, and was thus Englished:—

THIS STONE ENCLOSES OLD
JOHN MERCER,
WHO, WHILE HE LIVED, WAS BELOVED IN THE CITY.
HE WAS BORN IN THE YEAR TWELVE HUNDRED,
AND LIVED EIGHTY YEARS.

Concerning this vault of the Mercers there are two traditions which we must not omit. The one is that they got it for the gift to the city of Perth of the two Inches, which had belonged to their family. The other is that they got it for the gift to the King of the three mills, which were their property, and which Robert III. afterwards bestowed on the town. For both traditions the authority of the Muse may be pleaded. In support of the former she sang:—

"Some say the Mercers tried the town to cheat,
When for twa Inches they did get six feet."

In support of the latter she sang:—

"Behold the arms of the Mercers are
Three mill rynds, three gold balls, with glittering star,
To let the world know that their ancient race,
Possess'd three mills for many ages space
In pleasant Perth, near situate by Tay.
Which mills Perth keeps unto this present day.
Three balls next show them potent in each thing,
Therefore they gift these mills unto the King,
Who for their golden gift and loyal mind,
With arched tomb in church did them provide." &c.

The beautiful vestibule of the West Church was in olden days the basement of Halkerston's Tower, which had two dismal cells, the one above the other. The lower was used as the deadhouse of the city, and the upper one was the prison in which the Session confined culprits whom it sentenced to the discipline of "durance vile." The portion of the fane forming the now West Church was the scene of several historic events, which the Statistical Account mentions. In 1608, the inhabitants met in it to raise funds for the Bridge of Tay, which was then building. In February, 1618, the Council issued an order "to red the house where the guns lay in the New (i.e., the West) Kirk, to receive the corpse of Lady Montrose, mend the lock and key, and to lay the guns in the north side of said Kirk." In the same year was held in it the General Assembly which adopted the Five Articles of Perth. In 1628 the Convention of Burghs met in it. In 1654, a "room was divided off in it for the purpose of holding courts." In 1671, the Justiciary Court met in it, the seat erected for the Judges costing £173 12s. In 1684, the Council gave leave to the Marquis of Athole to hew stones in it.

James the Sixth's Hospital is a standing monument of his beneficence, or, rather, of that of the Regent Moray, for it was founded in 1569, when James was only two years of age. It was endowed with the lands and revenues which had belonged, before the Reformation, to the Religious Houses in and about Perth; its beneficiaries are the "poor members of Christ's body resident in our Burgh of Perth;" and its governors are the ministers and elders of the town. The first house of the Hospital having been demolished by Cromwell to supply material for his citadel, the present one was built on the site of what had been the Carthusian Monastery; and the objects of the charity were lodged in it till 1814, when they were made outdoor pensioners, and the house rented to tenants for the benefit of the institution, with the exception of the rooms of the Master and the Managers.

Who would have thought of looking for an Historic Scene about Perth to the deep pool in the Tay called the Friarton Hole? Yet, if an old legend is to be believed, there is one of surpassing interest. In

olden times a very large bell was being brought to Perth in a vessel which had to discharge its cargo at that part of the river. As the bell was being taken out of the ship it fell into the pool and sank to the bottom. Years afterwards a diver mustered courage and attempted to recover the bell. After diving, he speedily appeared on the surface in a state of great trepidation, reporting that, on reaching the bell, "he had found the devil and his dam making their porridge in it! The bell has, therefore, remained ever since undisturbed. It is very generally understood to be the private porridge-pot of these formidable personages."

We now enter on the eighteenth century. In the Rebellion of 1715 Perth makes a conspicuous figure. On the 6th September the Earl of Mar unfurled the rebel standard at Castleton of Braemar. Hearing that the Earl of Rothes, at the head of five hundred of his Fife vassals and friends, was advancing to Perth to secure it for the Hanoverian interest, he sent Colonel John Hay, brother of the Earl of Kinnoul, with a detachment of two hundred horse, to anticipate him. The Colonel entered Perth without opposition on the 14th September; took possession of it, and proclaimed the Chevalier St George by the title of James VIII. of Scotland and III. of England. He was the son of James VII. of Scotland and II. of England, the exiled monarch, who had died at St Germains in 1701. Mar made Colonel Hay Governor of the town, and ordered him to tender the oath of allegiance to the Pretender to all the inhabitants, and to require them to renounce all subjection to any other prince or power; recusants to be turned out of the town, and a new election of Magistrates to be made. He was also directed to open all letters passing through the Post Office, and to appoint a new Postmaster.

Mar was in the meantime descending from the Highlands; reached Perth on the 28th September, when, the clans joining him, he soon found himself at the head of an army of ten or twelve thousand men; and assumed the title of Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's forces. He made Perth his headquarters. The Honourable James Murray, second son of Viscount Stormont, arrived at it the same day, with important dispatches from Mar to the Chevalier, who appointed Murray Secretary of State for Scotland. Mar remained at Perth till the 10th November; and the only military movement in the interval worth noting, was the capture of a vessel filled with arms, which a storm had driven up the Firth to Burntisland. This exploit was gallantly performed by a detachment of five hundred horse from Perth under the Master of Sinclair.

On the 10th November, Mar left Perth with a garrison to keep it under the command of Colonel Balfour. By this time the Earl of Argyle, commander-in-chief of the forces of King George, moved from Stirling to give battle to the rebels. They met and fought, as we shall afterwards see, at Sheriffmuir; after which Mar with his army returned to Perth. Then the Pretender himself joined his Lieutenant-General, making his public entry into the Fair City on the 9th January, 1716. His appearance on the scene was most unfortunate; the effect of it being bitter disappointment and mortification both to him and to all who had taken part in the insurrection on his behalf. Mar did his best to pass him off as attractive and even fascinating; but, as the Master of Sinclair said, it had been incomparably better for his cause had he never shewn face, and "sent us five thousand men of good troops." "Then we had done other thing than we have now done." The fewness of Mar's forces, compared with the accounts of them which he had received, gave him a fearful surprise; and his attendants did not hesitate to upbraid Mar with betraying both their master and them. Mutual upbraidings followed among the insurgents, who had rallied under Mar's banner; and so speedily did the adventure collapse, that on the 4th February the Chevalier sailed a fugitive from Montrose to Gravelines, and never again set his foot on the land the crown of which he had come to claim. On the 1st February Argyle, in pursuing him, reached Perth and seized it; and, on the suppression of the Rebellion, it was made a permanent military station.

The next insurrection of which Perth was the scene, was of the ecclesiastical order. The leader of it, who, it is rather remarkable, had in his veins the blood of the noble family of Mar, was the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, one of the ministers of Stirling. The Synod of Perth and Stirling met in the West Church, Perth, on the 18th October, 1732; and it fell to Mr Erskine as retiring Moderator to preach the opening sermon. His text was Psalms 118, 22, "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner." With stern fidelity and dauntless courage, he applied his text to the "builders" of the Scottish Kirk in that degenerated age. He especially instanced in their passionate support of patronage. The intrusion of the presentees of patrons on reclaiming congregations was with him the reducing of the freest society in the world to slavery. It was, farther, a rejection of Christ's authority over His own house; who had given no warrant in His Word for forcing hirelings on it.

The majority of the Synod were filled with indignation; and no other business could be proceeded with, till the daring libeller was taken under cogniz-

ance, and due censure inflicted on him. He refused to submit to a rebuke at the bar of the Synod; and the Assembly of 1733, on appeal, sustained the proceedings of the Synod, and ordered Erskine to be rebuked and admonished at its own bar. He protested against the decision of the Assembly, as did also three friends who were appellants with him against the Synod, and stood by his side at the bar of the Assembly; resolved henceforth to make his cause their own. These were William Wilson, minister of the West Church, Perth, Alexander Moncrieff, minister of Abernethy, and James Fisher, minister of Kinclaven. In the November of that year, the Commission of the General Assembly loosed the four from their respective charges, declared them no longer ministers of the Kirk of Scotland, forbade all ministers to employ them in any ministerial function, and declared their churches vacant. Those Four Fathers forthwith made their formal secession from the Kirk; and the little one has become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation.

The excitement in Perth, connected with the origin of the Secession Church in it, was great. Wilson was deservedly held in the highest estimation for his talents and learning, his piety and eloquence, and his fervent attachment to evangelical truth, and to the rights and liberties of the Church of Christ. The scene at his extrusion from the West Church by the Magistrates, in obedience to the edict of the Assembly, has been described by our late lamented friend Professor Eadie; and we cannot forego the opportunity of laying his picture of it before our readers, though we have hardly room for it:—

"The civic authorities at Perth were very obsequious to the Kirk—they received the edict on the Sabbath morning, and that very day they resolved to enforce it. Their anxious haste proved that they were afraid of reflection. Mr Wilson had been made aware of this movement, and fortified himself by prayer. An unusual thoughtfulness was that morning visible on his countenance. The church in which he had laboured for four-and-twenty years was now to be shut against him. The domestic meal was postponed to an unwonted season, if not altogether neglected. His household servants gathered that something strange was about to fall upon them, and whispered to one another their ominous forebodings. From his closet, nerved and resolved, Mr Wilson went to the church. Its doors were shut, and the civic magnates proudly guarded them with mace and halberts. An immense assemblage, astonished and perplexed at the scene, crowded the streets, musing in their minds what might be the issue. Mr Wilson passed through the throng, who made way for him with profound obeisance, went up to the principal entrance to the church, and confronting the municipal authorities, boldly requested admission into the house of God—'In the name of my Divine Master I ask admission into His temple.' Once—a second time—a third time he repeated the solemn demand, and was met with a firm and curt denial. The expectant multitude were surprised and irritated. A low murmur ran along them—'Mr Wilson's kept out o' the kirk!' The aged wept, the younger heaved with indignation. There was a movement—a muttered menace—then a yell—'Stone them, stone them!' The storm was rising—a minute more and it would have burst. But the popular fury was suddenly hushed. Wilson turned to the vast assemblage, heaving in wrathful commotion around him, and his serene countenance and tranquil attitude commanded their attention. 'No violence,' he exclaimed in tones of earnest and impressive calmness, 'no violence, my friends—the Master whom I serve is the Prince of Peace.' Their rage was stayed. The man of God triumphed, and the victory was sealed—when shrill and clear these words of power rang again over the wedged masses, and were heard to their utmost verge 'No violence, my friends, I implore you; the Master whom I serve is the Prince of Peace.' During the lull the Deacon of the Glovers' Incorporation interfered, and spontaneously offered to Mr Wilson the Glovers' Yard as a place of temporary meeting. The proposal was immediately accepted, and the vast concourse at once adjourned. The Yard was immediately filled. The services commenced with Mr Wilson's solemn reading of a few verses of the fifty-fifth Psalm. His vast audience felt how appropriate were the words which the minister slowly recited—

'He was no foe that me reproach'd,
Then, that endure I could;
Nor hater that did 'gainst me boast,
From him me hide I would:
'But thou, man, who mine equal, guide,
And mine acquaintance wast:
We join'd sweet counsel, to God's house
In company we pass'd.'

Hundreds who sang these words were thrilled by the truth of them—felt how bitter was the pang of exile from the dominant Church, and how that Church, in ejecting them, had renounced its own principles, and violated all its sacred professions. It was not the world, but the 'Church,' that 'reproached' them. It was not a 'foe' that afflicted them, but an 'equal,' 'guide,' and 'acquaintance' often revered in the ties of Christian fellowship. Wilson's text was one also of singular adaptation to the scene and the circumstances, Heb. xiii. 13—'Let us go forth, therefore, unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.' The deep solemnity in which the words were uttered,

and the immediate sensation which they awakened among the people, were, perhaps, the most vivid commentary which the text ever received. The Glovers' Yard was a living illustration of the duty which the apostle inculcated, and the sermon had its echo in the experience of the auditors. The meeting at length quietly dispersed, carrying with them those impressions which ripened into decided attachment to the Secession and its interests. Round many a hearth was the scene described to wondering listeners, while the text was repeated times without number. Old men delighted to tell to their children's children how Mr Wilson looked and spoke in the Glovers' Yard, and how at the very reading of the text each one held his breath, and a spell so deep and awful lay upon them that not a stir or rustle was heard in all the congregation."

Such was the expulsion scene, which has more than exhausted our allotted space. The Professor added some anecdotes, which, if the printer can make room for them, will, we are sure, interest the readers:—

"Two anecdotes, handed down by family tradition in connection with these events, are recorded by Dr Ferrier in his life of Wilson. Mr Wilson's father had lain hid for a season in the Mearns' Moor, in the days of former persecutions, and a young girl carried his food to his place of retreat. She seems to have become an inmate of the family, and she was treated with peculiar and tender deference in Mr Wilson's household at Perth. On the morning of this trying Sabbath, the aged domestic was somewhat apprehensive and uneasy. Her busy memory brought back the scenes of her youth, when she glided away stealthily, morning and evening, to the wild and gloomy morass where her master was concealed. The privations of the father made her anxious for the welfare of the son. And, as the tide of these sad recollections filled her heart, she could not help looking wistfully in her master's face, as he was leaving his home on his way to the church, and saying to him, 'Tak' tent, Mr William, tak' tent what ye're doing, for I fear, if things gang on in this way, I'll get yer meat to carry to the moor, as I did yer guid father's afore ye.' When Mr Wilson returned from the service of the day, he retired at once to his chamber. Many thoughts must have pressed upon him, and he sought quiet and uninterrupted meditation. His eldest daughter, a girl of about twelve years of age, had witnessed with natural curiosity the strange proceedings, had seen her father seek admission to his own church, and had heard the gruff refusal which the magistrates gave him. She had also been in the Glovers' Yard, and had beheld thousands of faces looking up to her sire with intense excitement. But she was sorely puzzled to understand these novelties. Her natural wish was to hear them explained by her father. The matter appeared to her young mind so solemn that she was afraid to ask what she coveted. But with restless anxiety she hung about the door of the study, anxious to obtain at least a glimpse of his countenance. Her father at last observed her, and reading her wishes in her features, called her to him, and patting her kindly on the head, said to her, "Bell, this has indeed been a day of trial, but we have reason—great reason, to be thankful that it has not been a day of shame. If anybody asks you, Bell, why your papa lost his kirk, you may just say, as good Mr Guthrie before his execution bade my mother say of him, if any one aaked her why he lost his head,—'IT WAS IN A GOOD CAUSE.'"

In 1723 the Magistrates of Perth lost the power of trying cases of life and death. The loss was occasioned mainly by a trial which took place that year. An officer of a regiment stationed in Perth made himself a pest to a dancing school by the visits which he paid to a girl attending it. High words ensued between him and the master of the school; after which, meeting incidentally, they drew their swords in prosecution of the quarrel, and the officer killed the master on the spot. The Magistrates immediately brought the murderer to trial, and he was sentenced to be hanged within three suns. His friends expressed to London for a pardon to him, which was at once granted, but he had suffered his fate before the pardon arrived. This led to an Act of Parliament, which ordained that no sentence of death should be executed on the south of the Forth in less than thirty days, and on the north of it in less than forty.

In the annals of the Rebellion of 1745, Perth makes a prominent figure. Prince Charles Edward, eldest son of the Chevalier St George, entered it on horseback from the north on 4th September, a party of Camerons having taken possession of it the previous evening. Great alarm and anxiety filled the city, and not a few of its chief inhabitants retired to Edinburgh. Attended by the Duke of Perth, Oliphant of Gask, Mercer of Aldie, and other adherents, Charles, at the Cross, proclaimed his father King of Great Britain, and himself Regent in his father's absence. He took up his residence in the house of Viscount Stormont, which stood near the bottom of the High Street, on the north side, on the site now occupied by the National Bank. He busied himself in drilling his troops, and, on the 6th instant, held a grand review of them on the North Inch. On Sabbath, the 8th, he attended Protestant worship in St John's Church, probably for the first time in his life; and if the sermon was as appropriate as the text, it could

hardly fail deeply to interest him. The text was Isaiah xiv., 1, 2—"For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose Israel, and set them in their own land, and the strangers shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob. And the people shall take them, and shall bring them to their place; and the house of Israel shall possess them in the land of the Lord for servants and handmaids; and they shall take them captives, whose captives they were; and they shall rule over their oppressors." He was diligent, too, in collecting supplies, which he much needed; for when he arrived in Perth his purse was reduced to a single louis-d'or. From the Fair City itself he exacted £500; and all the towns of Perthshire and Argyleshire he laid under tribute. Clanranald and Keppoch were dispatched, with a party of M'Donalds, to Dundee; and they levied contributions from it, and seized two vessels in its harbour laden with arms and ammunition, which they immediately forwarded to Perth for the use of the army. Voluntary aid in money from partizans in other quarters was in the meantime coming constantly to hand. At Perth, moreover, most important accessions were made to the Adventurer's standard. The Robertsons of Struan, Blairfittie, and Cushievale joined him; as did also the Stuarts in the uplands of Perthshire, and many of the Athole tenants. Above all, Lord George Murray, younger brother of the Duke of Athole, possessing boundless popularity among the clans, and high military genius and experience, gave in his adhesion te the Prince, and was at once appointed Lieutenant-General of his army.

Charles remained at Perth for a week, leaving it for the south on the 11th September, and taking with him Crie, the late Provost, and other Whig prisoners of note, whom he dismissed at Tullibardine. Oliphant of Gask he made deputy-governor of the city, and committed it to his charge. On the 30th October, the King's birthday, a rather serious incident occurred. A mob seized the gates of the town, took possession of the church and steeple, and rang the fire bell. A message to the Governor to surrender the town to them being refused, a battle ensued, which lasted for three hours. It raged chiefly about the Council House, in which Oliphant and his supporters had posted themselves. Four of the mob were wounded. One of the Governor's party was killed, and several were wounded. To prevent the repetition of a like outbreak, the garrison of the city was strengthened by one hundred and ninety of the Prince's followers.

The fortunes of Prince Charles waned apace after his victory at Falkirk on the 17th January, 1746. The Duke of Cumberland being appointed commander-in-chief of the Royalist forces, advanced towards Stirling in the end of January; and the rebels, abandoning the siege of the Castle there, retreated to Inverness. Lord George Murray and Lord John Drummond came to Perth, and gave orders to spike their cannon there, and to throw them, with the swivel guns, and a large quantity of balls, into the river. A report that it was designed to blow up the magazine in the cell below the Tolbooth, which was full of Royalist prisoners, John Anderson, merchant, falsified by purchasing the powder; and he had influence with Lord George Murray to induce him to liberate the prisoners, and even to give them some assistance in money, and to advise them to keep out of the way of small parties of Jacobites who were passing through Perth.

The Duke of Cumberland himself reached Perth with his army on the 6th February, 1746, on his way north to Culloden; and rested in it till the 28th, sending out parties in all directions to plunder the residences and the estates of the rebels. Having quenched the Rebellion on Drummossie's bloody moor, he returned by Perth on his way to London. As he passed through it, the Magistrates hailed him as the deliverer of his country, and presented him with Gowrie House and the lands attached to it. The "Royal Butcher" must have had some humour, if we may judge from his asking, when the presentation was made, whether the "lands attached" included the piece of ground called the Carse of Gowrie!

It may be added that the five thousand Hessians, whom the Prince of Hesse brought over to assist his father-in-law, George II., in suppressing the Rebellion, remained in Perth for some years, and were greatly liked for their good character and behaviour. Their encampment was on the North Inch; and we have a memorial of them to this day in our black rappee, which, says Chambers, "the Hessians were the first to introduce into Scotland."

Among the events in recent times which have made Perth an Historic Scene, the meal mobs in the latter half of the last century must not be overlooked. Bad seasons, aggravated by exhausting wars, and by poor trade, depressed and stinted by the most absurd economic laws, produced the worst of all rebellions, a rebellion in the belly; which broke out in the *emeutes* to which we now allude. On a rise in the price of the staff of life, the famishing consumers turned out to the streets, paraded them, and broke the shop windows of the venders, and sometimes entered their houses, and gutted them. On one occasion they visited the farmer of Claypots, who had the unenviable reputation of being rich, and being also a hoarder of his grain for high prices. Having some warning of their intention, he got a few friends to pass the evening with him, and to help in shielding

him, if need should be. Hideous yelling announced the approach of the rioters. One of the friends with the farmer went out, and asked what they wanted. A hundred voices cried at once, "Corn, corn! Meal, meal! Auld Davie has plenty, and we are starving!" The friend proposed that they themselves should search the premises. They did so, and finding only the necessary supply for the family, and a few bags of seed, they left, giving them three cheers.

From Claypots they proceeded to Elcho, where the farmer was not so fortunate. He attempted resistance, and suffered for it. His house was entered and pillaged, and the furniture smashed. As the wreck was proceeding, "the house clock happening to strike twelve, a fellow who was swinging an axe swore he would make it strike thirteen, with that he dashed it in pieces at a blow. Much damage was done about the place, and some persons were severely hurt."

At an after date, a serio-comic affair in the meal interest occurred, which afforded the gentlemen volunteers the first opportunity of showing their prowess. A speculator in grain inquiring one day what the weavers were saying about the scarcity of meal, his waggish friend jocularly answered that they were meditating an attack on the dealers' stores. The information was at once communicated to the Magistrates, who ordered a guard of forty of the volunteers to meet in the Council-room that night. They had just assembled, and begun to enjoy some of the good things of this life, when tidings came that a mob was on its way to the Magdalenes, to pay farmer Lawrence Buchan a visit. The Captain was instantly despatched, with twenty men, to protect Lawrence and his homestead. "Taking a nearer cut through the Inch, they pushed on with all haste; but as many of the corps were more distinguished for rotundity than speed of foot, these were sadly distressed by the time the hill was ascended. They arrived at last, when the work of destruction was at its height. Mr Buchan had been considerably hurt in endeavouring to protect his property, and his wife and daughter had retired to the garret; the windows were being demolished, and the furniture was beginning to share the same fate. Upon the appearance of the *white feathers*, however, the whole decamped with such precipitation that only one individual, a wright lad, who appeared to have been a mere spectator, was seized near Craigie Bridge in the retreat—the Perth burghers being traditionally celebrated for their success in accomplishing the retrogade movement! One individual, who was remarkable for boasting of his courage, was seized with such a panic that he never looked behind till he reached the woods of Dupplin, where he lay concealed for some days, till the pangs of hunger compelled him to venture back to town."

One of the most critical eras through which Perth has passed derived its complexion from the Reformers in it, who formed themselves into societies, and took such ominous names as the "Friends of the People," and the "United Scotsmen." Their principles were as shocking to Pitt, Dundas, and Co. as they were to the rulers of the Fair City. No wonder! Those fellows were in favour of reform, burgh and Parliamentary. They were friends of free trade, as may be inferred from a resolution which they submitted to a meeting in the Guild Hall, and which raised such an uproar that the echoes of it were heard for many a long year thereafter. The resolution was "That as Providence had given every man his calling, he had a right to exercise it to the best advantage, independent of exclusive privileges." They advocated annual Parliaments, universal suffrage, and vote by ballot. (Where, we ask parenthetically, would our country have been had none of those measures ever been adopted? Let my Lord Beaconsfield or some person of like lively imagination, only picture the answer.) They planted the Tree of Liberty at the Cross of Perth, and danced around it and shouted liberty and equality till they were hoarse. They burned Dundas in effigy; and his belly being filled with combustibles, and his head with gunpowder, he "ended his career in a luminous manner, and with a loud report." They were ever and anon holding their democratic meetings, and spouting their sedition in inflammatory harangues, enough to set the Tay on fire!

No vigilance, no effort, no expense, no rigour was spared to crush those anarchists, and to save the city and the country. Troops of Fencibles, superseded by the Militia, and Yeomanry, and Gentlemen Volunteers—sufficient, one might have thought, to swallow the demagogues at a mouthful—were raised and organised. As they bided their opportunity of devouring them, and wearied for it, the Government kindly helped them. It sent Robert Watt—a gentleman vulgarly called a "spy," and who ultimately escaped to a more congenial clime from an Edinburgh gibbet—to mingle with the intended victims, to quicken their zeal, and to lead them into measures which would have served the designs of his employers. He persuaded them to set about the manufacture of *pikes*—but they were impracticable and obstinate enough to turn a deaf ear to him. To make a long story short, they were conquered, though not extinguished, and they all suffered more or less, some of them grievously, for being in advance of their times. James Craigdallie, for example, one of their leaders, very narrowly escaped apprehension and trial. After being for months hunted from place to place in Scot-

land, he fled to England, where he changed his name. But he soon saw meet to consult his safety by entering into the army. Penny, in his "Traditions of Perth," adds an interesting circumstance concerning him. "A few years ago," says he, "on the National Jubilee held in commemoration of the passing of the Reform Bill, when every one was striving with his neighbour in the ardent expression of their feelings, Mr Craigdallie carried in the procession a copy of the Scotch Reform Bill stitched to his indictment [his indictment for sedition had been drawn up and served on him, or at least left for him at his father's house], the Reform Bill forming, in his opinion, a strong commentary on its injustice."

In 1774, 1794, 1814, 1847, and 1849, Perth was visited with inundations, in further confirmation of the prophetic lines put into the mouths of the Shochie and Ordie, two of the tributaries of the Tay:—

> "Says the Shochie to the Ordie,
> 'Where shall we meet?'
> 'At the bonny cross of St Johnstoun,
> When a' men are fast asleep.'"

To defeat the prophecy, or at least to fulfil it in a harmless way, it is said that when the old bridge over the Tay was built, the "bonny cross of St Johnstoun" was taken down and built into the central arch of the bridge. But the device did not succeed. Shochie and Ordie were not to be so disappointed. All the inundations we have named were great. Of that of 1774 we give a glimpse, in a few sentences extracted from the account of it in the "Memorabilia of Perth":—"About mid-day (14th February) the water, choked up by the ice, overspread the whole North Inch, broke down a long wall of stone and lime at the head of it, lodged upon its surface immense blocks of ice about eighteen inches thick, piled upon one another, tore up and broke a fine row of trees on each side of the Dunkeld Road [it then ran through the Inch], and rendered it utterly impassable. In a short time the town was an island; the water ran with a great current through the Castle gavel and north end of the Skinnergate, and laid many houses under water, so that infirm and sick persons were with great difficulty removed to places of safety. . . . The water directed its course to the Mill-wynd, at the west end of the town, and, to the surprise and consternation of the inhabitants, laid their habitations six feet under water. There was no getting out nor in to many houses in New Row. . . . . From Almond, which is more than two miles above the town, down to the foot of the South Inch, was one sheet of water. From the bridge, Muirtown and the town had the appearance of islands. Although many people were under fearful apprehensions, it is amazing that so little damage was done, and no lives lost."

Towards the close of the war with France, Perth received a large number of French prisoners. They were lodged in the Depot, as it was called, immediately contiguous to the South Inch, at the south east corner of it; and which had been built for this purpose by the Government in 1812. It has since been turned into the Penitentiary or General Prison for Scotland, and has been greatly enlarged. The Penitentiary is on the separate system; and has numerous cells for both male and female convicts. It has likewise a department for criminal lunatics.

We have been so unduly long in Perth, that we must notice more briefly than we could have wished the Royal Visits with which it has been honoured in this century.

On the 6th September, 1842, Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, accompanied by her Royal Consort Prince Albert, and several of the great Officers of State, left Dalkeith Palace in the morning, and arrived at Dupplin Castle about half-past three o'clock. After partaking of a *déjeuner*, her Majesty proceeded to Perth, on her way to Scone Palace, where she was to dine, and to spend the night. At the south end of Princes Street was a magnificent Triumphal Arch, which Mr Mackenzie, the city architect, had improvised in the course of the preceding ten days. Outside the Arch the Royal *cortége* drew up. The Lord Provost—Charles Graham Sidey, Esquire—approached it by coming to the front of the platform on which he and the Magistrates and Council stood. The City Chamberlain handed him the Keys of the City, which he, kneeling on a stool of state, presented to her Majesty on a crimson velvet cushion, saying:—

"May it please your Majesty,

"We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of the City of Perth, most respectfully congratulate your Majesty upon your safe arrival at the Ancient Capital of your Majesty's Hereditary Kingdom of Scotland, and bid you welcome to the favourite City of your Majesty's illustrious ancestor, King James the Sixth, who conferred upon it many valuable privileges.

"Permit me, most Gracious Sovereign, in the name of, and as representing, this community, to place at your disposal the Keys of this your City of Perth, and with them to offer the renewed assurance of an unalterable fidelity and attachment to your Majesty's most sacred person and Government, and of our warmest aspirations for your Majesty's health, happiness, and comfort."

The Queen graciously replied:—

"My Lord Provost,

"I have great pleasure in returning to you these

Keys. I am quite satisfied that they cannot possibly be in better hands."

His Lordship then presented to His Royal Highness Prince Albert, the freedom of the city, the burgess ticket being enclosed in a box made of oak, found in the bed of the Tay, where it had lain for ages, and which was richly ornamented in the highest style of the goldsmith's art. He thus addressed the Prince :—

"May it please your Royal Highness,

"In the name of the Town Council and community of Perth, I have much pleasure in requesting your Royal Highness's gracious acceptance of the freedom of the city—the highest compliment we have it in our power to bestow; and which, assuredly, was never more worthily conferred than upon a Prince who enjoys in so remarkable a degree the respect, affection, and esteem of the British public."

The Prince answered :—

"Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of Perth,

"I return you my warmest thanks for the cordial welcome you have given us to the ancient city of Perth. I accept with pleasure this address, and I take this opportunity of returning my best acknowledgments for the honour which the city of Perth has conferred upon me by electing me to its freedom."

While these imposing ceremonies were being performed, the hosts of spectators grouped about the Arch, were looking on and listening with extasy. One heart and one soul, brimful of loyalty and love, possessed them, and their ready and rapturous acclamations rent the air.

Her Majesty's route through the city was by Princes Street, South Street, St John Street, High Street, and George Street to the Bridge, at the Bridgend side of which the carriages of the Magistrates and the Town Council filed off, and the Royal calvacade proceeded at a sharp pace to Scone. The High Constables, rather than the handful of military who escorted her, had the honour of being her Majesty's body guard. The streets along the route were densely crowded. Windows and housetops were filled with spectators, as were the galleries erected on all available spaces along the line of the procession. The fair maids of Perth shone in their fairest looks and robes, and had their worshippers, amidst all the homage that was doing to Royalty ; and, in the beaming countenances of the benedicts and the matrons, might be read the consciousness that the fathers and the mothers of the sons and daughters, in whom the Sovereign was beholding so much manly strength and maiden beauty, had done the State some service. It was calculated that in and around the Fair City no fewer than 100,000 gathered to welcome Her Majesty ; and, altogether, the reception she got was worthy alike of the best of Queens, and of her ancient and Royal Burgh of Perth.

At the point when the procession crossed the High Street, Dr Anderson's hydraulic apparatus, decorated with all manner of devices appropriate to the occasion, played, "spouting, in all possible variety of inclination, from the heads of marine monsters, a series of beautiful jets d'eau." It attracted her Majesty, who directed the attention of her Consort to it, and their carriage was ordered to halt that they might enjoy for a little a spectacle which deeply interested them. The view from the Bridge, as they crossed it, charmed them, as it well might. We do not know that it is anywhere excelled in exquisite loveliness ; and the Royal visitors saw it at its best, on an autumn evening, about half-past six o'clock, when the sun was just sinking behind the Grampians, and the scene was catching and reflecting the tints of the glory with which the northern sky was beginning to be lighted up. "Twice, while on the Bridge, did Her Majesty stop to look up and down the Tay to survey the splendid promenade of the North Inch, the celebrated battle field of the Clans, and to examine the admirable pictorial effect of that facade of town which the Fair City presents to the east."

A civic entertainment in the County Hall in the evening, attended by about five hundred gentlemen, whose hearts the eloquence of the speakers easily stormed ; brilliant illuminations at many points of the town, pre-eminent among which was that of the Arch in Athole Street, erected by Mr Wallace, coachbuilder to her Majesty, the transparencies and variegated lamps on which made it "like a magic scene suspended in the air by some invisible power;" and a splendid display of fireworks on the North Inch, closed one of the proudest days in the annals of Perth.

Next morning Bailies Keay and Gray were sent to Scone, a deputation from the Magistrates, to request the honour of the signatures of her Majesty and the Prince in the Guildry Book. It already had the signatures of James VI. and Charles II. The Earl of Mansfield introduced the deputies to Sir Robert Peel, who took the Book into the presence of Royalty, and returned with it signed thus :—

Dieu et mon Droit. VICTORIA R.
Scone Palace, September 7, 1842.

Treu und Fest. ALBERT.
Scone Palace, September 7, 1842.

Sir Robert took the opportunity of expressing to the Bailies how delighted he had been with her Majesty's reception in the Fair City ; and to assure them that her Majesty and the Prince participated in his sentiments.

It may be added here that the box in which the

Guildry Book lies is an interesting object, and has on its lid the following inscription :—

This Box,
FORMED FROM A RAFTER OF THE OLD HOUSE IN CURFEW ROW,
THE RESIDENCE OF SIMON GLOVER,
BY TRADITION
Father of the "Fair Maid of Perth,"
INCLOSES
The Venerable Guild Book,
CONTAINING THE
RECORDS OF THE GUILDRY INCORPORATION OF PERTH
FOR A PERIOD OF
ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY YEARS
BEFORE THE UNFORTUNATE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.
AND ALSO
THE GENUINE AUTOGRAPHS AND MOTTOS OF
JAMES VI., CHARLES II., QUEEN VICTORIA, AND
PRINCE ALBERT.

Her Majesty made her second visit to Perth in 1848. She had been weeks at Balmoral, and had arranged to return to England, sailing from Aberdeen to London. On the 29th September she came to Aberdeen with this view, but the state of the weather induced her to alter her plan. She resolved to travel to the south by land ; drove in the Royal carriages to Montrose, and arrived thence by railway at Perth a little past eight o'clock in the evening. She was accompanied by Prince Albert and their three children, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and Prince Alfred Ernest ; and in their suite were the Countess of Gainsborough, Sir George Grey, Home Secretary, the Honourable Mr and Mrs Anson, and Captain the Honourable Alexander Gordon. They dined and passed the night in the George Hotel ; and the efforts made, on a call so sudden and unexpected, for their accommodation and comfort were so much appreciated, that her Majesty appointed the George to be named the Royal George Hotel.

It may be noted that the name of the rival establishment, the Salutation, has also an historic connection with Royalty. When Prince Charles visited Perth in 1745, mine host of the Salutation was John Burt. Having been permitted to salute the Prince by shaking hands with him, Burt, as a perpetual memorial of his honour, called his hotel The Salutation.

Her Majesty's third visit to Perth was on the 30th August, 1864. She reached the General Station from the south by the Caledonian Railway on the morning of that day at thirty-seven minutes past eight o'clock. A distinguished group waited her arrival, comprising, among others—The Lord Provost and Magistrates of the city ; the Earl of Mansfield, Lord Lieutenant of the county ; Sir Charles Wood, M.P. ; Lord Kinnaird ; Viscount Dupplin ; Viscount Strathallan ; Major-General Walker ; the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M.P., &c.

The Queen had for nearly three years worn the weeds of widowhood, and was still mourning heavily over her great bereavement. The occasion of her present visit to Perth, too, must to her have partaken largely of the sad. The object of it was to inaugurate the fine Statue, from the chisel of Mr Brodie, of her late Royal Consort Prince Albert, which the citizens had raised at the foot of the North Inch. Having breakfasted at the railway station, at forty-five minutes past nine o'clock, the Royal party and suite proceeded in state to the site of the statue by Marshall Place, Princes Street, St John Street, George Street, and Charlotte Street. An immense concourse of people thronged the line of the procession, and closed in dense masses around it at its halting place. Their demonstrations of loyalty and welcome were fittingly quiet and subdued. Their looks and their whole demeanour told very impressively how tenderly and deeply they were sympathising with their Sovereign in the emotions with which her bosom was that morning heaving.

A railing enclosed the Statue, and was adorned with festoons and wreaths, exquisitely wrought by the fair hands of the Misses Richardson of Pitfour. Her Majesty having taken her place within the railing, and looked for a few moments on the scene with which she was surrounded, gracefully bowed to the left and to the right, signifying her Royal pleasure that the inauguration should begin. Prayer having been offered by the Rev. James A. Burdon, minister of the East Church, and a loyal and very appropriate address to her Majesty read by the Lord Provost David Ross, the Royal Standard which had draped the Statue was gently withdrawn ; the artillery thundered a Royal salute ; and all gazed with admiration on the sculptor's handiwork. Her Majesty now retired into the interior part of the balcony, and conversed familiarly with several of her distinguished subjects. To Lady Kinnaird, in particular, she spoke in the highest terms of the Statue, and of the finely befitting feeling which the behaviour of the vast assemblage had breathed, and which had deeply touched her Majesty's heart.

Sir Charles Wood then requested the Lord Provost to advance, and to kneel before her Majesty. With a sword received from General Grey, she thrice lightly touched the shoulder of the kneeling Provost, and said in a sweet, low tone, "Arise, Sir David Ross." The knight kissed hands, and arose, and the ceremony ended.

We shall take leave of Perth by commemorating a few of the eminent persons connected with it, whose place in its history we have not yet had occasion to indicate.

Patrick Russell, a monk of the Carthusian Monastery of Perth, is sometimes mentioned as a continu-

ator of Fordun's "Scoti-chronicon." He can hardly have shared this honour with Bower; and it is probable that he was little, if anything, more than a transcriber. John Ramsay, another monk of the same Monastery, made Prior of it about 1493, was the copyist of the fine manuscript of Barbour's "Bruce," from which Pinkerton published his edition of that work. It is also interesting to know, that the manuscript copy of the "Regiam Majestatem" now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and the oldest copy of the work that is in existence, belonged to the Carthusian Monastery, Perth.

John Row, the first Reformed minister of Perth, had held some high appointments in the Romish Church, and was a very learned man. The ordinary conversation in his house was carried on in French; and the chapter of the Bible which fell to be read at family worship, was read by his boys in French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. His son John, when only eight years old, could read the chapter in Hebrew. The occasion of Row's conversion from Popery, was the detection of the fraud practised by the Popish priests in persuading the people that a youth, who, they said, had been blind, had his sight miraculously restored at our Lady's Chapel of Loretto, Musselburgh. The youth had not been blind; but, under the tutorage of the priests, he had acquired the art of so managing his eyes, as to feign blindness very adroitly. It was, therefore, no great miracle to restore him to sight.

At the Reformation, the Rector of the Grammar School of Perth was Andrew Simson. The School then enjoyed great celebrity, and drew scholars from all parts of the country. Many of them were boarded in the house of John Row, and there taught Greek and Hebrew. It was from Row that Simson himself acquired the Greek language. Among Simson's successors were William Rhynd and John Row, grandson of the minister. They were both distinguished scholars and teachers, and sustained, and even raised, the reputation of the Grammar School of Perth. Among their pupils may be mentioned the Admirable Crichton, John, third Earl of Gowrie, and his brother Alexander, and George Hay, afterwards second Earl of Kinnoul.

Patrick Adamson, Archbishop of St Andrews, was a native of Perth, and received his first education at its Grammar School. "He was a man of considerable ability, a polite scholar, an elegant poet, and an attractive preacher, but immoderately ambitious, and of a very doubtful private character." In the regency of Morton, he made the famous distinction of bishops. "There were," he said, "three sorts of bishops, my lord bishop, my lord's bishop, and the Lord's bishop. My lord bishop was in the time of papistry; my lord's bishop is now, when my Lord gets the benefice, and the bishop serves no purpose but to make good his title; the Lord's bishop is the true minister of the Gospel." But when Prelacy got fairly into the ascendency, Adamson had not virtue to resist worshiping the rising sun. His wages was the archiepiscopal see and the primacy; but they were dearly bought. He had to resign them, too, when Presbytery triumphed; and he was deposed and excommunicated. Falling into disease and poverty, he became very wretched, professed to recant his Prelatic principles, and to be sincerely penitent for all that he had done in support of them, and implored restoration to the communion of the Presbyterian Kirk. Andrew Melville, whom he had deeply wronged, visited him in his destitution and misery; most generously supported him for months from his own private resources; and applied for aid in his behalf to the brethren of the Presbytery of St Andrews. Adamson died in 1592.

Patrick Galloway, admitted minister of Perth in 1581, soon fell under the displeasure of the young King James, through the pestilent influence of his favourite, Esme Stewart, Duke of Lennox. Galloway's offence was his intimacy with William, first Earl of Gowrie, who was a firm friend of the Presbyterian cause, and his pronouncing a curse "against all that defended an evil cause, to the subversion of religioun and common weale, abusing the King and his authoritie, their horses and speares." He consulted his safety by fleeing into England; and, after sojourning for a time in London, he joined James Melville, then an exile in Newcastle, and ministered with him there. Recovering the favour of James, he returned to Perth, and resumed his labours. In 1589, the King wished him for his minister; and, with the concurrence and at the request of the Assembly, he went to the Royal Household. He was appointed one of the ministers of Edinburgh in 1607; and, as the struggle between Presbytery and Prelacy proceeded, he so far fell from his steadfastness that he became a champion of the Five Articles of Perth.

William Couper, A.M., was translated from Bothkennar, in 1595, to the Vicarage Pensionary, Perth, and was admitted minister of the Second Charge in 1605. He was one of the forty-two ministers who, in 1606, signed a Protest to Parliament against the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland; and he otherwise showed himself to be a rather flaming Presbyterian. But by 1610 he was "an unconstant man, and gapeing for a bishoprick"; and in 1612 he became Bishop of Galloway. Dean of the Chapel Royal, he resided in the Canongate, Edinburgh, to the neglect of his diocese, and a visit paid him there by an old

woman, who had been one of his parishioners in Perth, and a favourite, is worth relating. She would not be persuaded that her minister had deserted the Presbyterian cause. Resolved to satisfy herself, she paid him a visit in the Canongate. The retinue of servants through which she passed staggered the good woman's confidence; and, on being ushered into the room in which the bishop sat in state, she exclaimed, "Oh, sir! what is this? And ye hae really left the guid cause, and turned prelate?" "Janet," said the bishop, "I have got new light upon these things." "So I see, sir," replied Janet; "for, when ye was at Perth, ye had but dae canle, and now you've got twa before ye: that's a' the *new light*."

Mylne, architect, under whose direction the Bridge of Tay, demolished by the flood of 1621, was built, was a native of Perth, and one of a family much distinguished in the same profession. Of him and of them we read thus in the Statistical Account of Perth:—"He was the descendant of the architect Mylne, a special favourite of James III., and was master-mason to James VI. A tombstone in the Grayfriars' burying ground was erected to his memory by Robert Mylne, one of his posterity, in the year 1774. Another of his descendants removed to Edinburgh, and built Mylne's Court, Mylne's Square, and some buildings near to the Abbey of Holyrood. Two celebrated architects, of the same name, one at London, and the other at Edinburgh, were descended from him. One of them, Robert, got the highest prize in the first class of architecture in Rome. Blackfriars Bridge was built according to his plan and under his direction. He was born at Edinburgh, 1734, and died 1811."

George Halyburton, A.M., a scion of the Pitcur family, was admitted minister of the Second Charge, Perth, in 1644, and was raised to the First in 1649. He was remarkable for the faculty of accommodating himself to his times, and seeking with a steady aim the advancement of his own interests. Deposed for countenancing the excommunicated Montrose, he, on his knees, professed deep penitence for his offence, and was reponed. For supporting the interest of Charles, even after his defeat at Worcester, Cromwell's garrison silenced him and his colleague Rollock. At the Restoration, he became a zealous conformist, for which he was rewarded with the bishoprick of Dunkeld. He proved a bitter persecutor of the Presbyterians, and did not spare his own kinsman, George Halyburton, minister of Aberdalgie. Kirkton says of him that he was a man of utterance, but made so many changes that he was not thought sincere in any.

James Scott, admitted to the Second Charge, Perth, in 1762, and transferred to the First in 1771, was much esteemed by his contemporaries as an able and impressive preacher, and a faithful and laborious pastor. The works which he left behind him, among which is the Old Statistical Account of Perth, do honour to his memory. The New Statistical Account says of him: "To the mind and manners of a gentleman, and the piety and zeal of a Christian minister, he added an unpretending but ardent love of literature and the fine arts." He founded in 1784 the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth.

Thomas Hay Marshall is a conspicuous name among the notables of Perth. He was long in the Council, and, for several terms, he was Lord Provost of the city. He was a very public spirited citizen, and most generously laid his time and influence and purse under contribution to advance the improvement and prosperity of Perth. In his day, for example, and under his guidance, the size of the North Inch was about doubled, the Muirton Haugh being added to it, for which the town gave the Earl of Kinnoul the greater part of the farm of Laigh Tullylumb; and the Dunkeld Road, which had previously run through the middle of the Inch, was diverted to its present course; and the lands of Blackfriars, of which the Provost was proprietor, were laid out, on which Athole Place, the Crescent, and Rose Terrace were erected. The Borough Moor was feued, much to the benefit of the revenue of the city. An excambion was made with the owners of the gardens on the north of the South Inch; and this paved the way for the feuing of the grounds on which stands that fine Place which bears Provost Marshall's name. Till 1807, the Grammar School and the Academy were separate establishments; the School being in South Street, where the City Hotel now stands, and the Academy being on the site now occupied by the Presbytery Hall and the General Session House. In the year we have named, they were united into one seminary; and the ground for the seminary, in the centre of Rose Terrace, valued at £500, was the gift of Provost Marshall. The citizens of Perth honoured his memory, as they well might, by the handsome monument erected to him in 1822, and which adorns the head of George Street, and faces the Bridge of Tay. The monument, somewhat resembling in style the Pantheon at Rome, was constructed with the view of containing the Perth Library and the Museum of the Literary and Antiquarian Society; provided the Directors of these institutions raised the funds necessary for suitably fitting up the interior of the apartments designed for them. The condition was accepted; and in the building both the Library and the Museum are very conveniently accommodated. The inscription on the monument is brief but expressive.

T. H. Hay Marshall, Cives Grati.

Its reputation in the art of printing Perth owes chiefly to the Morisons. They early commanded a large business, and numerous editions of standard works issued from their press. In June, 1794, James Morison wrote Scott, the compiler of the Old Statistical Account of Perth: "Since January last I have printed about 14,000 volumes, so that you may safely state that, except Edinburgh and Glasgow, Perth is the only town in Scotland where books are printed to any extent; and that there are generally from 20,000 to 30,000 volumes printed here annually." The Morisons were afterwards appointed printers to the University of St Andrews. They printed the Perth Encyclopædia, the largest work which the provincial press of Scotland has produced. Mr William Morison edited the work; and it has been justly observed that it "is a noble monument to his memory, and a lasting honour to the city. This highly-esteemed gentleman was cut off in the meridian of life. He lived to correct the last sheet of this work, and there is reason to fear that he sank under the excessive application called forth by the magnitude of the undertaking."

The first Rector of the Perth Academy, which was established in 1760, was John Mair; and it is enough to indicate his rank as a scholar to say, that he was the author of Mair's "Book-keeping," and Mair's "Introduction to Latin Syntax." His successor, Robert Hamilton, who was promoted to the chair of Natural Philosophy in Marischal College, Aberdeen, was also highly scholarly; as was likewise his successor, Alexander Gibson; and in the list of Second Masters or Assistants of the Academy, are such names as those of Professor Wallace of Edinburgh, and Professor Ritchie of London.

Adam Anderson, LL.D., was appointed Rector of the Academy in 1809, and, in 1837, he was raised to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the United College of St Andrews, which he filled till his death, in 1846. He was one of the most scientific men of his age, and shed much lustre on both the Academy and the University. He left several memorials of himself in Perth, which are highly honouring to his memory. He originated the idea of supplying the city with water from Moncrieff Island; formed the plan for carrying the idea into effect; and superintended the execution of it. The water reservoir, which overlooks the Tay at the foot of Marshall Place, is one of the most admired architectural ornaments of Perth. Only a few days before his death he cyphered with chalk the inscription which the edifice now bears in cast iron letters:—

AQUAM
IGNE ET AQUA
HAURIO.

Dr Anderson laid Perth under a like obligation in connection with its gas supply. He acted as Engineer in the first introduction of gas into it; and we presume that the inscription on the old gas work in Canal Street was of his suggestion:—

MDCCCXXIV.

NON FUMUM EX FULGORE, SED EX FUMO DARE LUCEM.

A Philosophical and Scientific Society, formed in Perth soon after Dr Anderson's death, fitly assumed in memory of him the name of the Anderson Institution.

We shall not, we trust, be thought invidious if, from recent ministers in the Fair City, we select six names—three of them belonging to the Establishment, and three belonging to Dissent. The first three are Dr Andrew Thomson, admitted first minister of the East Church in March, 1808, and translated in 1810 to New Greyfriars, Edinburgh, and thence to St George's, where he became the renowned leader of the Evangelical party in the Kirk: his brother, Dr William Aird Thomson, admitted in April, 1808, to the Middle Church, of which he continued the minister till the Disruption; demitted his charge of the Free Middle Church in 1846, and died in 1864: and Dr James Esdaile, admitted to the East Church in 1810, and died in 1854, in the 80th year of his age and the 49th of his ministry. The second three are Dr Alexander Pringle, ordained minister of the (now) North United Presbyterian Church in 1777, and died in 1839, in the 87th year of his age and the 62d of his ministry; Dr David Young, ordained colleague and successor to Dr Pringle in 1821, and died in 1856, in the 73d year of his age and the 36th of his ministry; and Dr John Newlands, ordained minister of the South United Presbyterian or Wilson Church in 1823, and died in 1861, in the 59th year of his age and the 38th of his ministry.

There are some names associated with certain of the charities of Perth which we must commemorate, however briefly and unworthily.

In 1660 Mr Butter, Sheriff-Clerk of Perthshire, bequeathed two-fifth parts of the lands of Scones Lethendy to maintain four poor persons of the burgh of Perth, not under the age of sixty. The administration of the bequest was vested in the Magistrates and ministers of the burgh. In 1686, Mr Jackson bequeathed one-half of one-fifth of the lands of Scones Lethendy to maintain one poor relative, whom failing, one of the name of Jackson, whom failing, any other poor person. In 1743, Mr Cairnie bequeathed two-fifths of the lands of Scones Lethendy to the poor of the burgh of Perth; two-thirds of the free rent being reserved to two of his descendants nearest the age of fourteen years, one-half to be paid to them annually for ten years, and then the reserved half to

be paid in full, without interest; the other third to be paid annually to the Hospital poor. The trustees of these mortifications are the ministers and elders of the city. The lands mortified are contiguous, forming an estate of 610 acres, including 145 of plantation, and they have yielded an incalculable amount of relief and comfort to a host of beneficiaries.

James Murray, founder of Murray's Royal Lunatic Asylum, so finely situated on the western declivity of the Hill of Kinnoul, was a native of Perth, and originally one of its humble day labourers. A uterine brother of his, named William Hope, having gone to India, and accumulated a large fortune as a merchant in Madras, embarked for England with his family in 1809 in the ship Jane, Duchess of Gordon. Before sailing, he made a will which provided that, in the event of their being lost at sea, his whole fortune should go to his mother and her sons. That ship and other three Indiamen perished in a terrific tempest. In 1814-15, his brother James Murray, who had no family of his own, executed a deed of settlement in which he directed that the share of the Indian fortune which had fallen to him, should be devoted to the building and endowment of the noble institution which bears his name. The erection of the Asylum was begun in 1822, and cost upwards of £40,000; and it was opened for the reception of patients in 1827. In its accommodation and management, and in all surrounding amenities that could be medicine to minds diseased, it is not excelled—we ought perhaps to say that it is not equalled—by any kindred institution in Britain, or even in the world.

In connection with the City and County Infirmary, a considerable number of names falls to be mentioned. In 1833, three years before the foundation of the Infirmary was laid, Dr Patrick Brown, a citizen of Perth, left £400 for the erection of surgical and fever wards in it. John, first Marquis of Breadalbane, who died in 1834, bequeathed £1000 to the charities of Perth, of which sum the Building Fund of the Infirmary received £600. To the same Fund John, second Marquis of Breadalbane, subscribed £400. Patrick Dow, Esq. of Balmyle, who died in 1837, made the Infirmary his residuary legatee, and it received from his estate £2716 3s 9d. Hugh Watt, Esq., banker, Huddersfield, a native of Perth, bequeathed £500 to the Infirmary, which was received in 1841. In 1843, Miss Agnes Stewart, Newbigging, Kinclaven, bequeathed in trust to it £1000; and Mrs Bruce, Chapelhill, heiress of Stewart Imrie, Esq., gave it out of Mr Imrie's funds £900. In 1844, John Pearson, Esq., Barossa Place, bequeathed to it £500. In 1846, it received from the estate of Miss Margaret Jaffray, Athole Street, £1369 17s. In 1848, Miss Stirling, Bertha Cottage bequeathed to it £500; and Robert Low, Esq., of Fordell, £500.

CIVIL DIVISIONS OF PERTHSHIRE.

The Shire is divided into ten Civil Districts, which stand thus in alphabetical order: Auchterarder, Blairgowrie, Carse of Gowrie, Crieff, Culross, Couper-Angus, Dunblane, Dunkeld, Perth, and Weem. We shall follow this division; and, having finished what we have to say of the City of Perth, we shall now proceed with the District to which it belongs.

PERTH DISTRICT.

This District comprehends, besides Perth and its parishes, the parishes of Kinnoul (exclusive of the lands of Inchyra and Balthayock), Scone (exclusive of the lands of Kinnochtry), the lands of Friarton, in the parish of St Martins, Redgorton, Moneydie, the lands of Logiealmond, in the parish of Monzie, Methven (exclusive of the lands of Tullybeagles), Gask (north of the Earn), Tibbermore, Aberdalgie, Rhynd, Abernethy, Arngask, Dron, Dunbarney, Forgandenny, Forteviot, and the lands of Clevage and Inverdunning, in the parish of Dunning.

KINNOUL.

The ancient Castle of Kinnoul stood at the foot of Kinnoul Hill, about a quarter of a mile south of the old parish church, on the site indicated by the memorial name of Castle Bank. It was a seat of that branch of the family of the Hays, which is now the noble House of Kinnoul, and which took its title of nobility from this part of its possessions. It had previously been the property of the Erskine family, to which belonged the lady, an hundred years old, who, in 1430, gave James I. an account of Wallace and Bruce. She is supposed to have been the widow of one of the Lords of Erskine; a branch of which family was denominated from the barony of Kinnoul till 1440. Boece's version of the interview between his Majesty and this aged matron is as follows:—

"In consequence of her extreme old age, she had lost her sight, but all her other senses were entire, and her body was yet firm and lively; she had seen William Wallace and Robert Bruce, and frequently told particulars concerning them. The King, who entertained a love and veneration of greatness, resolved to visit the old lady, that he might hear her

describe the manners and strength of the two heroes, who were admired in his time as they now are in ours. He therefore sent a message acquainting her that he was to come next day. She received the message gratefully, and gave immediate orders to her handmaids to prepare everything for his reception in the best manner, particularly that they should display her pieces of tapestry, some of which were uncommonly rich and beautiful. All her servants became busily employed, for their work was in some degree unusual, as she had not been for a long time accustomed to receive princely visitors. The next day, when told the King was approaching, she went down into the hall of her castle, dressed with as much elegance and finery as her old age and the fashion of the time would permit; attended by a train of matrons, many of whom were her own descendants, of which number some appeared more altered and disfigured by age than she herself was. One of her matrons having informed her that the King was entering the hall, she rose from her seat and advanced to meet him so easily and gracefully that he doubted of her being wholly blind. At his desire she embraced and kissed him. Her attendants assured him that she was wholly blind; but that from long custom she had acquired this easy movement. He took her by the hand and sat down, desiring her to sit on the same seat next to him. And then, in a long conference, he interrogated her respecting ancient matters. He was much delighted with her conversation. Among other things, he asked her to tell him, What sort of a man was William Wallace? What his courage? and with what degree of strength was he endowed? He put the same questions to her concerning Bruce. Robert, she said, was a man beautiful and of a fine appearance. His strength was so great that he could easily have overcome any mortal man of his time. But in so far as he excelled other men, he was excelled by Wallace both in stature and in bodily strength; for in wrestling Wallace could have overcome two such men as Robert was.

"The King made some inquiries concerning his own immediate parents, and his other ancestors; and, having heard her relate many things, returned to Perth well pleased with the visit he had made."

We must not omit to add that, according to Adamson, the spirit of prophecy fell upon this old lady as she conversed with the King, and that she foretold the union of the crowns of Scotland and England, and the erection of the Tay Bridge by an Earl of Kinnoul, descended from the hero of Luncarty.

"In signe thereof there should arise a knight
Sprung from the blcody yoak, who should of right
Possess these lands, which she then held in fee,
Who for his worth and matchless loyaltie
Unto his prince should greatly be renowned,
And of these lands instyled, and Earl be crowned,
Whose son, in spight of Tay, should join these lands
Firmly by stone, on either side which stand."

The old church of Kinnoul, superseded by the present one in 1826, was dedicated to St Constantine. He was Constantine III., King of Scotland from 904 to 944, when he retired into a monastery, and spent the remainder of his days as Abbot of the Culdees of St Andrews. He was canonised, and is called monk and martyr in the Scottish calendar. In the time of King David Bruce (1329—1371) Sir Robert Erskine, proprietor of the barony of Kinnoul, Lord of Erskine, and Great Chamberlain of Scotland, gave the church of Kinnoul to the monks of Cambuskenneth. The Kinnoul family buried in it, and on the north wall of the aisle of it was erected an elegant monument to the memory of Sir George Hay, Lord Chancellor of Scotland, created in 1627 Viscount Dupplin and Lord Hay, and, in 1633, Earl of Kinnoul. The monument is a statue of his Lordship in his official robes, as large as life, adorned with a variety of curious ornaments, and surmounted by a pediment embellished with escutcheons; his left hand resting on a small table, on which are the Great Seal of Scotland and other insignia of his office and a human skull.

It was in the old church of Kinnoul that Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, and Queen Dowager of James IV. of Scotland, was married to Archibald, sixth Earl of Angus. Lord Drummond, grandfather of the Earl, encouraged and urged the foolish and unfortunate marriage; and his nephew, John Drummond, Dean of Dunblane and parson of Kinnoul, solemnised it.

On the face of Kinnoul Hill is the Dragon's Hole; a cave in the steep rock, about eighteen feet up from the bottom of it, capable of containing about a dozen of persons; and the entrance of which is visible from the Perth and Dundee Turnpike and Railway, and from the Tay. This cave is a rather notable Historic Scene. If we may credit Winton in his life of St Serf, it was known by the name of the Dragon's Hole as early as the sixth century. About 580, the Pictish King Brude made a gift to St Serf of the islet of Lochleven, where he resided for several years, and did many miracles. Among others, by the power of prayer he slew a great dragon that occupied the cave in the front of Kinnoul Hill; and, from being the haunt and the death scene of the monster, the cave was naturally called the Dragon's Hole. The poet sings:—

"By dubbing of devotion
And prayer, he slew a dragon,
Where he was slain, the place was ay
The dragon's den called to this day."

Was this dragon, as some allege, consecrated by the Pagan Druids to Bel or the Sun? Is what Winton says of it and the slaying of it by the Saint, to be understood literally or figuratively? These are questions which we must not meddle with. We are not aware that they have been decided by Jonathan Oldbuck, or by the Vatican, or by any other infallible authority. Suffice it for us to say, that from the date of the Saint's miracle at it, the cave was ever after regarded with peculiar interest and veneration. Local tradition says that Wallace sometimes made it his hiding place. So, we may readily believe, did many others in after ages, whom power and tyranny proscribed and hunted—like Ruthven and Gall, whom Adamson in the "Muses Threnodie" makes to say :—

> "Within this cave oft times did we repose,
> As being sundred from the city woes."

We also learn from Adamson, that in this cave was found a talismanic stone, having the power of making its possessor invisible whenever he chose to be so. Ruthven and Gall

> ——"clam to the Dragon Hole,
> With crampets on our feet, and clubs in hand,
> Where it's recorded Jamie Keddie fand
> A stone inchanted, like to Gyge's ring,
> Which made him disappear, a wondrous thing,
> If it would have been his hap to have retain'd it,
> But losing it, again could never find it."

In the latter days of Popery, the Dragon's Hole was resorted to in the month of May for purposes of superstition and debauchery. So inveterate had this custom become that, twenty years after the Reformation, the Kirk-Session of Perth found it necessary to frame an Act forbidding the observance of the custom. The Act was read from the pulpit, and proclaimed at the Cross, and ran in the following terms :—

"Because the assembly of ministers and elders understand that the resort to the Dragon Hole, both by young men and women, with their piping, and drums sticking before them, through the town, has raised no small slander to this congregation, not without suspicion of filthiness following thereupon :—The said assembly, for avoiding thereof in times to come, have, with consent of the magistrates of this town, statute and ordained that no person, whether man or woman, of this congregation shall resort or repair hereafter to the Dragon Hole, as they have done in times past—namely, in the month of May, nor shall pass through the town, in this way to it, with piping and striking of drums, as heretofore they have done, under the pain of twenty shillings to the poor, to be paid by every person, as well men as women, that shall be found guilty; also, that they shall make their public repentance upon a Sabbath day, in the presence of the people. This ordinance to be published at the market-cross on Saturday next; as also, by the ministers in the pulpit on Thursday and Sunday next to come, that none hereafter may pretend ignorance."

From the Session Records it appears that numbers set this Act at nought, and that it was put in force against several of them. On the May following the passing of it, it was "ordained" that it should "strike upon David Rollock, because he is convicted of breaking the same;" and it was afterwards recorded that Rollock "found his deacon, George M'Gregor, cautioner for the satisfaction of the said Act, under the pain of ten pounds (Scots) to the poor."

The Murrays of Murrayshall in this parish have historic blood in them on both sides of the house. In the male line they are sprung from the old family of Graeme of Balgowan, and in the female line, from that of Murray, Lord Balvaird, whose eldest son was created the first Viscount Stormont. The Lairds of Murrayshall have figured chiefly as county gentlemen. The late Andrew Murray of Murrayshall was a barrister, and was raised to the Sheriffship of Aberdeenshire. He died in 1847. The present John Murray Graham of Murrayshall is also of the legal profession. He passed as an advocate in 1831. Thomas Graham Murray, Esq., of Tod, Murray, and Jameson, W.S., Edinburgh, is his brother. On the death of Lord Lynedoch, the hero of Barossa, and a near relative, John Murray succeeded to his Lordship's estate of Balgowan, and assumed the additional name of Graham. He has lately made a very creditable appearance in the republic of letters in a Life of Lord Lynedoch, and a Life of Lord Stair.

"Hey the Rantin' Murray's Ha'" is the title of one of the songs of Baroness Nairne, in which she pays a high compliment to the refinement, and hospitality, and charity, and happiness of the family in the "Ha'." We are sorry that the details of the story of the "ghaist" that haunted it have not happened to come in our way. We know nothing more of the story than may be gathered from the song. The "General" referred to was the famous Thomas Graham of Balgowan, afterwards Lord Lynedoch; and we need not say that his terror of the "ghaist" was no impeachment of his valour in the field. The greatest heroes have been weak as other men at the thought of meeting visitants from the invisible world. Having said this much of the song, we shall insert it.

> "Hey the rantin' Murray's ha'!
> Mirth and glee amang them a'!
> The country laird, the leddy braw,
> They'll welcome ye to Murray's ha',

Come ye hungry, come ye dry,
Nane wad ever need to wait;
Come ye brisk, or come ye shy,
They'll meet ye or ye're at the yett.

"Some were feasting in the ha',
Some at sports upon the green:
Peggy, flower amang them a',
Dancin' like a Fairy Queen.
Blithest o' my blithsome days,
I hae spent at Murray's ha',
But oh, my heart was like to break
When I saw Peggy gang awa.

"Whaur she gaed or why gaed she,
Few were there that weel could tell;
I thought it was to lightie me—
She maybe scarcely kenn'd hersel'.
They said a ghaist was in the wa',
Sometimes aneath, sometimes aboon;
A' body heard—nae body saw,
But a' were sure they'd see it soon.

"Some say the General, honest man,
That feared nae bullets, great or sma',
Wad rather face the MONS MEG gun
Than meet the ghaist o' Murray's ha'.
Tis no the gate I think ava,
To lay a ghaist wi' mirth and glee;
Scholar'd lads and lasses braw
Need nae ghaist or goblin dree."

Two ministers of Kinnoul came somewhat into prominence on account of their Royalist and Prelatic sympathies. The one was James Oliphant, ordained in 1640. His Covenanting zeal was too cold for his day. In 1643, he was tried for preaching a sermon against the former Covenant, when, happily for him, it was found that the doctrine of his sermon had been greatly mistaken. In 1644, he was censured for waiting on the Marquis of Montrose at Perth, and taking paper and protections from him; which, he pleaded, was for the safety of his parishioners and kirk, when "the rebel Irishers were roasting their meats, and burning the furmes of their communion tables." And yet again, in 1645, he was rebuked by the Commission of Assembly for residing in Lord Kinnoul's family. The other was Thomas Fowler, Oliphant's successor, admitted to the charge in 1665. In 1689, he was deprived by the Privy Council for not reading the Proclamation of the Estates, and not praying for their Majesties William and Mary, but praying for the late King's restoration, thanking God for the victory of Viscount Dundee over Major-General Mackay at Killiecrankie, and drinking the health of the late King and of Viscount Dundee.

SCONE.

Perhaps the oldest Historic Scene in this parish is on the farm of Bonhard. At the date of the Statistical Account it was marked, and we presume is so still, by two circles of large stones. Each circle is about seven yards in diameter, and contains nine stones, with unequal distances between them. These circles have been long and generally regarded as interesting specimens of Druidical temples, in which our grey forefathers performed their rites of worship before civilisation and Christianity visited the land.

The next Historic Scene in the parish, in point of age, is Grassy Walls. It is a Roman Camp, on a gentle eminence on the margin of the Tay, about half a mile north of Derder's Ford, at the mouth of the Almond. In A.D. 84, Agricola crossed the Tay at the Ford we have named, and encamped with his army at this spot. The mean breadth of the camp is 1950 feet, the same as that of the camp at Ardoch; and if we take its length, which can now be only guessed to be about 2800 feet, as that at Ardoch was, we may believe that it was occupied by the same legions amounting to about 26,000 men. "A small brook runs through it; and on the south side of this brook about thirty yards up from the river, are the vestiges of a fortification called the Silver Castle; probably from the vulgar idea that money was hid in it." So it was at the date of the Old Statistical Account. It is very likely that it was neither at the Wicks of Baiglie, nor at Moncrieff Hill, but as they marched north-east from Ardoch and Strageth, and caught the first glimpse of the Tay and the plain through which it flows, that the Roman general and his soldiers exclaimed "Behold the Tiber! Behold the field of Mars!" The village called Rome, which once stood in this quarter, on the east bank of the Tay, doubtless took its name from the Romans being here, and having encampments, as we shall yet see, on both sides of the river.

Scone was a place of importance at a very early date. It seems to have been occasionally a Royal residence before the end of the Pictish Monarchy (843). It is calculated that, some years before that date, Kenneth MacAlpine transferred to it from Dunstaffnage, Argyleshire, the famous Stone of Destiny. According to some, he brought it to "the Royal City of Scone," because, in the neighbourhood of it, he had fought and won the last decisive conflict with the Picts, which, beginning on the Hill of Scone about two miles north-east of the Palace, extended to Derder's Ford, whither King Drusk and his nobility and army fled, and where they perished almost to a man. This is known in history as the

Battle of Scone, of which Bellenden, in the Chronicles of Scotland, gives this account:—"The Pichtis in this jurnay came to Scone, quhare now is an riche abbay of cannonis regular, and fand Kyng Kennith with all his army afore thair cuming. Quhen Kennith had destroyit the Pichtis, and conquest thair realme in this maner, he brocht the fatall chair of merbill out of Argyle to Gowrie, quhilk chair (as said is afore) was brocht out of Spainye to Ireland, by Symon Breck, and out of Ireland by Fergus the first King in Argyle, quhair it remanit ay quhill thir dayis. And becaus this last victorie of Pichtis happinit nocht far fra Scone, he ordainit the said chair to remane perpetuallie in the said abbay, and all Scottis Kyngis to resave thair diademe in the samyn." It is right, however, to add that, according to others, the combatants in this great battle were, not the Scots and the Picts, but the Danes and Norwegians and the Picts.

Not long after, another place near Scone became a battlefield. It was Collin, on the banks of the Tay. The contest here was with the Danes. The precise date of it is uncertain; but it was in the reign of Donald IV., the son of Constantine II. It must have been before 904, in which year Donald was killed. In his days the Northern pirates reappeared in Scotland; and he encountered them at Collin, and gave them a signal overthrow.

The outline of the legend concerning the Stone of Destiny is, that it is the stone which was the patriarch's pillow at Luz (Gen. 28); that it was brought from Syria to Egypt by Gathelus, the son of Cecrops, King of Athens, a person who entered into the service of Pharaoh, and married his daughter Scota; that, to escape the impending plagues, Gathelus, by the advice of Moses, sailed from the Nile, with his wife and the Stone, and landed in Spain; that Gathelus sent the Stone with his son when he invaded Ireland; that the Kings of Ireland were crowned on it for many ages on the Hill of Tara; that Fergus, the son of Eric, who led the Dalriadic Scots to the shores of Argyleshire, brought it with him for his coronation to Dunstaffnage, where it remained till 834; and that Kenneth MacAlpine conveyed it thence to Scone, where the Scottish Kings were crowned on it, till Edward I. of England carried it, in 1296, to Westminster Abbey, where it is still preserved, and supports the coronation chair of the British Sovereigns.

In the treaty between King Robert Bruce and Edward III., it was stipulated that this Stone should be restored to the Scots. But the Londoners had taken a fancy for it: when Edward would have fulfilled the stipulation, a mob rose, and prevented him from doing so; and Bruce had not much difficulty in persuading his people to waive the performance of this part of the treaty.

This stone is called the Stone of Destiny, because of its influence on the destinies of Britain as commemorated in these lines:—

"Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem."

Which have been englished thus:—

"Unless the fates are faithless grown,
And prophet's voice be vain,
Where'er is found this stone,
The Scottish race shall reign."

Are any of our readers sceptical about the influence of this "sacred stone" on the destinies of our country and race, like a late citizen here, who never saw much influence that the barometer had on the weather? Let them look at facts. The stone is in Westminster Abbey, and there as well as here the Scottish race have been reigning, ever since the accession to the English Crown; and who does not say of their reign, ESTO PERPETUA?

Scone was a seat of the Culdees. The Pictish Chronicle bears that, in A.D. 906 or 909, Constantine III., with Kellach, the Bishop, and the Scots, solemnly vowed to "observe the laws and dicipline of faith, the rights of the churches and the Gospel, on the Hill of Credulity, near the Royal city of Scoan (Scone). Here," it has been justly remarked, "we have an account, not only of a very early national council, but of one that may be reckoned a council of the Culdees. The very language in which the result of their meeting is expressed, indicates a very different spirit from that which characterised the generality of subsequent councils. We hear nothing of the authority of the Pope or of bishops. The laws and discipline of faith, the rights of the churches and of the Gospel, is a style of writing peculiar to an age comparatively unadulterated."

The humble Culdee cell or college at Scone was superseded, in A.D. 1114, by a Monastery. It was founded by Alexander I., as a memorial of his gratitude for his narrow escape at Liff, from the band of Mearns and Morayshire traitors, who had conspired to seize his person and take his life. Assisted by his Chamberlain, Carron, he got in safety out of his Palace of Hurley Hawkin to Invergowrie, where he embarked in a boat, and passed to the south. In pious thankfulness for this signal deliverance, he founded the Abbey of Scone in the year we have named; dedicated it to the Holy Trinity and St Michael; and endowed it with the lands of Liff and Invergowrie, which the Lord of Gowrie had gifted to him at his baptism. He also invited the merchants of England to trade with Scone, from which it appears to have been anciently a port; and promised

them protection, on condition of their paying custom to the Abbey.

The great councils of the nation, from which all the laws emanated, met very often at Scone. The place in which they held their meetings was the Abbey Church, the great bell of which was rung before the promulgation of any new law which they passed. Hence "the bell of Scone" became a kind of cant phrase for the law of the land. Hence, too, the Celtic proverb which gave the bell an articulate voice: "As the bell of Scone rang, what belongs not to you meddle not with." The site of the Abbey was about a hundred yards due east of the present Palace; and, as indicative of the great changes which time makes, the writer of the Old Statistical Account of the parish remarks, that "on the spot where our ancient Kings were crowned there now grows a clump of trees."

Most of the long line of Scottish kings from Kenneth III. to Charles II. were crowned at Scone; the ceremony being more or less august according to the circumstances of the times. Alexander III. was crowned at it, on the 13th July, 1249; and on that occasion a very old custom was observed, probably for the last time in Scotland. The Pictorial History of England thus narrates it:—"After the Coronation Oath had been administered to the King, both in Latin, and in French, the language of the nobility, he was placed upon the sacred Stone of Destiny, which stood before the cross in the eastern end of the Church; and while he there sat with the crown on his head, and the sceptre in his hand, a grey-headed Highland bard stepping forth from the crowd, addressed to him a long genealogical recitation in the Gaelic tongue, in which, beginning, 'Hail Alexander, King of Albion, son of Alexander, son of William, son of David,' &c., he carried up the royal pedigree throughout all its generations to the legendary Gathelus, who married Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, and was the contemporary of Moses. It may be doubted if Alexander understood a word of this savage pæan, but he is recorded to have expressed his gratification, by liberally rewarding the venerable rhapsodist."

King Robert Bruce was crowned at Scone on the 27th March, 1306. On the second day thereafter, Isabella, Countess of Buchan, sister of the Earl of Fife, who was then in England, and of the English party, appeared at Scone to claim her family privilege, that, viz, of placing the Monarch on the throne. The claim was granted, and the coronation was repeated, that the Countess might do her part in it. For this patriotic and heroic act she suffered severely. A few months after, the tide of fortune having turned against Bruce, she was imprisoned by the English, and her prison was a strong cage, constructed in one of the centre turrets of the Castle of Berwick, where she was not permitted to exchange a word with any, except the women who brought her food to her; and these behoved to be Englishwomen, that they might be above suspicion of showing her any favour. In this cage she was confined for the space of four years.

The Coronation of Charles II. on the 1st January, 1651, was, as we have said, the last that took place at Scone. In 1716, the Pretender fixed on the 23d January, as the day on which the royal diadem should there be set on his head; but before that day arrived, he was a fugitive for his life. To those who could look beyond the glitter of the pageant, Charles's coronation was a melancholy farce. In the procession from the presence chamber in the Palace to the Kirk of Scone, the crown was carried before him by the Marquis of Argyle, and the sceptre, sword, and spurs by others of the chief nobility. The sermon, preached by Robert Douglas, was a most seasonable and judicious exposition of constitutional government, and of the mutual duties of kings and subjects: and in the close of it, Charles was most pointedly and faithfully admonished to evince his "sincerity in the Covenant" by his "steadfastness and constancy," if he would not imitate certain of his ancestors in their sins, and partake of the same or like plagues. He then, with consummate hypocrisy, on bended knee, and with his right hand lifted up to heaven, solemnly swore his approval of the National Covenant, and of the Solemn League and Covenant, and bound himself to prosecute the ends thereof; after which he subscribed them. He next, with like hypocrisy and solemnity, swore the Coronation Oath. The Lord Lyon, presenting him to the people, asked, "Are you willing to have him for your King, and become subject to his commandment?" and they shouted, "God save the King!" The Chamberlain clothed him in his royal robes; the Constable girt him with a sword; the Earl Marischal put on his spurs; the Marquis of Argyle placed the crown on his head; the nobles swore the oath of allegiance to him; and Robert Douglas concluded with these prophetic words: "Sire! destroyers are prepared for the injustice of the throne. I entreat you, execute righteous judgment. If you do it not, your house will be a desolation."

In 1298, Wallace paid Scone a visit. Ormesby, whom Edward had made Justiciar of Scotland, was holding his courts at Scone. Wallace, having joined his forces to those of Sir William Douglas, made a rapid march on the "Royal City," and surprised the Justiciar. A great number of the English were either killed or taken prisoners; and Ormesby himself narrowly escaped, and fled to England. A rich booty fell into the hands of the illustrious hero; and,

encouraged by this and like successes, a number of the greater barons joined his banner; among whom were the Steward of Scotland; his brother, the Knight of Bonhill; John Comyn of Badenoch; Sir John Grahame of Abercorn; Macduff, the grand-uncle of the Earl of Fife; Alexander de Lindsay; Sir John Stewart of Rusky; and Sir Richard Lundin.

From 1284 to 1401 inclusive, there were no fewer than ten Parliaments held at Scone. We can only advert to the more important transactions of some of them. That held in 1284 settled the Crown on Margaret, the Maiden of Norway, failing any children that her grandfather Alexander III. might yet have, and failing any issue of the deceased Prince of Scotland. That held in 1286, the Maiden of Norway having succeeded to the throne, appointed a regency, on account of her infancy and absence from the kingdom, and six guardians to carry on the government of the country. That held in 1318 settled the Crown, in the event of King Robert Bruce dying without male issue, on his grandson Robert, the only child of Marjory Bruce and Walter, the High Steward of Scotland; and should the said Robert, or any other heir of the King's body, be a minor at the period of the King's death, it appointed Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, and, failing him, Sir James Douglas, tutor to the heir, till he should be capable of administering the Government in person. It also enacted several judicious ordinances; as that all men should array themselves for war; that ecclesiastics should not remit money to Rome for bulls; and that any person paying theft-bute, or ransom of theft, should be held a convicted thief, and be liable to be banished accordingly; while the receiver of the composition should be severely fined, and, if unable to pay his fine, should be imprisoned during the King's pleasure. That held in 1363 received with a burst of indignation King David's proposal that Lionel, son of Edward II. of England, should be his successor on the Scottish throne; the members instantly and unanimously replying, "We will never permit an Englishman to rule over us:" and reminding him that, by solemn acts of settlement sworn to in Parliament, his own issue failing, the throne was the Steward's. That held in 1368 took into consideration the distracted state of the northern districts and adopted measures for reducing them into subjection; in order, as it was said, that in the event of war, the Estates of the Kingdom might then have a safe place of retreat—an expression which gives a very striking description of the low state to which the country was then reduced. That held in 1401 passed many wise and salutary laws. The chief of them have been thus summarised:—"Feudal superiors were forbidden to resume the lands held by their vassals without due and lawful cause. Where the succession was disputed, it was to be settled by a jury before the sheriff in an open court; and, with the view of preventing a common source of contention, it was enacted that a younger brother dying childless should be succeeded by the immediate elder brother in the possession of the lands which he had personally acquired. It was at the same time ordained that sheriffs should have clerks, appointed by the Crown—should keep regular minutes of their proceedings, and should appear annually before the King's Exchequer Court with their accounts—that no bail should be admitted in the case of persons accused of heinous crimes; among whom are particularly mentioned such as had been excommunicated or arrested by the order of a bishop; that the complaints of churchmen, widows, and orphans should be heard and judged in without delay and without requisition of securities; that Justiciary Courts should be held twice a year on both sides of the Forth; that ecclesiastical offenders should have a right of appeal, first to the conservator of the clergy, and ultimately to the General Assembly of the Church—and that the trial by combat should be allowed only when a capital crime had been committed so secretly that ordinary sources of evidence could not be appealed to, there being at the same time some prevalent and probable suspicion attaching to the accused. Regulations were also enacted respecting 'the assize of weights and measures,' and the coinage of the realm, which had been greatly deteriorated. The catching of salmon within the forbidden season, the killing of hares in time of snow, and the burning of moors except in the month of March, were strictly prohibited under heavy penalties."

The Motehill of Scone was a mound rising a little above the surrounding level, and from sixty to seventy yards north of the Abbey Church. It was called vulgarly the Boot Hill, and learnedly *Omnis Terra*, or Every Man's Land. The explanation of the name, both vulgar and learned, is the same; and has been thus given:—"The common tradition concerning this eminence is, that, at the coronation of a king, all the barons and landowners who assisted brought in their boots as much earth from their property as enabled every man, while standing on his own land, to see the king crowned; and that, after the ceremony, they emptied the earth from their boots on one spot, and in an increasingly accumulating heap, and thus made it both Boot Hill and *Omnis Terra*." As confirmatory of this tradition, in the History of the House of Douglas and Angus, by Hume of Godscroft, it is said, "Robert Bruce was crowned at Scone in the year 1306, in April, at which Sir James Douglas assisted, casting into a heape, as others did,

a quantity of earth of his lands of Douglas, which, making a little hill, is called yet *Omnis Terra.* This was the custom of those times, by which homage they that held the King of Scotland supreme under God were distinguished from others." Whatever may be thought of this, and the late Dr Jamieson pronounced the story "a palpable and very silly fable," we take the Motehill to signify the Hill of Meeting; conventions of all sorts being anciently held on eminences. It was, we may believe, the "Hill of Credulity" already mentioned by us, on which the old Culdee Council convened. It was the knoll from which Kenneth MacAlpine promulgated the MacAlpine laws, made at Scone. And it was for many a long age the sat of justice—the height where justice was administered. The due administration of it required, among other things, a prison, and a place of execution; and these were not far off. The Gallows Knowe was at the end of the street which was called Chanter Gate, and the prison was in another direction.

The glory of the "Royal City of Scone" departed long ago. Old Scone (as it is distinctively called) is now a hamlet rather than a village. Being inconveniently near the Palace, William, third Earl of Mansfield, possessed himself of all the property in it which he could acquire by purchase or by exchange, and inclosed it within the wall of the Palace grounds. The relics there of the city, which are still to be seen, are the burying ground, which surrounded the church, and the Cross. The former the Earl could not remove, and the latter has been allowed to stand near its original site. The feuars bought out had the option of taking feus at New Scone. Thither the Parish Church and manse were transferred. So also was the church seat of the Scone family, which was set up in the new church. "It is made," says the Statistical Account, of "elegantly carved oak, having towards one end of the front of the canopy the arms of Lord Scone with the motto '*Meliora spero,*' and beneath, the words 'DAVID LORD SKONE.' Towards the other end in the corresponding place, carved also in the oak, is a different coat of arms, with what seems to have been intended for the motto '*nec temere nec timide,*' and beneath, 'ELIZABETH LADY SKONE,' with the date 1616. The star and crescent had formed part of the ornaments, and seem to have been highly gilded. Lord Scone, as appears from the inscription, married Elizabeth Beaton, said to have been an ancient baron's daughter of Crich *i.e.* Criech, in Fifeshire."

What remained of the Abbey Church after the sack and fire of 1539, fell about 1624; and then David, first Viscount Stormont, built a new parish church on the Motehill, which is said to have been an elegant fabric. Towards the end of last century it was thrown down. The aisle, which is the Mausoleum of the Scone family, is an object of interest. "On the north side, within the aisle, is a very stately marble monument erected to the memory of the founder, David, the first Viscount Stormont. It seems to have been intended for an altar-piece, and to represent the inside of a chapel or oratory. In the middle, towards the lower part of it, is a statue of his Lordship as large as life, clad in armour, kneeling on a cushion at the altar, a book lying open before him, and the palms of his hands joined as if earnestly engaged in devotion. On either side is a man in armour, somewhat smaller than life. One is said to represent the Marquis of Tullibardine and the other the Earl Marischal, two of his friends, between whom he had effected a reconciliation after the existence of a bitter feud. Above these several emblematical figures, towards the top, are the arms of the family, and over all an angel. The *tout ensemble,* as well as each part, is very fine. It is said that it was after earnest prayer that Lord Stormont succeeded in reconciling his two friends; and that he ordered this monument to be erected as a perpetual memorial to his posterity, both of the obligation and of the success of prayer. On the east wall is an elegant monument of blue and white marble, erected in honour of Lady Stormont, the first lady of the second Earl of Mansfield. Her heart is here preserved in an urn of white marble."

It was on the 11th May, 1559, that the Monasteries of Perth were demolished; and on the 27th of the following June the Abbey and Palace of Scone shared the same fate. The Reformers recovered Perth the day before. Halyburton, Provost of Dundee, and a band of Dundonians attacked it on the east side, and Lord Ruthven on the west; and the garrison, which the Queen Regent had placed in it, was forced to capitulate. Patrick Hepburn, bishop of Moray, son of the first Hepburn Earl of Bothwell, held the Abbacy of Scone in perpetual commendam, and resided in the Palace. He was peculiarly obnoxious to the populace. His moral character was infirm. He was a cruel persecutor of the Protestants, and had taken a leading part in the martyrdom of Walter Mill, who was burned at St Andrews in April, 1558. Yet the Reformers gave him a choice of joining them, which he consented to do with all the force he had at command; and promised also to vote with them against the clergy in Parliament. So rapidly, however, were matters proceeding that, before his submission and adhesion were known, a party of the Congregation visited Scone, and began the work of violence. The Lords restrained them, Knox and Halyburton seconding their efforts, and entreating the people to spare the edifices; and their safety seemed to be secure. But increasing numbers of visitors returned on the morrow, and prowled about,

some drawn by the hope of spoil, and others meditating further vengeance on the enemy. During the night Hepburn had barricaded his Palace, and his servants had armed themselves. A citizen of Dundee, looking in at the door of the bishop's granary, was run through the body with a sword by one of the bishop's sons. This was like applying a match to a magazine of powder. In an instant all was tumult. Cries for vengeance rent the air. Tidings of what had occurred soon reached Perth. A multitude, whom no power could control, gathered; attacked the Palace and Abbey; and, after pillaging them, burned them to the ground. An aged matron, who had lived close by the Abbey all her days, said as she beheld it in flames:—"Now I see that God's judgments are just, and none can save where He will punish; since ever I can remember aught, this place hath been nothing else than a den of profligates, where these filthy beasts, the friars, have acted in darkness every sort of sin, and especially that most wicked man the bishop; if all knew what I know, they would see matter for gratitude, but none for offence."

After the Reformation, most of the possessions of the Monastery of Scone were given to William, first Earl of Gowrie. The Gowrie family had a residence at Scone in 1593; from which it may be presumed that they had so far repaired the Palace, which had been burned down thirty-four years before. The Gowries were forfeited in 1600, on account of the "Gowrie Conspiracy"; and in 1605 or 1606, a great part of their estates was erected into a temporal lordship, which was conferred on David Lord Scone. Before he was raised to the Peerage he had been Sir David Murray of Gospetrie, in the parish of Falkland. He was the second son of Sir Andrew Murray of Arngask and Balvaird; and the great-grandson of Sir William Murray of Tullibardine, the common ancestor of the noble families both of Scone and of Athole. From his youth he had been brought up at Court; and was Cupbearer to James VI., Master of the Horse, and Captain of the Guards. James knighted him, and made him Comptroller of the Royal revenues, and a Privy Councillor. Already a great favourite, he was still farther endeared by the influence he exerted, on the day the Gowrie Conspiracy was enacted, in quelling the tumult of the citizens of Perth, when they heard that their beloved Provost was slain; and by the strenuous and unscrupulous support which he gave to James's policy, both civil and ecclesiastical. These things account for the estates and dignities which were bestowed on him. He was created Lord Scone in 1605, and Viscount Stormont in 1621. The Palace of Scone, which the Gowries had so far repaired, he enlarged, and otherwise improved, as did some of his successors. They made it fitter for the reception of Royalty than it had been; and it had the honour of lodging the Pretender in January, 1716, and his son Prince Charles in 1745, as well as Charles II. in 1651.

The present Palace was reared on the site of the old one in 1803-1808, by William, third Earl of Mansfield, at an expense of from £60,000 to £70,000. It does not fall within our scope to describe its architecture; its furniture; its paintings; its sculpture; its busts and vases; its situation; its park, extending to upwards of a thousand acres, and lawn, and wood, and gardens. These indeed baffle description; so uniquely superb are they all: they must be seen to be duly appreciated. We shall only point in a few sentences to two or three objects which enchant the visitor; selecting those which have historic interest attaching to them.

Without the Palace, on the south front of it, is Queen Mary's Tree, said to have been planted by her own beautiful hands, and, if so, now upwards of three hundred years of age. On the east front of it is the Tree of Mary's son, James VI.; planted by him, we may suppose, in one of those visits which he paid to Scone, as for other reasons, so for the sport of hunting which it afforded him. Within the Palace is the King's Room, often represented to be the room in which James VI. slept, but more probably the bed chamber of Charles II. at his coronation in 1651. The bed is the same now as it was then; and so are the other furnishings of the apartment. There is also the Queen's Room, in which is an old bed with flowered crimson velvet, the embroidering being the work of the unhappy Mary. According to the writer of the Statistical Account of the parish, it is supposed that when at Falkland she gave the bed to a favourite ancestor of the family, and that it was brought to Scone when the Balvaird branch succeeded to the title of Viscount Stormont. There is likewise the room in which the first and great Earl of Mansfield, the Lord Chief Justice of England, was born; and it has the bed in which he breathed his last. In another room is a State bed presented to the Chief Justice by George II. There are, moreover, those things which serve as memorials of the visit of Her Majesty and Prince Albert to Scone, in September, 1842. Such, for example, are the chairs on which they sat at dinner. Such are the rooms of the Palace fitted up for them, with their sumptuous and magnificent furniture and decorations. They are thus described in an account of the visit which appeared in the following year:—"The rooms set apart for the use of the Royal pair were furnished in a style of high taste and of regal splendour. Their general features were Gothic, in materials of oak; the sofas,

chairs, and dressing-glasses were of gold, ornamented with furnishings of buhl and walnut; the Royal State bed had Gothic pillars of oak, groined roof, and arched cornices of the finest carved Gothic work, and white silk curtains richly trimmed with gold lace and crimson silk velvet; the toilet table had a splendid cover of gold network and crimson velvet, with gold fringe; the toilet plate was all of gold, with an elegant glass; the timepieces in each room were antique and richly ornamented; and the mirrors in the principal bedroom and siderooms corresponded with all the other features in splendour, and were set in oak and gold frames."

Scone was long famous for an annual game at ball. It was played on Shrove Tuesday; and the combatants were the benedicts and the bachelors. It would seem that they often entered into the game with a keenness which did not always keep within the limits of fair-play. Hence the proverb, "A's fair at the ba' o' Scoon."

Tradition credits Scone with being the birth-place and the residence of the patriotic and heroic Hay, who turned the tide of war at the battle of Luncarty, and of whom we shall have more to say when we come to that scene. At no very remote date, an old house was pointed to as having been his habitation. The tale, we should think, could be swallowed only by those who were largely endowed with the gift of credulity.

Scone gave the country a prelate in the prelatising days of James VI. George Graham, translated to it from Auchtergaven in 1601, was raised to the bishopric of Brechin in 1603, in conjunction with which he retained for several years the charge of Scone. His successor, David Wemyss, was a man of a different stamp. In 1637, at Edinburgh, he testified against the Service Book, for which it is on record that he got the approval of Mungo, Viscount of Stormont, and the whole elders. From this it appears that Mungo, the second Viscount Stormont, did not follow fully in the steps of David, the first Viscount Stormont, of whose prelatic zeal we have met with ample proof and illustration. George Wemyss, the son and successor of David, was, let us hope, a rare exception to his order in any branch of the Christian Church. Kirkton says of him—"When he came to die he told his neighbours he hade preacht of heaven and hell, but never believed there was either the one or the other, till now he found he was certainly damned to hell because of his perjury and falsehood to Jesus Christ." The character given his successor, John Liddell, is that he was "a despiteful person, and a great persecutor of the Presbyterians." Liddell's successor was John Murray, admitted the year before the Revolution, which was unwelcome alike to him and to his patron, David, the fifth Viscount Stormont. Murray had no sermon on the 28th July, 1689, "by reason of the fight betwixt my Lord Dundie and General M'Kay, upon the 27th of the said month, at Blair-in-Athol, about four o'clock at night;" and upon the 11th of August thereafter he "had no sermon in regard of the confusione in the parish by souldiers." On the 8th of October that year he was deprived by the Privy Council, for not reading the Proclamation of the Estates, and not praying for their Majesties William and Mary. He was also accused of praying for the restoration of King James, sitting down upon his knees, and blessing the Viscount of Dundee in his undertaking for the late King, sending his brother with the Viscount, and saying—"God's curse and my curse befall you if you leave the Viscount until you return victorious."

The person who has reflected the greatest lustre on Scone as the place of his nativity was William Murray, the fourth son of David, fifth Viscount Stormont. Both as a lawyer and a statesman, he was one of Scotland's greatest sons. Born in 1705, and early removed to London, he was admitted in 1719 a King's scholar in Westminster Public School. From it he passed, first to Christ Church, Oxford, and then to Lincoln's Inn; and was called to the bar at Michaelmas term in 1731. At College he was much distinguished for his classical attainments, giving presage of the high place to which he rose in the republic of letters, and which Pope accorded to him when he sang—

"How many an Ovid was in Murray lost."

His powers as a pleader were first displayed in appeal cases before the House of Lords; and he soon attained eminence in his profession. In 1742 he was appointed Solicitor-General, and entered the House of Commons as Member for Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire. As a supporter of the Newcastle Ministry, he and the elder Pitt sometimes grappled in debate, and when they did so it was Greek meeting Greek. In 1754 he succeeded Sir Dudley Ryder as Attorney-General; and on the death of Sir Dudley, two years after, he was made Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench; was created Baron Mansfield; was sworn a Privy Councillor; and became a member of the Cabinet. In 1757 he was for months Chancellor of the Exchequer; and on the retirement that year of Lord Hardwicke, the Great Seal was offered him, which he declined, as he did twice afterwards. In October, 1776, having been previously made a Knight of the Thistle, he was created an Earl of the United Kingdom by the title of Earl of Mansfield, with remainder to the Stormont family, as he had no issue of his own. Two years after, in consequence of the infirmities of age, he resigned the office of Lord

Chief-Justice, which he had held for thirty-two years, and spent the residue of his days in retirement, chiefly at his seat at Caen Wood, near Hampstead. He died in 1793, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, leaving his immense fortune to his successor; and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield had his enemies and detractors. He came in for a large share of the invective of Junius; but it fixed no real or permanent stain on his memory. He was of a very Jacobite stock; and his elder brother James was a chief minister of the Pretender. He was the more jealously watched because of the principles and sympathies which he was supposed to have inherited. While he was yet only Solicitor-General, old Lord Balmerino, when on his trial for participation in the Rebellion of 1745, twitted him with these. Having asked his Lordship why he had put in a plea which his solicitor had informed him would be of no use, the veteran, who was a wit as well as a hero, asked the bystanders who this person was; and being told, he said, "Oh, Mr Murray! I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations; the good lady your mother was of great use to us at Perth!" But, both as a statesman and a judge, he rose above his birth prejudices; and was a more enlightened, consistent, and firm friend of the constitution and liberties of Britain than were many of his compeers. Two proofs of this may be alluded to. In 1767, he very ably and successfully resisted the attempt to violate the constitution, by making a power to dispense with the law, in cases of alleged State necessity, an inherent prerogative of the crown. And, in 1780, he stood true to the cause of religious toleration, by advocating the relief of the Roman Catholics, at the cost, not only of boundless obloquy, but of the burning of his house in Bloomsbury Square with all that it contained, including his invaluable library and manuscripts: he himself narrowly escaping with his life by a back door a few minutes before the rioters entered the mansion. This was one of the good works of the "Protestant Association" of that day.

His nephew, David, sixth Viscount of Stormont, and second Earl of Mansfield, was a man of affairs, and fills no inconsiderable place in the history of his times. In 1754, he was chosen a Scots representative peer. Next year, he was appointed ambassador to the elector of Saxony, and the King and Republic of Poland. In 1763, he was made a Privy Councillor, and was ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to Vienna till 1772; when he was sent in the same capacity to Paris, where he remained till the commencement of hostilities in 1778. In 1768, he had been made a Knight of the Thistle. In 1778, he was appointed Lord-Justice General of Scotland; and next year, principal Secretary of State for North Britain. In 1783, on the formation of the coalition ministry, he was made President of the Council. Joining the administration in 1794, he was a second time chosen to the same office. He resigned the office of Lord Justice-General in 1795. Besides the offices mentioned, he was Joint-Clerk of the Court of King's Bench, and Chancellor of Marischal College, Aberdeen. He died at Brighton in 1796, in the 69th year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the same vault as his illustrious uncle, the first Earl of Mansfield.

It may be noted that the present William David, ninth Viscount Stormont and fourth Earl of Mansfield, was M.P. for Aldborough in 1830, for Woodstock in 1831, for Norwich in 1832, and for Perthshire in 1837; was a Lord of the Treasury from December, 1834, till April, 1835; was appointed a Knight of the Thistle in 1843, a Deputy-Lieutenant of Perthshire in 1846, and Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Clackmannan in 1852; and was Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1852, 1853, and 1859.

David Douglas, the famous botanist and traveller, was a native of Scone, and its Churchyard has a suitable monument to his memory. Having served his apprenticeship in the gardens of the Palace, he passed, after a short employment at Valleyfield, to the Botanic Gardens of Glasgow, where he attracted the attention of Dr (afterwards Sir) William J. Hooker, whom he accompanied in his excursion through the Western Highlands to collect materials for his "Flora Scottica," and by whom he was recommended as a botanical collector to Joseph Sabine, Esq., Secretary of the Horticultural Society. His future life is thus summarised in the Statistical Account:—"In consequence of this (the recommendation of him to Sabine) he was despatched to the United States in 1823, where he procured many fine plants, and greatly increased the Society's collection of fruit trees. He returned in the autumn of that year, and again, in July, 1824, he sailed for the purpose of exploring the botanical riches of the country adjoining the Columbia river, and southwards towards California. He collected many rare orchideous plants when the vessel touched at Rio de Janeiro, shot many curious birds in his voyage round Cape Horn, visited and sowed a collection of garden seeds in the island of Juan Fernandez, and arrived at Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia, on the 7th of April, 1825. The vast collection of seeds which he transmitted home from this locality amply proved his talents and assiduity. He traversed the country across the Rocky Mountains to Hudson's Bay in 1827, and returned to England in

the autumn of that year. Having been there introduced, through Mr Sabine, to the Literary and Scientific Society in London, he was elected, free of expense, a member of the Linnæan, Geological, and Zoological Societies, and contributed some valuable papers. After remaining two years in London, he again sailed for Columbia in the autumn of 1829. Here he continued his favourite pursuit. Afterwards he visited the Sandwich Islands; and when his return was expected, intelligence was received of his death in very shocking circumstances. He had fallen into a pit made by the natives of the Sandwich Islands for the purpose of catching wild bulls, and a bull being in the pit at the time, this celebrated botanist was killed in the most horrible manner. This event took place on July 12, 1834, in the thirty-sixth year of his age."

It may be stated that, from 1601 to 1627 inclusive, Sir David Murray, David Lord Scone, and David Viscount Stormont, were Lord Provosts of Perth, with the exception of 1609, 1610, and 1611, when James Adamson, merchant, filled the office.

REDGORTON.

Crossing from Scone to Redgorton, at the confluence of the Almond and the Tay, we tread at once on historical ground. Here, there is no reason to doubt, was one of the chief stations of the Romans, Orea; a standing camp *(castra stativa)* of the invader, formed not for a halt of a few days, but to be occupied for a considerable time. It was formed by Agricola in A.D. 84, in his seventh and last campaign, probably a little before the great battle of Mons Grampius. It had many advantages of situation; and we may well believe that it continued to be occupied by the Romans so long as they had possession of north Britain; by Lollius Urbicus, who in the next century, anew drove back the Caledonians to their fortresses beyond the Grampians; and by the Emperor Severus, in the beginning of the third century.

So distinct in recent times were the traces of the camp of Orea, as to admit of its being measured. It covered an area of about twelve acres. Of its wall or rampart on the north side about 860 feet remained; and of that on the west side only about 437 feet; "nearly half the space, which must have been occupied by the camp, having been washed away by the encroachment of the Almond, which, as is well known, now empties itself into the Tay considerably to the north of its former embouchure." The camp was on the line of the great Roman Road to the north; and modern agricultural improvements on the adjacent ground turned up the stones with which the Road was paved, and which had been laid with their smooth side upwards. And there are other very remarkable memorials of the presence of the Romans in this peninsula. "There have been dug up here several urns filled with human ashes, a Roman lachrymatory, and also a pig of lead, weighing about two stones, with Roman letters on it. The foundation of a wooden bridge, which had been thrown over the Tay at this place, still remains, and consists of large oak planks fastened together, coarsely jointed, and surrounded with clasps of iron." If any body should not be able to believe that the latter are eighteen centuries old, he may halve that period, and say that the "foundation" still visible is, not that of Agricola's bridge, but that of a bridge which replaced Agricola's, after his had served its day, and which was thrown over the river by some of the Scottish Kings, who made Rathinveramon one of their residences down to the end of the tenth century. Two of the "urns" found were unusually large; and the conjecture (it cannot, of course, be anything more) is, that one of them contained the ashes of an infant son of Agricola, who died about a year old; and that the other contained the ashes of Aulus Atticus, the prefect of a cohort of the Roman army, who fell in the battle of Mons Grampius. "His own youthful ardour," says Tacitus, "and the spirit of a high-mettled horse, carried him with too much impetuosity into the thickest of the enemy's ranks."

Pitcairn, two miles west on the Almond, is as old an Historic Scene as Orea. Pit-cairn is, being interpreted, the grave-cairns, the cairns raised on the graves of the honoured dead. Two of these still exist, about a quarter of a mile east of the village, about the same distance from each other, and standing in nearly a south and north direction. They are both singularly large; and the larger of the two, which is on the top of a circular mound of earth, is upwards of 300 feet in circumference at the base, and from thirty to forty feet high. There is reason to believe that smaller cairns or tumuli were once abundant in the neighbourhood. But, in this utilitarian era, building and drainage have swallowed up the stones of many such structures, and the ploughshare has digged up their foundations, so that all vestiges of them have been obliterated. The name Pit-cairn or Pit-cairns, first given to these structures, was naturally transferred to the locality in which they stood, and afterwards to the village which has risen in it since towards the close of the last century.

In the midst of the Cairns scene are the remains of a camp, vulgarly called the Roman Camp; but this is

doubtless a misnomer. This camp was circular in its form; which none of the Roman Camps were.

What camp was that? What great cairn was that, whose dimensions we have given? And what smaller cairns or tumuli were those in the district? History gives no answer to these questions. Even tradition gives none. In these "silences," we are left to form our own opinion; and in the opinion of the late Rev. W. Liston, minister of the parish, given in the Statistical Account, we are disposed to concur, till a more feasible be offered. The camp he supposed to have been a native camp, founded for the purpose of watching the Romans when they were so uncomfortably nigh as at Orea. The great cairn he supposes to be on the grave of some very great native Chief, who fell in endeavouring to defend the country from the invader. The smaller cairns he supposes to be on the graves of inferior leaders, whose patriotism cost them their life. And the locality he supposes to have been the scene of a succession of battles, or one great battle, in which the demon of war glutted himself with hecatombs of the slain.

On the Tay, two miles north of Orea, is Luncarty, one of the old battle-fields of Scotland. In or about 990 the Danes made a new invasion of the country. One account is that they sailed up the Tay with a numerous fleet to take Perth and plunder it. Another is that they landed on the coast of Angus; took Montrose, which they levelled to the ground, massacring its inhabitants without distinction of age or sex; proceeded along Strathmore, strewing their path with desolation; crossed the Tay at the Thistle Brig; and laid siege to Perth. This was in the reign of Kenneth III., a Prince of great ambition, ability, and energy; who, by his victory over Dunwallon, in the battle of Vacornar (A.D. 973), brought the kingdom of the Britons of Strathclyde to an end, and incorporated it with the rest of the Scottish dominions. On receiving at Stirling tidings of the Danish invasion, Kenneth hastened with such troops as he had at command to the neighbourhood of the beleaguered city; and wrote the nobles, who were not at hand, to follow him as soon as possible, with all their retainers. His place of rendezvous was Moncrieff Hill, or some contiguous point in the peninsula formed by the Tay and the Earn. Having there received accessions to his forces, and organised them for encountering the invader, he marched to the north of Perth; and both armies met at Luncarty. Kenneth commanded the centre division of the Scots, Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, the right wing, and Duncan, Maormor of Athole, the left. The battle was long and fiercely contested. At length, the two wings of the Scottish army began to give way, and exposed the centre to the Northmen. Hay, whom we noticed when at Scone, was, with his two sons, pursuing his rustic avocations on the opposite side of the river. Perceiving the imminence of the danger, they seized their plough-yoke, and some other such implements; crossed the Tay at a ford; stopped their flying countrymen; rallied them by reproaches and threats, entreaties and encouragements; and led them back on the foe. A band of army servants and peasants, lurking near, hailed the feat of the heroic husbandman and his sons with the loudest acclamations. The Danes supposed the jubilant shouters to be a new army; and their heart at once melted within them. Paralysed with terror and despair, they became an easy prey to our fathers. They "ceased to fight; became a mingled mass, a jostling and bewildered herd, of routed men; and, not excepting their leaders and their King himself, they either were hewn down by the sword, or perished in the river."

Some historical sceptics have pronounced the story of the battle of Luncarty a fable; but of the reality of the battle there can, we think, be no reasonable doubt. Besides the unvarying voice of tradition in its favour, satisfying memorials of it have survived to our own day. Till towards the close of the last century, the field was full of tumuli, in which the slain in the battle slept, till the rude hand of modern utilitarianism disturbed their repose. Till then the ploughman trod softly on their graves, and would not allow his share to break the green sward which covered them. The point at which Hay stopped the flying Scots, and prevailed on them to turn back on the foe, is to this day called Turn-Again-Hillock. The commander of the Danes was their King himself; and, in the overthrow which they suffered, a desperate effort was made to save his life. On an eminence by the Tay, valiant defenders surrounded him; but they were overpowered. The Danish Monarch was slain, and the large upright stone, named Denmark, is said to mark the spot where he fell, and where probably his ashes repose.

The story of the battle of Luncarty is no fable; but there is a fable connected with it. The old rustic who won the victory, exhausted by the prodigies of valour and strength which he performed, and by wounds which he received, lay down on the ground and cried, "Hay! Hay!" which became the name of his descendants. His own name was originally "Deluce." How to reward him adequately for the exploit he had done was the question which a grateful nation instantly raised. In a convention of the Estates, held forthwith at Scone, it was agreed to offer him his choice of lands, to the extent of the course which a hound should run without stopping, or over which a hawk should fly without perching. He preferred the latter. The hawk, let off at Kinnoul

Hill, flew to a spot in the Carse of Gowrie, about a mile south of the house of Errol, and lighted on the stone which stands there to this day, and is called the Hawk's Stane: so that, as Boece has it, "he gat al the lands betwixt Tay and Arole, six milis of lenth and four of breid, quhilk lands ar yit inhabit by his posteritie." It is further said that he was ennobled, and was the ancestor of the great family of the Hays, which long ago branched into the three noble Houses of Errol, Kinnoul, and Tweeddale. In proof of all this, the arms of the Hays are appealed to, which are three shields or escutcheons, intimating that the father and the two sons had been the shields of Scotland; and the Earl of Errol bears for his crest a hawk, and his supporters are two men in country habits, holding the yokes of a plough over their shoulders, with this motto, "serva jugum," in allusion to their origin.

This is a pretty story, and has been long-lived and widely current; but it will not bear the test of examination. Our friend Dr Taylor, in his Pictorial History of Scotland, has thus effectually disposed of it:—"There can be no doubt that the tradition is entirely fabulous. It has been proved that armorial bearings were unknown at the date of the battle of Luncarty—that the Hays are a branch of the Norman De Hayas, and did not come to Scotland till more than a hundred years after the period referred to—that they only obtained the lands of Errol from William the Lion about the middle of the twelfth century—and that it was not till the middle of the fourteenth century that they were ennobled."

We have already mentioned the Thistle Bridge. It was a trap-dike which crossed the Tay a little below Stanley. The water had worn for itself a narrow channel through the dike; and, in olden days, on each side of the channel were lofty basaltic columns, and on these was laid "a brig of tree," which was long the ordinary way of crossing the river in these parts. It is said that it was by this bridge that the Danes passed to the west side of the Tay before the battle of Luncarty. It is said that it was also by it that Malcolm, Macduff, and Siward passed to the east side of the Tay with their army when they marched a "moving grove" from Birnam Hill to attack Macbeth in his Castle of Dunsinane. And if all that we have met with about it is to be accepted, this bridge is an interesting historic object for another reason. We have read somewhere that it got the name of the Thistle Bridge because that at it a barefoot Norseman happening to tramp on a thistle, gave such a shriek from the pain he felt as alarmed the slumbering Scottish sentinels who had been set to watch the bridge; and, farther, that it was this incident that led to the adoption of the thistle as the national badge of Scotland, with the appropriate motto "Nemo me impune lacessit;" giving warning that to any one touching Scotland there will be no impunity any more than there was to the barefoot Dane when he trod on the thistle.

As late as 1834 there were found under a large stone, close by the Thistle Bridge, no fewer than 1500 English coins; the inscription on the obverse of most of them being—"Edw. Rex. Ang. Dus. Hyb.," and that on the reverse varying; "Civitas London," "Civitas Cantor," "Civitas Dureme," "Villa Novicastri," being of frequent occurrence. It is not difficult to account for these coins being found at that spot. They must have been hid there by some of the soldiers of Edward of England in passing, as they often did in the days of Wallace, between Perth and the Castle of Kinclaven. The hider doubtless intended to remove them; but slept the sleep of death before the intention was fulfilled.

In the seventeenth century Benchill, in this parish, was the property and the seat of a family of the name of Arnot. It furnished Perth with a Provost for a considerable time. "Robert Arnot of Benchils" appears as Provost for the first time in 1630, and for the last time in 1654; for which period, with the exception of some years, the Benchill dynasty reigned in the city.

Benchill is associated with a sad tragedy which took place in 1619. Alexander Lamb, in Benchill, was murdered under cloud of night in the house of Walter Whytock, smith, within the parish of Redgorton. The murderer was Colin Pitscottie, eldest son of John Pitscottie of Luncarty, which was then a barony. The civil authorities took no notice of the murder; wherefore—we are not informed, and can only conjecture. Is it possible that it was because the deed was perpetrated by the son and heir of the Laird of the barony? The Kirk-Session took up the case, and it dealt very gently with young Pitscottie. It only ordained him "to mak his public repentance for the murther of umquhil Alexr. Lamb, in the kirk of Redgorton, in lyning clothes ane Sonday afoirnoon."

Leniency to criminal lairds and their relatives seems to have been at that day the rule with Kirk-Sessions and Presbyteries. In 1620 William Young, minister of the parish, an old infirm man, provoked the ire of Harry Shaw of Pitmurthly, by citing him, under direction of the Presbytery, to appear before it, "upon an sclander of adultery committed by him wt Janet Mar, the spouse of John Patone, sometime in Pitmurthlie." Shaw attacked the minister, "he being among the stooks upon his own gleib in ane solitar and quyet place, callit the How of the park; pursuit him invadit him to the danger of his life,

having in his hands ane rung, with ane long durk or dalger; and, although the poor old man repeatedly called for mercy, made him sweir that he should neever speek of him again to the presby, or be the blood of Jesus he should presently die." All the punishment inflicted on the ruffian was, his being ordained "to mak his appearance in the Kirk of Regordon ane day in lyning clothes, and thair exprimlie confess he did the minister wrong in manner foresaid."

We do not observe anything very noticeable of any of the other ministers of Redgorton, if it is not that Patrick Auchterlony, admitted to the charge in 1682, was deposed in 1691 for contumacy, and deprived by the Privy Council. It was for his Jacobitism, we doubt not, that he was thus proceeded against; for, in 1716, we find him officiating as chamberlain to James, Lord Panmure.

MONEYDIE.

This parish is peculiarly barren of Historic Scenes. On the south-east boundary of it, and contiguous to the battle field of Luncarty, are traces of some warlike work. Some have made it a Roman camp, and others a military post either of the Danes or of the Scots. Nothing certain about it is known; and perhaps we should not run much risk of presumption though we were to say that nothing certain about it is now knowable.

The only mansion of note in the parish was the Castle of Kinvaid. It was the birthplace of "Bessie Bell," the companion of "Mary Gray," whose melancholy story we reserve till we come to "Lynedoch brae." Bessie's father was the Laird of Kinvaid, and his residence was the Castle, with the ruins of which the "oldest inhabitant" of the parish in the last generation was quite familiar. No vestige of it is now to be seen. It had been built without lime; which raised a question about the age of it. Some were inclined to ascribe great antiquity to it. But its erection was long posterior to the date when lime was well known and commonly used as a cement in architecture. The Castle was not older than about the middle of the fifteenth century. It was built about that time by Brown, bishop of Dunkeld. "For three years of the fruits of the church of Cramond, bishop Brown purchased from Robert Wans, citizen of Edinburgh, the lands of Wester Kinvaid, Wester Lowstown, and Easter Lowstown, which lands he mortified to the church, and got united to the barony of Dunkeld, on condition that a layman was to hold them of the church, and to perform the service to the King which fell to these lands." Prior to this the bishop was proprietor of Pittendynie and of Easter Kinvaid; and on the latter of these he raised his Castle, not for a country residence merely, but with the view of protecting his tenants from pillage. In those rude times they were too often visited by neighbours, who preferred to make free with other people's crop and stock, to rearing corn and cattle for themselves.

On the west Moneydie is bounded by Logiealmond; and on the boundary line between them is a somewhat remarkable spot. The three dioceses of Dunkeld, Dunblane, and St Andrews, joined at it. And there is a tradition, that the three bishops, in their perambulation of their respective dioceses, happened to meet at this point; and that they drank one another's health with Adam's wine, the bumper of each being from a contiguous well on his own ecclesiastical domain.

In pre-Reformation times Moneydie was a free parsonage and a prebend of Dunkeld. About 1480, Alexander Myln, canon of Dunkeld, was minister of Moneydie, and called himself "prebendary" of it. He was the author of the work entitled "Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld;" and which the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth reprinted in the first volume of their Transactions. The work is full of curious information, which ought to be specially interesting in Perthshire.

One of the last parsons of Moneydie in the days of Popery was Alexander Douglas. The inscription on his tombstone in the Cathedral Church at Dunkeld is:—"Hic jacet eximius vir Magister Alexander Douglas, Rector de Monidie, qui obit 17 Dec., anno Dnie Milesimo quigentesimo XLVIII." "Here lies an excellent man, Mr Alexander Douglas, Rector of Moneydie, who died 17 December, A.D. 1548."

Moneydie was the birth-parish of John Malcolm, the fifth post-Reformation minister of Perth, ordained in 1591, and died in 1634. He was the son of Andrew Malcolm, the Laird of Moneydie Roger. John Malcolm was "a grave, godlie, and learned man;" and was much revered and loved in Perth. He was also a pillar of the Kirk in the trying days in which he lived; an intimate friend of the famous Andrew Melville; and a fellow-witness and a fellow-sufferer in the same cause. At the sitting of Parliament at Perth in 1606, a great number of ministers met in Mr Malcolm's house, and there signed the Protest presented to Parliament against the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland. In 1615, Archbishop Spottiswood had him cited before the Court of High Commission, to answer for his conduct, first, in soliciting

the King, in the dedication of his Commentary on the Acts, to recall the brethren who had been banished for holding the Assembly at Aberdeen in 1605, and alleging that they were more faithful subjects to his Majesty than many who had received benefices from him; and, second, for expressing regret at the corruption brought into the Kirk by "unlearned and unsanctified men."

William Smith, ordained to the pastoral charge of the parish in 1677, was too staunch a Prelatist to conform to the Revolution settlement. He stuck to his principles at the cost of his benefice. He was deprived by the Privy Council for not reading the Proclamation of the Estates, and not praying for their Majesties William and Mary.

MONZIE.

THE LANDS OF LOGIEALMOND.

Towards the western extremity of these lands is a large stone, standing on its narrow end, measuring about twelve feet in height, and eighteen feet in circumference. Close by it are other three upright stones of a smaller size, apparently part of a row which had surrounded it. It goes by the name of the Kor Stone. These stones have been generally regarded as having belonged to a Druidical Circle: as being the remains of a temple in which the Pagan aborigines of the country performed the rites of their religion. Similar remains are frequent along a great part of the base of the Grampians; which is supposed to have been the chief seat of Druidism in Scotland. If we were to take this view of the stones which we are now noticing, we should say that the huge block in the centre was the Druid altar, on which the victims for sacrifice were slain and offered; these sometimes including human beings. What use the surrounding row of standing stones served is not known, if it was not intended as a cincture to keep the people at a convenient distance from the officiating priest.

But perhaps the Kor Stone is a Sepulchral monument marking the final resting place of some great chief. Many like blocks are certainly such monuments; very old sepulchral monuments; probably the rude predecessors of the cromlechs, in which some of their adjuncts were continued. A late writer, after explaining that a cromlech "usually consists of three or four rough, unhewn blocks, supporting a huge capstone, and inclosing an urn, within which the skeleton has been disposed in a contracted position, and accompanied with coins and relics of an early period," adds:—"In some cases these cromlechs appear to have been encircled with a ring of standing stones. There is good reason to believe that these huge sepulchral memorials are the work of the earliest inhabitants of Scotland, during the primeval or stone period. They are now comparatively rare; but the traces of ruined cromlechs, which are still visible in various parts of the country, shew that they must at one time have been much more numerous."

Till a recent date, Logie House, now fast becoming a ruin, was for centuries the seat of the Drummonds, proprietors of Logiealmond, a family of some historic note. The first of the family was the Honourable Sir John Drummond, fourth son of John second Earl of Perth. He cast in his lot with the Royalists in 1644. He, Lord Kilpont, and the Master of Madderty, with about four hundred men, joined the Marquis of Montrose on the hill of Buchanty, as he was marching on Perth, immediately before the battle of Tibbermore. And we may mention that, the same year, after defeating Baillie at Alford, Montrose passed through Logiealmond, when he came down to the Lowlands to offer battle to the Covenanters. The Drummonds continued to adhere tenaciously and zealously to the cause of the Stuarts. In 1715, there was not in Scotland a more enthusiastic Jacobite than the Laird of Logiealmond. His battalion was in the second of the two lines into which the insurgents were formed at Sheriffmuir; and on that field he himself did prodigies of valour and strength. The sword with which he fought was a very formidable weapon, and is to be seen at this day among the historic curiosities treasured in the Tower of London.

The Laird of Logiealmond joined likewise in the Rebellion of 1745. His lands happily escaped forfeiture; but his cattle were seized. One of our own grandfathers used to tell how he, at Lynedoch, saw them driven to Perth by two officers of the Government, and how he overheard the one officer say to the other, "If I had been laird o' Logie, I wad hae keepit my cattle, and let them be King that likit."

But much the most distinguished of the family was the late Right Honourable Sir William Drummond. In 1795, he entered the House of Commons as member for St Mawes, Cornwall; and in the next two Parliaments which met in 1796 and 1801 he sat for Lostwithiel. He was made a Privy Councillor, and was employed in several important diplomatic missions. In 1796 he was envoy extraordinary to the Court of Naples. Soon after he was sent to Constantinople as ambassador to the Sultan, who honoured him with the Order of the Crescent. In 1808 he was envoy to the Court of Palermo. He died at

Rome in 1828. In the field of letters Sir William won higher honours than in Courts and Parliaments. He was a Fellow of the Royal Societies of both London and Edinburgh; and in erudition and culture, few of his contemporaries approached him. We subjoin a list of his works as given in the "Scottish Nation;" and we do so not without a feeling of pride that a son of our native district made such a contribution to British Literature. A Review of the Government of Sparta and Athens, large 8vo. The Satires of Persius, translated. Academical Questions, 4to; a metaphysical work, to which he intended a subsequent volume to complete its design, but it never appeared. Herculanensia, or Archæological and Philological Disputations concerning a Manuscript found among the Ruins of Herculaneum, 4to; published in connection with Robert Walpole, Esq. An Essay on a Punic Inscription found in the Island of Malta, royal 4to. Odin, a poem, Part 1, 4to. Origines, or Remarks on the Origin of several Empires, States, and Cities, 3 vols., 8vo. Œdipus Judaicus, printed for private circulation; savouring, as many thought, of the sceptical and the scoffing, and which was attacked in the Edinburgh Review, and in "Letters to the Right Honourable Sir William Drummond, in defence of particular passages of the Old Testament, against his late work entitled 'Œdipus Judaicus,' by the Rev. Dr George Daley," Sir William was also an occasional contributor to the *Classical Journal*, in which his papers on subjects of antiquity, particularly the Zodiac of Denderah, attracted the general admiration of the learned of his time.

METHVEN.

According to some, the neigbourhood of Methven was the death scene of one of our Scottish Kings; though others say that he was slain in a quarrel with the people of Strathclyde. The King to whom we refer was Culen, crowned at Scone in 972. He abandoned himself to the grossest licentiousness; and in a few years was such an abhorrence to the nation that a Parliament was summoned to meet at Scone for the purpose of deposing him. He was on his way to the meeting, not knowing the design of it, when he was attacked and killed by the Thane of Methven, in revenge of his having abused the Thane's daughter. "Culene," says Holinshed, "not knowing wherefore this Councell was called, as he was going thitherwards, at Meffen Castell, being almost in the midwaie of his journie, was murthered by one Cadhard the thane of that place, whose daughter he had ravished before time among divers others. This end had Culene together with all his filthie sensualitie; but the reproachfull infamie thereof remaineth in memorie with his posteritie, and is not like to be forgotten whilest the whole world goeth about. He was thus dispatched in the fift yeare of his reigne, and after the birth of our Saviour 976, the nobles and great peers of the realme rejoicing at his death, though they allowed not of the manner of his death."

Methven Wood is an old Historic Scene. It was one of Wallace's lurking places. It was from it, for example, that he came to Perth, when he assumed the name of Malcolmson, and passed himself off as a borderer who had come north in quest of employment. It was to it that he returned after he had made a thorough inspection of the city; and it was from it that he emerged to attack the English as they were proceeding to Kinclaven Castle to strengthen the garrison there.

It was in this Wood also that the battle of Methven was fought, in 1306, between Robert Bruce and the English. They then had possession of Perth, which was held by Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, whom Edward had appointed Guardian of Scotland. On arriving at Perth, with an army much inferior to that of the English under Pembroke, Bruce, in the chivalrous spirit of the age, challenged him to come out, and to fight him in the open field. The Earl promised to do this to-morrow; and Bruce retired with his men to Methven Wood, and there they pitched their camp for the night. Relying on the answer which Pembroke had given to Bruce's challenge as an honourable promise that there would be no fighting till to-morrow, the Scots had put off their armour, and were, some of them cooking their supper, and others of them dispersed in foraging parties, when the cry was heard that the enemy was upon them. The alarm was scarcely given when Pembroke with his whole army broke in on their camp. Though taken completely by surprise, the Scots made a desperate resistance; but their rout was inevitable. Bruce himself attacked Pembroke, and killed his horse under him; but the odds were so fearfully against the patriots that no feats of individual valour could avail them. Bruce was thrice unhorsed; and Sir Philip de Mowbray was shouting that he had the new-made King, when Sir Christopher Seton, the King's brother-in-law, felled Mowbray to the ground, and rescued his master. The English sword drank that night the blood of many of our ancestors; and, besides the slain, Bruce had to mourn the captivity of Sir Hugh de la Haye, Sir David Inchmartin, Sir John de Somerville, Randolph, and others of his bravest ad-

herents. On receiving the tidings of this victory, Edward ordered the prisoners to be immediately executed. Pembroke ventured to deviate slightly from the letter of the bloody order. "Randolph was pardoned; a few were ransomed; but the majority were hanged and quartered in a spirit of merciless revenge.'

Methven Castle is a singularly rich Historic Scene by reason of the many historic families of whom it has been the seat. The first of these upon record was the Mowbrays. Their common ancestor, Roger Mowbray, a Norman, came to England with William the Conqueror (1066). Philip de Mowbray, the first of them who appeared in Scotland, came to it about a hundred years afterwards, with William the Lion, and married Galiena, daughter of Waldeve, Earl of Dunbar. The Scotch branch of the Mowbrays obtained extensive grants of lands in several shires; and of these the barony of Methven was a part. It was given to Robert de Mowbray, a brother of the above mentioned Sir Philip. In the War of Independence the Mowbrays generally took the side of the English. In 1314, one of them was governor of Stirling Castle in the English interest, and on the day after the battle of Bannockburn he surrendered the Castle to the victor. In consequence of what he deemed their traitor knavery, Bruce confiscated their estates to the crown; and Methven he bestowed on Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland, the husband of his daughter Marjory, whose son succeeded to the throne as Robert II., and was the first of the Stuart dynasty.

Robert II. gave Methven to Walter Stuart, Earl of Athole, his second son by Euphame Ross, his second wife. On the forfeiture and execution of the Earl for the share he had in the murder of James I., Methven reverted to the Crown; and it became part of the dowry lands usually set apart for the maintenance of the Queen Dowager of Scotland. With the Lordship and Castle of Stirling, and the lands of Balquhidder and others, it was settled on Margaret, Queen Dowager of James IV., and eldest daughter of Henry VII. of England, in whose right her great-grandson, James VI. of Scotland, succeeded to the English Crown on the death of Queen Elizabeth. It thus became for some time the residence of Royalty itself. Margaret had been but a short time a widow when she married Archibald Douglas, sixth Earl of Angus. Their union turned out unhappy. The Earl was second in power to no baron in the kingdom, and had an attractive person and showy accomplishments; but, as Lord Dacre, the English Ambassador, described him, he "was childish, young, and attended by no wise counsellors." Ambition, not affection, prompted the alliance with the Queen Dowager; and he proved ere long a negligent and an unfaithful husband. Passionately attached to him at first, she lavished on him, not only her endearments, but vast treasures which the King her late husband had placed at her disposal. Her love, basely requited, by and by turned into hatred; quarrels and reconciliations succeeded; and she at length divorced the Earl, after having borne to him a daughter, the Lady Margaret Douglas, afterwards the mother of Darnley, and the grandmother of James VI.

Angus being thus disposed of, Margaret next united herself in marriage to her paramour, Henry Stewart, second son of Lord Evandale, afterwards Lord Ochiltree, whom she had previously made, first Treasurer, and then Chancellor of the kingdom. Her son, James V., raised his stepfather to the peerage; and, dissolving the barony of Methven from the Crown, he erected it into a temporal Lordship in favour of Henry Stewart and his heirs male; his mother resigning, as Queen Dowager, her jointure of the Lordship of Stirling. Fickle in her loves, like her brother Henry VIII. of England, she could by and by have divorced her third husband—she, indeed, made the attempt to do so, which, however, "for the sake of decency, was quashed by her son." She ended a most eventful and troubled life in Methven Castle, dying there in 1541, in the fifty-second year of her age; and was buried with great pomp in the church of the Carthusians at Perth, in the tomb of its founder James I.

The Lordship of Methven continued for some time in the possession of this branch of the Stewarts. After the death of the Queen-Dowager the first Lord Methven married Janet, daughter of the Earl of Athole, by whom he had a son, Henry, the second Lord Methven. He married Jean, daughter of Patrick Lord Ruthven, and was killed at Broughton, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, by a cannon ball from the Castle in the siege it suffered in the spring of 1572. He left a son by her, Henry, third Lord Methven, who died without issue in 1584, when the title became extinct.

The Lordship of Methven was then conferred on Ludowick, Duke of Lennox, a boundless favourite with James VI., as his father had been; and it continued in the Lennox family for eighty years.

In 1664 Patrick Smythe of Braco purchased the barony of Methven from Charles, the last Duke of Lennox, who died without issue in 1672; and his honours (of which the Methven peerage was one), and estates and hereditary offices fell to Charles II., his nearest male heir; the King's great-grandfather and the Duke's having been brothers. The Smythes still retain the property. The most historic of them is David, the great-grandson of Patrick of Braco. He was educated for the bar, and was promoted to the

bench. From 1793 to 1806 he was a Lord of Session, his title being Lord Methven.

The present Castle of Methven is a fine old baronial residence, which might fit a baronet or even a peer. It was built about two centuries ago, but large additions have since been made to it. It is finely situated too in charming grounds, and embosomed in wood, all of it beautiful, and some of it magnificent. Of one tree at it we read thus in the Statistical Account: —"The Pepper Well oak at Methven Castle is a tree of great picturesque beauty, and contains 700 cubic feet of wood; the trunk measures 17½ feet in circumference at three feet above the ground, and its branches cover a space of 98 feet in diameter. It has attained an increase of girth of three feet since the year 1796. In the year 1722 100 merks Scots were offered for this tree, and tradition reports that there is a stone in the heart of it, but, like the Golenos oak, it must be cut up to ascertain this."

In 1433 Walter Stewart, Earl of Athole, when in possession of the barony of Methven, formed the church of it into a Collegiate church, which it continued to be till the Reformation. He at the same time endowed it with lands and tithes. The aisle in the churchyard, now the burying place of the Smythes, but which formed part of the church of those days, is worthy of notice. In the wall of it is a stone, which has the Royal Lion of Scotland sculptured on it, with the Crown above, and Saxon letters below, so worn by the tooth of time as to be illegible. There is every reason to presume that this aisle was erected by a member of the Royal family; either by Margaret the Queen Dowager, when she resided at Methven; or by Walter, Earl of Athole, who, as we have said, was a son of Robert II., and therefore one of the Royal Princes.

Before leaving the churchyard, we may look for a moment to the Bell Tree in it; its age so great as to be unknown, and its size also a marvel. "At 3½ feet above the surface of the ground," says the Statistical Account, "this tree measures 20 feet in circumference; and it contains in all 380 cubic feet of timber. Forty years ago it exhibited a magnificent top, but wearied, as it were, of its former pliancy, it now chooses rather to break than bow, and yearly it does homage to the soil which nourishes it, by surrendering a portion of its withered branches."

On the delightful sylvan bank on the north side of the Almond is Lynedoch House, now, alas! a ruin. It was the seat and occasional residence of the celebrated General Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch. His father was Thomas Graham, Esq. of Balgowan, and his mother the Hon. Christian Hope, sixth daughter of Charles, first Earl of Hopetoun. His tutor was the famous M'Pherson, translator of Ossian's poems. On the 26th December, 1774, he himself married the Honourable Mary Cathcart, second daughter of Charles, ninth Lord Cathcart, whose portrait is one of the most admired in the National Gallery; and on the same day the elder sister, the Honourable Jane Cathcart, was married to John, fourth Duke of Athole. The Balgowan Grahams were descended of the Kincardine Grahams, who had Royal blood in them; the second wife of William Graham of Kincardine being the Princess Mary, second daughter of Robert III. The first Graham of Balgowan was John, a son of Graham of Garvock. He purchased Balgowan in 1581 from James, Lord Innermeath; and for the part which he acted in connection with the Gowrie conspiracy he was rewarded with several large slices of the Gowrie estates.

Thomas Graham had reached middle life before he gave himself to the military profession, and had acquired the lands of Lynedoch, by purchase, from Major Barry in 1785. His inconsolable grief for the loss of his wife in 1792 occasioned his travelling on the Continent; and, visiting Gibraltar, his intercourse with the officers of the garrison there led him to decide on devoting his life to arms. It is impossible in our space to give the details of his splendid military career. These will be found in his life, by his relative, Mr John Murray Graham of Murrayshall, mentioned by us when we were at Kinnoul; and when there we might have stated that on Murrayshall Hill his Lordship's biographer has raised a handsome obelisk to his memory, about thirty feet high, with this inscription on the south side:—"To the Memory of Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch," and on the opposite side—"Anno Dom., 1852, 14 Vic. Reg." We must content ourselves with saying generally that, from the beginning to the end of it, his Lordship's career is radiant with the lustre of rare sagacity, promptitude, energy, self-denial, devotion, and bravery; and with pointing to some proofs and illustrations of the justice of this estimate of it.

In 1793 Mr Graham entered on soldier life, as extra aide-de camp to Lord Mulgrave in the south of France. His Lordship gave him special thanks for his gallant and able services. Next year Perthshire honoured him by choosing him its Member of Parliament, and he continued to represent it for thirteen years. In 1795 he was raised to the rank of Colonel. His regiment being ordered into garrison in Gibraltar, and garrison life being too inactive for him, he, under permission, joined the Austrian army in 1796. Shut up with General Wurmser in Mantua, and provisions failing, he volunteered to convey intelligence of the state of matters to the Imperialist General, Alvinzi, at his headquarters at Bassano. This most daring and perilous service he accomplished in seven days, in the

disguise of a peasant; hiding by day, and travelling on foot by night; not seldom wading through mires and swamps, and always liable to be shot by French pickets, through whom much of his course lay.

Joining his regiment at Gibraltar in 1797, Colonel Graham did feats of skill and valour in Minorca and Sicily, which were gratefully acknowledged and highly lauded, and in 1800 Malta, notwithstanding its prodigious strength, was forced to surrender to him after a blockade of two years. At his own solicitation, he served as aide de-camp to Sir John Moore in his whole campaign of 1808. At Corunna, to which he had made the most masterly retreat upon record, Sir John received his death-wound in the fierce attack which the French made on the British troops. A cannon ball struck him in the left breast, carrying away his left shoulder, and part of the collar-bone, and leaving his arm hanging by the flesh. In one of his last inquiries as he was dying, he named Colonel Graham. He asked, "Are Colonel Graham and all my aides-de-camp well?" Nothing could have shewn more touchingly the place which the Colonel had in the dying hero's heart.

He was made Major-General in July, 1810, and shortly after Lieutenant-General; and was sent to take command of the British and Portuguese troops in Cadiz, then blockaded by the French. This command much enhanced his military renown. It culminated next year on the heights of Barossa, where, on the 5th March, he gave the French army, which was much more numerous than the British, a most signal defeat.

> Hark! Albuera thunders BERESFORD,
> And red Barossa shouts for dauntless GRAEME!"

The Barossa action lasted an hour and a half, when the French gave way at all points, and were in full retreat. Our loss in killed and wounded was twelve hundred and forty-three, among whom were several officers held in high estimation. The loss of the enemy was about three thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners, with six pieces of cannon. For this victory, General Graham received, with honest pride, the thanks of Parliament, saying, among other things, in reply to the Speaker, "I have formerly often heard you, Sir, eloquently and impressively deliver the thanks of the House to officers present, and never without an anxious wish that I might one day receive this most enviable mark of my country's regard. This honest ambition is now fully gratified, and I am more than ever bound to try to merit the good opinion of the House." At the same time he had conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. He had hitherto been only an Esquire, but this entitled him to the designation of a Knight.

In his History of the Peninsular War, Napier, referring to the battle of Barossa, passes a very high encomium on General Graham, contrasting him with his ally, La Pena, the Commander of the Spanish forces, who had the face to claim the victory for himself. "All the passages," says Napier, "in this extraordinary battle were so broadly marked, that observations would be useless. The contemptible feebleness of La Pena furnished a surprising contrast to the heroic vigour of Graham, whose attack was an inspiration rather than a resolution, so wise, so sudden was the decision, so swift, so conclusive was the execution."

After the battle of Barossa, Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Graham joined Wellington's army; performed an important part in the operations against Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz; visited England for an affection in his eyesight; and returned to the Peninsula in 1813, in time to share largely in the honour of winning the battle of Vittoria. The country resounded with his praise; Glen giving voice to the national sentiment in the song which began thus:—

> "Sing a' ye bards wi' loud acclaim,
> High glory gie to gallant Graham;
> Heap laurels on our Marshal's fame,
> Wha conquer'd at Vittoria."

He afterwards won like honours in the siege and capture of San Sebastian, and in crossing the Bidassoa, on the 7th October, in the face of the most obstinate resistance, and placing our troops on the soil of France.

Failing health now induced him to resign his command, and to return to England. On the 3d May, 1814, he again received the thanks of Parliament for his services, and was made a British Peer, by the title of Lord Lynedoch of Balgowan, in the county of Perth. A pension of £2000 a-year was granted him, which, with a noble disinterestedness, he declined to accept. In 1821 he was raised to the full rank of General; and, in addition to the other honours with which he was adorned, he was a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St Michael and St George, of the Tower and Sword in Portugal, and of the Spanish Order of St Ferdinand.

In his latter years, Lord Lynedoch resided chiefly in Italy for the sake of his health. But, when her Majesty visited Scotland in 1842, he could not resist the impulse to come to it, though he was then in the ninety-second year of his age, that he might join in the homage of loyalty and love offered to the Queen and her Royal Consort in the metropolis of his native land. And to his tenants he sent minute directions as to the triumphal arches, &c., with which they should honour the Royal party, as they passed through a part of his estates. He died in his house in London on the 18th December, 1843, aged ninety-

three; and, dying without issue, his title became extinct, and his estates devolved on his cousin, Robert Graham, Esq. of Redgorton.

We conclude our notice of the most illustrious man that Perthshire has produced, with three further tributes paid to his transcendant merits. First, that of Mr Abbot, Speaker of the House of Commons, who said of General Graham in 1813 that his was "a name never to be mentioned without the strongest expression of respect and admiration;" second, that of the Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who, speaking of his personal as well as professional excellencies, said, "Never was there a loftier spirit in a braver heart;" and, referring to his services in the retreat of the British army to Corunna, "In the hour of peril Graham was their best adviser, in the hour of disaster Graham was their surest consolation;" last, but not least, that of Sir Walter Scott:—

"Nor be his praise o'erpast, who strove to hide
Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound;
Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal denied;
Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
The wanderer went, yet, Caledonia! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground.
He dreamed, 'mid Alpine cliffs, of Athole's hill,
And heard, in Ebro's roar, his Lednoch's lovely rill.

"O, hero of a race renown'd of old,
Whose war cry oft has waked the battle swell,
Since first distinguished in the onset bold,
Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell
By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell;
Alderne, Kilsyth, and Tiber own'd its fame,
Tummel's rude pass can of its terror tell;
But ne'er from prouder field arose the name
Than when wild Ronda heard the conquering shout of
GRAEME!"

In Dronach Haugh, on the banks of the Almond, about half-a-mile west of Lynedoch House, is the grave of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray; the former, as we have already stated, the daughter of the Laird of Kinvaid, and the latter the daughter of the Laird of Lynedoch. They were intimate friends and companions; and in 1646, when the pestilence was mowing down its thousands, to be out of the way of it they, in a lovely and romantic spot called Burn Brae, on the side of Brauchie Burn, built a bower in which they were to live, secluded from society, till the dire visitation should pass away. A Perth youth, an admirer of both the young ladies, visited them in their retreat, and unwittingly carried the pest to them from the city. All the three fell victims to it; and were buried in Dronach Haugh, in the spot which Major Berry, a former proprietor of Lynedoch, tastefully enclosed, and at which the foot of many a visitor has trod softly, and his bosom heaved sadly. The Honourable Mrs Murray of Kensington, who paid it a visit in 1799, says:—"In this Arcadian meadow, under the hanging wood of Lednoch [the old name of Lynedoch], I came to a bit of ground, walled in, and on a stone in the wall I read this simple inscription—'The tomb of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray.' I plainly saw the marks of two graves, by the rising of the sod; the third, that of the lover, said to be at their feet, I could not find. These walls were raised, and within and without planted with all sorts of odoriferous shrubs and flowers, by the officer above-mentioned, who discovered the graves, unveiled the natural beauties of Lednoch, and brought them to perfection."

The fine old Scottish lyric, embodying the touching story of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, will be a favourite while Scotland endures.

"O, Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes;
They theekit it o'er wi' rashes green,
They theekit it o'er wi' heather,
But the pest cam' frae the burrows town,
And slew them baith thegither.

They thought to lie in Methven Kirk
Amang their noble kin,
But they maun lie on Lynedoch brae,
To beek forenent the sun.
O, Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,
They were twa bonnie lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it o'er wi' rashes."

The first Reformed minister of Methven was Alexander Young. He had been the Prior of the Carmelite Monastery of Tullilum; but, embracing the Reformed religion, he was settled in Methven prior to 1567. In the evil times for Presbytery, the parish had some ministers noted as staunch and zealous Presbyterians. William Buchanan, translated to it from Fowlis-Wester in 1607, had the year before signed the Protest to Parliament against the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland. His successor, Robert Murray, was one of the fifty-five ministers who subscribed the Protestation for the Liberties of the Kirk in 1617; he exerted himself much to induce his brethren in Perthshire and Stirlingshire to join in a supplication to the Privy Council in behalf of the Kirk in 1637; he was a member of the Glasgow Assembly in 1638; and was otherwise much distinguished in his day. The famous George Gillespie married his daughter Margaret. His son and successor, John Murray, joined the Protesting party in the Church in 1651; and was appointed by Cromwell in 1655 on the Commission for visiting the Universities, and for authorising godly and able men to enjoy

their livings in the ministry in the provinces of Perth, Fife, and Angus. He was also one of those who subscribed what the Prelatists, when their day of power came, stigmatized as "ane dangerous and seditious paper tending to the disturbance of the peace of the kingdome;" for which they were imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle in August, 1660, and had their stipends sequestrated in September thereafter. So much was he hated and dreaded that he was summoned before Parliament in June, 1661, for high treason. He died in the November following.

In more recent times, Methven figures somewhat conspicuously in the ecclesiastical world. In 1748, James Oswald, minister of Dunnet, was presented to the vacant charge by the patron, David Smythe, Esq., and intruded on the parish against the will of the people. The call to him was signed by only two of the heritors, and twelve of the four hundred heads of families in the parish; and those twelve were with one exception, day-labourers of the patron. The Presbytery shrank from being parties to such a flagrant intrusion. The patron's agent carried the case to the General Assembly in May, 1750, which peremptorily ordered Oswald's admission on the 10th of July. The Presbytery disobeyed. Their conduct came before the Commission in November, which sisted them at its bar, and rebuked them; and that the intrusion might not be further baulked, a riding Committee of the Commission was appointed to carry it into effect on the 12th December, 1750.

The result was the almost universal desertion of the parish church. All the elders left, and few families remained. The reclaimers applied to the General Associate Presbytery of Perth for a supply of sermon, which was granted; and thus originated the Secession Church in Methven. The promoters of it had great difficulties to surmount. The first was the obtaining of a site for building on, which the terror of the Castle made no easy matter. That being conquered, the next difficulty threatened for a time to be fatal. A church could not be built without building materials; and not a particle of these would the chafed patron give from his lands, which embraced almost the entire parish. The Laird of Logiealmond was applied to. He readily granted the materials required; which, however, had to be carried a distance of some four miles. As David Smythe, Esq. of Methven, looked out of his Castle windows one morning, he was alike surprised and mortified by the sight which met his eye—upwards of fifty carts passing, laden with stone and sand from the Bridge of Almond, for building the tabernacle of the hated and dreaded Sectaries.

GASK

The Roman Road from Ardoch to Orea intersects this parish, running along the ridge which forms the highest ground of it. It is about twenty feet broad, and is a causeway composed of rough stones laid close together. By the side of it were stations, the traces of which are still visible. They were enclosed by ditches, and were capable of containing from twelve to twenty persons. Those frequent stations were, it may be presumed, for the accommodation of the men who were employed in making the road; as also for their protection against the attacks of the natives, who jealously watched the invaders, and did what they could to oppose their progress.

The Romans have left another memorial of their presence in the parish in two camps, one on each side of the road. The vestiges of these are as distinct as to leave no reasonable doubt of what they were. In recent times there was found in one of them, about two feet and a half below the surface, a small, plain urn, capable of containing three English pints. It inclosed, we may believe, ashes that were dear to some one, probably a person of some note, in Agricola's legions.

Gask is the scene of one of the most thrilling chapters in the life of Wallace. When he revisited Perth, in 1296, in the disguise of a priest, a plot was laid for his capture, which made his enemies think themselves sure of him. It could hardly have failed had not his paramour, repenting of her baseness in giving information of his movements, warned him of his imminent danger. Bitterly mortified at his escaping them, the English, to assist them in discovering his retreat, had recourse to a "sleuth-hund," a species of blood-hound, which could trace a human being by the scent as unerringly as certain dogs can thereby trace a hare, or other game. An old author has given the following account of this remarkable animal. "In Scotland," says he, "are dogs of marvellous condition, above the nature of other dogs. The first is a hound of great swiftness, hardness, and strength, fierce and cruel upon all wild beasts, and eager against thieves that offer their masters any violence. The second is a rach, or hound, very exquisite in following the foote, (which is called drawing) whether it bee of a man or beast; yea, he will pursue any manner of fowle, and find out whatsoever fish haunting the land, or lurking amongst the rocks, especially the other, by that excellent scent of smelling wherewith he is indued. The third sort is no greater than the aforesaid raches, in colour for the most part red, with black spots, or else black and full of red markes. These

are so skilfull, (being used by practice) that they will pursue a thiefe, or thiefe-stolen goods, in the most precise manner, and finding the trespasser, with great audacity they will make a race upon him, or if he take the water for his safegard he shrinketh not to follow him ; and entering and issuing at the same places where the party went in and out, he never ceaseth to range till he hath noysed his footing, and bee come to the place wherein the thiefe is shrowdid or hid. These dogs are called sleuth-hounds. There was a law amongst the borderers of England and Scotland, that whosoever denied entrance to such a hound, in pursute made after felons and stolen goods, should be holden as accessary unto the theft, or taken for the selfe same thiefe."

Wallace's patriot band had lately been much reduced ; and in his present flight, near Elcho Park, he lost nine of them in a bloody encounter with his English pursuers. Only sixteen were left to him ; and with these he continued his retreat to Gask Wood. One of his followers, the Irish Fawdown, pretended that, exhausted by fatigue and disabled by wounds, he could no longer keep up with his companions. Wallace, strongly suspecting him of treacherous intent, instantly dispatched him.

"He bade him ga, and said the strength was ner ;
But he tharfor wald nocht fastir him ster,
Wallace in ire on the crag cam him ta
With his gud swerd, and strak the hed him fra."

When the English came up to the spot, the blood of Fawdown arrested the progress of the sleuth-hound. Their leader, Sir Gerald Heron, stooped down to examine the body of Fawdown. Kerle, who, with Stephen, had lingered behind, and, in the darkness of the night had mingled with the enemy, gave Heron as he stooped a mortal stab in the throat with his dagger. The cry of "treason" rose among the English ; and in the confusion Stephen and Kerle made their escape, and took to Loch Earn, to hide in its well wooded banks.

Wallace and the thirteen who now remained to him betook themselves to Gascon Ha', as the mansion of Gask was originally called. That Ha' was anterior to the "Bonny Gascon Ha'" which the Baroness Nairne has sung, and is believed to have stood about the middle of the present plantation of Gask. It was then deserted, and in a very dilapidated state, but the fugitives resolved to pass the night in it ; and a most memorable night it proved. Carrick, in his Life of Wallace, says :—"They put their place of refuge in as good a state of defence as its ruinous condition would admit ; and having procured a sheep from a neighbouring fold, they kindled a fire in the court-yard, and prepared for their evening repast. Wallace now wisely considered, from the fatigue his followers had undergone through the day, that however much they might stand in want of refreshment, a few hours repose would be absolutely necessary for recruiting their wearied and exhausted spirits, and rendering them fit for the arduous enterprise that awaited them in the morning. As soon, therefore, as they had allayed their hunger, he ordered them to betake themselves to rest, while he undertook to keep watch by himself.

"Surrounded by his sleeping companions, with no light but what the expiring embers afforded, the mind of Wallace became overshadowed with melancholy forebodings. Though in the late conflicts he had destroyed a great number of the enemy, his own little band had been almost annihilated ; and, in his present situation, he saw little probability of filling up their places with men on whom he could put the same dependence. Two of his most devoted partisans, Stephen and Kerle, had disappeared ; and he had every reason to suppose they were either slain, or fallen into the hands of the enemy. The apathy with which the most powerful of the nobility continued to witness the exertions of himself and his followers for the independence of their country, filled him with grief and indignation ; while, from the loss of so many brave friends in the late encounter, he was apprehensive his few remaining companions would now consider their undertaking as desperate. These reflections, aided by the consideration that he was actually surrounded by a force against which his expectations of success could not be very sanguine, tended to excite the most melancholy apprehensions.

"From this state of mind he was suddenly aroused by the blowing of horns, mingled with frightful yells, which seemed to proceed from a rising ground in the neighbourhood." Scouts sent out once and again to ascertain the cause, did not return ; and Wallace was left alone.

Past midnight, as the expiring faggots cast a flickering light on the ruins around him, "Wallace was suddenly startled by the shadow of a human figure. . . . From the feet to the shoulders, which was all of it that was visible, it seemed to be of uncommon dimensions ; and, what more particularly rivetted the attention of the forlorn chief, a human head hung dangling from its hand, in a manner that gave it the appearance of something supernatural. While gazing with intense anxiety on this singular object, its hand was slowly raised, and the head which it held, after striking the helmet of Wallace, fell with considerable violence among the dying embers before him. Snatching it up, he discovered, by the light of the moon, the pale and ghastly features of the 'ill-fated Fawdown ;' and, turning towards the place from whence it was thrown, he

observed the figure of a man endeavouring to descend by a broken part of the wall. In the excitement of the moment he hurled the head after it, and, drawing his sword, hastened from the Castle in pursuit of the strange intruder."

He wandered about in the wood till morning; and having, with the dawn, laid two Southrons whom he encountered in the dust, one of whom was no less a personage than Sir John Butler, he fled, directing his course to the Torwood, near to his uncle's at Dunnipace.

Gask has been long in the possession of the Oliphants, called originally Olifards. The Gask branch was descended from William Oliphant of Newton, the second son of Colin, Master of Oliphant, son of John, second Lord Oliphant of Aberdalgie.

The Oliphants of Gask make a conspicuous figure in the annals of the country in the last century. There were not in Scotland stauncher Jacobites than the two Laurences, father and son, or finer specimens of the old Scotch cavalier. Laurence the elder bore arms under the Earl of Mar in 1715. He was a leader among the rebels in 1745, and was made Governor of Perth when they got possession of it. Laurence the younger was one of the aides de-camp of Prince Charlie in 1745 6. Both father and son adhered to the Prince till the last. After Culloden they lurked for six months in Buchan, whence they escaped first to Sweden and then to France. They were both attainted; and continued in exile for seventeen years. For the sum of £16,000 relatives bought back Gask for them in 1753, much curtailed, however, in extent; and ten years after they were allowed to return to it.

The elder Laurence Oliphant was the "auld laird" of his granddaughter's song, "The Auld House." In 1745 Prince Charles honoured him with a visit at Gask, and allowed his "genty" wife, Amelia, a daughter of the second Lord Nairne, to take a lock of his hair. The visit elated them above measure, and the lock of hair was sacredly preserved. The Auld House, it may be noted, stood about fifty yards south of the present mansion, where a small portion of the ruin was left to mark the site; and the parish church and manse were then in the immediate neighbourhood of it. It had accommodated many successive generations of the Oliphants. The new one was erected in the beginning of this century, and connected with the flitting into it there is on record a somewhat striking incident. The Chief of Strowan, Duncan Robertson, father of the then Mrs Oliphant, insisted that the last article of furniture taken from the Auld House should be the family Bible, and that he should have the honour of carrying it to the new edifice. "Just as he had passed the threshold with his precious burden, the house door burst its hinges and fell heavily. The Chief had a narrow escape."

In respect of Jacobitism the younger Laurence was his father's son. Two of his children, Caroline and Charles, he named after "the King ower the water." When Charles died, and the Cardinal of York succeeded him, and most of the Scottish Jacobites transferred their allegiance to King George, Oliphant of Gask was only the more resolute and inflexible in his adherence to the desperate cause. His chaplain he at once dismissed for conforming to the new order of things. The "German Lairdie and his Leddy" he would not allow to be named King and Queen in his presence, or to be otherwise indicated than by the initial letters K and Q. George III., hearing of his singular constancy, gave the Member of Parliament for Perthshire this commission to him:—"Give my compliments—not the compliments of the King of England, but those of the Elector of Hanover—to Mr Oliphant, and tell him how much I respect him for the steadiness of his principles."

Dr Rogers has thus summarised the Laird's Jacobite history and character, in the Memoir of his daughter Caroline, Baroness Nairne:—"Often must she have heard her father tell how he, a stripling of nineteen, supped with Prince Charlie at Blair in the very outset of the Forty-five; how he galloped to Edinburgh with the news of Prestonpans, and fought single-handed with Cope's runaway dragoons; how he and the Master of Strathallan discovered the enemy's movements after the battle of Falkirk; how the Prince exchanged with him a few words at Culloden after all was lost; how he and his father escaped from Scotland in the same ship with their kinsman Lord Nairne, and landed in Sweden, beggars in all but honour; how he suffered from asthma during his seventeen years of banishment; how kind messages used to come from the Royal family at Rome; how he was picked up by King Louis after a fall out hunting. The Laird was now a feeble old man, dealing in old proverbs; prone to researches as to the Oliphant pedigree, wherein he showed more zeal than knowledge. . . . His great delight was to accumulate relics of his beloved King, a number of which are still preserved at Gask—such as Prince Charlie's bonnet, spurs, cockade, crucifix, and a lock of his hair."

To the relics named may be added a child's head, drawn by Prince Charlie when he was a boy, and a shot bag which the Prince had used; as also a letter of the Prince, which, notwithstanding its poor composition and even spelling, the Laird would lay up among his most precious treasures. We may say *en passant*, that the orthography at Gask itself seems to

have been a little abnormal—hence when a *chaise* was once in an emergency ordered from Perth, the article wanted being spelled a *cheese*, instead of a vehicle a large "kebbuck" was sent. Charlie's letter ran thus:—

"Florence, ye 21 Feby., 1783.

"Mr Cowley,

"It gives me a sensible pleasure, ye remembrance of Oliphant of Gask. He is as worthy a subject as I have, and his family never deroged from their principals. Not douting in ye leaste of ye son being ye same, make them both know these my sentiments, with ye particular esteem that follows a rediness to prove it, iff occasion offered.

"Yr sincere friend,

"Charles R.

"For Mr Cowley, Prior of ye English Benedictines at Paris."

The glory of the Gask family was the daughter of the younger of the two Laurences, whom we have been commemorating, Caroline, the "Flower of Strathearn," who became Baroness Nairne, and of whom we shall have more to say when we come to Nairne. The Auld House of Gask, the house of her birth, she has immortalised in the song we have already alluded to, and which would have been enough to immortalise herself, though she had never written another line. We insert it, not only for its exquisite tenderness and beauty, but also for its historic and local allusions:—

"THE AULD HOUSE.

"Oh, the auld house, the auld house,
What tho' the rooms were wee!
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee;
The wild rose and the jessamine
Still hang upon the wa',
How mony cherish'd memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

"Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird,
Sae canty, kind, and crouse,
How many did he welcome to
His ain wee dear auld house!
And the leddy, too, sae genty,
There sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
Frae his lang yellow hair.

"The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The bluebells sweetly blaw,
The bonny Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa'.
The auld house, the auld house,
Deserted tho' ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

'Still flourishing the auld pear tree
The bairnies liked to see,
And, oh, how often did they speir
When ripe they a' would be!
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there,
The merry shout—oh! while's we greet
To think we'll hear nae mair!

"For they are a' wide scattered now,
Some to the Indies gane,
And ane, alas! to her lang hame;
Not here we'll meet again.
The kirkyaird, the kirkyaird!
Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Shelter'd by the holly's shade,
An' the dark, sombre yew.

"The setting sun, the setting sun,
How glorious it gaed down!
The cloudy splendour raised our hearts
To cloudless skies aboon!
The auld dial, the auld dial,
It tauld how time did pass;
The wintry winds hae dung it doon,
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass."

We must not leave Gask without pointing to the Witch Knowe on the north side of the Roman Road. We read in the Statistical Account of a number of human bones being dug up here a few years ago, all entire, particularly two skulls; and that the tradition is that witches were burned on this knowe; which receives countenance from the vestiges of coal cinders to be seen on it. We see no ground for questioning the truth of the tradition. When the rest of Scotland was so grievously infested with witches, why should Gask escape? Or why should it be imagined that it would be behind its neighbours in executing judgment meet upon the wicked crew?

TIBBERMORE.

If the dike or weir, called "Low's Wark," which stretches across the Almond at the point where the Town's Lade is taken out of it, is to be regarded as an Historic Scene, it is perhaps the oldest such scene in the parish of Tibbermore. It is, unquestionably, one of the oldest extant specimens of the engineering skill of our ancestors. The work is said to have been admirably executed, and to be a model for strength. The age of it is unknown. It is undoubted that it is as old as the days of Alexander II. (1214-1249), who, in some of his charters, makes mention of the Lade as his Mill Lade. Some have affirmed that it is as old as the days of Malcolm Canmore, the mills of Perth being then in operation; which they could not have been without the supply of water which the aqueduct brings from this part of the river. A third

class make it as old as the days of the Romans in this country, who, they say, constructed the weir and the lade for the purpose of filling with water the fosse surrounding the walls with which they fortified their Victoria. However this may have been, certain it is that Perth has enjoyed for a very long period the invaluable privilege of the water turned into the Town's Lade at Low's Wark. The water has also been of inestimable service between the Wark and the Town, meeting the requirements of the bleachfield and printfield, and flour and barley mills of Huntingtower and Ruthven. It has likewise been, from a date lost in antiquity, the motive power of the mill machinery at Balhousie. It is said that, in olden times, a crafty laird of Balhousie asked of the King a bootful of water from the lade for his estate. The King granted the very trivial boon requested; but learned afterwards, to his surprise, that the boot meant was a boot without a sole, and that the bootful of water granted was enough to drive the laird's mill.

The Almond is now the northern boundary of the parish. But, prior to the Reformation, there was a parish, named St Serfs, which extended some way on both sides of the river. The church of St Serfs, too, which was the principal place of worship for much of what is now the parish of Tibbermore, was on the north of the Almond, and so not very accessible to the people on the south side of it. If we may believe Mylne in his History of the Bishops of Dunkeld, a melancholy incident occasioned the abandonment of St Serfs, and the transference of the seat of worship to the other side. He says, "That a son of Lord Ruthven, having come to this church (St Serfs) to be baptised, was drowned in the River Almond in returning home, and that from that time the church of St Mary's, at Tippermuir, became the parish church of the whole lands of that side of the river." In Popish times, "St Mary's" was the mensal kirk of Dunkeld, and it appears that the Bishops of Dunkeld often resided in Tibbermore. Bishop Geoffrey died at it in 1249, and Bishop Sinclair in 1337. It is not improbable that the place of their residence was Tullilum, in the east end of the parish, where, in Popish times, stood a Convent of the Carmelites. Beside the Convent, in 1262, Richard Inverkeithing, Bishop of Dunkeld, built a chapel and a house. The Synods of the diocese of Dunkeld were held in that chapel till 1460, when Bishop Thomas Lauder removed them to his own cathedral. And it is not unlikely that the house by the side of the chapel was the residence of the bishops when they were in Tibbermore.

The great Historic Scene in this parish is Ruthven Castle, as it was called originally, or Huntingtower Castle, as it has been called latterly; the seat of the noble family of the Ruthvens. The first of them that appeared in Scotland was Swan, the son of Thor, believed to have been of Saxon or Danish blood. He settled in the country in the time of David I. (1124-1153); and with other lands in Perthshire, got those of Ruthven, from which he took his surname.

Sir William de Ruthven, the seventh in descent from Swan, was ennobled by James III. in 1487, by the title of Lord Ruthven. His eldest son fell at Flodden, and his daughter, Margaret, Countess of Buchan, was afterwards married to John Erskine of Dun. Lord Ruthven adhered to James when so many of the nobles rose in rebellion against him; and appeared for him at the head of a thousand gentlemen well mounted and thoroughly armed, with a thousand archers and a thousand infantry. He was slain fighting for him on the fatal field of Sauchieburn.

His successor was his grandson, William, son of the Master of Ruthven. He was made an extraordinary Lord of Session; and was one of the earliest and most ardent and influential friends of the Reformation in Scotland. Calderwood describes him as "a stout and discreet man in the cause of God," and as bitterly hated of Cardinal Beaton for "his knowledge of the Word." He had the barony of Dirleton, with other valuable accessions to his estate, by his wife, Janet, eldest of the three daughters and co-heiresses of Patrick, Lord Hallyburton of Dirleton.

Their eldest son, Patrick, third Lord Ruthven and Dirleton, was, like his father, a leal Protestant, and acted a very prominent part in the struggle which the Lords of the Congregation had first with the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise, and next with her daughter, Queen Mary. When the latter, in 1563, asked in Council, with reference to John Knox who had issued a circular requesting certain Protestant Lords to meet in Edinburgh in October, "Who gave him authority to convocate my subjects? Is not that treason?"—Lord Ruthven promptly and boldly answered, "No Madam, he convocateth the people to hear prayers and sermons almost daily, and whatever your Grace and others will think thereof, we think it no treason." "Hold your peace," said the Queen, "and let him answer for himself." Knox did answer for himself; and Mary found him a sharper and weightier respondent than the baron would have been. In the end of that year, the General Assembly made Lord Ruthven one of the revisers of the Book of Discipline. He was a chief actor in the murder of Rizzio in 1566. Darnley had by a private passage entered the apartment when Mary was supping, and taken his seat beside her, lovingly throwing his arm around her waist, when Ruthven, clad in complete armour, broke in, "just risen from a sickbed, his features sunk and pale, his voice hollow, and his appearance haggard and terrible." Rizzio, realising at once that

he was the destined victim, sprang for protection behind the Queen, grasped her clothes, and cried to her to save him. "In a moment, his fate was decided. One ruffian threatened Mary with his dagger, another held a pistol to her breast, a third, snatching the King's dagger, stabbed Rizzio over her shoulder; and at last, tearing him from the closet amidst the shrieks of the women, and the shouts and execrations of the conspirators, they dispatched him, or rather cut him to pieces, in an adjoining apartment, with fifty six wounds." Darnley forthwith basely abandoned Ruthven, and he fled to England, where he died three months after.

William, fourth Lord Ruthven, and second son of the third, had aided his father in the murder of Rizzio. Mary, after the birth of her son, pardoned him and all his accomplices, with the exception of George Douglas and Andrew Ker. He adhered to the party to which his father and grandfather had belonged, and had a like high place in it. He joined the confederate Lords against Bothwell in 1567, and was one of the leaders of their army. On the surrender of Mary at Carberry Hill, he and Lord Lindsay conducted her, the following night, to Loch Leven Castle. He was also conjoined with Lindsay in the commission extorted from her, which empowered them in her name to renounce the government. Ruthven fought against her at Langside, and gave her faction a heavy blow, in preventing Huntly from joining it at the head of a thousand foot from the north. His Lordship was made Treasurer of the Kingdom for life, a Privy Councillor, Lieutenant of the Borders, and an extraordinary Lord of Session; and, in 1581, he was raised to the dignity of an Earl, by the title of Earl of Gowrie; and a considerable part of the lands of the Monastery of Scone was bestowed on him.

The Earl's wife was Lady Dorothea Stewart, daughter of Henry, Lord Methven. Their eldest daughter married James, fourth Earl of Montrose, and was the mother of the Great Marquis. A most romantic story is told of another of their daughters, perhaps the youngest, who, while all her sisters married noblemen, became the wife of a squire, James Wemyss of Pittencrieff. Her wooer was disdained by the family on account of his inferior rank, and his addresses discouraged. When he visited Ruthven Castle it was by stealth; and the place in which he was concealed was the tower opposite to that in which the young lady had her rooms. The Castle then consisted of two battlemented towers, without the lower range of building, by which these were afterwards connected. One night, the squire being stowed in his usual hiding-place, the young lady, before the doors of the Castle were shut, had joined him in his apartment. An officious tattling domestic gave the Countess the hint. She hastened to surprise and separate the lovers. Hearing her mother's footsteps as she approached, the young lady ran to the top of the leads, and leaped to the opposite tower, the chasm being nine feet four inches wide, and sixty feet deep. She alighted safely on the battlement, and crept instantly into her bed. There, in a few minutes, her astonished mother found her, and upbraided herself for the wrong she had done her innocent daughter, in believing Abigail's information. Next night she eloped with her suitor, and they were united in the holy bands of wedlock. The space between the towers of the Castle was ever afterwards called "The Maiden's Leap."

The Raid of Ruthven, in which the first Earl of Gowrie played a chief part, took place in 1582. The object of it was twofold; first, to take the young King James, then only sixteen years old, out of the hands of his two favourites, Arran and Lennox, upstarts whom the old nobility could not bear; and, second, to deliver the country from the dangers to which the arbitrary and Prelatic principles and policy of James and his favourites were exposing both "religion and the commonwealth." James had been enjoying the pleasures of the chase in Athole, and on his way south to Edinburgh he was invited by the Earl of Gowrie to stop at Ruthven Castle. He accepted the invitation. He had not been long in the Castle when it was surrounded by a thousand men. Gowrie and Mar, entering into his presence, removed his guards, and presented a list of grievances, the redress of which they urgently demanded. James was studiously courteous and gracious; yet he felt uneasy, and betrayed next morning the utmost impatience to depart. Preparing to take horse, Glammis told him that the Lords present deemed it safer that he should continue at Ruthven. James insisted on leaving instantly. The rude baron prevented him, placing his leg across the doorway of the chamber and commanding him to remain. The King entreated and expostulated in vain against this invasion of his liberty. It was too plain that he was a captive in the hands of Gowrie and other Lords, who had confederated to get hold of his person, and so to direct and control his government. On finding himself in this condition he burst into tears, and was consoled by Glammis with the remark, "Better bairns greet than bearded men."

The General Assembly of the Kirk and the Convention of Estates took the side of the Ruthven Lords, as the Raiders were usually called, and justified and commended their conduct. James yielded to circumstances. He issued a proclamation approving of the Ruthven enterprise, declared himself to be at full

liberty, and forbade all his subjects to make any attempt against the parties concerned in the Raid. But circumstances changed, and James changed with them. In May, 1583, he made his escape from the hands into which he had fallen in the previous August. Arran got back to Court, and was re-established in his former ascendancy; the Ruthven Raid was pronounced treason, and those implicated in it provided for their safety as they best could. In December James visited Ruthven Castle, when he was royally entertained, and the Earl, falling down before him, and professing profound sorrow for the share he had in detaining His Majesty when he was last there, obtained a pardon under the Great Seal. Soon after this, however, he was commanded to leave Scotland, and to exile himself into France. Coming to Dundee to embark for it, he lingered, and yielded to the temptation of entering into another plot with Angus, Mar, and Glammis, which was to take Stirling Castle by surprise, and rescue the King from the hated Arran, who again ruled him. The plot was discovered, and cost Gowrie his life. He lodged in the house of one William Drummond, a burgess of Dundee. Captain William Stewart, with a body of a hundred men, surrounded the house, and, in spite of a brave and prolonged defence, took the Earl prisoner, and conveyed him to Edinburgh. After a very informal trial, he was found guilty of treason, and was beheaded at Stirling the same evening between eight and nine o'clock.

In addition to his being "taen to the skaffold beside the mercat-croce of Striveling, and thair his heid strikkin frae his body, and denounced as a traitor," his doom was, "that he hes forfaltit and tint all his landis, heretaigeis, possessionis, takis, stedingis, offices, lyferentis, actionis, debtis, and utheris guidis, movable and unmovable, to be applyit, uptakin, and desponit be our souerane Lord at his pleasour." This forfeiture was reversed, and the titles and estates were restored in 1586 to his son James, who succeeded him as second Earl of Gowrie. He died in 1588, in his fourteenth year; and was succeeded by his brother John as third Earl. As we narrated when at Perth, he and his brother Alexander, Master of Ruthven, perished in the "Gowrie Conspiracy"; and the family of Ruthven was extirpated, and the name abolished; so that the threat of King James was carried into effect, that he would "root out the whole house and name."

After the forfeiture of the last Earl of Gowrie, the Castle and barony of Ruthven were conferred by James VI. on the family of Tullibardine. They afterwards came by marriage to the Athole family, by whom, in the second decade of this century, the lands were divided into a number of small estates and sold. In these degenerate days the Castle has become familiar with calico-printers and their industrial art.

The Ruthvens were for long the Lord Provosts of Perth. Lord William was Provost as far back as 1529; and, from that date till the end of the century, members of the family held the office for much the greater part of the time. The local struggle between the friends and the enemies of the Reformation turned more than once on which of them should have the Provostship of the city.

Near the Castle of Ruthven was a once famous well, which must be adverted to. It had preternatural healing virtue, which it lost only when people lost faith to be healed. In 1618, two women were delated before the Kirk Session of Perth, "who, being asked if they were at the well in the bank of Huntingtower last Sabbath, if they drank thereof, and what they left at it, answered, that they drank thereof, and that each of them left a prin thereat; which was found to be a point of idolatry, in putting the well in God's room." They were sentenced to pay a fine of six shillings each, and to make a public repentance. Five years after, Janet Jackson was cited before the same tribunal for following the advice of a witch, in employing Isobel Haldane "to go silent to the well of Ruthven, and silent back again, with water to wash her bairn." It was admitted that "Isobel brought the water and washed the bairn therewith, and put the bairn through a cake made of nine curns of meal gotten from women, married maidens"; which was said to be a common practice used for curing bairns of the cake-mark.

At Tibbermore the Marquis of Montrose fought his first battle with the Covenanters, on Sabbath, 1st September, 1644. He had shortly before made his way from England, when Marston Moor had told so fatally on the cause of Charles, to Scotland in disguise; attended only by two trusty companions, Sir William Rollock and Colonel Sibbald. He was habited as a groom; and, mounted on a sorry nag, and leading another in his hand, he rode behind his two associates, who gave themselves out to be officers of Lord Leven's army. They never halted till they reached the Lowlands of Perthshire; and after resting there with a friend for a few days, the Marquis, still in disguise, pushed into the Highlands. His project was to raise the clans, to unite them with two thousand Irishmen promised him by the Earl of Antrim, and, at the head of both, to make a desperate effort to retrieve the Royal cause. In Athole he met Allaster M'Donald, or Colkitto, as he was commonly called, with about twelve hundred of the Irish who had been promised him, increased by about two hundred Highlanders from Athole and Badenoch. He was dressed in the Highland garb, and had in his

pocket a commission from Charles to be Lieutenant-General of His Majesty's forces in Scotland, and another commission to Colkitto to be Lieutenant-Colonel. At Blair he raised the Royal standard. Eight hundred Athole men, including the Robertsons of Strowan, speedily rallied around it. So did three hundred of the Gordons of Badenoch. He immediately resolved on the capture of Perth; and on his way to it, at the Hill of Buchanty, he was joined by Lord Kilpont, eldest son of the Earl of Menteith; by the Master of Madderty, eldest son of John, second Lord Madderty; and by Sir John Drummond, fourth son of John, second Earl of Perth. They had with them from four to five hundred men, entrusted to them by the Covenanters for the defence of the country; but their leaders, setting an example of treachery which was too aptly imitated, took them over with them to the side of the invaders.

To oppose Montrose, and to protect Perth, the Covenanters had mustered on the plain of Tibbermore, about three miles west of the Fair City. They had several advantages. They were from six to seven thousand strong, double the number of the Royalists. They had seven or eight hundred horse, and nine cannon; whereas the Royalists had neither cavalry nor artillery, and only three horses in their whole army. On the other hand, they had their disadvantages. Most of them were raw levies, many of them "honest burghers" from the towns of Perthshire and Fifeshire, who had seldom, if ever, handled a weapon of war, or felt the smell of gunpowder; whereas the Royalists had in their ranks many veterans, and several choice specimens of the ardour and strength and valour and ferocity of the clans. They were badly officered, withal, some of the chief of their commanders being traitors in heart to the cause, and others of inferior rank having neither skill nor experience in warfare.

The Earl of Tullibardine commanded the main body of the Covenanters; Lord Elcho, the right wing; and Sir James Scott, the left. Lord Drummond had command of the cavalry, which was stationed at each end of the line. The cannon was placed in front.

The Covenanters, who had many of their ministers with them, were engaging in devotional exercises. Shortly after noon, the firing of musketry was heard, and the enemy forthwith appeared.

Montrose drew up his forces in one extended line, three deep. The front rank kneeled on one knee; the second stooped; and the third, composed of the tallest men, stood erect. The Irish auxiliaries, who had seen much military service, were placed in the centre, armed with muskets alone; Lord Kilpont and his contingent, who were chiefly horsemen, were placed on the left; and Montrose himself, on foot, and armed with a target and spike, took his station on the right at the head of the Atholemen, who were opposed to much the strongest division of the Covenanting force. "Be sparing of your powder," he said, "we have none to throw away. Let not a musket be fired except in the face of the enemy. Give but a single discharge, and then at them with the claymore in the name of God and the King."

A skirmish with the cavalry of the Covenanters began the action. They were quickly routed by a charge of the Highlanders, under a heavy fire of musketry from the Irish auxiliaries. Driven back on the infantry, some confusion ensued among their ranks; perceiving which, Montrose instantly commanded his whole line to advance, which it did with irresistble fury. The Covenanters gave way on all sides, the left wing under Sir James Scott being the last to do so. But in a very short space of time, the rout was general and irretrievable. "On Montrose's side we have the first instance of that simple tactic by which many Highland victories were afterwards gained. Those who had pieces discharged them and threw them down; then all swept forward in the great rush that must be destructive either to their enemies or themselves. In this instance the rush was successful—the confused mass of people at once broke and scattered."

The Royalists won an easy victory at little or no loss of men to themselves; and all the artillery, arms, and baggage of the Covenanters fell into their hands. The loss of the latter on the field of battle was about three hundred; among whom were "the young Laird of Rires, in Fife; Patrick Oliphant, younger of Bachilton; George Haliburton of Keilor, in Angus; David Grant, captain for the burgh of Perth; Alexander Ramsay; John Duff; and Andrew Anderson; with many brave men from Fife, the burghs of St Andrews, Cupar, and Kirkcaldy, and other towns, and sundry from the landward parishes of the shire of Perth." The carnage in the pursuit was very much greater. Wishart says, "Most of the cavalry saved themselves by the fleetness of their horses; but there was a very great slaughter among the foot, the conquerors pursuing for about six or seven miles. The number of the slain was computed to be about two thousand, and many more were taken prisoners." And to the slain by the foe must be added not a few 'prentice soldiers who were killed by the flight and the fright. "Many were bursten in the flight, and died without a stroke."

Baillie in his letters ascribes the victory of the Royalists at Tibbermore to the "villainy of Lord Drummond," who, he alleges, exhorted those under his command to flee when on the point of joining battle. This view implies a grievous charge against

his Lordship; but it is certainly not discountenanced by the fact that, in a few days, Lord Drummond and his friend Oliphant of Gask openly deserted the Covenanters, and joined Montrose.

The scene of the battle was in the southern part of the parish, and it extended into the contiguous parish of Aberdalgie. The writer of the Statistical Account says that the Covenanters "were encamped in the south of the parish the night before the battle, where traces of this encampment are still in some places distinctly visible." He adds, that the fathers of the last generation "well remembered that it was in their youth no uncommon thing for those engaged in trenching the ground in the neighbourhood to find gun bullets, broken spears, and many other memorials of this disastrous battle."

From the field of victory Montrose proceeded that afternoon to Perth, and invested it; and next day it opened its gates to him.

We stated when at Methven, that the first Reformed minister of Methven was Thomas Zoung, or Young, who, in Popish times, had been Prior of the Carmelite Convent at Tullilum. We may note here, that he was also the first Reformed minister of Tibbermore, to which he was transferred from Methven in 1572.

Alexander Balnevis was minister of Tibbermore in 1644. On the morning of the battle of Tibbermore, Montrose called at his house. Balnevis waited on him, and at his request gave him a drink of water. Accused of doing so before the Presbytery, his answer was, "however they might now find fault with them who had shewn any civility to the Marquis, yet there was not one of them who, about the time of the battle, durst have refused to kiss in the meanest manner the Marquis if he had commanded them to do so." He was deposed in 1692 for non-residence, and supine negligence.

The late well known and much esteemed Rev. Dr John Inglis, Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, father of the present Lord President of the Court of Session, was minister of Tibbermore from 1785 to 1799.

ABERDALGIE.

The battle of Dupplin was fought in this parish on the 6th August, 1332. In the July preceding, the Scots had sustained an inestimable loss in the death of their Regent, the veteran Randolph, Earl of Moray. He was succeeded by Donald, Earl of Mar, who had no military experience, and no talents of any kind to qualify him for the high office. Edward Baliol, eldest son of John Baliol, deemed this a fit juncture for renewing his claims to the throne of Scotland. He was secretly encouraged by Edward III., and strongly supported by the Lords who, when Robert Bruce had achieved the independence of the kingdom, were disinherited of the Scottish estates which Edward I. had given them for aiding him in subjugating the country. Baliol appeared in the Firth of Forth with an English fleet; disembarked at Kinghorn; drove before him the Earl of Fife, who had tried to oppose him with such a small force as he could hastily collect; and, marching across the country, encamped at Forteviot, his front being defended by the Earn. The Regent, who had an army vastly more numerous than that of Baliol, drew them up on Dupplin Moor, on the north side of the river; and the Earl of March, with another army scarcely inferior in numbers, was only a few miles distant on the enemy's left flank. But Baliol had friends among the Scots, who betrayed them. Andrew Murray of Tullibardine pointed the English to a ford by which they might safely cross, marking the place by fixing a stake in it. Setting out at midnight, they did cross the Earn by that ford; approached the camp of the Scots with the utmost silence; and took them wholly by surprise. The route was inevitable and complete, and the loss of life appalling. The Regent himself was among the slain, with the Earls of Carrick, Moray, and Menteith, and many others of high rank. The name of Hay would have been extinct, had not William, the head of the family, left his wife with an unborn child. Thirteen thousand men were left dead on the field, and not a few more were drowned in the river. Sinclair, Bishop of Dunkeld, and Macduff, Earl of Fife, were among the prisoners taken.

A stone cross in a field to the west of Dupplin Castle marks the scene of this bloody battle.

Tullibardine did not long escape the doom he deserved. About two months after, he was made a prisoner at Perth, tried for his treason, and condemned and executed.

Aberdalgie owes its place in history chiefly to two historic families connected with it. The one of these is the Oliphants or Olifards, a branch of whom we met with at Gask. The first of them of whom we have any account was David de Oliphant. He came to Scotland from Winchester with David I. in 1141. David's niece, Maude, having provoked the ire of the Londoners, had fled for refuge to the Castle of Winchester. David had accompanied her thither. Stephen followed and besieged them; and would have made David his prisoner, had he not been rescued by a Scots soldier in Stephen's army, to whom David

had happened to be godfather. That soldier was David de Oliphant. The King brought him home with him; and rewarded him with grants of land, and with the Justiciarship of Lothian. He was the first that we read of as holding this office in Scotland. He was succeeded in the office by his eldest son, David, who was in high favour with Malcolm IV. and William the Lion. His second son, Walter, was one of the hostages for the release of the latter in 1174; and his grandson, Sir Walter, was Justiciar of Lothian.

Sir Walter's grandson, Sir William, was one of the most distinguished of the Scottish patriots in the days of Wallace and Bruce. Governor of Stirling Castle, he, with a small garrison, bravely defended it for three months against all the power of Edward I. It was the last fortress in Scotland that was given to the invader. When it was forced to surrender, every indignity was heaped on its gallant defenders. "They were compelled to go in procession to the tent of Edward, stript to their shirts and drawers, their heads and feet bare, and on their knees to acknowledge their guilt, and to give themselves up to his mercy." On submitting to this humiliation, their lives were spared. The garrison were consigned to different prisons in England; and Sir William Oliphant was sent to the Tower of London, where he lay a captive for four years. His name is at the famous letter which the Scots sent to the Pope in 1320, nobly asserting the independence of the country.

The patriot's son, Sir Walter, married the Princess Elizabeth, youngest daughter of King Robert Bruce. The dowry in lands which she brought with her considerably extended the possessions of the family; and about that time David II., brother of the Princess, erected the lands of Gask into a free barony. John, the grandson of Walter and the Princess, Robert II. knighted. Sir John's grandson, also Sir John, fell in the battle of Arbroath. He had married a daughter of Walter Ogilvy of Auchterhouse; and hence his participation in the quarrels of the Ogilvies and the Lindsays. His son, Sir Laurence, James II. raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Oliphant of Aberdalgie. James III. made him a Lord of Session, a Privy Councillor, and Sheriff of Perthshire. He was also of the Privy Council of James V., who created him a Baron.

The list of the Lords Oliphant of Aberdalgie increased to eleven before the title became extinct. The eleventh was William, son of Charles Oliphant of Langton, one of the principal Clerks of Session. He died in 1751, acknowledging Laurence Oliphant of Gask to be the heir of his peerage; who, however, being as we have seen attainted for his share in the Rebellion of 1745, did not assume the title.

There is not much on record about their Lordships that is very notable; not much, at least, that has come in our way. Colin and Laurence, the latter Abbot of Inchaffray, sons of John, second Lord Oliphant, both fell on the fatal field of Flodden. Laurence, third Lord, was one of the nobles taken prisoner at the rout of Solway. The fourth Lord was also Laurence; and between him and his neighbour Lord Ruthven was a feud which had tragic issues in 1580. Chambers, in his Domestic Annals of Scotland, gives this account of it:—"Lord Ruthven and Lord Oliphant were at feud, in consequence of a dispute about teinds. The former, on his return from Kincardine, where he had been attending the Earl of Mar's marriage, passed near Lord Oliphant's seat of Dupplin, near Perth. This was construed by Oliphant into a bravado on the part of Ruthven. His son, the Master of Oliphant, accordingly came forth with a train of armed followers, and rode hastily after Lord Ruthven. The foremost of Ruthven's party, taking a panic, fled in disorder, notwithstanding their master's call to them to stay. He was then obliged to fly also; but his kinsman, Alexander Stewart, of the house of Traquair, stayed to pacify the Oliphant party. He was shot with a harquebuss by one who did not know who he was, to the great grief of the Master.

"Lord Ruthven prosecuted the Master for this outrage. The Earl of Morton, out of regard to Douglas of Lochleven, whose son-in-law Oliphant was, gave his influence on that side, and thus incurred some odium, which probably helped to bring about his destruction soon after."

Notwithstanding this woeful feud, the Master of Oliphant joined in the Raid of Ruthven in 1582; for which, two years after, he and his brother-in-law Douglas were charged to quit the realm; and, in passing to the Continent, they were both drowned. They "were never seene again," says Calderwood, "they, nor shippe, nor anie belonging thereunto. The maner is uncertane: but the most common report was that, being invaded by Hollanders or Flushingers, and fighting valiauntlie, they slue one of the principall of their number, in revenge whereof they were all sunke; or, as others report, after they had randered (surrendered) they were hanged upon the mast of the shippe. They were two youths of great expectation."

Laurence, fifth Lord Oliphant, was a spendthrift, and dissipated a great part of his goodly heritage.

The other historic family connected with Aberdalgie is that of Kinnoul. After being the property of the Oliphants for upwards of three centuries, it passed from them in 1620 to the Earl of Morton, who, five years after, sold it to the Hays. Dupplin Castle, their principal seat, is a magnificent mansion, in the Elizabethan style, which cost upwards of £30,000,

and occupies the site of the old Castle, accidentally destroyed by fire in 1827.

The great family of the Hays is of Norman extraction, and came to England with William the Conqueror. The first of the family that we read of in Scotland was William de Haya, chief butler to Malcolm IV. The fifth in descent from William was Gilbert de Haya, Lord of Errol, a compatriot of Bruce. He, with his brother Hugh, did noble service to his country's King and cause; and Bruce made him Hereditary High Constable of Scotland.

The Hays of Kinnoul are of the same stock as the Hays of Errol, but of a younger branch of it. They are descended from George Hay, second son of Peter Hay of Megginch. George, having studied for years at the Scots College of Douay under his uncle, Father Hay, the Jesuit, was, on his return to his native country, introduced at Court; and, after giving him some other appointments of honour and emolument, James VI. knighted him in 1610; and made him Clerk Register in 1616, and Lord High Chancellor of Scotland in 1622. Charles I. created him Viscount Dupplin and Lord Hay of Kinfauns in 1627, and Earl of Kinnoul in 1633.

The Chancellor must have been a man of no common ability and sagacity; and his spirit and pluck are worthy of all admiration. On the morning of the day on which Charles was crowned at Edinburgh, Sir James Balfour, Lord Lyon, was sent to him with a very characteristic message from the King, who could never sufficiently exalt ecclesiastics, if they were of the right stamp. The message was an earnest request that the Chancellor would, for that day, give precedence to Spottiswood, Archbishop of St Andrews. The Chancellor replied, that "since His Majesty had been pleased to continue him in that office which, by his means, his worthy father of happy memory had conferred on him, he was ready in all humility to lay at His Majesty's feet. But since it was his royal will that he should enjoy it with the various privileges pertaining to the office, never a stoled priest in Scotland should set a foot before him while his blood was hot." This answer being reported to the King, he remarked, "Well, Lyon, I will meddle no further with that old cankered goutish man, at whose hands there is nothing to be gained but sour words."

Scott of Scotstarvit says of him:—"He was a man of little or no learning, yet had conquest a good estate, namely, the baronies of Kinnoul, Aberdalgie, Dupplin, Kinfauns, Seggieden, Dunninald, and many others; all which estates, in a few years after his decease, his son made havoc of."

In the era of the Covenant the noble house of Kinnoul was keenly Royalist. We shall only point in the briefest possible manner to a few illustrations of this. When the Civil War broke out the Earl of Kinnoul refused to sign the Solemn League and Covenant; and in the service of Charles he sacrificed most of his patrimony—the "havoc" of it to which Scotstarvit alluded. When Montrose raised the Royal standard in 1644, the Earl of Kinnoul joined him. In the Marquis's second campaign the Earl had the command of the twelve hundred soldiers who were shipped off from Gothenburg in September, 1649, to be landed in Orkney, and a thousand of whom perished by shipwreck on the passage. When the Marquis fled from the field beyond the Pass of Invercarron, where his sun set under the thorough defeat which Strachan gave him, the Earl was one of the officers who accompanied him. On the morning of the third day thereafter, as they wandered in the Reay country, Kinnoul became so faint from hunger, cold, and fatigue that he could proceed no farther. His companions had no alternative but to leave him on the exposed heath. They could give no accurate direction to the place where they left him; his body was never discovered, and the conclusion was that he must have perished miserably in some solitary recess among the mountains. After the abdication of James VII., in 1688, the Court at St Germains was the refuge of the Earl of Kinnoul.

In 1715, the House of Kinnoul adhered to the same interest. The then Earl was brother-in-law of the Earl of Mar. On his way north to raise and head the Rebellion, Mar visited him at Dupplin Castle; and as one of the suspected he was committed a prisoner to Edinburgh Castle till the insurrection was quelled. His youngest son, Colonel John Hay, was one of Mar's most devoted and energetic lieutenants. He took Perth in September, proclaimed the Pretender at it, and was made Governor of it. Forfeited by Act of Parliament, he joined the exiled Court in France, held a high place in the Chevalier's household, and was created by him Earl of Inverness. George, seventh Earl of Kinnoul, was made a British Peer in 1711, by the title of Baron Hay of Pedwardine; and he also, in September, 1715, was taken into custody at London on suspicion of favouring the Pretender, and was kept in confinement till the following June, when he was admitted to bail.

We must forbear even naming subsequent Earls of Kinnoul, that we may reserve a small space for the greatest event associated with Dupplin Castle in recent times. It is the visit of Royalty to it on the 6th September, 1842. On her way from the south to Perth that day, at Craigend, amid deafening acclamations from an immense concourse of her loyal and loving subjects, Her Majesty turned west to Dupplin Castle by one of the finest drives for scenery in the

kingdom. Entering the policies of Dupplin by the western gate, she approached the Castle by an avenue skirted with majestic and beautiful wood, and giving glimpses of park, and landscape, and lawn, which must have filled the Royal visitors with delight and admiration. They arrived at the Castle about half-past three o'clock, where a most distinguished party waited to welcome them, including, among others, the Earl of Mansfield, Lord and Lady Kinnaird, Lord and Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, Lord and Lady Ruthven, Lord and Lady Rollo, Admiral Sir Charles Rowley, Viscount Strathallan, &c.

On Her Majesty's arrival "God Save the Queen" was played by a detachment of military drawn up on the lawn in front of the Castle. The Royal Standard, sent down for the occasion by the Lords of the Admiralty, floated over the turrets of the Castle, on which were displayed also the colours of the Royal Perthshire Militia, of which the Earl of Kinnoul was Colonel, and the staff of which kept the Park that day.

A party of the county ladies on the lawn gave Royalty a most graceful and hearty welcome. The Countess of Kinnoul, accompanied by her eldest daughter, Lady Louisa, received Her Majesty at the Grand Entrance, and conducted her to the Baronial Hall, which was royally prepared for the visitors. The Earl of Kinnoul, in his uniform as Lord-Lieutenant of the County, assisted Prince Albert to alight from the carriage.

From the Hall they were ushered into the Library; and there fitting addresses from the county were presented to the Queen and Prince Albert; the former by the Earl of Kinnoul, and the latter by Mr Home Drummond, M.P. for the County. They were received standing; Prince Albert, the Duke of Buccleuch, and Lord Aberdeen, being on Her Majesty's left hand, and the Duchess of Norfolk, Lord Liverpool, and Sir Robert Peel on her right. Suitable answers were returned. Like addresses were presented by the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the city of Perth, and were graciously answered, the Lord Provost having the honour of kissing Her Majesty's hand.

Shortly after, the Royal party partook of the hospitality of the Castle in the great diningroom, a large party of nobles and gentlemen having the honour of sitting at table with them. The repast, and the style in which it was served, were surpassingly exquisite, sumptuous, and superb; and a few minutes after it was concluded, the Royal party entered their carriages: Her Majesty, handed in by the Earl of Kinnoul, and Prince Albert cordially shaking hands with him and his Countess; the troops presenting arm; the band playing the National Anthem; the guests at the Castle standing around uncovered; and the ladies bowing, and waving their handkerchiefs.

RHYND.

Rhynd was one of the retreats of Sir William Wallace. It was near Perth, where he often was, and in the neighbourhood of which several of his exploits were performed. In his days, too, much of it seems to have been thickly wooded, affording shelter and hiding to him when hunted by his enemies as one hunteth a partridge in the mountains.

The two Historic Scenes in the parish are Elcho Castle and Elcho Nunnery.

The Castle, though a ruin, is wonderfully entire. Its walls have not been levelled with the ground, like those of many such structures; and their materials carried away and used for such ignoble purposes as building farmhouses or offices, fencing fields, and filling drains. It has also recently had the good fortune to receive a new roof, which gave it a new lease of existence. It may now outlive many generations of frail humanity.

The present Castle has no inscription on it, and it is not known when or by whom it was erected. It bears the marks of being an old edifice; but, from the style of its architecture, there is reason to presume that it had a predecessor. It can hardly be doubted, indeed, that there was an older Castle at Elcho; as strong, it may be, as this one, but probably without the round towers, and the cornices, architraves, and abutments of dressed grey sandstone with which its successor was adorned.

It is in the Life of Wallace that the Castle of Elcho first makes its appearance in history. He and his heroic band were at it in November, 1296; and it was from it that he came in disguise to Perth, to inspect the city, and to see whether it was practicable to recover it from the foe. Blind Harry, after singing of them as hiding in "Meffan Wood," adds—

> "Till Elkok Park full sodyenly thai went,
> Thar in that strenght to hide was his intent."

At that time Wallace returned from Perth to Elcho, after narrowly escaping capture by the English through the treachery of his leman. The dead bodies which strewed his path along by the South Inch made the direction in which he had fled undoubted. The English, to the number of six hundred, were speedily at Elcho Park, led by Sir Gerard Heron and Sir John Butler. Three hundred of them

were placed around the Park, to make the escape of their prey impossible. The Scottish patriots were a handful of forty, and had no alternative but to surrender or to fight this host. Without a moment's hesitation they chose the latter, and fought with their usual gallantry. Forty of the Southrons bit the dust, at the expense of the lives of fifteen of the Scots. The remaining twenty-five at length broke through the ranks of the enemy, and hastened to the Tay, designing to cross it. On coming to the bank of it, they found the river too deep for the attempt which they meditated. "Again they returned to the field, when Butler, having reorganised his party, assailed them with all his power. Do or die was the feeling of the Scots, and they fought with unconquerable courage. Wallace endeavoured to reach Butler, as the readiest way to end the fray; but he was under an oak, with a crowd of men, where a clear stroke could not be got at him, yet dashing forward, a 'full royd slope' was made, through which the Scots passed. Stephen of Ireland, 'quhilk hardy was and wicht,' and 'trew Karlé, doughty in mony deid,' did great service. Butler, having lost a hundred men in all, retired to 'the staill' for a fresh supply, and while Sir Gerard and he were best arranging their plans, Wallace, with sixteen men—all that survived of the party he had led from the Lennox—made his escape."

Wallace was again at Elcho years afterwards, in 1301, as most reckon, but there is some uncertainty about the date. Returning from his second visit to France, with Sir Thomas de Longueville, John Blair, Thomas Gray, and some other friends who had accompanied him, he sailed up the Tay, and landed at the mouth of the Earn. Impatient to ascertain at once the state of the country, he ascended the rising ground to the south of Elcho Castle, and blew his bugle. The sound of it was well known, and readily distinguished. A patriot Scot, who had watched his landing, soon joined him, and gave him all the information he was so anxious to have. From the numbers of English in the neighbourhood, it was evident that he and his attendants must immediately go into concealment. The Scot who had come at the call of his bugle recommended to them a farmhouse that was nigh at hand. The farmer's name was Crawford, and he happened to be a cousin of Wallace. There they were readily and joyfully received. Their hiding-place was in the barn, in the heart of a "mow" of corn stored in it; so "bygit about," and so closed, as that any hostile visitor might not detect the asylum within; and in this they lay for the space of four or five days.

The unusual quantity of provisions which Crawford required from Perth excited the attention of the English and aroused their suspicions. They seized him one day as he was on his way home with a large supply, and interrogated him closely. He answered them as he best could; but on his reaching home and reporting what had befallen him, it was thought advisable that Wallace and his companions should leave the barn, and take refuge in a neighbouring thicket. They had scarcely done so when Sir John Butler appeared with eight hundred men, surrounded Crawford's premises, searched them thoroughly, and discovered the empty hiding-place in the "mow." Laying hold of Crawford's wife, they peremptorily demanded of her whither the party had gone. She resolutely refused to tell, whereupon they kindled a great fire in which they were to burn her. Wallace, seeing from the thicket what was going on, left it, and on the open field, cried—

"Schayme for to turment a wyff;
Cum first to me, and mak end off our stryff."

Butler, swollen with rage, bounded towards him. Wallace re-entered the thicket, which he had made a sort of strength by trees placed crossways in it. A "fell bykkyr," as Blind Harry terms it, immediately began. When fifteen of the English had fallen Butler withdrew to divide his men that he might assail the thicket at different points. Wallace, divining his design, prepared for him by the best arrangement he could make of his twenty men, and successfully resisted his renewed attack. As the evening advanced, Butler sounded a parley; and in the conference with Wallace that ensued he tried to persuade him that his enterprise as Champion of the Independence of Scotland was altogether desperate. What followed we give in the words of another:—

"Our hero replied by advising him to stand to his arms, for, in place of surrendering, he intended, before morning, to become the assailant; and he gave him this warning in return for the care which he had shown for himself and his companions. Irritated by this coolness Butler determined to take every precaution to prevent his escape, and for this purpose kept his men under arms all night. Wallace, however, was as good as his word, for at daybreak, under cover of a thick mist, he descended at the head of his little band, and, before the enemy was aware of his approach, broke into that quarter where Butler had his station. The surprise occasioned by his sudden appearance threw the English into confusion, which their uncertainty as to the number of their assailants greatly increased, and, availing himself of the disorder into which they were thrown, Wallace pressed forward, and came in contact with Butler, who, after a slight resistance, fell beneath his arm. [It is likely that he fell in the field which is known to this day by the name of "Butler's Brae."] The Scots having forced their way through the enemy, Wallace now

discovered that their faithful host Crawford had been left behind. Returning therefore to the charge, he was fortunately in time to save him from the spear of an English soldier, whom he slew; and, grasping his wounded friend in one of his arms, he carried him off in triumph to his companions. Favoured by the denseness of the fog the gallant little band were soon lost to their pursuers." They betook themselves, we may add, to their old retreat in Methven Wood, where they rested for a day.

There are yet several mementoes of the presence of Wallace at Elcho and in the neighbourhood, the most notable of which is the Yew Tree on the south-east side of the Castle, which goes by the name of "Wallace's Yew." Is it possible that the hands of the hero planted it? Let no one answer the question in the negative till he has duly considered that "Wallace's Tree" in the Torwood, so large in his day that he repeatedly hid from his pursuers in the branches and foliage of it, weathered "the winds of heaven and the hand of time" till less than a century ago.

The Castle and lands of Elcho are the property of the Earl of Wemyss and March, and give the title of Lord Elcho to his eldest son. They were in possession of the Wemysses in 1461; how long before that date we have not seen stated. In that year Sir John Wemyss of Wemyss granted to David Ogilvie the half of the lands of Inchmartin, for "one-sixth of Elchoch" and other lands described in the charter. Inchmartin, we may state, had come to the Wemysses by marriage. Margaret, daughter of Sir David Wemyss, was married to Sir Patrick de Inchmartin; and their granddaughter, Isabella, Sir John Wemyss of Rires and Kincaldrum, the heir male of the family, married, and by her got the Inchmartin barony.

The Wemysses boast a descent from the Macduffs, Thanes of Fife, through Hugo, son of Gilliemichael, the third in the line from the great Macduff. Hugo's grandson, John, took the surname of "Uamh," *i.e.*, Cave, from the caves with which his lands on the coast of Fife abounded; and Wemyss is "Uamh" euphonized. The family figures somewhat prominently in the history of the country. Sir John Wemyss was sent to Norway with Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie, to bring home the young Queen Margaret, on the death of her grandfather, Alexander III. Sir David Wemyss fell at Flodden. Sir John Wemyss repulsed the English when they landed in Fife in 1547. In 1556, when the Queen Regent proposed a tax on the land to maintain a standing army, he and the Laird of Calder were sent to her by the Barons as deputies, to remonstrate against her design; which they did successfully. His grandson, Sir John, was one of the Ruthven Raiders, but was pardoned; and, in 1589, had a charter of his lands of Wemyss, Elcho, &c., uniting them into the barony of Wemyss. His son, also Sir John, was raised to the peerage in 1628, by the title of Lord Wemyss of Elcho; and in 1633, he was created Earl of Wemyss, Lord Elcho and Methill. He was Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly in July, 1641; and was made a Privy Councillor that year, and one of the Committee of Estates in 1644.

David, third Earl of Wemyss, was sworn a Privy Councillor in 1705, and nominated a Commissioner on the treaty of union with England. Next year he was appointed High Admiral of Scotland. He was once and again a Scots representative Peer; was in high favour with Prince George of Denmark, and one of his Council, and was, by commission from him, Vice-Admiral of Scotland, and High Admiral of Britain. His first wife was Lady Anne Douglas, eldest daughter of William, first Duke of Queensberry; and her melancholy death caused deep and universal lamentation. She was one of the devout women of her day; and as she was kneeling at secret prayer in her closet, her dress caught fire, and she was burned so severely that she died a few days after.

James, fourth Earl, was held in very singular estimation. He married Janet, only daughter and heiress of Colonel Charteris of Amisfield. Their son David, Lord Elcho, engaged in the Rebellion of 1745, and was Colonel of the first troop of Prince Charlie's horse guards. After Culloden, he fled to the Continent. Being attainted, he could not succeed to the family titles on the death of his father. These lay dormant till his own death, when they were vested in his next brother, Francis, fifth Earl. He also succeeded to the rich estate, real and personal, of his grandfather, Colonel Charteris of Amisfield. By a family arrangement, the estate of Wemyss went to James, third son of the fourth Earl. His eldest surviving son, William, succeeded him. He had entered the army in early life, became a distinguished soldier, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

Francis, sixth Earl, the only son of Lord Elcho, succeeded his grandfather in 1808. He had been an officer in the army, and aide-de-camp to his grand-uncle, Lord Adam Gordon, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Scotland from 1793 to 1797. On the death of the fourth Duke of Queensberry in 1810, he became Earl of March, Viscount Peebles, and Baron Douglas of Neidpath, Lyne, and Munard. He did so as heir male of Lady Anne Douglas, the first Countess of David, third Earl of Wemyss. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Peeblesshire, and a Deputy-Lieutenant of Haddingtonshire; and in 1821 he was created Baron Wemyss of Wemyss, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom.

The present Earl is the seventh of Wemyss, and the second of Wemyss and March; and his son, Lord Elcho, M.P. for Haddingtonshire, is only one of many senators by whom the family of Wemyss has, for upwards of a century, contributed to the wisdom and eloquence of the British House of Commons.

The Nunnery of Elcho is the other Historic Scene in this quarter. It stood at Orchardneuk, on the south bank of the Tay, about a mile nearer Perth than Elcho Castle was. A small fragment of its ruin, in the middle of a large orchard, is all that now remains of it above ground. But its site underground has yielded abundant traces of a somewhat extensive building.

We have seen it stated that the Nunnery was founded and endowed by Sir David Lindsay of Glenesk, first Earl of Crawford, and his mother Catherine, daughter and heiress of Sir John de Stirling of Glenesk and Edzell.

This must be a mistake if Sir James Balfour is to be relied on. He makes the establishment to have existed more than a century before the birth of Sir David (1366); and represents Madoc, son of Gilbert, third Earl of Strathearn, as one of its benefactors. In his MS. in the Advocates' Library, Sir James says:—"With Lochindoir bordires Kynaird, the heritages of Sir James Balfour, Lyone King of Armes; these lands formerly belonged to David, Earll of Huntingdon, who disponed the tyndis, in the 9 year of King William, under the tenour—all the teinds of our town of Kinnaird—to the blessed Mary, and the Monks of Londoris in the Woods, which he himself foundit not a yeir befoir, and the lands within 3 yeiris following to Gilbert, Earll of Stratherne, his consigne, quos sone Madoc, Earll of Stratherne, with consent of his son Malise, doted the property of the said land *to the Prioress and Holy Virgins of Elchock* in the reign of Alexander II. A.D. 1214—1247."

The Nunnery of Elcho must thus have existed many centuries before the Reformation made it a heap. Not a scrap of its history has come in our way. But it would be like its sister establishments; and what they degenerated into is well known. The religious houses of Popery became eventually such dens of profligacy as to be the abominations of the earth. It was this more than anything else that sealed their doom. They perished in their own corruption. As it is put in Gordon's Monasticon:—"The *Bad Lives of Ecclesiastics* chiefly accelerated" the Reformation: "*Doctrines* were the afterbirth. The licentiousness by which the Christian religion was universally disfigured had grown to a greater height in Scotland, than in any other nation within the pale of the 'Western Church.' . . . . . .

"The Bishops set an example of the most shameless profligacy before the inferior clergy. They avowedly kept their harlots, provided their natural sons with benefices, and gave their natural daughters in marriage to the sons of the nobility and principal gentry, many of whom were so mean as to contaminate the blood of their families by such base alliances for the sake of the rich dowries which they brought. We need not appeal to the testimony of the 'Reformers' (which some may opine prejudiced and one-sided), nor to satirical poems published at that time in proof of the lewdness and debauchery carried on within the monasteries and nunneries. The fact is registered in the Acts of Parliament, in the Decrees of Councils, and in the confessions of Roman Catholic writers."

The property of the Nunnery was confiscated at the Reformation, and the Crown made such use of it as best served the ends of its policy. Archibald Moncrieff, senior minister of Abernethy, very unlike the Moncrieff worthies of the succeeding age, supported James VI. in his arbitrary and Prelatic measures; and we read in the "*Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ*" that among other rewards, His Majesty made him Prior and Commendator of the Priory of Elcho, 28th January, 1601."

ABERNETHY.

The oldest Historic Scene in this parish is on the top of the hill immediately behind Pitlour. It is marked by the ruins of some structure, which may have been for its day both large and strong. The hill rises to the height of about four hundred feet. Around the top of it is a chain of rocks, some three hundred yards in circumference, and forming a sort of natural citadel. To these have been added artificial fortifications, which must have been executed at the expense of much labour, many of the stones used in them having been brought from a great distance. The road leading up to the top of the hill had been paved with stones, and the entrance into it, which was from the east side, had been cut through the rock. In digging the ground, both within and around it, many human bones were found, as also the bones and teeth of horses.

Some have made these ruins to be the remains of a British fort, and others have made them to be the remains of a Roman camp. "The Roman Camp" is the name commonly given to the inclosure. We should hesitate to choose between these views, but, happily, it is not needful that we should do so. They may be combined; and we are inclined to combine them, and to say that on this hill top we have the remains of

what was originally a British fort; that the Romans, when they invaded the land, took the fort and used it for their purposes of conquest and occupation; and that, when they left the country, our forefathers restored it to its primary design, making it again one of their "strengths." It is undoubted that the Romans were in this quarter. One of their three roads which have been traced leading towards Perth, if not into it, was from Abernethy, and Roman urns, coins, &c., have been found in the neighbourhood.

The town of Abernethy is a burgh of barony. It was raised to this rank in 1476 by a charter from Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, which vested the government of it in two Bailies and fifteen Councillors. It was then, in the words of an old manuscript, "a well peopled city, seated at the feet of the Ocellian mountains;" very much larger than it is now, and stretching eastward towards Carpow.

In respect of antiquity and early importance, Abernethy has few compeers among the towns of the country. According to the Pictish Chronicle, it was founded by the Pictish King Nethan or Nectan I. in the third year of his reign, corresponding to A.D. 458. And it is worthy of note as giving some countenance to the Chronicle, that the name given it by the Highlanders, "Abair Nadchtain," is, being interpreted, The work of Nectan. For Nectan I. the Register of St Andrews has Nectan II.; which would fix the founding of Abernethy nearly a century and a half later. There are faint traditions that it existed even prior to the earlier of those dates; and there is some reason to presume that what the Nectan to whom its foundation is ascribed did may have been to enlarge and improve the town, and make it the capital of his kingdom.

Certain it is that Abernethy had this honour for a considerable time. Inverness would seem to have been the original capital of the Picts; but they afterwards removed it to Abernethy. If this was done in the days of Nectan II., the Pictish monarchy had yet to see nearly two hundred and fifty years before it ended in the union of the Picts and Scots under Kenneth MacAlpine. During those years Nectan had no fewer than twenty-five successors on the Pictish throne; and how many of these resided and reigned at Abernethy, any chronicles we have of those ages are too fragmentary to enable us to say.

As to the site of the royal residence here, there is not a little probability that it was on the top of the hill to the south-west of the town, which is called Castle Law. Tradition gives its voice in favour of this opinion. So does the name of the hill. So does the natural eligibleness of the situation for a Royal Castle, whether as regards security in rude and perilous times, or as regards the beauty and grandeur of the prospect which it commanded. So, moreover, do the ruins of the pile which once topped the Law. They have, indeed, been spoken of as "the remains of a signal-post," and as "the vestiges of an imperfect vitrified fort" because of some marks of fire on them, which can be easily accounted for otherwise; but they look much liker the materials of a Castle in which Royalty had dwelt. Most of these considerations have been thus forcibly put:—

"I learn that there is a tradition, perfectly familiar to every one in the vicinity, that this (Castle Law) was the residence of the ancient Pictish Kings. In confirmation of this article of traditionary belief, an appeal is made, not only to the vast quantity of stones, still remaining on the hill, but to the description of those which have been carried off in successive ages. Unlike the material of the cairns, which are so commonly met with in our country, these have, in a great measure, been hewn stones. A house in the neighbourhood has of late been entirely built of dressed stones carried off from the Law. There seems, therefore, to be no reason to doubt that this has been the site of very extensive and superb buildings. The remains of a surrounding moat are yet to be traced on the west side. At the bottom of this hill an eminence is called the Quarrel Knowe, *i e*, knoll, where, according to tradition, the Picts were wont to celebrate their military games. This may have been its original appropriation, whence, in later ages, it might continue to be employed for similar purposes. But the name itself can hardly claim so early an origin; having most probably been given it in an age in which the use of the cross-bow was common, from the designation of the arrow shot from it, which was called a *quarrel;* unless the term should be traced to the old Scottish word *quarrell*, or *querel*, denoting a quarry. The view from this elevation has been deemed worthy of its ancient royal honours, as scarcely excelled by any in Scotland—a country so rich in beautiful and picturesque prospects."

The erection of a church at Abernethy must have been coeval with the conversion of the Picts to Christianity. The erection of a church would follow of course, when the King and the capital were won to the faith of Christ. This was effected by the labours of Columba. In A.D. 563 he, with twelve companions, left Ireland for the western shores of Scotland in a boat of wicker work covered with hides; his object being to preach the gospel in the dark and barbarous dominion of the northern Picts. After spending about two years in the setting up of his establishment in Iona, he proceeded to the chosen sphere of his mission. "In the execution of the arduous duties to which he had devoted himself, the zealous missionary met with astonishing success. He and his disciples

seem to have travelled through every part of the Pictish territories. In a few years the greater part of the nation was converted to Christianity, and hundreds of churches, monasteries, and cells were established throughout the country."

A church being built at Abernethy, the Pictish Chronicle tells us that the King, whom we take to have been Nectan II., solemnly dedicated it to God and St Bridget, an Irishwoman, who with her "Seven Virgins" came to Abernethy from the Isle of Saints, and died at it about A.D. 513. Nearly two centuries after, the nine daughters of St Donevald, canonised as the Nine Maidens, were brought from the Glen of Ogilvy to the same Saintly retreat. After their father's death, Garnard, King of the Picts, assigned them a lodging and oratory, and some land at Abernethy. Their reputation was such that King Eugen VII. of Scotland visited them at the Pictish capital, and made them large presents. They died there, and, Deborah-like, were buried at the foot of a great oak; and so honoured were St Donevald's nine "virgin dochters" after their death, as well as in their life, that their shrine at the Abernethy Allon-bacuth, was much frequented by devout pilgrims down to the Reformation from Popery.

Nectan endowed the church which he founded here with lands "until the day of Judgment." The boundaries of the lands are defined in the Pictish Chronicle; and they seem to have been the water-shed of the Ochils on the south, the ford of the Farg at Greenend of Aberargie on the west, the Earn on the north, and Carpow on the east; a very desirable section of the country.

The Abernethy Church was a Culdee Church, as were all the churches which Columba set up. And these long maintained in our land the truth of God, in a happy measure of simplicity and purity, in the face of all the Antichristian corruption of Romanism. "The Culdees were the light of Scotland in a dark and superstitious age. They held fast by the word of God as the only infallible directory and guide. Even Bede, the Monkish historian, in candour admits that Columba and his disciples would receive those things only which are contained in the writings of the prophets, evangelists, and apostles; diligently observing the works of piety and virtue." The false unscriptural doctrines of Rome they openly rejected, refusing to acknowledge such innovation as the doctrine of the real presence, the idolatrous worship of saints, prayers for the dead, the doctrine of the merit of good works as opposed to gratuitous justification by faith, the infallibility of the Pope, and other Romish tenets. And not only did the Culdees differ with Rome in doctrinal points, but also in matters of discipline. "The Supremacy of the Pope they spurned from them as a groundless and absurd pretension. They were united in one common brotherhood, not, however, for the purpose of yielding obedience to monastic rule, and selfishly confining their regard within the walls of a monastery, but that they might go forth proclaiming the gospel of Christ, animated by one common spirit, and prompted by one common aim. Theirs was missionary rather than monastic institutions, making no vows but to serve God and advance his cause in the world."

The Culdee establishment at Abernethy was more than a church. It was a seat of learning as well. It was a school or college, and the first that we read of in Scotland in which education was given to all who would receive it. It was even dignified with the name of a University, all the sciences of which there was any knowledge in those ages being taught in it, more especially to pious young men who were being trained for the work of the ministry. The sister establishments at Dunkeld, St Andrews, and other places were the same. Berbeadh was "rector" of the School of Abernethy in the days of Malcolm Canmore (1057—1093).

Fordun and others make reference to a record intituled "The Chronicle of the Church of Abernethy." That record was lost long ago; but the fact that there ever was such a document in existence shows the high place which the Church of Abernethy held in olden times among the ecclesiastical institutions of the land. Another indication of the same thing is, that Abernethy was the seat of the bishop of the Picts. They had but one bishop, and his diocese was commensurate with the Pictish Kingdom. This settles what sort of bishop he was. He was not a diocesan bishop in the sense which we attach to these words. He was the overseer or superintendent of the entire Church throughout Pictland. And so he continued to be till Kenneth MacAlpine, in the ninth century, having vanquished the Picts and amalgamated them with the Scots, transferred the seat of the See, if we may so phrase it, from Abernethy to St Andrews, which in process of time became the Metropolitan See of the Scottish Church.

To the Abbey of Arbroath, which he had founded, King William the Lion made a gift of the Church of Abernethy and its advowson with all its pertinents, viz.—"The chapels of Dron, Dunbule, and Errol, with the lands of Belach and of Petinlouer." Both Orme of Abernethy and his son Laurence followed the Sovereign's example. The same abbey they enriched with much property, of which they had the disposal; always, however, expressly reserving tithes and lands which "do belong, and always heretofore belonged, to the Culdees."

In the thirteenth century Popery supplanted

Culdeeism over the country. In 1273 the Culdee Church and College of Abernethy were turned into a Priory of canons regular of the Order of St Augustine, and a cell of the Abbey of Inchaffray. After this, we read of it as a Collegiate Church, with a Provost at its head. It was so long before the time of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, who "restored the church of Abernethy to a better state than it had been in for some time before." Sir James Balfour, in his MS. Collections, has an extract which ascribes the founding of the Collegiate Church to Henry de Abernethy in the days of William the Lion (1165—1214). Strange to say, its Seal was found towards the close of the last century in Ireland, at Enniskillen, in Fermanagh. Among other devices on it is, on the reverse, an Abbess veiled, with a crozier in her right hand, at which is the small figure of a bull, or deer, or other such animal; the Abbess doubtless representing St Bridget herself, the tutelar Saint of the church and parish.

Of the buildings which dignified and adorned Abernethy in the days of its glory, the only portion that remains is the famous Round Tower. It is 74 feet high, and 48 feet in circumference at the base, diminishing somewhat towards the top. Its walls are three feet and a half thick. Its door is arched, faces the north, and is eight feet and a half high by two and a half wide. Towards the top of the Tower are four windows, equidistant from one another, each of them five feet nine inches in height, and two feet two inches in width. The structure consists of 64 courses of hewn stone, is hollow, and is ascended by ladders resting on different wooden platforms erected for the purpose.

When and by whom was this Tower raised? The late Dr Jamieson was of opinion that it was raised when the Culdee Church of Abernethy was built of stone, and that this may have been done in the eighth century by Nectan III., who sent to Ceolfrid, Abbot of Weremouth, for architects and masons who could work in stone. Prior to that date, the Culdee buildings had been of wood. It is likely enough that their first cell had been only of wattles.

What purpose was this Tower meant to serve? This is a question which has excited much speculation, and on which very various opinions have been offered. There is only one other similar tower in Scotland, that of Brechin. "Some think them Pictish," says Tenant, "probably because there is one at Abernethy, the ancient seat of that nation; and others call them Danish, because it was the custom of the Danes to give an alarm in time of danger from high places. But the manner and simplicity of building in early times of both these nations was such as to supersede that notion; besides, there are so many specimens left of their architecture as tend at once to disprove any conjecture of that kind. . . . They could not be designed as belfries, as they are placed near the steeples of churches infinitely more commodious for that end; nor places of alarm, as they are often erected in situations unfit for that purpose. I must therefore fall into the opinion of the late worthy Peter Collinson, that they were . . the prisons of narrow enclosures; that they were used for the confinement of penitents, some perhaps constrained, others voluntary; Dunehad o' Braoin is said to have retired to such a prison, where he died A.D. 987. The penitents were placed in the upper storey; after undergoing their term of probation they were suffered to descend to the next (in all I have seen there are abutments for such floors); after that they took a second step; till at length, the time of purification being fulfilled, they were released and received again into the bosom of the Church."

In "Historic Scenes in Forfarshire," when at Brechin, we wrote thus of these Towers, and we have since seen no reason to change our views:—"There are many such towers in Ireland, and nowhere else in the world. From this we might naturally presume that the idea of the Round Towers came from Ireland. The sculpture on the Brechin Tower (there is none on the Abernethy one) is Christian symbols. The crucifixion is the subject carved over the doorway. From this we might naturally presume that the idea of the Round Towers was brought from Ireland by the Culdees, the missionaries by whom Scotland was originally Christianised. And these presumptions are sustained by the most learned investigations. They are in harmony with the conclusions to which Dr Petrie came in his prize essay, published by the Royal Academy of Dublin; and they would seem to be now generally acquiesced in. His conclusions are—'1, That the towers (in Ireland and Scotland) are of Christian and ecclesiastical origin, and were erected at various periods between the fifth and thirteenth centuries. 2. That they were designed to answer, at least a twofold use—namely, to serve as belfries and as keeps or places of strength, in which the sacred utensils, books, relics, and other valuables were deposited, and into which the ecclesiastics to whom they belonged could retire for security in cases of sudden predatory attack. 3. That they were probably also used, when occasion required, as beacons or watch towers.'

"The Round Towers of Brechin and Abernethy remain; but all vestiges of the ecclesiastical buildings connected with them are gone. It was not so, however, so late as the middle of the last century. Maitland, the historian, a native of the town (born about 1690, died in 1757), testifies that the ruins of the Culdee College or Church at Brechin were visible in his

day. And of the ruins of the Culdee College or Church at Abernethy, Captain Grose, the 'chiel amang you takin' notes' in Burns' time, actually took the engravings, and these are yet to be seen in his Antiquities of Scotland."

On the outside of the Tower is yet to be seen the jougs, a memorial of the discipline to which offenders were subjected in bygone days. It consists of an iron collar, a padlock, and a chain. The collar was fixed by the padlock on the neck of a culprit, whom the Kirk Session had found guilty of transgressing the laws by which they ruled the parish; the chain held him fast to the Tower; and there he stood a spectacle till he had sufficiently expiated his transgression, and till the public had, for their admonition, due opportunity of witnessing his shame.

It is said that Malcolm Canmore and William the Conqueror met at Abernethy in 1072, and that Malcolm there and then concluded a peace with William, delivered to him hostages, and did homage to him for the lands which he held in England.

Some great historic families have been intimately connected with Abernethy. The barony of it William the Lion gave to Orme, the son of Hugh, styled Abbot of Abernethy. It is understood that the Ormes were a Pictish family, and that they took the surname of Abernethy from their lands. They figure for centuries in our national annals. In 1288, Sir William de Abernethy, and his brother, Sir Patrick, lay in wait for Duncan, Earl of Fife, and murdered him at Potpollock. In 1308, their nephew, Sir Alexander de Abernethy, was one of the sureties to Edward of England for the good behaviour of Lamberton, Bishop of St Andrews; and, two years afterwards, Edward made him warden of the country from the Forth to the Grampians. William de Abernethy was one of the names at the letter of the Barons to the Pope in 1320. His son, also Sir William, fought in the battle of Halidon Hill, and got from David II. the lands of Rothiemay. His son, George, was taken prisoner at the battle of Durham. Sir William de Abernethy was a chief leader at the battle of Harlaw, and was slain. At an early date the family became possessed of Saltoun, in Haddingtonshire; and, in 1445, Laurence Abernethy of Saltoun and Rothiemay, the twelfth in descent from Orme, was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Saltoun of Abernethy.

The male line of the Abernethy stock ending in two daughters, Margaret and Mary, co-heiresses, in 1329 John Stewart, Earl of Angus, married the elder of the two, and with her got the barony of Abernethy; and Leslie, ancestor of the Earls of Rothes, marrying the younger, acquired through her the barony of Ballinbriech. On the death of her first husband, Lady Mary married Sir David Lindsay of Crawford. Thomas, the third Earl of Angus, dying without issue in 1377, the title devolved on his sister, Lady Margaret. She resigning in 1389, Robert II. granted the Earldom of Angus, with the Lordships of Abernethy and Bonkil, to Margaret's son by her second husband, William, first Earl of Douglas. This son was George de Douglas, the first Earl of Angus of the Douglas family. Hence the connection with Abernethy of the Douglases, who to this day hold the superiority of the town, and of much of the land in the neighbourhood. They resided occasionally at Abernethy; and their mansion is thought to have been near Carpow House. In the policy grounds of Carpow, the foundations of some very considerable buildings have been discovered. These have been supposed to be the foundations of the Castle of the Douglases, and, it may be also, of their predecessors, the Abernethys.

The Douglases had a place of burial at Abernethy, in which the dust of at least one of the Earls sleeps. We read in the Statistical Account, "In this parish was a place of sepulture, in which the ashes of some of the (Douglas) family repose, and which is supposed to have been within an aisle of the old church, taken down in 1802." "At Abernethy," says Monipenny, in his Scottish Chronicle, in 1612, "the Earls of Angus have their sepulture. Earl George, the second of the name, a loyal and good man, the head of the aristocracy, and chief of his family, after the forfeiture of the older branch, and who was probably the founder of the Provostry, was buried here in 1462; as was also Alexander, his great-grandson, in 1556, who led the van of the Scottish army in the unfortunate battle of Pinky. George's son, the Great Earl, as he is called, or Archibald Bell-the-Cat, whose two oldest sons with 200 gentlemen of their name fell at Flodden in 1513, ended his days in the following year at Whittern in religious solitude; but some time previously he had given to Abernethy a proof of his favour in the charter before referred to, which erected the town into a burgh of barony, and vested the municipal government in two Bailies and fifteen Councillors. Earl William renewed the charter in 1628."

Abernethy is one of the original seats of the Secession Church. Alexander Moncrieff, minister of the parish, was one of the three clerical friends who, in 1732, made common cause with Ebenezer Erskine of Stirling. For this the Four Brethren were suspended. They protested against the suspension; and that it should be lawful for them, notwithstanding the censure passed upon them, to continue in the exercise of their ministerial functions. They did so, and incurred still further censure—being loosed from their charges, deposed from their office, and cast out of the communion of the Kirk of Scotland.

Alexander Moncrieff was the eldest son of Matthew Moncrieff, laird of Culfargie, a beautiful estate in the parish on the banks of the Earn. His grandfather was Alexander Moncrieff, minister of Scoonie, who was counted worthy to suffer much for the religion and liberties of the country between 1660 and 1688. Two of his ancestors, it may be noted, had been ministers of Abernethy in the two preceding centuries : Archibald Moncrieff, grandson of William Moncrieff of that Ilk, ordained to the charge in 1586 ; and his son, also named Archibald, who succeeded him in 1630. He had another son, George, who became minister of Arngask. The Moncrieffs of Culfargie were a branch of the Moncrieffs of that Ilk ; and they too were prolific of ministers. William Moncrieff, minister of Largo, was a paternal uncle of Alexander of Abernethy. William Moncrieff, minister of Methven, and John Moncrieff, minister of Rhynd, were likewise relatives of his. So were the Moncrieffs, ministers of Blackford, now represented by Sir Henry Wellwood-Moncrieff, D.D., the tenth baronet of that branch, and the seventh in lineal succession who have been ministers of the Presbyterian Kirk. The first of the Moncrieffs of Blackford was the grandson of George Moncrieff of Arngask, who, as we have said, was the second son of Archibald Moncrieff, sen., of Abernethy.

Alexander Moncrieff of Abernethy was superior to the average of his contemporaries in talents and scholarship, and was eminent in piety. Held in very high esteem in the parish, a great part of it seceded with him. To the congregation adhering to him he gifted the ground on which they built their church ; no mean edifice for its day, and capable of containing a thousand worshippers ; and of the cost of its erection he bore the lion's share. He lived in his own mansion at Culfargie ; but he also gifted to the congregation the acres of excellent ground on which their old manse and offices stand.

On the death of Wilson of Perth in 1742, Moncrieff was chosen Professor of Divinity to the Secession Church ; and the Hall under his care met, year by year, at Culfargie, till his death in 1761. In 1749 his eldest son, Matthew, was ordained his colleague and successor in the ministry at Abernethy. The same year his second son, William, was ordained minister at Alloa ; and, after his father's death, was chosen to succeed him in the Divinity Chair, which office he filled till his death in 1786.

Among the Four Brethren Moncrieff was the Lion, as Wilson of Perth facetiously called him. For courage, strength, and nobleness his character was indeed leonine, to two illustrations of which we may allude :—First. When yet a young man he attended a meeting of the General Assembly, which, as he thought, passed an unduly lenient sentence on Professor Simson, charged with heresy. Though not a member of the Court, he craved permission to speak, which was granted him, "and, on the floor of the house, declared his disappointment and alarm that one who had impugned a fundamental doctrine of the gospel had been so feebly and inadequately condemned, a declaration which he soon afterwards followed by the publication of an elaborate and learned treatise in defence of our Lord's Supreme Divinity." Again, in Forty-five, when the rebels were ascendant in these parts, Moncrieff prayed in their presence for King George, and refused to pay, or to allow any one to pay for him, the cess which they imposed in support of their cause. "When some officers and a party were sent to distrain he dealt very faithfully with them, and avowed, as the reason of his refusal, that he could not do anything that would have an appearance of acknowledging their authority, or might in any way promote their cause. He laid before them, with great freedom, the evil of the course they were engaged in, and warned them against it. However, they proceeded in their purpose, and not only took away his cattle and his furniture, but carried off his eldest son to prison, and threatened his life if rescue was attempted, which they were somewhat afraid of, knowing how much the people of the place were exasperated at the treatment given to the family. But none of their plunderings or threatenings could induce Culfargie to any compliance."

We have said that he was eminent in piety ; and to two illustrations of this we may point. The one is, what he entered in his Diary when he dedicated himself to the work of the ministry. "I hope," he wrote, "God is putting on my clothes and fitting me out for going in the quality of his ambassador, which is far sweeter to me than if he were to encircle my head with an earthly crown." "Do not I long, oh Lord, if thou wilt give me thine own call and be with me, to have the happiness of commending Christ to others ? Oh ! commend him effectually to my own soul." The other illustration is his prayerfulness. His communion with the Throne was intimate and constant. Ejaculatory prayer sanctified all that he said and did. Even in his public discourses he frequently paused to dart up his heart in some appropriate petition. "See," said a woman to her neighbour, on occasion of one of these devotional pauses, "Culfargie is away to heaven, and has left us all sitting here !"

Abernethy was the birth-parish of another great man in the kingdom of heaven, John Brown of Haddington, author of the Self-Interpreting Bible and many other works which praise him in the gates ; and father of a race honoured above most for their Christian erudition, and worth, and usefulness. He was born at Carpow, in the eastern part of the

parish. We have been pointed to the few old trees which are said to mark the site of the humble cottage in which he first saw the light.

ARNGASK.

Arngask was famous in olden days, before annalists or chroniclers had entered on their vocations. So, at least, it has been fondly thought, from the meaning which the analysis of its name has yielded. The late Mr Burt, in his Statistieal Account of the parish, says of the name: "It has been supposed to be compounded of the Gaelic words *Ard-nan-gaisg, the hill or height of heroism.* Though we are unable to point to any authentic account of a battle having been fought, or to the performance of any extraordinary feat of valour, to entitle the locality to be regarded as a scene of bravery, yet it is not improbable that Cairn Geddes, referred to under a subsequent head, may be connected with some event which would justify the application of the name."

Of Cairn Geddes he subsequently says:—"We are incompetent to furnish a satisfactory account of the origin of Cairn Geddes, a small artificial mound in the north-west district of the parish. It was formerly covered with a considerable quantity of stones, but these have been recently removed for the purpose of filling drains. No account or tradition concerning this cairn has come down to us. It was partially opened in the centre some years ago, and a rude stone coffin was discovered about three feet from the surface. Had the work of excavation been more extensive, it would probably have led to more important discoveries. As yet, however, nothing has been ascertained which can warrant us to affirm with precision that under the cairn were deposited the ashes of a once renowned but now forgotten hero." He might, we think, have ventured on a rather stronger conclusion. It is not to be doubted that the relics found were those of a man of renown. Such monuments were not raised over the sepulchres of nobodies. The natural presumption seems to us to be that Geddes Cairn covered the ashes of an illustrious person of the name of Geddes; and that he may have been the very "hero" from whose exploits the parish took the name of Arngask, "the hill or height of heroism."

As they first appear in the records of history, the Lairds of the hills of Arngask might claim descent from the people of an ancient celebrated city whom a certain itinerant missionary thus addressed:—"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." Scher de Quincy, Earl of Winchester, in 1207, bestowed on the church of St Mary of Striveling, afterwards Cambuskenneth, the lands of Deuglie, in the parish. This example was followed by humbler proprietors. The first known owners of the barony of Arngask were the Frislays; or, as the name has been transformed in modern times, the Frasers. In 1281, Gilbert Frislay gave God and the Monastery of Cambuskenneth the patronage of the church of Arngask, with the piece of land that lay near the priest's house. In 1295 Henry Frislay, "for the salvation of his soul," gave the same Monastery the mill of Arngask, and two acres of land near it. The Frislay family ended in a daughter, who, about 1332, married Sir Richard Barclay of Kippo. With the rest of her patrimony she took with her the over-superstitiousness. In 1389, "for the salvation of his own soul, and the souls of his predecessors and successors," Hugh Barclay of Kippo and Arngask, "gave to God, the Blessed Mary, and the Predicant Friars of Perth (the Blackfriars), ten shillings sterling out of his lands of Arngask, to be paid in equal proportions at two terms of the year, viz., five at the feast of Pentecost, and other five at the feast of the blessed Martin in winter, for the sustenance of one burning lamp in the choir of the aforesaid friars, from year to year for ever," &c. The Barclay family also at length ended in a daughter, Margaret, who, about 1491, was married to Sir Andrew Murray of Balvaird, second son of Sir William Murray of Tullibardine, thus uniting the baronies of Kippo, Arngask, and Balvaird. But the over-superstitiousness still continued. Lady Murray, with the consent of her husband, and of their son and heir, Sir David, founded a chaplainry in the church of Arngask, and endowed it with an annuity of fourteen merks, and two acres of land contiguous to the church, for the prosperity of James V., and for the salvation of themselves, their heirs and successors, and all the faithful dead.

After the Reformation, Arngask was supplied for some time with readers. John Pitblado was reader in 1567, and Alexander Wardlaw in 1574. In 1595, it was annexed to Dunbarny, and placed under the pastoral care of Patrick Wemyss. After that, it was annexed to Strathmiglo. When disunited from neighbouring parishes, George Moncrieff, second son of Archibald Moncrieff, senior, of Abernethy, became its minister in 1633; and, less stiff and unmanageable than some of his name and race, he was one of the sixteen members of the Presbytery of Perth, who, in 1662, conformed to Prelacy. He died three years after, and was succeeded by Robert Geddes, formerly of Dollar. In 1656, he had been deposed, for fighting, &c.; but in 1661 the sentence was removed. After being settled in Arngask, so obnoxious was he

to the community, that, in 1688, he was stabbed by a party, "who putting first his own gown on him in derision, barbarously tore it off again, giving him many reproachful words, and other bad treatment in his own house, on which he petitioned the Privy Council, and wrote to George, Earl of Melville, stating he was seventy-three years of age, and his family numerous with a stipend of vc. merks £16 13s 4d." He received no redress; and two years after, he was again deposed, having been found "guilty of gross and abominable scandals."

To the memory of the late Alexander Burt, minister of the parish, ordained in 1819, and died in 1867, Dr Hew Scott has paid a high tribute, in which all who knew Mr Burt will cordially concur. "In him the Church lost a faithful aud honoured minister, the parish a true friend and counsellor, the poor a benevolent and discriminating giver. He was also an excellent scholar and theologian."

We cannot leave Arngask without mentioning with honour another name. It is that of the late Robert Low, Esq. of Fordell. He was a very worthy Christian gentleman, and esteemed as such by all who knew him; but it is not in this view of him that we now commemorate him. In a line of his own he was a great benefactor of his fellow-creatures. He had the peculiar gift of bone-setting. From a sort of intuition, rather than from education, he knew how to reduce a dislocated member of the human frame; and the singular power of muscle with which he was endowed enabled him to put his knowledge in practice with marvellous and happy success. His country-house at Fordell and his townhouse at Perth were truly Bethesdas, the one in summer and the other in winter, to which those needing his help daily flocked from all quarters, and where they were quietly and speedily relieved. His patients were multitudinous, and his services purely gratuitous. He found his reward in the good which he did to his kind.

DRON.

The Rocking Stone of Dron marks, we should think, the oldest of our Scenes here. It is a large, rough block of whinstone, about ten feet in length and seven in breadth, and stands in a slanting direction on the south declivity of the hill, opposite the church and manse. The Statistical Account says:—"On gently pressing the higher end with the finger it has a perceptible motion, vibrating in an arch of between one and two inches, and the vibration continues for some time after the pressure is removed."

The rocking stones found in the country are, there is reason to believe, Druidical remains; and they are remarkable monuments of the mechanical skill and power of our ancestors in Druidical times. So delicately were those stones poised on the bases on which they were set that the touch of a finger could move them, and yet so firmly were they fixed on their bases that hardly any force could displace them. The priests, it is said, used them for purposes of superstition and imposture. They had ways of moving them of which they kept the people in ignorance. They gave out that they were moved supernaturally. They pretended that, by their motion, the gods gave answers to the inquiries addressed to them; and, of course, the answers were always such as best served the end which priestcraft had in view.

The Rocking Stone to which we are now pointing is an object which would be regarded with the profoundest veneration in those days. It was the Oracle of Dron, to which, for many an age, it may be, the Druid priest conducted his dupes, to receive the responses and behests of their idol gods.

In Popish times Dron was better churched than most of its rustic neighbours. Besides the parish church it had two chapels, the one at the east end and the other at the west end of the parish. The chapel at the east end was at the mouth of Glenfarg, where the Mill of Potie now stands. In an Act of James VI., of date 1592, it is described as "a pendicle of the College and Hospital of Dunbarney." No vestige of Potie Chapel now remains above ground; but its site is known, and of late years an interesting relic was found in the burying-ground which surrounded it. It is a lead seal of a Papal Bull, having on one side "Nicolas P. P. IIII.," and on the other "SPA SPE," under which are the heads of St Peter and St Paul. Nicolas IV. filled the Papal chair from A.D. 1288 to 1292. The seal is now to be seen in the Museum of the Antiquarian Society, Edinburgh.

The other chapel was at Ecclesiamagirdle, called also Eglismagill and Exmagirdle. It is now a roofless ruin, contiguous to Glenearn House; and, if we may rely on the authority of the author of "Characteristics of Old Church Architecture," it must be the ruin of a very old fabric. "There are," he says, "features in the chapel indicative of the First-pointed Period," which ranged in this country from A.D. 1170 to 1250. The chapel had a burying-ground around it, which the old families in the neighbourhood still use. And it has the honour of containing the grave of one of the Martyrs. Thomas Small would not allow that Charles II., "The Profligate," was the head of the Church in Great Britain and Ireland; or that he had lawfully

and validly proscribed and abolished the faith, worship, and government which the Covenants had been framed and sworn to maintain. For this heinous sin and crime Small paid the penalty with his life. He sleeps in the graveyard attached to this little chapel; and the inscription on his tombstone is :—"Heir lyes ane vertuous Husbandman, Thomas Smal, who died for Religion, Covenant, King, and Countrie, the 1st of September, 1645, his age 58. Memento Mori."

If the inscription has been correctly copied in the print from which we quote, the sculptor must, we suspect, have mistaken the date of the death. We know no reason to doubt that Thomas Small was a post-Restoration martyr.

Exmagirdle Chapel was a dependency of Lindores Abbey. When James VI. created that Abbey into a temporal Lordship, and conferred it on Patrick Leslie of Pitcairlie, second son of Andrew, fourth Earl of Rothes, he provided for the continued administration of religious ordinances in the chapel. The charter in favour of Leslie ran in these terms :—"That because from old times there was a chaplain who celebrated divine worship in the chapel of Eglismagirgill—therefore we, for the zeal, affection, and love which we have to the true religion . . . give commission to Patrick Leslie to nominate a reader to the said chapel, who shall have a stipend of forty merks yearly."

In the burying-ground of the parish church of Dron is the grave of a sufferer for religion, who is worthy of being commemorated. It is that of John Welwood, a zealous and staunch minister of the Presbyterian Kirk. We read in Wodrow that in the beginning of November, 1677, he was informed against as having intruded upon the Kirk of Tarbolton, in the shire of Ayr; and that the Council appointed the Earl of Glencairn and the Lord Ross to see him turned out, and apprehended. Whether he was seized at that time Wodrow did not know; neither have we met with the details of the persecutions of his subsequent life. Happily for him it was shortened. He died at Perth in 1679; and, perhaps for fear of indignity being done to his remains in the city, loving, sorrowing friends carried him out by night, and laid him in the churchyard of Dron.

Balmanno Castle is in this parish, and has been pronounced "a fine specimen, in perfect preservation, of the old castle and mansion house, part of it of great antiquity." It has claims to be regarded as an Historic Scene, from some of the families whose property and seat it has been. The last two of these were the Auchinlecks and the Murrays, both possessing the dignity of a baronetcy.

The first Auchinleck of Balmanno acquired the barony by marrying the heiress of it.

George Auchinleck of Balmanno was a great favourite of Regent Morton; and the highest in the land paid court to him because of his influence with the Regent. As he was a powerful friend, so he was a dangerous enemy as well by the violence of his passions, as by the potentiality of his voice with the government. He and a Captain Nesbit had some slight quarrel; and meeting one day on the High Street of Edinburgh, he drew his sword, and thrust the Captain through the body. With the utmost coolness he walked off, and entered the Tolbooth, where the Court of Session was sitting; after which he proceeded to the Regent's Court at Dalkeith, and it does not appear that he was ever called to account for the murder.

At another time, as Auchinleck stood within the bar of the Tolbooth, an old decayed-looking man requested permission to speak with him. When gruffly asked what he wanted, the old man answered, "I am Oliver Sinclair!" and having said this, he turned and walked away. Oliver Sinclair had been a great favourite with James V.; but another king had arisen who knew not Oliver, and he was neglected and despised, and hard bestead even for food and raiment; and his accosting Auchinleck as he did, was construed as equivalent to his saying to him :—"Be not too proud of your interest at court. You stand on a slippery height. I was once as you are, and see what I am now." And so it fared in a measure with Auchinleck. He fell into obscurity and contempt when Morton was driven from power. Not only so; the enemies he had made to himself then sought their revenge on him. Four of them one day beset him on the public street near St Giles Church, shot at him with pistols, and left him for dead. He survived their assault, to be tortured by the Earl of Arran, that he might extort from him a confession of crimes which he denied, as also to suffer other maltreatment. He was one of the Ruthven Raiders; and was the means, on that occasion, of saving Arran's life. When Arran came to Ruthven Castle, trying to get admission to the King, "the Earl of Gowrie met him at the gate, and had straitway killed him, if George Auchenleck had not held his hand as he was about to have pulled out his dagger to have stabbed him."

Sir William Auchenleck of Balmanno married Margaret, daughter of Lord Crichton. One of their daughters Sir James Balfour, author of the Annals of Scotland, took to wife. Another of them became Lady Stormont, whom her Lord, in 1639, buried beside her mother, Dame Margaret Crichton, Lady Balmanno, "in the north-east neuk of the Kirk of Perth;" his Lordship having purchased this privilege from the minister and elders for £100 Scots.

The place which the Murrays of Balmanno have in history is occupied chiefly by the last of them. He

was Sir Alexander, and was succeeded by his nephew, Major Hepburn Belshes of Invermay. Sir Alexander Murray followed the profession of arms, and fell in Long Island on the 26th August, 1776, in the first engagement between our troops and the American colonists, after the latter had made their famous Declaration of Independence. Both armies were about thirty thousand strong; the fighting between them on the day named lasted for many hours; and it ended in the defeat of the colonists. The British took a thousand and ninty-seven of them prisoners, and from twelve to fifteen hundred of them were slain. Our loss did not exceed four hundred men and officers, killed, wounded, and taken. But Sir Alexander Murray of Balmanno was one of the officers with whose lives our victory in Long Island was purchased.

Towards the end of last century the hill south of Glenearn House was the scene of a very extraordinary occurrence. We quote again from the Old Statistical Account—"In that part of the Ochils which fronts the house of Ecclesiamagirdle, a very singular phenomenon took place about seven years ago. After a long series of rainy weather the hill, about a hundred paces from the summit, burst open with a loud explosion like thunder, which was heard at the distance of two miles across the valley. A violent and rapid torrent mixed with earth and stone and broken rock issued from the opening, and rushed down with an impetuosity which swept all before it. The inhabitants of some houses which stood immediately below, alarmed at once with the noise and torrent, which directed its course full towards them, were preparing to flee for their safety, when happily the torrent deviated into a different tract, and after continuing to flow for ten or twelve hours it ceased without having done any material injury, and has remained quiet ever since."

We leave geologists to give the science of this strange phenomenon, which caused the non-scientific people in the neighbourhood equal astonishment and terror. We only record, as it is very pleasing to do, that the quietness which the Plutonic powers underneath have ever since maintained, has completely allayed the strong nervous excitement raised by the sport they had indulged in on the occasion of which we have written.

DUNBARNY.

On the top of Moredun, or Moncrieff Hill, are the remains of what is believed to have been a Pictish fort. The fosse of it is still traceable. The area which it encloses is circular, and its diameter is about sixteen yards. The fort which the fosse defended was named Carnae fort; and it is said to have been much used by the Picts when Abernethy was the capital of their kingdom, and the residence of their sovereigns. The site of the fort was admirably chosen for its purpose; and from the prospect which it commanded, it could hardly have been taken by surprise. Unless the watch was absolutely asleep, an enemy could not have approached it on any side without being easily and certainly seen.

At the base of Moncrieff Hill, on the north of the avenue leading to Moncrieff House, and a few hundred yards west of the House, is a circle of about ten feet diameter, around which are eleven large, rough stones. This is reasonably regarded as having been a Druidical circle or temple, such as we have already met with and described. The tree in the centre of it was planted at the birth of the present proprietor of Moncrieff, and is likely to stand a memorial of that event, when many generations of his posterity shall have been gathered to their fathers. The grass, not the tree, is yet the emblem of the state of frail man; and will continue to be so till the era of which we read:—"They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat; for as the days of a tree are the days of my people, and mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands."

In olden times Dunbarny was highly favoured in respect of churches. Its parish church then stood in the western section of the parish, in the old burying ground, which is still in use. From the terms of the old writ, quoted by us when at Dron, it appears that the church had attached to it a college and a hospital; the former a school, an educational institution of some note; and the latter a charity, where the poor, the infirm, the pilgrim, and the outcast had their wants kindly supplied. But besides the parish church it had the chapel of Potie, which was an appendage to its college and hospital, and was not annexed to Dron even *quoad spiritualia* till 1652; and likewise the chapel of Moncrieff. The latter was about three hundred yards south-east of the present mansion house. It is now a roofless ruin covered with ivy, and embosomed in dense wood. Around it had been a cemetery. Within its walls it was, and still is, the burying place of the Moncrieffs of Moncrieff; and many are the generations of them, the dust of whom has accumulated in it. At one time too, the Moncrieffs of Easter Moncrieff and the Moncrieffs of Tippermalloch buried in it. These were branches of the stock of the Moncrieffs of that Ilk. They both sprang from Sir Malcolm Moncrieff, one of the judges of the Court of Supreme Judicature; the Moncrieffs of Easter Moncrieff from his son Matthew; and the Moncrieffs of Tippermalloch from his son George.

Among George's descendants was one of whom we might have given some account when at Methven, to which Tippermalloch belongs; but having passed over him then, we shall notice him now. He was the famous Sir John Moncrieff, an eminent Esculapian, and author of a small book intituled "Tippermalloch's Receipts," giving an infallible remedy for every malady that flesh is heir to. The second edition, published in 1716, two or three years after Sir John's death, is enriched with "Dr Pitcairn's method of curing the small-pox," a reprint of which would be lamentably seasonable in these times. Let Publishers take the hint.

Moncrieff's "Receipts" had boundless popularity in their day. There was no end to the demand, from both "gentle and simple," for the little volume containing them. We shall give a glimpse of them. Cure for deafness—Ants' eggs mixed with the juice of an onion, dropped into the ear. Cure for pleurisy—The blood of a wild goat given to ten drops of carduus water. Cure for measles—A ewe or wedder kept in the chamber or on the bed, because these creatures are easily infected, and draw the venom to themselves, by which means some ease may happen to the sick person. Cure for a colic—A live duck, frog, or sucking dog applied to the part draweth all the evil to itself and dieth. Cure for a depraved appetite—The stone ætites (eagle stone), bound to the arm. Cure for cold distemper in the brain—Snails, bruised in their shells, applied to the forehead. Cure for pestilential fever—A cataplasm of snails, bruised in their shells, laid on the soles of the feet. Cure for lethargy—The whole skin of a hare, with the ears and nails, made into a powder, and taken hot. Cure for paralysis—Anoint the parts with ointment made of earthworms. Cure for epilepsy—Powder of a man's bones burnt, chiefly the skull that is found in the earth. N.B.—The bones of a man cure a man, and the bones of a woman cure a woman. Cure for sleeplessness—Living creatures applied to the head to dissolve the humour. Cure for mania—Amulets to be worn about the neck.

Such prescriptions are of universal interest. We add two or three recipes, which will, we doubt not, be specially interesting to our Elishas, and beaus, and belles. Recipe for baldness:—Make a lee of the burnt ashes of doves dung, and wash the head with it; but ashes of little frogs will do as well. Recipe for making the hair beautifully yellow:—A wash composed of the ashes of the ivy tree. Recipe for a fair complexion:—The distilled water of snails. Recipe for making the whole face well-coloured:—Apply to it the liver of a sheep fresh and hot.

As we have got on the therapeutic lines, we may mention, before coming off them, that the famous mineral waters, commonly called Pitcaithly wells, are in this parish, and that they are a scene to which valetudinarians without number have come in quest of health. At what date their medicinal virtues were discovered is not known. How they were discovered is only matter of conjecture. One tradition says that it was by the medical instinct of pigeons, which human beings saw often resorting to them, and so were led to inquire into The Reason Why. Another tradition says that it was by reapers, who, quenching their thirst with these waters at their midday rest, came to learn their power in clearing the alimentary canal.

It is long since Pitcaithly Wells began to be much frequented. In 1711 the Kirk Session of Dunbarny took measures to abate the Sabbath desecration committed by crowds who visited them on that holy day many of them, we suspect, from the Fair City. They were to be watched, and admonished, and reported on to their respective ministers. More efficient methods as men in those days judged, were to be employed with them. "John Vallance is forbidden to give them passage at Dunbarney boat, and Thomas Drummond desired to spread the report, that they are to be stopped by constables, by authority of the Justices of the Peace."

Dunbarny boasts several historic families which we must notice.

The oldest of these, the Moncrieffs of Moncrieff, are descended from Mortimer, an Anglo-Norman, who, on obtaining a grant of Moncrieff, took the name of his lands. Ramerus de Moncrieff was Keeper of the Wardrobe to Alexander I. (1107-1124). In 1248, Alexander II. erected the lands into a barony in favour of Matthew de Moncrieff, the great-great-grandson of Ramerus. In 1296, Johannes de Moncrieff swore fealty to Edward I. In 1495, a new charter of the barony was granted to Sir John Moncrieffe; and, in 1626, his great-grandson, also Sir John, was created a baronet of Nova Scotia, with remainder to his heirs male whatsoever. He was succeeded by his son, likewise Sir John, whose embarrassments compelled him, in 1666, to part with the estate. It was bought by his cousin, Thomas Moncrieff, Clerk of the Exchequer and Treasury and, in 1685, he was raised to the rank of a baronet.

The last named Sir John died unmarried. So did his brother, Sir David, who succeeded him. A younger brother, Sir James, became the fourth baronet; and with him the direct line of the first baronet expired. The baronetcy then reverted to Sir John of Tippermalloch, author of the "Receipts," sprung from Hugh, a brother of the first baronet. Sir John's family was an only son, Sir Hugh, on whose death the title devolved on his kinsman, the Rev. William Moncrieff, Blackford; and it now

adorns the Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncrieff, Bart., D.D., of Free St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh.

Sir Thomas Moncrieff, who purchased the estate in 1666, built the mansion house in 1679—an excellent one for its day, and perhaps the most charmingly situated and environed of all the seats of the nobility and gentry with which Strathearn is studded. His lady was of the family of Hamilton. Her armorial bearings are empaled with those of the Moncrieff family over the principal door of the House; and there are other two interesting memorials of her, in gifts which she bestowed on the parish, the one a large silver baptismal font, and the other two Communion cups, with this inscription:—"DAM. BETHA. HAMILTON, spouse to Sir Thomas Moncrieff of that Ilk, left in legacy these two cups to the church of Dunbarny, ANNO DOMINI 1703."

Of this Sir Thomas's successors we shall only note that David, second son of the second baronet, was appointed first King's Remembrancer in the Scottish Exchequer Court, and afterwards a Baron of the Exchequer; and that the present Sir Thomas is the seventh baronet of this branch of the family, and the fifteenth in a direct male line from Matthew de Moncrieff, who flourished in the reign of Alexander II.

The Craigies of Kilgraston are a branch of another old family, the Craigies of Craigiehall, in the parish of Dalmeny, Linlithgowshire. One of these, James de Craigie, is thought to have married a daughter of Henry St Clair, Earl of Orkney; to have accompanied his father-in-law to the Orcadian Isles; and to have founded there a family of his own. Tradition says that one of that James's posterity, emigrating southwards at an early date, had the good fortune to exchange the wilds of Orkney for the fruitful and beautiful lands of Kilgraston. The family latterly rose to no little distinction both in law and in arms.

Laurence Craigie of Kilgraston married Katherine Colville, daughter of the Honourable William Colville, brother of Robert, Lord Colville of Ochiltree. Their eldest son, Lawrence, passed as advocate in 1712, and was made a Baron of the Exchequer in 1747. He married Ann, daughter of Drummond of Megginch. His brother, Robert, was admitted advocate in 1710; was appointed Lord Advocate in 1742; and was raised to be Lord President of the Court of Session in 1754.

John Craigie, eldest son of Lawrence, advocate, followed his father's profession, married his cousin, Anne, daughter of President Craigie, and had by her several children. Their second son, Robert, studied for the bar, to which he was admitted in 1776; and, after being Sheriff first of Orkney and then of Dumfries, he was promoted to the bench in 1811, under the title of Lord Craigie, and had the reputation of being a good judge, and a first-class feudal lawyer. He died in 1834, and his dust lies in the old churchyard of Dunbarny.

Their third son, John, was for several years Commissary-General of Lower Canada. He married Susan Coffin, relict of Charles Grant, Esq., by whom he had a numerous family. Their eldest son, John, was Sheriff-Substitute of Roxburghshire. Their second son, Robert, entered the Navy when he was eleven years of age, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant in 1823, and to that of Commander in 1828. In 1835, Captain Craigie, was appointed to the command of H.M.S. Scout and was sent to the west coast of Africa, where he did good service to his country and to his king. It was he who suppressed the slave trade on that coast by his treaty with King Peppel, from whose territories there had been an annual exportation of slaves to the amount of 20,000. After holding several other important offices, he was during the Crimean War, appointed chairman to the Transport Board; on the dissolution of which in 1856, he was made Superintendent of the Royal William Victualling Yard, and the Royal Naval Hospital at Plymouth, where he remained till 1858, when he was placed on the list of Reserved Rear Admirals.

Others of the Craigies of Kilgraston, who took to military life, rose to rank and fame. Laurence Craigie, W.S., son of Baron Craigie, had a large family by his wife, Miss Duncan of Lundie, sister of the first Viscouut Duncan of Camperdown. "His son, Major Thomas Craigie, was at the capture of Seringapatam; and among his grandsons are, Colonel John Craigie, formerly military secretary in Bengal, and Major-General Peter Edmonstone Craigie, who at one time held an important command in India."

The Craigies of Dunbarny, are a branch of the Craigies of Kilgraston; and among them are several names worthy of being commemorated. James Craigie, younger of Dunbarny, was one of the Commissioners to Parliament for Perthshire from 1698 to 1701. His brother, John, was a Professor of Philosophy in the University of St Andrews. He was proprietor of Hallhill, &c., in Fifeshire; and, under a contract of mutual entail, he succeeded to Dunbarny. His son, also named John, was one of the Lords of Justiciary in Scotland. The footprints left by their successors on the sands of time, have been chiefly those of agricultural improvers; and to their taste the landscape of the parish owns some of its finest embellishments. "They were remarkable," says the Statistical Account, "for the elegant improvements they made on their estates; and it is to their public spirit that the community is indebted for several avenues of trees which adorn the roads in the parish."

The Grants of Kilgraston are of the old stock of

the Grants of Grant, through the Glenlochy line, which sprang from the ninth Laird of Grant. The first of them was John Grant, elder son of Peter Grant, the last of the Grant lairds of Glenlochy. After being Chief Justice of the island of Jamaica from 1783 to 1790, John Grant returned home, and purchased Kilgraston, and the contiguous estate of Pitcaithly. Dying without issue in 1793, he was succeeded by his brother Francis.

Francis Grant of Kilgraston married Anne, daughter of Robert Oliphant of Rossie, Postmaster-General of Scotland. He died in 1819, and was succeeded by his eldest son, John, who was twice married; first to a daughter of Lord Gray, and next to a daughter of the Earl of Elgin; and by them he had a family of seven sons and seven daughters. His eldest son, Francis Augustus, was one of the many victims offered to the demon of war, when Britain lavished her blood and treasure to continue to the world the blessings of Turkish rule. He died in the Crimea in 1854, after the battle of Alma, in the twenty-fifth year of his age.

But the most distinguished of Francis's sons is James, the youngest of them, of whom we cannot, in our limits, give a better account than has been given in this paragraph:—"Major-General Sir James Hope Grant, K.C.B., fifth and youngest son of Francis Grant, Esq. of Kilgraston and Pitcaithly, born January 18, 1808, was educated in Scotland and at Hoffville in Switzerland, and entered the army as cornet in 1826. He was brigade major in the war with China under Lord Saltoun, and received a medal for his services there, and subsequently in India under Lords Gough and Hardinge. At the battle of Sobraon in 1846, he commanded the 9th Lancers, for which he also received a medal. He also commanded the regiment in the Punjaub campaign, including the passage of the Chenab at Ramnuggar, and the battle of Chilianwallah. He was also present at the battle of Goojerat. In 1854 he received the brevet of Colonel, and took an active part in the suppression of the Indian Mutiny in 1857-8; for his services on which occasion he was made a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath. He had the local rank of lieutenant-general in India. In 1858 he became major-general, and in 1859 he received the thanks of Parliament for his eminent services in India during the mutinies. In 1860 he was in command of the British forces during the operations in China, and in November of that year he was decorated with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. In 1847 he married Helen, daughter of B. Taylor, Esq."

Of the ministers of Dunbarny William Black was one of the fifty-four who signed the Protestation for the liberties of the Kirk in 1617. When Prelacy was set up at the Restoration Robert Young was first restricted to his own parish, then deposed for nonconformity by Archbishop Sharp, and afterwards ordered into confinement by the Privy Council. John Balnavis was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for not reading the Proclamation of the Estates, not praying for William and Mary, &c., or to put it all in one word, for his Jacobitism.

The rebels in 1715 having made Perth their headquarters, and the road to and from it on the south being by the Bridge of Earn, Dunbarny shared largely in the troubles of that epoch. So disturbed was the locality that there was no sermon in the church from the 16th September, 1715, to the 12th February, 1716. The Highlanders, too, in passing to and fro by the Bridge, did not abstain from acts of violence. The Session minutes, of date 8th October, 1716, bear that "the windows and seats of the parish school were burnt during the Rebellion," and that the Session took order for their being repaired.

We may add that John Bonar, minister of Torphichen, was a native of this parish. We note this because of his own worth and his prominence as one of the twelve "Marrow Men," and because from him sprang the many Bonars whose names have adorned the lists of the Scottish clergy down to this day. We read in the Statistical Account:—"He was the father of the Rev. Mr Bonar of Fetlar, grandfather of Mr Bonar of Perth, great-grandfather of the eloquent and heavenly-minded Mr Archibald Bonar, who was successively minister in Glasgow, Newburn, and Cramond, and the author of two volumes of sermons; the great-great-grandfather of the Bonars, ministers in Larbert, Greenock, Kelso, and Collace. The family from which Mr Bonar sprung were portioners or small heritors in the parish of Dunbarny. . . . . This family are mentioned in a charter of James V. extending as far back as 1540. Not one individual of that name now resides in this quarter."

FORTEVIOT.

Forteviot was the capital of the Picts in the latter days of their monarchy. In A.D. 736, when their celebrated King Hungus invaded Lorn, and wasted it with fire and sword, it was from his capital, Forteviot, that he led out his army, and to it that he returned, bringing with him the two sons of Selvach in fetters. In A.D. 761, when the tide of war turned against the Picts, the Scots attacked Ciniod, their King, at his capital Forteviot. We farther read in our Chronicles

that Bred, their last King, was slain at Forteviot fighting in defence of his capital and his kingdom. His assailant was Kenneth MacAlpine, who, claiming the throne of Pictland in right of his grandmother, Urgusia, and vanquishing the Picts, when his claim was brought to the arbitrament of the sword, succeeded in accomplishing the union of the two crowns and the two peoples. Kenneth himself often resided at Forteviot, and at length died at it in 859, after a reign of seven years over the Scots, and of sixteen over both the Scots and the Picts. And after his day, Forteviot must have been a long while the frequent residence of the Scottish Kings. The amour of Duncan (1033-1039) at it is evidence of this, and so are the many charters which his son Malcolm Canmore (1057-1093) dated from it.

The Palace stood on Halyhill, the small eminence a little to the north-west of the village of Forteviot. The ruins of it have quite disappeared. They were used as a quarry for the building of minor structures as long as they supplied material for that purpose, and the remaining *debris* of them the May has been gradually encroaching on and reducing, mingling it with the rude mass of boulder, granite, and other stuff in its channel. But it is not many years since the "oldest inhabitant" of the parish used to tell of the appearance which the ruins presented in his youth; and so late as the time of Charles I. they were one of the sights which all tourists in Strathearn laid their account with visiting. It is said that some choice specimens of the sculpture which adorned the Palace of Forteviot have been preserved at Freeland House.

We have alluded to the amour of King Duncan at Forteviot, "the gracious Duncan" of Shakspeare. The story is that, parted somehow from his retinue, and benighted at the Mill of Forteviot, as he was on his way home from a day's hunting, Duncan had to throw himself on the hospitality of the miller. Were it not for "the divinity that hedges a king" one might be tempted to think that the darkness must have been truly Egyptian, else Duncan might have been piloted safely for the small distance between the Mill and the Palace. Be that as it may, the miller received his guest with equal pleasure and pride, and entertained him for the night with all possible kindness. The members of the family vied with one another in contributing what they could to his comfort, and daughter Nell's attentions were particularly loyal and loving. Prior Winton sings:—

> "This mylnare had a dowchtyr fayre,
> That to the king had oft repayre;
> He took and chesyd that woman
> To be fra thine hys luwyd lemman."

As these lines bear, the acquaintance which he made that night Duncan kept up. He and Nell often met afterwards at a spot not far from the Palace, which is called to this day Nell's Knowe. And one of the fruits of their intercourse was a son, Malcolm Canmore, who by and by succeeded his father on the throne, and makes a very conspicuous figure in the annals of our kings and our country.

There is another spot in the neighbourhood in the name of which is a trace of the story we have now related, somewhat obscure indeed, and yet somewhat confirmatory of the story. It is the spot called the Miller's Acre. Our historians write that, on the night before the bloody battle of Dupplin, Edward Baliol came to Forteviot and encamped his army in the Miller's Acre. What so likely as that this was a piece of ground which "the gracious Duncan" had granted to the miller, as a grateful memorial of the hospitality shown him on the memorable night of which we have written?

The battle of Dupplin accounts for at least many of the sepulchral remains that have been found in the parish.

Invermay House, on a rising ground overhanging the May, is "the only mansion in the parish." Its predecessor was the Tower, the walls of which are clad with ivy still, and stand near the modern residence. The House is a commodious and elegant fabric; and it is situated in the midst of a paradise of beauties, to which both nature and art have given the finishing touch. The birch still abounds in the woods of its policy. Muckersey Chapel, about a mile up the May from the house, was the church of the old parish of Muckersey, a separate parish prior to the union with Forteviot. It is now the Mausoleum of the proprietors of the lands.

Mallet's song, entitled "The Birks of Invermay," has made Invermay an Historic Scene.

> "The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
> Invite the tuneful birds to sing;
> And while they warble from each spray,
> Love melts the universal lay.
> Let us, Amanda, timely wise
> Like them improve the hour that flies;
> And in soft raptures waste the day
> Among the birks of Invermay.
>
> "For soon the winter of the year,
> And age, life's winter will appear;
> At this, thy living bloom will fade,
> As that will nip the vernal shade.
> Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
> The feather'd songsters are no more;
> And when they droop, and we decay,
> Adieu the birks of Invermay!"

This was Mallet's song, to which are usually appended some stanzas said to have been written by the Rev. Dr Bryce, of Kirknewton. Criticising Mallet's

lyric adversely, the publishers of "The Songs of Scotland," edited by George Farquhar Graham, have substituted for it a song more recently written, of which they have been pleased to say that it "is at least more simple and intelligible in its language." We give it also that our musical readers may have wealth of verse in which to sing the Birks of Invermay.

"The e'enin' sun was glintin' bricht,
On Invermay's sweet glen and stream,
The rocks and woods, in ruddy licht
Were kythin' like a fairy dream.
In lovin' fear I took my gate,
To seek the tryst that happy day,
Wi' bonny Mary young and blate,
Amang the birks o' Invermay.
"It wasna till the sklent moon's shine
Was glancin' deep in Mary's e'e,
That a' in tears, she said, 'I'm thine,
And ever will be true to thee!'
Ae kiss, the lover's pledge, and then
We spak o' a' that lover's say,
Sine lingered hameward through the glen,
Amang the birks o' Invermay."

The historic family who have possessed it for centuries, have also made Invermay one of our Scenes. They claim descent from Ralf Belasyse, a Norman baron who came to England with William the Conqueror. The first of them in Invermay was Alexander,. second son of John Belshes of Tofts, Berwickshire. He married Amelia, daughter of Sir Thomas Murray of Glendoick, Lord Clerk Register, and heiress of Patrick Hepburn of Blackcastle, parson of Oldhamstocks. Their eldest son, John Belshes of Invermay, married, first, Mary, daughter of Daniel Stuart, merchant in Edinburgh, and ancestor of the Stuarts of Fettercairn; and, second, Margaret, daughter of Sir William Stuart, Castlemilk, Bart. Amelia Stuart Belshes, the only surviving child of the first marriage, was married to her cousin, William Belshes of Tofts; and their only son, John Belshes, advocate, succeeded to the baronetage of Sir William Stuart of Castlemilk; purchased the estate of Fettercairn, and assumed the name of Stuart only. By his second marriage, John Belshes of Invermay left one son, who married Mary, daughter and heiress of Sir Patrick Murray Hepburn of Balmanno Castle, Bart., and took the name of Hepburn Murray in addition to Belshes. He left two sons; Alexander Hepburn Murray Belshes, who succeeded him in Invermay and Balmanno, and was appointed a deputy-lieutenant of Perthshire in 1819; and John Murray Belshes, who entered the army, and rose to the rank of Major-General. He served with distinction in the Peninsula, and obtained the war medal with four clasps.

Such matrimonial alliances as we have mentioned shed light on the grade and history of the family. They likewise account for several of the portraits with which the walls of Invermay House are adorned. Among these is a series of large family pictures and miniatures, likenesses of the Murrays and Hepburns. There is also in the house another memorial of the past, which has been much set by, and preserved with special care. It is a splendid jug, encased in gold and silver filigree work. The unhappy Queen Mary presented it to Patrick Hepburn, parson of Oldhamstocks, who had turned Papist, and who married her privately to the Earl of Bothwell, according to the rites of the Popish Church, after Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, had publicly solemnised their nuptials according to the forms of the Protestant communion.

There is nothing noteworthy on record concerning the ministers of Forteviot, if it is not that James Ross was one of the forty-two who joined in the protest to Parliament in 1606 against the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland; and that to the Christian worth and Dorcas-like good works and alms-deeds of the Honourable Mrs Willison, spouse of a late minister of the parish, we used to hear many tributes paid.

THE LANDS OF CLEVAGE AND INVERDUNNING

These lands, though in the parish of Dunning, belong to the Perth District of the shire; and we shall notice under them a sad tragedy, in which the laird of Clevage was unhappily one of the actors. It happened in 1695. There was a "herschip" of cattle, *i.e.*, a plundering, a lifting of cattle on the lands of Andrew, Lord Rollo of Duncrub. To discover the plunderers and bring them to justice, his son John, the Master of Rollo, prosecuted the matter a little more energetically than was convenient for all his neighbours. Among these was Edmonstone of Newton; and it is not to be doubted that political antipathy and rancour mingled with other feelings, and had a potent influence in leading to the atrocious outrage that was committed. In the Civil War the second Lord Rollo had taken the side of the Parliament, and had fought under the banner of Argyll; and the present Lord was a strenuous supporter of the Revolution Government; while Edmonstone and most of his associates were warm friends of the Stuarts. One of the cows reclaimed as part of the "herschip" was found in the

possession of one of Edmonstone's tenants. This irritated and mortified him much; stirred and inflamed his ire against his neighbour, the Master of Rollo; and it was noticed that, at the house of Clevage, he spoke of him in the most disrespectful and opprobrious terms. At the same time Patrick Graham, younger of Inchbrackie, betrayed a similar spirit towards the Master, and indulged in similar invective. "It has been noised in the country," said he, "that I have courted the Master of Rollo, and fawned upon him; but when occasion serves, something different will be seen." Spending two days together at Ryecroft, a house of young Inchbrakie, Edmonstone and he nursed their malignity and resentment against the Master, and planned his destruction.

Learning that he was to go to Invermay on the afternoon of the second of these days, they rode off from Ryecroft to Duncrub House, to accompany him to Invermay. The Laird of Clevage, and another person named M'Naughton, were of the party. At supper in Invermay, Newton and Inchbrakie conducted themselves as men seeking a quarrel. The latter said to Rollo, "Master, although John Stewart killed and salted two of your kine, you surely will not pursue him, since your father and his Miss ate them!" Clevage justly remarked, "This is not table talk;" to which Newton replied, "I think you are owning it."

At ten o'clock the party broke up; and the strangers mounted their horses to ride to their respective homes. The Laird of Invermay detected mischief brewing in the mind of Newton, and tried to persuade him to stay with him over the night; but he would not; and, on the way, the bloody plot hatched by him and Inchbrakie was executed. The foremost of the party, hearing something like a clashing of arms behind him, turned back. The fatal deed had already been done! The Master of Rollo was unhorsed, and had fallen on his knees on the ground. Inchbrakie stood over him, and called to Newton, "He has got it!" Clevage rushed to support the sinking man. Inchbrakie and Newton having gone aside and exchanged a few words, Newton returned. Clevage, perceiving that the Master was mortally wounded, cried out, "O God, such horrid murder was never seen!" Newton coolly answered, "I think not so; I think it has been done fairly." The Master died immediately. For the purpose of disguise, Newton gave his hat to Inchbrakie, and assisted him to escape. In the morning, when the ground was examined, two swords were found on it, the one clean, and the other bloody. And the bloody one proved to be Newton's.

Inchbrakie fled that night to the house of one Buchanan, to whom he told that he had killed the Master of Rollo, adding, in passionate remorse, "Wo worth Newton! Wo worth the company!" and stating that Newton had egged him on, and given him a weapon, when he would rather have declined fighting. He escaped abroad, and was outlawed; but, procuring a remission, he returned home in 1720.

Edmonstone was brought to trial, was found guilty of being accessory to the murder, and was sentenced to banishment for life. It is said, however, that he carried the standard of James VIII. at the battle of Sheriffmuir; and, even after that event, lived many years on his estate of Strathearn.

FORGANDENNY.

"The Roman Camp," as it has been called from time immemorial, is the oldest Historic Scene in this parish. It is situated on a high, sloping bank, above the May, close by the hamlet of Ardargie. It is a square, measuring about ninety yards on each side. On the south it is defended by a deep ravine, through which a small brook flows. On the other sides it is enclosed by trenches, about fourteen feet deep, and thirty wide.

The site was very eligible for a camp, and we may suppose that the Romans, when in Strathearn, had this special reason for fixing on it: it commanded a view of the country through which their great line of road ran, from Ardoch to the Tay.

The conical hill, upwards of a mile south of the village of Forgandenny, is the Castle Law; and the top of it is another of our Scenes. The remains of a circular stone wall are traceable on it, describing a circumference of not less than about five hundred yards and enclosing vestiges of ancient buildings, as well as "a sort of half tower, part of it still standing"—so says the last writer on it we have seen—erected in modern times by one of the Lords Ruthven of Freeland. Besides the stone wall there had been other outworks for defence: on the south side in particular, where the hill is less steep, there had been three mounds of earth raised parallel to the wall, and to one another.

The generally received opinion long was, that these are the remains of a Danish fortification. The opinion was, of course, but conjecture; and we have not met with anything to explain why the conjecture of a Danish fort was preferred to that of a British one.

There is yet a third like Scene on the summit of the Law of Dumbuik. It also had been surmounted by a sort of fort, defended on the south and west sides by

the precipitousness of the hill, and on the other sides by a wall formed of large granite boulders, many of them to this day in the position in which the builders had laid them. We are not aware that there is the faintest ray of light tending to shew whether this was a British, a Roman, or a Danish fort ; and we need not, therefore, raise the question.

In 1678 Forgandenny contributed one to the list of Scottish martyrs. On a Sabbath day the Covenanters were holding a conventicle on the hill of Culteuchar, in this parish. A party of Highlanders, commanded by Stewart of Ballechin, came upon them by surprise, and the result was that, for deserting his parish church, and worshipping God as his conscience told him that God would have him to worship Him, Andrew Brodie, or Breddie as he is also called, paid the penalty with his life. We have two accounts of his martyrdom, which vary slightly as to some of the circumstances of it. The one is the inscription on his tombstone in the churchyard of Forgandenny, and on the south side of the church. It runs thus :—"Here lies Andrew Brodie, wright in Forgandenny, who at the break of a meeting, October, 1678, was shot by a party of Highlandmen, commanded by Ballechan, at a cave's mouth, flying thither for his life, and that for his adherence to the word of God, and Scotland's covenanted work of Reformation. Rev. 12, c. 7." The other account is by Wodrow. He says :—

"By an attested account I find this year there was a conventicle in Perthshire, at the hill of Caltenachar (now called Culteuchar), in the parish of Forgandenny, and, upon the Lord's day, an officer with a company of wild Highlanders came suddenly upon them, and, without any orders to dismiss or essaying to seize any of them, discharged their pieces among the poor unarmed people. By good providence there was but one man killed, Andrew Breddy, a wright by trade, who lived at my Lord Ruthven's gate, in the Green of Freeland. He left behind him a widow and four orphans."

These accounts, though various, are not contradictory. Both may be accepted, the one as explanatory of and supplementary to the other. When the Highlanders fired among the unarmed worshippers they would of course disperse. There would be an immediate "break" of the meeting, and every one would flee for his life. A very little to the east of the hill of Culteuchar is a dell or narrow valley, any of the cavities or holes in which might fitly enough be called a cave. Now we have only to suppose that when the troopers discharged their pieces Andrew Brodie fled to this dell for safety. We have only to suppose farther that his murderers pursued him, and that when he had reached "the mouth of the cave" into which he was to thrust himself, they shot him down. This view is confirmed by the tradition of the locality which makes the dell to which we are pointing the scene of the murder.

The Statistical Account adds a circumstance of thrilling interest :—"His (Brodie's) descendants, some of whom are still resident in the parish, say that, after he had been shot, his wife, who was also present at the conventicle, immediately went and covered his body with her scarlet mantle or cloak. One of the party of soldiers then came up to her, and asked her what she now thought of her husband. To which she replied, 'More than ever I thought of him.' The same thing is related of the widow of the poor, pious carrier, John Brown of Priestfield, in the parish of Muirkirk, whom Claverhouse shot with his own hand ; but there is no difficulty in supposing that these widows might both speak in these terms of their husbands."

Andrew Brodie "lived at my Lord Ruthven's gate in the Green of Freeland." From this we might have inferred that his Lordship sympathised with the poor, persecuted Covenanters. So he did. He was Thomas, the first Lord Ruthven of Freeland, ennobled in 1651, the grandson of Alexander, third son of William, third Lord Ruthven of Ruthven, and he adhered to the principles, civil and ecclesiastical, of the stock from which he sprang. When Sir Thomas Ruthven, he was a man of note on the Parliamentary side, and he continued to be so after he was raised to the peerage. His name appears among those whom Middleton fined in 1662, and his fine was £4800.

His son David, second Lord Ruthven of Freeland, was a Lord of the Treasury in the reign of William III. Among his successors we do not observe anything more noticeable than that one was a Captain and another a Major in the army.

The commoners in the parish who have made their names historic are easily counted. Two of them are of the Oliphants of Condie and Newton, a branch of the great family of Aberdalgie. Laurence Oliphant the first of Condie, was the grandson of William Oliphant of Newton ; and that William was a brother of Laurence Oliphant, third Lord Oliphant of Aberdalgie who succeeded his grandfather in 1516. In the reign of James VI. Sir William Oliphant of Newton was King's Advocate, and his name figures, as in other state trials so in the witch prosecutions of that age. The witches of those days must have regarded the name with dread and abhorrence. To come to more recent times, the burgh of Perth twice chose Laurence Oliphant of Condie its representative to Parliament, first in Dec. 1832, and next in Jan., 1834.

James Græme of Newton was Solicitor to James VII., before the Revolution relieved that ill-fated monarch of the cares of government.

The Oliphants of Rossie are of the same branch as the Oliphants of Condie. Laurence Oliphant of Condie having acquired a large part of the lands of the parish, left them divided among his three sons; and Rossie was the portion of one of the three. The late James S. Oliphant of Rossie followed the profession of arms, and rose to the rank of Colonel in his country's service. We have not fallen in with any record of his military exploits; but we have heard of a feat of another kind performed by him, which we may mention. One night as he lay in bed he awoke very thirsty, rose for a draught to quench his thirst, and mistaking in the dark a bottle of ink for a bottle of beer, he quaffed the bottle to the bottom. No bad effects followed as to the worthy Colonel's health, but it had a noteworthy result, which a lady had philosophy enough to trace. The lady, having related the story of the ink drinking, was asked, "What became of the ink? What happened?" She answered, "As for the ink I am not aware that any more was seen of it; and as for the consequences of drinking it I have heard nothing, save that the son, afterwards born to the ink drinker, became a Writer to the Signet!"

In the list of the ministers of Forgandenny are two—William Rowe, father and son. William senior, second son of the Reformer, John Rowe of Perth, signed the protest to Parliament in 1606 against the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland; and, as we saw when at Perth, he stoutly withstood Lord Scone, the Royal Commissioner, in the Synod of next year. For his Presbyterian resoluteness and zeal he was summoned before the Privy Council; and, failing to appear, he was put to the horn, and forced to lurk among his friends. He was afterwards "wardit" in Blackness, and was released on the petition of the General Assembly. William junior, a kindred spirit, was a zealous Covenanter, and accompanied the Scots army into England as chaplain to Sir John Lumsdaine's regiment. Andrew Hardie, minister of the parish at the Revolution, was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for his Jacobitism. Peter Pilmer, ordained to the charge in 1703, was one of the class—not a very small one—who were almost persuaded to be Seceders in 1732. He was an intimate friend of William Wilson of Perth, who was much with him in his last illness. One day Wilson said to him, "Brother, I think you should have stood with me and some others, and borne an open testimony against those indignities which you have often lamented, and which are so injurious to your Master's cause and interest at this day." His answer was "Yes, brother, I have always been deficient in courage and zeal for my Lord and Master, but I hope, by the riches of His mercy, that sin and all my other sins shall be as the iniquities of Israel, which shall be sought for and there shall be none, and as the sins of Judah, that shall not be found."

CARSE DISTRICT.

This district comprehends the parishes of Kinfauns, St Madoes, Errol, the lands of Inchyra and Balthayock, in the parish of Kinnoul, Kinnaird, Inchture, Abernyte (exclusive of those parts of Dunsinane in that parish), Longforgan (exclusive of the lands of North Ballo), Invergowrie, and Fowlis Easter.

KINFAUNS.

The Historic Scenes in this parish are chiefly the seats of its historic families. The exceptions would seem to be only three. The first of the three is a spot on the estate of Glendoick, on which stands a house wherein Prince Charlie is said to have once spent a night: a tradition which would have been worthy of more attention, if it had not fixed the date of the night as having been "after" Culloden. The second of the three is the Dragon Hole, if indeed it is in Kinfauns parish, as the Statistical Account represents it to be. But the same authority writes of it as if it were in Kinnoul parish, and when there we gave all the lore about the Hole which we had been able to gather. The last of the three is the most remarkable of them. It is Loch Kaitre, or rather what was till of late Loch Kaitre. It occupied the site on which the Manse of Kinfauns stood in olden times, but which a sad fate had overtaken. The earth opened its mouth and swallowed it up; and the water filling the rent turned it into a loch! The truth of the prodigy is beyond dispute. The minister, who had just left the manse, and was on his way to the kirk, saw the catastrophe taking place. And countless generations afterwards saw the waters of Loch Kaitre, in undisputed possession of the spot on which the manse had stood. A second prodigy, too, established the first. The then minister of Kinfauns must have been richer than most occupants of manses nowadays are. He had a golden cradle in which the bairns were rocked, and which sunk with the manse and all else that it contained. In after ages the people of the Kirkton of Kinfauns mustered courage, and resolved to get hold of the golden cradle by drying the loch. They did not know the powers they were presuming to contend with! As they were busy with their operations at the loch to draw off the water, looking up, lo! the

Kirkton appeared in flames. Rushing home to save from the devouring fire as much of their goods as they might, they found their houses all safe! The apparent conflagration was an illusion. Returning to the loch, they found it exactly as it wont to be. Not a trace was to be seen of what they had been doing with their picks and spades! They took the hint thus most impressively given them, and made no further attempt to get at the golden cradle.

We understand that the present tenant of the lands has had the presumption to drain Loch Kaitre, and to draw the ploughshare over it. We should not like to be in his shoes. It will be surprising if his temerity and daring are not punished by some notable visitation.

Among the seats of historic families in the parish Kinfauns Castle has the precedence. The barony was long possessed by the Charteris family. We first come into acquaintance with them in connection with Thomas de Longueville, whose oft-told story is one of romantic and enduring interest. He was a Frenchman, and belonged to an old and high family. Towards the end of the thirteenth century he was at the Court of Philip le Bel, and had a quarrel with a French nobleman, whom he killed in the King's presence. Philip refused him a remission, and he fled for his life, turned pirate, and had now been at sea for some sixteen years practising his nefarious trade. He went by the name of the Red Reiver, from the colour of the flags which he carried on his ships. Sir William Wallace sailing to France on a visit to Philip le Bel, encountered Longueville. Wallace's company numbered fifty men, besides his friends Crawford and Kneland, and he had

"A fair new barge rycht worthi wrocht for wer."

The Reiver coming close to the barge sprang into it. Wallace collared him, and threw him back with such force that the blood flowed from his nose and mouth. His fleet gathered around the barge; but "Crawford drew sail, skewyt by, and off thaim past." The pirate felt himself overmatched, and implored mercy, which Wallace granted him. Discovering who his captor was, he fell on his knees before him, and offered to escort him to Rochelle, and to defend him from the English should they dare to fall upon him. More than that, he made a tender of his services to him for the future in the great enterprise in which he knew that the hero was embarked.

Learning from Longueville his name and history, Wallace took him with him, and interceded in his behalf with Philip, who not only pardoned him his crime, but knighted him. He accompanied Wallace on his return to Scotland, and served him with unswerving fidelity and unflagging zeal; and after the death of Wallace, when Bruce lifted the banner of Scotland's freedom and independence, he transferred his homage to him. At the capture of Perth, in 1313, he was, as we stated, the first that followed the King in dashing into the water in the fosse and in scaling the city wall. For his bravery and devotion Bruce rewarded him with lands in the neighbourhood of Perth: with Kinfauns, some say; while others say, that to the lands royally gifted him, Longueville added those of Kinfauns by marrying the heiress of them and assuming her name. Whatever the explanation may be, certain it is that he did assume the name of Charteris.

One of the relics of olden days preserved in Kinfauns Castle, is Longueville's sword, a very formidable weapon. Any one who sees it will readily believe that he was, in the Reiver period of his life, the terror of the seas, and, after that, one of the most puissant adherents of Wallace and Bruce. It is a double-handed sword, five feet nine inches long, two feet six inches broad at the hilt and proportionately thick with a round nob at the upper end nearly eight inches in circumference. Adamson in his "Muses Threnodie" thus sings of it:—

"Kinfauns, which Thomas Langueville
Some time did hold, whose ancient sword of steel
Remains unto this day, and of that land
Is chiefest evident."

It is believed that another relic of Thomas de Longueville was discovered as late as about the middle of the last century. The Charteris' family vault, under the aisle of the parish church, being then opened, there was found in it a head piece made of several folds of linen, or of some other strong stuff, painted over with broad stripes of blue and white. This is regarded as having been Longueville's helmet for the house of the dead; part of the fictitious armour in which his body was shrouded when it was committed to the tomb.

There is another very curious relic in the Castle of Kinfauns. It is an iron flag or vane, two feet long and one broad, turning on an iron staff eight feet high, and bearing the date of 1688. It wont to surmount the Castle, and was the symbol of the power of Admiralty which the Lords of Kinfauns had over the Tay. With this power they were invested to conserve the fishings in the river and to punish poachers on them. The tradition is that all vessels sailing up and down the river acknowledged the power of their Lordships by saluting the Castle, or by lowering their colours, as they passed it. According to the Statistical Account, "this power extends from Drumlie Sands, below Dundee, to the heart of the river, and entitles the family of Kinfauns to a salmon, annually, out of every fishing-boat on the Tay."

Kinfauns continued in the possession of the Charteris till the seventeenth century. They figure chiefly in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. They were generally staunch supporters of the Court party, which, in the Reformation era, was the Popish party; and the Queen Dowager, Cardinal Beaton, and Regent Arran employed them as their tools for carrying out some of the worst pieces of their policy. During the centuries we have named, the Charteris supplied Perth with not a few Lords Provost and other Magistrates. Their rivals were the Ruthvens of Ruthven. Between these families there was a chronic and sensitive jealousy, which now and then broke out into open collisions, one specimen of which we gave when at Perth. The Charteris were also at feud with their neighbours, the Blairs of Balthayock, and too often their enmities were prosecuted to bloody issues. In 1562, John Charteris of Kinfauns, his brother David, and thirty-nine others, had to find surety that they would stand their trial for attacking Thomas Blair of Balthayock and his followers, and giving them opprobrious and injurious words.

Kinfauns passed from the Charteris to the Blairs of Balthayock, and from the Blairs to the Carnegies of Northesk. In 1671, Alexander Carnegie, fourth son of David, second Earl of Northesk, married Anna, eldest daughter of William Blair of Kinfauns, who, in consideration of £40,000, resigned the barony of Kinfauns to his daughter and her husband. They had a son, Alexander, who assumed the name of Blair. He, Alexander Blair Carnegie, married his cousin Jean, daughter of James Carnegie of Finhaven. Their daughter and heiress, Margaret Blair Carnegie, John, twelfth Lord Gray, married in 1741; and thus Kinfauns passed to the noble House of Gray, which still retains it.

The Gray family have worn some of the proudest British coronets. They are of Norman extraction. The first of them came to England with William the Conqueror, was a near relative of his, and obtained from him several lordships. Of this stock were the Dukes of Suffolk and Kent, the Earls of Stamford and Tankerville, De Grey and Grey, the Barons Grey of Codnor, Ruthin, Wilton, Rolleston, Wark, and Chillingham. So, of course, was also the lovely Lady Jane Grey, who was a daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, and whose father's ambition, in raising her to the throne of England on the death of Edward VI., brought her to the block.

The first of the Grays in Scotland was a younger son of Lord Grey of Chillingham. He came to it in the reign of William the Lion (1165—1214). A descendant of his, Sir Andrew Gray, espoused the cause of King Robert Bruce, who rewarded him for his faithful and valiant services with several grants of land; among others, with the barony of Longforgan in the Carse of Gowrie. Gray House, in the eastern extremity of the Carse, and in the shire of Forfar, was long the seat of the family in these parts. Sir Patrick Gray of Gray was created a Lord of Parliament before October 9th, 1437; and by his first wife, a daughter of Sir Roger de Mortimer, he got the lands of Fowlis. "The Lords Gray have held the highest dignities of the land, and have been leaders in our great national events. Andrew, the third Lord, was appointed to the office of Justice-General, north of the Forth, on the forfeiture of Lord Lynn, 1489, and he was appointed Justice-General south of the Forth, 1506. Members of the family held the office of extraordinary Lords of Session, and from 1488 till the reign of Charles I., they were heritable sheriffs of Forfarshire, which was resigned upon a bond by the King for 50,000 merks, but of which troublesome days prevented the liquidation. Andrew, the second Lord Gray, before he succeeded his father, was one of the hostages for King James I., 1424,—and he obtained liberty to return in 1427. He was one of the train of knights who accompanied Margaret of Scotland to France in 1436, on her marriage to the Dauphin. Patrick, the fifth Lord, was one of the first of his quality who countenanced the Reformation in 1560, and he joined the association in support of King James VI., 1567. Patrick, the seventh Lord, was by James VI. appointed a Gentleman of his Bedchamber, Master of the Wardrobe, a Privy Councillor, and Commendator of the Monastery of Dunfermline, 1584. The same year he was sent ambassador to England, and again in 1586, to intercede with Elizabeth for Queen Mary. During the Commonwealth, Andrew, the eighth Lord, was prevailed on by Charles II. and the Duke of York, then in exile, to resign his lieutenancy of the gens d'armes in France in favour of Marshal Schomberg, which office had been long enjoyed by Scotsmen, and never afterwards could be recovered."

This quotation, which we have been tempted to make for its brevity and condensation, hardly does justice to the seventh Lord Gray. His ambition was boundless, his spirit reckless and intriguing, and in falsehood and treachery he was an adept. The way in which he executed his embassy to England has left an indelible stain on his memory. While in his open conferences about Mary, and in his despatches to Scotland concerning her, he pretended to be assiduously and earnestly interceding for her life, he was in private urging her execution upon Elizabeth, and whispered into her ear that "the dead don't bite." Our glimpse of him will give him his due when we have added a second quotation to our first:—"The following year his own fall occurred. On the accusation of Sir William Stewart, then about to proceed on

an embassy to France, he was tried for high treason, condemned, and on the point of being executed, but on the intercession of the Earl of Huntly and Lord Hamilton his life was spared, and the sentence changed to banishment. In his 'dittay,' or indictment, are contained various points of treason. 'But his most flagrant offence,' says Tytler, 'was the base betrayal of his trust in his recent negotiation in England, where he secretly recommended the death, instead of pleading for the life of the Scottish Queen. At first, with his wonted effrontery, he attempted to brazen out the matter, and overawe his enemies; but in the end he pleaded guilty, and as abject as he had been insolent, threw himself on the King's mercy. None lamented his disgrace.'"

Margaret Blair, Lady Gray, after giving herself and Kinfauns to John, twelfth Lord Gray, did him another good service, which we must not pass over. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Perthshire, and as such waited on the Duke of Cumberland at Dundee, when his Royal Highness was there on his way to the North, to quench the Rebellion of 1745 in the blood of Culloden. The Duke received him with coldness and hauteur; his Lordship felt insulted, and rode home with all haste, determined immediately to join the standard of Prince Charlie. His Lady knew too well his obstinate temper to appear to oppose him in this determination. But she baulked him by a somewhat ludicrous strategem. She recommended to him that, after his hard ride, he should have his feet bathed before he retired to rest. She lovingly undertook the bathing process, and the washing implied in it with her own hands. His Lordship having stripped his limbs, and placed them in the bath, she, through some awkward blunder poured a kettle of boiling water upon them. He was so scalded that he was not able to leave his room for several weeks; and, in the meantime, the public career of Prince Charlie had closed on Drummossie Moor.

This incident is the subject of one of Lady Nairne's songs; and the songster, in the exercise of a poet's license, has imagined that it was not in feet-bathing, but in making a "dish" for his Lordship before he should leave, that the kettle was "coupit;" as also that there was an argument between the couple, which ended in the legs scalding.

"YE'LL MOUNT, GUDEMAN.

"LEDDY.

"'Ye'll mount, gudeman! ye'll mount and ride!
Ye'll cross the burn syne doun the loch side,
Then up 'mang the hills, thro' the muir and the heathe
An' join great Argyle where loyal men gather.'

"LAIRD.

"'Indeed, honest luckie, I think ye're no blate
To bid loyal men gang ony sic gate;
For I'm gaun to fecht for true loyaltie,
Had the Prince ne'er anither, he still will hae me.'

"LEDDY.

"'About Charlie Stuart we ne'er could agree;
But dearie, for ance, be counselled by me;
Tak' nae pairt at a'; bide quietly at hame,
An' ne'er heed a Campbell, M'Donal', or Graham.'

"LAIRD.

"Na, na, gudewife, for that winna do,
My Prince is in need, his friends they are few:
I aye lo'ed the Stuarts; I'll join them the day;
Sae gie me my boots, for my boots I will hae.'

"LEDDY.

"'Oh saftly, gudeman, I think ye're gane mad;
I hae nae the heart to preen on the cockaud;
The Prince, as ye ca' him, will never succeed:
Ye'll lose your estate, and may be your head.'

"LAIRD.

"'Come, cheer ye, my dear, an' dry up your tears!
I ha'e my hopes, an' I ha'e my fears;
But I'll raise my men, an' a' that is given,
To aid the gude cause—then leave it to Heaven.'

"'But, haste ye now, haste ye, for I maun be gane,
The mare's at the yett, the bugle is blawn;
Gie me my bannet, it's far in the day,
I'm no for a dish, there's nae time to stay.'

"LEDDY.

"'Oh dear! tak' but ane, it may do ye gude?'
But what ails the woman? she surely is wud!
She's lifted the kettle, but something is coup'd
On the legs o' the laird, wha roar'd and wha loup'd.

"LAIRD.

"'I'm brint, I'm brint, how cam' it this way?
I fear I'll no ride for mony a day,—
Send aff the men, and to Prince Charlie say,
My heart is wi' him, but I'm tied by the tae.'

"The wily wife flushed, and the laird didna see
The smile on her cheek thro the tear in her e'e—
'Had I kent the gudeman wad ha'e had siccan pain,
The kettle, for me, sud ha'e coupit its lane.'"

Francis, fifteenth Lord Gray, was Major in the first battalion of Breadalbane Fencibles in 1793; was appointed Postmaster-General of Scotland in 1807; and after succeeding to the title, was for many years a Scottish Representative Peer. He died in 1842, and was succeeded by John, his only son, sixteenth Lord, who was chosen a Representative Peer, and appointed a Deputy-Lieutenant of Perthshire.

It was Francis, fifteenth Lord, who, in 1822, built the present Castle of Kinfauns. It stands near to where the old house stood, and is a most magnificent structure, its southern front being one hundred and sixty feet long, its eastern two hundred and thirty-three, and its central tower eighty-six feet high. The surpassing choiceness of its site, the elegance and splendour of its architecture, the character and the quan-

tity of its paintings and statuary and sculpture, with which its interior is enriched and adorned, do not fall within our scope. Neither does the Elysian landscape around it, or the more distant scenery of which it commands the prospect. Happy for us it is that these things are beyond our scope. We are not sufficiently master of the art of word painting to be equal to the task of describing them. But we may say, *en passant*, in the words of another :—

"The study of Kinfauns and of the connected grounds will enrich the mind not only of every admirer of architecture but of every admirer of the grandeur and of the beauties of nature, when combined with the embellishments of art. The cliffs and the wooded hills forming the background, the variegated trees and clumps rising nobly in the sloping and more verdant lawn ; and placed as if by the hand of a Claude, afford objects innumerable for the admiration of the poet, the painter, or the lover of landscape. It is part of the theory of drawing to omit and remove particular objects, for the sake of a general effect ; but within the enclosure of Kinfauns there is nothing to alter, nothing to be removed. It is every way perfect."

Seggieden House, snugly situated on the bank of the Tay, and sheltered and beautified by hill and wood embosoming it, is said to be on sacred ground, its site having been occupied in the good old times by a Religious House. The House was called the Hospital of Seggieden or Suggieden, and it perished at the Reformation by the Vandal violence of the Protestants. The establishment would have a history, perhaps a long and interesting history ; but if so, and if it has been preserved, not a scrap of it has come our way.

Seggieden is the property and seat of a Hay family ; and the Hays of it are of the stem of the Hays of Leys, having descended from Peter Hay of Megginch, second son of Edmund Hay of Leys. This Peter Hay flourished in the fifteenth century. In 1451, he had, from his cousin William, Earl of Errol, a charter of confirmation of the lands granted to his ancestor in 1235 ; a charter which proves him to have been the lineal heir male of William de Haya, the first Hay of Leys.

The Hays of Seggieden match Rorie More with their drinking-horn, which has long been an heir-loom in the family. It is a vessel upwards of a foot deep, straight and tapering, and adorned with rings around it. The special use to which this horn wont to be put was to test the fitness of a claimant to succeed to the fair heritage of Seggieden. It was put into the hand of each successive claimant, filled to the brim, and he had to drink the contents of it at a draught ; the guests on the occasion crying, "Sook it out, Seggie den ! Though it's thin, it's weel pledged." When he had reached the bottom, he blew a whistle, in token of his having accomplished the feat. Having thus established his claim, and shown his worthiness to succeed his illustrious ancestors, his guests followed his example by each quaffing a hornful.

Glendoick House is the seat of the Craigies, descendants of the Right Honourable Robert Craigie, Lord President of the Court of Session ; of whom we gave some account when at Dunbarny, his birth parish. While he was yet Lord Advocate, he purchased Glendoick, and built the mansion house, which he made his residence so far as professional duties permitted. To what we said of him when at Dunbarny, we may add here the estimate which Lord Woodhouselee, a very competent judge, formed of him as a lawyer. "He united, to a very profound knowledge of the laws, and an understanding peculiarly turned to the unfolding of the systematic intricacies of the feudal doctrines, the most persevering industry, which, introducing him to notice in some remarkable cases where those talents are peculiarly requisite, were the foundation of a very extensive practice at the bar. His rise to eminence, however, was slow, as he had none of the exterior accomplishments that attract attention ; and, though an acute and able reasoner, his manner of pleading was dry, prolix, and deficient both in grace and energy. In the earlier part of his life, he had, for several years, given private lectures in his chambers to students of law, before he had any considerable business as a barrister ; but his industry, and the gradually prevailing opinion of his deep acquaintance with jurisprudence, overcame at length every obstacle, and he rose to the first rank among the counsel who were his contemporaries. He died in 1760."

Of the ministers of Kinfauns, John Gall, ordained in 1687, was deposed for contumacy in 1697, and deprived by the Privy Council in 1698. From the action of the Council in the case, we suspect that his crime was contumacy in sticking to his Jacobitism, and vindicating it.

ST MADOES.

It is thought that this parish took its name from St Madoch or Modoch, who is said to have been a bishop in Scotland as early as the third or fourth century, and to have been canonised for his sanctity and his missionary zeal and labours. The tradition about him in this locality is that he came to Scotland from

France; that he sailed up the Tay, and landed on its northern bank, opposite to its junction with the Earn; that he preached the gospel to the rude inhabitants and made converts of them; that they by and by built a church much about where that of St Madoes now stands, and dedicated it to their spiritual father; and that afterwards, when the district was formed into a parish, it was called by his name, the name being softened or corrupted (whichever the reader may prefer) from St Madoch into St Madoes.

There are in this parish the remains of one of the Druidical circles found in the Carse. The southern base of the Sidlaws, like that of the Grampians, appears to have been dotted with those circles. In those days there would be no lack on either base of those natural groves in which our Pagan forefathers constructed their sanctuaries.

In the churchyard of St Madoes there is a Runic monument, which has been an object of much curiosity. It is a stone about seven feet long, three feet wide at the bottom and two and a-half at the top, and eight inches thick. It is a grey sandstone, similar in grain to that which is now found at Murrayshall. It is thus described in the Statistical Account:—"On the one side the sculpture is divided into five compartments, right under each other, and nearly equal in size. Each of the uppermost three is occupied by the figure of a man on horseback, the horse and rider being of the most grotesque form and unseemly proportions. The bridle, reins, bit, rings, and buckles are minutely though rudely cut, and are in perfect preservation. The rider wears a cloak or mantle, somewhat like the short waterproof cloaks of our time, but with a flat-crowned headpiece, which leaves only a small portion of the face to be seen. In the fourth compartment is a serpent-shaped figure with fretted ornaments and something like a double-headed broken sceptre, both of which ornaments are to be found on most stones of the same class. Still lower down is the figure of a goat, a good deal defaced, and adjoining this, various sculptures almost obliterated. This side of the stone, though minutely carved, does not seem to have been squared or dressed beforehand. It bears no tool marks, and has several warts, as if just taken from the quarry. The side opposite is by far the richer and more beautiful. Its lines are as clear as if just from the hand of the artist. The principal figure is that of a cross, the upright position of which occupies the whole length of the stone. The shaft and transept are beautifully enriched with very complicated tracery; both, round the point where they cross, are wreathed with a carved circle or halo. On each side of the shaft of the cross, beneath its transept, is a monstrous lizard-like figure, apparently in the agonies of death, from being crushed through at the loins by a savage-looking creature with a head like a wolf, body like a dog, and a thick curled tail. The two compartments adjoining the top of the cross are occupied by nondescripts with monstrous and diminutive bodies, apparently gnawing their own backs. On the top, equally visible from both sides of the stone, are lizard-like figures *couchant*, facing each other."

Is this sculpture inscribed with history? If it is, perhaps the date of the history is the epoch when Christianity had just got into the ascendancy over the old superstitions of the country; and if so, this may supply a key to the history. The cross was, to those who carved it on this monumental stone, the appropriate symbol of the religion of Christ. The serpents, lizards, and nondescript monsters were, to them, the symbols of the powers of evil which had made our world their prey. And the broken sceptre and the wounds and self-gnawings and dying agonies of those creatures were, to them, the symbols of the blessed results of the death and the reign of the Crucified One, verifying and illustrating such words of Holy Writ as these:—"For this purpose the Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil."

The "Hawk's Stane," in the east of the parish, near the boundary between it and Errol, is a marked Historic Scene in St Madoes. It is the stone on which the hawk alighted, whose flight determined the domains given to the peasant Hay for winning the battle of Luncarty. When at Luncarty we told how King Kenneth gave Hay the choice of lands defined by the hound's race, or by the hawk's flight; how he chose the latter; and how the hawk, let off at Kinnoul, flew eastward and alighted on this stone. And it is a stone not easily disposed of by those who sneer at the whole story of the battle of Luncarty, as if it were a fable. How do they account for this stone? How do they account for its name, which it has borne from time immemorial? How do they account for the tradition about it, and for the universal acceptance of the tradition, till wiseacres of yesterday arose, and set it at nought? To us there seems to be sober sense in what the Statistical Account says on this subject:—"By some the whole of this tradition has been treated as fabulous, and, undoubtedly, there are portions of it not easily reconcilable with what are considered to be well-established facts; but, however that may be, the stone referred to has beyond all question been denominated the Hawk's Stone for many centuries past, the most ancient charters and historical records referring to it as the *Saxum Falconis*: and one fact in favour of the traditionary account connected with it is, that it does certainly lie upon the very westmost verge of what is known to have been the original property of the Hays of Errol."

"It does certainly lie upon the very *westmost* verge," &c. The writer follows the version of the tradition which makes the hawk's flight to have begun, not at Kinnoul Hill, but at a point about six miles east of this stone, and the course of it to have been westward.

Three centuries ago the parish was divided into four estates, which were in the hands of so many different proprietors. Pitfour, one of the four, was possessed by a Cochrane, a scion of the noble house of Dundonald; and his family history presents a striking illustration of the mutability of man's estate here below. He sold his property to the Hays of Megginch, but spent the residue of his days in St Madoes; and his posterity sank in the social scale down to the class of cottars. About two generations ago the last of them died in this hunble condition in the parish of Errol. They had not been all distinguished by the frugality of one of their ancestors, an Earl of Dundonald, of whom it stands on record:—"Whatever he gott or acquired he frugally and noblely improved, for being a gentleman of the greatest accomplishment for manageing affairs that our nation hath produced, he acquired a vast fortune, which he left to his eldest grandsone, and provided all his other children and grand children with plentiful fortunes. Indeed, the age appears to have beheld with admiration the Earl's frugality, and his success has been celebrated as one of three wonders of the shire (Ayrshire), namely—How Dundonald gathered such an estate—how Orbiston spent such an estate—and how Glencairn lived so handsomely on such an estate."

All the lands of the parish are now the property of Sir John Stewart Richardson, Bart., whose seat is Pitfour Castle, a massive and tasteful pile in the midst of ground peculiarly beautiful, even in a region where all is "passing fair."

> "To see her cousin she cam' there,
> An' oh! the scene was pas ing fair:
> For what in Scotland can compare
> Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?"

Sir John's baronetcy is a Nova Scotia one, conferred in 1630 on Sir Robert Richardson of Pencaithland, Haddingtonshire. On the death of the twelfth of Sir Robert's line, the baronetcy became dormant. In 1837 Sir John Stewart Richardson, son of James Richardson, Esq. of Pitfour, was served heir male general to this branch. He was heir of the first baronet's elder brother, and thus became the thirteenth baronet.

In the future history of agriculture Sir John Stewart Richardson of Pitfour will be commemorated for two things. The one is, having set up on his estate one of the first and largest of these draintile manufactories by machinery in Scotland, which have contributed so incalculably to that fundamental improvement in husbandry—the thorough drainage of the soil. If he is a benefactor of his kind who has made two blades of grass to grow in place of one, how much more is he a benefactor of his kind who has made two bolls of grain to grow in place of one. The other thing that will transmit Sir John's name with honour to coming generations is, his very successful efforts in reclaiming from the Tay large portions of the richest alluvial soil and adding them to his estate.

Alexander Lindsay, ordained to the pastoral charge of this parish in 1591, was of the Evelick family. He was a favourite at Court, and supported King James in his measures for subverting Presbytery, and setting up Prelacy in its room. James had him made constant Moderator of the Presbytery of Perth in 1606; and the members were charged to accept him as such on pain of rebellion. Only three of them ever met with him, or made any acknowledgment of him, in that capacity. Lord Scone in vain attempted to force the Synod that met at Perth in 1607 to accept Lindsay as its Moderator, on the nomination of His Majesty. He was the same year appointed Bishop of Dunkeld; an office which he held for upwards of thirty-one years, retaining at the same time the charge of St Madoes. He was a member of the Court of High Commission in 1610, and of eleven General Assemblies, prior to 1619. Of the Court party in the days of James and of his son Charles, he was, of course, a participant in the tyranny, civil and religious, which that party perpetrated; and this is saying much. How much might be inferred, though we had no details of the facts, from the powers and functions of the Court we have just named.

Originally, there were two Courts of High Commission; the one in the west, held under the presidency of the Archbishop of Glasgow; and the other in the east, held under the presidency of the Archbishop of St Andrews. In the days of Archbishop Spottiswood, the two Courts were united; and, the Inquisition excepted, we do not know that the world has seen an engine of more grievous and intolerable oppression. It had jurisdiction over all ranks and classes; and its judgments were final; there was no appeal from them. Its own will, too, was its law; so that the liberties of Scotland lay prostrate at its feet. The subjects, ecclesiastical and lay, might be dragged before it, for whatever the Court was pleased to consider scandalous in behaviour, or in religious opinions and observances; might be subjected to trial, protected by none of the ordinary safe-guards of law; and might be excommunicated, imprisoned, or peeled and ruined by fines. Schools and colleges were subject to its visitations; those who taught in them were at its mercy; and "cruel" that mercy was to all who dared to move a lip against the divine right of kings to rule wrong; or

against Prelates who sanctioned and sanctified their rule. The Court had power to command the preachers of the parishes in which offenders resided to pronounce its sentence on them; and if the preachers refused or delayed, it might call them before it, and punish them with suspension, deprivation, or imprisonment. The archbishop and other four formed a quorum; and, in the absence of nobles or of other lay members who might have opposed his proceedings, he was always sure of four bishops to obey his nod. Nothing more odious or oppressive, or more alien to the spirit of a free country, could be imagined.

The day of Alexander Lindsay, and of his order, came at length to an end. The General Assembly of the Kirk held its famous meeting at Glasgow in 1638, sitting down on the 21st November. The fourteen bishops with whom Scotland had been blessed were summoned before it, to answer for various moral as well as ecclesiastical offences. The two archbishops and six of the bishops were excommunicated, four of them were deposed, and two were suspended. Lindsay was one of the suspended. "The Laird of Moncrieff and Mr William Row (Forgandenny), in the name of the gentrie and burgesses of the Presbyterie," laid the complaints against him before the Assembly. He was found guilty "of receiving consecration to the office of Episcopacie condemned by the Confession of Faith; of pressing the Kirk with novations in the worship of God," &c. But his "dittay" was not so grave as that of some of his brother prelates. Neither did he prove obstinate or contumacious. On the contrary, he acknowledged the authority of the Assembly, and subscribed the Covenant. He was therefore leniently dealt with. He was, of course, "deposed from the Episcopall function, and suspended from all ministerial function." Yet it was provided that, on his "making his repentance conforme to the order prescribed, he might be continued in the ministrie of St Madoes." On the 30th January, 1639, he did publicly make his repentance, in his seat in the Kirk of Kilspindie (he had, before this, bought Evelick from his brother); was loosed from his suspension, and restored to the exercise of his office; and, that same year, he died, aged seventy-eight, the humble Presbyterian minister of this parish.

Of Lindsay's successors for these two hundred and thirty-eight years, one has been selected for notice, as for other reasons, so for his singular talents, learning, and piety. He was Archibald Stevenson, minister of Kinfauns from 1747 to 1784. He rose to be a leader of the popular party in the Kirk, and was deemed one of the first authorities on her constitution and laws. A distinguished leader of the opposite party paid a high compliment to his memory. "The late Dr Inglis, of Edinburgh, who remembered his appearance in Church Courts, always spoke of him as second to no man in his day in the management of Church matters. He left no token of his powers behind him but what is to be found in a speech on Catholic Emancipation (now very rare) in the General Assembly, 1779, distinguished by extraordinary sagacity, and great power of diction and of argument."

ERROL.

Near Clashbennie is a large upright stone, of which we may safely say that it is one of the oldest inhabitants of the parish. It meets the eye the more by being on ground which rises somewhat above the surrounding level, and where it must have required no small amount of mechanical power to place it. There is another similar stone, similarly situated, near Inchmartin. These stones are in the state in which they were when taken from the quarry. They bear no sculpture or inscription. No tool has been lifted up on them. That they are monumental, though plain and rude, can hardly be questioned; and to say that they are monumental is to say that they are historic. But, unhappily, they are mute to us. The events with which they were originally associated, and the memories of which they were meant to preserve either have fallen into utter oblivion, or the link between the events and the stones has been lost; it is to be feared, irrecoverably lost.

So, too, it is with some old sculpture in the churchyard. It also is mute to us. We have no key with which to open its symbols. We regret this the more because the modern Errolites excel so much in the art of epitaph-writing. We are therefore curious to know whether the ancient Errolites did the same. We look, for example, at the sarcophagus of William Bell, one of the ministers of the parish, admitted to the charge in 1652. How felicitously the inscription on it honours the memory of the dead! How exquisite the play of a mourning parish on his name! On the one side his pastorate is outlined. On the other it is panegyrized thus:—

"Death crackt this Bell, yet doth his pleasant chiming
Remain with those who are their lamps a-trimming;
In spite of death, his word some praise still sounds
In Christ's church and in Heaven his joy abounds."

The top of the cover is adorned with these lines:—

"Here ceast and silent lies sweet sounding Bell,
Who unto sleeping souls rung many a knell."

At Weston are the ruins of a chapel surrounded by a burying-ground. This chapel existed in Popish

times, and was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin of Inchmartin. It was used for Protestant worship after the Reformation. The minister of the parish officiated in it once a fortnight till towards the end of last century, and interment in its burying-ground continued till a more recent date.

Law-Knoll, in the grounds of Murie House, stands conspicuous among the Historic Scenes of the parish. The Knoll is not natural, but artificial. It is circular in form, and rises to the height of twenty feet, with a diameter of forty yards at the base, and ten yards at the top. A turf wall surrounds it at the base, and another small wall of the same material surrounds the platform on the top, leaving a walk outside of it. The sides of it are planted with trees.

The name of this Knoll is, we think, pretty decisive as to the use of it. It cannot be reasonably doubted that law was administered on the Knoll in feudal times, and that this was the purpose of its erection. And the criminal law administered on it would bear a very large proportion to the civil. The chief business of the barons in those times, in holding their Courts on such knolls, lay in dispensing justice to evil-doers.

Our view of Murie Law-Knoll is confirmed by its manifest connection with the Gallow-Hill (Gallows-Hill), as it was originally called, though it now bears the name of Gallow-Flat. The distance between the Knoll and the Hill is some two miles; and to this day an avenue, lined with old oaks, leads directly from the one to the other. By this avenue criminals were conducted from Law-Knoll, where their sentences were pronounced upon them, to Gallow-Hill, where those sentences were executed.

Before leaving Murie, we may add that it is historic as the seat and residence (till lately) of the Yeamans, related to Grizzel Jaffray, who was executed at Dundee for witchcraft in 1699, and whose execution occasioned that turn in the life of the founder of the family which enabled him to make Murie his own. "As Grizzel Jaffray was suffering at the stake, and the town in a state of the highest excitement by her execution, a vessel appeared in the river, whose captain was a near relation of the murdered woman. Some versions of the story say he was her son. Shocked by the tragedy that was being acted, and disgusted with his native town for acting it, he forthwith set sail for India, accompanied by his only son. They there amassed a large fortune, which was eventually brought home, the estate of Murie, in the Carse of Gowrie, purchased with it, and the well-known family of the Yeamans of Murie founded." Such is the story, as we told it, briefly, in "Historic Scenes in Forfarshire," and, romantic as it looks, it received some countenance at a recent date. "In 1849, the effects in Murie House were exposed to sale, among which were a curious Indian chest, in which, it was believed, that the captain's son brought his treasure from India to Forfarshire, and a portrait, believed to be that of the captain himself, which sold for one hundred and thirty guineas."

The Hays took their title of nobility from the lands of Errol. They had long before been in possession of these, whether they had come to them by the gift of Kenneth III. or not. William the Lion made the lands a barony, and gave the Hays charters of them. Sir Gilbert de la Haya was an ardent supporter of King Robert Bruce, who rewarded him with grants of divers Crown lands; and also by making him hereditary High Constable of Scotland, anciently a very lucrative as well as honourable office. Among its many perquisites were the *hostiligia*, which some interpret to have implied free lodgings wherever the King might reside; while others say that they implied a hearth tax of "Sax pennies Scots," which the Constable had from "every reeking house in Scotland."

Gilbert's son Nicolas fell in the battle of Dupplin. His grandson Thomas allied himself to royalty by marrying the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Robert III. His son William was the first of the family raised to the peerage by the title of Earl of Errol. This was done by James II. in 1452. William, fourth Earl, fell on the field of Flodden, with no fewer than eighty-seven gentlemen of his family name. William, fifth Earl, is famous for what "he suffered for the cause of Christ," and for his remarkable knowledge of the Scriptures, much of which he could "rehearse word by word." He was also a man of affairs; was a Privy Councillor to James V.; and was employed in several important services to the State. Dying without issue in 1535, his titles, lands, and Constableship went to the second son of the third Earl, the Honourable Thomas Hay, of Logie-Almond. As we might have stated, when in that quarter, the family of the Logies, the first known proprietors of Logie-Almond, who evidently had taken their name from their lands, ended in an heiress, Margaret Logie, whom the Honourable Thomas Hay had married, getting her heritage with her. Francis, eighth Earl, was one of the four "Popish Lords" who were the source of so much trouble and peril to the country in the days of James VI. William, ninth Earl, was obliged to part with his patrimony in the Carse of Gowrie. Notwithstanding his great income, his expenditure was so profuse that, at the pressure of his embarrassments, he sold the lands of Errol, retaining only some superiorities, and died in 1636. He put the copestone on the extravagance which mired him in his effort to appear at the coronation of Charles I. with becoming splendour.

The Hays of Errol, we may note, were very pious, according to the piety of their times. They were, accordingly, great benefactors of the Church. We shall see when we come to Coupar their signal liberality to the Abbey there.

It was Blair of Balthayock who bought Errol of the Hays, and he lived and died in it. Lamont says in his "Diary":—"1652. Dec. The old laird of Balthaicke, surnamed Blair, in the Carse of Gowrie, depairted out of this life at the place of Arrell, and was interred the 4th of Jan., 1653, in the night season." Errol did not continue long in the possession of the Blairs, as another extract from Lamont shews:—"1657, Apr. The Lord Loure in Angus bought Arrell, in the Carse of Gowrie, from Balthaicke; it stood him one hundred thousand marks Scots. About the same time he came with his familie to live at Arrell."

The barony was purchased for John, first Earl of Northesk, of whose eldest son Lord Loure was then the title. The favourite residence of his son David, second Earl of Northesk, was Errol House. He died there in 1679, and his body was conveyed with much pomp to the family sepulchre in the church of Inverkeillor. On its way thither it lay a night in the church of Dundee, where it was received with all honour. Earl David gave his Countess, Lady Jean Maule, the house and barony of Errol, estimated to be worth nine or ten thousand merks. She died at Errol in 1685; on which event the third Earl of Northesk, also David, his Countess, Lord Rosehill, and the young ladies, all went to live at Errol. In 1707 Queen Anne gave David, the fourth Earl of Northesk, a charter of his baronies, of which Errol was one, in which she erected them into the Earldom of Northesk.

In these latter days Errol passed from nobles to squires, successful civilians, merchants, and manufacturers. Mr Crawford, an Indian nabob, bought it; but if the local tradition concerning him is to be relied on, he must have brought home from India a bad liver as well as a good purse. He soon lost conceit of his purchase, and, in a fit of whim and disgust set off for London, declaring that he would be glad to sell Errol for an old song! Mr John Allen, a West India merchant, had just come home with a large purse, when he heard of the bilious antipathy which Crawford had conceived to his rich and beautiful estate. He at once followed him to London, and relieved him of the burden that oppressed him. He did not literally buy Errol for an old song, but the price he paid for it was such a bagatelle, that it became a saying in the locality that he had got the estate at sixpence per tree on it, and the land for nothing.

John Allen, who had the good fortune thus to acquire Errol, was succeeded in it by his son, John Lee Allen. The latter had three sons and three daughters. His first and second sons were captains in the British navy. The elder of the two married the Honourable Lady Henrietta Duncan, elder daughter of the Earl of Camperdown. He was long in the navy, chiefly on the African coast, engaged in suppressing the slave trade, in which he honourably distinguished himself. He was the first to introduce vaccination among the natives on the coast. He himself vaccinated the children of the Queen of Madagascar, a service for which he had the honour of receiving from Her Majesty a sword of state. He left a son, who followed the profession of arms, and is now Major Allen. His widow, the Honourable Lady Henrietta Duncan Allen, still survives.

After the death of Captain Allen, Errol was sold to Hugh Tennent, Esq., Wellpark, Glasgow. It is now the property of Francis Molison, Esq.

The Allens of Inchmartin are of the same family as the Allens of Errol. John, the first Allen laird of Errol, had acquired Inchmartin before he acquired Errol. He had two sons, John Lee, who, as we have stated, succeeded him in Errol, and James. He gave Inchmartin to James, who was of the military profession, and rose to high rank in it. He was a Colonel in the British army. He served in the war with France, in which he had the misfortune to be captured by the enemy, and was confined for many years in a French prison. The Colonel's eldest son was James Vaughan Allen, the first husband of the authoress of the justly popular work "The Henwife;" for if he is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass to grow instead of one, much more is she a public benefactress who teaches us how to get two eggs for one and two chickens for one. The present proprietor of Inchmartin, Howard Allen, Esq., is the youngest son of the late Colonel Allen.

In olden times Inchmartin was a place of much consequence. It was one of the largesses which William the Lion bestowed on his brother David Earl of Huntingdon. Next century, it was in the possession of a family who took their name from their lands; and John de Inchmartin was one of the most important personages of his day. So a few sentences extracted from the Annals of Lord Hailes will show. After the death of Wallace, Edward "ordered a general council of the Scottish nation to be held at Perth; that 10 Commissioners should be appointed viz., 2 Bishops, 2 Abbots, 2 Earls, 2 Barons, and 2 for the Commons. . . . Accordingly the Scots elected the Bishops of St Andrews and Dunkeld, the Abbots of Coupar and Melros, the Earls of Buchan and March; for the Barons, John Moubray and Robert Keith; for the Commons, Adam Gordon and John de Inchmartine. . . . These 10 Commis

sioners, in concurrence with 20 from the English Parliament, established regulations for the government of Scotland. . . . Among the Sheriffs first appointed were:—[For] Fife—Constantine de Lochore; Forfar—William de Airth; Perth—John de Inchmartine."

The Hays retained Megginch till near the middle of the seventeenth century. The Castle had been erected some sixty-five years before they parted with the estate. It is now the oldest mansion in the parish having on it a Latin inscription, which bears that it was built in 1575. In 1640, Sir John Hay sold Megginch to John Drummond, eighth baron of Lennoch in Strathearn. The Drummonds of Lennoch were of the Drummonds of Concraig, the barony on which Drummond Castle now stands, and John Drummond's posterity are still in possession of Megginch. Several of them have a niche in our annals. From 1727 to 1734 John Drummond of Megginch was member of Parliament for Perthshire. More recently the family gave the country two servants who are worthy of being commemorated. The one of these was the late Admiral Sir Adam Drummond, K.C.H., the thirteenth of Lennoch, and the sixth of Megginch. He saw not a little active service in the navy. He was in the squadron which was sent under Sir George Rodney in 1779 to relieve Gibraltar, and which in the January following fought the brilliant action off Cape St Vincent. He was a lieutenant in the glorious battle and victory of Camperdown. In 1798 and 1799 he commanded the Bulldog at Alexandria, and in the Bay of Naples. He likewise assisted in the capture of San Leon, and in 1808 took a French privateer on the Irish coast. He died in 1849.

The other is the Admiral's brother, Sir Gordon Drummond, C.C.B., who was a general in the army. He served in the American War; and had two sons, one of whom entered the army, and the other the navy. The former served in the Crimean War. The General died in 1854.

Admiral Drummond married Lady Charlotte Murray, eldest daughter of John, fourth Duke of Athole, and relict of Sir John Menzies, Baronet. Their eldest son, John Murray Drummond, is the present proprietor of Megginch. He married one of the Oswalds of Dunnikier; and they have a son, who is an officer in one of the regiments of the Guards. They are great favourites at Court, and have had the honour of dining not infrequently with Her Majesty. Mrs Drummond constantly attended the late Lady Augusta Stanley during the last months of her life, and one of her duties was to write to the Queen daily a report of the state of Lady Augusta's health.

There had been a previous marriage between the Megginch and the Athole families, which we must not omit to tell. It was that of Miss Jean Drummond, daughter of the above John, who was M.P. for the county, to James, Duke of Athole, in 1749. Adam Austin, M.D., Edinburgh, had been paying his addresses to Miss Jean, and these had been favourably received, when Athole, calling one day at Megginch, was smitten with her charms; and, becoming a rival to Austin, the lady jilted the Doctor, and accepted the Duke. Surviving his Grace, she married, as her second husband, Lord Adam Gordon, fourth son of Alexander, second Duke of Gordon, and Commander of the Forces in Scotland. She died in 1795, and was buried at Inveresk, and a handsome monument adorns her grave.

Dr Austin sought consolation in courting the Muse; and she soothed his wounded feelings in finding vent for them in the following effusion, which has taken a place among our popular ballads:—

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

"For lack of gold she has left me, O,
And of all that's dear she's bereft me, O;
She me forsook for Athole's Duke,
And to endless woe she has left me, O.

"A star and garter have more art
Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
For empty titles we must part—
For glittering show she has left me, O.

"No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Through distant climes I must rove,
Since Jeannie she has left me, O.

"Ye powers above, I to your care
Resign my faithless, lovely fair;
Your choicest blessing be her share,
Though she has ever left me, O."

The jilted lover, it may be stated, did not keep the vow of eternal celibacy which he sang in the third stanza. In 1754 he married Miss Anne Sempill, sister of the Right Honourable Lord Sempill, and had by her a numerous family.

We must not pass unnoticed the late Patrick Matthew of Gourdiehill. Notwithstanding his strong idiosyncracy, he was a person of much public spirit, and an able and hearty advocate of what he considered conducive to the public interests. To say nothing of his numerous pamphlets, and of his still more numerous letters to newspapers, his works intituled "Emigration Fields," and "Naval Timber and Arboriculture," attest his talents and acquirements. He claimed, moreover, to be the true father of Darwinism: having, as he alleged, anticipated Darwin in the discoveries, or theories, or whatever they may be called, with which Darwin's name is identified, and which have made it so famous.

Errol has given two Principals to the University of

Glasgow; the one in 1626, in John Strang, D.D., who had been twelve years minister of the parish; and the other in our own day in John Caird, D.D.

John Nicolson, minister of the parish at the Revolution, was deprived by the Privy Council for his Jacobitism. The Session gave him a high testimonial for painfulness and faithfulness in all the duties of his office, but it was not listened to. The excitement in the parish at that time seems to have been great. The Kirk-Session Minutes have this entry, under date "Sabbath, September 8th, 1689.—No sermon, because the troopers came into ye toun with sound of trumpet, and dissipat the people; and the minister was informed yt they would offer violence to him."

Samuel Nairne was translated to Errol from Moonzie in 1691. Serious opposition was threatened to his admission. The minister appointed to serve the edict was prevented by a rabble from entering the church, and was "obliged to stand within a door near the entrance to the kirkyard," where he fulfilled his appointment "in the hearing of the haill congregation."

John Barclay, A.M., founder of the sect of the Bereans, was for some years from 1660 assistant to James Jobson, minister of Errol.

In 1796, Mr Dow was presented to the vacant charge of Errol. A number of the parishioners reclaimed in vain against his settlement; and with them originated the Relief congregation in Errol. They applied to the Relief Presbytery of Dysart to be taken under its inspection as a forming congregation. The Presbytery granted the prayer of their petition, "persuaded that the people had been deprived of their just rights, and stood in need of the gospel." The congregation continued till 1854, when it was dissolved. Its last minister, David Russell, was father of Scott Russell, the well-known engineer.

LANDS OF INCHYRA AND BALTHAYOCK.

Balthayock is a marked Historic Scene, as the seat of a branch of the Blairs, one of our oldest families. After it had been long and much disputed, whether the chiefship of the family belonged to the Blairs of Balthayock or to the Blairs of Blair, in Ayrshire, the question was referred to James VI., who sagely decided "that the oldest man, for the time being, of either family, shall have the precedency."

The ancestor of the Blairs of Balthayock was Alexander de Blair, who lived in the times of William the Lion and his son Alexander II. Marrying a Fife lady he, somewhere between 1200 and 1229, got a charter of the lands of Konakin, in Fifeshire. It is generally believed that John Blair, the chaplain and biographer of Sir William Wallace, was a cadet of the house. Born in Fifeshire, he was sent for education to Dundee, where Wallace and he met at the same school, and a most intimate and lasting friendship took place between them. From Dundee Blair went to Paris, where he finished his studies, and he returned to Scotland an accomplished scholar, and a confirmed patriot. After his return he was appointed chaplain to Wallace, then Governor of Scotland, and accompanied him in almost all his battles, and after his death, wrote his life and exploits in Latin verse. This work, which has been lost except a mere fragment of it, was Blind Harry's storehouse and authority in the heroic poem in which he celebrated the immortal Wallace, and to which the world is indebted for almost all its knowledge of him.

The first Blair designed of Balthayock was Patrick, son of David de Blair, who swore fealty to Edward I of England in 1296. He obtained a charter of the estate from the superior Nicolas de Erskine, Lord of Kinnoul, in 1370. In succeeding times the Blairs of Balthayock appear frequently in our annals. In the sixteenth century they become unhappily prominent. We read of them too often in such records as "Pitcairn's Criminal Trials." Under date 10th March, 1540, there is a remission to Thomas Blair of Balthayock for treasonably abiding from the army at Solway. Under date 7th March, 1549, Thomas Blair of Balthayock, Thomas his son, and others, found security to underlie the law for the slaughter of Sir Henry Dempster, chaplain, and six others. Under date 2d May, 1562, Thomas Blair of Balthayock, Alexander, William, and Patrick Blair, his sons; Thomas, his grandson, and Alexander Blair, tutor of Balmyle; with forty-six others, found sureties to appear for the "crewell slauchter of umquil Alexander Raa, burges of Perthe, and diverse utheris crimes contenit in the letteris."

A family addicted to such feuds needed a strong castle, and they had one. "At Balthayock," says the Statistical Account, "are the remains of a castle, bearing marks of great antiquity, and supposed to have belonged to the Knights Templar. It consists of an oblong tower of about fifty feet in height, and the sides are 52 and 37 feet. The walls are still entire, and of prodigious thickness. Its position is very commanding, cresting the top of a deep ravine, which the frowning mass, as seen from the Carse of Gowrie, appears to overhang," Since this was written the

Castle has been roofed, which will tend greatly to prolong its existence.

It is said that Balthayock Castle was honoured with a visit from Prince Charlie in 1745.

At a recent date the representative of the Blairs parted with Balthayock. It is now the property of William Lowson, Esq., who has built a spacious and beautiful mansion on it.

KILSPINDIE.

Sir William Wallace was often at Kilspindie in his youth. The Six Guardians of Scotland having surrendered to Edward of England, in 1291, he assumed the character of Lord Paramount of the country, and issued an edict demanding the homage of all Scotsmen. Sir Malcolm Wallace of Ellerslie, the father of Sir William, resolved that he would never bow his neck to the yoke of the usurper, betook himself, with his eldest son, to the fastnesses of Lennox; and his wife, with the young hero, came for safety to Kilspindie. Crawford of Kilspindie was a relative of the family; the Lady of Ellerslie, the mother of Wallace, being Margaret, daughter of Sir Hugh Crawford, of Loudoun, Sheriff of Ayr. She is said to have been Kilspindie's niece, so that Crawford of Kilspindie would be Wallace's granduncle. Blind Harry celebrates him in the line in which he says of him that he:—

"In Gowrie dwelt, and had gude living there."

It was from Kilspindie that Wallace was sent to Dundee to school; and, while there, he doubtless often visited his mother, and the relatives with whom she was sojourning. It was to Kilspindie that he fled on his killing young Selby, son of the English Governor of Dundee. Selby's attendants instantly pursued him, and others of the English attempted to intercept him in his flight. He first took refuge in a house of the town, disguised himself in woman's apparel, and sat down to spin. "The ruse was effectual; the English soldiers searched the premises, little dreaming that the stalwart kimmer at the wheel was 'Wallace wicht!'" But as soon as the shadows of the evening descended, he fled to Kilspindie. Even there it was not thought safe that he should tarry. His mother and he, disguised as pilgrims, set out on foot for the west, and landed at the uncle's, the wealthy ecclesiastic of Dunnipace, whose house Wallace afterwards once and again made his retreat.

There is, or rather there lately was, an interesting memorial of the presence of Wallace in this parish. It was Wallace's Cave in the Den of Pitrodie, one of the attractions which used to draw many visitors to that most romantic spot. The Cave was about twelve feet long, four broad, and eight high, and was capable of containing above a dozen of persons. It was called Wallace's Cave, because, according to tradition, it was latterly the hero's hiding-place when he was in this quarter.

Will it be believed that this Cave is now no more to be seen or approached? The Dundee Police Commissioners rent the Quarry in the Den, which supplies the town with whinstone blocks; and the rubbish from the Quarry, cast out on the Cave, already covers it to a depth of above twenty feet! Negotiations to prevent this were entered into with the factors of the estates on both sides of the Den; but the expense of a wall to protect the mouth of the Cave, which would have cost only about £20 sterling, could not be borne. The public was appealed to through the press. A gentleman of Dundee expostulated against allowing the proudest memorial of ancient times of which the locality could boast to be thus buried. *The Perthshire Constitutional & Journal* promptly seconded him. On the 1st of September, 1875, it wrote:—"A correspondent of our contemporary, the *Dundee Courier & Argus*, who writes himself down 'A Dundonian,' calls attention to the circumstance that a curious natural or artificial cave (or probably a natural cave artificially enlarged) in Pitrodie Den, which popular tradition has associated with the name of WALLACE, is in some danger of being buried and lost sight of for evermore. Dundee derives the whinstone blocks which form its causeways from the Den in question, and the encroachments of the rubbish threaten in no long time to obliterate the cave entirely. . . . In any view, it seems not only a pity but a shame to allow a relic associated with a great name like WALLACE'S, to vanish simply because nobody will interest themselves in its preservation. 'A Dundonian'—whose disinterested zeal in the matter deserves applause—says that a few steps from the upper level to that of the cave, and a dry wall of its own breadth built in front, would preserve the cave for future generations of Scotsmen, and that the cost would be trifling. Will the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth come to the rescue, or will the proprietors of the adjoining estates arrange between themselves to preserve a relic which possesses a stronger personal association with the name of WALLACE than the absurd erection on Abbey Craig?" All this pleading was in vain, and Wallace's Cave must lie in the darkness of its ignoble tomb till some future excavator disinter it.

Long afterwards Kilspindie belonged to the great house of the Douglases, Earls of Angus. In the second decade of the sixteenth century it was in the

possession of Archibald Douglas, youngest son of the fifth Earl. Archibald, when a child, was a great favourite of James V., who called him his Gray-steel, and, when he grew up, made him High Treasurer of Scotland. On the attainder and forfeiture of the Douglases in 1528, Archibald of Kilspindie was banished into England. Wearied of his exile he ventured back to Scotland, and threw himself in the King's way as he returned to the Castle of Stirling from hunting in the neighbourhood. Seeing him in the distance, James said to one of his courtiers, "Yonder is my Gray-steel, Archibald of Kilspindie, if he be alive," to which the courtier replied that it could not be he, as a Douglas could not come into his Majesty's presence. On James's approach, Archibald fell on his knees, cast himself on the royal clemency, and promised that, if pardoned, he would never meddle with public affairs, but would lead a quiet and private life. James's heart yearned over him lovingly and tenderly; but remembering his vow against the Douglases, he deigned no reply, but trotted up the hill to the Castle. The suppliant kept pace with him in the vain hope of his relenting; and exhausted with fatigue, sat down on a stone within the gate of the Castle, and begged a drink of water, which none would give him, for fear of the royal displeasure. Hearing of this, James upbraided his servants for their inhumanity, saying that, but for his oath's sake, he himself would have taken Kilspindie into favour. He then ordered him to Leith, to wait his pleasure, whence he was sent to France, where he died soon after. It is pleasing to have to add that his forfeiture was rescinded in 1543, and that his son and heir, also Archibald, was restored to his estates, and was twice Lord Provost of Edinburgh.

The story which we have now told as briefly as we could, is the subject of one of our Scottish ballads. We question whether even the people of Kilspindie are as familiar with it as they ought to be. We, therefore, insert it, though it will occupy more room than we can well spare.

"ARCHY O' KILSPINDIE."

"Wae worth the heart that can be glad,
Wae worth the tear that winna fa',
For justice is fleemyt frae the land,
An' the faith o' auld times is clean awa'.

"Our nobles they hae sworn an aith,
An' they gart our young King swear the same,
That as lang as the crown was on his head,
He wad speak to nane o' the Douglas name.

"An' wasna this a wearifou aith;
For the crown frae his head had been tint and gane,
Gin the Douglas' hand hadna held it on,
Whan anither to help him there was nane.

"An' the King frae that day grew dowie an' wae,
For he liked in his heart the Douglas weel;
For his foster brither was Jamie of Parkhead,
An' Archy o' Kilspindie was his Gray Steel.

"But Jamie was banisht an' Archy baith,
An' they lived lang, lang ayont the sea,
Till a' had forgotten them but the King;
An' he whiles said, wi' a watery e'e—
'Gin they think on me as I think on them
I wot their life is but dreerie.

"It chanced he rode wi' hound an' horn
To hunt the dun and the red deer down,
An' wi' him there was mony a gallant earl,
And laird, and knight, and bold baron.

"But nane was wi' him wad ever compare
Wi' the Douglas so proud in tower and town,
That were courtliest all in tower and hall,
And the highest ever in renown.

"It was dawn when the hunters sounded the horn,
By Stirlin's walls, sae fair to see;
But the sun was far gaen down i' the west
When they brittled the deer on Torwood lea.

"And wi' jovial din they rode hame to the town
Where Snawdon tower stands dark an' hie;
Frae least to best they were plyin' the jest,
An' the laugh was gaun round richt merrily:

"When Murray cried loud—'What's yon I see?
Like a Douglas, he looks, baith dark and grim;
And for a' his sad and weary pace,
Like them he's richt s'ark o' arm and lim'.'

"The King's heart lap, and he shouted wi' glee—
'Yon stalworth makedom I ken richt weel;
And I'se wad in pawn the hawk on my han'
It's Archie Kilspindie, my ain Gray Steel:
We maun gie him grace o' a' his race,
For Kilspindie was trusty aye and leal.'

"But Lindsay spak in waefou mood—
'Alas! my liege, that maunna be,'
And stout Kilmaurs cries—'He that dares,
Is a traitor to his ain countrie.'

"And Glencairn, that aye was doure and stern,
Says—"Where's the aith ye sware to me?
Gin ye speak to a man o' the Douglas clan,
A gray groat for thy crown and thee.'

"When Kilspindie took haud o' the King's bridle reigns
He louted low down on his knee;
The King a word he durstna speak,
But he looked on him wistfullie.

"He thought on days that lang were gane,
Till his heart was yearnin' and like to brak:
As he turned him round, his barons frowned;
But Lindsay was dichtin' his e'en fu' fast.

"When he saw their looks, his proud heart rose
An' he tried to speak richt hauchtillie—
'Gae tak' my bridle frae that auld man's grip;
What sorrow gars him haud it sae sickerlie!

"An' he spurred his horse wi' gallant speed,
But Archy followed him manfullie,
And, though cased in steel frae shoulder to heel,
He was first o' a' his companie.

"As they passed, he sat down on a stane in the yett,
For a' his gray hair there was nae ither biel;
The King staid the hindmost o' the train,
And he oft looked back to his auld Gray Steel.

"Archy wi' grief was quite fordone,
An' his arm fell weak that was ance like airn,
An' he sought for some cauld water to drink,
But they durstna for that dowie Glencairn.

"Then this was tauld to our gracious King,
A redwood furious man woxed he;
He has ta'en the mazer cup to his han',
And in flinders a' he gart it flee—
'Had I kend my Gray Steel wanted a drink,
He should hae had o' the red wine free.'

"And fu' sad at the table he sat him down,
An' he spak' but ae word at the dine—
'O I wish my warst fae were but a King,
Wi' as cruel counsellours as mine.'"

The particular places in this parish which may be regarded as Historic Scenes are three—the top of Evelick Hill, and the Castles of Evelick and Fingask.

On the top of Evelick Hill are the vestiges of a Fort, circular, as shown by the traces of its foss and of its double stone walls, and which must have enclosed about half an acre of ground. We do not know when or by whom it was built. The presumption is that it was British, resembling, as it did, in its form and structure, the British forts we have already met with, and being intended to serve the same purposes. It was a strong refuge in times of danger; and, from its elevated position, it was a watch-tower also, from which any enemy approaching could hardly fail to be seen.

Evelick Castle, now a ruin, was a little to the south-east of Evelick Hill, but finely situated on high ground overlooking the Carse of Gowrie. It was the seat of the Lindsays, a branch of the great Crawford-Lindsay family, being descended from William, third son of David Lindsay, who was third Earl of Crawford. Alexander Lindsay, Bishop of Dunkeld, and minister of Kinfauns, was, as we have seen, of the Lindsays of Evelick. They were raised to the honour of a baronetcy in 1666, and they produced several distinguished men. Such, it may be presumed, was the first baronet, Alexander. Such was the gallant Sir John Lindsay, K.B., who died Rear-Admiral of the Red in 1788, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Such was General Sir David Lindsay, who died in 1797. Such was his son, William Lindsay, who was ambassador to Venice in 1791, and Governor of Tobago. And such was his elder brother, Sir Charles Lindsay, a highly esteemed naval officer, who was drowned off Demerara in 1799, and at whose death the family became extinct in the male line. The succession passed to Charles's eldest sister, Charlotte Amelia, who beeame the wife of the Right Honourable Thomas Steele. Their son inherited Evelick, and married a daughter of the Duke of Manchester; and their eldest son, Major General Thomas M. Steele, is the present proprietor of Evelick. It may be added that the Lindsays of Kinnettles, in Angusshire; the Lindsays of Ardinbathy, of Kilspindie, and, perhaps, those of Logie and of Tullieallan, Perthshire; and the Lindsays of Tyrie, in Aberdeenshire, were scions of the House of Evelick.

In the "Domestic Annals of Scotland," there is a very tragic story told of this House, under date 1682. Sir Alexander Lindsay of Evelick had taken to him for a second wife the relict of William Douglas, "advocate and poet." By their first marriage, they both had children, who were approaching to maturity by the date of their second. Their two eldest sons very naturally became playmates. One day, when the two lads were at their pastime in the Den of Pitrodie, Douglas murdered Lindsay by stabbing him with a clasp knife. At first he made a ready and full confession of his crime; but when brought before the Sheriff, he retracted his confession, alleging that he had found Lindsay lying in the Burn, and that, in trying to lift him up, he had accidentally fallen on him. Ten days after, or so, he renewed his confession; and, brought to trial in Edinburgh, he was condemned to suffer death. After his trial and condemnation, he volunteered an acknowledgment of other misdeeds which he had committed. He said it was he who, in the preceding January, had set fire to the writing chamber of Henry Guthrie, having previously stolen some books therefrom. This offence being treason, which would have inferred the forfeiture of his estate, worth more than £2000, he was subjected to a new trial for it. His confession he again retracted, and could not be induced to renew it judicially. The jury, honest citizens of Edinburgh, discovering that the design of this new trial was to enrich certain courtiers at the expense of the sisters of the culprit, acquitted him of this new charge. The King's Advocate was indignant beyond measure, and "swore that at the next assizes he should have his Linlithgow soldiers to curb the phanatics!" Such in those days were too many of the men who had in their hands the administration of justice."

Fingask Castle is the delightful seat of the Thrieplands. It stands on a moderate elevation in the Braes of the Carse, on the brink of a deep dell through which a small rill trickles; and the sylvan feature in the beauties that surround it is peculiarly ravishing. A spell comes on one as he enters the grounds, and

advances to the mansion, by "here a cross, and there a cairn; here a well, and there a pool; with a beautiful grotto at the last turn of the avenue, inviting him to rest and refreshment at the spouting spring." The spell is enhanced by the groups of statuary on the terrace in front of the grand entrance; among which are Burns's Three Merry Boys, and Tam o' Shanter and Kirkton Jean, the Last Minstrel, and a statue of Pitt; and the visitor's enchantment is complete when he is admitted into the interior, and gazes on the antiquities generally with which it is enriched and adorned, and particularly on its collection of Jacobite relics, unrivalled, it is believed, in the country. It is said that the Castle was originally founded as long ago as 1194; but with the antique air which it still happily preserves, it now combines every convenience and ornament which the taste of modern times could give it. During the Civil War of the seventeenth century it was a notable strength; and unenviable attention was drawn to it by the political principles and zeal of its owner. When Cromwell invaded Scotland to reduce it into subjection to the Commonwealth, a detachment of his troops laid siege to Fingask Castle, destroyed its fortifications, and razed a considerable portion of it to the ground.

The Thriepland family appears in the magistracy of Perth in 1657. Patrick Thriepland was then Treasurer of the city. In subsequent years, after being Dean of Guild and First Bailie, he was, from 1664-1669, Provost, Sheriff, and Coroner. George Thriepland took his place in 1670; but next year Patrick returned to these offices, and filled them for three years. He did the same in 1674 as Sir Patrick Thriepland of Fingask, Charles II. having knighted him that year; and as Sir Patrick he once more appears in the list of the Provosts of Perth in 1687. In that year Charles raised him to the dignity of a baronet of Nova Scotia. In the Civil War of his age Sir Patrick was an ardent Royalist; and he lived to see the issue of his efforts and sacrifices in behalf of that cause in the Revolution of 1688. He died next year.

His son and successor Sir David, inherited his father's spirit, and walked in his steps. He was a most devoted Jacobite. When the Earl of Mar raised the rebel standard, Sir David was one of the first to join it, with his sons, and a number of his retainers. On his way from Peterhead to Scone Palace, the Pretender spent with him in Fingask Castle the night of Saturday, the 7th January, 1716; and, among other memorials of him in the Castle, are the originals of the two letters which the hapless adventurer addressed the one to General Gordon, and the other o the Duke of Argyle, immediately before embarking at Montrose a fugitive for France. The style in which the Prince was entertained, shewed the joy and pride which reigned in Fingask.

"When the King to Fingask Castle cam',
To see Sir David and his leddy,
There was a cod's head weel dressed in sauce,
Took a hundred pounds to mak' it ready."

When the insurrection was quelled, Sir David Thriepland was one of the hundred and sixty officers and gentlemen who, with singular daring and adroitness, made their way to Burghead, thence to Caithness, and thence to the coast of Orkney; where some French rebels carried him off the country. He was attainted in 1716, and died in 1746.

Sir David's youngest son succeeded his father in consequence of the death of his brothers. He was born prematurely in 1716, in circumstances full of thrilling interest. His father and brothers were fugitives for their principles, and the part they had acted in the preceding year. His mother was still in Fingask Castle; of which, however, the Government troops had possession. It was thought she could not survive the illness connected with her accouchement; and an Episcopalian clergyman was brought from Perth to assist her with the last offices of religion. The baptism of the tiny and delicate infant to whom she had given birth was proposed; and there was whispering in the room as to the name by which he should be called. His mother was regarded as too weak to be consulted; but, having heard some of the whispering she drew aside the curtain, and said with a faint and tremulous voice, "Stuart, Stuart!" This was enough, and the clergyman before leaving baptised the child by this name.

Sir Stuart Thriepland did not dishonour the name or the undying attachment to a dynasty which had suggested it. He entered with all the Jacobite enthusiasm of his family into the Rebellion of 1745; his old father having been seized with a paralytic fit, as he was putting on his jack boots to go out for Charlie Sir Stuart joined the Prince immediately after the capture of Edinburgh, and continued with him till Culloden was fought and lost. His mother's property which he had inherited—Barnhill, near Perth—was forfeited—his father's, as we have said, had been attainted in 1716—and a reward was offered for his own apprehension. After wandering several months among the hills with the Prince and his other followers, he escaped to France; William Gordon, bookseller, Edinburgh, taking him from Edinburgh to London disguised as one of his apprentices. He returned from exile as soon as the Act of Indemnity permitted him to do so; practised medicine in Edinburgh was admitted a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in 1744; and was chosen President of the Col

lege in 1776. He bought back the most of the family estates in 1782.

In the words of his grandson, the present Baronet of Fingask—"Sir Stuart was stately in his general demeanour. Refined in his own feelings and manners, all refined and elegant things had for him an attraction. This temperament, joined to his benevolent disposition, led him to patronise to the extent of his means many persons engaged in the elegant arts. He was a great promoter of an effort which was made in Edinburgh in the early years of George the Third's reign to introduce the English style of speaking and writing. The establishment of a riding school in Edinburgh, under the care of an imported foreigner named Angelo, was partly brought about by him; nor were the useful arts below his regard. That of stereotyping, which was invented by an Edinburgh goldsmith of Jacobite connections, named William Ged, was indebted to Sir Stuart to a considerable extent; and among the curiosities preserved at Fingask Castle are several plates of the edition of Sallust, which is noted as the first work ever printed in that manner. Though, as has been remarked, Sir Stuart was refined and elegant in manners, still there was no effeminacy in his habits. It is remembered that one day a chambermaid using particular pains to smooth his bed, he told her to take less trouble about it. 'How would you have liked to sleep for months as I have done on heather, with stones for my pillow?' This dignified old man never dined without remembering his political principles. The first glass of wine was invarially drunk to the 'Land of Cakes, and the right *Steward* to deal them.' Living to an unusually advanced age, he lost to some extent the original clearness of his mind, but still the feelings of his early days hung about him. When the news of the peace of Amiens was imparted to him by a servant he was heard to murmur, 'There'll never be peace till Jamie come hame.' He survived that event a few years, dying tranquilly in 1805 at the age of 89."

His eldest son, the late Sir Patrick Murray Thriepland—his mother's name was Murray; she was one of the Murrays of Henryland and Toftingall, Caithness—petitioned George IV., when he visited Scotland in 1822, for the restoration of the forfeited title of the family; and in 1826 a bill was introduced into Parliament whereby the attainder was reversed.

His eldest daughter died at Fingask Castle in May, 1871. A very high tribute to her memory appeared in the *Scotsman* newspaper, understood to have been from the genial and cultured pen of the late Lord Ardmillan. Many of our readers have not seen it; and they will thank us, we are sure, for giving them an opportunity of perusing it:—

"It very rarely happens that public notice of the death of a lady in private life is felt to be appropriate or becoming. But we are quite sure that, not only amid relatives and friends, but in a widely extended sphere—and not in Perthshire only, but throughout Scotland—it will be felt that the death of Miss Murray Thriepland of Fingask ought not to be permitted to pass without public observation. This amiable and excellent lady died on Tuesday last at Fingask Castle, Perthshire, in the old home which she loved so dearly and made so delightful, adorning its hospitality and charming its society by her gracious courtesy, her genial spirit, her unfailing kindness, and her rare and varied talents. In her were happily combined the solid and the attractive qualities of worth and grace, of sagacity and humour, of strength and weakness—qualities which are the elements of a real and racy character. No one who had the honour of her acquaintance could withhold admiration. Those who had the higher privilege of her friendship will not cease to cherish a deep and affectionate respect for her memory. She dwelt much 'among her own people,' scattering kindness around her, an example to all, and a blessing to the poor, by whom she was greatly beloved. Yet she enjoyed and adorned society, mingling in festive scenes with the native dignity of a noble spirit, and the winning sweetness of a kind heart. She loved literature, particularly poetry and Scottish history, with which she was most familiar; and she sang with remarkable taste and spirit the beautiful Scottish, and especially Jacobite, melodies which she loved so well.

"In many respects she was a representative of an age which has passed away. She was a Jacobite and a Tory of the highest, purest, noblest type. She was devotedly and enthusiastically loyal, inheriting and illustrating the chivalrous fidelity of the family. The passing years—the changing fortunes of party—had wrought no change in her; she had not been 'educated' into the surrender of principles thought to be sacred, or the acceptance of a policy alleged to be destructive. She loved and shared the heroism which would peril all for the Crown. She detested and despised everything mean or paltry; she was uniformly frank, prompt, generous, and truthful; she adhered with unflinching steadiness to what she believed to be the cause of truth and honour; and she won the admiration and respect of all, even of those who could not concur in her opinions. She was too honest and earnest to disguise her sentiments; she was too kind and courteous to wound the feelings of another. There are those who differed from her who can never forget her, and who have learned from her to love and admire the noble qualities of their opponents. But deep beneath the vivacity, the hilarity, the singular attractiveness of Miss Thriepland, was the solid foundation

of strong sense, sterling worth, devout feeling, and virtuous principle, on which was reared her amiable and beneficent character.

"She has passed away from among us, closing a long and useful life in a peaceful death. We shall not look on her like again."

Miss Thriepland claimed the Lass o' Gowrie, the subject of the song which bears that name, as an ancestress of her own. It was originally intituled "Kate o' Gowrie;" and was written during the latter half of last century by a Mr Reid, of Glasgow, partner in a publishing firm there. We insert Baroness Nairne's version of the song:—

"THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

"AIR—"*Loch Erroch Side.*"

"'Twas on a summer's afternoon,
A wee afore the sun gaed down,
A lassie wi' a braw new gown,
Cam' ower the hills to Gowrie.
The rosebud, washed in summer's shower,
Bloom'd fresh within the sunny bower;
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

"To see her cousin she cam' there,
An', oh, the scene was passin' fair!
For what in Scotland can compare
Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?
The sun was settin' on the Tay,
The blue hills melting into grey;
The mavis and the blackbird's lay
Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

"Oh, lang the lassie I had woo'd,
An' truth and constancy had vow'd,
But cam' nae speed wi' her I lo'ed,
Until she saw fair Gowrie.
I pointed to my father's ha',
Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw;
Wad she no bide in Gowrie?

"Her faither was baith glad and wae;
Her mither she wad naething say;
The bairns thocht they wad get play
If Kitty gaed to Gowrie.
She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,
The blush and tear were on her cheek;
She naething said, an' hung her head;
But now she's Leddy Gowrie."

The present proprietor of Fingask, also Sir Patrick Murray Thriepland, contested the city of Perth unsuccessfully with the Honourable Arthur Kinnaird at the election in 1837. He was for sometime Major of the Perthshire Militia. But he resigned in 1843. As a friend of ours used to say of him, Sir Patrick's Elysium is a quiet country life, and he is the model of a good country gentleman.

Among the ministers of Kilspindie was James Row one of the sons of John Row the Reformer, minister of Perth. He was ordained to the charge in 1587 He stuck to his father's ecclesiastical principles, though he did not in all other respects shed lustre on his family. He was one of the forty-two ministers who, in 1606, signed a protest to Parliament against the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland. At the visitation of the Kirk of Kilspindie in 1613, some serious complaints were made against him. It was said that "he resorted over meikle to the burghe of Peirth, speciallie upon Satterday, that he takis no paine to studie, and is giffen to drink." We do not know whether these complaints were formally investigated. Perhaps death had discharged him before this could be done. However this may have been, he was next year suddenly called into another world. Being in Dundee, he and another minister who was with him arranged to pass the night together in the town. They retired to rest in good health, and both were found dead in bed in the morning.

Kilspindie gave to Dunkeld one of its bishops in the person of Henry Guthrie. Admitted to this parish, his attachment to the Stuarts and to Prelacy cost him something, in the popular odium to which it exposed him, and in his dismissal from the charge in 1648. The Restoration Parliament compensated him. In 1661 it allowed him £150 for his sufferings in the good cause; and in 1665 he was promoted to the bishopric of Dunkeld. He was the author of "Memoirs of Scotch Affairs, Civil and Ecclesiastical, from the year 1637 to the Death of King Charles I.;" which he is said to have written at Kilspindie.

The Grimman family, long connected with this parish, we must commemorate, however briefly. They were farmers in the parish. Their first farm in it was Kilspindie, and while they held it they occupied also the farm of Inchyra. In process of time they removed to Pitrodie farm, which they tenanted for the long space of a hundred and thirty-four years.

Like Mr Low of Fordell, of whom we wrote when at Arngask, the Grimmans had the gift of bone-setting. It is remarkable that, like him too, they were distinguished by unusual size and strength of bone and muscle. With few exceptions, the males of the family were all above six feet in height, and proportionally stout. Their feats of strength were the talk of the neighbourhood, and there are stories told of these which will not soon be forgotten. The soubriquet of Joseph, who came from Inchyra to Pitrodie about 1730, was "The strong man in the Carse."

Different members of the Grimman family possessed the bone-setting gift in various degrees. The last of them in Pitrodie were Joseph and Elizabeth, grandchildren of "The Strong Man in the Carse." They delighted in relieving to the utmost of their power

the sufferings of their fellow creatures, whether from dislocated or from broken bones, and their services were in great requisition. Joseph made periodical visits to several of the large towns in Scotland, where paitents anxiously waited his coming, and crowded to him. He charged a moderate fee from those who were able to pay it, but he uniformly acted the part of the "Good Samaritan" to the poor. His sister Elizabeth was married to James Ainslie, shipbuilder at Perth, who latterly removed to Dundee, and she died there. During her married life she continued to practise bone-setting. She was the last of the Grimmans, and, with her, the precious gift with which the family had been endowed for generations was lost to the community.

KINNAIRD.

The Historic Scene in this parish is Kinnaird Castle, which is to be seen a little to the north of Kinnaird village. It had been in its day a very strong structure, bidding defiance to all assailants. Its walls have been described as of "enormous thickness," and its different storeys as "floored by stone arches."

Sir Patrick Murray Thriepland, of Fingask, reacquired the barony of Kinnaird as lately as 1853. His ancestor, also Sir Patrick, after doing his utmost to keep the Livingstones, Earls of Newburgh, in possession of it, bought it in 1686 from Charles, the second Earl, James VII. paying a high and merited compliment to the friendship which the baronet had shown the earls. It was, of course, forfeited with the other estates of the Thriepland family in 1716; but was recovered in the year we have named. On becoming the owner of it, Sir Patrick restored the walls of the Castle, and roofed it, in a style quite in keeping with that of the old building. It is much visited by pleasure parties, who can now enjoy their picnics in it; and the view from the battlements of it is transcendent.

Kinnaird Castle was the original seat of the noble family of Kinnaird. They were of Norman origin, and came to England with William the Conqueror. The first of them in Scotland was Radulphus (Randolph), surnamed Rufus. He appeared in the days of William the Lion, who, in 1170, gave him a charter of the barony of Kinnaird in the Carse of Gowrie; and, as was customary with his class, he took his family name from the name of his lands. The Castle is supposed to have been built in the next century. Richard de Kinnaird was one of the Scotch barons who swore fealty to Edward I. of England in 1296; and his son Radulphus de Kinnaird did the same that same year.

The barony of Kinnaird continued in the possession of the family till the time of Charles I., but long before then the Castle had ceased to be their residence. About the end of the fourteenth century they stretched their line southward. The fine estate of Inchture came into the matrimonial market. It had belonged to the Kirkaldys, a branch of the stock of which the more historic and better known Kirkaldys of Grange were another branch. Sir John de Kirkaldy of Inchture died, leaving his daughter Marjory his sole heiress, and Inchture was to be had by whoever should win her heart and hand. The successful suitor was Reginald de Kinnaird, son of Richard de Kinnaird of that Ilk, who was the grandson of the Radulphus de Kinnaird whom we last named. He got Marjory Kirkaldy to wife, and with her he got her lands, which were confirmed to him by a charter of Robert III., dated 1399.

It was, we presume, at that time, or soon after, that the Kinnairds changed their residence from Kinnaird to Inchture, where we shall again meet with them.

We have little more to say of Kinnaird. How can we? a late minister, the Reverend John Spence, having had to write of it:—"This part of the world has not been the scene of any remarkable events, nor has any individual distinguished in the history of his country ever belonged to it."

Thomas Kinneres was admitted to the pastoral charge of Kinnaird in 1644. The parish, though rural and sequestrated, appears to have been greatly disturbed in the troubles of those times. From the 6th to the 20th of July, 1651, there was no preaching, Mr Kinneres "being with the army." August 3d and 10th following, "no sermon, the enemy being at Perth." Nor on August 19th, "the enemie being in their fields." Under dates May 29th and 30th, and June 6th and 13th, the Session Record further bears "there was no preaching here, because the barn doors, wherein the minister did formerlie preach were closed, all the seats removed, and the kirk not in a condition to preach therein." Kinneres died in 1667.

John Shaw, translated from Carnock, and admitted in 1678, got the escheit of George Bruce, Wester Comrie, in 1688, and conformed at the Revolution to the Presbyterian order of things; but his conformity seems to have been feigned, and he so discredited it that the Privy Council by and by suspended him.

James Miln was ordained minister of the parish in 1736, and died in 1783. We mention him as the father of a son, at whose feet we and many others sat in our youth with great deference. That son was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow.

INCHTURE.

Four stones, popularly supposed to be Druidical, point us to the oldest Historic Scenes in this parish. One of these is on Rossie Hill, north of the Priory; another is near the ruins of the church of Rossie; the third was near Castlehill; and the fourth near the Castle of Moncur. One of them may be what remains of a Druid circle; another may mark the final resting-place of some great chief, the glory of his age and race; and the other two may have been set up to record events, which those who lived in their day, or near it, thought worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance, but the memory of which has, in spite of all that was done to perpetuate it, long since utterly perished. These are only conjectures, where nothing but conjectures can be offered; but we suggest them as conjectures which appear to us not unnatural or unreasonable.

The scene of what is called the battle of Moncur could not be far from the site on which the Castle of Moncur stood. It is noticed in the "Annals of Ulster;" the most reliable of the Irish chronicles, and which have been credited with being "pretty accurate" in the dates which they assign to events, in consequence of their calculating these by the eclipses. The battle to which we refer was a great and bloody one. It was fought in A.D. 728 between Hungus, the greatest of the Pictish Kings, and Nechtan, who aspired to his throne. The defeat of the latter was overwhelming; and no rival dared to molest Hungus for the residue of his reign, which continued after this for a period of thirty-three years.

Castlehill is a memorial name. The building on it which gave it its name was a Castle, the site of which has been identified, some of its foundations and pavements having been laid bare by digging operations to prepare for modern erections on it. The building which graced and dignified this hill was not only a Castle, but a Royal Castle. It was raised by Edgar, a son of Malcolm Canmore and St Margaret, who sat on the Scottish throne from 1097 to 1107. He was one of the good kings of Scotland. Aldred, a contemporary chronicler, says of him:—"He was a sweet-tempered amiable man, in all things resembling Edward the Confessor, mild in his administration, equitable and beneficent." Boece expressly states that "the Castle was foundit by Edgar, wha gat certane landis fra the Erle of Gowry, and annexit his name to the Castle." He further states that it was repaired by Alexander I., Edgar's brother and successor. It was a favourite abode of royalty. Edgar was residing in it in the tenth year of his reign, when he fell sick, and was carried from it into Dundee to die there.

It accords with these things, and is confirmatory of them, that the town or village at the foot of Castlehill is called Baledgarno. Bal-Edgar, *i.e.*, the town of Edgar. It may be, it is likely enough indeed, that the town and the castle were coeval, and that Edgar founded both, the town rising under the shadow of the castle. Be that as it may, it is not to be doubted that the town got the name of Bal Edgar, with the affix *no*, from its being situated at the base of the hill on which Edgar's Royal Castle stood.

Moncur Castle was the seat of the Kinnairds after they acquired Inchture. They resided in it till about the beginning of the last century, when it was consumed by fire. It has ever since been in ruins, and the ruins are to be seen "near the south-eastern extremity of the demesne, embosomed in shrubbery and plantation."

Ballindean, the property and seat of the Trotters, must not be overlooked by us. The Trotters are an Edinburgh family, and several of them are found in the lists of its merchants and burgesses. William Trotter was Lord Provost of the Metropolis in 1827. His eldest son, Robert Knox Trotter, entered the army in early life, and rose to the rank of captain in the 17th Regiment of Lancers. He allied himself to the nobility, by marrying in 1833 the Honourable Mary Rollo, eldest daughter of the eighth Lord Rollo. Ballindean might well have a place among our Historic Scenes, were it only for the fine lyric in which the Scottish Muse has sung it, and with which the famous Italian singer, Giusto Ferdinando Tenducci, used to entrance Edinburgh, when he visited it in 1758. We meant to insert the lyric here, but have not been able, we are sorry to say, to lay our hand on a copy of it.

Rossie was united with Inchture in 1670. Prior to that it was a separate parish. The church was beside the now extinct village of Rossie, and within its walls the inhabitants of the neighbourhood worshipped for ages, and around them their dust was laid to mingle with kindred dust. The church is, and has long been a ruin. We read in the Statistical Account—"On a somewhat romantic elevation at the foot of the den, and the southern terminus of the hill, are the interesting ruins of the ancient church of Rossie, overgrown with ivy and ash, while around it lie the remains of generations which have passed away." The writer adds—"To the eastward of these ruins, and on the boundary of the parish, is a large stone, which is spoken of in the neighbourhood as the 'Falcon's Stane,' to which the subjoined paragraph, from Boethius's History of Scotland, is supposed by some to refer." (The "paragraph" is about the battle of Luncarty, and what ensued thereon to the Hays, father

and sons.) This is a "Hawk's Stane" too many. If we could, gladly should we accord to the people of Rossie and to the people of St Madoes the honour of having a Hawk Stane each; but this is what we cannot afford to do. The Hawk which measured to peasant Hay his lordly estate, could not stop its flight both at St Madoe's Stane and at Rossie Stane. Both therefore cannot be the veritable Hawk's Stane.

At Rossie Priory we come again to the noble family of the Kinnairds. The ninth in descent from Reginald, who married Margaret Kirkaldy of Inchture, was George Kinnaird, a staunch loyalist in the time of the Civil War. He was one of the members of Parliament for Perthshire and a Privy Councillor. Charles II. knighted him in 1661, and in 1682 he raised him to the peerage by the title of Lord Kinnaird of Inchture. He has had eight successors.

A singular circumstance occurred in the family history of Patrick, third Lord of Inchture. He married Magdalene, third daughter of William Brown, merchant, Edinburgh, and they had no issue for eighteen years. At length, after two days' absence from their family residence, Lady Kinnaird was delivered of twins, who were named Patrick and Charles. So at least they alleged; but it was unfortunate that the birth did not take place when they were at home. The next heir raised an action at law, and craved that he should be allowed to prove that the delivery of her Ladyship was a pretence, and that the children said to have been born of her were surreptitious. How this curious case would have ended, had it run its course in the courts of law, we do not know. Lord and Lady Kinnaird refused to obey the summons served on them, and to answer the interrogatories which the commissary directed to be put to them. For this his Lordship was decerned to pay £600 to the pursuer. Further steps were superseded by his Lordship by and by declaring that both children had died.

The late Lord Kinnaird was a man of mark. In politics he was of the school of the celebrated Charles James Fox, the greatest statesman of his age, and the friend and advocate of all those great and generous principles, with the development of which the freedom and advancement of mankind are bound up. Sir James Mackintosh has said of him, with great truth and eloquence—"The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the opinions of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age. But he will most certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations, by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth; by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men; by his liberal principles, favourable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and the progressive civilisation of mankind; by his ardent love for a country of which the well-being and greatness were, indeed, inseparable from his own glory; and by his profound reverence for that free constitution which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal and in a comprehensively philosophical sense." Chosen member of Parliament for Leominster in 1802, Lord Kinnaird at once took his place in the House of Commons as a decided and advanced Liberal. And he suffered for his Liberalism, as did all his class in those times. To be a reformer then was held to betray sympathy with French revolutionism and its worst deeds. To be a friend of popular rights then was held to be equivalent to being an enemy of kings; as if the respective interests of kings and people had been antagonistic the one to the other.

To such political heresiarchs as Lord Kinnaird every place of power and trust at home was jealously shut. Even the dogs' portion was denied them. Not a crumb of the loaves and fishes of the State were they permitted to taste. Their getting into Parliament was out of the question, except through the favour of some great aristocrat, the proprietor of a close burgh. And if they were very pronounced heresiarchs, abroad, as well as at home, they were branded as the apostles and movers of sedition. Their names were put into the Black List of the Holy Alliance, which was circulated over the Continent. Strange as these things seem to many now, Lord Kinnaird had bitter experience of the truth of them, as his son told in 1872 at the inauguration of the statue in Dundee to the memory of the late George Kinloch of Kinloch.

It was the late Lord that built Rossie Priory. He finished it in 1817, and it has since been the residence of the family. After they were burned out of Moncur Castle, they lived in Drimmie House, in the parish of Longforgan, till this new mansion was erected. It is one of the most magnificent and lovely seats, not only in Scotland, or in Britain, but in the world. "Rossie Priory, a superb monastic-looking pile, spacious and elegant within, imposing in aspect without, and surrounded by an extensive demesne lifts up its fine form near the northern extremity of the parish."

The present Right Honourable George William Fox Kinnaird, ninth Lord, was raised to the dignity of a Peer of the United Kingdom in 1831, by the title of Baron Rossie of Rossie. He was Master of the Buckhounds to the Queen, which office he resigned in 1841. In 1840 he was made a Privy Councillor; in 1857, K.T.; in 1860, Baron Kinnaird of Kinnaird; and in 1866, Lord Lieutenant of Perthshire. He will be known in history as a faithful adherent to the Liberal principles in politics which he inherited; as one of the first leaders in Perthshire in every department of

agricultural enterprise and improvement; and sa a distinguished champion of Free Trade.

"Peter Plough" entered the lists with his Lordship on the latter subject, and upheld the Corn Law monopoly; prophesying and proving that the abolition of the monopoly would be the ruin alike of landlords and tenants, and indeed of all classes of the community; that land would become a drug in the market; that much of it would go out of cultivation; that grouse, snipes, hares, &c., would have undivided possession of it; and that the owners would be so poverty stricken as not to be able to buy powder and shot to get a meal of them. The Protectionists received the productions of Peter's pen with implicit and lively faith, and with boundless joy; sowed them broadcast over the country for the salvation of it; and testified their gratitude to the author of them in a handsome present of silver plate. Peter lived to see all his prophesies and proofs of the effects of free trade most signally falsified by experience; and he had the good sense to sing mute on the subject. Not so his admirers. When he had served his generation, and when they met to take steps for doing honour to his memory, of which he was on several other accounts very worthy, they disinterred Protection, and gave Peter's pamphleteering in support of it a prominent place among his claims to the monument which they proposed to raise to him.

Lord Kinnaird had two sons, of both of whom he has been bereaved; and his brother, the Honourable Arthur Fitzgerald Kinnaird, is now the heir presumptive to his titles and estates. He has long been the respected M.P. for the burgh of Perth. He was so from 1837 to 1839; and he has been so continuously since his re-election in 1852. He is the head partner in the banking firm of Ransome, Bouverie, & Co. With this firm the Kinnairds have long been connected; from, we presume, if not before 1777, when George, the elder son of the seventh Lord Kinnaird, married Elizabeth, daughter of Griffin Ransome, of New Palace Yard, Westminster, banker in London.

Commodore Douglas was a native of Inchture. He received his education at the parish school, and went to Edinburgh to serve a lady there, who, interesting herself in him, obtained for him the appointment of a midshipman in the British navy. After rising step by step in His Majesty's service, he left it for that of Portugal, and in the Portuguese service rose to the rank of a Commodore. He bequeathed £1000 to the industrious poor of his native parish, who are year by year reaping the benefit of his bequest.

One of the ministers of this parish was Alexander Robertson, admitted before the end of 1626, and continued till May, 1649. In the latter year he was put out of the charge, for what reason is not certainly known. It has been thought that he may have been one of the eighteen whom the Committee, appointed in 1649 for the trial and examination of ministers, deposed, judging them either unfit for their office in respect of gifts and attainments, or unworthy of it in respect of character and deportment. His subsequent lot was hard enough. Aged and in distress, he was, in 1662, recommended by the Synod as an object of charity; and it is on record that he received at different times various sums from the Kirk-Session of Rossie, and that he died in deep poverty at Dundee, before November 25, 1667.

ABERNYTE.

The Scenes here are Druidical Circles, Cairns, a Watch Tower, a Castle, and a Grave.

There are in the parish two circles, supposed to be Druidical. One of these is on the top of Glenny Law, and the other is in Stockmuir, about a mile distant from that of the Law. In 1837, when the Statistical Account was written, the former circle consisted of seven stones, and the latter of nine; but the writer observes that they had formerly consisted of more, and that four stones had lately been taken from the circle on the Law. "In a few years," he says, "there will be no vestige of either."

The Cairns are three, or rather they were three—two of them on Glenny Law, and another on the parish glebe. On the removal of the latter human bones were found under it. These cairns are supposed to be explained by a deadly feud between the Grays of Fowlis, the ancestors of the Grays of Kinfauns, and the Boyds of Pitkindie, which is in this parish The feud issued in a bloody encounter between the parties, in which the Boyds were victors. The cairns are regarded as marking the spot where the dust of some of the victims of the conflict was laid; and as the sepulchres built in honourof them.

The Watch Tower was on the top of the "King's Seat," a very eligible situation for it; the Hill being about 1150 feet high, and commanding a very extensive prospect. The vestiges of it shew that it was a small circular enclosure, for accommodating and protecting the sentinels who watched the approach of danger, in those turbulent and barbarous times when the district was continually liable to the incursions of enemies. And, though it may not have been originally constructed for that purpose, it must also have served as an excellent outpost to guard Macbeth's Castle on the adjacent hill of Dunsinane, in the neighbouring parish of Collace.

The Castle in the parish of Abernyte stood to the north of Ballairdie. Some remains of it may yet be traced. Nothing seems to be known about it. It has had several names, that by which it is nowadays known in the neighbourhood being Balchuinnie; but none of these sheds any light on its history. We take it to have been a very ancient building. Nigh it is a spring called the "King's Well." The names of the "King's Seat" and the "King's Well" are easily and satisfactorily accounted for by the proximity of both places to Macbeth's Castle.

The Grave here ranking among our Scenes, is the "Lang Man's Grave." Tradition has spoken vclubly and variously of it; one of its says being as absurd as that it is Macbeth's grave. Chambers says, in his "Picture of Scotland," "At the bottom of Dunsinnane Hill, on the east side, and near the west end of a dry stone wall which runs along the side of the road from Baledgarno, is a large stone about eight feet in length, beneath which Macbeth is said to have been interred. It is usually called the *Lang Man's Graff*, probably from a supposition that the stone was made to suit the length of the deceased. There are two such stones in the neighbourhood of the hill, both supposed to mark the graves of the leaders who fell in the storm of Macbeth's castle." These are mere suppositions, and we know no shadow of ground for them. The account which Knox, the author of the "Basin of the Tay," got of the most noted of these two stones from the old man that he met with in visiting the scene, is perhaps as reliable as any other. "We met," says he, "with a sensible old man, who had lived in the neighbourhood of Ballindirran (Bandirran), for eighty years, and his father, who had died at a great age, told him, concerning 'Lang Man's Grave,' that, about the beginning of last century, an uncommonly tall man from about Dundee side, had been attending a fair at Scone, and, on his way home, over night, he put himself down, that is, he committed suicide—perhaps he was murdered—at any rate he was buried at the place which has since retained the name of 'Lang Man's Grave.'"

It appears that Abernyte had at one time the repute of being a rather convivial parish. So we may infer from the popular rhyme about it, a pretty sure index of the condition and manners of the community which it photographed. Such rhymes derived much of their popularity from the truth of the photographs which they gave. The lines to which we allude are :—

> "Grace and peace cam' by Collace,
> And by the doors o' Dron;
> Bat the caup and stoup o' Abernyte
> Mak' mony a merrie man."

Not long after the Reformation George Haitlie was Reader at Abernyte. James VI. presented him, in 1577, to a fourth part of the fruits of Abernyte, both Parsonage and Vicarage. Next year, he suffered a violent assault from one of his parishioners, and though he escaped with his life, a lamentable fatality attended the outrage. Haitlie was "cruellie invadit by Thomas Boyd, and, in redding of them, a man was slaine." Raised from the rank of Reader to that of Pastor, Haitlie was admitted to the parish of Kinnaird about 1590, where he must have continued for only a short time, for he was translated from it to Abernyte before 1593.

John Minniman, ordained to the charge in 1651, was ejected at the Reformation. He was deprived by the Acts of Parliament, 11th June, and of the Privy Council, 1st October, 1662; and the Council ordained him to remove before the 24th February, 1663. Next year he was denounced and put to the horn for holding conventicles. In 1682, his widow, Margaret Bonar, was imprisoned for nonconformity by the Magistrates of Perth; and not being allowed to visit her only and beloved son on his death-bed, she died of grief. How heart-touching is Wodrow's brief and simple narrative of the case! "Mrs Minniman, a Presbyterian minister's widow, was apprehended by the Magistrates of Perth, for mere nonconformity, while her only son was dangerously sick; and the poor child took a violent crying for his mother, and continued so till he died; and this religious gentlewoman offered to bind herself, under all she was worth in the world, to re-enter prison after a day or two's attendance on her dying son, yet such was the inhumanity of this period that she could not be allowed once to see her child. In a little time after, this good woman died also of grief."

The late James Wilson, ordained in 1808, and minister of the parish for close on half a century, was much esteemed as a good man. He longed for better times than those on which he had fallen. When will the Millenium commence? was a question in which he felt an intense interest, and which he much and anxiously studied. He at length published a considerable pamphlet on it. Applying algebra to the solution of the prophecies of Daniel, the very sage and safe conclusion to which he came was, that the Millenium would begin in such a year if the wickedness of the world did not prevent! We mention him as a model of caution, which some interpreters of prophecy would do well to copy.

The late Dr James Hamilton, Regent Square Church, London, was for some time assistant to Mr Wilson. Their connection began in February, 1839, and ended in November, 1840. The two formed the whole family in the manse, and their table talk was unique. It was, on the part of the old man, an in-

cessant chopping of logic with the young. Dr Arnot, in his life of Dr Hamilton, gives this glimpse of it from the Letters of the latter, during his incumbency in Abernyte:—"Though very affectionate and fatherly, Mr Wilson holds fast by his own opinions, and defends them, even when they are of doubtful orthodoxy, with extraordinary pertinacity. At one time, he holds a spoonful of porridge in transit between the dish and his mouth for a full half hour, until he has finished a dispute on the doctrine of reprobation. At another, he consumes ten minutes in the process of pouring out a cup of tea for his thirsty helper, because that helper will not concede to him that the moon has nothing to do with the tides."

LONGFORGAN.

The ancient name of this parish seems to have been Longfortin. It is so named in the Life of St Modwenna, who flourished in the sixth century. She was born in 519. The Saint was much and intimately connected with this parish. It is said that she founded seven churches in Alba, and that Longfortin was one of the seven. At it she "sang the Psalter immersed in water to the breast, and received the consolation of angels, once only interrupted by a sin of one of the sisters." From it she went to Rome, in a very mortified style of travelling, well befitting her saintship, "journeying with naked feet and hair shirt." According to one account, it was in her much-loved Longfortin that she at length yielded up her spirit.

On the top of the Hill of Dron in this parish have been found traces of an oval fortification, occupying an area of upwards of two acres. There seems no reason to doubt that these are the traces of one of those many hill-forts which our remotest ancestors, of whom we have any knowledge, had too much occasion to raise for their protection and security, against both foreign invasion and intestine insurrection.

In a den on the high grounds of Dron is a spot once sacred. A chapel stood on it, in which many generations in the locality worshipped, according to the rites of Romanism; and a burying-ground surrounded it, in which they mingled in the still and peaceful grave. The chapel belonged to the Abbey of Coupar Angus; and was built in 1164 by Malcolm IV., grandson and successor of David I., for a community of Cistertian monks. Whether Malcolm endowed it as liberally as his grandfather, who was "ane soir sanct for the crown," was accustomed to endow such erections, we do not know. Of course the chapel is and has long been a ruin.

There is a spot in the moor of Forgan which must point to as likewise an Historic Scene. It is t Market Knowe, a name given to it in these lat times from the markets held on it. But before it w used for this purpose, the Knowe was a tumul circular in form, some fifteen or eighteen feet hig and eighty-four feet in diameter. Honoured de slept in it. Who they were, and by what achie ments they had won the honour of such a burial, w we suspect, be known only when they themselves r to tell. Coffins and human skeletons were found the mound on its being opened.

This parish has, or at least had, and we trust th it has been sacredly preserved, a very interesti memorial of Sir William Wallace, and of his being these parts. It is the stone on which he rested as fled from Dundee to Kilspindie after killing you Selby. It was thus written of towards the close last century:—"There is a very respectable man Longforgan, of the name of Smith, a weaver, and t farmer of a few acres of land, who has in his poss sion a stone which is called 'Wallace's Stone.' It what was formerly called in this country a 'be stone,' hollow like a large mortar, and was made of to unhusk the bear or barley as a preparative the pot, with a large wooden mell, long before barl mills were known. Its station was on one side of t door, and covered with a flat stone for a seat wh not otherwise employed. Upon this stone Walla sat on his way from Dundee, when he fled af killing the governor's son, and was fed with bread a milk by the goodwife of the house, from whom t man who now lives there, and is the proprietor of t stone lineally descended, and here his forbears ha lived ever since in nearly the same station and c cumstances for about five hundred years."

The great mansion house in the parish, and the on one that has any pretension to be reckoned an Histo Scene, is Castle Huntly. It is an old "battlement pile," occupying the summit of a rock, which ri almost perpendicularly out of the surrounding pla and is nearly inaccessible on all sides, the north-e excepted. The prospect which it commands "co prises the whole of the Carse of Gowrie, studded a is with gentlemen's seats, and waving with the m luxurious crops of grain, the River Tay, from Ne burgh to within a few miles of its confluence with t German Ocean; the opposite coast of Fife, where t East and West Lomonds in particular are very promin objects; part of Strathearn, with the Ochils a other loftier mountains in the distance; the braes the Carse, as they are called, cultivated to th very summits, and over them the higher range the Sidlaws, by which it is separated from Stra more."

The Castle was built by the second Lord Gray of Fowlis. We stated, when at Kinfauns, how King Robert Bruce conferred the barony of Longforgan on his Lordship's ancestor, Sir Andrew Gray. James I. created his father first Lord Gray of Fowlis, before October, 1437. His son, second Lord Gray, was one of the magnates of the country, and had a large share in all the more important public transactions of his day. He obtained a royal license to build a family residence on any part of his lands; and the result was the erection on his barony of Longforgan of Castle Huntly, which was long the chief seat of the family. The security of the residents in it was consulted in its immense strength, its walls being "not less than ten feet thick, while they are as compact and as firmly cemented as the basis that supports them, and the height of the round tower above the ground is 116 feet." It has been often said that he named the edifice Castle Huntly after his lady, a daughter of the Earl of Huntly. This is a mistake. His lady was Elizabeth Wemyss, a daughter of Sir John Wemyss, of River. If the Castle got its name from a matrimonial alliance with the House of Huntly, that alliance must have been contracted by some other member of the Gray family.

In 1615 Castle Huntly, with the lands attached to it, was sold to the Strathmore family. It became the favourite residence of Patrick Lyon, ninth Lord Glammis, and first Earl of Kinghorn; and he changed its name to Castle Lyon. In 1672, Charles II. erected the estate into a Lordship, which he called the Lordship of Lyon. This name it retained till 1777, when it was purchased by George Paterson, Esq., who made large additions to the Castle; at once increasing its accommodation, and enhancing its imposing and picturesque appearance. His son, also George Paterson, marrying a daughter of the twelfth Lord Gray, to whose ancestors the barony had belonged for ages, not unnaturally restored its original name.

It may be observed that Castle Huntly was built of stone from the famous Kingoodie quarry in the neighbourhood; and that the tooth of time has had hardly any discernible effect on it, or on the old Tower of Dundee, which was built of the same stone some three centuries earlier.

INVERGOWRIE.

Invergowrie, once a separate parish, has been long united to Liff. It is not agreed, we understand, whether the ivy covered ruin of its church is in our province. Invergowrie Burn is the boundary between Perthshire and Forfarshire; but the Burn, before it discharges itself in the Tay, makes a sort of circuit of the knoll on which the ruin stands; and hence the dispute as to the shire in which it is situated. While this dispute is unsettled, we shall not be charged with going beyond our line if we note the great antiquity of the church of Invergowrie. It has been pronounced by some the earliest Christian church that was built on the north of the Tay. The founding of it is ascribed to St Boniface, a legate who, with a staff of missionaries, was sent from Rome to Scotland about the beginning of the seventh century. Landing at Invergowrie, they planted their first church there; and, proceeding thence into the interior of Forfarshire, they planted a second church at Tealing, and a third at Restennet, on the site of which, it is believed, the Priory there was afterwards erected.

The Roman camp, called Cater Milley, was about half a mile north of Invergowrie. All vestiges of it are now obliterated; but, about the beginning of this century, they were so distinct as to make it capable of measurement; and, according to Maitland, the camp had been a square of six hundred feet, and had been fortified with a deep ditch, and a high rampart. Cater Milley we take to be the Doric for Four Thousand; a number from which the station somehow received itsname. General Roy's conjecture is that when Agricola returned from the territories of the Horestians, into which he marched after the battle of Mons Grampius, he put four thousand of his troops on board of his fleet at Invergowrie.

FOWLIS-EASTER.

This parish was united to Lundie in 1618; but though placed under the charge of one minister, "each parish has its church, its kirk-session, its poor's box, and its session-register, and its school, and likewise possesses some distinctive peculiarities."

The barony of Fowlis has been long in the possession of the Grays. It came to them as early as the time of their ancestor, Sir Andrew Gray, father of the first Lord Gray, raised to the peerage before 1437. Sir Andrew acquired Fowlis by marriage. It was the dower of his first wife, Janet, daughter of Sir Roger de Mortimer. Sir Roger had himself acquired Fowlis in the same easy way, by marrying one of the daughters of William Maule, ancestor of the Maules of Panmure, to whose father, Robert Maule, King David had given Fowlis for the noble part which he acted in the battle of the Standard.

The mansion of the barony, Gray House, long the residence of the family, is not on our side of the line which divides the shires of Perth and Forfar. But

the church of Fowlis is on the Perthshire side of the line, and it is a very old edifice, and is much admired for the style of its architecture. Jervise, in a note on it, remarks, that it "is said to have been built by Sir Andrew Gray of Fowlis, 1437-60," and that it "is nearly a perfect specimen of the architecture of the 15th century. It contains some curious paintings on panel in good preservation, and a fine *ambry* of hewn stone. There is also an interesting coffin slab in the kirkyard, embellished with an ornamental cross or sword, and a hunting horn." But another writer before us makes this church much older. He says:— "The church of Fowlis, according to an inscription still partly legible on a large oak beam which supported the organ loft, was built in the year 1142, in fulfilment of a lady's vow, wrung from her by solicitude for her husband's safe return from the wars of the Crusades. Sir Andrew Gray, the ancestor of Lord Gray, made it collegiate with suitable endowments in the reign of James II., and placed in it a provost and several prebends. The edifice is 89 feet long and 27¾ wide, and is all built of hewn stone. A cross surmounts the east gable; another, 8 feet high, is in the burying-ground; and a third, 14 or 15 feet high, formerly stood a quarter of a mile to the north."

Some of the old "paintrie" in the church, somehow spared at the Reformation, proved the occasion of not a little offence and trouble to the Protestants. Andrew Morton, who had been translated from Fowlis o Lundie, was required by the Synod in 1610 to see "that the paintrie whilk is upon the pulpitt and ruid laft of Fowlis, being monuments of idolatry, sud be obliterated bi laying it over with green colour;" and "becauss the monuments of idolatry painted in the Kirk of Fowlis ar nocht as yet removed," he and others were commissioned, April 14, 1613, "to pass to the said kirk, and abolish altogether the aforesaid monuments." In a letter to the Synod in October following, Morton stated that "my Lord Gray will demolish such of the paintrie as is offensive."

It may be added that the burial vault of the noble family of the Grays is behind the church of Fowlis-Easter.

DUNKELD DISTRICT.

We should like to be in the Highlands in "the season," and shall therefore take Dunkeld as our next District. It comprises the parishes of Kinclaven, Auchtergaven, the Lands of Tullybeagles, in the parish of Methven, Little Dunkeld, Dunkeld, Moulin, Logie rait (excluding those parts in Rannoch and Strathtay) Blair Athole, Clunie, Lethendy, and Caputh bewes Isla.

KINCLAVEN.

The oldest Historic Scene in this parish is Kinclave Castle, finely situated for strength and picturesque ness on the right bank of the Tay, opposite the point a which the Isla flows into it. It is a Royal Castle and was built by Malcolm Canmore (1057-1093). Fo centuries our Scottish Kings often sojourned in it, a is testified by the number of royal charters given at it Malcolm himself and his Queen, the sainted Margaret frequently made it their residence; and from what w know of their Court, it were easy to picture the baron and ecclesiastics who frequented it, and the high con ferences which they held on matters of Church an State, Margaret interpreting the Scots and her Eng lish friends and counsellors to one another. Eve Malcolm himself understood no tongue but th Gaelic.

The Chronicle of Lanercost records a tragic occu rence which took place here in the time of Alexand III. Princess Eleanor, sister of Henry III. of Englan was married to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leiceste The Earl, rebelling against Henry, met him in battl defeated him, and made him his prisoner. Eleanor brother, Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I., last vanquished Leicester in a bloody engagement Evesham, in which the rebel fell, fighting desperate over the dead body of his son. The squire, who g the credit of killing Leicester, Edward rewarded sending him into Scotland, and recommending him his sister Margaret who was Alexander's Queen. Th squire found the Queen at Haddington, but afte wards removed with the Court to Kinclaven; an here he met his fate. "Queen Margaret was walkin after supper by the banks of the Tay at Kinclave Castle, in Perthshire, attended by her maidens an esquires, and also by her confessor (Turgot), who to the story to the Chronicler of Lanercost. The par sat down by the river side, and the pompous esquir who prided himself upon having slain Montfort, d scended to the water edge to wash his hands, whi in romping he had soiled with mud. As he sto leaning over the stream, a damsel came softly behin and pushed him in. He took the joke in good par 'what do I care,' he exclaimed, 'even though I we further out, I can swim!' But while amid the laug ter of the spectators he floundered about in the wat he suddenly found himself sinking, and shouted assistance, which none present could render; his b

who was playing near at hand, hearing his master's cries, ran up and plunged into the river to save him, but they were both drowned. 'Thus (the chronicler adds solemnly) the enemy of Simon, and servant of Sathan, who boasted he was the cause of the death of a valiant knight, perished in sight of all.'"

Wallace's capture of Kinclaven Castle from the English was one of the exploits of the immortal hero. It was commanded by Sir James Butler, "ane agit cruell knicht." When visiting Perth under the name of Malcomson, Wallace learned that, next day, the garrison in the Castle was to be strengthened by ninety horsemen from Perth. He hastened to his associates in Methven Wood, and prepared for waylaying the force on the side of the Tay, as it proceeded northward. They did so, and attacked the enemy with their usual bravery and power, killing sixty of them, Sir James Butler himself falling by the hand of Wallace. Their discomfiture was seen from the battlements of the Castle, whither the remnant fled; and the drawbridge was let down to receive them. So closely were they followed that the pursuers and the pursued entered the Castle together; and all the English in it the Scots put to the sword, some women and children and two priests excepted. The visitors remained in the Castle for seven days, and found in it a very rich booty, which they hid in Shortwood Shaw, an adjacent forest. They then set fire to the pile, and burned it to the ground, lest the hated Southron should again make it one of his strongholds. It was soon after rebuilt, and was in the hands of the English in 1336, in which year Sir Andrew Moray took and demolished it. Whether it was ever raised again seems uncertain. The Lordship attached to the Royal Castle was extensive and valuable, and out of it many—some of them faithful servants of the Crown, and others of them worthless favourites—were from time to time rewarded.

The English forthwith set about avenging the disaster they had suffered. They were headed by Sir John Butler, son of the above Sir James; Sir Gerard Heron, Governor of Perth; and Sir William de Lorayne, the officer who then had charge of the English interest in the Carse of Gowrie. Those leaders had under them a force of nearly a thousand men. They imagined that they had nothing to do but to surround Wallace and his little band of about sixty men, and to seize them. They made their dispositions accordingly; so many of them guarding the outskirts of Shortwood Shaw, and so many entering it to search for their prey. When the latter came within bowshot of the patriots, an arrow from Wallace's quiver brought one of the foremost of them to the ground. A Lancashire bowman wounded Wallace in the fleshy part of the neck, but not seriously, for which he paid the penalty with his life. The number of the assailants quickly increased; and they came closer and closer on the devoted Scots in the poor defences they had improvised for themselves, in a few squares formed of trees of the forest. But their attacks were met with invincible firmness; and were repaid with such interest that by the time the patriots were reduced by seven, a hundred and twenty of the enemy had bit the dust. Among these were Sir William de Lorayne, whom Wallace slew, and Sir John Butler would have accompanied him to the shades, had not the intervening branch of a tree saved him from the blow of the champion's sword; and his men, rushing forward to his assistance, carried him off before the blow could be repeated. According to some accounts, Butler is said to have been first wounded, and Sir William de Lorayne to have been slain in attempting to rescue him from his perilous situation. Whatever may have been the case, the English were so discouraged by the loss of one leader, and the disabling of the other, that they hastily fell back upon the troops left at the entrance of the forest under Sir Gerald Heron. Here a council of war was held, wherein it was proposed to make a simultaneous attack on the defences of the Scots. During the discussion, however, which ensued on the manner of carrying the proposal into effect, Wallace and his companions escaped by the opposite side of the forest, and retreated to Cargill Wood, a situation which afforded them more natural advantages in securing themselves from their numerous assailants." The English searched the Shaw for the spoil concealed in it, but without success, and returned to Perth.

On the second day after the battle, the Scots returned from Cargill Wood to the Shaw, and secured the Castle treasure hid in it, which they carried off with them to the Wood of Methven.

The Duke of Athole is Keeper and Constable of the Royal Castle of Kinclaven, for which he receives a salary. We have never seen any mark of his Grace's expenditure on the ruin, with the view either of prolonging its existence, or of making it and the grounds of it more attractive to the visitor.

Innernytie, in this parish, was once a place of consequence, and was the seat of some historic families.

Such were the Elphinstones of Innernytie. They were a branch of the noble family of Elphinstone, raised to the peerage by James IV. in 1509. They had also the honour of giving, in one of themselves, an addition to the peerage. It was Sir James Elphinstone of Innernytie that was the founder of the House of Balmerinoch, to which so much interest attaches in our annals. He was created first Lord Balmerinoch in 1604; and his line became extinct in the person of Arthur, the sixth Lord, who was beheaded on Tower

Hill on the 18th of August, 1746, for his participation in the Rebellion of the previous year.

After the Reformation the Elphinstones of Innernytie stuck to the old religion, and gave the minister and Kirk Session some trouble. In 1590 Lady Innernytie was called before the Session, and accused of absenting herself and her family from hearing the word preached on the Sabbath. She compeared, and pleaded that her absence was owing, not to contempt either of the word or the minister, but to want of health, and she promised that when her health improved she would attend the kirk and the word. We may infer from this that she professed herself a Protestant; but her husband, who was one of the Judges of the Court of Session, was a notorious Papist; and it is not unlikely that her Ladyship's Protestant conformity was but hypocritical. By and by, too, the penal laws were put in force against her lord, and against those who did not treat him "as an heathen man and a publican." In 1595 his neighbour, Gabriel Mercer of Meikleour, had to do penance for the humanity and neighbourliness which he had shewn him. He was required to make public declaration, from his seat in the church, of his offence in "entertaining for three days, Elphinstone of Innernytie, an excommunicated Papist."

Such, again, were the Crichtons of Innernytie. They were of the family ennobled in both the Sanquhar and Frendraught branches of it. They also were stubborn Papists. If I may trust an impression somehow received, the priest Crichton, who was a leading agent in originating and working the Popish Mission in Scotland, was one of the Innernytie family. In 1610 the Reverend Andrew Robert Crichton was apprehended in Perthshire as a Papist, was tried at Edinburgh, and was sentenced to be hanged at the Market Cross there, and to be dismembered, and forfeited. After lying six months in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, the sentence of capital punishment pronounced on him was commuted into perpetual banishment, under pain of death should he ever return. Persecution at length wore out his Popish constancy. He apostatized in 1556, as his co-religionists phrased it; but, happily, only for a season. In 1660 his old friend and associate, Bellenden, or Ballantine, visiting him, on his return from France to Scotland, succeeded in "reconciling him to the Church." Gordon says, in "Appendix" to "Scotichronicon," referring for authority to Abbe M'Pherson:—"He (Bellenden) no sooner arrived than he called on Mr Crichton, and, with the grace of God, made him enter into himself, and become extremely penitent. He wrote two full Recantations, one of which he sent to the Presbytery, and the other he got dispersed among the Catholics. Both of them breathed a true spirit of humility and compunction. Soon thereafter he fell sick, and, in a very edifying manner, departed this life towards the end of June, in that same year, 1660."

Such, moreover, were the Stewarts of Innernytie, scions of the Royal family of Scotland. The first of them was Sir William, second son of Sir William of Gairntully, a gentleman of the bed chamber to James VI. He married Mary Crichton, daughter and coheiress of Crichton of Kinnaird, and had by her John, and two daughters, viz., Lady Lawers, mother of John Campbell of Lawers, who was murdered at Greenock in 1723, and Anne, Lady Machany, mother of Viscount Strathallan. This John married Jean, daughter of Lord Lindores, by whom he had John, attainted in 1716, and who died in 1731. This John married Mary, daughter of Sir James Mercer of Aldie and Meikleour, by whom he had Anne, who was married to Viscount Stormont, and to this day Innernytie is in possession of the Stormont family.

Taymount, anciently called Makkersy or Mukkersy, and the House of which attracts attention from its sweet situation on the bank of the Tay, figures in our annals in the latter half of the fifteenth century. It was, it appears, Church property, as much of the lands of the country then was. Sir James Crichton of Strathord, casting on it a covetous eye, took possession of it by violence. Bishop Brown of Dunkeld, who was consecrated to that See in 1484, entered the lists with the sacrilegious knight, vindicated the rights of the Church, and restored to her the lands of which he had robbed her. This made Crichton the bishop's bitter enemy, and he suffered much from him. Myln, in his lives of the Bishop of Dunkeld, says:—"He (Brown) recovered the estate of Mukkersy from Sir James Crichton, of Strathord, the violent possessor of it. On this account, Sir James lay snares for him, and did him all the harm in his power. In particular, he was so rash as, with only twelve men, to waylay and set upon the bishop, near the Bridge of Ern, as he was on his way to Court, with a retinue of forty people. And if the bishop and the clergy of his train had not softened them, he had certainly been cut to pieces by the servants. However, they then parted without coming to blows, and to convince the world of Sir James's bad intentions, the bishop returns to Dunkeld, and did not go forward to Court. From that time Sir James was very hard upon the bishop's tenants of Pettindyny and Kinvaid. Wherefore, keeping up his design, he purchased from Robert Waus, citizen of Edinburgh, for three years of the fruits of the church of Crawmund, the lands of Wester Kinvaid, Wester Louston, and Easter Louston. These lands he mortified to the Church, and by the favour of our supreme lord, the King, he

got them united to the barony of Dunkeld, but upon the express condition that a layman was to hold them of the Church, and to perform the services to the King which fell to these lands. Having made this purchase, he built a mansion house on the lands of Kinvaid, and from this time the tenants of the church lived in great peace."

Mukkersy afterwards came into the possession of the Nairne family, and was their seat for upwards of a century. In 1511, John Nairne and Margaret Oliphant, his wife, had a charter from the Bishop of Dunkeld of the lands of Mukkersy; and from them, it is understood, sprang the Nairnes who, in the next century, became the proprietors of the lands of Auchtergaven, and of the barony of Strathord.

Ballathie House, a recent erection, like Taymount, very sweetly situated on the banks of the Tay, near to where the Cargill Railway Bridge spans it, is the seat of General R. Richardson Robertson of Tullybelton and Ballathie, C.B. The General is a younger brother of Sir John Richardson, Baronet of Pitfour. As a cavalry officer, he greatly distinguished himself during the Caffre war. An officer of the Commissariat department, who was a witness of his career in Africa, described him to a friend of ours as an admirable dashing soldier, much beloved by his men, and in whose welfare he took more than ordinary interest. He received the decoration of C.B. for his meritorious military services, which included those of seven years spent in trying foreign climates. He now holds the post of Honorary Colonel of the 3d Dragoon Guards, stationed at present in Dublin.

We may add that General Richardson is a kind, warm-hearted gentleman, and that since he succeeded his brother in Ballathie and Tullybelton, he has been as much esteemed by his tenantry and dependents as he was by his men when he was in active service in the army. Ballathie House is his usual residence; and the sentiments with which he is regarded and spoken of in the neighbourhood are those of cordial respect and affection.

Kinclaven was one of the original seats of the Secession Church. James Fisher, minister of the parish, was one of the Four Brethren who, for the testimony which they lifted up against the defections of the Established Church, were prosecuted and censured till they felt themselves constrained to make a secession from it. Fisher was son-in-law of Ebenezer Erskine, having married his eldest daughter, Jean; and it is noteworthy that Erskine's famous sermon, preached at Perth before the Synod of Perth and Stirling, on the 10th October, 1732, and which kindled such a conflagration, is said to have been delivered the Sabbath before from Fisher's pulpit to the parishioners of Kinclaven, and to have had a powerful influence in deciding them to adhere, almost to a man, to their minister in the course which he subsequently followed. In the end of the previous week Erskine had come to Kinclaven on his way to the Synod, at which it fell to him as the retiring moderator to preach the opening sermon. Kinclaven and Abernethy were the first two congregations which, through their Sessions, formally acceded to the Associate Presbytery, after it began in 1735 to exercise judicial functions.

Like the other original seats of the Secession, Kinclaven was a centre of attraction to sympathisers from a wide circuit of country. Fisher's ordinary "audience considerably increased. Many from the parishes of Little Dunkeld, Redgorton, Moneydie, Caputh, Lethendy, Cluny, and Cargill, approving of the ground taken by the Associate Brethren, placed themselves under his ministry. On occasion of the administration of the Lord's Supper, great crowds of devout worshippers, not only from the neighbourhood, but from the west of Scotland, and even from Ireland, collected at Kinclaven. Hospitably as the people were disposed to entertain the host of strangers which poured in on them on such occasions, they were unable to accommodate them all in their houses, or even in their barns. Some of them were accustomed to spend the night in the parish church, and others encamped in a neighbouring wood called the Hill of Kinclaven. Tradition tells of Mr Ralph Erskine, when on one occasion assisting his estemed relative at the administration of the Lord's Supper, having gone early into the wood on the morning of the Communion Sabbath, and on his return saying to his brethren in the manse, 'We are likely to have a good day, I think, for the birds are singing very sweetly in the wood;' referring to the sound of praise and prayer which he had heard from all quarters."

Fisher resided in the manse, and officiated in the church of Kinclaven till August, 1741, when he was extruded by officers of the law sent to execute a decree of removal against him. He then preached in a tent on the "Braeside" of Kinclaven till he accepted a call from Glasgow to the pastoral charge of the congregation, afterwards known as that of Shuttlestreet, and now as that of Greyfriars; into which he was inducted in October, 1741. His ministry in Glasgow was highly successful. And he otherwise rendered most important service, not only to the church of which he was one of the founders, but to the cause of religion generally. He did so as Theological Professor to the Associate Synod from 1749 to 1764. He did so also by his writings, especially by the large share which he had in the preparation of that very admirable exposition of the Shorter Catechism, called the Synod's Catechism, and often Fisher's Catechism.

He died in 1775, in the 78th year of his age, and the 50th of his ministry.

In the days of Fisher, money was not plentiful in Scotland. But it would seem that it was either peculiarly scarce and dear in Kinclaven, or that the Kinclavenites were thorough masters of the art of keeping fast hold of any small sums of it that came into their hands. So the late Rev. Dr John Brown, in the appendix to his Narrative of the Life of Fisher, has shown by some curious extracts from the register of the Kirk-Session of Kinclaven. On Fisher's ordination day, the collection was two pounds Scots, *i.e.*, two shillings sterling. On the following Sabbath there was collected for the poor eleven shillings Scots, *i.e.*, eleven pence sterling. Next year, "a student recommended by the Synod" to the Christian liberality of the parish, received the munificent sum of twelve shillings Scots, *i.e.*, twelve pence sterling. Fisher's popularity by and by made a gallery necessary in the Kirk; and the seats in the gallery were let at the yearly rent of two shillings and sixpence Scots, *i.e.*, two pence halfpenny sterling.

Dr Brown has also given a poetic epistle to Mrs Fisher from her cousin Margaret Erskine, daughter of Ralph Erskine, Dunfermline; meant to amuse and cheer her "dear coz," in the Patmos to which she had banished herself in leaving

> "The good old loch and water Leven (Portmoak),
> For these wild moors about Kinclaven."

The Doctor printed the letter, as "certainly showing that the first seceders were not the morose generation they are often supposed to have been." We reprint a large part of it, for the light which it reflects on the physical and social condition of the parish of Kinclaven nearly a century and a half ago.

"I do not think your soil is such
That I need pity you so much,
For as I hear by common clatter,
You want for neither wood nor water;
You have, they say, a goodly manse,
And that upon a pleasant stance;
You have a river at your hand,
A *Fisher* also at command;
You want not peats, as I am told,
To warm your feet in winter cold.
Only I hear you're scarce of coals,
And burn your peats among your soles.

Well, since you would needs be a wife,
So far without the bounds of Fife,
And trace the Fisher's hook when parting
Your feet so far from warm Dunfermline,
'Tis well bestowed upon you now,
That you want coals and chimneys too,
And burn your toes with Norland commons,
Because you left the lofty Lomonds.

But yet I hear you are not scant
Of other things that here we want.
Although you have not gentle lairds,
Nor good stone dykes about your yards,
Nor deep coal pits, nor good stone quarries,
Nor other Southland necessaries;
Yet you have many things, I hear,
Instead of our south country gear;
Instead of stone dykes, you have fail;
Instead of coffee, you have kail;
Instead of spring wells, you have floods;
Instead of orchards, you have woods;
Instead of pastry, you have plants;
Instead of music Highland rants;
Instead of pinners, you have plaids;
Instead of coaches, you have sleds;
Instead of gentles, you have jockeys;
Instead of ladies, you have luckies;
Instead of meadows, you have moors;
Instead of chimneys, you have floors;
Instead of houses, you have huts;
Instead of apples, you have nuts;
Which brings your promise to my mind,
And makes me think you are not kind;
You said (but now I find you're slack),
That you would send me nuts to crack;
Mind them, or else I'll say in anger,
That out of sight and out of languor
'Twas your neglect, for which I'm sorry,
Made this digression to my story.

But to return, without more fash,
I'll tell you what they farther clash;
I am informed, by country chat,
Instead of this thing, you have that;
Old ruined walls instead of castles;
And huts instead of Dinnibirsels,
Brown heather cowes instead of clavers;
And bonnets blue instead of beavers;
Well toasted snuff instead of musk;
Plain dress instead of gentle busk;
In many things you thus excel
The people in the South that dwell.
The buck among your country lasses,
By far our gaudy garb surpasses.
Perhaps in practice I may err,
Yet in my judgment I prefer
Your good blue laces, hoods and loops,
To filthy flaring girls and hoops.

But over and above all this,
You have rare things that here we miss.
Your water doth afford you pearls
Such as are worn by Dukes and Earls;
And having store of pearl-fish,
You do not want the richest dish.
Yet without jesting, to be grave,
You want for nothing that you have

But while I mention all the rest,
I had almost forgot the best;
For you have also something else
That's rarer yet, as rumour tells
Hard by your kirk your woods have bells,
To conjure fairies down like spells;

For if I trust what people say,
The Pope of Rome did once a day
Such bells with holy water sprinkle,
To banish bogles with a tinkle;
As good as beads and Ave-Maries,
To fright and drive away the fairies,
I hear the bell by you possess'd
Was consecrated with the rest,
You therefore, having such a thing,
What have you more ado but ring,
Then off scours every hurtful elf,
That you may safe enjoy yourself."

Thomas Duncan, a late eminent artist, was a native of the parish of Kinclaven. Soon after his birth, which was in 1807, his parents removed to Perth, where he received his education. His passion for art early manifested itself. When a boy at school, ever and anon in his leisure moments he had the pencil in his hand, painting some object which struck his fancy. He delighted in drawing the portraits of his youthful companions. One of these he made sit for MacIvor in Waverley, whom he hit off so felicitously, that the school-boy's production was exhibited for some time in a bookseller's window in the City, and excited much attention and admiration. He likewise, at that early date, mastered Rob Roy, and painted the whole scenery for a dramatic representation of him, which he and his school fellows had undertaken to perform in the loft of a stable.

Disregarding these indications of his natural genius, his parents apprenticed him to a Perth writer, whom he served for the space of seven dreary years. These being accomplished, he, with his father's consent, visited Edinburgh, and became a pupil of the celebrated Sir William Allan. Under him he made the most signal progress in his studies. His specimens of the human figure were singularly excellent, and betokened the eminence in this department which he was fitted to reach. His "Milkmaid," his "Old Mortality," and his "Bra' Wooer," obtained for him at an unusually early age the Professorship of Colour in the Edinburgh Academy, and afterwards the Chair of Drawing in that Institution, with the honour of a Member of it. His "Prince Charles Edward and the Highlanders entering Edinburgh after the Battle of Prestonpans," sent to London in 1840 for exhibition in the Royal Academy, brought him into notice in England; and an engraving of it by Bacon raised and extended his fame. So did his "Waefu' Heart," in illustration of the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," in 1841; and his "Deer-Stalking," in 1842; and his "Charles Edward Asleep after the Battle of Culloden, protected by Flora M'Donald," in 1843. The last of these was engraved that year by Ryall, and Duncan was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. His contributions to the exhibition in 1844 were "Cupid," and "The Martyrdom of John Brown of Priesthill in 1685." These were the last productions of his pencil, except a portrait of himself, which the artists of his native land purchased by subscription, and presented to the Scottish Academy. He died in 1845, aged thirty-eight, greatly lamented, not only as an artist, but as a man enshrined in the esteem and affection of all who knew him.

AUCHTERGAVEN.

There are the remains of several old forts in this parish. That on the Hill of Obney was vitrified. The walls of that on the Hill of Tullybelton were of great thickness. All that need be said of those forts may be comprised in a single sentence. There seems no reason to doubt that they were Caledonian; and that they served the various purposes of refuge, observation, &c., for which such structures were built and used.

There is reason to believe that in Druidical times Auchtergaven was rather distinguished for its devoutness. Several traces of this still survive. One of these is the large, rude, upright stones found in the parish. It can hardly be doubted that at least some of these were connected with the Druid worship. They were, it may be presumed, centre stones of sacred circles, in which the rites of that worship were celebrated. Another of the traces to which we allude is the syllable *bel*, entering into the composition of such names as Bel-stane and Tully-bel-ton: the first the name of a hamlet in the parish, and the second the name of a mansionhouse, a farm, and a village in it. Bel was the sun, the Baal of the East, and the Bel, Belus, Belinus, &c., of the West. It has often been said that he was the first object of idolatry in the world, and he was the chief idol god of the Druids. The Auchtergavenites worshipped him in olden times, and one way in which they did so was by calling certain places after his name. Hence, it may be presumed, their Belstane, and their Tullybelton.

These presumptions are confirmed by a late writer, who says:—"According to Chalmers in his *Caledonia*, 'The principal seat of Druidism seems to have been the recesses of Perthshire, near the Grampian range.' In the hill beyond Tullybelton the Druids preserved the sacred fire with great care, and as all other fires had to be extinguished twice a year, all the inhabitants of the country in that neighbourhood had to obtain new supplies from the sacred fire at Belstane, on 1st of May, and at *Samhainn* or Hallow-eve, 1st Nov.

The yearly dues of the Druids had all to be paid up at latest on the last day of October, or, as they called it, the last day of the last month of harvest, upon pain of excommunication, and the penalty of giving food or fire to the excommunicated, till they made their peace with the Druids, was death. The sacred fire was preserved in suitable places, and at such distances as rendered access to them at the proper times a matter of no insuperable difficulty. Cairntowie or *Cairncowie*, north-east of Tullybelton, was one of these, amd means the Cairn of Coivie. Coivie was the name given to the Arch-Druid."

There is a third thing which we are disposed to regard as another trace of the ancient devoutness of Auchtergaven. It is a custom which obtained in it till a comparatively recent date. We read thus of it in the New Statistical Account:—"On the south march of Berryhill farm . . . there is the site of another chapel, where there was a burying-place, where human bones have been recently dug up; and, till of late, the people in the neighbourhood used, on the first Sabbath of May, to drink out of the Holy Well there. This sacred place is on the banks of the Ordie." This, doubtless, was latterly a Popish superstition; but we strongly suspect that it may have been originally a Druid one. Our suspicion rests, first, on the well-known fact that Popery adopted and adapted to its purposes many of the superstitions of Paganism; and, second, on the time when the custom was observed—the beginning of May, a peculiarly sacred season with the Druids. The first of the month was May Day, the festival of Bel, called Beltane, when great fires, kindled in honour of him, lighted up the parish, and when its Beltane and its Tullybeltons, in particular, blazed with them. For these reasons we are inclined to think that it was the grace of Bel that originally blessed the Holy Well on the banks of the Ordie, and endowed it with its supernatural virtues; and that the inhabitants worshipped him in resorting to the well and drinking of its waters, as they worshipped him in kindling the fires of Beltane to him.

At Ardonochy, or at least between it and the parish church, a fatal combat took place, which has been sometimes dignified with the name of the battle of Ardonochy. The combatants were Andrew Forrester of Torwood, and Robert of Strowan, chief of the clan Donachie. The feud between them was about some lands at Little Dunkeld; and it broke out in mortal strife in the time when Bruss was bishop of Dunkeld, which See he filled from 1441 to 1447. Myln, in his "Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld," thus relates the fray:—Bruss "was a man of steadiness, and exerted great resolution against the Highlanders. In particular he had to stand against Robert Reoch Makdonoquhy, who was a scourge to the church. This wicked man caused plunder the church lands of Little Dunkeld. A nephew of the bishop's, of the name of Forrester, and who was forester of Torwood, rented these lands at that time. In riding to Perth, it happened that this Robert met Forrester to the east of the church of Auchtergaven; they all at once came to blows, and Reoch was deeply wounded in the head, but he did not die just then, but having dressed his wounds he came to Perth, where the King was, and by way of reward for apprehending the Master of Athole [one of the murderers of James I.], got from him a feu right of the lands of Strowan. After having gone home, and taken possession of these lands, he died of his wounds. It was owing to his death that when the clan Donoquhy were called out by the King against the English, they on their way plundered the lands of Torwood."

The chief Historic Scene in this parish is Strathord. At an early period it was a place of much note. It was part of the Royal domain of Scotland, and its Royal Castle is said to have been singularly strong. William the Lion (1165-1214) gave Strathord and Strathbran to his daughter, Marjorie, who was married to the Earl of Pembroke; and she exchanged them for some lands in the neighbourhood of Strathmiglo belonging to the Earl of Fife: which lands she bestowed on the Abbey of Balmerino, founded by her mother, Queen Emergarde. The Earls of Fife retained Strathord for upwards of a century, when it passed from them to the Earl of Douglas, and from him to King Robert II. (1371-1390.) It was afterwards possessed by the Rosses and the Crichtons, and came at length to the noble family of the Nairnes.

The first of the Nairnes on record is Michael de Narn, who was witness to a charter of Robert, Duke of Albany, in 1407. A century afterwards his descendant, John Nairn, was proprietor of Mukkersy, in the parish of Kinclaven, as we stated when there. Another century after the head of the Mukkersy family was Thomas Nairn; and, in 1621, his son Robert, advocate, had a charter of the barony of Strathord. By his wife, Margaret, daughter of Sir John Preston of Penicuik, Lord President of the Court of Session, he had a family of four sons and two daughters.

His eldest son and successor, also named Robert, was a zealous Royalist in the days of the Covenant. He was one of the Committee of Estates, who, in their resolute but vain attempt to resist the Commonwealth, held their last meeting at Alyth in August 1651. Taken a prisoner there by the detachment of troops which General Monk sent from Dundee to disperse or seize them, he was conveyed to London and committed to the Tower, in which he lay till the Re-

toration. Charles II. knighted him, appointed him a Lord of Session and of Justiciary, and, in 1681, raised him to the peerage by the title of Lord Nairne. He had an only child, Margaret, married to Lord William Murray, fourth son of the first Marquis of Athole; and the patent of his peerage appointed his son-in-law to be his successor.

Lord William Murray, second Lord Nairne, had been a naval officer, and had been distinguished for his bravery. Refusing, after the Revolution, to take the oaths to the Government, and his seat in Parliament, he was placed in the list of the disaffected; and when the rebellion of 1715 broke out, he and his son, the Master of Nairne, were required to surrender themselves. He preferred to join the Earl of Mar; commanded one of the Scottish regiments of foot at the battle of Preston, in November that year; was taken prisoner and cast into the Tower of London; was brought to trial in January, 1716, found guilty of high treason, and condemned to die, but was respited and afterwards pardoned: "his Majesty being moved by his natural clemency and great compassion for the widow and children of the said Lord Nairne, not only included him in the act of grace, 1717, but gave back the estate to his lady and family."

John, his eldest son, succeeded him as third Lord Nairne in 1725. He must have been a person of dauntless courage and of much fighting skill and power, if we may judge from an anecdote preserved concerning him. He was one of a party who dined one day at Strathallan Castle. At that time a daring and strong bandit, named Callum Dhu, haunted the Wood of Methven. At the ringing of the Castle bell at ten o'clock the company broke up. Lord Strathallan importuned Lord Nairne to pass the night with him, lest he should meet the bandit, his road leading through the wood which he frequented, and across the Almond, by which he had his cave. He would not listen to his host's entreaties and remonstrances. Attended only by Clarke, his man-servant, he mounted and hastened homeward. He met Callum Dhu by the way, and, after a desperate encounter, killed him, and carried home his head as a trophy of his exploit. He himself received a wound in his shoulder, which his servant wrapped in a bandage to restrain the flow of blood.

At Preston in 1715, this Lord, when Master of Nairne, had been Lieutenant-Colonel of Lord Charles Murray's regiment, and had been taken prisoner with his father. Notwithstanding the admonitory experience of that year, and the grace shown to his house by George I., he entered heart and soul into the Rebellion of 1745. He joined Prince Charlie at Blair-Athole on his way south. The Prince sent him and Lochiel, with four hundred men, to take possession of Dunkeld, and there they proclaimed the Pretender. After spending two days at Blair Castle, and a night at Lude, Charles went next day to Dunkeld; from which he proceeded to the House of Nairne, where he dined and passed the succeeding night. Lord Nairne shared in all the efforts and perils and disasters of the ill-fated insurrection. Six months after the battle of Culloden, in which his brother Robert fell, he escaped to Sweden; was attainted in 1746; and died in France in 1770, aged seventy-nine.

But for the attainder, his eldest surviving son, John, would have been fourth Lord Nairne. He entered the army, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He had two sons. The elder, John, was an officer in the army, and died unmarried. It is of him, we presume, that the Statistical Account says—"The lineal descendant of the family returned to this country before the conclusion of the last century, and resided in a plain and private way in Perth, where his tall and venerable appearance, with his cocked hat and high gilt-headed cane, is still fresh in the recollection of the inhabitants of that city. He was buried in the family burying-place at Auchtergaven." The younger, William, was assistant Inspector-General of Barracks in Scotland, and a Major-General in the army. In 1806 he married the third daughter of the Laird of Gask, Carolina Oliphant, "The Flower of Strathearn," "whose fine lyrical genius and enthusiastic love of music have caused her name to be enrolled among the most gifted poetesses of Scotland." The following was one of her compositions—

"THE ATTAINTED SCOTTISH NOBLES.

"Oh, some will tune their mournful strains,
To tell of hame-made sorrow,
And if they cheat you o' your tears
They'll dry afore the morrow.
Oh, some will sing their airy dreams,
In verity their sportin',
My sang's o' nae sic thewless themes,
But wakin', true misfortune.

"Ye Scottish nobles, ane and a',
For loyalty attainted,
A nameless bardie's wae to see
Your sorrows unlamented;
For if your fathers ne'er had fought
For heirs of ancient royalty,
Ye're down the day that might ha'e been
At the top of honours tree a'.

"For old hereditary right,
For conscience sake they stoutly stood;
And for the crown their valiant sons
Themselves have shed their injured blood;
And if their fathers ne'er had fought
For heirs of ancient royalty,
They're doon the day that might ha' been
At the top o' honours tree a'."

It has been said that when George IV. was in Scotland in 1822, it came to his knowledge that Mrs Major Nairne was the authoress of this song; and this had a potent influence in inducing his Majesty, in 1824, to restore to her husband the forfeited title of the Nairnes: making Major William Murray Nairne fourth Lord Nairne, and his wife Baroness Nairne. His Lordship died in 1830, leaving with his Lady an only son, William, fifth Lord Nairne, who died at Brussels in December, 1837. The Nairne title then devolved on the late Baroness Keith, lineally descended from Robert, second son of the second Lord Nairne, who married Jean Mercer, heiress of Aldie and Meikleour. By the death of Baroness Nairne without male issue, and through the marriage of her eldest daughter, the peerage of Nairne merged in the Marquisate of Lansdowne.

The Old House of Nairne having been consumed by fire, John, third Lord Nairne, built the new one. It stood at Loak in Strathord, and was a spacious and splendid structure, deservedly styled "The glory of the Strath." Sir William Bruen was the architect of it. James Nairne, eldest son of the attainted Lord, took "from memory" a drawing of it, which, happily, has been preserved, "the ornaments, architrives, friezes, and cornices, and other members being omitted." The whole south-east front was of "cut stone." The House was three storeys high; and on each floor were thirteen large rooms, besides closets with vents. "The ground floor was all vaulted, where were the cellars, kitchens. pantries, bakehouse, brewhouse, dairy, and other conveniences, with a large brook or stream of water near it sufficient to turn a mill, which was conveyed to the House in many shapes." It had 365 windows, one for each day of the year. "Sixty masons," the Statistical Account says, "were employed three years in building it; and were, every Saturday during all that time, treated at his Lordship's expense, in a publichouse at Loak, each with a large oat cake, a salt herring, and a pint of ale, equal to four English pints."

The House, in its size and style, was not out of keeping with the barony, which was large and valuable, and susceptible of great improvement. It extended in length, from east to west, some six miles.

When the lands of the attainted Nairne were brought to the hammer, his cousin the Duke of Athole attended in the auction room. It was supposed that he did so in the interest of his unfortunate relative and his family. Understood to be buying back their inheritance for them, no one bid against him; and the lands were knocked down to him for a trifle. He paid the purchase money; added the Nairne estate to his own; threw down the fine mansion, and sold the material of it. We used in our youth to hear this story told in the country; but we somehow heard it with incredulousness, fondly persuading ourselves that, when better informed, we should find that popular ignorance and malice were wronging the memory of his Grace of Athole. They were not doing so, we are now sorry to have to admit. The story was true to the letter. In a note to his drawing of the House, James Nairne says:—"It was destroyed by James, Duke of Athole, the nearest relation and pretended friend of the family, which proves the following Scripture—that a man's foes shall be those of his own household, Matthew x. and 36." And as to the price which Athole paid for his purchase, he says:—"The plantation of trees, natural wood, &c., sold at a moderate price, would have been double the purchase money."

The Rev. D. L. Foggo, minister of Abercrombie Fife, is the great grandson of the faithful and devoted chamberlain of John, third Lord Nairne. He has the drawing of Nairne House by his Lordship's son; and from him Dr Rogers, in his Memoir of Baroness Nairne gives some interesting particulars. "The only relic, writes Mr Foggo, "known to exist of Nairne House is the belfry, which was given at the demolition of the mansion to the town of Perth, and may yet be seen there as the crowning ornament of King James VI. hospital; but the bell-tree remains near the site of the house, marking the spot near which the followers of Lord Nairne were marshalled on the morning when they set out to join the Prince's army. . . .

"Nairne House was destroyed in 1764. The district was, for some time after the battle of Culloden, placed under the surveillance of the Hessian troops, who arrived in Scotland too late for the campaign, and were billeted in Perth and in the surrounding country. The farmhouse of Balmacollie, near the old burying ground of Logiebride, was a station occupied by these soldiers. My ancestor was occupant of the farm; he held in wadset other two farms as security for money advanced for the Jacobite enterprises; when the estates were to be exposed for sale at Edinburgh after the attainder, he repaired to the city and protested. The proceedings were then stopped, but a party of soldiers were forthwith despatched to Balmacollie to search the premises for documents which might involve its occupant in the consequences of the Rebellion. No papers were found, but the family were ejected and ruined."

Dr Rogers subjoins:—"To these particulars it may be added that many of the old trees which environ the mansion still remain. Part of the orchard also continues." And then he quotes from a Perth journal referring, in 1838, to the death in the previous year of William, last Lord Nairne:—'There are still

those alive who, amidst the levellings of the plough and harrow, can point out the various localities—the favourite walk of the 'last Lady Mary'; her sylvan bower; the clear pebble well, of which the brook flows; the old thorn tree; and the bowling green on which Lord Nairne marshalled his clan the morning before they marched to join the Prince at Perth.'"

In 1834 Lord William visited the scene of his ancestral seat. We can readily believe that it was a very sad visit to him, and that as he stood and surveyed the few vestiges of the family mansion, he "spake mournfully of the reverses of his house."

The above "last Lady Mary," who was Lady of Nairne in her own right, was, like her party, a strong Prelatist; holding firmly to the faith, of which James VI. enunicated the formula when he said "No bishop, no king;" and she thought that in this she was entitled to require her tenants to follow her. A good story in illustration has been preserved in the traditions of a family then on the estate, a late member of which used to tell it thus:—An ancestor of mine was one of the Nairne tenants. Lady Mary had built an Episcopal chapel, and was anxious that all her tenants should attend it. Calling one day at the house of my ancestor, and meeting with the gudewife, who was a very sturdy Presbyterian, Lady Mary asked her to attend. She refused point blank. Her Ladyship pointed to the meal girnal, an important piece of furniture, and said, "I'll tak' your girnal oot o' its neuk;" meaning that the famlly must leave the estate. "Weel," said the gudewife, "the land's yer ain, and ye may do wi'd as ye like, but ye canna gar me gang to your chapel." Lady Mary had soon to leave her mansion and lands, but the tenant and his family remained on, under "new lairds and new laws."

Stanley House, occupying a similar site to those of Taymont and Ballathie, was once a seat of the Nairne family, by one of whom it was originally built. Several additions have since been made to it, and it has undergone many repairs. It is supposed that it was the Dowager House of the first Marchioness of Athole after the death of her husband in 1703; and that from her both the House and the village, which by and by rose on the adjacent grounds, took their name. She was Lady Amelia Sophia Stanley, daughter of James Stanley, seventh Earl of Derby, and the mother of Lord William Murray, who, as we have seen, married Margaret, daughter and heiress of Robert, first Lord Nairne.

Till 1784 Stanley House, with its lodge, commonly called "The Yett o' Stanley," at the boundary of the policy, stood alone on the margin of the Tay. But in the year we have named Dempster of Dunnichen, who did so much in his day for manufactures as well as agriculture, Graham of Fintry, and several gentlemen belonging to Perth, formed themselves into a company, feued ground at Stanley from the Duke of Athole, built a large cotton mill, the first of its kind in this part of the country, to be driven by water from the Tay, and erected the village for the accommodation of the workers. It does not fall within our scope to trace the history of Stanley Works, or even mention the successive companies in whose hands they have been. They were lately acquired by a new proprietary, and it is to be hoped that the activity and enterprise and prosperity of former times will yet return, to shed their beneficent influence on the village and neighbourhood.

A little to the north of Stanley is the ruin of Inchbervie, or Inchbervis, an old circular tower of which nothing certain is known. There is a tradition bearing that it was once a religious house connected with the Abbey of Dunfermline; to which Abbey, it is alleged, the Stanley grounds are still liable in the yearly tribute of a grilse. The truth of the allegation has, we suspect, little chance of being tested.

Like Strathord, Tullybelton was anciently Crown property. "It formed," says the Rev. Samuel Fergusson in his Notes to "The Queen's Visit, and other Poems," "part of the royal lands and forest of Stron-Kaltire or Birnam, so late as the reign of Robert II." Hence, we doubt not, the name of the lands lying to the west of it, and which are called to this day "The Kinglands." Mr Fergusson adds:—"Near this Sir Andrew Moray lay with the patriot army in 1336, when Edward III. was at Perth. Edward thought to surprise him as he was hearing mass in a chapel in the forest, probably the little chapel of Buquhairn. Sir Andrew was not in form or position to entitle him to give him battle, and, to the surprise of Edward, vanished through a defile, probably Glengarr, which he kept open in his rear."

Tullybelton figures again in the history of the Civil War in the seventeenth century. In 1644 it had the honour of receiving and hiding the Marquis of Montrose for about a week. It was then the property of Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie, cousin of the Great Marquis. The latter, after the battle of Marston Moor, resolved to make a desperate effort on Scottish soil to retrieve the fortunes of Charles I. Leaving England in the end of July or the beginning of August, 1644, he entered Scotland in disguise, attended only by Sir William Rollock and Colonel Sibbald. His assumed name was Anderson, and he acted as groom to his companions. He hastened to the Highlands, where he was to raise the Royal standard among the clans. From the Borders he scarcely drew bridle, till he arrived at Tullybelton, in a sorry enough plight. Here he remained, as we have said, for about the space of a week; first with

his relative in Tullybelton House, and, when that was not thought safe, he was next concealed in a solitary hut in the neighbourhood.

In 1665, Donald Robertson of Inver obtained a Crown charter of Tullybelton; and it remains with his posterity to this day. The mother of General Richardson Robertson, the present proprietor of it, whom we noticed when at Ballathie, was a cousin, or other near relative, of the last Robertson of Tullybelton in the direct line.

The Robertson Lairds of Tullybelton did not disdain civic honours, and they were thought worthy of them. They frequently filled the office of Lord Provost of Perth.

Logiebride was a separate parish from Auchtergaven till the Scottish Parliament united them in 1618. The Bishop of Dunkeld afterwards separated them; but, on the petition of the heritors and parishioners in 1647, they were reunited; the stipends of both being inadequate to support two ministers, and the worshippers at Logiebride being within a reasonable distance of Auchtergaven. We read in the Statistical Account—"Divine service used to be performed at Logiebride for many years after the union (of the parishes), but not within the memory of any one now living. An old man, upwards of eighty years of age, who died lately, remembered the Church of Logiebride standing." A small portion of it still stands, and has been the burying-place of the Robertsons of Tullybelton. The graveyard surrounds it, and several families in the neighbourhood continue to inter in it, as the hallowed spot in which the dust of their ancestors lies.

There was a once famous well at Logiebride, endowed with preternatural virtues, and to which many resorted for healing. Faith in it long survived the shock of the Reformation, and gave the authorities of the Protestant Church no little trouble. People would go to it for cures, and did go to it, in spite of the interdicts and threats of Sessions and Presbyteries, and of the discipline with which they visited offenders. Latterly, but at no very distant date, this faith quite perished in the district; and modern drainage has destroyed the Holy Well, mingled its precious spring with the common water drawn from the surrounding ground, and conveyed both into the Ordie.

The Stare Dam is a marked Historic Scene in this parish. When at Perth we related how, as Sir William Ruthven, Sheriff of Perth, was, in 1443, taking an Athole thief to the place of execution, John Gormac, head of a band of Highland robbers, attacked Ruthven and his guards, with the view of rescuing their brother felon from the gallows. Gormac and thirty of his band were killed in the scuffle; and the rest fled to the mountains. Th Sheriff pursuing them, as we take it, overtook the at Ploughman's Stares, near the Stares Dam, an there executed summary justice on them. It wi suffice for our purpose to transcribe Morrison's accou of the scene, as given in the notes to "The Fair Mai of Perth." "This place (Ploughman's Stares), twic referred to in the course of our story as hateful t the Highlanders, lies near the Stare Dam, a collectio of waters in a very desolate hollow between the Hi of Birnam, and the road from Perth to Dunkeld. Th *eeriness* of the place is indescribable, and is yet mor striking from its being within a furlong of one of th loveliest and richest scenes in Scotland—the north west opening of Strathmore. The 'Dam' has bee nearly drained within these few years, but the miser able patches of sickly corn which have with vas labour and cost been obtained, look still more melan choly than the solitary tarn which the barren eart seems to have drunk up. The whole aspect of th place fitted it for being the scene of the trial an punishment of one of the most notorious bands o thieves and outlaws that ever laid the Low Country under contribution. Ruthven, the Sheriff, is said t have held his court on a rising ground to the north, still called the Court Hill; and there was lately, o there still may be, at the east end of the Roch-in-Roy wood some oaks on which the Highlanders were hung, and which long went by the name of the Hanged-men's-trees. The hideous appearance of the bodies hanging in chains gave the place a name which to thi day grates on the ear of a Celt."

In olden times Auchtergaven proper belonged to a family of the name of Ross, probably a branch of the Rosses of Craigie by Perth. According to tradition, their Castle stood on the top of a rock, about a quarte of a mile due east of the parish church. The materia of the Castle was ultimately utilized in building "Auld Ochterga'en." Hence the many finely polished stones which were to be seen in our youth in the walls of that hamlet. The estate must have been afterwards annexed to the barony of Strathord; for we read of Auchtergaven as part of the possessions both of the Crichtons and of the Nairnes of Strathord.

The family of social mark in this locality now is the Wylies of Airliewight. They have feued the grounds on which the villages of Bankfoot, Cairnie-hill, and Waterloo are built. The population of these is very considerable; and the superior, dwelling beside them, takes a pleasure and a pride in whatever promises to promote their welfare. His own residence is a conspicuous and imposing object in the landscape; and the condition of his estate shews how well entitled he is to rank among the foremost agriculturists of the county.

As lately as last year, Mr Wylie's thorough style of tillage led to an interesting discovery. It brought to light the foundation of the old Castle of Airliewight. In answer to some inquiries which we took the liberty of making, Miss Wylie has kindly written us:—"Some obstructions to the plough caused Tom to have dug the traditional site of the old Castle of Airliewight. I went to see it, and traced distinctly, in rows of large whinstones, a pretty extensive oblong foundation. It was, like great Kinclaven (Castle), made a quarry of."

We read in Dr Hew Scott's "Fasti" that John Anderson was minister of Auchtergaven at the Restoration, and that he was deprived in 1662 for not conforming to Prelacy. We farther read that William Alsone was minister of the parish at the Revolution, and that, in 1689, he was deprived by the Privy Council for his Jacobitism. The first of these was not John, but Alexander, Anderson. So the heritors and parishioners named him in 1647, when they petitioned for the reunion of Auchtergaven and Logiebride. They drew their chief pleas from the hardsihps suffered by one of the ministers, Alexander Anderson, who, they said, had been "forced to live these sixteen years in great distress, being burdened with wife, children, and family." And so he is named on his tombstone, now built into the outer wall on the east side of the parish graveyard, but which must have been originally set horizontally on pillars. Two stars, a sandglass, and an open Bible are engraved on the stone. The inscription on it, which is finely carved around the border, is in these terms:—"Here lyes Alexander Anderson, minister of the gospel at this charge of Ochtergaven, who departed this lyfe 30 of Januarie 1665, and of his age 72, of his ministerie here 38 years. Here lies the corps of Grissal Ballendene, his spouse, who departed the 11th of July 1665, and of her age 68.

"'Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise, awake and sing yee that dwell in the dust.'
"Isaiah 26, 19.
"Hodie
Nobis
Vobis."

It will be allowed on all hands, that the most illustrious of the sons Auchtergaven has produced is the late Robert Nicoll, "the peasant poet," born at the farmhouse of Little Tullybelton in 1814. A precocious child, he knew the alphabet in his eighteenth month; and at six years of age, his mother having been his teacher, he could read any English book with ease and accuracy, and had read all that came in his way. In his seventh year, he was hired to be a herd-boy in summer, and was sent to school in winter; and this continued for several years, during which his passion for reading was insatiable: a book being his constant companion when tending his cattle, and also when on his way to and from school, which was some three miles distant. An apprenticeship afterwards to a wine and spirit merchant in Perth, brought him some advantages which he had not in the country; and self-culture he continued to prosecute with the utmost assiduity. He had new aids, which he sedulously improved, when, in his twenty-first year, he began business on his own account by opening a circulating library in Dundee. Assuming a partner, he by and by made over the business of the library to him, and retired from it, a loser pecuniarily, rather than a gainer. His next employment was in the office of William Tait, proprietor and publisher of "Taits Magazine;" on whose recommendation he was, in his twenty-second year, appointed Editor of "The Leeds Times;" a paper with a circulation of about a thousand copies when it came into his hands, but which, under his management, speedily rose to nearly four times that amount. The same year he married Miss Alice Souter of Dundee. Serious illness soon compelled him to resign his situation; and returning to Scotland for the benefit of his native air, he was received into the house of his friends the Johnstones of Laverock Bank, near Leith, where he died of rapid consumption on the 9th of December, 1837, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in North Leith churchyard; a large assemblage of gentlemen, chiefly connected with the press of Edinburgh, following his remains to the grave, and making great lamentation over him.

Such is the merest glimpse of the brief life of Robert Nicoll. He was "noble by descent," as he himself sang with honest pride. We knew his grandfather, "Elder John," and can vouch that his panegyric of him, high as it is, contains nothing but the words of truth and soberness. And the grandson certainly did not dishonour his pedigree. The manly independence, the pure morals, and the decided and warm piety of his race, shone conspicuously in him. The ambition which inspired him took its hue from a patriotism and philanthropy that yearned to "raise the many," to "Mak' the Warld better yet;" for, said he, "I do not know how I could better serve my God than by serving my fellow-men." And his "Poems and Lyrics" have taken a place in our Scottish literature, which will make him known, and loved, and admired while time endures.

Many of our readers will be interested to know the latest tidings which have reached us of Nicoll's widowed mother, to whom he owed, according to his own acknowledgment, all his distinction in life, and who emigrated a good many years ago to New Zealand with her daughter and her family. The tidings,

dated early last autumn, were that she was well, and was up every morning at five o'clock milking her cow. The days of the years of her pilgrimage are now fourscore and seven.

We wish that we could have found room for several specimens of Nicoll's poetry. But, from the space occupied by Auchtergaven, we must content ourselves with one. We select it for its pathos; some critics having, as we humbly think, rather underrated the author's powers both of pathos and of humour. The person who can read the following piece without his heart softening and his eyes moistening, is not to be envied :—

"THE DYING MAIDEN.

"The winds are soughin' o'er the hills,
The burns come gushing down,
The kelpie in the drumlie weil
Is singin' his eerie croon!
Sae sharp an' cauld the nippin' sleet
Blaws o'er the leafless lea,
An' death, frae oot the darksome grave,
Is callin' upon me!

"Oh, mither, stand ye at my head,
Gang, sister, to my feet;
An', Willie, sit by my bedside,
But dinna moan an' greet.
I would like to look on those I love
Sae lang as I can see,
As the snaw drap fades 'mang the lave awa',
Sae I would like to dee!

"O this is a bright an' glorious earth,
An' I hae lo'ed it weel;
I hae lo'ed to sleep on my mither's breast,
By my mither's knee to kneel;
An' I hae lo'ed thee, sister fair,
Wi' mair than a sister's love;
An' how I lo'ed thee, Willie dear,
The angels ken above!

"An' I hae dreamed o' comin' years,
When ane we twa should be;
When grief should sadden, joy rejoice,
Alike baith thee an' me;
When we should bear ae heart, ae hope,
Ae burden, and ae name;
An' gang a-field thegither aye,
An' come thegither hame!

"An' I hae dreamed o' bairnies fair,
Wi' een as blythe as thine,
An' hair like gowd, an' rosie lips,
An' lovin' hearts like mine;
An' I hae heard their voices sweet,
Say 'mither' unto me,
An' seen them turn an' smilin' say,
'My father' unto thee!

"An', Willie, ae fond wish hae I—
Though I would like awa'—
To live, that I my love for thee,
Sae measureless, might shaw.
My love for thee! It can be known
To mine own heart alone;
A star o' love an' gladness, thou
For ever o'er me shone!

"My voice is wearin' faint an' low;
Sae, Willie, ere I gang,
You'll promise me, when I am laid
In kirkyard yird amang,
To come at e'en, when o'er the glen
The birks their shadows cast,
An' sit upon my grave an' think
O' me an' moments past.

"Awa', awa', to yonder land
My soul is wearin' now,
But, 'mid yon holiness an' joy,
I'll aye be watchin' you.
An' if alane ye e'er be left,
In sickness or in wae,
Mind, Willie, that a spirit's hand
Doth lead you night an' day.

"Kiss ance again this burnin' brow;
An' let me look upon
The lip—the cheek—the hazel eye
I've prized in moments gone!
My mother! ope the casement wide,
That I may see the lea
Where gowans grow:—the gates of light
Are open now to me!"

In 1857, a monument was erected to the poet. It was inaugurated on the 29th October that year by William Imrie, Esq., Lord Provost of Perth, in the presence of a large and most enthusiastic assembly. It is an obelisk fifty feet high, and stands on an eminence on the farm of Little Tullybelton, about a hundred yards from the spot where Nicol was born. Colonel Richardson Robertson of Tullybelton granted the site. The monument bears the simple but happy inscription :—"Robert Nicol, born, 1814; died, 1837. I have written my heart in my poems."

We must not leave Auchtergaven without mentioning the horrid tragedy of which Blelok was the scene on April 8th, 1608. An unhappy marriage between Patrick Eviot, of the Balhousie family, and Janet Ross, of the Craigie family, ended that day in the murder of the husband by the wife. The "Chronicle of Perth" thus records it :—"Patrick eviot, brother-german to the laird of balhoussie, was murdered in blelok, be his wyfe, Janet Ross, quha was air to the lairdschip of craigie and of Kynfawnis both. He was schote with ane gun in his bed sleiping be James M'nair. Thairefter they wer both Taikin and execute, and brint efter they were hangit, in the playfield of perth the 17th may 1608. His head and arm patt up on the Castell gaivill port."

LANDS
OF
TULLYBEAGLES.

These lands, which have long been the property of the Meikleour family, are in the parish of Methven; but they fall to be noticed here as belonging to the Dunkeld District of the shire.

Balwhairn, or, as Fergusson spells it, Buquhairn, is on these lands; and at it stood the chapel in which Sir Andrew Moray was attending mass, when, as we have already stated, Edward III. of England thought to surprise him, and to make him and his patriot army an easy prey. No vestige of the chapel now remains. The ploughshare has been drawn over the site of it. Some gold coins, and part of an image, were found in the foundation of the holy house when it was digged up. They were sent to the late Lady Flahault, proprietress of the estate, and were presented by her to the Literary and Antiquarian Society of Perth. We at least presume that it is of them the Society reports thus, in its published Transactions:—"On the 12th November, 1822, Mr Menzies, Factor to Countess Flahault, presented two coins of Edward, and the head of a glass image, found while clearing away the foundation of a place called the Chapel, in the Barony of Tullybeagles." Near the chapel site was found a sepulchral urn, containing the usual black matter. It was of the coarse clay ware, and "the herring-bone pattern" round the edge. Unfortunately, the spade which unearthed it broke it into fragments. In the same scene stood four Druidical stones, the remains of a circle in which the pagan aborigines worshipped before the Gospel visited them.

The other chapel, on the banks of the Ordie, with its graveyard and the Holy Well near it, might have been reserved for notice till now. It also was on the Tullybeagles barony, which must have been singularly well accommodated with places of worship and of burial.

The pillar on the top of Craig-Gibbon is not monumental, as the wayfarer is apt to suppose that it is. It was built by Colonel Mercer, grandfather of the late Lady Keith, to enable him from his house at Meikleour, twelve miles distant, to distinguish his own hill in that part of the Grampian range. The shooting lodge at Strathhead, which used to shew so well to a wide tract of country, was also built by the Colonel. It was many years ago degraded into a shepherd's house.

LITTLE DUNKELD.

This parish did not take its name from its size, but from its kirktown, which was small as compared with the big Dunkeld on the other side of the Tay. The parish is the reverse of "little," being estimated to comprise an area of upwards of 36,000 acres. It is naturally divided into three districts, Murthly, Strathbran, and the Bishopric.

The Murthly district stretches from the eastern extremity of the parish to the sweet hamlet of Inver, Strathbran. In this division, and in the garden of the medical superintendent of the Murthly Lunatic Asylum, is a Druid circle remarkably entire. A correspondent peculiarly conversant with such relics of days long gone by, writes of it:—"It is the most perfect Druid circle I have seen, though the stones are quite unequal in size. I could see no marks on them."

In the Old Statistical Account of the parish we read:—"On the south side of the Tay, a mile below Murthly, there is a considerable military entrenchment. A ditch 600 feet long, and still pretty deep, is extended from a precipice on the bank of the river southward, along the side of a deep ravine, on the opposite side of which there is a similar work. At one of the angles of this trench are the remains of a circular stone building still 15 feet deep. The work was probably executed to guard a pass upon the Tay, which is fordable at this place." There is much verisimilitude in this conjecture, and if we adopt it, it will naturally lead us to conclude that the fortification in question was a very ancient one. It can hardly have been less old than the days when the Danes pushed up the Tay in their piratical craft; if it was not as old as the days when the Roman legions not only forded the river about these parts, but established themselves in some of their most famous stations on its banks.

The chief Historic Scene in this quarter is Murthly Castle, finely situated on the south bank of the Tay in the heart of the landscape, than which we know not a more enchanting, whether viewed from the Grampians on the one side, or from the ridge of high ground in the parish of Cargill on the other. One of the latest writers who has touched on it, an excellent judge, says of it:—"Murthly to the right, which belongs to Sir W. Stewart, is in a very fine situation, with the Tay winding under the hill. This lovely scenery continues all along to Dunkeld." And again, after viewing it from the other side of the Tay:—"We saw Birnam Wood and Sir W. Stewart's place in that fine valley on the opposite side of the river. All along such splendid scenery, and Albert enjoyed it so much" (HER MAJESTY, in "Leaves from

the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," etc.). The Castle, said to have been a royal hunting seat for centuries, is a venerable structure, which it was designed to supersede by a new mansion, alike spacious and elegant. The erection of it was proceeded with till it was roofed, upwards of forty years ago. Much, too, was done to adapt the grounds to the site and style of the new edifice, and to adorn them. The project, it is to be greatly regretted, was not prosecuted farther. But though suspended, it has not been abandoned; and it is fondly hoped that it will be resumed at no distant date, and completed.

Murthly Castle and barony have been the property and seat of several somewhat historic families. The first of these on record were the Irelands, as far back as the days of Wallace. They were great friends of the hero; for which King Robert Bruce, when he had won the cause of Scotland's independence, in which Wallace fell, rewarded them with the lands of Murthly. The Irelands were succeeded by the Abercrombies. We know them only by their Popish proclivities, which proved very costly to them. About the time that the Laird of Innernytie was dealt with by the Session of Kinclaven, for the favour shewn by him to the old religion and the emissaries of it, Abercrombie was taken cognizance of for the same crime. He was proceeded against for "harbouring Seminary priests," and also for "keeping dancing balls on Sabbath nights." The Abercrombies were succeeded by the Stewarts of Grandtully, who still retain possession of Murthly. They got hold of it not in the most neighbourly or honourable way. Stewart of Grandtully informed against Abercrombie of Murthly for his Popish sympathies. Having made him obnoxious to the Government, and having alarmed him for his property, his liberty, and, it might be, his life, he proposed to his victim to purchase his inheritance from him. Abercrombie was tempted, for safety's sake, to sell it to him, much under its value. Having thus grabbed his lands, Stewart did not farther trouble himself about the "Seminary priests," who had so afflicted his conscience when his predecessor shewed them countenance. They continued to lurk in the neighbourhood, and to pursue their vocation, very much as they had previously done.

Sir John Stewart of Grandtully and Murthly, third baronet of the family, took for his second wife Lady Jean Douglas, only daughter of James, Marquis of Douglas. Their son, Archibald Stewart, after much and tedious litigation, succeeded to the rich and large estates of his uncle, the last Duke of Douglas, and assuming his name, was created a Peer of the United Kingdom, by the title of Baron Douglas. The title became extinct on the death of the fourth Lord Douglas in 1857.

The grandson of the said Sir John Stewart was the late Sir George, fifth baronet, and the father of the present proprietor, Sir Archibald Douglas Stewart. Sir George married Catherine, eldest daughter of John Drummond of Logiealmond; and on the death of her brother, Sir William Drummond, Logiealmond came into the Murthly family, but has since been sold to the Earl of Mansfield. Sir George, dying in 1827, was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir John. He died without issue in 1838, and was succeeded by his younger brother, the late Sir William Drummond Stewart, who died without leaving any surviving issue. The small but elegant chapel at Murthly is a memorial of an event in the life of Sir William which raised not a little local sensation, viz., his perversion to Popery. But Rome did not make the gain of him which an aristocratic proselyte usually brings her. His Romish zeal, if warm at first, gradually cooled down. Of the priests, who did their best to confirm his soul, and to keep him in the right way, he became weary. They lost their influence over him; and were ultimately regarded with the aversion and contempt which are the common lot of parasites. None of his Protestant tenants or neighbours followed his example; and the chapel we have alluded to is almost the only memento about Murthly of Sir William's return to the bosom of Holy Mother Church.

The classic Birnam was in ancient times part of the royal domain of Scotland. It is now bare; but it was originally covered with a forest, which, as we shall see when we come to Collace, supplied the army of Malcolm and Siward with the branches which made them a "living grove" as they moved to Dunsinane. Of that forest two specimens are said to survive in two trees, the one an oak, the other a plane, near the parish church, on the bank of the Tay. These are each about eighteen feet in girth, and, from their supposed antiquity, are objects of much interest to visitors.

At the foot of Birnam hill, on the south-east side of it, is a circular mound, with the remains of a rude fortification on it. The mound has been called from time immemorial Duncan's hill, and Court hill, and the building on it has been called Duncan's fort. It is quite likely that these names were taken from King Duncan, "the gracious Duncan" of Shakspeare, who was often at Dunkeld. He was the son of Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, and Abthane of Dull by Beatrice, daughter of Malcolm II. We have only to suppose that he held his court for the administration of justice on this mound, and that the building on it was meant and used as a "strength" for the security of the Sovereign in those rude times; and we have a reason perfectly natural and satisfactory for the one being named Duncan's hill, and Court hill

and for the other being named Duncan's fort. For a like reason a large stone on the farm of Balinloan bears a like name. It "is called," says the Statistical Account, "*Clach a mhoid*, or the stone where the court was held. It is said that a baron in the neighbourhood held his court here for the trial of offenders, with power to 'hang and drown;' *(Comas croiche agus poll;)* and tradition says, that the last baron who exercised these functions was not undeserving of one or other of those ends himself." Near the mound to which we are pointing was a number of small cairns, about the length of the human body. Whether these cairns have been examined in recent times, we have not happened to learn; but that they marked graves can hardly be doubted. Whose graves were they? Were they the graves of popularly favoured, perhaps illustrious criminals, who, convicted and executed on Court hill, were buried at or close by the gallows' foot?

Up on the face of the hill of Birnam are the ruins of an old building, which had been oblong in form, and of considerable size, with circular turrets at the corners. It is called in Gaelic *Forhaillon*. Had this been a Caledonian strength? If not, when, and by whom, and for what purpose had it been raised? These are questions which need not be raised, for they cannot be answered with any certainty. The last use made of it may be adverted to. It was a hiding-place to those emissaries of Rome, who, after the Reformation, haunted the district contrary to law; attracted and encouraged, doubtless, by such friends as the Abercrombies of Murthly, and the Elphinstones and Crichtons of Innernytie. It was also a hiding-place to William, fourth Lord Ruthven, when, after all the pardons granted him for the daring adventure of the Raid, King James's bitter and implacable resentment compelled him to skulk.

Inver was the birthplace and residence of Neil Gow, the celebrated musician. As a player on the violin he had no equal, especially in strathspeys and reels. He was an Orpheus in the power and cunning of his bow-hand, as also in the shout with which he often accompanied his playing in the quick tunes. It "seemed instantly to electrify the dancers, inspiring them with new life and energy, and raising the spirits of the most inanimate." He excelled in composing as well as in playing; and his musical genius and performances did not suffer in the impression which they produced from his Scotch humour and shrewdness, or from his fine figure and features, in which he was the perfect model of a Highlander.

Neil was born at Inver in 1727, and died at it in 1807. He was buried in the churchyard of Little Dunkeld, where a marble slab marks his grave. His cottage at Inver is still pointed out to the visitor, and the tree under which he is said to have, with his violin in hand, composed many of his finest airs. As David Millar says in his apostrophe in "The Tay" to the Bran at Inver, whose "hoarse thundering" up at Kinnacoil he had just sung:—

> "But here thou'rt gentle—good—checking thy flow
> Of mirth to cheer the shade of old Neil Gow!
> There stands his cottage still! 'Tis rude; yet there
> The Highland Orpheus piped and laughed at care.
> Old 'famous Neil!' Still many a story runs
> Of his great wit and worth, and jokes and puns—
> A brave and jolly dread-none sort of man—
> Great at the fiddle—glorious at a can—
> To all alike, whate'er their rank and name,
> Unchained by fashion—and there rests his fame!"

The Strathbran district of the parish extends from Inver to Amulree, a distance of about nine miles. It has its own share of the remains of Druidical circles, of buildings called towers and castles, and of huge piles of stones called cairns, which are found in other parts of the parish, and which abound in the Highlands generally. We have the authority of the Old Statistical Account for saying, that the stone bridge which spans the Bran a little above Trochrie, is one of the oldest in Perthshire. Trochrie Castle, now and long a ruin, is itself the chief Historic Scene in this quarter. It was one of the seats of the noble family of Gowrie. On their forfeiture and ruin in 1600, this part of their immense possessions was bestowed on William Stewart, of Banchrie, a Gentleman of the Bed Chamber to James VI., and a younger brother of Sir Thomas Stewart of Grandtully. William, who had been knighted before Sir Thomas's death, succeeded him in Grandtully and in Murthly, lately acquired in the way we have explained; and Strathbran made another important addition to the property of the family. A commission, dated 16th November, 1600, appointed Sir William Stewart, bailie of Strathbran, and keeper of the King's house of Trochrie, and of the parks and forests of the Strath. That commission, and likewise charters to the barony afterwards granted to Sir William, gave reasons for the royal favour shewn him. James was moved to it, "For the lang, true and faithful service done to him by the said Sir William, and spending his time therein, and for the late service done, being at the preserving of the King's life frae the late conspiracy of umquhile John, Earl of Gowrie, upon the 5th of August last."

The famous Hermitage, or Ossian's Hall, was on the Bran; but conspicuous as it was among the sights shewn to visitors of the unrivalled scenery in this locality, we do not know that it has any good claim to a place among our Historic Scenes. And if Wordsworth's judgment and taste are to be deferred to, it was an unnatural, "fantastic" creation, a "quaint

medley, that might seem devised out of a sick man's dream," and did Ossian deep "indignity."

> "What! Ossian here—a painted thrall,
> Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall;
> To serve—an unsuspected screen
> For show that must not yet be seen;
> And, when the moment comes, to part
> And vanish by mysterious art;
> Head, heart, and body, split asunder,
> For ingress to a world of wonder.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy
> As ever made a maniac dizzy,
> When disenchanted from the mood
> That loves on solemn thoughts to brood."

The Hermitage, it may be added, was thrown down by the hand of violence in 1869, and has not been rebuilt.

About three miles west of Little Dunkeld, and near the Rumbling Bridge, is the Church of Laganallachy, which was a separate parish prior to its being united to Little Dunkeld. It receives something like a fourth of the attentions of the minister of the united parishes. The last Statistical Account says of the church of Laganallachy:—"Service is performed here once a month, and wholly in Gaelic."

The third district of the parish stretches from Inver to Grandtully on the right of the Tay, a distance of about ten miles. Most of it belonged at one time to the See of Dunkeld, and hence the name which it bears, the Bishopric. The Tay flows on the one side of it in silent majesty; a bold and lofty range of the Grampians walls it on the other; and the valley which they enclose is singularly charming, both in its natural features, and in the woods and lawns and seats which adorn it. "A regular system of agriculture would soon give this district the appearance of an almost continued series of beautiful gardens, from the one extremity to the other." So John Robertson, minister of the parish, wrote nearly a century ago; and the vision which he descried has been in a good measure realised.

Dalguise is in this division, and is the seat of the Steuarts, one of our historic families. They have royal blood in their veins. They are descended from Sir John Steuart of Cardney and Airntully; and he was the youngest natural son of King Robert II. His mother was a daughter of John de Cardney of that Ilk, and a sister of Robert Cardney, made bishop of Dunkeld in 1396, "through," says Mylne, "his sister's interest with the King." Sir John was the natural brother of Robert III.; and the King gave him substantial tokens of his brotherly regard. He granted him a charter of the two Cardneys and Butterston, and a pension from the Customs of Dundee. He was knighted at the coronation of James I.; and he formed a new link of connection with the royal family by marrying Jean Drummond, sister of Annabella Drummond, the Queen of Robert III.

In 1060 the lands of Dalguise were given by William the Lion to the Church of Dunkeld. In 1543, Crichton, bishop of Dunkeld, granted them to John Steuart, second son of Steuart of Airntully. This John was the first Steuart of Dalguise. He married a daughter of Alexander Stewart of Grandtully, died in 1576, and was buried in the church of Little Dunkeld. His next younger brother, Sir Thomas Steuart, was vicar of Dowally. His great grandson, John, better known in his day by his Gaelic name "Ian Mor Macalistair," was a zealous supporter of Montrose in the civil war, and was leader of the Athole Stewarts under the Marquis's banner. He was also chamberlain to the Bishops of Dunkeld. His great grandson, also John, the seventh of Dalguise, followed in the steps of his great grandsire. He engaged in the rebellion of 1715, and fought as an officer of cavalry at the battle of Sheriffmuir; for which he suffered both fine and imprisonment. He built the House of Dalguise, and was a magistrate and commissioner of supply for the county of Perth. He was succeeded by his eldest son, also John; whose fifth son, David, was in 1781, when a banker in Edinburgh in partnership with Robert Allan, Esq., elected Lord Provost of the metropolis, which office he filled for two years. He was a great book collector, and in his possession originally was the first edition of the Latin Bible, in two large volumes folio, one of the earliest books executed from moveable types, and supposed to have been printed by Guttenburg and Faust in 1450; and also the Roman Breviary, beautifully printed on the finest vellum at Venice in 147[illegible] by Nicholas Jenson, and finely illuminated: both of which are now in the Advocates' Library. The late Charles Steuart, ninth of Dalguise, was appointed a deputy-lieutenant for Perthshire on the institution of that office in 1794. His eldest son, John Steuart, Esq., W.S., the present proprietor, is a deputy-lieutenant and magistrate for the county; and in 182[illegible] was high sheriff of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

We must not pass unnoticed "Glen Albert's fam'd abode." It is the scene of Mrs Brunton's "Self Control," which opens at Balnaguard Inn; and the place which that novel has deservedly taken in our national literature is enough to make the scene of it an Historic Scene.

Kinnaird House, romantically situated on a rising ground on the bank of the Tay, is the property of the Duke of Athole. It is the jointure-house of the

Athole estates; and was the residence of the late Dowager Lady Glenlyon, who died at it in 1844.

In 1574 Little Dunkeld gave a bishop to Ross, in the person of Alexander Hepburn, who had been ordained minister of that parish that same year. In 1651, Thomas Glas, minister of Little Dunkeld, joined the Protesters; the strict party in the kirk, who protested against the resolution to enroll, under certain limitations, all who were capable of bearing arms for the defence of the country; regarding this as a breach of the Solemn League and Covenant, and of the Act of Classes, which excluded from the national service all malignants and engagers. For this he was taken cognizance of in 1663, and was accused of "still labouring to keep the hearts of the people from the present Government in Church and State."

The tragic fate of James Stewart, younger of Ladywell in this parish, and Commissary of Dunkeld, forms a melancholy chapter of Scottish story. It befell him in 1641. The Marquis of Montrose, in defending himself for signing the Cumbernauld Bond, pleaded the detection he had made of the policy of Argyle, the head of the Covenanters; which was, as Montrose alleged, to depose the King, and to raise himself to the dictatorship of the kingdom. In proof of his allegation, he referred to what Argyle himself had stated in a conference with some Royalists at the Ford of Lyon the year before; and he named Stewart of Ladywell as having reported to him Argyle's statement. When first examined, Stewart maintained the truth of the report which he had made, and Argyle vehemently denied it. Committed to Edinburgh Castle, pending further investigation, Balmerino and Durie visited Stewart, as a deputation from the Committee of Estates, and most unhappily persuaded him to appease Argyle by acknowledging his report of what the Covenanting Chief had said in the conference at the Ford of Lyon to have been a fabrication. Put on his trial on the infamous statute against "leasing-making," he made his confession of wilful falsehood against Argyle. He was found guilty of "leasing-making," and was condemned; his supplication for mercy was sternly rejected; and he was beheaded by the Maiden at the Cross of Edinburgh on the 28th of August, 1641.

In the acquaintance we have made with Little Dunkeld we have not met with anything to justify the brand which the old song sought to fix on the parish. We shall therefore, till otherwise advised, charitably hope that the following lines are to be traced to the spite of some splenetic neighbour:—

"O, what a parish, what a terrible parish,
O, what a parish is that of Dunkell!
They hae hangit the minister, drooned the precentor,
Dang down the steeple, and drucken the bell!
Though the steeple was down the kirk was still stannin',
They biggit a burn where the bell used to hang;
A stell-pat they gat, and they brew'd Hieland whisky,
On Sundays they drank it, and rantit and sang."

DUNKELD & DOWALLY.

Dunkeld is of unknown antiquity. It was a place of note from the earliest times of which any knowledge has come down to us. In A.D. 138, the Romans approached it; but the fear of the Caledonians made them content themselves with the approach. They shrunk from entering the narrow vale which is its site, enclosed by such lofty mountains, the defiles of which were unknown to them, and where the warlike and fierce natives would have had every advantage of them.

The Gaelic name of the place was Dun-ghail-dhuin. The first form which it took in English mouths, was Dun-kaledin, or Dun-Calidon; which signifies, as some etymologists tell us, "the stronghold of the rough mountainous country"; and ultimately it was euphoniously modified into Dunkeld. The "stronghold" alluded to in the name is thought to have stood on the Knoll called the King's Seat, where there are to this day the remains of some old building and fortification. We have, it may be, the designation of the Knoll, and of the contiguous pass, explained in what is stated in the Statistical Acccount:—"Dunkeld was visited by one of our early kings, William the Lion, for deer hunting. It is reported that he took his station for shooting the deer on a small Knoll now called the King's Seat. It is a small terraced hill, on the summit of which is the remains of a building and the outworks of an ancient fort. The road which runs between that Knoll and Craig-y-barns is called the King's Pass."

In the Pictish period (A.D. 446-843), Dunkeld was frequently the seat of Royalty. It was honoured with the presence of the kings and their courts; the royal residence then being, it may be presumed, the Dun, or Fort, or Castle, as it was likewise called, on the top of the King's Seat, and to which we have just referred.

In those days Dunkeld was one of the chief seats of the Culdees. It rose, indeed, to the highest ecclesiastical dignity; having the primacy of Scotland for ages, till it was supplanted in its turn by St Andrews. St Columba himself, the founder of the Culdee Church, accompanied by St Kentigern, visited Dunkeld; and they resided in it for the space of six months, fulfilling their noble mission for the conversion of the northern Picts; "teaching and preaching," says Holinshed,

"to the people of Atholl, Caledon, and Angus, who came in great numbers to hear their godlie instructions." About A.D. 570 a monastery was built for the Culdees at Dunkeld; one account says by Conal, son of Comgal, King of the Scots; and another says by Bridei, King of the Picts. History calls the house a monastery; but not very properly. A monastery is a place of seclusion for monks. The house built for them had been better called a cell, a church, a college. It was the residence of the devoted missionaries, for such the Culdees were. They lived in it, and from it made their evangelising circuits in the surrounding country. They also taught in it, more especially training young men to succeed them in the blessed work in which they were embarked. Dunkeld, in fact, became, and was long regarded as a second Iona.

Like its contemporaries, the first Culdee house at Dunkeld was of a very humble order. It was constructed of wattles; and must have been a poor protection against frosts and storms, more especially in days when the climate of the country was much more severe than it now is. The erection was greatly improved about 729 by Constantine III., King of the Picts. Dean Myln says that "from his devotion for St Columba Constantine founded and endowed the monastery." This is so far a mistake. The monastery was founded, as we have seen, more than a century and a half before. What Constantine did was to substitute for the house of wattles a substantial structure of stone, and he may also have increased the endowments of the institution.

In 848 Kenneth MacAlpine built a church at Dunkeld, to which he removed the precious relics of Columba. The Saint had died in 597, and had been buried at Iona; but his remains were no longer safe there, owing to the ravages of the Danes. "By this act of Kenneth," it has been said, "St Columba became the patron saint of Dunkeld and its church." And hence the dove argent in the armorial bearings of the city, holding an olive branch in its beak. The word *columba*, our unlearned readers must know, is the Latin for dove.

In 1127, David I. suppressed the Culdee establishment at Dunkeld; superseding the Culdees by canons regular of the Church of Rome, and the Culdee Presbyter Abbot by a Diocesan Bishop, and turning the church into a cathedral. By a good stroke of policy, he made Gregory, the last abbot, the first bishop of the See. He was the eldest son of the Chief of the clan Gregor; and from him were descended the M'Nabs, with whom we shall meet again. The Deformation which David effected was very unpopular, and continued to be so long after it was made. "The men of Atholl," says Fergusson, "had no kindly feeling to the new order of things, and manifested their hostility on different occasions. In 1407, the Bishop had to fly from his palace, and, for his own protection and the protection of the cathedral, deemed it prudent to build a castle the following year. The Diocesan Synod was compelled to meet under the walls of Perth for fear of the Atholl clans, and not till 1477 did the Synod venture to meet at Dunkeld. Such was the reception given to an alien priesthood, to an alien church, for centuries. It was not till about 1520 that Gaelic preachers were appointed for the Highlanders in the Diocese of Dunkeld. The Culdee Church had been essentially Gaelic, and the great mass of the population of the diocese were Gaelic speaking even down to a recent period."

In consequence of this feeling, and, as Dr Jamieson has shown in his "Historical Account of the Ancient Culdees," the memory of the Culdees continued to be devoutly cherished and highly venerated in the district of Dunkeld. Columba was still acknowledged as the patron saint of the place. Even a Romish bishop instituted a chaplaincy in honour of him. Another of them consecrated a bell to him, and baptised it by his name. He likewise ordered that, at his own expense, daily mass should be said at the great altar in commemoration of the Saint, and he afterwards made provision that this mass should be perpetuated. But the miracles wrought by Columba's bones threw into the shade all the other honours that were done to his memory. In 1500, a fatal pestilence appeared in Scotland. Brown, then bishop of Dunkeld, alarmed on hearing of the outbreak of the plague, prepared for the visitation by marking out and consecrating burying ground for his people. "In the meantime," says Myln, "he (the bishop) visited some of the church tenants of Caputh, who had been bad of that disease, and gave them such consecrated things as might be of use to them. Next day he caused dip the bones of St Columba in consecrated water, and sent it to them to drink by the chancellor. Many did drink, and were cured. But there was one forward fellow among them, who said to the chancellor, 'for what does the bishop send us water to drink? I wish he had sent us some of his best ale.'" The profane dog and those who sympathised with him were not allowed to pass with impunity. They were made monuments of Heaven's ire, and beacons for the admonition of all coming generations. "But he and the rest, to the number of thirty, who refused to drink of the water, died of the plague, and were buried in one grave a little below the ordinary burying ground."

Many of the Culdee Abbots of Dunkeld were doubtless persons of high rank and great influence. So we might presume from the office which they held;

and the presumption is borne out by the status of the best known of them. Adamnan, Columba's immediate successor and biographer, was no mean man, and his memory is yet fragrant. Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, was Abthane of Dull, and married, as we have already had occasion to say, a daughter of Malcolm II., and he became the father of a long line of Sovereigns who have since occupied the throne of Scotland, and that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; of which line, according to a reckoning before us, her present Majesty, Queen Victoria, numbers the twenty-seventh. And as an Abbot of Dunkeld gave so many Sovereigns to the country, so one of those Sovereigns gave Dunkeld an Abbot in return. Ethelred, Earl of Fife, and Abbot of Dunkeld, was a son of King Malcolm III.

Dunkeld figures in the annals of the Danish invasion. About 845, under their celebrated Viking, Ragner Lodbrog, they advanced towards Dunkeld to take and plunder it. But Kenneth MacAlpin met them near Clunie, and defeated them at the head of the forces of the Scots and Picts, whom he had shortly before united into one kingdom. Those marauders were more successful about 907, in the days of Constantine III., when they made a second attempt upon Dunkeld, and pillaged and burned it. Some chroniclers say that they meditated a third attack on it about 990, when Kenneth III. met them at Luncarty, and gave them a complete overthrow.

The two upright stones at the Doo's Nest, near Newtyle, are supposed to mark the graves of two Danish warriors who fell in one of the engagements with the natives, to which their attempts on Dunkeld led.

It has been justly noticed as an indication of the size and importance of Dunkeld in those times that Bred, King of the Picts, made it the rendezvous of the army which he raised in 843 to fight Alpin, King of the Scots. He "summoned all his subjects who were able to bear arms to meet on a certain day in Nether Calidon with a suitable supply of provisions. They mustered there in a great body. Hollingshed says, that this army passed over the Tay, and marched into the Castle of Calidon, previous to engaging Alpinus, the King of Scots, at Angus. From this it may be inferred that, at that time, the dwellings erected near to the Castle were so considerable as to have afforded along with the Castle, the required accommodation for so great a body of men." The same writer adds with equal justice—"The various attempts of the Danes to plunder Dunkeld, also favour the view that the place was not only extensive, but its monastery was reputed important and wealthy."

We have had occasion to mention some of the bishops of Dunkeld in Popish times. Instead of occupying room with a catalogue of them, we shall jot a few Memorabilia concerning the more historic of them.

Gregory, the first in the list which we follow, was made a Privy Councillor, and obtained liberal grants for his diocese from David I., that "sair sanct for the crown." Richard de Prebenda, the second in the list, was a commissioner in 1174 to negotiate with Henry II. of England for the release of William the Lion, then Henry's prisoner. He was also William's Chancellor, and attended him to a council which the Pope's legate held at Northampton in 1176. John Scot, the third in the list, having been elected in 1117 bishop of St Andrews, King William swore by the arm of St James that he should never be bishop of that See. A keen contest ensued between the King and Pope, which ended in Scot's being nominated to the See of Dunkeld, with liberty to retain the emoluments of Archdeacon of St Andrews, which he had previously been. He had great influence with the Pope, and on his suggestion Argyle, which had hitherto been a part of the diocese of Dunkeld, was made a separate See. In his day the bishopric of Dunkeld was estimated at the yearly revenue of £1206. Galfrid Liverance, the seventh in the list, reformed the cathedral worship, in imitation of the church of Sarum, and the music according to the Gregorian manner. He died at Tibbermore in 1229, and was buried at Dunkeld in the Old Church, formerly the Abbey Church, his tomb being adorned with a very flattering epitaph. Richard of Inverkeithing, the eighth in the list, was one of the regents of the kingdom in the minority of Alexander III., and was deputed by the bishop to attend a council called by the Pope's Legate, in consequence of the King and the clergy refusing to make a contribution required to defray the expense of the Legate's visit to Scotland. Matthew, the tenth in the list, was Great Chamberlain of Scotland. He was likewise one of the Commissioners sent to France in 1295 to negotiate an alliance with Philip, by the marriage of the daughter of the Count of Anjou to the son and heir of Baliol. A bishop of Dunkeld was one of the Scottish Commissioners summoned by the English Conqueror to meet at Perth in 1305, immediately after the death of Wallace, with twenty commissioners from England, to establish negotiations for the government of Scotland, which bishop was probably this Matthew.

William Sinclair, a younger son of the Roslin family, is the eleventh in the list. He built the choir of the cathedral, and in the centre of it made a burying-place for himself. Part of his family arms is on the top of the eastern gable, and a marble slab which covered his grave is upon the floor of the Duke of Athole's seat. He is famous for a military exploit which he performed. The English having attempted

to land on the coast of Fife in 1317, and the sheriff of the county at the head of five hundred troops hastily collected fleeing before them, Sinclair rode out of his palace at Auchtertool, and met the fugitives; upbraided them for their cowardice; and, throwing aside his rochet, and seizing a spear, cried, "Let all who love their country and their King turn again with me." He then fiercely attacked the invaders, and drove them back to their ships, with the loss of five hundred men, besides many who were drowned by the swamping of some of their boats. King Robert Bruce, delighted with the feat of the heroic churchman, declared that he should henceforth be his own bishop; and "The King's Bishop" was the honourable designation which he ever afterwards bore. Bishop Sinclair's statue, minus the head, is in the east aisle of the cathedral.

John Peeblis, the seventeenth in the list, was the King's Chancellor, and was entrusted with several important national negotiations. Robert Cardney, the eighteenth in the list, founded the nave of the church, and raised it as far as the second row of arches. He showed great diligence and zeal in adorning the cathedral, and improving the revenues of the diocese. In his day the bishop's palace, which stood a little to the south-west of the cathedral, consisted of several long houses, only two stories high, and thatched after the Highland fashion. For greater security, Cardney built a spacious edifice, fit for defence as well as accommodation, with, says Myln, "granaries and a larder." It went by the name of the Castle; and though no vestige of it now remains, its site is still called the "Castle Close." This bishop also built and dedicated to St Ninian a chapel, which stood in what is now Athole Street; and, purchasing the lands of Mucklarie, he endowed the chaplain with the rents of them. He was buried in St Ninian's chapel; but in 1464 his monument was removed to the south aisle of the cathedral, and placed in the recess of the wall, under a canopy adorned with crockets. James Kennedy, the twentieth in the list, was the son of Sir James Kennedy of Dunure, by his wife Mary, younger daughter of Robert III. and his Queen Annabella Drummond. He was translated to St Andrews in 1440, and became a Privy Councillor, Chancellor of Scotland, and afterwards one of the Regents of the Kingdom during the minority of James III.

John Ralston, the twenty-third in the list, was Secretary to the King, and afterwards Lord High Treasurer, and was employed in several foreign missions. He finished the nave, and began the aisle of the cathedral. Myln says of him—"If my information is good, he had this work so much at heart that he and one or two people of high rank who stood with him had a custom of carrying every day out of the quarry (of Burnbane) several burdens of stones. He died in the year 1400, and is buried in the quire, to the north of the great altar." The New Statistical Account adds:—"The stones for building the choir and cathedral were all of a small size, as they had to be carried on horseback by means of *curachs*. Roads and carts were subsequent inventions. The workmen's wages did not exceed 3d, nor that of the labourers 2d Scots per day. The mortar was carried in baskets on horseback. The cost of a man with a horse and baskets, or with a curach, was 3d Scots per day." Thomas Lauder, the twenty-fourth in the list, had been tutor to James II. The lands on the south of the Forth he got erected into a barony, by the name of the Barony of Aberlady; and those on the north side into a barony, by the name of the Barony of Dunkeld. On assuming the mitre, he found his diocese plundered on all hands; and pre-eminent among the plunderers had been Robert Reoch Macdonachie, Chief of the Clan Donachie. Having obtained the King's commission, Lauder, to quote again from the Statistical Account, "imprisoned and hanged the most outrageous (of the plunderers). By the terror of his authority, he got rid of an arch robber, Macbre, his son, and his whole gang. This man was reckoned the most bold and infamous person of his time. The name he took was that of the Bishop's *Sorner*, that is, one who went about to extort money and victuals from the Bishop's tenants! The bailie's authority, however, seems not to have been much respected by the clan Donachie men. On one occasion he imprisoned one of them. The chief on being told of the detention, collected his followers, and marched to Dunkeld, in order to punish the bishop and release the prisoner. They found, on arrival, that the bishop was celebrating mass in the cathedral. Regardless of all decorum, they entered the church, and threw a shower of arrows at him as he stood by the altar, which 'obliged him to give over the service, and to take shelter behind some of the timber of the quire.' It is not recorded how the people in the cathedral or in the town acted on the occasion. It appears, however, that the poor bishop had to give up his prisoner, and hostilities ceased. A complaint was made to the King; but the chieftain being son-in-law of Lord Glammis, a court favourite, the matter was hushed." Lauder built the porch of the south gate of the cathedral, and adorned it with several fine images. He finished the cathedral in 1460, and, in 1464, dedicated it to its old patron, St Columba. He built the chapter house in 1469, and also the steeple or greater tower of the cathedral; its height being ninety-six feet, and its base on each side twenty-four feet. His contributions to the internal furnishing and

decoration of the edifice were on a like liberal scale. He "procured many priests' vestments of silk, and a deal of silver work, such as candlesticks, one cup, two phials, three flagons, a box for the chrism, a cross, in which there is part of our Lord's cross, a vessel for holding the eucharist of considerable weight, and another for the holy water, two instruments for sprinkling the holy water, and incense censors. There was over against the great altar a piece of painting representing the twenty-four miracles of St Colme, and overhead of this, two statues of that saint. There were two pillars on which rested two angels, who held two candlesticks of fifteen branches, agreeable to what is said in the Revelation of John. Each of these branches was suspended by a silken rope. He made a pillar for supporting the great wax lights at Easter, with a bishop's chair, and a bench for the choristers.

George Brown, the twenty-sixth in the list, we met with at Kinclaven, when we wrote of his recovering Mukkersy or Taymount from Sir James Crichton of Strathord. He did much else of the same kind, by which he greatly advanced the temporal interests of his See. He divided it into four deaneries; one for Athole and Breadalbane, another for Angus, the third for Fife, and the fourth for the Dunkeld church lands to the south of the Forth. Caputh and Dowally, which had hitherto been part of Little Dunkeld, he erected into parishes, and built a church for each. He was a rigid disciplinarian, which was much needed in the diocese in his day; and it is honourable to his memory that, while he laid heavy fines on many delinquents, he never applied a farthing of these to his own use, saying, "The oil of the wicked will never make my face to shine." The ornaments which he contributed to the Cathedral were rich and numerous. Myln says:—"Bishop Brown in 1500 gave various gorgeous dresses, as also a cover for the altar of blue and gold. He made a pulpit of brass, divided into four, each divison of which supported the statue of an Evangelist, and when the gospel was read it was in that division which answered to the name of the Evangelist which was then read. He made a lesser pulpit, which was supported by the statue of Moses behind, on which there was a candlestick of three branches. He caused paint the upper part of the pews. He made new the throne of the holy cross, the chancel, the altars of St Martin and St Michael. He caused make images of the apostles, and portraits of the saints, to be drawn upon the walls all around. But as to the King's noblemen, bishops, and others who had been benefactors to the church, he caused their figures to be drawn upon the wall behind the altar, that the whole choir might, in time of prayer, have their eyes upon them. He also beautified all the altars with proper figures, and for the use of each gave proper vestment to the priests. He bought two great bells—the lesser called George, and the greater St Colme. He procured another greater named Maryford, which he left with his successor." Bishop Brown likewise founded St George's Hospital, intended for the support of seven old men, who were to have each a free house, five bolls of meal, and five merks Scots yearly. The funds of the institution have been faithfully preserved, and are still serving the purpose designed by the benevolent founder.

Gavin Douglas, the twenty-seventh in the list, is in some respects the most illustrious name in it. He was uncle of the Earl of Angus, the husband of the Queen Dowager, and in learning and culture was one of the first men of his age. He wrote "Aureæ Narrationes," "Commediæ aliquot Sacræ," and "De Rebus Scotticis." These have been lost; but his "Palace of Honour," and his "Translation of the Æneid of Virgil," have come down to us; and they are enduring monuments of his genius, and scholarship, and taste. Though nominated by the Pope himself, Douglas did not get the See without encountering much difficulty and even danger. Andrew Stewart, brother of the Earl of Athole, had, through the Earl's influence, been chosen to it by the canons of Dunkeld, and was resolute to have it. He had taken possession of the bishop's palace and the steeple of the Cathedral, and had armed his servants to maintain him in the possession of them. Finding this to be the state of matters on his arrival at Dunkeld, Douglas retired to the dean's house, there to receive the homage of the clergy, and to take counsel as to the course to be followed; and the first communication from his rival was a shower of cannon shot, fired on him from the palace and the steeple. The struggle ended in Stewart's being obliged to yield; but he was allowed to retain the bishop's rents which he had collected, and he also got the churches of Alyth and Cargill, on paying a trifle yearly to the bishop. Gavin Douglas lived in troublous times, when the kingdom was embroiled with the disputes of the Queen Mother and the Duke of Albany, and of Arran and Angus; and this induced him to retire into England, where he became an intimate acquaintance of Polydore Virgil. He died in London in 1522, and was buried in the Savoy.

Robert Cockburn, the twenty-eighth in the list, was one of the ambassadors sent from James V., in 1524, to Henry of England, to negotiate a truce between the two kingdoms; an embassy in which they were successful. George Crichton, the twenty-ninth in the list, was, says Spottiswood, "A man nobly disposed, and a great house keeper; but in matters of his calling not very skilled." He had, however,

proved an apt scholar in the school of Mr Worldly Wiseman. He was the bishop of Dunkeld, who, when Dean Forrest (afterwards burned on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh) was before him for heresy, said :—"I thank God that I never knew either the Old or New Testament, and yet have prospered well enough. Dean Thomas, if you leave not these fantasies, you will repent when you cannot mend it." Robert Crichton, nephew of bishop George, is the thirty-second in the list, and the last. He was one of the commissioners for divorcing the Earl of Bothwell from his Countess, to enable him to marry Mary Queen of Scots.

The yearly revenue of the bishopric of Dunkeld at the Reformation was upwards of £1600. It gives one even a better idea of the fatness of the benefice, to know that the bishops had four palaces ; one in Edinburgh, Perth, Cluny, and Dunkeld. Bishop Brown could ride from the Dunkeld palace to the palace of Cluny on his own ground, a distance of seven miles, by four different routes,—by Cairdney, the Litter, Stenton, and Caputh.

The post-Reformation or Protestant bishops of Dunkeld were nine in number. Perhaps the most historic of them was Alexander Lindsay, whom we noticed when at St Madoes, and whose arms are on the south wall of the choir of the Cathedral. If there is anything at all noteworthy about any of the rest of them, it is that Henry Guthrie, consecrated to the See in 1665, had been minister of Stirling, and deposed "for malignancy" in 1648, and that he was the author of the book known as "Guthrie's Memoirs ;" that Andrew Bruce, consecrated in 1679, was such a tyro in Prelatic servility, that he was ejected in 1686 for his opposition to the measures of the Court ; and that John Hamilton, the last of the nine, son of John Hamilton, archbishop of St Andrews at the Reformation, survived the Revolution, conformed to the order of things then established, and died one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and sub-dean of the Chapel Royal.

In the days of Popery there was another chapel in Dunkeld which has not yet been adverted to. It bore the name of the Red Chapel, stood on the rising ground to the east of the town called Hillhead, and was dedicated to St Jerome. We read in the Statistical Account, that "its site is inclosed by a stone wall." It was intended chiefly for the accommodation of the inhabitants of Fungorth ; and it occasioned their getting an odd name. Their chapel being dedicated to St Jerome, with whom the general community of Dunkeld were not very familiar, the worshippers in the chapel were called *Jorams ;* and the name has stuck to the people of the Fungorth quarter to this day.

At the Reformation in 1560, the Cathedral of Dunkeld suffered the common fate of such establishments in Scotland. A letter dated Edinburgh, August 12th that year, and directed to the Lairds of Airntully and Kinvaid, directed them to "pass incontinent to the kyrk of Dunkeld, and tak doon the haill images thereof, and bring furth to the kyrk-zayrd, and burn thaym oppinly. And sicklyk cast down the altaris, and purge the kyrk of all kynd of monuments of idolatrye. And this ze faill not to do, as ze will do us singular unpleseur ; and so committis you to the protection of God." A reservation was added—"Faill not, bot ze tak guid heyd that neither the dasks, windocks, nor dooris be ony ways hurt or broken—either glassin wark or iron wark." The order was signed—"Ar. Ergyll, James Stewart, Ruthven," and is thought to have been in the handwriting of the second signer ; who was Lord James Stewart, afterwards Regent Moray. Little or no regard was paid to the reservation in this order. "The Cathedral and the choir were completely sacked. The windows were smashed, and the doors torn from their hinges. For the credit of the mob, it does not appear from the walls that fire had been applied as one of the engines of destruction. Tradition affirms that what these lairds had left undestroyed was demolished by the Laird of Cairdney, among whose family papers the original order for the destruction is to be found. This laird unroofed the Cathedral, although one of his ancestors had honourably presided in it as bishop, whose tomb was and still is one of its attractions, and from whom part of his power as laird had been acquired."

The choir of the Cathedral was made the Parish Church for the Protestants. In 1600, Stewart of Ladywell roofed it at his own expense. About 1691, the Athole family were at the cost of repairing it. In 1762, the Government gave £300 towards a first repair, and, in 1815, £1000 towards a second, to which the Duke of Athole generously added £5000, and restored the choir to nearly its original state.

In the vestibule of the choir is the monument of the "Wolf of Badenoch ;" so called from the ferocity of his disposition and conduct. He was Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan and Badenoch, fourth son of Robert II., by his Queen Elizabeth More. The monument is a statue of him, in a recumbent position, clad in armour, and with a lion at his feet. Excommunicated for seizing some of the lands of the bishop of Moray, he took a terrible revenge ; burning Forres and Elgin, with the church of St Giles, maison dieu, and the cathedral, and eighteen houses of the canons. For this his father the King compelled him to appear barefoot and in sackcloth, first at the door of the Blackfriars' church, Perth, and next at the High

Altar, and to promise, in the presence of the assembled nobles, to indemnify the bishop for the wrong and outrage he had done him. In the vestibule is also a tasteful monument to the memory of the Rev. John Robb, minister of the parish, who perished in the wreck of the S.S. "Forfarshire" at the Fearn Islands in 1838.

The burying place of the Athole family is the vault of the chapter-house, in which are several very striking and pleasing memorials of the noble dead. Such is the marble statue of John, fourth Duke, in his parliamentary robes, erected by his Duchess in 1833. Such is the tablet to their son, Lord Charles Murray, who died in Greece. Such is the tomb of the Marquis of Athole, emblazoned with the quarterings of his many powerful connections.

In the open area of the cathedral the tombs of two church dignitaries are noticeable: that of the Dean of Dunkeld, who died in 1476; and that of the Rector of Moneydie, who died in 1545. The venerable fane has also been adorned with a very handsome tablet in honour of Major-General Sir Robert Dick, who fell in the battle of Sabraon, in the moment of victory, in 1846.

But in this scene in which so many of the illustrious dead sleep, and are commemorated, perhaps the freshest and the deepest interest now centres in the monument lately erected here to the brave Black Watch. It stands in the vestibule of the Cathedral, and the east end of the choir, and is the largest and one of the finest mural monuments ever erected in Scotland. It was executed by Mr, now Sir John Steell, R.S.A., and is one of his happiest works. It is thus described in "A History of the Scottish Highlands, Highland Clans, and Highland Regiments," edited by John S. Keltie, F.S.A. Scot.:—"The monument is a mural one, having for its principal feature a beautiful piece of sculpture in *alto relievo*. As originally designed by the artist, this composition was on a very small scale. When, however, the sketch came to be submitted to the officers of the regiment, they were so much pleased with the idea embodied in it that they resolved to have the figures executed in life size, and increased their contribution accordingly. Standing out against a large panel of white marble, the sculptured group, which is worked out in the same material as the background, represents an officer of the 42d visiting a battlefield at the close of an engagement to look for some missing comrade. The point of time selected is the moment in which the searcher, having just discovered the body of his friend, stands with uncovered head paying mute homage to departed valour. The central figure of the composition is admirably modelled, the expression of the soldier's countenance being in fine keeping with the calm and subdued tone which pervades the whole work. On the left, beneath the remains of a shattered gun-carriage, lies the body of a young ensign, his hand still grasping the flag he had stoutly defended, and his face wearing a peaceful expression, as befitted a man who had died at his post. Other accessories combine with those just mentioned to suggest the grim realities of war; but the artist has so toned his composition that the mind is insensibly led to dwell on that other aspect of the battlefield, in which it speaks of danger braved and duty nobly done."

The inscription is on a slab beneath the sculptured figures, and is in these words:—

IN MEMORY OF
THE OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS,
AND
PRIVATE SOLDIERS
OF THE
42D ROYAL HIGHLANDERS—THE BLACK WATCH—
WHO FELL IN WAR
FROM
THE CREATION OF THE REGIMENT
TO
THE CLOSE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY,
1859.

THE TEN INDEPENDENT COMPANIES OF THE FREACADAN DUBH, OR BLACK WATCH, WERE FORMED INTO A REGIMENT ON THE 25TH OCTOBER, 1739, AND THE FIRST MUSTER TOOK PLACE IN MAY, 1740,
IN A FIELD BETWEEN TAY BRIDGE
AND ABERFELDY.

Here 'mong the hills that nursed each hardy Gael,
Our votive marble tells the soldiers tale;
Art's magic power each perished friend recalls,
And heroes haunt these old Cathedral walls.

Erected by the Officers of the Corps.
1872.

On each side of the inscription are the names of the battle-fields on which the regiment won its fame:—"Fontenoy, Flanders, Ticonderoga, Martinique, Guadaloupe, Havannah, Egypt, Corunna, Fuentes D'Onor, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, Toulouse, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Sebastopol, Lucknow."

On the 2d April, 1872, the monument was unvailed by the Duchess Dowager of Athole, and handed over to the custody of the Duke, in the presence of a most distinguished company. The proceedings closed by the firing of a salute of twenty-one guns from a battery placed on Stanley hill.

North of the roofless Cathedral is Dunkeld House the ancient residence of the Athole family. John, fourth Duke of Athole, began a new and magnificent mansion, the erection of which proceeded till his death in 1830, when it was suspended, and has not yet been resumed. The estimated cost of the edifice was to be £200,000. "Two floors of this noble edifice,"

the Statistical Account says, "are nearly finished, as well as a gallery of 96 feet long, besides an elegant private chapel, a spacious staircase, and several noble Gothic windows, which were to have been emblazoned with all the family shields and quarterings, carved in stone. The walls have been temporarily covered for protection."

At the end of the Cathedral, on the north-west of it, are the first two larches introduced into Britain. Mr Menzies of Culdares brought them from Switzerland in 1737; and, after being placed for a time in flower-pots in a greenhouse, they were planted out in the open air where they still stand. We have not seen any recent measurement of them; but a good number of years ago they were upwards of ninety feet high, and fifteen feet in girth, three feet from the ground; and were reported to be "in perfect vigour, and far from maturity."

In the grounds of Dunkeld House is Stanley hill, a conical mound, chiefly artificial, and bearing a memorial name. It was raised by James, second Duke of Athole, and was called Stanley hill, in commemoration of his grandmother, the first Marchioness of Athole, who, as we said when at Auchtergaven, was Amelia Sophia Stanley, daughter of James, seventh Earl of Derby, who lost his head in the cause of the Stuarts in 1651; and through whom her grandson became an English peer by the title of Lord Strange of Knokyn, and also Lord of the Isle of Man.

The hollow at the back of the second lodge of Dunkeld House is the spot where the witches wont to be burned; and close to the same lodge is the hill on which other classes of evil-doers wont to be hanged.

In Craig-y-Barns are three caves; the Hermits Cave, the Duchess's Cave, and Duncan Hogg's Hole. Duncan was a freebooter, who made the hole his lurking-place, and who escaped hanging by being shot as he was returning to his den from St Columba's Well.

Dunkeld gave a noble title to Sir James Galloway, of Carnbie in Fife, Master of Requests to James VI. and Charles I., and a Privy Councillor. He was the son of Patrick Galloway, a minister of the Kirk, first in Perth, and afterwards in Edinburgh. In 1647, he was created a peer by the title of Lord Dunkeld. His grandson, James, having joined Claverhouse in 1689, and being at the battle of Killiecrankie, was outlawed and forfeited; and at his death in 1700, the title became extinct.

After Killiecrankie, which was fought on the 27th July, 1689, Dunkeld had bitter experience of the miseries of civil war. It was garrisoned for the Government by the famous Cameronian regiment, about twelve hundred strong. Cannon, who succeeded Dundee in the command, had proceeded north with the Highland army as far as Strathbogie. Hearing of the garrisoning of Dunkeld with the Cameronians, he resolved to attack it. Hastening southward he arrived at it with a force amounting to between four and five thousand men. On the morning of the 21st August, they appeared in battle array on the hill around, and, about seven o'clock, rushed down with their characteristic impetuosity; and, driving in the outposts of the defenders, entered the town at four different points at once. The garrison had intrenched themselves in the inclosures around Dunkeld House and had taken possession of the tower of the Cathedral; and they resolutely maintained their ground. The Highlanders, posting themselves in the adjoining houses, kept up a galling and deadly fire on them. Their Colonel, the celebrated William Cleland, who had fought at Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, and had been denounced by proclamation by the exiled Stuarts, soon fell, mortally wounded by two bullets. Immediately after, Major Henderson shared the same fate, and the command devolved on Captain Munro. After several hours of furious fighting, a party of Cameronians fixed blazing fagots to the points of their pikes, and applied them to the adjoining houses from which their assailants were firing on them. They also, wherever they could, locked the doors of those houses. The shrieks of those within, perishing in the flames, added much to the horror of the scene; and the fire spreading rapidly, set the town in a blaze.

The terrible severity of the battle may be judged of by such things as the continuance of it from seven in the morning to eleven; the burning of no fewer than sixteen Highland soldiers in one dwelling; and the consumption of the whole town, with the exception of the Cathedral and three houses. But the desperate defence was successful; so completely successful that it may be said to have ended the insurrection of 1689. Before eleven o'clock the bullets of the defenders had been all expended, with not a little of the lead which they had torn from the roof of Dunkeld House, and made into slugs; and by that hour their powder also had begun to fail. But "at this critical moment the fury of the attack began to slacken. The ammunition of the assailants also was all spent. In spite of their immense superiority in numbers, they had failed to make any impression upon their indomitable adversaries, whose courage was sustained by a principle of which the Highlanders knew nothing. The latter could no longer maintain themselves among the smoking ruins of the town, and believing the struggle to be hopeless, they began to retire to the hills, and in spite of the urgent remonstrances of their Generals were soon in full retreat towards Blair, leaving three

hundred of their fellow-clansmen dead on the spot. They were ready, they declared to Cannon, to fight with men, but they would not again encounter devils. The victorious Cameronians threw their caps into the air with a loud shout; and to show their gratitude to God for 'so miraculous a victory,' they spent a considerable part of the afternoon in singing psalms of thanksgiving and triumph."

Dunkeld comes again into prominence in the Rebellions of the next century. In 1715, the Chevalier St George was proclaimed at it, immediately after the Earl of Mar raised the standard of the Stuarts at Braemar on the 6th of September. On their way to Perth, which they reached on the 28th of that month, Mar and his forces passed through Dunkeld, where they were joined by such numbers of Athole and Breadalbane Highlanders as raised the insurgent army to five thousand men. Highland sympathy with the rebel cause was strong and general; and the open and zealous espousal of the cause by some members of the Athole family had a powerful influence in determining many to follow their example.

In 1745, Prince Charles raised the standard of his father at Glenfinnan on the 18th of August. Soon thereafter, resolving to march on the capital, he passed with his army through the mountains of Badenoch; entered the vale of Athole; and from Blair Castle sent forward Lochiel and Nairne to proclaim James VIII. at Dunkeld, which they did at the Cross. He himself and his troops passed through Dunkeld on the 2d of September on their way south. The Jacobite enthusiasm of the populace about Dunkeld had cooled much in the course of the last thirty years. To the "King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie," they doubtless yielded many willing recruits; but others were pressed into his service. Of one of these, named John Ballantine, whom they made a piper, a somewhat ludicrous story has been preserved. John was one of the prisoners of war tried at Carlisle after the suppression of the rebellion; and the *Scots Magazine* for October, 1746, has this paragraph concerning him:—

"John Ballantine acted as piper in Captain James Stewart's company. But several witnesses deposed that he was forced into the service by a party of rebels, who took him by violence out of his bed, threatened to stab him if he did not go with them, and did not allow him time even to put on his clothes; and that afterwards they placed a guard over him, to prevent his escape. When the jury returned their verdict, Not Guilty, the poor fellow was in such a transport of joy, that he threw his bonnet up to the very roof of the court, and cried, "My Lords and Gentlemen, I thank you. Not guilty! Not guilty! Not guilty! Pray God bless King George for ever; I'll serve him all the days of my life;" and immediately ran out of the Castle yard with his irons on, took a handful of channel water, and drank his Majesty's health.

The rising of '45 had some bitter dregs, of which Dunkeld had to drink its own share. "The Duke of Cumberland, early in 1746, made Dunkeld and Blair in Atholl his advanced posts. The detachments lived on the inhabitants, plundered the houses of the rebels, and committed very wanton excesses. On their departure the stations were occupied by the Hessians, but being ignorant of the country, and of the Highland mode of warfare, they were daily harassed by the Atholemen. Many well fought skirmishes took place between them near Dunkeld."

Dunkeld, itself once a seat of Royalty, has been often honoured with royal visits. It drew to it, as we have already said, William the Lion for the pleasures of the chase. It did the same to James V. and his mother, to Queen Mary, and to Queen Anne. "Many of the present monarchs of Europe," the New Statistical Account says, "have visited Dunkeld, and enjoyed not only the Highland hospitality of the Athole family, but have been liberally indulged in all the sports which the locality so amply affords." Above all, Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, has frequently honoured Dunkeld with her presence. In her first visit to Scotland, in 1842, she arrived at Dunkeld from Scone about one o'clock on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 7th of September. A guard of the Atholemen met her at the boundary of the Dunkeld property, and escorted her to the Park, where she was received by Lord and Lady Glenlyon; a royal salute from the battery on Stanley Hill welcoming her. Her Majesty, after rising in her carriage, and bowing most graciously to all around, alighted at the Royal tent, which had been erected on the lawn to the north of the cathedral, where it commanded the finest view of the matchless beauties and glories of the surrounding scenery. She and Prince Albert then walked along the line of the Clans marshalled in the Park, who, in full uniform, led by their chiefs, and commanded by Lord Glenlyon, presented a spectacle in men, dress, and armour, which has never been surpassed. The Masonic and Friendly Societies also shared the attention of the Royal Pair; their appearance, and the professed objects of each body, which were kindly inquired into, giving them much pleasure.

About two o'clock they were conducted into the Royal tent, where a most princely *dejeuner* was served up in the most princely style. The dessert included Athole brose, which her Majesty tasted out of Neil Gow's glass, preserved in the Athole family. After the *dejeuner*, the officers of the Athole clan were

formally introduced to the Queen, and kissed hands. In accordance with a wish expressed by her, the clansmen and chiefs danced a set of Highland reels, among others the Sword Dance (Ghillie Callum), which were all most gracefully performed, and witnessed with delight and admiration.

Her Majesty left for Taymouth at a quarter to four o'clock, a Royal salute from Stanley Hill signalising her departure; and the Honourable Captain Murray, Lord Glenlyon's brother, riding by the side of her carriage to the boundary of the Athole property in Strathtay, and giving her the names of the places which they passed, her Majesty carefully noting them down.

The Queen's second visit to Dunkeld was in 1844. She passed through it on her way to Blair Castle on Wednesday, the 11th of September. While the horses were being changed, she and her suite lunched in Grant's Hotel. The Royal family was received with the utmost enthusiasm, testified by Highland cheering, the ringing of bells, and the firing of salutes from the battery on Stanley Hill, and from guns at Torwood, an eminence on the other side of the Tay. Her Majesty's own account of the visit, in "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," &c., is in these words:—"The peeps of *Dunkeld*, with the river *Tay* deep in the bottom, and the view of the bridge and cathedral, surrounded by the high wooded hills, as you approached it, were lovely in the extreme. We got out at an inn (which was small, but very clean) at *Dunkeld*, and stopped to let Vicky have some broth. Such a charming view from the window! Vicky stood and bowed to the people out of the window."

The Queen was again at Dunkeld on a very different occasion, and one which did unspeakable honour to her heart. On the 9th of October, 1865, she drove over from Balmoral to visit the widowed Duchess of George Augustus, sixth Duke, who died on the 16th January, 1864. The Duchess had been Mistress of the Robes to her from February to December, 1852, and had been appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber in 1854, and was a very dear friend of Her Majesty. They had been sisters in joy before the sun of their wedded life went down at noon; and they were now sisters in sorrow in the desolation of their widowhood. Very sad the meeting must have been; and yet, from what is happily known of the faith and hope of the mourners, it was doubtless very soothing and solacing to both.

Of the noble family of Athole there have been seven distinct branches, all of them highly historic; but our limits compel us to restrict ourselves to a very slight notice of the present branch—the Murrays. The first of the Murrays of Athole was John, son of William, second Earl of Tulliebardine, by his wife Dorothea Stewart. She was daughter of the fifth Earl of Athole of the Stewart branch, which was descended from Queen Joanna, Dowager of James I.; who took for her second husband Sir John Stewart of Balveny, eldest son of Sir James Stewart, the Black Knight of Lorn. John Murray had thus royal blood in him, derived from Queen Joanna. He was created Earl of Athole in 1629, and was chiefly distinguished for his loyalty to Charles I.; for whose service, in his straits and troubles, he raised a body of nearly two thousand men.

His son and successor, also John, second Earl of Athole of the Murray family, was as devoted to Charles II. as his father had been to Charles I., and was excepted by Cromwell out of his Act of Grace in 1654. After the Restoration, his Majesty made him a Privy Councillor, Hereditary Sheriff of Fife, Justice General of Scotland, Captain of the King's Guards, Keeper of the Privy Seal, and an extraordinary Lord of Session; and, in 1676, he created him Marquis of Athole. It was he who married Amelia Sophia Stanley; and by her the Athole family got the seignory of the Isle of Man, and likewise large property in that island. In 1678, he joined the Duke of Hamilton in opposition to the Duke of Lauderdale, and was deprived of his office as Justice General; but he retained his other appointments. Argyle's unfortunate invasion in 1685 he had an active hand in suppressing; for which he was made Lord Lieutenant of Argyleshire, and a Knight of the Thistle. Yet he favoured the Revolution of 1688: at least he thought it good policy to profess to favour it; but waiting on the Prince of Orange, after his arrival in London, and receiving no preferment, he was so disappointed and mortified that he joined the Jacobites. At the Convention that year, they nominated him for the Presidency; but the Duke of Hamilton, nominated by the Whigs, was preferred by a majority of fifteen votes. He continued a Jacobite till his death, which took place in May, 1703. It was his second son, Charles, who was created first Earl of Dunmore; and it was his fourth son, William, who, marrying the heiress of Nairne, became second Lord Nairne.

His eldest son, John, succeeded him as second Marquis of Athole. When yet Lord Murray, he favoured the Revolution; and was appointed Secretary of State in the reign of King William, High Commissioner to the Parliament, and Chancellor of the University of St Andrews; and was created Earl of Tullibardine, and Viscount Glenalmond. In April, 1703, Queen Anne created him Marquis of Tullibardine; and in July that year, immediately after his father's death, she created him Duke of Athole, and next year invested him with the Order of the Thistle. Accused by the Duke of Queensberry, then at the

head of the government of Scotland, of being an accomplice in a deep Jacobite conspiracy, he became an implacable enemy of the government, and strenuously opposed the Union with England; having, it was said, six thousand Highland soldiers ready to draw the sword to resist it. He pocketed, however, the £1000 allotted him as a compensation for any injury the Union might cause him; and all his preparations to balk it came to nothing. If Lockhart in his life of Scott may be believed, he even submitted to be made a catspaw of by Queensberry. Lockhart says that, at the beginning of the session of the Scots Parliament in which the Union was carried, Athole was appointed Commissioner in place of Queensberry; the latter wishing to ascertain the state of public feeling before he faced the difficulties of the time, and "therefore he sent the Duke of Athole as commissioner; using him as the monkey did the cat, in pulling out the hot roasted chestnuts." He was chosen one of the sixteen Scottish peers in the third and fourth British Parliaments; was sworn in 1712 one of her Majesty's Privy Council; was appointed Privy Seal in 1713; and next year, High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Kirk.

His Grace was twice married, and had six sons, with a daughter Susanna, who was married to the Earl of Aberdeen. His eldest son, John, Marquis of Tullibardine, was a Colonel in the Dutch service, and fell in the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709. His second son, Lord William, joined the Earl of Mar in 1715, and was attainted for high treason. He also took part in the rebellion of 1745, and being taken prisoner, was sent to the Tower, where he died in 1747. Another son, Lord Charles, likewise engaged in the rebellion of 1715; was an officer in the rebel army, with which he went to England; and was one of the prisoners tried, after the surrender of Preston, by a court-martial. He was sentenced to be shot, but was pardoned through the interest of his friends, and died in 1720. Another son, Lord George, was the celebrated generalissimo of the Pretender's army in the '45. It was he who raised the rebel standard at Glenfinnan, proclaimed the Chevalier St George as King, read the commission appointing his son Charles to be Prince Regent, and had the chief command of the insurgents from first to last. When all was lost at Culloden, he fled westward; but unable, from the state of his health, to bear the privations and fatigues of fleeing and hiding, he surrendered on the 27th April, 1746, to Buchanan of Drummakill; and being conveyed to London, he was committed to the Tower, where he died in July following. The Chevalier Johnstone has thus portrayed him:—"Lord George Murray, who had the charge of all the details of our army, and who had the sole direction of it, possessed a natural genius for military operations; and was a man of surprising talents, which had they been cultivated by the study of military tactics, would unquestionably have rendered him one of the greatest generals of his age. He was tall and robust, and brave in the highest degree; conducting the Highlanders in the most heroic manner, and always the first to rush, sword in hand, into the midst of the enemy. He used to say, when we advanced to the charge, 'I do not ask you, my lads, to go before, but merely to follow me.' He slept little, was continually occupied with all manner of details; and was, altogether, most indefatigable, combining and directing alone all our operations:—in a word, he was the only person capable of conducting our army. He was vigilant, active, and diligent; his plans were always judiciously formed, and he carried them promptly and vigorously into execution. However, with an infinity of good qualities, he was not without his defects:—proud, haughty, blunt, and imperious, he wished to have the exclusive ordering of every thing, and, feeling his superiority, he would listen to no advice. Still, it must be owned, that he had no coadjutor capable of advising him, and his having so completely the confidence of his soldiers enabled him to perform wonders."

James, the Duke's third son, succeeded him as second Duke of Athole in 1724, in the life-time of his brother Lord William, who, as we have said, had been attainted by Parliament. He became an English peer by the title of Lord Strange, and Lord of the Isle of Man; dignities which he derived from his maternal grandmother, the daughter of the Earl of Derby. He was Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, which office he resigned in 1763, and succeeded the Duke of Queensberry as Keeper of the Great Seal. It was this Duke that clutched the Nairne estates in the way we have already told. He died in 1764.

The third Duke was John, eldest son of the rebel Commander-in-Chief, Lord George, by Charlotte, youngest daughter and only surviving child of James, the second Duke. His father having been attainted, his Majesty was petitioned to sanction his claim to the succession. The petition was referred to the House of Lords, which confirmed the claim. He is the Duke who sold the sovereignty of the Isle of Man to the British Government for £70,000; reserving the landed interest he and his Duchess had in the Isle, with the patronage of the bishopric and other ecclesiastical livings in it, on payment of the annual sum of £101 1s 11d, and of two falcons to the Kings and Queens of England on the days of their coronation. They had also a grant of £2000 a year for their lives. This Duke was repeatedly a representative of the Scottish peers, and was adorned with the Order of the Thistle. He died in 1774.

He was succeeded by his eldest son, John, the fourth Duke, who, in 1786, was created a British peer by the title of Earl Strange and Baron Murray of Stanley, in the county of Gloucester. He was Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the Isle of Man; a Privy Councillor; Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Perth; and Colonel of the Perthshire Militia. It was he who added so much to the value of his possessions, and to the charms of the landscape about Dunkeld, by his extensive plantations. By 1798 he had planted upwards of 4000 acres, chiefly with larch intermixed with Scots fir; and one who wrote since his death says:—"The walks through the policies of Dunkeld have been pronounced, by the late Dr E. Clarke, to be almost without a rival. The larch woods alone cover an extent of 11,000 square acres; the number of these trees planted by the late Duke of Athole being about twenty-seven millions, besides several millions of other sorts of trees." It was this Duke, too, who built the noble bridge which spans the Tay at Dunkeld. We read in the Old Statistical Account:—"It appears from the history of Abbot Mill that a bridge began to be thrown across the Tay, 'partly of wood and partly of stone,' so early as 1469. But there is no evidence of it ever having been completed, and no vestige of it now remains, The foundation of a second bridge was laid in 1513, by Bishop Brown, 'near to his own palace,' and it was continued and completed by Bishop Gavin Douglas. A part of the arch which sprang from the north bank is still entire, and, when the river is low, the piles on which the pillars of the second and the third arches were supported are visible. No account has been transmitted of the time at which it was demolished or swept away; but its loss is daily felt, and loudly complained of. To the casual traveller, a new bridge would be obviously a desirable accommodation, and to Dunkeld, and the large district connected with it, a most important acquisition. The river (which has been known to rise 17 feet at the ferry above its usual level) is often so swelled as to render the passage by a boat either impracticable or highly perilous; and the general waste of time, and danger to carriages which is experienced (however skillfully or alertly the boats are managed), often prompts those who would have otherwise preferred Dunkeld as a market-place, to proceed to Perth." The desideratum thus written of in 1798 was accomplished by the Duke whom we are now noticing. He began the bridge in 1805 and finished it in 1809. Government contributed £5000 in aid of the undertaking; another grant was subsequently made by the Roads and Bridges' Commissioners; and the Act of Parliament under which the work proceeded authorised the Duke and his successors to exact a pontage till the debt contracted by the erection should be liquidated. The bridge is a very solid and elegant structure; and the importance of it both as a public convenience, and as an ornament to the locality, could hardly be exaggerated. It is deeply to be regretted for the sake of all concerned, and primarily for the sake of the Ducal House of Athole, that a shadow of obscurity or of uncertainty should rest on the question, whether the debt contracted by the building of the bridge has been extinguished by the pontage which has been so long levied at it.

John, the fourth Duke, was succeeded by his eldest son, John, the fifth Duke, who died without issue in 1846. His next brother, James, had, in 1821, been created Baron Glenlyon of Glenlyon, in the county of Perth. In 1837, he had been succeeded by his son, George Augustus Frederick John, as second Baron Glenlyon. It was he who received her Majesty at her first visit to Dunkeld, in 1842. He was then suffering under blindness, though his sight was afterwards happily restored; and this entry in the "Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," bespeaks her Majesty's tender and loving sympathy with him and his lady in their affliction. "Poor Lord Glenlyon received us; but he had suddenly become totally blind, which is dreadful for him. He was led about by his wife; it was very melancholy. His blindness was caused by over fatigue." He succeeded his uncle John, in 1846, as the sixth Duke of Athole, and was, like so many of his predecessors, a K. T. He died it 1864, greatly loved and lamented. The fountain erected in the town was a public tribute to his memory.

He left by his wife, Anne Home Drummond, only daughter of the late Henry Home Drummond, Esq. of Blairdrummond, an only son, who is the present and the seventh Duke of Athole, and a K.T. His name and titles are, John James Hugh Henry Stewart Murray, Duke of Athole, Marquis of Athole and Tullibardine, Earl of Athole, Tullibardine, Strathtay, and Strathardle, Viscount of Glenalmond, Balquhidder, and Glenlyon; Baron Murray of Tullibardine, Balvenie, and Gask (Scotch); Baron Strange of Knockyn of E., 1299; Earl of Strange, and Baron Percy, and Murray of G.B., 1786; Baron Glenlyon of U.K., 1821; Lord of Mann and the Isles.

Dowally was originally the Highland district of the parish of Caputh. The village of Dowally, which is about the centre of the district, originated in the plague visitation of 1500. There was then a prevalent belief in this part of the country, that if there was safety any where from this dire calamity, it was under the protection of Columba, the patron saint of Dunkeld. Under the influence of this belief. in 1500 many settled in the Haugh of Dowally, over which, from its nearness to Dunkeld, it was fondly thought

that the shadow of the saint extended. Taking the spiritually destitute case of those settlers into consideration, Bishop Brown built and endowed a church for them, and erected Dowally into a separate parish; which it continued to be till it was united to Dunkeld.

The parish church was, of course, open to all the parishioners; but in conformity to a custom said to have obtained throughout the Highlands, there was a class not allowed to enter it till all the other worshippers were seated. That class was bankrupts. They were also required to wear a peculiar dress, called the *dyvour's* dress. They stood at the church door in this attire till others had taken their places within. They were then admitted in their distinguishing and degraded garb, "one-half yellow, and one-half brown, with a hood for the head, which the Supreme Court had the power to dispense with." Such customs are very tenacious of life; and this one, the Statistical Account says, was only "finally abolished during the last King's reign." Was there not a philosophy in it, which is even yet worthy of the attention of the reformers of our Bankruptcy Laws?

Dowally is not without its Historic Scenes. The two huge upright stones near the church, called *clachinmore*, though mute to us, are doubtless historic. Do they mark a battlefield or a temple site? or the resting place of illustrious chiefs? or the spot where was held some great convention, big with momentous issues to Pictland? Such questions could be answered only by conjectures; the link between the rude blocks and the events which they commemorated having been broken and lost.

There are, in the barony of Dulcapon, three other large standing stones, which from their appearance and position are generally and naturally regarded as the remains of a Druid circle, with a flag on which it is supposed that the Druid sacrifices were offered.

The Culdees had a place of worship in Dowally: a mission station, as we would now-a-days term it; without doubt set up and maintained by those zealous evangelizers who had their seat at Dunkeld. The little sanctuary was at the Mains of Kilmorick; and it passed to Rome, with the other religious houses of the Culdees, when Popery supplanted Culdeeism in the country.

Till towards the end of last century there was a remarkable cairn between the present church and the *clachinmore* stones. It gave Dowally one of its Gaelic names. It was called *Dail a charne;* that is, The Haugh of the Cairn. The cairn measured about thirty feet in diameter, and about six in height. It was demolished when John, fourth Duke of Athole, conducted the present turnpike road through the field in which it was situated. When taken down there were found in the heart of it an iron chain, and a stone coffin with rich black earth in it, but no bones. A few rude stone coffins were also found at a little distance from it. Perhaps the cairn, with the sepulchral remains in and about it, was not of an older date than the pestilence of 1500. An obscure tradition, giving countenance to this view, seems to have lingered in the community. We are told accordingly, that when the Duke ordered the removal of the cairn out of the way of his road-making, "the people at first refused to do it, because the pestilence had been buried there, and (intermeddling with its grave) might renew the calamity."

Dowally was blessed with no fewer than four Holy Wells. St Muireach's Well was at the Mains of Kilmorick. St Anne's was by the church, which Bishop Brown founded and dedicated to "the blessed Mother, St Anne, among the woods of the Church-lands of Dowally." The third was Sancta Crux at Crueshill, an evident corruption for Cross-hill, or the Hill of the Cross. The fourth was in Dulcapon, the inhabitants of which became, in the falling away of these latter days, so indifferent and profane, that they lost hold of the very name of the Saint to whom the Well was sacred. At each of these Wells, that at the village of Dowally excepted, there was a small chapel, in which the pilgrims said their devotions; and at the village they were accommodated in the church. It was believed that the waters of all these Wells had preternatural virtues. Sancta Crux seems to have been in the greatest repute, and to have retained its reputation till quite a recent period. There is also, in what is on record concerning it, a distant trace of the Druid superstition which we had occasion to point to when at Auchtergaven. The writer of the New Statistical Account of Dowally says:—"The waters (of the Wells) are not medicinal. Many persons, however, still believe in their efficacy. Until very lately, hundreds of people, for miles round, resorted to the Crux well first Sunday of May, O.S., to get the cream of the water. Tents were erected and refreshments sold as openly as at a fair. Their pilgrimage uniformly ended in riotous assaults. Many mystic wells, on being cleared out, have yielded up gold and silver coins and trinkets, which the more wealthy of the pilgrims had cast in to propitiate the saint."

The present church of Dowally is nearly on the site of the old one; and on the east wall of it are the family arms of Bishop Brown. It was erected in 1818; and it was thought fit to adorn the side of the new church door with the iron "jougs," which had hung for centuries on the side of the door of the old church.

Dowally boasts of an eminent mechanic in James

Fraser, millwright. The self-propelling twin ferry-boats, used at several parts of the Tay and the Tummel, were his invention. So also was the fanner hand-bellows; and the application of the Archimedes screw to the working of small boats was likewise his discovery: though other parties succeeded in getting patents for both these, with slight alterations of them. And his wheel at Dowally, with its marvellous power, and the manifold and important uses which he made it serve, excited much interest and admiration.

There is not much to be noted concerning the Presbyterian ministers of Dunkeld and Dowally. John Heart joined the Protesters in 1651, and acted with them in forming into a separate Presbytery. He was deposed in 1652. Henry Murray was deprived by the Privy Council in 1701, for the manifestations which he gave of his Prelatic and Jacobite sympathies. Thomas Man was of the same class as Murray. In '45 he prayed publicly for King James, and Prince Charles, and the Duke. He was libelled and suspended in 1747.

LOGIERAIT.

The circles of stones found in this parish we regard as being, here as elsewhere, the relics of Druidism, and as marking scenes where the rites of its worship were performed. The single stones we regard as monumental, though the history inscribed on them is illegible to us. The most noteworthy of the latter is the stone of Dunfallandy. It is covered with sculpture, obviously of the same age and character as that of which there are many specimens in Angus; and there is one in the churchyard of St Madoes, a description of which we copied when there, indicating, at the same time, the view which we are disposed to take of the symbolic import of the sculpture.

There is another stone at Dunfallandy, a rude block on which no tool of sculptor, or even of mason, has ever been lifted up, and with which tradition associates a very horrid tragedy. We had expected to have gleaned the details of this tradition, but have been disappointed; and must therefore content ourselves with transcribing what we read of it in the Statistical Account, viz., that the block "marks the *bloody eminence* from which the locality derives its name—the scene of a dreadful scene of murder and usurpation."

Near Middleburgh are traces of a military encampment; and near Aberfeldy the height called Torr or battlefield is surrounded with similar lines. We have not succeeded in falling in with traditions which might have shed some light on these traces. The Old Statistical Account says, that there have been found in the locality a Roman urn; a medal, believed to be that of the Emperor Trajan; and a flint arrowhead. Is there any connection between these Roman relics and the lines to which we are pointing? Is it possible that the lines are the vestiges of a Roman encampment?

The village of Logierait, small in size and unimposing in appearance as it now is, figures as a place of much note in our ancient annals. Beside it was a Castle which was a Royal residence, and therefore was sometimes not unfitly called a palace. Robert III. (1390-1406) occupied it as a hunting-seat; and if he had not rich sport in a district of which game was then the chief population, he must have been a poor sportsman. The monument, in the form of a Celtic cross, erected by the tenantry to the late Duke of Athole is on the site of the ancient Castle, the ruins of which are still to be seen. And these are not the only extant memorials of the honour which Royalty did Logierait in olden times. We have them in names borne by places in the neighbourhood; in Bal-na-guard, the town of the guards; in Rathan-an-righ, the King's road; in the King's stables; and in Cannonbrae. The first was evidently the place where the military guarding the Sovereigns were stationed; the second was a deep and difficult cut through the side of a steep eminence, which formed the way of access to the Royal Castle; in the third his Majesty's horses were kept; and on the last a battery is said to have been placed.

Logierait was the seat of the Court of Regality, in which the Lords of Athole administered feudal justice, from the twelfth century to the abolition of hereditary jurisdiction in 1748. Hence its name, according to some etymologists, *Logie* meaning a hollow, and *Rait* meaning arbitration or settlement of differences—Logierait, thus interpreted, being the hollow in which differences were judicially settled. In the course of the many centuries during which the Athole Court of Regality existed, the jurisdiction belonging to it was exercised by thirty Earls, one Marquis, and two Dukes. The Courthouse was a very spacious building, unmatched in Perthshire. Its Justiciary Hall is said to have been upwards of seventy feet long, with a gallery at each end of it. The Court had all the necessary appurtenances for the administration of justice. The prison was on the south side of the public road, a little to the east of the present inn. It is not yet half a century since it was removed. Its door is said to be that of the most easterly house of the village. The knoll behind the

prison was Tom-na-Croich, that is, the gallows knoll, on which the condemned suffered their doom; and the hollow by which it was approached was Clais-nan-deoir, that is, the hollow of tears—the way by which criminals were led to the place of execution. Balnamuir, not far off, seems to have been the chief residence of the officers of the Court; for the name signifies, The town of the officers, or rogue-catchers.

The last Duke who possessed them wielded the high judicial powers vested in him as jealously, and vigorously, and autocratically as any of his predecessors had done. A good story is told in illustration of this, and dates only a few years before the jurisdiction in question was abolished. Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session, on his way from Edinburgh to Culloden House, accepted for a night the proffered hospitality of James, second Duke of Athole. In the course of the evening a petition was handed in to his Grace, who, on reading it, turned to the President, and said:—"My Lord, here is a petition from a poor man whom Commissary Bisset, my Baron-bailie, has condemned to be hung; and as he is a clever fellow, and is strongly recommended to mercy, I am much inclined to pardon him." "But your Grace knows," the President answered, "that after condemnation, no man can pardon but his Majesty." "As to that," rejoined the Duke, "since I have the power of punishing, it is but right that I should have the power to pardon:" and, calling a servant who was in waiting, "Go," said he, "send an express to Logierait, and order Donald Stewart, presently under sentence, to be instantly set at liberty."

In 1717, the Duke had a notable prisoner at Logierait, who gave him the slip in a way worth mentioning. He was no other than the famous Rob Roy. The Duke of Montrose and Rob had entered into a sort of partnership in a cattle business, which ended in a deadly feud between them. To recoup himself for the money he had lost through the roguery, as he alleged, of his partner, the Duke seized on Rob's lands of Craig Royston, and literally drove him to become the outlaw which both story and song make him to have been. Rob vowed and threatened that he would have his revenge on his titled enemy, and he kept his word; not only sweeping Montrose's estate from time to time of its cattle, but once and again easing his factor of his rents, after he had been at the trouble of collecting them. Hardly pursued by Montrose, Rob took refuge in Athole, and opened communication with the Duke of Athole about surrendering to him, and coming to terms of peace with the Government. The Duke was delighted with his overture; and under the promise of his powerful protection, Rob formally surrendered to him at Dunkeld. The Duke sent him immediately to Logierait, committed him there to durance vile, and advised the Government of the prize which he had been so lucky as to catch. He also arranged that, under a guard furnished by the Governor of Perth, Rob should be conveyed safely to Kinross; and that a guard from Edinburgh should receive him there, and conduct him safely to the capital. A strong party of his Grace's own men were to march with the prisoner towards Dunkeld, till they should meet the guard from Perth, to whom they were to deliver him.

Thus carefully adjusted was the whole plan for lodging him in the hands of the authorities up in the metropolis. But

> "The best laid schemes o' mice and men,
> Gang aft a-gley,
> And leave us nought but grief and pain,
> For promised joy."

Rob was in the meantime fast growing gracious with his keepers in Logierait jail; keeking through them,

> "Wi' sharpened, sly inspection,"

adapting himself to their humours, and winning their hearts. He had plenty of money; and he liberally shared with them the liquor, with which he relieved the tedium of his confinement. One day a man arrived on horseback with a message from Rob's wife; and Rob was allowed to go to the door of his prison to converse with him. Moving a step or two with the utmost apparent carelessness, while the conversation was going on, he leaped in an instant on the back of the horse, which the messenger had ridden, and which he was holding by the bridle; and was off like the wind, "o'er the hills, and far awa'."

There is a local version of this story, which differs a little from that which we have now given. It makes Rob to have got his freedom by performing one of his prodigies of strength. It bears that, when he was lying in prison, an Englishman came to Logierait, and challenged it to a contest with him at throwing the hammer. Balnaguard, who heard the challenge given, remarked that there was one looking out at the prison window, who was more than a match for the Southron. This was Rob Roy; and steps were forthwith taken for permission to take him out of prison, that he might uphold the honour of Scotland. The ground fixed on for the contest was the slope between the middle of the village and the ferry. When Rob entered the lists, he seized the hammer, and, calling to the smith to whom it belonged to look after his own, he tossed it into the middle of the Tay. The spectators beheld the feat with boundless admiration and joy; and Rob was rewarded for it with his liberty. Though we mention this version of the story because of its local currency, we prefer our own; and we could quote good contemporary authority in its support.

It is said that the last person hung at Logierait was Donald Dhu. The day of his execution was very warm; and hence a ludicrous circumstance attending it. A half-witted woman was herding cows in the locality, which, tormented with the heat and the insects, bade her good-day, and, setting off, scampered over hill and dale. The poor distracted woman, running about in pursuit of her charge, came near the death-scene, and, observing Donald elevated on the gallows, shouted to him at the pitch of her voice, "Hey, man! ye that are up sae heich, gie a look round, and see if you can see ony o' my kye round about." "Haud yer tongue, ye horrible woman," was Donald's reply, "her-nain-sel' was never sae angry sin she be born." Donald suffered on the charge of cattle-stealing, of which he was quite innocent. He protested his innocence; but Bailie Mhor, Athole's Commissary, consigned him to the gallows. When the day of execution came,

> "The frail cord broke. In vain did Donald pray
> More earnest now for mercy! Down the way,
> With eager haste, the wives of Logierait
> Soon found a cord that sealed poor Donald's fate."

Donald imprecated "that the wives o' Logierait might ne'er do weel;" but it does not appear that his dying curse took effect. Perhaps the testimonies otherwise given forth against his judicial murder were judged sufficient. These were most distinct and emphatic. Tyn-an-reigh, the King's house, "soon fell crushed by lightning!" "The gallows tree was shivered too that night!" Appalling, moreover, was the fate of the judge who condemned the innocent.

> "One night, when wearied nature, calm and still,
> Slept like a sylph on strath, and holm, and hill—
> When fear was hushed, or dreamed of far away—
> With ocean swoop down rushed the furious Tay,
> But pause or prelude. Scornful of the shore,
> And less the sovereign might of Bailie Mhor,
> Whose house reposed beneath that old ash tree,
> The new made, wondering, maddened, plunging sea
> Dashed whirling on! One stifled cry appals
> The affrighted hinds! Again a piercing scream
> Rose o'er the rushing of the midnight stream;
> And thrice the water-wraith, if ears were true,
> Was heard to wail the name of Donald Dhu!
> Just heaven avenged, the lessening tide swept on—
> Its shores all voiceless, and the sinner gone!"

So David Millar sang the legend in "The Tay;" adding in a Note, "The ash tree referred to is a monster of its kind, and supposed to be 500 years old."

We may add that Logierait is signalized by another "monster" ash tree. The New Statistical Account says:—"There is a remarkable ash tree in the innkeeper's garden, near the village of Logierait. It measures at the ground 53½ feet in circumference, at three feet from the ground 40 feet, and at eleven feet from the ground 22 feet. The height is 60 feet; but the upper part of the stem appears to have been carried away. The height is said to have been, at one time, nearly 90 feet. The trunk is hollow from the base, and can contain a large party. This venerable stem is surrounded by a profusion of foliage, which, even in the advanced age of the tree, attracts the eye at a distance to its uncommon proportions. An old man of the age of one hundred is at present in the habit of taking his seat daily within the hollow formed by its three surviving sides,—no unsuitable companion to the vegetable relic."

Inconsiderate readers must not imagine that the whole duty of the Court of Regality, which met at Logierait, consisted in such rough work as giving the Donalds Dhu within its jurisdiction to the halter. As the Minutes of the Kirk Session bear, the Court gave very efficient help to the Session of the parish, upholding its *spiritual* discipline, and enforcing its *spiritual* sentences: a beautiful illustration of the advantages of the union of Church and State, before the pestilent cry against Erastianism spoiled it. Mr Fergusson has quoted a very pertinent instance, which cannot be too well pondered and digested. "On the 24th February, 1717, the Minister reported that he frequently conversed with Elspeth Kennedy to no purpose—that she continued stubborn and unruly, until he procured a warrant from his Grace the Duke of Atholl to incarcerate her in the Common Jail of Logierait."

When Prince Charlie, on the 21st of September, 1745, fought the battle of Prestonpans, and won it in less than ten minutes, killing about four hundred of the King's troops, and taking upwards of sixteen hundred of them prisoners, he used the prison of Logierait as a State prison. The wounded were humanely treated, and were released as soon as they recovered, on taking an oath not to serve against the Prince for a twelvemonth; and the rest of the prisoners were disposed of, by the officers being sent to Perth for imprisonment, and the privates to Logierait.

Ballechin in this parish is one of our Scenes, if it was, as it is generally supposed to have been, the death scene of Sir James the Rose, celebrated in the old Song which bears his name. When at Auchterhouse, in our "Historic Scenes in Forfarshire," we gave a version of the Song which seemed to us to tally well enough with the supposition that the tragedy happened there. We shall here insert another version of it, which somewhat decidedly favours the opinion that Sir James met his fate in "the lowlands o' Buleichan," "in the land abune the mill."

"SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

"Oh, heard ye o' Sir James the Rose,
The young heir o' Buleichan,
For he has killed a gallant squire,
Whase friends are out to tak' him.

"Now he's gane to the house o' Mar,
Whar nane may seek to find him;
To see his dear he did repair,
Weening she might befriend him.

"Whar are ye gaun, Sir James, she said,
O, wharawa are ye riding?
I maun be bound to a foreign land,
An I now I'm under hiding.

'Whar sall I gae, whar sall I rin,
Whar sall I rin to stay me?
For I hae killed a gallant squire,
And his friends seek to slay me.

"O, gae ye down to yon laigh house;
I shall pay there your lawin;
And as I am your leman true,
I'll meet you at the dawin.

"He turned him richt and round about,
And rowed him in his brechan;
And laid him down to tak' a sleep,
In the lowlands o' Buleichan.

"He was na weel gane oot o' sicht,
Nor was he past Milstrethen,
When four-and-twenty beltit knights
Cam' riding ower the Lethan.

"Oh hae ye seen Sir James the Rose,
The young heir o' Buleichan?
For he has killed a gallant squire,
And we are sent to tak' him.

"Yes, I hae seen Sir James, she said,
He passed by here on Monday;
Gin the steed be swift that he rides on,
He's passed the Heights o' Lundie.

"But as wi' speed they rode away,
She loudly cried behind them,—
Gin ye'll gi'e me a worthy meed,
I'll tell ye whar to find him.

"O, tell fair maid, and, on our band,
Ye'se get his purse and brechan,—
He's in the land abune the mill,
In the lawlands o' Buleichan.

"Then out and spake Sir John the Graham,
Wha had the charge in keeping—
It's ne'er be said, my stalwart feres,
We killed him when a-sleeping.

"They seized his broadsword and his targe,
And closely him surrounded:
O, mercy, mercy, gentlemen!
He then fu' loudly sounded.

'Sic as ye gie, sic ye sall hae,
On naething less we reckon.
Donald, my man, wait till I fa',
And ye shall get my brechan;
Ye'll get my purse, though fu' o' gowd,
To tak' me to Loch Lagan.

"Syne they took out his bleeding heart,
And set it on a spear;
They took it to the House o' Mar,
And showed it to his dear.

'We couldna gie ye Sir James's purse,
Nor yet could we his brechan;
But ye sall hae his bleeding heart,
But and his bloody tartan.

"Sir James the Rose, oh, for thy sake,
My heart is now a-breaking;
Cursed be the day I wrocht this wae,
Thou brave heir o' Buleichan.

"Then up she rase, and forth she gaes,
And in that hour o' tein,
She wandered to the dowie glen,
And never mair was seen."

The Stewarts of Ballechin are of high pedigree. They sprang from Sir John Stewart, son of King James II. They are historic by reason of the acts of some of them, as well as by their descent. They distinguished themselves by their zeal for the doomed dynasty whose blood they inherited. In 1689, Stewart of Ballechin was Chamberlain to the Marquis of Athole; and as we shall see when we come to Blair Athole, he refused to deliver up the Castle of Blair to Lord Murray, the Marquis's son, because he suspected his Lordship of favouring the Revolution party.

Logierait has been prolific of eminent men. Adam Fergusson, LL.D., the historian and philosopher, was born in the manse in 1724, his father being minister of the parish. He was educated for the ministry of the Kirk at the University of Edinburgh, where he associated with such distinguished men as Drs Robertson and Blair, Home, author of "Douglas," and Alexander Carlyle. His first appointment was to the chaplaincy of the Black Watch, the 42d Regiment, with which he served in Flanders till the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. Returning home, and resigning his chaplaincy, he was for two years tutor in the family of the Earl of Bute. In 1759, he was appointed to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, which he resigned in 1764 for that of Moral Philosophy. The latter he filled till 1785, twice performing the duties of it, however, by substitute—first, in 1773, when he was absent a year and a half, travelling on the Continent, with the Earl of Chesterfield; and next, in 1778, when he was sent to America as one of the Commissioners appointed to effect, if possible, a reconciliation between the mother country and the revolted colonies. In 1785, he resigned his Professorship in favour of Dugald Stewart; and soon after he settled at St Andrews,

where he died in 1816, aged 93. His works, which have a high place in British Literature, are—"An Essay on the History of Civil Society;" "Institutes of Moral Philosophy;" "Answers to Dr Price's Observations on Civil and Religious Liberty;" "The History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic;" "Principles of Moral and Political Science;" and "Lectures on Select Subjects," to which Sir David Brewster added Notes and an Appendix.

Another native of the parish, who rose to distinction in the republic of letters, was Robert Bisset, LL.D. He also was born in the manse, about 1759, his father being minister of the parish. Like young Fergusson, young Bisset studied at the University of Edinburgh for the ministry of the Kirk, which, however, he never entered. He went to London; and after teaching a school for some time in Chelsea, he devoted himself to a literary life. He was a voluminous writer, and one of much ability and culture. His works are—"Sketch of Democracy;" "The Life of Edmund Burke;" "Douglas, or the Highlander—a Novel;" "The History of the Reign of George III., to the Termination of the Late War, to which is prefixed a View of the Progressive Improvement of England, in Prosperity and Strength, to the accession of His Majesty;" "Modern Literature—a Novel;" and "An Edition of the Spectator, with Lives of the Authors."

William Dick, of Tullymet, was long in the service of the East India Company, and earned for himself a good name in the medical profession. Sir Walter Scott, whose health was in a very critical state in 1819, ever after spoke of Dr Dick as the means of preserving his life, as having "put him on the course of cure," which proved perfectly successful. And his sense of obligation to the Doctor he expressed in presenting him with a valuable and handsome silver inkstand, bearing a suitable inscription.

But Robert Henry Dick, of Tullymet, has shed a yet brighter lustre on his family, and on his native parish. He adopted the military profession in early life, and saw much active and hard service in it. He joined the famous 42d as ensign in 1800. He served with the second battalion of the 78th in Sicily in 1806; was wounded at the battle of Maida; was in Calabria and Egypt in 1807; and was severely wounded at Rosetta. He was in the Peninsula from 1809 to the close of the war there. He received a medal for the battle of Busaco. He received another for the battle of Fuentes d'Onor, in which he commanded a flank battalion. At Quatre Bras, on the fall of Sir Robert Macara, he succeeded to the command of the 42d, and was severely wounded. He was wounded at Waterloo.

The regiment returned to Scotland in 1816, and w received in the capital with the honours of a triump in which the commander of course shared. Colo Stewart of Garth, in his "Sketches of the Hig landers," says:—"A crowd of idle spectators is not easily collected in Edinburgh as in London; but this morning it seemed as if two-thirds of the hous and workshops in the city had been emptied of th inhabitants. Several hours before the regiment a rived, the road to Musselburgh was covered with ca riages, horsemen, and pedestrians. At Portobello t crowd was great, and, on entering the Canongate, was a solid moving mass, pressed together as if in frame. The pipers and band could not play for wa of room, and were obliged to lay up their instrument Many of the crowd putting up their hands to take their hats to wave them in the air, could not witho difficulty get them replaced again by their side Spacious as is the High Street, not a foot was u occupied, and the high fronts of the houses appear as if alive, with three or four heads, principally ladie in every window.

"Of the soldiers nothing were seen except the bonnets and feathers; the firelocks they were oblige to carry close to their bodies. In this state the forwa movement was necessarily slow, and great apprehe sion was felt in case any person should fall, and crushed under the feet of the multitude, as it woul be impossible to raise them. An hour and a quart was occupied in the march from the Palace of Hol rood to the Castle gates, where the soldiers foun considerable difficulty in disengaging themselves fro the crowds which pressed round them."

Our hero fell in 1846, in the arms of victory, on th field of Sabraon, India, in the war with the Sikh He began his military career with the century, as a Ensign, and, after a service of forty-six years, h closed it as Major-General Sir Robert Henry Dick We mentioned the tablet to his memory in Dunkel Cathedral. There is another to him in the entranc of St Giles' Church, Edinburgh, erected by the officer of the 42d in 1846.

The Major-General had companions in arms fro his native parish, very worthy of being commemorated did our space permit. We must content ourselve with quoting a single sentence, in which some of the are named. "From every parish in the Highlands as from this same parish of Logierait, went forth i defence of king and country, men of Herculean mould like the late Colonel Stewart of Cloichfoldich, Joh Stewart of Tullipourie, and Donald Conacher of thi village—men who with martial and potent arm,

'Old Scotia's bloody lion bore,'

through many a hostile clime."

Last but not least among the illustrious men whom

this parish has produced, is the Honourable Alexander Mackenzie, Premier of the Dominion of Canada. He first saw the light in one of the few small cottages which now form the village of Logierait. His parents were in humble life. His father was a country joiner; but so well endowed with brains, and information, and the gift of the tongue, that he was the oracle of the village, and the life and soul of any social organisations which it had. His mother was a daughter of Mr Fleming, long schoolmaster at Inver of Tullipourie; whose family talent, intelligence, and refinement raised them decidedly above the average of their peers. After seven sons had been born to the joiner and his spouse the father died; and the upbringing of the children was of course a hard battle to the mother. They were sent to school in winter, and were employed in summer in doing what they could for their subsistence. As soon as their years permitted, they were apprenticed to trades. Robert, the eldest, chose to be a carpenter, and Alexander to be a mason; and both worked together for some time at their respective occupations in Pitlochrie. The family ultimately emigrated from Dunkeld to Canada; where they prospered so signally, and rose so rapidly in public estimation, that three of them were shortly elected members of the Canadian Parliament; and so distinguished was Alexander by his capacity for affairs, and by his principles and character, that he has been for several years Premier of the Canadian Government.

He visited his native country two years ago, and high honours were paid him. On the 13th of July, 1875, Dundee presented him with the freedom of the burgh, and entertained him at a banquet in the evening. On the 16th of July, Perth presented him with the freedom of the city; and on the next day Dunkeld honoured him with a congratulatory address.

On the 29th of July, he was banqueted at Logierait, his native village, in a marquee erected on the Haugh a little to the east of the village; Sir A. M. M'Kenzie, Baronet of Delvine, Chairman; and P. M'Naughton, Esq. of Baile-an-eas, Grandtully, and J. Duff, Esq., Banker, Dunkeld, Croupiers. The company numbered about one hundred and sixty. We had the good fortune to be at Logierait that day, though we could not remain over the evening. We saw the table spread ere we left, and the banqueters beginning to gather; and, from the spirit which beamed in every countenance, we could readily anticipate the enthusiasm to which the occasion, and the eloquence of the evening, would wind them up. Well might Logierait be proud, and make the day a gala day. Well might it cheer to the echo Mr Croupier M'Naughton, as he concluded his speech in these three pregnant and happy sentences:—"And now, last though not least, we have produced a distinguished legislator in the person of our honourable guest, also a native of this village. Several years ago, with no advantages of birth, fortune, or education, Mr M'Kenzie went forth from our shores a nameless young man, unrecognised by the rich, unregretted, unmissed by the poor. To-day he returns ennobled by fame and enriched by fortune; a nobleman of nature's own making; the practice of all the virtues, superadded to great natural talents, being implied in the process by which he has attained such distinction, and conferred such honour on his native place. May his example prove infectious, and may it henceforth be the ambition of every son of the Highlands to do something for his country and race."

The Greenock Chamber of Commerce invited Mr Mackenzie to visit Greenock, which he did on the 2d of August. Ex-Provost Morton presided at the meeting of the Chamber at which he was received, and made a speech highly eulogistic of him. The address of the Chamber, read by the Clerk, was in the same strain. As might have been expected in such an enlightened and advanced centre of trade and commerce as Greenock, it hailed Mr Mackenzie more especially "as a friend and promoter of free trade in all its departments;" and the testimony which it bore him it "wished to be understood, as expressing our respect for your great abilities and high personal character: and, at the same time, it sends through you a message of friendship and goodwill to the people of the Dominion."

Mr Mackenzie's replies on all these occasions were worthy of one of nature's nobles, and of the Premier of Canada. They were full of good sense, and of patriotic and philanthropic feeling. They shewed, too, a thorough mastery of political science, and an ardent devotion to the advancement and welfare of humanity. The style of them, moreover, bespoke the school in which the speaker had received his education; "the best of all schools," as Hugh Miller called it—the school of honest labour. No word-painting in them. No verbiage to becloud and oppress. The thought clear as crystal; and the diction conveying it with a naturalness and a force, which made it at once understood and felt by every hearer.

MOULIN.

Circles of stones, and single memorial stones, are scattered over this extensive parish. What we have said of such stones at other places equally applies here, and it is superfluous to repeat it. There also

occur the remains of forts, supposed to be as old as the days of the Picts, and vestiges of what are regarded as having been Popish chapels with their burying grounds. Among the latter are large upright flags with crosses cut on them: but Skene, in his "Celtic Scotland," seems to have made it doubtful whether these are not as old as Culdeeism in Scotland.

Next to these in point of antiquity is the Castle of Moulin. It has been long a ruin; and has been called "An Sean Chaisteal," the Old Castle, and "Chaisteal Dubh Mhaothlinne," the Black Castle of Moulin: the former name suggesting its ancientness, and the latter its dark, gloomy appearance. For security, it would seem to have been situated, as not a few old "strengths" were, in a loch, which has been drained and planted, the plantation occupying a considerable part of the area of the structure. It must have been about eighty feet long, and seventy-six feet wide; and it had a round tower at each corner.

There are no historic records enabling us to fix the age of the Castle of Moulin. Even tradition is silent concerning it. Judging by the style of its architecture as indicated by its ruins, some have concluded that it was built as early as the eleventh or the twelth century. It is not easy to imagine who in those days could have reared such an edifice, if it was not one of the Earls of Athole; but, even assuming this, it is vain to ask by which of them, for the question cannot be answered.

There is every reason to believe that the Castle was the residence of Sir John Campbell of Moulin. He was the second son of Sir Neil Campbell of Lochow, by his wife Mary, sister of King Robert Bruce. On the forfeiture of David, twelfth Earl of Athole, Bruce gave the Athole estates to his brother-in-law, Sir Neil Campbell. We may presume that Sir Neil's second son, Sir John, got Moulin, and was hence styled Sir John Campbell of Moulin; and that the Castle, if then in existence, was his abode. His cousin, David II., created him Earl of Athole. He fell in the battle of Halidonhill, in 1333, leaving no issue. The Earldom thus reverted to the Crown; and was next conferred on William Douglas, Lord of Liddisdale, who resigned in 1341 in favour of Robert, the Great Steward of Scotland.

There is a tradition that, in one of the plague visitations to which the country was subjected, a number of persons infected with the pest were shut up in the Castle of Moulin, and on their death were buried in it. This explains how so much of the fabric has been allowed to stand for so many ages. More or less of the walls on three sides remains, as also most of one of the turrets. The fear of the plague breaking out, had they been touched, deterred the Moulinites from meddling with the ruins, and applying the stones t any of the purposes of modern utilitarianism.

David Millar notes concerning the Castle of Moulin that it "has no history, but tradition has connected without date or circumstance, an awful somethin with its overthrow." He abstains from breaking o the awfulness, by any hint of what the "something alluded to was, or is said to have been; but he adds —"Last year, while ploughing an eminence abou three hundred yards or so to the westward of the ruins two pits were thrown open, containing fragments o human bones, and a large subterraneous cavity exposed which was conjectured to have been a hiding place fo valuables in times of peril. In shape it bore resemblance to a jargonelle pear, and, if I remembe aright, was between thirty and forty feet in length with a proportional depth. The sides were built o rough field rubble, and the roof formed of large un chiselled flat stones."

Killiecrankie, the scene of the battle which decided the fate of the Jacobite insurrection in 1689, eclipse all other Historic Scenes in this parish. The insurrection was headed by Viscount Dundee, the "Bloody Claverse;" and the object of it was to overturn th Revolution settlement, and to restore the exile Stuarts to the throne. To effect his daring design Dundee, after he had been denounced an outlaw an a rebel, retired to the Highlands, and raised and or ganised the clans. After movements which we mus not wait to detail, by the month of July about tw thousand and two hundred Highlanders had rallie around his standard; and about three hundred Irish recruits had likewise joined him. About the middl of July he left Moy in Inverness-shire, and directed his course southward. To oppose him, General Mackay was sent north by the Government, at the head of force superior in numbers to the rebels, but inferio in quality, by reason of the raw levies mixed with it. At Dunkeld, which he reached on the 26th of July, he learned that Dundee had already appeared in Athole. He had the news from Lord Murray, who met him at Dunkeld with the small remnant that adhered to him; having been obliged to raise the blockade of Blair Castle, which he had conducted for some time in the interest of the Government. Next day he proceeded through the celebrated Pass of Killiecrankie, which Lord Murray assured him was open to him. The road through it was then only a sort of foot-path, narrow, steep, and rugged, leading along the brink of the rapid and raging Garry. The baggage horses, numbering twelve hundred, had to be led up the path one by one; and the infantry had to mount it by only two or three at a time. Having accomplished the Pass safely, and surveyed the ground from the small haugh at the head of it, Mackay took

up his position on the level a little beyond that haugh. It gradually rose to the height of from six to eight hundred feet immediately above Urrard House; and on the eminence there the Highlanders were already ranging themselves.

Mackay drew up his men in battle array on the plain. Dundee did the same with his on the height above. His officers, more especially Lochiel, earnestly remonstrated with him against exposing his own precious person to danger. On his life all the aspirations and hopes of the Jacobites were suspended. But to such prudent counsels he would not listen. That day, he must establish his reputation for courage: afterwards, he could afford to be more cautious. The armies having faced one another for two hours, and when the sun was now within half an hour of setting, Dundee gave his troops the signal to charge. Raising a mighty shout, which met only a dull and cheerless response, and stripping themselves to their shirts and doublets, they poured down the hill firing their pieces. The right wing of the Royalists returned the fire briskly, and with deadly effect. Still the clansmen advanced till they were close on the enemy, when, throwing away their guns, and drawing their broadswords, and uttering a terrific yell, they rushed on them "like a torrent—fierce, rapid, and irresistible. The weight of the columns and the fury of the onset at once broke through the ranks of their opponents, who had no means of defence against the tremendous strokes of the double-edged Highland broadswords. A general panic seized the Royal troops, who, according to their own General, 'behaved, with the exception of Hasting's and Leven's regiments, like the vilest cowards in nature; and fled down the valley in irretrievable disorder.'"

"Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald,
Flashed the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mong the foremost of our band;
On we poured until we met them,
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.
Horse and man went down like driftwood,
When the floods are black at Yule;
And their carcases are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us;
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done."

The victory was complete. About two thousand of the Royalists were killed, and five hundred of them made prisoners; while their baggage, cannon, and stores fell into the hands of the conquerors. Among the slain were Colonel Mackay, a brother of the General, and Brigadier Balfour, who is said to have been cut down by Stewart, a Popish priest, and brother of Stewart of Ballechin. So lustily did he wield his sword in that brief but dreadful conflict that the hilt of it had to be broken before his swollen hand could be liberated from it. The rebels lost only about nine hundred men; among whom, however, were the brother and son of Glengarry, Halliburton of Pitcur, and several other chiefs and gentlemen of note. A few words from the "Memoirs of Viscount Dundee" will give a vivid idea of the tremendous force and fury with which the Highlanders fought on that day:—"The enemy . . . did not maintain their ground two minutes after the Highlanders were among them, and I dare be bold to say there were scarce ever such strokes given in Europe as were given that day by the Highlanders. Many of General Mackay's officers and soldiers were cut down through the skull and neck to the breasts; others had their skulls cut above their ears like night-caps; some soldiers had both their bodies and cross belts cut through at one blow; pikes and small swords were cut like willows, and whoever doubts this may consult the witnesses of the tragedy."

The victory, as we have said, was complete; but it was purchased at a cost which was the ruin of the cause of the victors. Dundee himself was among the slain. He had charged at the head of his horse, and driven the enemy from their cannon; and, according to one account, he was lifting his arm, and pointing his troops to the flying "Whigs," when he received a musket shot in his right side, immediately below the armour, and fell from his horse as he rode off the field. Lord Macaulay's account of the circumstances of his death is:—"At the beginning of the action, Dundee had taken his place in front of his little band of cavalry. He bade them follow him, and rode onward. But it seemed to be decreed that, on that day, the Lowland Scotch should in both armies appear to disadvantage. The horse hesitated. Dundee turned round, stood up in his stirrups, and, waving his hat, invited them to come on. As he lifted his arm, his cuirass rose, and exposed the lower part of his left side. A musket ball struck him; his horse sprang forward, and plunged into a cloud of smoke and dust, which hid from both armies the fall of the victorious General." We have seen it said that the musket was fired by a soldier who followed him all the way from Ayrshire, for the very purpose of ridding the earth of the "bloody" man. As he fell from his horse a soldier, named Johnstone, caught him, whom he asked how the day went, and was answered. "Well for the King, but I am sorry for your Lordship." "Since the day goes well for my master," was the reply, "it is less matter for me." These were his last words.

Shortly after uttering them, he was found expiring Some of his own followers were heartless enough to strip his dead body, and leave it naked on the spot where it fell. That spot was named Mount Clavers, and is marked to this day by a rude stone, which is pointed out at Urrard House on the right. The Viscount was buried in the Church of Blair Athole; and as has been truly and strikingly said, "with him was buried the cause of King James in Scotland."

The victory of the rebels, we repeat, was complete; but they might and ought to have made it much more decisive. But their greed happily prevented. Both armies ran down pell-mell to the river, where Mackay's baggage stood. Arrived at it, the Highlanders stopped, and set to plundering; and, in the meantime, Mackay and the remnant of his men who were about him crossed the Garry without molestation, and made their escape. An old Highlander, who had fought at Killiecrankie, in a conversation with General Wade, "called Mackay a great fool because he did not put his baggage in front of his army. If this had been done, said the old man, Mackay would have gained the battle, as the Highlanders would have first attacked the baggage, and would thus have fallen an easy prey to their enemies."

The Scottish Muse has celebrated the battle of Killiecrankie in two of our popular ballads. We shall give one of them; that none of our readers, who feels so disposed, may be without the means of singing the battle.

"Clavers and his Highlandmen
Cam' down upon the raw, man;
Who, being stout, gave many a shout;
The lads began to claw, then.
Wi' sword and targe into their hand,
Wi' which they were na slaw, man;
Wi' mony a fearfu' heavy sigh,
The lads began to claw, then.

"Ower bush, ower bank, ower ditch, ower stank,
She flang amang them a', man;
The butter-box gat mony knocks;
Their riggings paid for a', then.
They got their paiks wi' sudden straiks,
Which to their grief they saw, man;
Wi' clinkum clankum ower their crowns,
The lads began to fa' then.

"Her leap'd up, her skipp'd about,
And flang amang them a' man;
The English blades got broken heads,
Their crowns were cleaved in twa, then.
The durk and dour made their last hour,
And prov'd their final fa', man;
They thought the devil had been there,
That played them sic a pa', man.

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Cam' whigging up the hill, man;
Thocht Highland trews durst not refuse,
For to subscribe their bill, then:
In Willie's name they thocht nae ane
Durst stop their course at a', man;
But Her-Nain-sell', wi' mony a knock,
Cried, Furich, Whigs, awa', man.

"Sir Evan Dhu, and his true men
Cam' linking up the brink, man;
The Hogan Dutch, they feared such,
They bred a horrid stink, then.
The true MacLean, and his fierce men,
Cam in amang them a', man;
None durst withstand his heavy hand;
A' fled and ran awa', then.

"*Och on a righ! och on a righ!*
Why should she lose King Shames, man?
Och rig in di! och rig in di!
She shall break a' their banes, then;
With *furinich*, and stay a while,
And speak a word or twa, man;
She's gie ye a straik out ower the neck,
Before ye rin awa', then.

"Oh, fie for shame, ye're three for ane!
Her-Nain-sell's won the day, man;
King Shames' red coats should be hung up,
Because they ran awa', then
Had they bent their bows like Highland trews,
And made as lang a stay, man,
They'd saved their king, that sacred thing,
And Willie'd run awa', then."

The field on which Killiecrankie was fought is c
the lands of Urrard, and in Urrard House have bee
preserved several relics of the battle; among whic
are a broken Ferrara, and a number of pieces of broke
swords.

At Moulinearn, on her way to Blair Castle, c
the 11th of September, 1844, her Majesty taste
some "Athole brose," brought out to her in her ca
riage.

In the Athole district of the parish are not a fe
gentleman's seats, at which the tourist and the top
grapher must delight to tarry, such as Croftinloar
Donavourd, Dunfallandy, and Faskally, the latte
combining in a singular degree the elements of th
romantic and the beautiful; but we must pass by the
as having little or no claim to be reckoned Histor
Scenes.

Neither is there much to detain us in the Strath
ardle district. On the estate of Dirnanean is wha
tradition makes to be the grave of a very illustriou
chief. His name was Ard-fhuil, which signifies high
noble blood. He fell in a battle with the Danes i
one of their incursions, which was fought at Tulloch
near where the Briarachan and the Arnate meet, an
form the Ardle. Ardle is the form which Ard-fhu
ultimately assumed; so that, from the chief to whom
we are pointing, both the river and the strath too
their name. The place where the mortal remains of th
noble Celt lie may well be regarded as an historic spo

The glen through which the Briarachan flows has been represented by some as being also historic ground. One has said, "The Briarachan has an equally romantic origin (with the Ardle), which will readily suggest itself to him who is conversant with Gaelic antiquarian lore. If he be at a loss, Ossian's characters will help him." We leave our readers who have the requisite "lore," to satisfy their curiosity on this point by scanning Ossian for themselves; those of them, we mean, who have faith in the genuineness of Ossian's poems. Such of them as have made up their minds that Ossian is a myth, and his "characters" myths, and the exploits attributed to these fictions, are not likely to trouble themselves with the investigation recommended.

The Strathardle district may well be pronounced historic for another reason. When at Dunkeld, we gave an account of the first visit which Her Majesty paid to the Duchess Dowager of Athole, after the death of the Duke in 1864. She travelled from Balmoral to Dunkeld across the Grampians, passing and repassing through this district. Part of the journey was accomplished in carriages, and part on ponies. The Royal party consisted of the Queen and the Princess Helena; and they were accompanied by the Marchioness of Ely and General Grey. They left Balmoral on the morning of Monday, the 23d of October. 1865, *via* Braemar, Spittal of Glenshee, and Kirkmichael. When near the latter place, they overtook the Kirkmichael mail car, driven by Charles Cargill, of the Railway Hotel, Blairgowrie. The Queen's carriage drew up, and the car did the same; Her Majesty inquired her way, and the driver of the car, who recognised the inquirer, pointed it out.

Patrick Small Keir, Esq. of Kindrogan, with Mrs and Miss Keir, and some friends, waited the Royal party at Pitcormick with a number of ponies. Her Majesty alighted there, and partook of lunch in one of the houses at the place, Miss Keir having the honour of attending. After lunch, they crossed the hills on the ponies, under a drenching rain, to Loch Ordie Lodge, where they had refreshments. Near Ordie Lodge, the Duchess Dowager met them with carriages, to convey them to Dunkeld, which was reached shortly before nine o'clock in the evening. The servants and baggage passed through Blairgowrie to Dunkeld.

In the return journey the Royal party took nearly the same route, and were favoured with Queen's weather. Mr Keir and others accompanied them over the hills. On arriving at the top of the moun'ain above the hotel at Spittal of Glenshee, a messenger was sent in quest of the necessary utensils for making tea; and having returned with these, a fire was kindled, and tea made and taken in sight of the hills of Mar.

Robert Campbell, minister of Moulin, joined the Protesting party in the Kirk in 1651, and was next year accused of disaffection to the present Government in Church and State, and of alienating the hearts of the people from it. Adam Ferguson was incumbent in '45; and in consequence of the commotion and confusion caused by the Rebellion, the door of the church was shut for several Sabbaths. Ferguson's sympathies were known to be Hanoverian; but the rebels, who had the ascendency in the district, dealt leniently with him. Only once did a band of Prince Charlie's soldiers visit the manse, and they contented themselves with pillaging the kitchen of some nicely dried summer provisions.

But much the most historic of the Moulin ministers was Alexander Stewart, ordained to the charge in 1786. Then a young man of rare talents, scholarship, and amiableness, he did not know the gospel, or feel its power. But he by and by came under serious impressions, which in process of time issued in the great saving change. The instruments of his "conversion" were Mr Black, the excellent minister of St Madoes, and the famous Mr Simeon of Cambridge. The latter visited Moulin in 1796; and from that visit Mr Stewart "always dated his entrance into the fulness and freedom of a state of grace in Christ Jesus." "I cannot omit mentioning," he wrote, "the pleasure I enjoyed in the preaching, the prayers, and the conversation of that much favoured servant of Christ, the Rev. Charles Simeon of King's College, Cambridge. He was a man sent from God to me, was my guest for two days in June, 1796, preached in my church, and left a savour of the things of God which has remained with us ever since."

A new man himself, Mr Stewart forthwith proved a new minister; and under his labours, a notable "revival" took place in Moulin, and extended so far into the contiguous parishes. An account of it from Mr Stewart's pen, in the form of a letter to his friend Mr Black, St Madoes, was published in 1800, and was very widely circulated. The change took place through the plain, earnest, fervent preaching of man's ruin in sin, and his remedy in Christ. The thoughtless about spiritual and eternal things became thoughtful. The careless were awakened. Anxious inquirers entered into peace by believing. Those who had before believed through grace were mightily stirred up. The outpouring of the spirit of grace and supplications led to meetings for conference and prayer. Converts and quickened Christians became "helps" to Mr Stewart, and "fellow-labourers" with him. The work was calm and gradual, "without any confusion, and without those ungovernable agitations of mind, or convulsions of body, or shrieking, or fainting, which often accom-

panied a general awakening in other places." The fruits of it, which Mr Stewart had the happiness of witnessing and tracing, attested the genuineness of the "revival." And forty years afterwards, the then minister of the parish, in the Statistical Account of it, bore testimony to the permanent and blessed effect of the times of refreshing with which the district had been visited. He says:—"A few even of those who were in 1800 accounted subjects of conversion, are still living, and have uniformly through life, by the piety and consistency of their conduct, given proof of the reality of the saving change that had been effected on their heart. Dr Stewart's memory is highly revered and affectionately cherished by the older people in the parish."

In 1805, Mr Stewart was translated to Dingwall. In 1809 he removed to Edinburgh, to be near the best medical skill for a serious malady under which he suffered. About that time King's College, Aberdeen, honoured itself by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. He had been only a few months in Edinburgh, when the first charge of the parish of Canongate fell vacant through the death of its occupant. The Crown presented Dr Stewart to the charge, and he filled it till his death, which took place on the 27th May, 1821, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Dr Stewart made most valuable contributions to Gaelic literature, and to the religious interests of the Highlands, through the medium of the Gaelic tongue. He was the author of a Gaelic Primer, and of a Gaelic Grammar, so excellent that an accomplished scholar said of it "that though he did not understand Gaelic, he would read Dr Stewart's Grammar for the illustrations it contained of the philosophy of language." The impression of Ossian's Poems, published by the Highland Society of London, he revised, prefixing to it a view of what he considered the internal evidence of the genuineness of the Poems. He took part in correcting the Gaelic translation of the Holy Scriptures. He translated and published Watt's Preservative, &c., and revised the metrical version of the Gaelic Psalms.

Like Logierait, Moulin has been prolific of distinguished sons. One of these was Captain Campbell of Fonab, a gallant officer. He served with honour in the Duke of Argyle's regiment in Flanders. He did all that man could do to avert the utter ruin of the ill-fated Darien colony. When 1500 Spaniards, accompanied by a large body of Indians, attacked the colonists in the midst of their disasters, Campbell, with a force of only 200 men, repulsed and dispersed the assailants. He likewise ultimately obtained favourable terms for the wreck of the colony evacuating the isthmus. Other three military men whom Moulin gave to the service of the country are worth to be commemorated—James Campbell of Urrard an Easter Clunie, and Alexander Stewart of Strathgarry both of whom rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colone in the army; and Colonel Stewart of Strathgarry.

Donald M'Intosh and Duncan Forbes won thei laurels in the walks of literature. The former wa born on the farm of Orchilmore, in this parish, i 1743. He was a devoted and eminent antiquarian He also compiled the Gaelic Proverbs, founded th M'Intosh Library, Dunkeld; and we observe that it further stated concerning him that he was the las priest of the Old Scots Episcopal Church. Dunca Forbes's forte was Oriental scholarship. He excelle so much in it that he rose to the Chair of Orienta Languages and Literature in King's College, Londor

But the most illustrious of Moulin's sons has yet t be named. He is Alexander Duff, D.D., LL.D. He wa born in 1806, his father, a good man, being one of the fruit of the Moulin "revival." He studied at the Universit of St Andrews, where he graduated with honours; an was remarkable in his student days for the interes which he took in Christian Missions. In 1829, th General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland resolved on a motion of Dr Inglis, in favour of a mission t India. The office of first missionary to it from th Kirk was offered to Alexander Duff, whose transcen dent qualifications for it were well known. He ac cepted the offer, and sailed for his destination in th Lady Holland, an East Indiaman, in October, 182 The ship was wrecked on Dassen Island, near the Cap of Good Hope, on the 13th of February, 1830. D Duff, who lost all but his life in the wreck, landed i safety on the shores of India in the following May. I July, he opened the Institution in Calcutta, yet th largest of the kind in India, for elementary education and also for instruction in the higher branches o literature, science, philosophy, and Christian theo logy.

Dr Duff visited his native country in 1836; and hi reports from the scene of his labours, and his plead ings in behalf of a benighted, perishing world, had powerful influence in diffusing and deepening a mis sionary spirit in all the churches of the land. In 184 he adhered to the Disruption party. This transferre his services to the Free Church, in connection wit which they were continued without interruption, an with ever-growing influence and success. In 1850 h revisited Scotland, and was next year chose Moderator of the General Assembly of the Fre Church; and the honour conferred on him he di make largely tributary to what was peculiarly hi cause—the evangelization of all nations, and primaril of the millions of India. In 1853 he was examined o Indian affairs before a Committee of the House o

Lords; and contributed valuable materials for the famous Education Despatch of 1854.

Dr Duff's pen has been little, if any, less copious, and eloquent, and potent, than his tongue. He has written and published, among other works, "New Era for the English Language and Literature in India;" "India, and Indian Missions;" "Missions, the chief end of the Christian Church;" the "Qualifications, Duties, and Trials of an Indian Missionary;" "Letters on the Indian Rebellion;" and various articles in the *Calcutta Review*, of which he was for some time Editor, with some pamphlets on miscellaneous subjects.

Ill health constrained Dr Duff to quit India in 1863. After his return, he was appointed Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church. He was the means of originating a new Professorship of Evangelistic Theology; raised £10,000 for its endowment; was unanimously chosen the first Professor; and accepted the office on condition that, during his tenure of it, the salary attached to it should be devoted to some other missionary object, and that his services should be purely gratuitous. Dr Duff is universally honoured in his old age as ranking in the first class of Christian missionaries; and his memory will be precious and fragrant in Christendom to the latest generation.

BLAIR ATHOLE.

Blair Athole abounds in relics of days long gone by. Such are the ruins of round castles and towers, usually found on eminences difficult of access, and commanding wide prospects. In those barbarous times when internecine war was the normal employ of the Celts, these probably served both as forts and as watch-towers. Some of them are of great antiquity, as that on the rock of Foun-a-vuice, on the south side of Ben-y-Gloe, described as "a large round castle of considerable strength," but of whose age we have seen no conjecture. Others of them belong to an era, of which, and of the people living in it, we know something. Tom-a-vuir, for example, strongly situated on the steep bank of the river Tilt, was the ancient seat of the M'Intoshes of Tiriny; and the ruin on the small island in the north-west corner of Loch Tummel, is the remains of a "strength" built by Duncan Rower M'Donald, the chief of the clan of the Robertsons.

Such, again, are the cairns, marking spots where distinguished warriors fell in battle, or the graves in which they repose. These were once pretty thickly scattered over the parish; but many of them have in recent times been removed. Above Blair is, or at least was till lately, a specimen of them in Cairn-Mhic-Thimi, or Lovat's Cairn, where a chief of the Lovat family met his death, in an incursion he made into Athole for the purpose of plunder.

Such, again, are the monuments of Druidism in the parish. They also are less numerous now than they were once; but several of them survive. The vale of Strathgroy seems to have been a great seat of the Druid worship. Hence the name which it sometimes bears, Strath-druaidh—the vale of the Druids. And hence the circles and altars in it for the rites of their bloody superstition. In this vale, "a large stone, six feet long, standing on end, and supported by many others, was a considerable time ago discovered, having been completely buried under the soil. About a furlong to the eastward of the spot where this was found are two castles, nearly round, having double and triple ditches, with several obelisks before the gates, in a zig-zag position. A short distance to the westward of the castles, along the Garry, are some plains, called in the language of the country, King's Isle, Plain of the Running Horses, and Plain of Galloping or Horse Races. Half-a-mile above the castles, and near Cluniemore, is a sacrificing cairn, sixty paces in circumference, having several large flags on the top, and hard by are two obelisks seemingly a part of a circle or temple."

Such, moreover, are the traces of chapels, with their burying grounds, in which the inhabitants worshipped in Christian times. Kilmaveonaig is Cille-Eonaig—the chapel dedicated to St Eonaig. Strowan is Cille-Ruian—the chapel dedicated to St Rowan. Clach-ghil-Aindreas is the Cemetery of St Andrew's Disciple. At the latter place, many bones have been found entire in coffins made of flags; and to the south in olden times was held Andrewsmas Market, the annual Fair now held in the City of Perth. It is not to be doubted, we think, that there was a chapel here dedicated to St Andrew by some very pious "Disciple," who taught the people to pay even more than due honour to the Patron Saint. This view is confirmed by the names of some adjoining grounds; among which are Dail-an-t-sagairt—the priest's field, evidently the glebe of the benefice. These chapels have all been called Popish; and so they were, but whether some of them had not been originally Culdee, and whether they were not built on ground that had been held sacred even in the days of the Druids, seem very fair questions. There is an interesting paragraph bearing on this point in the Statistical Account of Blair Athole, which we must transcribe:—

"A complete or perfect specimen of a Druidical

temple is not to be found within the parish. Single stones, which are evidently a part of such temples, are to be seen in several places. An upright stone at Pittagowan is still known by the name of Clach an iobairt, the sacrifice stone. Some writers have maintained that the circular stones so frequent in the Highlands, were places where Druids assembled for the administration of justice, and not for any religious services. Whether that be the case or not, the customs and the language of the Highlanders evince a connection between these stones and religious purposes. Burying grounds are found near these Druidical temples, and, to this very day, a village, where a church is situated, is called "An clachan," the place of stones. "Am bheil thu dol do'n chlachan," are you going to the stones? is the common Gaelic expression for, are you going to church?"

Blair Castle, the seat of the Athole family, is the Chief Historic scene in the parish. Its age is not certainly known. The oldest part of it is called Cumin's Tower; and the castle is supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century by John de Strathbogie, who was a Cumin, and the grandson of Macduff, sixth Earl of Fife. John de Strathbogie married Adda, daughter of David de Hastings, eighth Earl of Athole; and he became in right of his wife ninth Earl of Athole.

The importance of the Castle of Blair as a military fort, commanding the line of communication between the Highlands and the Lowlands by the vale of the Garry and the Pass of Killiecrankie, as also the narrow defiles leading to the Spey and the Dee, made it figure largely in the annals of the Civil Wars which the country has seen. In 1644 the Marquis of Montrose took possession of the Castle. It was at Blair, to which he had come from England in disguise, as has already been narrated by us, that he raised the standard of the Stuarts, and initiated his brilliant effort to retrieve the Royal cause. At it he found Colkitto with about twelve hundred Irish and two hundred Highlanders from Athole and Badenoch. The day after his arrival he was joined by eight hundred Atholemen, including the Robertsons of Strowan; and these were soon followed by three hundred of the Gordons of Badenoch. This put the Marquis in command of about three thousand men, with whom he marched towards Perth; entering on the career which ended thirteen months thereafter at Philiphaugh, when "in one defeat he lost the fruit of six splendid victories, nor was he ever again able to make head against the covenanted cause in Scotland."

In 1653 the Castle of Blair was held by a party of the Scots, who, in their zeal for monarchy and presbytery, were still maintaining an ineffectual struggle to resist the annexation of the country to the English Commonwealth. Colonel Daniel, one of Cromwell's officers, attacked and stormed it; and, being unable to remove a magazine of provisions in it, he blew it up with powder.

In 1689, the Castle was held for James by the Marquis of Athole's Chamberlain, Stewart of Ballechin, who refused to deliver it to the Marquis's son, Lord James Murray, because he suspected him of favouring the Revolution. The father had favoured and disfavoured both parties, according to the winds that blew, and the varying signs, as he read them, as to who was to win. "The Marquis of Athole," says Macaulay, "was the vilest, the most fickle, the most pusillanimous of mankind. Already, in the short space of six months, he had been several times a Jacobite, and several times a Williamite. Both Jacobites and Williamites regarded him with contempt and distrust, which respect for his immense power prevented them from fully expressing. After repeatedly vowing fidelity to both parties, and repeatedly betraying both, he began to think that he should provide for his safety by abdicating the functions both of a peer and of a chieftain, by absenting himself from both Houses of Parliament, and from his Castle in the mountains, and by quitting the country to which he was bound by every tie of duty and honour at the very crisis of her fate. While all Scotland was waiting with impatience and anxiety, to see in which army his numerous retainers would be arrayed, he stole away to England, settled himself at Bath, and pretended to drink the waters."

In answer to his summons, about twelve hundred of his father's vassals joined Lord Murray; but nothing could induce them to declare in favour of King William. His Lordship reasoned with them, adding remonstrances and even threats: but the result was that some of them returned home to secure, as they alleged, their cattle, etc., from the enemy; others openly deserted, after filling their bonnets with water from the brook Banavy, and drinking the health of King James; and only about three hundred of the twelve clave to his Lordship. In these circumstances, he raised the siege which he had laid to his patrimonial Castle; and, on his arrival at Blair, Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, found its gates open to him. Lord Murray, with part of the remnant that adhered to him, met General Mackay at the south end of the Pass of Killiecrankie, assuring him that the Pass was open to him, as he had left a sufficient force to occupy and secure it. He did not even yet thoroughly know his men. They were most of them Jacobites in heart; but they were not inaccessible to the influence o other passions, which modified and controlled their Jacobitism. Judging that a battle was imminent between the hostile armies, they thought it best to join

neither, but to conceal themselves among the neighbouring rocks and thickets, and to be ready to pounce on the booty, by plundering the fugitives and stripping the slain, to whatever party these might belong. The battle that ensued was Killiecrankie, of which we have already written.

In 1746, Blair Castle was held by a garrison of the Government troops, commanded by Sir Andrew Agnew. In March that year, Lord George Murray, brother of the late Duke of Athole, and Generalissimo of the Pretender's forces, came from Inverness to Athole to avenge certain cruelties reported to him as practised on the people of Athole by the soldiers of the Government. After taking Sir Andrew's outposts, putting many to the sword, and making about three hundred prisoners, he invested the Castle ; and having learned how ill-provisioned it was, he turned the siege into a blockade, with the view of starving the garrison into a surrender. He had very nearly accomplished his object—the garrison was reduced to such straits that it was eating horse flesh—when Prince Charlie summoned him back to Inverness, on account of the advance of the Duke of Cumberland. The Earl of Crawford was then at Dunkeld with some cavalry and Hessian troops. Agnew communicated with him, advising him of his extremity ; and, on the 2d April, an officer arrived on horseback with the welcome tidings that the Earl might be expected in the course of an hour. But, some thirty-six hours before this, the Highlanders had raised the blockade, and marched for the north. The garrison was drawn out to meet Crawford, and Agnew at the head of it received him thus : "My Lord, I am very glad to see you, but by —— you have been very dilatory, and we can give you nothing to eat." His Lordship replied with great good humour, "I assure you, Sir Andrew, I made all the haste I possibly could ; and I hope that you and the officers will do me the honour to partake with me of such fare as I can give you."

It is on record that the Hessians under the command of the Earl of Crawford refused to march with him to Blair. The way to it from Dunkeld led through Killiecrankie ; and though fifty-seven years had elapsed since 1689, the terror and horror which the very name inspired quite overpowered them.

The Castle received such damage in the siege, that it had to be in a great measure rebuilt. It had been previously much higher, with turrets and vaulted rooms. It was now reduced by two storeys, and was stripped of many of its proud baronial ornaments. Still it is a very large, strong, and commodious edifice. "Whether James, Duke of Atholl, acted from personal feelings, or in obedience to a mandate of the Privy Council, it is much to be regretted that the turrets, embrasures, and bartisans of his feudal Castle should have been demolished and replaced by a plain pavilion roof. Its apartments, however, are numerous and elegant, and its accommodations are suited to the residence of a ducal family. The park contains many hundred acres of excellent arable land, exclusive of its extensive plantations, the garden is large and productive ; the gravel walks along the Tilt, the Banavy, and the Fender, the Bruar, and the Garry ; the various and well-conducted carriage drives ; all afford the advantage of active exercise, with the pleasure of admiring magnificent scenery ; and, if the whole be viewed in connection with the forest and the lodges, its lakes, and its rivers, Blair may be justly said to be one of the most splendid hunting chateaux in Europe."

The Queen, Prince Albert, and their daughter "Vicky," the Princess Royal, sojourned for weeks at Blair Castle in 1844. Disembarking at Dundee on the morning of Wednesday, the 11th of September, they travelled to it by Coupar Angus, Dunkeld, Logierait, Moulinearn, and Pitlochrie. Shortly after leaving Dunkeld, they met Lord Glenlyon, who jumped out of his carriage, and rode with them the whole way to Blair. His Lordship and Lady Glenlyon received them at the door of the Castle, shewed them to their rooms, and then left them ; giving them possession of the whole Castle, and finding accommodation for themselves in the factor's house. They continued at Blair till the 1st of October ; and a section of "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," shows how highly they appreciated, and how richly they enjoyed the superb scenery of the district, the sports in it, and the delicate and loving attentions by which the noble family of Athole sought to make the cup of their Royal visitors to run over.

The Historic Scenes in Blair Athole were not scanty before, but her Majesty added to them during this visit. To allude to only one example : future generations will tell how Queen Victoria mounted Tulloch Hill, and how the prospect from the summit wrapped her soul into ecstacy. Her own account of the morning spent on it will be often quoted by tourists in those parts, and by residents in them.

"*Wednesday, September*, 18.

"At nine o'clock we set off on ponies to go up one of the hills, Albert riding the dun pony and I the grey, attended only by Lord Glenlyon's excellent servant, Sandy M'Ara, in the Highland dress. We went out by the back way across the road, and to the left through the ford, Sandy leading my pony, and Albert following closely, the water reaching up above Sandy's knees. We then went up the hill of *Tulloch*, first straight up a very steep cabbage field, and then in a zigzag manner round, till one got up to the top ;

the ponies scrambling up over stones and every thing, and never making a false step, and the view all round being splendid, and most beautifully lit up. We went up to the very highest top, which cannot be seen from the house or from below, and from here the view is like a panorama ; you see the *Falls of the Bruar*, *Ben-y-chat*, *Ben Vrackin*, *Ben-y-Ghlo*, the *Killiecrankie Pass*, and a whole range of distant hills on the other side, which one cannot at all see from below. In the direction of *Taymouth* you also see *Dalnacardoch*, the first stage from *Blair*. *Blair* itself and the houses in the village looked like toys from the great height we were on. It was quite romantic. Here we were, with only this Highlander behind us, holding the ponies (for we got off twice and walked about)—not a house, not a creature near us, but the pretty Highland sheep, with their horns and black faces—up at the top of *Tulloch*, surrounded by beautiful mountains.

"We came back the same way that we went, and stopped at the ford to let the ponies drink before we rode through. We walked from inside the gate and came home at half-past eleven—the most delightful, the most romantic, ride and walk I ever had. I had never been up such a mountain, and then the day was so fine. The hill of *Tulloch* is covered with grass, and is so delightfully soft to walk upon." ("Leaves," &c.)

With much reluctance, on the the morning of the 1st of October the Royal party left "*Blair* and the dear *Highlands*," going back by the same road which they came. They reached Dunkeld about half-past eleven o'clock, when Messrs Oswald and Patrick Small Keir, with a detachment of Highlanders, were waiting their advent. They spent about half-an-hour at Dunkeld; inspected "the cottage beautifully situated and very pretty, with a good view of the river from the windows;" and "walked to look at the new house which the late Duke of Athole commenced, but which has been left unfinished, and also at the beautiful larch tree, the first that was brought to Scotland." "I rode back (to the carriage)," writes Her Majesty, "on 'Arghait Bhean' for the last time, and took a sad leave of him and of faithful Sandy M'Ara. We walked into the ruins of the old Cathedral, and into that part which the late Duke fitted up for service, and where there is a fine monument of him. I should never have recognised the grounds of Dunkeld, so different did they look without the encampment (which was in them in 1842). Beautiful as *Dunkeld* is, it does not approach the beauty and wildness of *Blair*" ("Leaves," &c).

Soon after noon they set off again, Lord Glenlyon riding with them to Dundee, and Her Majesty "feeling sad to see the country becoming flatter and flatter;" and as they sailed along in view of the English coast, it "appeared terribly flat."

In 1861, the Queen and her Royal Consort, with their daughter the Princess Alice, and Prince Louis of Hesse, revisited Blair Castle. They drove to it from Balmoral on the 8th of October ; passed the night in the inn of Dalwhinnie ; and were met next day by the Duke of Athole a few miles from Dalnacardoch, who rode with them to the Castle. "A thousand recollections of seventeen years ago crowded upon me—all seemed so familiar again ! No one there except the dear Duchess, who stood at the door, and whom I warmly embraced ; and Miss MacGregor. How well I recognised the hall with all the sporting trophies ; and the staircase, which we went up at once. The Duchess took us to a room which I recognised immediately as the one where Lady Canning lived. There we took off our things—then went to look at the old and really very handsome rooms in which we had lived—the one in which Vicky had slept in two chairs, then not four years old ! In the dining-room we took some coffee, which was most welcome ; and then we looked at all the stags' horns put up in one of the corridors below ; saw the Duke's pet dog, a smooth-haired black terrier, very fat ; and then got into the carriage, a very peculiar one, viz., a *boat*—a mere boat (which is very light), put on four wheels, drawn by a pair of horses with a postillion. Into this we four got, with the Duke and Duchess and the dog ; — Lady Churchill, General Grey, and Miss MacGregor going in another carriage ; with our two servants on the box, to whom all this was quite new and a great treat. The morning was beautiful. It was half-past twelve —we drove up by the avenue and about a favourite walk of ours in '44, passed through the gate, and came on to *Glen Tilt*—which is most striking, the road winding along, first on one side of the *Tilt*, and then on the other ; the fine high hills rising very abruptly from each side of the rapid, rocky, stony river *Tilt*—the trees, chiefly birch and alder, overhanging the water" ("Leaves," &c).

They started for Balmoral a little before two o'clock, "taking leave of the dear Duchess" at Forest Lodge, eight miles from Blair, where the road for carriages ends, and where their ponies, sent over that morning from Lord Fife's shooting "shiel" at Bainoch, "but, poor beasts, without any corn !" were waiting them. The Duke and twelve of his men accompanied them. Their road was that which leads through Glen Tilt to Braemar ; and on the journey her Majesty made several Historic Scenes. Such was Dalchronachie, where on a high bank overhanging the Tilt they lunched, looking up a glen towards Loch Loch ; and where, while lunch was unpacking, her Majesty sketched. Such was the ford at which they crossed

the Tarf, very deep, and after a heavy fall of rain almost impassable. The current that day was very strong, and nearly up to the men's waists. The Duke led her Majesty's pony on one side, and Brown on the other, Sandy M'Ara and two pipers going before, and playing all the time, and so "we came very well through." Such, above all, was the spot on the "County March," where Perth and Aberdeen join, and at which his Grace of Athole bade his Royal visitors adieu.

"The Duke gave Albert and me some whisky to drink, out of an old silver flask of his own, and then made a short speech proposing my health, expressing the pleasure with which he and all had received me at Blair, and hoping that I would return as often as I liked, and that I should have a safe return home; ending by the true Highland, 'Nis! nis! nis! Sit air a-nis! A-ris! a-ris! a-ris!' (Pronounced: 'Neesh! neesh! neesh! Sheet air, a-neesh! A-rees! a-rees! a-rees!') which means: Now! now! now! That to him, now! Again! again! again!' which was responded to by cheering from all. Grant then proposed 'three cheers for the Duke of Athole,' which was also very warmly responded to;—my pony (good 'Inchrory'), which went admirably, rather resenting the vehemence of Brown's cheering" ("Leaves," &c.)

The Queen paid Blair Castle another most memorable visit. The Duke was suffering under the malady which brought him to the grave. On her way from England to Balmoral, her Majesty arrived at Perth on the 15th of September, 1863. Leaving her train at Perth, and interrupting her journey northwards, she proceeded with a few attendants to Blair Castle, to condole with his Grace and his Duchess in their affliction. This was one of the many graceful acts of condescension and affection which have enshrined her Majesty in the hearts of her people. The act was the more praiseworthy for the associations connected with it. Her Albert had been torn from her in 1861; and she could not revisit a locality where they had spent together such happy days, and where his happiness had been a main element of hers, without the most melting and painful memories crowding on her. After spending nearly an hour at the Castle, her Majesty returned to Perth. The Duke was able to accompany her to the railway station, where "for the last time he kissed the Royal hand, and her Majesty took a mournful adieu, the parting being witnessed by all in deep sadness, and by many in tears."

In 1529, James V. visited Athole for the pleasures of the chase, accompanied by his mother, the Queen Dowager, and the Pope's Legate. This was in the days of John, third Earl of Athole of the Stewart line of Lorn, celebrated for his profuse style of living, and his princely hospitality. He gave his Royal visitors a most cordial welcome, and a most munificent entertainment. He improvised for them a palatial lodging on the north side of Ben-y-gloe, near the point where the rivulet Loghaine from Loch Loch flows into the Tilt. This great event in the annals of Athole, Pitscottie has chronicled in his usual graphic style. His account of it is curiously minute and elaborate, and we should have copied it had it not been so lengthy. In the Tales of a Grandfather, Sir Walter Scott has given the substance of it, in a form much more convenient for our limits:—"On one occasion," says he, "when the King had an ambassador of the Pope along with him, with various foreigners of distinction, they were splendidly entertained by the Earl of Athole in a huge and singular rustic palace. It was built of timber, in the midst of a quiet meadow, and surrounded by moats or fosses, full of the most delicate fish. It was enclosed and defended by towers, as if it had been a regular castle, and had within it many apartments, which were decked with flowers and branches, so that in treading them one seemed to be in a garden. There were all kinds of game and other provisions in abundance, with many cooks to make them ready, and plenty of most costly spices and wines. The Italian Ambassador was greatly surprised to see, amongst rocks and wildernesses, which seemed to be the very extremity of the world, such good lodgings and so magnificent an entertainment. But what surprised him most of all was to see the Highlanders set fire to the wooden castle as soon as the hunting was over and the King in the act of departing. 'Such is the constant practice of our Highlanders,' said James to the Ambassador; 'however well they may be lodged over the night, they always burn their lodging before they leave it.' By this the King intimated the predatory and lawless habits displayed by these mountaineers.'

In August, 1564, Queen Mary paid a visit to the Highlands of Perthshire, and was entertained by the Earl of Athole in Blair Castle. Bent on gratifying Her Majesty to the uttermost, his Lordship got up a grand hunt in Glen Tilt, an account of which by William Barclay, who was present, has been preserved. Barclay was a native of Aberdeenshire, and one of the scholars and authors of the age; and was ultimately one of the Professors of Civil Law in the University of Angers, in France. "The Earl of Athole," he says, as translated by Pennant, "a prince of the royal blood, had, with much trouble and vast expense, a hunting-match for the entertainment of of our most illustrious and most gracious Queen. Our people call this a royal hunting. I was then a young man, and was present on the occasion. Two thousand Highlanders, or wild Scotch, as you call them here, were employed to drive to the hunting-ground all the

deer from the woods and hills of Athole, Badenoch, Mar, Murray, and the counties about. As these Highlanders use a light dress, and are very swift of foot, they went up and down so nimbly that in less than two months' time they brought together 2000 red deer, besides roes and fallow deer. The Queen, the great men, and others, were in a glen when all the deer were brought before them. Believe me, the whole body of them moved forward in something like battle order. This sight still strikes me, and ever will, for they had a leader whom they followed close wherever he moved. This leader was a very fine stag, with a very high head. The sight delighted the Queen very much; but she soon had occasion to fear, upon the Earl's (who had been accustomed to such sights) addressing her thus:—'Do you observe that stag who is foremost of the herd? There is danger from that stag; for if either fear or rage should force him from the ridge of that hill, let every one look to himself, for none of us will be out of the way of harm; for the rest will follow this one, and having thrown us under foot they will open a passage to this hill behind us.' What happened a moment after confirmed this opinion, for the Queen ordered one of the best dogs to be let loose upon a wolf; this the dog pursues, the leading stag was frightened, and he flies by the same way he had come there, the rest rush after him, and break out where the thickest body of the Highlanders was. They had nothing for it but to throw themselves flat on the ground and allow the deer to pass over them. It was told the Queen that several of the Highlanders had been wounded, and that two or three had been killed outright; and the whole body had got off, had not the Highlanders, by their superior skill in hunting, fallen upon a stratagem to cut off the rear from the main body. It was of those that had been separated that the Queen's dogs, and those of the nobility made slaughter. There were killed that day, 360 deer, with five wolves and some roes."

In the latter part of the sixteenth century and the first part of the seventeenth, Athole was greatly infested with witches. The King's party and the Queen's then divided the country, each struggling for the ascendancy. The Earl of Athole took the Queen's side, and the witches of Athole did the same. In 1570, they sent the Queen a present of "a pretty hart horn, not exceeding in quantity the palm of a man's hand, covered with gold, and artificially wrought." The emblems graven on it and the inscription were all prophetic of the sure triumph that awaited Mary over her enemies. "In the head of it were curiously engraven the arms of Scotland; in the nether part of it a throne, and a gentlewoman sitting in the same, in a robe royal, with a crown upon her head. Under her feet was a rose environed with a thistle. Under that were two lions, the one bigge the other lesser. The bigger lion held his paw on th face of the other, as his lord and commander. Be neath all were written these words:—

'Fall what may fall,
The lion shall be lord of all.'"

This was evidently designed to convey a hope and wish that Mary should ere long, in spite of all contra ious circumstances, be in possession of England as we as of her native dominions. Unhappily for Mary, an for the credit of the witches, the prophecy did no come to pass. The event falsified it.

The year 1597 was noted for the trial of a gre number of witches, both male and female, in Sco land, more especially in Athole. That year the u canny sisters held a great convention on a hill i Athole. So Patrick Anderson relates in his M History of Scotland; but he does not name the hil so that we are not able to point it out. No few than two thousand and three hundred of the ha were present on that occasion; and of course th devil was among them. A famous witch of Balwer named Margaret Aitken, told this; and said that sh knew them all well enough, and what mark h Satanic majesty had put on each of them. Many them were tried by the water ordeal. Their tw thumbs and their two great toes were bound togethe and in this state they were thrown into a loch, into some deep pool. If they sank, they were inn cent of witchcraft; which, however, did not keep th water from drowning them. If they floated, the were guilty. Many subjected to this ordeal at th time to which we are referring "floated ay aboon and as they would not drown, there was no altern tive but to burn them.

The Balwery witch was put to the torture, a confessed her own guilt: but, to save her life, s informed against others, whom, she said, she kne infallibly by a secret mark in their eyes. For thr or four months she was carried about the country f the purpose of detecting witches. Several old wom suffered on her accusations, especially at Glasgo owing, it has been said, to the credulity of the min ter, John Cowper. Margaret was at length found be a base impostor. Persons whom she pronounc witches one day, were brought before her next day a different dress, and she pronounced them innocen She was tried for her imposture; and Spottiswo says that, on her trial, she declared all that she h confessed, either of herself or of others, to have be utterly false, and that in this declaration she persist till her death. This put all who had believed in h in an awkward plight. It loosed on them the tongu of unbelievers, who did not spare even Mr Cowp But the brethren considerately threw a shield o

him and themselves. In November, the Presbytery of Glasgow took notice of "divers persons wha traduces and slanders the ministry of the city, as the authors of putting to death the persons lately execute for witchcraft;" and it ordained that any person hereafter uttering this slander "shall be put in the branks at the judges' will."

The moral and social condition of Athole at this time was what might have been apprehended from the rifeness of witchcraft in it. It "of auld was maist quiet and peaceable, and inhabit be a number of civil and answerable gentlemen, professed and avowed enemies to thieves, robbers, and oppressors." But how woefully it had changed appears from the picture now drawn of it! It had "now become very louss and broken," "an ordinary resett for the thieves and broken men of the north and south Hielands;" moreover a great number of the native people, "sic as John Dow McGillicallum and his complises," shaking off all fear of God and reverence for his Majesty and the laws, "ar become maist insolent, committing wild, detestable murders, open reifs, privy stouthrie, barbarous houghing and goring of oxen, and other enormities." The Privy Council was obliged to interfere. It appointed a guard or watch over the country. James Gordon of Lesmoir undertook to apprehend Dow, and his brother Allaster; and at length "lichtit upon the limmers." "After a lang and het combat, and the slaughter of four or five of the principals of them. the said Allaster was apprehendit, and John, being very evil hurt, by the darkness of the night escaped." Allaster, who had many murders on his head, was brought to Edinburgh, laid in irons in the Tolbooth, and, in spite of all the efforts to save him made by his friends, was tried and executed. So we read in Chambers' "Domestic Annals of Scotland;" and the quotations are from too good an authority, to leave any reasonable doubt of the facts stated, viz., the Privy Council Records.

Strowan in this parish is a marked Historic Scene, as the original seat of the Robertsons, the chiefs of the clan Donachy. According to Skene, they had royal blood in them, being descended from Duncan, King of Scotland, who was the grandson of Malcolm II. by his daughter Beatrice. Their immediate ancestor was Conan, second son of Henry, the fourth and last of the old Celtic Earls of Athole; whose great grandson Andrew and his successors were styled de Atholia, to indicate their pedigree.

The Robertsons first appeared as a distinct clan in the invasion which the Highlanders made into Angus in 1392, when they laid waste the county, and fought and won the bloody battle of Gasklune. Robert Robertson of Strowan came in our way at Auchtergaven and Dunkeld. For the capture of the Earl of Athole and Sir Robert Graham, two of the murderers of James I., he received, in 1451, a crown charter, erecting all his lands into a free barony. His second son, Robert, was the ancestor of the Earls of Portmore.

The first of those Earls was David, Robert's elder son. In 1674, he entered as a volunteer into the army of William Prince of Orange, and came to England with him at the Revolution. He afterwards served with great distinction both in Ireland and in Flanders, and was created a peer in 1699. He continued his military career, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Scotland; was raised to the rank of a General; was made a Privy Councillor, a Knight of the Thistle, and Governor of Gibraltar; and was chosen one of the sixteen Scots representative peers. He died in 1730. His wife was Catherine, Countess of Dorchester, mistress of James VII. Her father, Sir Charles Sedley, took a very active part in bringing about the Revolution; on being reproached for which by James, he replied, that his Majesty having made his daughter a Countess, he could not in gratitude do less than help to make his Majesty's daughter a Queen!

His son Charles succeeded as second Earl of Portmore. He was an ambassador to Don Carlos, a K.T., and a representative peer. But his chief distinction seems to have been, that he was, in his dress and equipage, the Beau Brummel of his age and class.

His younger son, William Charles, succeeded as third Earl of Portmore; and his eldest son, Thomas Charles, was fourth and last Earl. He died in 1835, without leaving surviving issue, and the title became extinct.

Alexander Robertson of Strowan had a dispute with the Earl of Athole about the marches between their estates, and was killed in 1530 by a band of his Lordships retainers. The Earl happened to have a mortgage over the lands of Strowan; and he then seized on nearly the half of the estate, which the family was never able to recover. The clan furnished a regiment to fight for the Stuarts, under the banner of Montrose. Their chief was then a minor; but his uncle Donald headed the clan; and he was pensioned for his good services after the Restoration.

The most distinguished of the family was Alexander, born about 1670, and who succeeded to Strowan and the chiefsbip in 1688. For joining Claverhouse when he raised the Jacobite standard at Blair Athole, he was attainted, and his estates forfeited. He took refuge in France at the court of the exiled James. In 1703, Queen Anne granted him a remission, when he returned to Scotland and resumed possession of his lands; but neglecting to get the remission passed the seals, the forfeiture was never

legally repealed. In 1715 he joined the Earl of Mar with about five hundred of his clan. He fought at Sheriffmuir, and was taken prisoner, but was rescued. Soon after a party of government soldiers captured him in the Highlands, and were conducting him to Edinburgh, when, through the help of his sister, he contrived to give them the slip, and again fled to France. In 1745, he once more called out his clan to aid Prince Charlie, though age and infirmity prevented him from personally taking an active part in the rising; for which cause, happily, he was not included in the list of proscriptions which followed. He died without lawful issue in 1749, and with him ended the direct male line of the family.

This chief was a scholar as well as a soldier, having had the advantage of being educated in his youth for the Church. He wrote poetry; and after his death a volume of his poems was published. They were reprinted in 1785, and accompanied with the "History and Martial Achievements of the Robertsons of Strowan." He is said to have been the prototype of the Baron Bradwardine in Waverley. And we may state here that other two authors of note had Strowan blood in them. The one was Caroline Oliphant of Gask, who became Baroness Nairn, of whom we wrote both at Gask and at Nairn. Her mother was Margaret Robertson, daughter of Duncan Robertson of Strowan. The other was the late Rev. Frederick Robertson of Brighton, the son of Captain Robertson, and the grandson of Lieutenant Robertson of the 81st Grenadiers, who was descended from a cadet of the family of Strowan.

Among the more recent representatives of the Robertsons of Strowan may be mentioned Colonel Alexander Robertson, who died in 1822; Major General George Duncan Robertson, C.B.; his son George Duncan Robertson, born in 1816, and for some time an officer in the 42d Highlanders; and Alexander Robertson, of Dunkeld Bridge celebrity, and author of several works, some of which have been much commended.

The Robertsons of Lude were a contemporaneous branch of the family, of which those of Strowan were the chiefs. They sprang from Duncan, a son of Andrew of Strowan; and from him the clan derived its distinctive name Donachie, that is, the children of Duncan. His son Patrick received Lude from his father as early as 1358; and his posterity retained it till as recently as 1821.

The Robertsons of Strathloch, Strathgarry, and Guay, were offshoots from the Robertsons of Lude.

When Queen Mary was in Athole in 1564, she presented Beatrix Gardyn with her own harp; which came by marriage into the family of Lude, and was, of course, a very highly prized heirloom. The gift is thus noticed in the Domestic Annals of Scotland:-

"The Queen, in the course of her excursion, is b lieved to have taken an interest in the native mus of the Highlanders, in which, as in Ireland, the har bore a distinguished part. It is even reported tha a kind of competition amongst the nativ harpers took place in her presence, at which sh adjudged the victory to Beatrix Gardyn, of Banchory Aberdeenshire. Certain it is that the Robertsons o Lude possessed a harp of an antique form, whic family tradition represented to having come to them through a descendant of Beatrix Gardyn, who ha married a Robertson of Lude; and the same authorit regarded this harp with veneration, as having bee the prize conferred on the fair Beatrix by Quee Mary for her superior excellence as a performer on th instrument. Queen Mary's harp, as it is called, now in the possession of Mr Stewart of Dalguise. is a small instrument compared with the moder harp, being fitted with twenty-eight strings, th longest extending twenty-four inches, the shortes two and a half. There had once been gems set in it and also, it is supposed, a portrait of the Queen. was strung anew and played upon in 1806."

The Lude Robertsons were devoted adherents of th Stuarts. Donald and John, younger brothers Alexander the Chief, had much influence in rallyin the men of Athole under the banner of Montrose i 1644. The Marquis made John captain and keeper Blair Castle. Alexander had died in 1639, leavin his elder son, also named Alexander, a minor, unde the guidance of his uncle, Patrick Graham of Incl brakie. Though quite a youth, he joined Montros and was with him at Tibbermore; for which he had b and by to pay the penalty, in the burning of his hous by the troops of the Commonwealth, and in a fin which Cromwell exacted from him.

Prince Charlie honoured Lude with a visit in 174 when on his march from the north country to th capital. He spent at it the night preceding hi appearance at Dunkeld.

The distinction of the family since those days ha been chiefly military. James Robertson of Lude, wh succeeded his father in 1758, when only four yea old, married Margaret Mercer, the heiress of Ald and Meikleour. They had six sons, of whom fiv entered the army. Their eldest son was Gener William Robertson of Lude, who in his fifteenth yea began a long career of very active and honourabl service. His eldest son was Colonel James Alexande Robertson; and he sold Lude to the M'Inroys, th present proprietors of it. His name is associate with letters as well as with arms. In 1860, he printe for private circulation an account of the "Comitatu de Atholia, the Earldom of Athole. Its boundari

stated. Also, the extent therein of the Possessions of the family of De Atholia, and their descendants, the Robertsons. With Proofs and a Map."

The Robertsons of Auchleeks are a comparatively modern offshoot from the same great family. They are descended from Donald, the second son of James Robertson of Calvine, who was the second son of Alexander, the fifth baron of Strowan. If there is anything historic about the Auchleeks Robertsons, it is connected with the share they had of the musical genius of the stock. Charles Robertson of Auchleeks was called "Charles of the Strings," from his great skill as a harper; and he married Beatrix Robertson of Lude, the descendant, we presume, of Beatrix Gardyn, to whom Queen Mary gave her harp. And we may allude here to the Robertsons of Strathloch, as inheriting the same genius. The last male heir of that branch was General John Reid, who had a singularly fine taste for music, was one of the best flute players of his age, and who left his large fortune to found a Music Chair in the University of Edinburgh.

John Ross was minister of Blair Athole at the Restoration; and in 1662 he was deprived for not conforming to Prelacy.

In the Old Kirk of Blair and the burying ground attached to it, several of the illustrious dead sleep. In the vault under the aisle of the Kirk the late George Augustus, sixth Duke of Athole, was buried. A beautiful monument, allegorical in design, has been erected over the vault, and bears the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of George Augustus Frederick John Murray, sixth Duke of Athole, K.T., who died at Blair Castle, 16th January, 1864, aged 49, and whose remains lie in the vault beneath. This monument is erected by his widow." The sculptor was Mr, now Sir John Steell, R.S.A., and the work was finely executed. In the same vault lie the remains of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.

We must not quit Blair Athole without saying that the muse of Burns made the Falls of Bruar an Historic Scene. After visiting them, he indited for Bruar Water a "Humble Petition to the Noble Duke of Athole." It made a heavy complaint to his Grace of the nakedness of its banks, and of Phœbus, in flaming summer pride, wasting and drinking its crystal streams.

"Last night I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet Burns cam by,
That to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry:
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shored me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad adored me."

It only needed a sylvan shade to transform the scene into one of transcendent beauty and grandeur. It would then resound with the music of the songsters of the grove. The timid hare would sleep secure in it. The shepherd would make it his retreat. The loving pair would steal into it,

'Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care.
The flowers shall rise in all their charms
The hour of heaven to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace."

The musing bard, moreover, would stray into it to yield his soul to its enchantment, and to sing its praise.

"Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows watery bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embowering thorn.

"So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honoured native land!
So may, through Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—'Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses!'"

The vision which the Poet's fancy pictured has long charmed every visitor of the Falls. We must not say that the noble Duke listened graciously to the petition of Bruar Water, and granted the prayer of it. That certain jealous devotees will not allow! The reverend writer of the Statistical Account remarks, "The merit of its wooded banks is generally ascribed to 'Burn's Petition;' it may with much greater justice be ascribed to the noble proprietor." The Duke planted the banks with much judgment and taste; but he did it of his own spontaneous motion, and not influenced at all by the witchery of Burn's muse! It seems to be thought, that to admit the latter would be to derogate from the divinity that hedges a Highland Duke! We have not been able to sympathise with this class of worshippers; and we were not a little comforted on observing that even her Majesty labours under the same infirmity. She writes:—"The trees which surround the Falls were planted by the late Duke of Athole in compliance with Burn's 'Petition.'"

CLUNIE.

The oldest Historic Scenes in this parish carry us back to the days of the Roman invasion. One memorial of the invaders and their work is the mounds in the middle of the field at the east end of the Hill of Gourdie. At the date of the last Statistical Account, (1843), these were eight in number, and had eight corresponding trenches of equal length, alternate and parallel, with a circular concavity at the south end of each. These mounds are called the "Steeds' Stalls;" the name having perhaps some connection with the tradition, that an advanced guard of the Caledonian army was posted here, to watch the motions of the Romans when they were encamped at Inchtuthil, about two miles to the south. But, assuming for the present that the battle of Mons Grampius was fought in the Stormont, there is little or no room to doubt that these mounds are sepulchral; and Knox supposes that it was at this spot, that those of the Batavian and Tungrian cohorts who fell in that great battle were collected and buried.

The cairns in the parish are also sepulchral, and may be regarded as coeval with the mounds. At the foot of Benachally a very large cairn had been piled, to mark the resting place, either of one honoured magnate, or of a crowd of the victims of war; and to the south of it a number of smaller cairns had been raised to cover the remains of the slain.

There are other two huge collections of stones in the parish, if they have not been lately meddled with, the one on the south-west, and the other on the north-east extremity of it. It has been said, with what verisimilitude we know not, that these marked the boundary in this quarter between the Caledonian and the Pictish kingdoms.

The old Castle of Clunie stood on the Castle Hill, on the west side of the Loch of Clunie. Some of its ruins are yet to be seen on the striking and beautiful mound which caps the Hill. When and by whom the Castle was built is not known. Tradition says that it was the summer palace and a hunting seat of King Kenneth MacAlpin (843-859). In 1296, it had a very illustrious visitor. Edward I. of England, in his progress northwards through Scotland in that year, passed one night in Clunie Castle, and the next night in the Castle of Inverqueich. In 1377, Robert II. granted a charter under the Great Seal to John de Roos, constituting him Keeper of the Castle of Clunie, and Justiciar of the Forests of Clunie and Alyth. Eventually, the barony of Clunie was added to the possessions of the See of Dunkeld. Bishop Livingston had erected and endowed an altar in the Cathedral of Dunkeld to St Catherine, a very favourit saint in the diocese. His successor, Bishop Brown emulating his example, built a chapel to St Ca therine on the small isle in Clunie Loch; and founde for it, "from his private estate, two chaplainries t attend the chapel." It was Brown, too, who buil on the same islet the Bishop's Palace or Castle which remains to this day a venerable monument o past times, and an object of much interest to visitors

We may state, before proceeding farther, that th islet in Clunie Loch is considered to be artificial; an to have been made for one of the *crannoges*, or lake dwellings, that were once common in this country and in other parts of the world. They were pretty secure refuges before the invention of artillery, o even of firearms. Herodotus says that the *crannoge* "were contrived after this manner: planks fitted o lofty piles are placed in the middle of the lake, wit a narrow entrance from the mainland by a singl bridge." The people inhabiting them, he says, "liv in the following manner; every man has a hut on th planks, in which he dwells, with a trap-door closel fitted in the planks, and leading down to the lake They tie the young children with a cord round th foot, fearing lest they should fall into the lake beneath To their horses and beasts of burden they give fis for fodder; of which there is such an abundance, tha when a man has opened his trap-door, he lets dow an empty basket by a cord into the lake, and, afte waiting a short time, draws it up full of fish."

In feudal times, Clunie possessed and exercised th usual baronial jurisdiction; and of this some memorials are still extant. One of these is the Gallow (originally Gallows) Drum, a little to the north of Stanley Knowe; and two or three hundred yards south of the glebe, is another knoll called the Gibbet Knowe. Both these were evidently places of execution in feudal days.

The Reformation with its troubles came in the days of Bishop Crichton; and, in 1562, he sold Clunie to his kinsman, Robert Crichton of Eliock in the vale of the Nith, Dumfriesshire, who was joint Queen's Advocate with Spence of Condie. The sale was made on the condition that the property should revert to the bishop and the See when the troubles of the Reformation had passed away. The Advocate was professedly a Protestant; but, to secure the chance of getting Clunie to himself, he thus entered into a transaction, the primary object of which was to preserve it to his relative and to Popery.

The family of Crichton of Eliock was a branch of the noble family of Crichton of Sanquhar. Robert ultimately became sole Lord Advocate, and a Lord of Session by the title of Eliock. But his chief distinc tion is, that he was the father of James, "The Ad-

mirable Crichton." It was long said and fondly believed in the Stormont that James was born in the Castle that stands on the islet in the Loch of Clunie. This, however, was a mistake. James was born in Eliock House, in Nithsdale, in 1557, say some, and in 1560, say others. It was at least two years after his birth, when his father acquired Clunie in the manner we have mentioned, and removed to it from Eliock. But, though not his birthplace, he was brought to Clunie in his infancy; and the Castle was his residence in his youth, except when his education took him from home.

James Crichton was certainly one of the greatest prodigies our country has produced. His school education he received at Perth, and his university education at St Andrews; and took his degree of M.A. when he was fifteen. Before he was twenty, he had mastered the whole circle of sciences, and could speak and write in ten different languages besides his own. On finishing his University course, he had the good fortune, through his father's relation to the family of Regent Mar and his influence with them, to be taken into Stirling Castle, as one of the fellow-scholars of the boy-king, James VI. George Buchanan was their tutor; and it may well be believed that, under him, a scholar so precocious and already so excellent, would reach unrivalled maturity, for his years, in all knowledge. After being three years in this royal circle, he travelled on the Continent. At Paris, agreeably to the custom of the time, he challenged all the learned men in the city to dispute with him in any of the branches of literature, science, and art; engaging to answer them in Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, English, Dutch, Flemish, or Sclavonic, and in prose or verse, as they might prefer.

"On the day appointed three thousand auditors assembled. Fifty masters proposed to him the most intricate questions, and with singular accuracy he replied to them all in the language they required. Four celebrated doctors of the Church then ventured to dispute with him; but he refuted every argument they advanced. A sentiment of terror mingled itself with the admiration of the assembly. In the superstitious feeling of those days they conceived him to be Antichrist! This famous exhibition lasted from nine o'clock in the morning till six at night. At the conclusion, the president expressed, in the most flattering terms, their high sense of his talents and erudition, and, amid the acclamation of all present, bestowed on him a diamond ring with a purse of gold. It was on this occasion that he was saluted with the proud title of the 'Admirable Crichton!' During the interval between giving the challenge, and the day appointed for accepting it, we are told, that so far from preparing himself by study, he had devoted his time almost entirely to amusements. The day after the disputation, he attended a public tilting match in the Louvre, and in presence of the princes of France and a great many ladies, bore away the ring fifteen times, and 'broke as many lances on the Saracens.'"

Crichton visited Rome, Venice, and Padua; and exhibited in these cities like wonders of learning, dialectics, and eloquence. He went next to Mantua, where he challenged a gladiator, who had vanquished some of the best fighters in Europe, and who, in Mantua itself, had lately killed three persons who dared to enter the lists with him. This redoubtable champion he ran through the body in three different places, and in the arena of conflict he expired of his wounds. The Duke of Mantua and the whole Court witnessed the combat; and so delighted was the Duke with Crichton that he engaged him to be tutor to his son, Prince Vincentio de Gonzaga. This appointment proved the occasion of Crichton's premature death. During the carnival he strolled one night on the streets of Mantua, playing the guitar. Six persons in masks attacked him. Most dexterously did he repulse them and disarm their leader, who begged his life, exclaiming, "I am the Prince, your pupil!" Crichton, falling on his knees, presented his sword to him, and pleaded that he had not recognised his assailants, and had acted only in self defence. The scoundrel Gonzaga immediately took hold of the weapon, and stabbed his tutor to the heart with it.

The Admirable Crichton thus died of violence on the street of Mantua in the twenty-second year of his age, his tragic end exciting profound sensation and lamentation, and the Court of Mantua going into mourning for him for nine months. In perusing his life, of which we have now given hardly a glimpse, we have always felt that it partook largely of the marvellous as well as the "admirable," and we have been inclined to think that, of all the eulogies pronounced on him, that of Joseph Scaliger is as judicious, and as near the truth as any of them. "I have heard when I was in Italy of one Crichton, a Scotchman, who had only reached the age of twenty-one when he was killed by the command of the Duke of Mantua. He knew twelve different languages, had studied the fathers and the poets, disputed *de omni scibite*, and replied to his antagonists in verse. He was a man of very wonderful genius, more worthy of admiration than of esteem. He had something of the coxcomb about him, and only wanted a little common sense. It is remarkable that Princes are apt to take an affection for geniuses of this stamp, but very rarely for really learned men."

The lamp of the Crichtons of Clunie soon went out,

Lord Eliock was succeeded by his second son, Robert, who was knighted, and who married as his second wife Margaret Stewart, daughter of John, sixth Lord of Innermeath, and sister of James, the Earl of Athole. But he was a man of violent passions and habits, turbulent and lawless, and, in the words of Tytler, "appears a singular instance of depravity amid the dark characters with which he is surrounded."

He planned, and, with the help of some associates, executed the Raid of Ardoch, for which he was declared a rebel. He committed a like outrage on the house of Philip Mowbray of Pitliver Mill, for which he was again declared a rebel. For the murder of his cousin, the "bonnie Earl of Moray," by Huntly, he, some years after, slew at the Chapel of Eglismalay William Meldrum, the Laird of Montcoffer, one of Huntly's adherents. At St Andrews, in the chamber and in the presence of the King, he assaulted a person named Chalmers, and was forfeited. In St Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh, when it was attempted to arrest him, he resisted, and raised such a disturbance that he was sent to the Tolbooth, and at this point he disappears from the stage. Scotstarvit says that a "fair estate" came to him on the death of his brother James; "but after he had killed the Laird of Montcoffer in revenge of the Earl of Moray's slaughter, at the Chapel of Eglismalay, he had never good success in his affairs;" and that "he sold all his lands in his own time, and at this day no memory is left of him."

Who bought Clunie from him we have not seen stated, but in 1649 it was possessed by John Stewart, and Stewart's granddaughter, Margaret, was subsequently retoured as her father's heir in the lands and forest of Clunie. The barony afterwards became the property of the Airlie family, who still retain it.

Gourdie, in this parish, has some claim to be reckoned an Historic Scene from the branches of historic families who have possessed it. The Hays of Gourdie were a branch of the great family of the Hays of Errol. The branch ended in an heiress, who was married to David Kinloch of Balmyle. The second son of this marriage, John, got Gourdie as his portion, and from him the Kinlochs of Gourdie sprang. His family, though not ennobled, like that of Errol, was one of no mean mark. His father, David Kinloch, was brother of Sir Alexander Kinloch of that Ilk, a very old family in Fifeshire. The late Mr Kinloch of Gourdie was a military man, and rose to the rank of Colonel in the army.

LETHENDY.

This parish must have had a history as well as its neighbours; but the portion of its history which we have succeeded in gleaning is unusually meagre. A main reason of this is to be gathered, we presume, from what the writer of the Statistical Account (1842) says of the "Parochial Registers" of Lethendy:—"Some of the registers have, upon the whole, been well kept, but are much injured by having been exposed to damp. Others of them have been very carelessly kept for the last twenty or thirty years, owing very much to the circumstance, it is thought, that although there was a Session Clerk, there was no Session for the greater part of the above period." Registers which have become illegible are of course useless. This commonly occurs through the penuriousness of heritors, and what a scandal it is to them! If there is not a law, there ought to be one, and it ought to be rigidly enforced, compelling heritors to accommodate parochial registers in buildings where neither damp would rot them nor vermin devour them. Fit subject for the programme of a Conservative Government; and let us hope that it will have a place among the great measures recommended in the Queen's Speech at the opening of the next session of Parliament. And there ought to be an adequate antidote provided for the other cause of large blanks in parochial registers, viz., the want of a Session. Of course, where there is no Session, there can be no Session business done, and where there is no Session business done there can be no Session records kept; "although" there is a Session Clerk in the parish, very competent for the duties of the office, and very well paid. This is a state of things which ought not to be tolerated even in parishes like Lethendy, where the people are so well behaved that they have no need of Sessional supervision and discipline. We must protest against it in the name of writers like ourselves. There cannot be blanks "for twenty or thirty years" in the Session records of parishes without somewhat corresponding blanks in the writings of those who would preserve Historic Scenes in the shires of the land from going into oblivion.

A few years before 1842, a token of the presence of the Romans in this quarter was found in the moss of Blackloch, about six feet below the surface. It is supposed to have been a camp pot of the invaders. It had been made of a compound metal, similar to our brass or bell metal. It stands on three feet, as our pots usually do; is about 3 feet 4 inches in circumference, and 1 foot 5 inches in height; and is capable of holding about six Scotch pints.

The Tower of Lethendy is a striking object in the andscape. It was built by a family of the name of Heron. They were an English family ; and possessed other lands in the district besides those of Lethendy. But the barony of Lethendy was their chief property ; and on it they reared the Tower for their residence. It was a strong keep, which it would not have been easy to take without the use of artillery. In the Civil War of the seventeenth century, the Herons were zealous Royalists. There were three brothers of them, who were all officers in the army of Charles I. ; and they continued to devote their all to the cause of the Stuarts, till the last of that doomed race fled for refuge into exile. The Revolution seems to have sounded the knell of the Herons as a landed family. We understand that descendants of them yet survive in the district; but they all belong to the plebeian rank. The devotion to tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical, which cost James his crown, cost many of his warmest supporters their lands.

Unlike most of its contemporaries, the Tower of Lethendy, though looking sufficiently "woe-begone," is still habitable. David Millar, when he paid it a visit on an autumn evening, expected to find the "owl and the swallow" its only tenants; but as he approached it, he was greeted with "the playful shouts of childhood ringing" from it.

> "Yet not sad
> Are thy old rooms. In sooth, they're glad ;
> Even now the shouts of infancy I hear,
> Gushing in merry chorus loud and clear,
> From thy old casements, with a fife-like tone
> So stirring, and a gladness all their own,
> That makes the heart beat faster. But thy look
> With such accords not, and can scarcely brook
> Their peasant boisterousness. For, though decayed,
> Thy port still tells thy halls were never made
> For boisterous mirth."

The "mirth" grated on Millar's radical ears. He could not rid himself of the impression that the place was incongruous for it ; and that "the joyous peasant heart and blooming face" could not "make such stately coldness" their "home." He therefore thus concluded his story about it :—

> "The cot is for the peasant—ruined halls
> For owls and bats—and ivy for old walls :
> Like still to like—they answer best, and make
> Both parties pleasant for each other's sake."

The present proprietor of Lethendy is James Gemmell, who holds the rank of Major in the army.

Lethendy is conspicuous in the recent annals of the country as one of the fields on which was fought the battle which issued in the disruption of the Kirk of Scotland in 1843. In 1835, the Crown presented Thomas Clark to the vacant charge of Lethendy, with which Kinloch had been united in 1806. A majority of the parish vetoed the presentee, and the Presbytery did not sustain the presentation. Clark appealed against his rejection, first to the Synod of Perth and Stirling, and next to the Commission of the General Assembly ; both of which dismissed his appeal. In 1837, he raised an action of *declarator* in the Court of Session against the Presbytery, the heritors of Lethendy and Kinloch, and the Trustees of the Widows' Fund, concluding for the stipend and other emoluments of the cure. Andrew Kessen having in the meantime been presented to the charge, Clark presented a bill of suspension and interdict to the Court of Session against Kessen's settlement being proceeded with. The Lord Ordinary passed the Bill. The Presbytery authorised the Procurator and Agent for the Church to put in a formal declinature of the jurisdiction which his Lordship had assumed in the case ; and resolved to go on with the settlement. Clark presented a supplementary bill of suspension and interdict, which the Lord Ordinary passed. By advice of the Commission of the General Assembly the Presbytery disregarded his Lordship's deed, and proceeded to ordain Kessen. Clark, with the concurrence of her Majesty's Advocate, now presented a petition and complaint against the Revs. Michael Stirling, Cargill ; Robert Allan, Little Dunkeld ; Francis Gillies, Rattray ; William Grant, Tenandry ; Peter Drummond, Kirkmichael ; Alex. Wilson, Caputh ; and Duncan Campbell who joined the majority of the Presbytery in the ordination, for breach of the interdict, and contempt of the authority of the Supreme Court. The delinquents were summoned to answer for their conduct. They appeared at the bar of the Court, and received a solemn rebuke from the Lord President, and were ordained to pay the legal expenses of the whole proceedings. These were, of course, very heavy ; and it was said in the country that Mr Stirling, whose purse was good, had the honour of paying the lion's share of them.

Such is a very brief outline of the Lethendy case, which excited in its day a deep and wide sensation, and led to issues of the most momentous character. Clark, it may be remarked, was not a good card for the Intrusionists' to play with. In 1842, the non-Intrusionists libelled him for certain offences, and took his license from him. Next year, the Intrusionists pronounced this sentence null and void. But, two years after, they themselves were constrained to libel him ; and two charges of drunkenness having been found proven against him, he was deprived of his license in 1847. He died at Glasgow in 1859.

CAPUTH.

There are in this parish traces of some old "strengths," which are generally regarded as having been Pictish forts. There are also the remains of two Druidical circles. The late Sir James Simpson visited them both; and his account of them our readers will prefer to anything we could say of them.

"*Circle at Cults, Perthshire.*—In the parish of Caputh there exist at Cults, within a few miles of Dunkeld, three stones,—the remains, it is alleged, of a large circle. Two of the stones are erect. The third is half prostrate. This reclining stone is nearly six feet long, and about two feet nine inches broad. Its upper surface is marked with numerous cup excavations, most of them round, a few oblong, and three sets of them joined together by intermediate grooves or gutters.

"*Circle at Glendevin (Glendelvine?), Perthshire.*—Two or three miles from the Cult stones, and within the policy of Glendevin, is an elevated round barrow now planted with trees. A circle of several large stones formerly stood around this barrow. On the face of one of them, which still remains, I found three or four cup excavations."

We have not before taken notice of "the cup and ring sculpturings" found on stones and rocks in various parts of Scotland, as also in other countries. The discussion of them is the business of archæologists; but we may remark in passing, that these sculpturings are of extreme antiquity. They are at least as old as the Stone age. The race or races who executed them may have been pre-Celtic; and may have lived near to, if not "in those very distant times when the colossal fossil elephant or mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the gigantic cave bear, the great hyena, &c., were inhabitants along with man of the soil of Britain; when the British lion was a veritable reality and not a heraldic myth; and when possibly England was still geologically united to the Continent, and the Thames was only a tributary of the Rhine." The object of these cup and ring cuttings has excited curious inquiry. To us it appears reasonable to suppose that they were meant to serve the twofold purpose of ornament and symbol. They decorated, however rudely in earlier times, the stones and rocks on which they were carved, and they were emblems of ideas—more especially religious ideas—which our archaic ancestors cherished, and which they were anxious to preserve and transmit to posterity. Before letters came into use, such ideas were graven on stones and rocks; and in the days to which we are now alluding letters were unknown in Scotland.

The symbols on the Cults and Glendelvine circles we shall read and interpret when the key to them has been discovered.

Cairns were unusually numerous in this parish. These were sepulchral mounds, constructed of stones which our grey forefathers were accustomed to raise over the honoured dead, from the remotest period down to the close of the Pagan era. Playfair, in his description of Scotland, says of Caputh:—"Cairnmuir, the largest cairn (he means in the parish, but it is said to have been the largest in the country) is 456 feet in circumference at the base and 18 feet high; half-a-mile south-west of it is another, 347 feet round and 14 in height; and at the same distance, and in a line with these two, there is another of less dimensions." These continued in 1839, for the New Statistical Account, bearing the date of that year, repeats substantially Playfair's description of them, and it adds:—"Near the burying ground there are the remains of a cairn, where probably a cross had once been erected in Popish times, as the place is still called Crosscairn."

The dead who sleep under these cairns we shall commemorate by name, when antiquarian research has found out who they are.

Caputh had its Holy Well as well as its Druid circles and cairns. Its name was Grew's or Creuze Well, which was probably a corruption for Cross Well. Its waters, like those of Logiebryde Well, of which we wrote when at Auchtergaven, were endowed with miraculous healing virtue; and both of them were resorted to by multitudes, some of them from great distances, for the cure of diseases with which they were afflicted. The reputation of Caputh Holy Well seems to have outlived that of Logiebryde. The records of the Presbytery of Auchterarder bear the labour and travail which it had in dealing with the devotees who repaired for healing to those Bethesdas. The Presbytery enacted that any person doing so should be publicly rebuked. But the custom was too old and inveterate to be stopped by ecclesiastical censure. An Auchtergaven friend, resident near the village of Bankfoot, writes us:—"I do not remember of any one to my knowledge applying to Logie Well (for a cure); but I have known them go to Grew's Well, near Dunkeld. Indeed, I remember remonstrating, only a few years ago, with the grandmother of a sick child for taking it, in cold weather, to Grew's Well, but she had her answer ready—'The Bible tells us o' the pool o' Siloam!' I said that when the Bible told me of Grew's Well curing people I'd believe it, but not till then; and that dipping the bairn in the Garry (which runs by her door), would just do it as

much good. I think that going to Grew's Well is quite discontinued these two or three years."

Caputh is rich in memorials of the presence of the Romans in it. Near the top of the isolated conical hill called Stenton Craig, are the remains of a fortified place, bearing the name of Kemp's Hold or the Soldier's Fastness. Why it is so called we are not able to say, but the fortress is justly regarded as ancient. Was it Pictish or Roman? It may have been both. If originally a Pictish fort, as it may have been, it is not likely that the Romans would be so much in the neighbourhood, as it is known that they were, without occupying it.

At Inchtuthil the Romans had one of their most important stations; supposed by some to have been the station *In medio*, to which Tacitus says that his father-in-law Agricola led the troops after the battle of Mons Grampius. Inchtuthil is the flat of about one hundred and sixty Scotch acres, on the north point of which Delvine House is so finely situated. It is elevated some fifty feet above the level of the neighbouring plain, and the ascent to it on all sides is somewhat steep. Inchtuthil signifies "the island in the flooded stream," and at one time it was an island surrounded by the waters of the Tay, which now flows wholly by the west, or rather the south-west side of it. Prior to the Roman invasion Tulina, one of the chief towns of the Picts, stood upon the island. It was, for its day, populous and well fortified. Holinshed says of it, referring to Boece as his authority, that "the Picts, by reason that their enemies (the Romans under Agricola) were lodged so near to the confines of their countrie, doubting what might follow thereof, burned the city of Tulina, lest the same enemies, chancing to take it, should furnish it with some garrison of men, to the great danger of the whole Pictish kingdom. The citie stood upon the bank of the Taie, right beautifullie built, with many fair castels and towers, as may appear unto this day by the old ruins thereof—strong rather by the workman's hands than by nature. The Scottishmen in our time call the place Inchtuthill. All their wives and children they removed unto the mountains of Granzbene for their more suertie and safeguard."

Pennant visited the scene a century ago, and his account of it in his Tour is very interesting. "The Picts," he says, "the long possessors of these eastern parts of the kingdom, in all probability had here an *oppidum*, or town, such as uncivilised people inhabited in early times; often in the midst of woods, and fortified all round with a dike. Here we find the vestiges of such a defence: a mound of stones and earth running along the margin of the steep, in many places entire; in others time or accident hath rendered it less visible, or hath totally destroyed it. The stones were not found on the spot; but were brought from a place two miles distant, where quarries of the same kind are still in use.

"Another dike crosses the ground, from margin to margin, in the place it begins to grow narrow. This seems intended as the first defence against an enemy, should the inhabitants fail in defending their outworks, and be obliged to quit their station and return to a stronger part. Near the extremity is what I should name their citadel; for a small portion of the end is cut off from the rest by five great dikes, and as many deep fosses; and within that is the stronghold, impregnable against the neighbouring nations."

Several tumuli or barrows were found on the flat; and very competent judges have been of opinion that these were raised, not by the Romans, but by the Picts, either before or after the Romans were in the locality: this opinion being rested on the fact, that some of the tumuli were within the area of the works constructed by the Romans—a position in which they did not place sepulchral mounds. "It is not to be imagined," says Pennant, "that there can be any traces of the habitations of a people who dwelt in the most perishable hovels: but as the most barbarous nations paid more attention to the remains of the dead, than to the conveniency of the living, they formed, either for the protection of the reliques of their chieftains from insults of man, or savage beast, or fo sepulchral memorials, mounts of different sizes. Antient Greece and antient Latium concurred in the same practice with the natives of this island. Patrocles among the Greeks, and Hector among the Trojans, received but the same funeral honors with our Caledonian heroes, and the ashes of Dercennus (Æneid, lib. xi. line 849) the Laurentine monarch had the same simple protection. The urn and pall of the Trojan warrior might perhaps be more superb than those of a British leader: the rising monument of each had the common materials from our mother earth.

> The snowy Bones his Friends and Brothers place,
> With tears collected in a golden vase.
> The golden vase in purple palls they rolled
> Of softest texture and inwrought with gold.
> Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,
> And raised a tomb, memorial of the dead.
>
> (Pope's Homer's Iliad, book xxiv. line 1003.)

Or, as it is more strongly expressed by the same translator, in the account of the funeral of Patrocles:

> High in the midst they heaped the swelling bed
> Of rising earth, memorial of the dead.
>
> (The same, book xxiii. line 319.)

"Monuments of this kind are very frequent over the face of the plain: the tumuli are round, not greatly elevated, and at their basis surrounded by a foss. Many bones have been found in some of these

barrows, neither lodged in stone chests nor deposited in urns."

It may be added that the New Statistical Account, after mentioning two barrows found in a particular part of the flat, says that the larger one was opened, about half a century ago now, and that the mould in it looked, in colour and richness, as if it had once composed human bodies, which incremation had turned into ashes.

The Romans fixed on the north-east portion of the island for their camp. It was 500 yards square; capable of containing 11,000 men on the Polybian system, and 29,000 on the Heginian. It was defended by a stone wall nine and a half feet thick. A square redoubt surmounted the south-east point of the island, on the top of a bank overlooking the Tay. A strong entrenchment stretched westward from the camp across the island, and ended at the Tay in a strongly entrenched circular post, with a breastwork, and secured on the land side with five ramparts running parallel to each other. All these have been levelled, and the materials of them removed; and the ploughshare drawn over their site has raised fragments of weapons of war, and some entire utensils which had belonged to the warriors. There was also found at Delvine a Roman bath; one of the most interesting of the relics of the invaders, which had resisted the destroying tooth of time. Other relics are mentioned by Pennant; and our readers will, we think, like to hear in his own words what he saw with his own eyes when he visited the scene, and what he learned of it on good information.

"The Romans, in their course along this part of Britain, did not neglect so fine a situation (as Inchtuthil) for a station. Notwithstanding the great change made by inclosures, by plantation, and by agriculture, there are still vestiges of one station five hundred yards square. The side next Delvin House is barely to be traced: and part of another borders on the margin of the bank. There is likewise a small redoubt, near the edge, facing the East-inch in the Tay; which covered the station on that side.

"The first was enclosed with a wall fourteen feet thick, whose foundations are remembered by two farmers of the name of *Sterlan* (Stirton), aged about seventy; who had received from their father and grandfather frequent accounts of ashes, cinders, brick, iron, utensils, weapons, and large pieces of lead, having been frequently found on the spot, in the course of ploughing: and to the west of this station, about thirty years ago, were discovered the vestiges of a large building, the whole ground being filled with fragments of brick and mortar. A rectangular hollow made of brick is still entire: it is about ten or twelve feet long, three or four feet wide, and five or six feet deep."

The Romans had another camp at Meikleour in this parish, which some are disposed to regard as the station *In medio*, rather than Inchtuthil. It was in the triangle formed by the junction of the Isla and the Tay. These rivers fortified it on two sides; and on the third, which was its north side, a rampart was raised between the rivers two miles long, some of which remains to this day, and is yet some twenty feet broad, and five feet high. It goes by the name of the Cleaven Dyke, and was constructed with material dug out of two parallel trenches, sixty feet distant from each side of the Dyke. At its south-east end, by the Isla, is a square redoubt, which used to be generally regarded as the Prætorium of the camp. But Knox, in his Topography of the Basin of the Tay, expresses the opinion, that it was only a sort of buttress meant to strengthen that part of the intrenchment, and that a small fort, within the area on the top of a knoll, and which had been looked on as a post for observation, was more likely to have been the Prætorium. At the west end and the middle the Dyke had an opening; and there probably the gates were placed. The space of ground included in the triangle was of considerable extent. What portion of it the legions of Rome occupied, cannot now be determined; but it had abundant room for 26,000 men on the Polybian system, and 68,000 on the Heginian. On the land side of the camp there is no trace of any defence but the rampart of Cleaven Dyke, which ran for more than a mile pretty close to the Lunan and the ravine through which it flowed. A fort on the height called Castle Hill, on the south-west bank of the Tay, strengthened the defences of the camp, as did also a redoubt at Camphill to the south-east of it, across the Isla.

The Roman road from Grassy Walls, of which we wrote when at Scone, led in a north-east direction, passed Byres, and crossed the country by the high ground in the parish of Cargill, giving off branches to Meikleour and Inchtuthil. Leaving Grassy Walls by this road, the Romans, we may believe, encamped next at Meikleour, and from it, probably, Agricola proceeded to meet Galgacus, looking down on him and bidding him defiance from the acclivity on the north. His entrenchments at Meikleour were stronger than he was accustomed to throw up for his temporary encampments, but this is what he would naturally make them on account of the near presence of the enemy. And Meikleour may not have been a temporary camp. It may have been one of the *ca-tra stativa* of the Romans, in which they made frequent and long stays. Lollius Urbius, who distinguished himself in the next century by his attacks on the Caledonians, whom he drove into their fastnesses beyond the Grampians, may have occupied Meik

leour, and may have added to the strength of its defences.

Between Inchtuthil and Meikleour is a small island in the Tay, bearing the name of "The Bloody Inches." Tradition says that it got the name from a battle between the Caledonians, under Kenneth MacAlpin, and the Danes, under the famous Vikingr, Redner Lodbrog. It is thought that, after taking and pillaging Dunkeld, that terrible Northman may have occupied Inchtuthil, his ships crowding the Tay in the neighbourhood, and that there Kenneth attacked and defeated him, and compelled him to make a hasty retreat. He at length fell into the hands of Ella, King of Northumberland, who put him to a horrible death, casting him into a dungeon full of vipers, which destroyed him. Redner Lodbrog was a poet as well as a pirate, a scald as well as a warrior; and after his capture he composed his Epicedium, or Death Song, in which he rehearsed and celebrated his warlike exploits, in "the fifty and one battles in which he had reared the standard," and satiated his sword with blood, in which "in his youth he had learned to dye it." Olaus Wormius preserved the Song, in a Latin version of it, which Dr Blair translated into English, and printed in his "Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian." The following sentence is supposed to refer to his flight from "The Bloody Inches," when vanquished by Kenneth:—"In that day, when fainting, I concealed my blood, and pushed forth my ships into the waves, after we had spread a repast for the beasts of prey throughout the Scottish bays."

It may be added, that "The Bloody Inches" is now more commonly and more appropriately called "The Bloody Acres." It is no more an Inch, that is, an island. Owing to changes that have taken place in the channel of the Tay, it now flows entirely on the north-east of the plot in question, which is across the river on the Kinclaven side, though still in the parish of Caputh.

It has sometimes been said that the battle of Luncarty was finished as far up the Tay as one of the haughs in the neighbourhood of Caputh. This does not tally with the body of the traditions concerning the battle. But it would seem that, in addition to the lands in the Carse of Gowrie measured by the hawk's flight, Kenneth rewarded the rustic hero Hay with the lands of Inchtuthil. They were the property of the noble family of Hay till the beginning of the seventeenth century. William, fifth Earl of Errol, succeeded his father in 1506, and his title before his succession was William of Caputh and Master of Errol. Pennant says in a foot note, "Mr Mackenzie's father (the father of the then Laird of Delvine), who was a good antiquary, held this (Inchtuthil) to have been part of the land granted by Kenneth to the gallant Hay, the hero of the battle of Luncarty, whose descendants possessed it for four or five centuries."

Caputh had its Mote-hill. It was the knoll on which the old church of the parish stood prior to the erection of the present one in 1798, and where the burying-ground of the parish is still. Mote-hill is here, as elsewhere, a memorial name, pointing to feudal times, and to the rough justice which the rude barons of those times administered. The Mote-hill was the hill of meeting; the place where public conventions of all sorts assembled, and where the barons held their courts of justice. It always had its requisite accompaniments, such as the Gallows-hill, and the Witch-knowe; but where those were in Caputh, tradition does not seem to say.

Meikleour is one of the sweetest villages in Perthshire. It nestles a short way north-east of Meikleour House, luxuriating in the shelter and amenity which the magnificent and beautiful wood of the mansion-ground gives it. The Cross of the village still stands to attract the notice of the wayfarer, and bears the date of 1698. The Tron also is in the old Market Place. It was wont to be used for weighing wool and other such bulky goods at market. It likewise had the honour of having the Jougs fixed to it, in which offenders, civil and ecclesiastical, did penance for their offences. The original Tron was destroyed by a fire, which the burning zeal of the Liberals in the village and neighbourhood kindled in 1832, to consume Toryism, with the effigy of its representative, in the keenly contested election of that year; but it was shortly after replaced. A little to the south of the village, by the side of the public road as it passes down the declivity to the Bridge of Isla, is one of the sights of the locality, which many have gone a good way to see. It is the famous hedge of Beech trees, closely planted, and which have grown to a great height. The hedge must be upwards of a hundred and thirty years old. The stone dike by the side of it was a building in 1746. The work was suspended—and to this day it remains unfinished—that the masons might go and fight for the Stuarts at Culloden; whence many of them never returned.

"There was no lack of bravery there,
No spare of blood or breath,
For, one to two, our foes we dar'd,
For freedom or for death.

"The bitterness of grief is past,
Of terror and dismay:
The die was risk'd, and foully cast,
Upon Culloden day."

The Delvine family does not figure much in the annals of the country or of the county. It has had

three baronets; their baronetcy being one of Great Britain and the United Kingdom. The first of the three was Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie. The baronetcy was conferred on him in 1805. The name of the family was originally Muir; but this Alexander Muir assumed the name of Mackenzie on succeeding to the estate of his great uncle, John Mackenzie, Esq., of Delvine. He died in 1835, and was succeeded by his son, Sir John William Pitt Muir Mackenzie, who was admitted to the bar in 1830. He died in 1855, and was succeeded by his son, the present proprietor, Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie. It is said that Sir Alexander is ambitious of political life; and that if the stage were clear of certain old players, he may try to make himself a name in the political world.

Much the most historic family in the parish is the Mercers of Meikleour. Their seat is Meikleour House, delightfully situated on the north-east bank of the Tay, a little above where the Isla flows into it, and of late much enlarged and beautified. The Mercers first appear in our annals among the merchant princes of Perth. When there we said, that "their common ancestor was John Mercer, who, as early as 1106, the last year of the reign of King Edgar, obtained a charter of the lands of Meikleour from Mauritius de Cromod, who had bought them from Allan of Cambus." We have since seen it stated that this date, though found in an old Inventory, is incorrect; that 1106 ought to have been 1362; as also, that the seller of Meikleour that year was Maurice de Drummond, and that the previous owner had been Allan of Kinbuck.

It is certain that there was a John Mercer who got a charter of confirmation of Meikleour in the fourteenth century, and that some doubt seems to hang over any prior John Mercer of the same house and lineage. We are therefore rather inclined to regard John of the fourteenth century as the common ancestor of the Mercers of Meikleour and Aldie. He was a man of no little mark. He married the Lady Ada Murray, daughter of Sir William Murray of Tullibardine, by his wife Ada, daughter of Malise, seventh Earl of Strathearn. He rose rapidly to a high place among the landed magnates of the country. Besides the lands of Meikleour, to which Drummond gave him a charter in 1362, from 1354 to 1367 he acquired from the Monastery of Scone their whole ground in Saddler's Street, Perth, on the east side of the street, and also the lands of Kincarrathie; from David II., "the particle of land falling to us" in Saddler's Street, Perth; from Andrew Barclay of Grandtully, the lands of Meikle Kinnaird in the barony of Forgandenny; from Walter Murray, Lord of Tullibardine, the Lands of Aldie in the Earldom of Strathearn; and from the Earl of Douglas, the lands of Pett of Strathord.

John Mercer was a man of affairs, as well as of possessions and great wealth. He was Provo Perth in 1357, 1369, and 1374, and was se times its representative in Parliament. He wa of its deputies sent to Berwick in 1356, to treat the English about the ransom of King David, had been taken a prisoner ten years before a battle of Durham. He was frequently an ambass from the Scottish Court to England, France, Holland, and we have on record the very high est tion in which Charles V. of France held him. turning from Flanders in 1377, a tempest drove on the English coast. The English pillaged his sh and the Earl of Northumberland seized his per and immured him in Scarborough Castle, th there was at that time a truce between England Scotland. A letter from the Earl of Douglas, was Mercer's Superior in the lands of Pettland, tained the release of his vassal; but no compensa was given him for the plunder of his property. he reimbursed himself out of the first instalmer the ransom-money for the King that had to be to England. To revenge the indignities and wr which he had suffered, his son Andrew, with a siderable fleet, composed of Scotch, French, Spanish ships, attacked Scarborough, and scoured English coast. On returning home, however, J Philpots, one of the Aldermen of London, purs him with an English squadron; vanquished him i obstinate engagement; made him his prisoner; "took his prizes, and fifteen Spanish vessels, his sorts all richly laden." But King Richard of Engl was not in a condition to provoke war with Scotla by detaining him as a prisoner, and he was at set at liberty.

John Mercer was succeeded by his son Andrew, sustained well the honours of the family, as he during his father's lifetime given good promise t he would do. He was Admiral of Spain, and in c mand of the allied fleets of Spain, France, and S land, when he took the revenge for his father's wro to which we have alluded. His chief subsequ exploits were likewise naval. The family possessi extended under him. He obtained the lands Balladoes and Balleve, Kinross-shire, which lay n to Aldie; those of Faithly and Tyry, Aberdeenshi and annual rents out of the lands of Findletter, Net dale, Pittendriech, and Culbrenny, Banffsh Robert II. also gave him yearly and perpetually fo merks out of the customs of the burgh of Perth. married Joneta, supposed to have been Joneta Barcl relative of Margaret de Barclay, wife of Wa Stewart, youngest son of Robert II., created Lord

Brechin, and afterwards Earl of Athole. Andrew was the first of the Mercer family who received the honour of Knighthood; and it is a signal proof of the estimation in which he was held, and of his integrity and independence, that, in a dispute between Robert, second son of the King, and Sir John Logie of that Ilk, about some lands belonging to Sir John which Prince Robert had seized, he was chosen arbiter, and that he gave his award against the King's son.

Sir Andrew Mercer was succeeded by his son, Sir Michael, and he by his son Sir Andrew, who still further enlarged the patrimony of the family. Among other charters, he got one of Kilgraston, and of one fourth of Lednoch, and one of Dunbarney. In the list of his descendants and successors we do not observe anything very noteworthy till we come to modern times. Sir Henry, the second from Sir Andrew, was killed at Flodden. From Sir Henry's son, Laurence, branched off the Mercers of Melgins and Saline. Sir Laurence Mercer of Melgins married Margaret Mercer of Aldie, and from him the present proprietress is lineally descended.

Before the family was itself ennobled, marriage had given the Mercers of Meikleour and Aldie the blood of two noble Houses, the Nairnes and the Elphinstones. It was Jacobite blood that they drew from both Houses, and it was not contaminated in the veins of the Mercers. The Honourable Robert Nairne, second son of William, second Lord Nairne, who had been forfeited for his share in the Rebellion of 1715, married Jean Mercer, heiress of Aldie, and was an ardent supporter of Prince Charlie in 1745. He joined him as soon as the Prince came down from the mountains of Badenoch, and appeared in the vale of Athole. A living historian says:—"As they (the insurgent army) descended into the low country they received, like a mountain torrent, accessions of strength from every glen which they passed. The titulor Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, Lords Nairn and Strathallan, Oliphant of Gask, and Mercer of Aldie, were the most important of the new recruits, not a few of whom were like those who repaired to David in the cave of Adullam—every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented. The Earl of Kilmarnock, who subsequently joined the rebels, was so miserably poor that he was often obliged to depend on the charity of his friends for a dinner; and brave, sturdy, plain-spoken old Balmerino, when accused of treason, said—'Treason! the fact is I was starving, and if the Grand Turk had set up his standard I would have been compelled to join it.'"

Robert Nairn fell at Culloden; and by his death the estate of Aldie was saved from forfeiture. He was succeeded by his eldest son, William, who followed the profession of arms, and rose to the rank of Colonel in the army. Colonel William Mercer of Aldie and Meikleour married Margaret Murray, heiress of Pitcaithly, and died in 1770. He left three daughters; and the eldest of these, Jane, became the wife of the Honourable George Keith Elphinstone, second son of Charles, tenth Lord Elphinstone. This marriage allied the Mercers to other two noble and Jacobite Houses, the Flemings and the Keiths—Marischal. The mother of George Keith Elphinstone was Clementina Fleming, only surviving child and heiress of John, sixth Earl of Wigton; and her mother was Lady Mary Keith, eldest daughter of William, ninth Earl Marischal.

George Keith Elphinstone raised his own House to the rank of nobility, and reflected lustre on all the families with which he was connected. He became Admiral Sir George Keith Elphinstone, K.B., and Viscount Keith, G.C.B., K.C., and F.R.S., Secretary, Chamberlain, Keeper of the Signet, and Counsellor of State for Scotland, and Treasurer and Comptroller of the Household to the Duke of Clarence. Entering the navy young, he rendered his country such service as well entitled him to the highest professional promotion, and to his peerage. He was made commander in 1773, and post-captain in 1775; and in the latter year was chosen member of Parliament for Dumbartonshire, where his family had considerable property. During the American war, his conduct in the attack on Mud island and Charleston greatly distinguished him. In 1778, he commanded the Berwick in the action off Brest. In 1782, on the American station, he captured l'Aigle, a French frigate of 40 guns and 600 men. In 1793, he gallantly assisted Rear Admiral Goodal in the action off Toulon; for which he received the red riband of the Bath. In 1795, he was made Vice-Admiral, and was entrusted with the command of the fleet destined to take the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch; which he took very dexterously, without so much as firing a gun. His reward was an Irish baronage, by the title of Baron Keith of Stonehaven-Marischal. For further most illustrious services, among which were those in the Foudroyant, on the coast of Egypt, in 1801, he was made Admiral of the Red, and a Peer of the United Kingdom, by the title of Baron Keith of Banheath in the county of Dumbarton. He was created a Viscount in 1814, and died in 1823; leaving an only child and daughter, Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, heiress of Meikleour and Aldie.

In 1817, the Viscount's daughter and heiress was married to Count de Flahault de la Bellarderie, in France, a General in the army of Napoleon II, and latterly French ambassador at the Court of St James. In her youth the Countess was much about the Court, and was a most intimate companion and beloved friend of the lamented Princess Charlotte. On the death of

her father, in 1823, she succeeded him as Baroness Keith of Stonehaven—Marischal in the peerage of Ireland, and as Baroness Keith of Banheath in the peerage of the United Kingdom. On the death of the last Lord Nairn, in 1837, she claimed the Nairn title; and in 1874 the claim was sustained by the House of Lords.

Count Flauhault died in 1870 and the Baroness in 1867. Their issue was five daughters. Henry Lord Shelburne, eldest son of the third Marquis of Lansdowne, married the eldest of the five in 1843. Their son, Charles Keith, is the fifth and present Marquis of Lansdowne.

Earl Russell spent the autumn months of 1863 in Meikleour House, and received from the tenantry on the estate the honour of a banquet, of which we may have something to say at Blairgowrie.

Of the ministers of Caputh, Hugh Ramsay was at the last meeting of the Committee of Estates, which was held at Alyth in June, 1651. A detachment of Cromwell's troops from Dundee attacked and dispersed it. Ramsay was made a prisoner and sent to London. He returned to Caputh and resumed his ministry, and was translated to Methven in 1667. James Crockett, admitted in 1683, was in 1701 deprived by the Privy Council for his Jacobitism. He afterwards resided at Mornity, in the parish of Alyth, and he had a Prelatic meetinghouse in the parish of Meigle in 1700. James Hogg, admitted in 1721, was tried before the High Court of Justiciary in 1738, on the serious charge of attempting to suborn witnesses in a criminal prosecution. He was convicted, declared infamous, and banished Scotland for life. But the sentence was not carried into effect. The case was tried before the ecclesiastical courts, and a tedious investigation into it by the Synod ended in Ross's acquittal in 1741.

BLAIRGOWRIE DISTRICT.

The "season" in the Highlands being nearly over, we propose to spend the winter months in the Lowlands. Should these be as exceptional, meteorologically, as the summer months have been, it will contribute to the comfort of our readers as well as ourselves to be on this side of the Grampians after the winter closes on us. We, therefore, next take the Blairgowrie District. It embraces the parishes of Blairgowrie, Kinloch, Kirkmichael, Rattray, Alyth, and that part of the parish of Bendochy above Blairgowrie and north of the Ericht.

BLAIRGOWRIE.

In this parish have been traced the remains o several Druid circles; concerning which it is superfluou for us to repeat the remark we have so often made viz., that such circles mark the spots where th inhabitants worshipped while heathen darkness brooded over the land.

Here also, as in contiguous parishes, the Roman have left distinct and unmistakable vestiges of thei presence. A Roman spear was found long ago in th moss of Cochrige. Another was found more recentl near the bed of the Ericht. A coin of the Empero Hadrian in bronze was found in 1830, in a state o excellent preservation, in the garden of Mr Soutar schoolmaster of the parish. In the early part of las century, a veritable Roman soldier, in full armour, wa digged up in a moss or peat bog in the neighbourhood He, too, was in wonderfully good preservation, owin to the antiseptic virtue of the moss; and was in a upright posture, as if he had sunk into the bog whe walking, or perhaps running from a pursuing enemy In the third decade of this century, two Roman urn containing burnt bones were discovered in a grave mound in the western part of the town, as workmen were excavating and removing it. Moreover, cairn and barrows abounded in the parish; specimens o which are yet to be met with, after all that has been done to demolish and deface them in the course o modern agricultural improvement. Those of them which have been opened and examined have yielded stone coffins, and large quantities of human bones From what we know of the customs of ancient times it is not to be doubted that these are the sepulchra remains of the slain in battle, which the cairns and barrows reared over them covered and protected; and there is much reason to think, as we shall try to shew before we leave the district, that they are the remains of the slain in the great battle of Mons Grampius between the Caledonians and the Romans.

Royal Forests, held as Crown property, and reserved for the sport of hunting to the Sovereigns of the country, may well be regarded as Historic Scenes and such were the forests of Drimmie and Cluny in this parish. Who knows how often Kenneth Mac Alpin, when sojourning in the Castle of Cluny, may have scoured these forests with his gillies, and dogs and hawks, in pursuit of the pleasures of the chase And who knows how often many of his predecessors and successors may have done the same? Those hunting grounds were in those days *forests* indeed Timber, much of it large, covered them, as is shown by the remains of it found underground to this day.

In olden times Blairgowrie had its Mote-hill. Tradition speaks of the Earls of Gowrie holding their

Courts of Regality on it; and it is very probable that it was the place where remoter barons than the Earls of Gowrie had their judgment seat. The hill has been removed, and the earth composing it has been applied to thicken the soil of the glebe, and to serve other useful ends in this utilitarian age. But it is known that the hill stood close behind the manse; was conical in form; had a flat top, which a parapet of earth surrounded; was about two hundred yards in circumference, and was covered with a beautiful sward of grass. The Mote-hill and the business of it required other conveniences, and Blairgowrie had them. Its Tyburn was about a quarter of a mile to the west of its Mote-hill, on a slight elevation "which," the Statistical Account says, "still bears the name of the 'gallow (or gallows) bank.'" It had also its Witch Knowe, where the uncanny sisters were bound to the stake, and given to the flames. It would seem that it is now-a-days occupied by a wing of the manse. In the Account just referred to we read:—"In the course of digging the foundations of the new wing added to the manse, in 1838, there was discovered, in the centre of the space formerly occupied by the mound, a circular excavation, about three feet in diameter, and six feet in depth, which had been dug far down in the hard gravel, and afterwards filled up with black, unctuous-looking mould, intermixed with ashes and pieces of charcoal wood. The writer examined this excavation, but can form no conjecture as to its origin or purpose, unless it may be supposed to mark the spot where *witches* were formerly burnt, many of whom, according to tradition, were executed on this knoll."

Ardblair was the property and seat of an historic family long before it came into the possession of the Oliphants of Gask. We refer to the Blairs, a branch of the Blairs of Balthayock. The first of them was Thomas Blair, son of David de Blair of Balthayock, who died in the reign of David II. (1329-1371.) From Robert II. Thomas Blair received, in 1399, a charter of Ardblair and of other lands. The estate, we presume, was then extensive. It certainly was so towards the close of the last century, when the Old Statistical Account was written. It says that Ardblair then embraced one-fifth of the entire parish. The Mansion-house had been originally surrounded by water on three sides. This site had been chosen for it to add to its security as the family stronghold; but the loch, which so far defended it, was long ago drained. If we may judge from their own turbulence and violence, the Blairs of Ardblair needed the protection of a strong fortress. Of the Ishmaelite class, they were normally at feud with most of their neighbours. On the 3d June, 1554, they were summoned to answer for being art and part in the slaughter of George Drummond of Ledcrieff, and of William, his son; and for this deed of blood, Patrick Blair in Ardblair, and his neighbour Robert Smith in Drumlochy, were beheaded on the 12th December following.

Newton Castle is another of our Scenes here. The present castle was built in the seventeenth century, and was originally the seat of the proprietors of the barony of Blairgowrie. The site of it is unexcelled for the prospect it commands; and in strength and adornment the structure must have compared favourably with the mansions of its class and age. In the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Castle and barony were owned by a family of the name of Drummond; a branch of the stock of the Drummonds of Stobhall and Cargill. In 1687, George Drummond was born in the Castle. He was a younger son of the then proprietor, and became a man of no little celebrity. Educated at Edinburgh, his singular powers of calculation led to his appointment by a Committee of the Scottish Parliament to assist in arranging the national accounts prior to the Union with England; as also, to his being made Accountant-general in 1707, on the establishment of the Excise. In 1715, he deserted the hereditary political principles of his race, which were then championed by none more zealously than by the noble House of Drummond. Not only so, he was the first to inform the Government of the proceedings of the Earl of Mar, when he that year unfurled the rebel standard. He himself took up arms in support of the Hanoverian dynasty. He fought for it at Sheriffmuir, and, on horseback in the field, wrote a letter to the magistrates of Edinburgh announcing the victory which Argyle had won. This was the first notice of the issue of the battle which reached the metropolis.

George Drummond henceforth received from the Government several important and lucrative appointments. In 1726 he was chosen Lord Provost of Edinburgh, an office which he filled with great acceptance no fewer than six times. And Edinburgh owed him much. He had a very active hand in promoting the erection of the Royal Infirmary, and the Royal Exchange; and he laid the foundation of the North Bridge, which connects the Old Town of Edinburgh with the New. He was the means of instituting five new Professorships in the University; and to him Dr Robertson was indebted for the Principalship. Drummond Street at the back of the Infirmary took its name from him, as did also Drummond Place in the New Town. His villa, which he called Drummond Lodge, stood near the centre of what is now Drummond Square.

Alexander Drummond, a brother of the Provost, and born also in Newton Castle, was a person of some note. He was for some time British Consul at Aleppo,

and he was the author of "Travels through different cities of Germany, Italy, Greece, and several parts of Asia, as far as the banks of the Euphrates." The Provost's daughter was married to the Rev. John Jardine, D.D., one of the ministers of the Tron Church, Edinburgh, and she became the mother of Sir Henry Jardine, W.S., first deputy King's Remembrancer, and afterwards King's Remembrancer in Exchequer for Scotland, and member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and of most of the literary, scientific, and charitable institutions of the Scottish metropolis.

Like so many of our old manor-houses, Newton Castle was haunted. The ghost haunting it was in the form of a lady dressed in green silk, and hence called "The Green Lady." Had she gone to the shades with the guilt of some great crime on her conscience which would not let her rest in the spirit world? Or had she been the victim of some atrocious villainy, for which she had come back to the earth to seek vengeance? We need not move these questions, for we cannot answer them. Neither, from anything we have read or heard of them, can we give any details of her ladyship's appearances and performances. But analogy may help us to some fair idea of these. They would resemble those of other ghosts, of which we have full and particular accounts. They would resemble, for example, those of "Lady Greensleeves," (so called from the greenness of that part of her dress), who haunted the Castle of Huntingtower, and a glimpse or two of her appearances and deeds we shall give the more readily that we happened to pass over them when at Tibbermore.

On a very stormy night the keeper of Huntingtower astle lodged a wayfarer who cast himself on his hospitality. The bedroom was upstairs, on the first floor. An excellent fire blazed in it as he entered it. Two old-fashioned, high-backed, oaken chairs stood near the hearth. On one of these Davie (for such was the wayfarer's name) laid his clothes, and flung himself into bed. The storm raged without. Sleep forsook his eyes. The fire fell low. The dead hour of midnight came, when, lo! a tall lady, with green sleeves, appeared standing behind the empty chair, and leaning over the back of it, apparently suffering great anguish. "In the name o' a' that's gude!" said Davie, "wha's there?" He received no answer. Starting up, the fire blazing up for a moment or two, his visitant, he found, had vanished. His quick eye at the same time discerned on the back and bottom of the empty chair old, dark, and blood-like spots. The Castle rang with his cries. His host was immediately with him, but failed either to laugh or to reason him out of his terror and horrors. The rest of the night Davie spent by the kitchen fire, and left next morning for Perth. Lady Greensleeves' visit t him received a speedy and melancholy explanation In three days, as he was crossing the Tay, he fell ou of the ferry boat, and was drowned. Nobody doubted who indeed could doubt? that the visit was meant t be a warning of his impending fate.

In a lone house on the estate of Huntingtower live an old man, the sole occupant of the house, and re puted to have hidden riches in some secret place of hi dwelling. One night a number of masked villain broke into his house, and demanded, on pai of death, that he should show them where his mone was concealed. In vain did he protest that he had n money in the house, save a few shillings, to which h made them welcome. Laying hands on him, draggin him to the ground, and brandishing their drawn knive over his hoary head, they swore that he must die fo the lie which he had told them. As the oath was o their lips their intended victim uttered a wild shriek and stretched out his hands imploringly towards small two-paned window in the wall of his house. T that window the ruffians turned their eyes keenly, an what met them? Through the under pane a femal face, pale as death, but with eyes sparkling as dia monds, stared in on them! "Oh! Lady Green sleeves," cried the old man, "winna ye come an' hel me?" The name was as terror-striking as was th weird face at the window. Throwing down thei knives and running out of the house, the robbers fle through the darkness, as if all the rogue-catchers o the shire had been at their heels.

One sample more: and let it be another sample o the beneficent prodigies performed by the ladies o whom we are writing; and of whose services the unb lief of these latter days has woefully deprived us In a cot-house on the lands of Huntingtower lay, ver sick and apparently nigh unto death, a young boy, th only son of a widowed mother. A neighbour was on day to bring for him a new supply of medicine fro Perth. He was unexpectedly late in returning fro the city. The anxious, impatient mother, leaving th sick bed, went down the road to look for him. Sh met him, got the packet of medicine from him, an hastening back to the house, found her beloved bo sitting up in bed, marvellously relieved; his eye clea his voice stronger, his countenance less flushed, and sweet smile played on it. Deep alarm seized he The great and sudden change on her boy was, to he eye, the sure token of dissolution. The followin colloquy took place between them:—

Mother—"I've gotten the physic, and I'll mak' ready in a moment."

Boy—"But I dinna need it. I dinna need it avs for my sair head's hale—it's hale sin' the bonnie lad cam' in an' straiket it."

Mother—"Straiket it, bairn? Whatna bonnie lady? Wha was here sin' I gaed out?"

Boy—"Naebody was here but her. She waukened me, standin' at the bedside, an' bad' me sit up, for that the gowan was springin' that I sud pu' in May. I did as she bad'; an' she put up her twa white hands an' straiket my head ance, twice, thrice, frae the croon to the chin; an' the burnin' pain gaed awa, an' hasna come back,—an' I'm weel," he cried with a brighter lustre in his eye, "I'm weel, an' I'll pu' the gowan in May."

Mother—"But wha was she? Didna ye ken her?"

Boy—"No me. When she was dune straikin', she blinket on me with her blue e'e, an' past awa' ahint the coortin' at the bed fut. But she was a bonnie lady, wi' lang yellow hair, an' a green gown, an' pearlins in her sleeve."

The poor mother felt stupified. The parcel of medicine fell from her hand, and she looked as if she would have sunk on the floor. At length, getting the power of speech, she exclaimed, "Was this Lady Greensleeves? An' did she come to warn you awa' frae my arms? Oh! my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! An' is there nae hope?"

There was hope. The lightning she witnessed was not the precursor of death, as her fearful maternal heart interpreted it, but recovery fairly begun. Her bairn pu'd the gowan in May; grew up to manhood; saw a good old age; and often told his children and his children's children, of the blessed visit he had from the "bonnie ladie" in the green gown.

We have seen it stated that Newton Castle was twice burned; tradition being the authority given for the statement in both instances. The first time was in 1645. Lord Lindsay lay at Hatton Castle, Newtyle, with a garrison of the Covenanters. The Marquis of Montrose, hearing in the north of the state of matters in the south, resolved to strike a blow at Lindsay. He came south for this purpose as far as Newton of Blair. Here the Gordons deserted him; and a majority of his Highlanders stole home with the plunder they had gathered in this expedition. These things compelled the Marquis to abandon his design against Lindsay; and, contenting himself with burning the Castle, he retraced his steps to the north. The second time was some years after, when the Commonwealth had been established, and Cromwell's troops were scattered over the country to enforce submission to it. It is said that Newton Castle was then burned down by a detachment of those troops, and that many monarchical gentlemen were miraculously saved in a vault under it, while the edifice over their heads was being consumed.

Blairgowrie is at this day a little more "Whiggish" than some people would like it to be; and towards the close of the last century it was thought to betray a rather strong sympathy with French Revolutionism. The Militia Act was one of the measures taken, with the view of staying that Continental plague. Many of those liable to serve under the Act thought it hard that they should be compelled to serve against what they judged their own rights and liberties, and the common rights and liberties of humanity. Taking their stand against it in a way more zealous than wise, when the Justices met in Blair to ballot for the Militia, they made two of them prisoners, and confined them in the Inn, till they signed a document in which they bound themselves not to enforce the obnoxious Act. A strong body of Sutherland Fencibles soon appeared, and apprehended the more active of the rioters, who were sentenced to periods of imprisonment of from one to four months.

In reading the record of this *emeute*, it is consolatory to think that Country Lairds may be trusted to do their duty, when popular discontent takes a fit of frenzy. The danger to the Constitution, and to their own class privileges, they smell far off, and are ever ready to meet it with promptitude and firmness. At the time to which we are alluding, to this rule there was only one exception among the lairds in the whole Howe of Strathmore; and he had to flee the country. In reflecting on the *emeute*, it is farther consolatory to think, that in this country freedom's cause has been for ages the winning cause, and has served itself of all the hostility which it has had to encounter. In our Peterloos, whether the small ones of our Blairgowries, or the big ones of our Manchesters, the dreaded "Friends of the People" have been pounced on and cast into prison, or have been shot down or sabred down by the Military. But "the People" are now in possession of nine-tenths of what their "Friends" then sought for them, and suffered for so doing; and they got the earlier and surer possession of it, that those "Friends" had purchased it by bonds and by blood.

A short distance north of Blairgowrie the Bridge of Craighall spans the Ericht. It was built in 1613, and certainly not a day too soon. Many a traveller, in attempting to cross the river about that place, had found in it a watery grave. In the year we have named the minister of Rattray petitioned the Privy Council for the erection of a bridge here, stating that "in stormy weather there is no ford, and very oft, for the space of aucht days together, all passage of the water, either by coble, horse, or foot, is interrupted, to the great hinder of His Majesty's subjects, and to the extreme hazard of many of their lives, of whom, during the time the supplicant has attended the kirk of Rattray, auchteen persons, to his knowledge, have perished in that water." The petition was successful. An

order was issued for a general subscription to build a bridge.

Still farther up the deep ravine through which the Ericht flows is a remarkable craig, called Craig Liach or the Eagle's Craig, a stupendous rock some three hundred feet high, and on the top of it are the remains of an historic structure. It is the Castle of Lady Lindsay. She was Lady Janet Gordon, daughter of George, second Earl of Huntly, by his first wife, the Princess Annabella, daughter of James I. She became the wife of Alexander, Lord Lindsay, Master of Crawford. He and his brother John were the sons of David, fifth Earl of Crawford, created Duke of Montrose in 1488. Both sons proved a great grief to their father. As we read in the "Lives of the Lindsays," Alexander had long led a wild and ungovernable life. While yet a stripling he had revived a feud with the Glammis family, and had pursued it with such violence as to lead to the interference of Parliament. For an outrage which he and some associates committed on the monks of Coupar, he had been warded in Blackness Castle. His brother John had been equally lawless and reckless. In the autumn of 1489 the brothers quarrelled and fought. Alexander was wounded, and died shortly after at his Castle of Inverqueich, where he was then residing.

Twenty-three years thereafter, the Sheriff of Angus issued letters to "search John," sixth Earl of Crawford, "for the slaughter of Alexander, Master of Crawford, his brother;" and charging him and certain accomplices to give security for their appearance at the next Justice-ayre at Dundee, to "underlie the law," for said crime, with the alternative of being denounced as rebels in the case of non-appearance. They did not appear; and in July, 1513, they were denounced accordingly. Three months after, Earl John fell at Flodden, and we have no further record of the case against him.

Lady Lindsay was not inconsolable under the death of her husband. Shortly after she married Patrick, a son of Lord Gray. Outliving him, she accepted as a third husband Halkerston of Southwood. It is rather a problem, how she was in such demand in the matrimonial market after the death of Lord Lindsay, her first husband. It was popularly believed and averred that, fearing the wound he received in the scuffle with his brother might not prove fatal, she helped him out of this world of trouble. The method which she took to do this was gentle. As he lay on his bed in Inverqueich Castle, weak and faint from the loss of blood, she smothered him with a down pillow. The murderess did not escape deserved punishment. It must have been deferred, we suppose, till she had done her duty to her other two husbands; but it overtook her at length. Her doom was solitary confinement in a Castle built on the top of Craig Liach, till she shoul expiate the crimson crime of taking the life of he lord. The writer of the "Lives of the Lindsays speaks of "contemporary documents" and "family genealogies of the sixteenth and seventeenth cen turies," as supporting "popular rumour" i imputing this crimson crime to her, and then add that "a tradition of the present century, in singula conformity with the above, points out a high tabl rock, in the beautiful glen of Craighall, near Inver queich (a property formerly held by feudal vassals o the Earl of Crawford) as the scene of the penance im posed on a Lady Lindsay for murdering her husband namely, that she should sit upon it and spin night an day till the thread should reach the river beneath. (It is subjoined in a foot note:—"Others say that sh was confined in a tower built on the summit of a rock Enquiry halts here. Whether guilty or not, he husband's blood can only be shifted from her by re ferring it to the hand of her brother-in-law, Earl Joh —by running upon Scylla in seeking to avoi Charybdis—and the truth is lost for ever in the blood ocean of Flodden."

Montrose was at Blairgowrie on other occasion beside that on which he set fire to Newton Castle He passed through it with his army on his way fro Fordoun to Dunkeld, whence he proceeded westwar to the greatest of all his victories, which he won a Kilsyth on the 15th August, 1645. He must hav been again at Blairgowrie twelvemonths afterwards when he disbanded his army in the immediate neigh bourhood of it, though on the Rattray side of th Ericht.

In the annals of Blairgowrie in the Covenanting er there is nothing peculiar to the place that is ver noticeable. Like the rest of the Lowlands of Scot land, it appears to have been hearty and zealous i the cause of the Covenants. On the 10th December 1648, "The Covenant, and ane public acknowledg ment of the sinnes of the land, were publicly read be fore the blessing, and a fast for this effect intimated to be keeped on Thursday first, and the next Sabbat immediatelie following; and the Covenant intimate to be renewed on ye Lord's day, according to ye or dinance of the Commissione of ye General Assemblie. Next year the Assembly appointed the last Sabbath o August to be kept as a solemn fast by all the congre gations of the kingdom. "Causes" for this fast wer assigned, the acceptableness and conclusiveness o which in Blairgowrie may be judged of by their en grossment in the Session Records. Among thes were the continuance and increase of "the abominabl sinne of witchcraft," which capped the "profanitie that then abounded in Scotland; the interruption o the Lord's work, and the sore oppression of his peopl

in England and Ireland, by "a prevailing partie of sectaries in the one, and of malignants in the other," and the King's making peace with the Irish rebels, and "granting to them the full libertie of Poperie." There was another fast in the November of that year, prominent among the causes of which was again "ye pregnant scandall of witchcraft and charming within this part of ye land."

The superstition of those days was sad, but the intolerance of them was execrable. In the vocabulary of the "prevailing partie," all Protestant religionists but themselves were "sectaries" and "malignants;" who were not only to be preached down and prayed down, but against whom the civil power of the community was to be directed, to root them out of these kingdoms. Blairgowrie now swarms with "sectaries;" we do not know that it was infested with them in those times; and we are therefore the more surprised to find that its zeal against them was so burning. In July, 1650, "ther was read from the pulpit a declaratione of the General Assemblie, in answer to a declaration of the armie of England, upon their march into Scotland, and intimatione given of a fast for the sinnes of ye land, and for the great danger the cause and work of God are into by the invasione of sectaries." And on the 12th December, 1653, there was "na sessione, in respect the elders were withdrawin' in attending some of Glencairne's souldiers, who were ranging throw the paroch." They were "ranging" for Commonwealth men, who were all "sectaries." This was, in reality, a sectary hunt, which went so much with the grain of the members of the Session of the parish, that they could not refrain from taking part in it. They must have been likeminded with David Dickson, who, after witnessing the execution of two "malignants" at the Market Cross of Glasgow—Sir Philip Nisbet, and Alexander Ogilvy, younger of Inverquharity—remarked, "The work goes on bonnily."

The discipline of the Session was thus marked by all the strictness and sternness that were characteristic of the period. Church attendance was stringently enforced. And as many of those who failed in this duty were overcome by the superior attractions of the ale-house, the Session passed an ordinance that, during the afternoon service, the elders should "search the tavern houses for contemners of the Word." This was done; and the Session were commendably cautious in sustaining excuses offered by defaulters. Thus George Ambrose, called to answer for absenting himself from the church, and selling of ale on the Sabbath, denied point-blank the ale-selling in the time of divine service, and alleged that the "trow cause of his absence was, that he had but ane playd betwixt his wyfe and him, and that she had the use of it that day (the day of his absence), and was in the chnrch." The elders would not listen to his apology, reproved him for his sin, and "ordained him to keepe the Kirk in tyme cumand, under the pain of censure." The Session were not squeamish as to the penalties by which they enforced obedience to their ordinances and sentences. Finding that temporal were much more efficient than spiritual penalties, they freely employed them. Those who broke the Sabbath by ordinary work on it were sharply fined. Those who sold ale during sermon, or in "an excessive manner" on any part of the Sabbath, were ordained to pay, *toties quoties*, as much as the drinkers. Those whose consciences could not be reached through their pockets, were put into the jougs. The Session minute of 19th July, 1650, has this entry:—"The minister enquiring if there was any new scandal, it was declared be some yat Andro Malcolme had most despytefullie and devilishlie railed against ye Sessione, cursing minister and elders. The said Andro ordained to be cited against next day." Appointed to evidence his repentance in the face of the congregation, but proving "refractory and contumacious," he was put into "the jouggs" till he agreed to obey the former ordinance.

When at Ardblair we mentioned the murder of George Drummond of Ledcrieff and his son William, for which Patrick Blair of Ardblair and Robert Smith of Drumlochy were beheaded. This George Drummond of Ledcrieff was also George Drummond of Newton of Blair: and according to the author of the "History of the Family of Drummond," he was the first of the Drummonds of Blair, which he acquired by purchase. He was slain on the 3d of June, 1554; falling a victim of one of the feuds of those barbarous times. The assassins learning from their spies that Drummond and his son William were "alane at their pastyme play at ye row-bowlis in ye hie mercate gait behynd ye Kirk of Blair, in sober manner, traisting na truble nor harm to haif been done to them, but to have levit under Goddis peace and ouris," fell upon them, "and there crewally slew them, upon ald feid forethacht felony, set purpois and provisioun, in hie contemption," &c. Though only two of them suffered capitally for this deed of blood, they had many accomplices, prominent among whom were Chalmers, laird of Drumlochy, and Butter, laird of Gormack. They were all summoned to "underlie" the law. Crichton of Strathord and Heron of Glasclune, were securities for the laird of Gormack that he would do so; and they had to pay the usual penalty of suretyship. On the 4th of August, the laird of Gormack was "denounced rebell and put to the horn for not underlying the law for art and part of the cruel slaughter of George Drummond of Ledcrieff and Wil-

liam his son. John Crichton of Strathord and James Heron of Glasclune, his cautioners, were accordingly amerciated." In the November following, too, certain parties were prosecuted for disregarding the denunciation of Chalmers and his associates. "George Gordoun of Scheves, James Gordoun of Lesmore, and Gilbert Gray of Scheves found caution to underlie the law at the next aire in Aberdeen for resetting, intercommuning, and supplying William Chalmer of Drumlochy and his accomplices, rebels, and at the horn for the foresaid slaughter, and for affording them meat, drink and other necessaries, in the months of July and August last."

The murderers next endeavoured to escape their desert by compounding for their crime. To Lord Drummond, the chief of the race, and to the "wyf, barnis, kyne, and frendis" of their victims, they made the following offer:—"*In primis.*—To gang or cause to gang to the four heid pilgromaigis in Scotland. *Secundlye*—To do suffrage for the sawll of ye deid at his Paroche Kirk or quhat uther Kirk they plais for certain zeiris to cum. *Thirdlye.*—To do honour to the kyne and friendis as effeirs as use is. *Ferdly.*—To assyth ye partye to gif to the kyne, wyf, and barnis Im. (1000) merks. *Fyfthlie*—Gif thir offeris be nocht suffeycent thocht be ye partye and frendis of ye deid, we are content to underlye and augment or pair as resonabill frendis thinkis expedyent in so far as we may lefsumlie."

This offer being rejected, an amended one followed from Chalmers, the tenor of which was curious enough. The "pilgromaigis" and "messes" were dropped as of no appreciable value. Chalmers offered —1st, To compear, and to offer to Lord Drummond, and the relatives of umquhile George Drummond, "ane nakit sword be ye point, and siclike to do all uther honour to my lord, his hous, and frendis that sal be thocht reasonable in siclike caises"; 2d, "to gif my lord and his airis his Band of Manrent in competent and dew form"; 3d, that Chalmers' son should "be mareit upon George Drummondis' dochter frelie without ony Tochir;" and that his "cousing Williame" should in like manner marry the sister of the said George; and 4th, that he should hold himself "reddy to ony uther thing quhilk is possabell to him as pleis my Lord and frendis to lay to his charge, except his lyfe and heretage."

It appears that this amended offer was accepted. A copy of the proposed "Band of Manrent" is on record, and we shall transcribe it as a curiosity.

"*The Layrde of Drumloche, Band of Manrent.*

"Be it kend to all men be thir present letteris me William Chalmir of Drumlochie, that fforasmeikill as ane noble and michty lord David Drummond, and certain utheris principalis of four branches matiis ane speciall and nerrist of ye kin and frendis of umqle George Drummond of Leidcrief and William Drummond his sone, for thame selffis and remanent kin and friendis of ye said umqle. George and Williame, he remittit and forgevin to me thair slauchteris and gevin and deliverit to me their letteris of Slanis thair upone; and that I am oblist be verteu of ane contrac to gif the said nobill lord my Band of Manrent, as y said contract and letter of Slanis deliverit to me fulli proportis: Thairfore to be bundin and oblist and b thir present letteris bindis and obligsis me and my airis in trew and anfald Band of Manrent to the said nobill and myghty Lord, as chief to ye saidis umqyle George and Williame his sone, and ye saidis Lordi his airis, and sal take their true and anfald part in all and sindry their actionis and causis, and ride and gang with thame theirin upoun their expenses quhen they require me or my airis thairto, againis all and sindry personis our Soveraine Lady and ye auctoritie of this realme alenerlie exceptit. And heirto I bind and obliss me and my airis to ye said noble and mychty lord and his airis in ye straitest form and sicker style of Band of Manrent that can be devisit, na remeid nor exceptioun to the contrairy. In witness of ye quhilk theng to thir present Letteris and Band of Manrent, subscrivit with my hand, my seal is hangin at Edinbrucht, yn fift day of December, ye zeir of God ane thousand five hundredth fiftie aucht zeiris, before thir Witnesses, Andro Rollok of Duncrub, James Rollok his sone, John Grahame of Gormok, Maister John Spens of Condy, and Laurence Spens his bruther, with uthers divers.

"(Signed) WILLYAM CHALMIR of Drumloquhy."

The Mause district of the parish abounds in Cairns and other vestiges of the carnage of war. It is also the scene of one of the most famous of our Ghost Stories. Fortunately, John Rattray, Esquire, laird of Craighall, took the story from the mouth of William Soutar, the person to whom the ghost appeared. He did this at Craighall House, on the 30th of December, 1730; and wrote the account which Soutar gave, in the presence of Robert Graham, brother of the laird of Balgowan, and of his own two sons, Robert and John Rattray. Graham of Balgowan was then proprietor of the estate of Blairgowrie, including the Mause district; and William Soutar was his tenant in Middle Mause, and was a man of about thirty-seven years of age, with a wife and children. The story lay in manuscript in Craighall House till about ten years ago, when it was printed, first in the *Blairgowrie Advertiser*, and then in the form of a small pamphlet. We shall reprint it, for two reasons: first, it is one of the most circumstantial and marvellous of our ghost

stories; and, second, we are well assured that the facts embodied in the story are authentic, whatever explanations may be given of them.

"In the month of December, in the year 1728, about sky-setting, I and my servant, with several others living in the town, heard a skraiching, and I following the noise with my servant, a little way from the town, we both thought we saw what to me appeared to be a fox, and hounded the dogs at it, but they would not pursue it. (1)

"About a month after, as I was coming from Blair (2) alone, about the same time of the night, a big dog appeared to me, of a dark greyish colour, betwixt the Hilltown and Knowhead (3) of Mause, on a lea rig a little below the road, and in passing by touched me sonsily on the thigh at my haunch bane; upon which I pulled my staff from under my arm, and let a stroke at it; and I had a notion at the time that I hit it, and my haunch was painful all that night. However, I had no great thought of its being anything particular or extraordinary, but that it might have been a mad dog wandering. About a year after that, to the best of my memory, in December month, about the same time of the night, and in the same place, when I was alone, it appeared to me again just as before, and passed by me at some distance; and then I began to think that it might be something more than ordinary.

"In the month of December, 1730, as I was coming from Perth from the Claith Market, a little before sky-setting, it appeared to me again, being alone, at the same place, and passed by me just as before. I had some suspicion of it then likewise, but I began to think that a neighbour of mine in Hilltown, having an ox lately dead, it might be a dog that had been at the carrion, by which I endeavoured to put the suspicion out of my head.

"On the second Monday of December, 1730, as I was coming from Woodhead, a town in the ground of Drumlochy, it appeared to me again in the same place, just about sky-setting; and, after it had passed me, as it was near going out of my sight, it spoke with a low voice, so as I distinctly heard it, these words:—'Within 8 or 10 days do or die,' and it thereupon disappeared. No more passed at that time. On the morrow, I went to my brother, who dwells in the Nether Aird of Drumlochy, and told him of the last and all the former appearances, which was the first time I ever spoke of it to anybody. He and I went to see a sister of ours at Glenballow, who was dying, but she was dead before we came. As we were returning home, I desired my brother, whose name is James Soutar, to go forward with me, till we should be past the place where it used to appear to me; and just as we were come to it, about 10 o'clock at night, it appeared to me again just as formerly; and as it was passing over some ice, I pointed to it with my finger, and asked my brother, if he saw it; but he said he did not, nor did his servant who was with us. It spoke nothing at that time, but just disappeared as it passed the ice.

"On the Saturday thereafter, as I was at my own sheepcots putting in my sheep, it appeared to me again, just after daylight, betwixt day and skylight, and upon saying these words—'Come to the spot of ground within half-an-hour,' it just disappeared; whereupon, I came home to my own house, and took up a staff, and also a sword, off the head of the bed, and went straight to the place where it used formerly to appear to me; and after I had been there some minutes, and had drawn a circle about me with my staff, it appeared to me. And I spoke to it saying, 'In the name of God and Christ Jesus, what are you that troubles me?' And it answered me, 'I am David Soutar (4), George Soutar's brother. I killed a man more than five-and-thirty years ago, when you was but new born at a bush be-east the road, as you go into the road, as you go into the isle.' (5) And as I was going away, I stood again and said, 'David Soutar was a man, and you appear like a dog.' Whereupon it spoke to me again, saying, 'I killed him with a dog, and therefore I am made to speak out of the mouth of a dog, and tell you. You must go and bury these bones.' Upon this I went straight to my brother to his house, and told him what had happened to me. My brother having told the minister of Blair, he and I came to the minister on Monday thereafter, as he was examining in a neighbour's house, in the same town where I live. And the minister, with my brother and me and two or three more, went to the place where the apparition said the bones were buried, when Rychalzie met us accidentally, and the minister told Rychalzie the story in the presence of all that were there assembled, and desired liberty from him to break up the ground to search for the bones. Rychalzie made some scruples to allow us to break up the ground, but said he would

"(1) The dogs, in all these towns of Mause, are every night accustomed with hunting the fox, and, had it been a fox, they would very naturally pursue it, instead of which they did not.

"(2) Blair is the Kirk town of that parish, where there is also a weekly market; it lies about a mile below Middle Mause, on the same side of the river.

"(3) Knowhead is within less than half a mile of Middle Mause, and the Hilltown lies betwixt the two. We see both of them from our window of Craighall-House.

"(4) This George Souter died about two or three years ago, and was very well known to William.

"(5) The Isle is a spot of ground in the wood of Rochallie, about a mile above Middle Mause, on the same side of the river.

go along with us to Glasclune ; (6) and, if he advised, he would allow the search to be made. Accordingly, he went straight along with my brother and me, and James Chalmers, a neighbour, who lives in the Hill-town of Mause, to Glasclune, and told Glasclune the story as above narrated ; and he advised Rychalzie to allow the search to be made ; whereupon, he gave his consent to it.

"The day after being Friday, we convened about 30 or 40 men, and went to the isle and broke up the ground in many places, searching for the bones, but we found nothing.

"On Wednesday, the 23d December, about 12 o'clock, when I was in my bed, I heard a voice but saw nothing. The voice said, 'Come away.' (7) Upon this I rose out of my bed, cuist on my coat, and went to the door, but did not see it. And I said, 'In the name of God, what do you demand of me now?' It answered, 'Go take up these bones.' I said, 'How shall I get these bones?' It answered again, 'At the side of a withered bush (8), and there are but 7 or 8 of them remaining.' I asked, 'Was there any more guilty of that action but you?' It answered, 'No.' I asked again, 'What is the reason you trouble me?' It answered, 'Because you are the youngest.' (9) Then said I to it, 'Depart from me, and give me a sign that I may know the particular spot, and give me time."

"On the morrow, being Thursday, I went alone to the isle to see if I could find any sign ; and immediately I saw both the bush, which was but a small bush, the greatest stick in it being about the thickness of a staff, and it was withered about half-way down ; and also the sign which was about a foot from the bush. The sign was an exact cross, thus ×—each of the two lines were about a foot and a half in length and near three inches broad, and more than an inch deeper than the rest of the ground, as if it had been pressed down, for the ground was not cut.

"On the morrow, being Friday, I went and told my brother of the voice that had spoken to me, and tha I had gone and seen the bush which it directe me to, and the above-mentioned sign at it. The ne day being Saturday, my brother and I went togeth with 7 or 8 men with us to the isle. About the su rising, we all saw the bush, and the sign at it ; a upon breaking up the ground, just at the bush, found the bones, viz. :—the nether jaw bone, with a the chaft teeth in it—one of the thigh bones—one the shoulder blades, and a small bone which we su posed to be a collar bone, which was more consume than any of the rest—and two other small bone which we thought to be bones of the sword-arm. B the time we had digged up these bones, there convene about forty men who all saw them—the minister an Rochalzie came to the place and saw them. We im mediately sent to the other side of the water, to Cla what, (10) to a wright that was cutting timber ther whom Claywhat brought over with him, who immed ately made a coffin for the bones, and my wife brough linen to wrap them in, and I wrapped the bones in th linen myself, and put them in the coffin, before a these people, and sent for the mortcloth, and burie them in the churchyard of Blair that evening. Ther were near an hundred persons at the burial, and it wa a little after sunset when they were buried."

Such is the story of the "Ghaist of Mause." W enter into no philosophising on it. Any so dispose may sit in the sceptic's chair, and doubt it, or in th scoffer's chair, and sneer at it, and at us for repeatin it. We grant to them, that it is not easy to see wha end the visits of the apparition served worthy of it travels from the ghost-world to this one. It did no reveal who the murdered person was. It did no reveal the murderer till more than thirty-five year after he had committed the horrid deed, and when h had passed beyond the reach of human justice. S we gather from a Note, which the Laird of Craighal appended to the testimony about the "Ghaist" tha he wrote down from the mouth of William Soutar :— "We, at Craighall, heard nothing of this story, til after the search (for the bones) was over ; that it wa told us on the morrow by some of our servants, wh had been with the rest at the search ; and on Satur day, Glasclune's son came over to Craighall, and tol us that William Soutar had given a very distinc account of it to his father.

"On St Andrew's day, the 1st of December, thi David Soutar listed himself a soldier, being ver soon after the time the apparition said the murder wa committed—and William Soutar declares he had n remembrance of him, till that apparition named hin

"(6) Glasclune is a gentleman of the name of Blair, whose house lies about three-fourths of a mile south-west from Middle Mause.

"(7) He said that the voice answered him as if it had been at some distance without the door.

"(8) Besides the length of time since the murder was committed, there is another reason why all the bones were not found—viz., that there was a little burn, or brook, which had run for the space of twenty years, at least, across upon the place where the bones were found, and would have carried them all away, had it not been that the bush, at the side of which they were buried, had turned the force of the stream a little from off the place where they lay, for they were not more than a foot, or at most, a foot and a-half under ground—and it is only within these three years that a water-spait has altered the course of the burn.

"(9) The murderer, on committing the deed, went home, and, on looking in at the window, he saw this William Soutar, lying in the cradle—hence it was that the Ghaist always came to him, and not to any of his other relations.

"(10) The course of the river (the Ericht) is, from north t south ; Middle Mause lies on the west side of it, and Craighal on the east."

as brother to George Soutar; then, he said, he began to recollect that, when he was about ten years of age, he had seen him once at his father's, in a soldier's habit, after which he went abroad, and was never more heard of; neither did William ever before hear of his having listed as a soldier, nor was there ever any thing heard of it in the country, and it is not yet known who the person was that was murdered, and whose bones are now found."

All, apparently, that David Soutar's ghost accomplished by its journeys and appearances for the long space of two years, was that it ultimately got the bones of his victim laid among other decent folk in the burying-ground of the parish; a thing of no great moment, one would think, either to the dead or to the living.

But after all this has been admitted, it remains to be said, first, That William Soutar many times saw, or thought he saw, the ghost appearing to him in the form of a dog; second, That William Soutar five times heard, or thought he heard, the ghost addressing him in articulate, intelligible words, telling him of the murder that had been committed, and where the murdered body had been earthed; giving him a sign by which he should know the spot, and asking him to take up the bones and bury them; and third, That William Soutar and his brother, accompanied by seven or eight men, on going to the place indicated, saw the withered bush, and the sign of the cross at it, and on breaking the ground there, found the bones which the ghost bade William Soutar search for; and that they took them up, coffined them, and buried them that evening in Blair.

These facts seem to be indisputable, and the question is, How are they to be explained? This is the nut which the sceptic and the scoffer have to crack; and they will, we suspect, find it a rather hard one.

Her Majesty the Queen has passed several times through Blairgowrie, on her way to and from Balmoral, uniformly receiving, as she passed, manifold manifestations of the loyalty and love with which she is universally regarded.

While Earl Russell was sojourning in Meikleour House in the autumn of 1863, it was suggested that the tenantry on the estate might well honour the veteran statesman by inviting him to a public dinner. The idea was a happy one, and was received by many beside the Meikleour tenantry not only with approval, but with enthusiasm. On application being made to his Lordship, he kindly consented to accept the compliment which it was proposed to pay him. The dinner forthwith took the name of the Russell Banquet; Blairgowrie was selected as the most suitable place in the neighbourhood for holding it; and Saturday, the 26th of September, was fixed on as the day on which it should come off. On the Tuesday before the inhabitants of Blairgowrie met, and resolved to make a public demonstration on the occasion. They arranged to meet Earl Russell in procession on his way from Meikleour House, and to escort him to the place of entertainment, and they appointed the Chief Magistrate, Bailie Steven, to prepare and present to him an address in their name.

Soon after noon on Saturday the various bodies who were to join in the procession began to assemble with their banners in the Wellmeadow. Captain Anderson marshalled them. At one o'clock they marched off, numbering between four and five hundred, and proceeded up Allan Street, and along High Street, Perth Street, and Perth Road, to the Dark Fells, where they stopped. The Earl's carriage, containing himself, his Countess, and their daughter, was approaching. The Volunteers presented arms. The band played "Saw ye Johnnie comin'?" The carriage having taken position, the procession returned to the Cross by the same route—Perth Road, Perth Street, and High Street. Drawing up in front of the Royal Hotel, Bailie Steven presented the address of the inhabitants, to which his Lordship briefly but cordially replied, amid the acclamations of a crowd which made the welkin ring.

The Banquet was celebrated in the Public Hall of the town, which had been splendidly fitted up for the occasion by Mr Bridie, painter. The Right Honourable the Earl of Airlie was chairman; and Sir George Ramsay of Bamff, and George Kinloch, Esquire of Kinloch (now Sir George Kinloch, Bart.), were croupiers. On the Chairman's right hand were Earl Russell, Lord Amberley, Provost Parker of Dundee, the Rev. William Marshall, Coupar Angus, &c. On his left were David Ross, Esq., afterwards Sir David Ross, Lord Provost of Perth, Dean of Guild Dewar, Perth, the Honourable Mr Elliott, &c. The tables were filled with about two hundred gentlemen.

We ourselves having, at the request of the tenantry of Meikleour, written their address for them, had the honour of presenting it to Earl Russell. He replied at great length, and with his usual masterly ease and eloquence. For a Minister (he was then Foreign Secretary in the Palmerston Ministry), he spoke without reticence on most of the topics of public interest. For some time, in the political world at home, there had been rather a lull. The Earl's speech ended the lull. It attracted much attention and was the subject of much comment, even beyond the limits of the United Kingdom. His views generally found a ready echo in the heart of the company who listened to him, and of the country. His counsel to fellow-Liberals to "Rest and be Thankful," savoured more of the mere Whig than some of them altogether

relished. But the country had passed the stage when any such utterance from any mouth could perceptibly retard the progress of Liberalism. The damper which the veteran leader was supposed to apply in this counsel to the more ardent of his followers, was indeed marrow to the dry bones of the Tories. There were no bounds for a while to their jubilation over it; but the faces which they made were all the more wry, when for the Russell "Rest and be Thankful," their own leader, D'Israeli, advised the "Leap in the Dark."

The viands of the Banquet, which were furnished by Mr M'Donald of the Royal, were sumptuous and exquisite. After the guests had partaken of them, and after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been duly honoured, the Chairman proposed the toast of the evening—"The health of Earl Russell;" prefacing it with a speech highly eulogistic of his Lordship, and of his public career. The toast was received and drunk with rapture, and was very felicitously acknowledged. The programme for the residue of the evening was "Her Majesty's Ministers," by the Chairman, responded to by Earl Russell; the "Agricultural and Commercial Interests," by the Lord Provost of Perth, responded to by John Baxter, Esq., of Ashbank; "Count de Flahault," by Sir George Ramsay; "Countess Russell, Lord Amberly, and the other members of the family," by Sheriff Barclay, responded to by Lord Amberly; the "Town and Trade of Blairgowrie," by George Kinloch, Esq., of Kinloch, responded to by Bailie Steven; the "City and County of Perth," by Alexander Robertson, Esq., banker; the "Clergy of all Denominations," by John Adamson, Esq., of Erichtside, responded to by the Rev. Robert Taylor; the "Chairman," by George Kinloch, Esq., responded to by Lord Airlie; the "Tenantry of Meikleour," by the Chairman, responded to by James Anderson, Esq., Berryhillock; and the "Croupiers," by W. S. Soutar, Esq., banker, responded to by Sir George Ramsay. The Chairman gave the parting toast, "Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again." The band played "God Save the Queen," and the company separated.

Of the sons whom Blairgowrie has had, George Barty, tobacconist in Perth, is deserving of special notice. By his settlement, his native parish, and three of the adjacent ones, were made to share the fruit of his success in business. One-third of the free residue of his estate he bequeathed in trust to the Dean of Guild and the Guild Council of Perth, to be by them invested on heritable security, and the interest to be applied to pay the Parochial Schoolmaster of Blairgowrie, for educating in his school all the orphans, fatherless, and poor children in the parishes of Blairgowrie, Rattray, Bendochy, and Kinloch; the beneficiaries to be recommended by the minister and Kirk Session of each parish, and those bearing the name of Barty or Soutar to be preferred. George Barty died in 1838; and his bequest became available for its purpose three years thereafter. In 1843, the author of the Statistical Account of the parish wrote:—"The fund thus mortified (by Mr Barty) amounts to about £1400, and there are now forty children enjoying the benefit of the bequest. These children are taught the same branches, and enjoy equal advantages in other respects, with the other children attending the parish school."

About half a mile north from Blairgowrie, there is a fine dike of columnar basalt, through which the Erich has cut its way, and which goes by the name of the "Deil's Brigs." Popular belief would seem to have ascribed the rearing of the columns to that personage, and hence their name. He has done worse works in his day. This one is even creditable to his masonic skill. It is written of it, that "the dike of columnar basalt, in horizontal layers," is "so very regular as to resemble in some degree a work of art, and to obtain for the locality the popular name of the 'Deil's Brigs.'"

The Session Records of Blairgowrie contain a knightly name, the bearer of which had seen great reverses in this changeful world. He was Sir Robert Moubray of Barnbougle, the representative of a very old family, descended from Philip de Moubray, who came to Scotland with William the Lion, and, marrying Galiena, daughter of Waldeve, Earl of Dunbar, acquired the lands of Barnbougle and Dalmeny in Linlithgowshire and Inverkeithing in Fifeshire. He was Robert Barton, son of Sir Robert Barton, of Overbarton; and he took the name of Moubray, on marrying the daughter, and sole heiress, of Sir John Moubray of Barnbougle. Notwithstanding the rank and possessions to which he was born, and to which he succeeded by his marriage, into such abject penury did Sir Robert sink, that he begged a pittance from the poors-box of Blairgowrie, to meet his necessities. Under date of 17th February, 1650, is this entry in the Session Records of the parish:—"Given this day to Sir Robert Mubray, sometyme laird of Barnbougall, now become through indigence, ane poor supplicant, twentie-foure shillings."

Blairgowrie is the chief seat of the linen manufacture in Perthshire. It has become so in consequence of the great water power it possesses, and the enterprising spirit of its manufacturers. At the date of the last Statistical Account (1843) Blairgowrie had five spinning mills, employing 219 hands; and (in 1837) Rattray had seven spinning mills, employing about

250 hands. The trade has since received an immense development, which it does not fall within our scope in these papers to trace. Spinning mills have been enlarged and multiplied, and power-looms have been added, with all the machinery requisite for turning out the fabrics manufactured, bleached, and calendered, and ready for the market. Both towns have doubled their population since the dates we have specified. The Haugh Mill alone now employs nearly double the hands which all the factories employed then. The wages earned by the workers have doubled. In respect of habitations, and food, and dress, and all the conveniences and comforts of life, their condition has greatly improved. Their employers have generally had an excellent return for their capital, and skill, and enterprise; and some of them have made fortunes which would have purchased either of the parishes at no distant date.

John Ross was minister of Blairgowrie in 1605, the year of the famous Aberdeen General Assembly, which King James VI. prohibited to meet. Nineteen ministers, the representatives of nine different Presbyteries, did notwithstanding meet, and constituted the Assembly. A messenger-at-arms forthwith appeared, and in the King's name commanded them to dissolve, on pain of rebellion. They agreed to do so if His Majesty's Commissioner would name the time and place of their next meeting. This he refused to do, whereupon the Moderator, at the request of the brethren, named them, and dissolved the meeting. All this was done three days before Ross arrived, but because he approved of these proceedings he was summoned before the Privy Council, and thrown into prison. Having agreed with a number of the brethren in declining the authority of the Privy Council in a matter purely ecclesiastical, six of these were selected for prosecution, and were convicted before the Court of Justiciary at Linlithgow of high treason. Happily for Ross he was not one of the six. The King was for proceeding against him and the residue of the traitors, but was dissuaded from doing so by his counsellors, who assured him that the nation would not bear the repetition of such high-handed tyranny; and soon thereafter Ross was set at liberty.

The Blair family, who have already come under notice, supplied Blairgowrie with two ministers. Thomas Blair, son of James Blair of Ardblair, was admitted to the charge in 1644, and was translated to Bendochy in 1668; and his successor in the charge was Gilbert Blair, son of John Blair of Ballied, who was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for his Jacobitism.

KINLOCH.

There are in this parish the remains of one Druid circle. They are by the side of the road which leads from Blairgowrie to Dunkeld. The upright stones forming the circle enclosed the altar-stone, on which were offered the sacrifices to the gods of the Druids; and, like all such sacred places, it would be surrounded with a grove of oaks.

On the north side of the Lornty, on the acclivity of the lower range of the Grampians, is a place called Buzzard Dykes, or Garry Drums. It is nearly a square mile in extent, and is encompassed by a rampart of earth some eight feet high. No one can look on this spot without feeling that it is an Historic Scene; and if the commonly received opinion about it is correct, it is a spot which no true Caledonian can tread without very peculiar emotions. It is thought to be the place where the Caledonians encamped immediately before the battle of Mons Grampius. The Roman camp was at Meikleour, about five miles to the south; and at Buzzard Dykes the army of our ancestors, said to have numbered upwards of 30,000, pitched their tents before they closed in mortal conflict with the invader.

At Haer Cairns, north of East Logie, are the sad tokens of the bloody conflict. They are the tumuli covering the mortal remains of the slain in battle. So many were these that the Old Statistical Account of the parish spoke of them as "a vast number of tumuli," and they stretched north-eastward, as if the vanquished had fled in that direction, and had been pursued and cut down by the victors. The Old Statistical Account of the parish of Blairgowrie speaks of many tumuli in it, running in different directions "from an encampment in the neighbouring parish of Kinloch."

That this district was anciently the scene of great fighting and carnage is incontestable. Manifold proofs of this have come under our notice; and there is another striking proof of it that has yet to be adverted to. It is the names, memorial of war, which are borne by so many places in the district. Such are all the names into the composition of which *cairn* enters: in every such instance *cairn* identifies the place as a grave of the slain in battle. Kin-cairny is the High Cairn, or the Head of the Cairns; and remarkable it is that it is the head of them on the west. Bal-cairn, of which there is the Upper and the Nether, is the Town of the Cairns, the resting-place of war's victims; Pit-cairn is the Cairn of their graves; Cairn Butts is the ridges with the Cairns; and Cairn Moor is the moor with the Cairns. Such, again, are all the names into the composition of which *blair*

enters: *blair* signifying battle; and in the eastern division of the district we have Ard-blair, Blair-hill, Blair-gowrie, Little Blair, and Loch Blair. Such, moreover, is the name of the district—the Stormont. *Stour* is Saxon, and means strife, contention, battle. Stour-mont is, therefore, the mount of the battle—the high ground on which the battle was fought.

The relics of the Romans in the district are, as we have seen, abundant; and to those noticed by us may be added the memorial name borne by a Craig within two miles of Blairgowrie. It is called Craig Roman; because there, tradition says, the great body of the Roman army stopped in its pursuit of the flying foe.

Our opinion, as we have already intimated, is, that the Stormont was the scene of the battle of Mons Grampius; in which our forefathers, under Galgacus, did their utmost to arrest and roll back the tide of Roman invasion. In the first place, This opinion has all the support that tradition can give it. Second, We know nothing else which could reasonably account for the havoc which the demon of war committed in the district in olden times, and with the memorials of which it is still strewn. The comparatively petty struggles of the Caledonian tribes with one another, are totally insufficient for this; and history knows nothing of any struggle that could account for it, which the natives had with any other foreign invader than the Romans. Third, The great battle of Mons Grampius, if fought in this quarter, perfectly accounts for all the vestiges of war and its work that are found in it. Fourth, The claims of all other places which have been fixed on as the scene of that battle are, in our view, greatly outweighed by those of the Stormont. The most specious of the conflicting claims are those of Ardoch Moor in Perthshire, and of Fordoun in the Mearns; but, in our judgment, they will not bear comparison with those of the Stormont.

Such are the grounds on which our opinion rests; and we must content ourselves with thus merely stating them.

It is thought that Galgacus drew up his army on the high ground of the Stormont commanding a view of the entire strath below. His left was at Blairgowrie; and was protected by the Ericht and its steep and lofty banks. His right stretched beyond Forneth and Loaning, and was protected by the deep ravine to the west of these; which was then, it is probable, a dense wood. In his front was the Lunan Burn, and the chain of Lochs connected with it; and we learn from one of our best local antiquaries, that the marks of a fortification running between these Lochs have been satisfactorily traced. Military judges have agreed that the position was admirably chosen; and that if the Caledonians had only restrained their ardour and kept in it, they might have defied the conquerors of the world.

The Romans were encamped at Meikleour, but when the enemy appeared on the heights to the north they left their camp and moved towards him. The heroic Galgacus harangued his host in one of the noblest speeches, if Tacitus has reported it faithfully, that any General ever addressed to his soldiers. It concluded with these soul-stirring words: — "Your enemy is before you, and, in his train, heavy tributes, drudgery in the mines, and all the horrors of slavery. Are those calamities to be entailed upon us, or shall this day relieve us by a brave revenge? There is the field of battle, and let that determine. Let us seek the enemy, and, as we rush upon him, remember the glory delivered down to us by our ancestors, and let each man think that upon his sword depends the fate of all posterity."

"This speech," says the historian, "was received, according to the custom of barbarians, with war songs, with savage howlings, and a wild uproar of military applause. Their battalions began to form the line of battle; the brave and warlike rushed forward to the front, and the field glittered with the blaze of arms. The Romans on their side burned with equal ardour."

Agricola harangued his forces in the most impassioned and eloquent strains. He concluded thus:— "Here you may end your labours, and close a scene of fifty years by one great, one glorious day. Let your country see, and let the commonwealth bear witness, if the conquest of Britain has been a lingering work, if the seeds of rebellion have not been crushed, that we at least have done our duty."

The battle began in the plain, to which many of the Caledonians, deserting their strong position, rashly and impetuously rushed down. They fought like lions; but ten thousand of them perished in the sanguinary conflict, and the residue, forced to give way, fled northward, in a line which may yet be traced by extant cairns, the most notable of which is the great Cairn of the Mause, about eighty feet in diameter and five feet high. "Here," says Knox "we suppose the Caledonians made a stand, and cut off some of their enemies who were most forward in the pursuit, as is related by the Roman historian."

Many of our readers, we suspect, have never seen Tacitus' account of this celebrated battle. We therefore transcribe it from Murphy's translation of the classic historian. After giving the speech of Agricola to his army, he proceeds thus:—

"As soon as the general ended, the field rung with shouts of applause. Impatient for the onset the soldiers grasped their arms. Agricola restrained their violence till he formed his order of battle. The auxiliary infantry, in number about eight thousand

occupied the centre. The wings consisted of three thousand horse. The legions were stationed in the rear, at the head of their entrenchments, as a body of reserve to support the ranks, if necessary, but otherwise, to remain inactive, that a victory, obtained without the effusion of Roman blood, might be of higher value. The Caledonians kept possession of the rising ground, extending their ranks as wide as possible to present a formidable show of battle. Their first line was ranged on the plain, the rest in a gradual ascent on the acclivity of the hill. The intermediate space between both armies was filled with the charioteers and cavalry of the Britons, rushing to and fro in wild career, and traversing the plain with noise and tumult. The enemy being greatly superior in number, there was reason to apprehend that the Romans might be attacked both in front and flank at the same time. To prevent that mischief, Agricola ordered his ranks to form a wider range. Some of the officers saw that the lines were weakened into length, and therefore advised that the legions should be brought forward into the field of action. But the general was not of a temper to be easily dissuaded from his purpose. Flushed with hope, and firm in the hour of danger, he immediately dismounted, and, dismissing his horse, took a stand at the head of the colours. The battle began, and at first was maintained at a distance. The Britons neither wanted skill nor resolution. With their long swords, and targets of small dimensions, they had the address to elude the missive weapons of the Romans, and, at the same time, to discharge a thick volley of their own. To bring the conflict to a speedy decision, Agricola ordered three Batavian and two Tungrian cohorts to charge the enemy sword in hand. To this mode of attack these troops had been long accustomed, but to the Britons it was every way disadvantageous. Their small targets afforded no protection, and their unwieldy swords, not sharpened to a point, could do but little execution in a close engagement. The Batavians rushed to the attack with impetuous fury; they redoubled their blows, and with the bosses of their shields, bruised the enemy in the face; and, having overpowered all resistance on the plain, began to force their way up the ascent of the hill in regular order of battle. Incited by their example, the other cohorts advanced with a spirit of emulation, and cut their way with terrible slaughter. Eager in pursuit of victory, they pressed forward with determined fury, leaving behind them numbers wounded, but not slain, and others not so much as hurt. The Roman cavalry, in the meantime, was forced to give ground. The Caledonians, in their armed chariots, rushed at full speed into the thick of the battle, where the infantry were engaged. Their first impression struck a general terror; but their career was soon checked by the inequalities of the ground, and the close embodied ranks of the Romans. Nothing could less resemble an engagement of the cavalry. Pent up in narrow places, the barbarians crowded on each other, and were driven or dragged along by their own horses. A scene of confusion followed. Chariots without a guide and horses without a rider, broke from the ranks in wild disorder, and, flying every way, as fear and consternation urged, they overwhelmed their own files, and trampled down all who came in their way. Meanwhile the Britons, who had hitherto kept their post on the hills, looking down with contempt on the scanty numbers of the Roman army, began to quit their station. Descending slowly, they hoped, by wheeling round the field of battle, to attack the victors in the rear. To counteract their design, Agricola ordered four squadrons of horse, which he had kept as a body of reserve, to advance to the charge. The Britons poured down with impetuosity, and retired with equal precipitation. At the same time, the cavalry, by directions of the General, wheeled round from the wings, and fell with great slaughter on the rear of the enemy, who now perceived that their own stratagem was turned against themselves. The field presented a dreadful spectacle of carnage and destruction. The Britons fled; the Romans pursued: they wounded, gashed, and mangled the runaways; they seized their prisoners, and, to be ready for others, butchered them on the spot. Despair and horror appeared in various shapes; in one part of the field the Caledonians, sword in hand, fled in crowds from a handful of the Romans; in other places, without a weapon left, they faced every danger, and rushed on certain death. Swords and bucklers, mangled limbs and dead bodies, covered the plain. The field was red with blood. The vanquished Britons had their moments of returning courage, and gave proofs of virtue and of brave despair. They fled to the woods, and rallying their scattered numbers, surrounded such of the Romans as pursued with too much eagerness. Agricola was every where present. He saw the danger; and, if he had not in the instant taken due precaution, the victorious army would have had reason to repent of too much confidence in success. The light-armed cohorts had orders to invest the woods. Where the thickets were too close for the horse to enter, the men dismounted to explore the passes, and where the woods gave an opening, the rest of the cavalry rushed in, and scoured the country. The Britons, seeing the pursuit was conducted in compact and regular order, dispersed a second time, not in collected bodies, but in consternation, flying in different ways to remote lurking places, solicitous only for their personal safety, and no longer willing to wait for their fellow soldiers. Night coming

on, the Romans, weary of slaughter, desisted from the pursuit. Ten thousand of the Caledonians fell in this engagement: on the part of the Romans the number slain did not exceed three hundred and forty [this is so incredible, that Tacitus is here generally understood to speak of the number of the Roman 'legions' who fell, in addition to the hnndreds or thousands of the 'auxiliaries,' the number of whom he does not specify], among whom was Anlus Atticus, the prefect of a cohort. His own youthful ardour, and the spirit of a high-mettled horse, carried him with too much impetuosity into the thickest of the enemy's ranks. The Roman army, elated with success, and enriched with plunder, passed the night in exultation. The Britons, on the other hand, wandered about, uncertain which way to turn, helpless, and disconsolate. The mingled cries of men and women filled the air with lamentations. Some assisted to carry off the wounded; others called for the assistance of such as escaped unhurt; numbers abandoned their habitations, and, having inflamed their hopes, changed their minds in despair. They beheld the pledges of tender affection, and burst into tears; they viewed them again, and grew fierce with resentment. It is a fact well authenticated that some laid violent hands upon their wives and children, determined, with savage compassion, to end their misery. The following day displayed to view the nature and importance of the victory. A deep and melancholy silence all around; the hills deserted; houses at a distance involved in smoke and fire, and not a mortal discovered by the scouts; the whole a vast and dreary solitude. Agricola was at length informed by those who were sent out to explore the country, that no trace of the enemy was anywhere to be seen, and no attempt made in any quarter to muster their forces."

Glasclune, not seldom spelled Gasklune, is in this parish, and what is known in history by the name of the battle of Glasclune, was fought near it, if not on its lands.

Alexander Stewart, brother of Robert III. (1390-1406) and Earl of Buchan, commonly called "The Wolf of Badenoch," had a bastard son, Duncan, who inherited his father's savageness. Duncan, at the head of a large band of fierce caterans, came down into the north of Angusshire and Perthshire, pillaging property and attacking and killing the inhabitants. Sir Walter Ogilvy, Sheriff of Angus, Sir Patrick Gray, and Sir David Lindsay of Glenesk collected a force to rid the district of those marauders. Coming on them at or not far from Glasclune, a desperate combat ensued, in which the caterans were completely victorious. Sheriff Ogilvy, his brother Wat of Lichtoun, Young of Ouchterlony, the Lairds of Cairncross, Forfar, and Guthrie, with sixty of their followers, were left dead on the field. Sir Patrick Gray and Sir David Lindsay escaped with their lives, but w severely wounded. Winton, as Dr Browne has not in his "History of the Highlands and of the Highla Clans," "has preserved an anecdote illustrative of t fierceness of the Highlanders. Lindsay had run of them, a strong and brawny man, through the bo with a spear, and brought him to the earth; b although in the agonies of death he writhed hims up, and with the spear sticking in his body stru Lindsay a desperate blow with his sword, which c him through the stirrup and boot into the bone, which he instantly fell and expired."

> "That man na straik gave but that ane,
> For then he deit (died); yet nevertheless
> That guid Lord there wounded wes,
> And had deit there that day,
> Had not his men had him away,
> Agane his will, out of that press."

Glasclune Castle, now and long a ruin, was situat on the west side of the ravine which separates th parish from Blairgowrie. It was built in the latt half of the fifteenth century. The thickness of its wal which was five feet, shews its strength; and judgi by the mass which its ruins present, it must have be a very large fortress. On the east side of the ravin and in the parish of Blairgowrie, stood the House Drumlochy. As was too common with such famili in the sixteenth century, the Blairs of Glasclune a the Herons of Drumlochy looked over to one anoth with mutual jealousy and hate. A chronic feud su sisted between them, which was ever and anon brea ing out in deeds of wrong and outrage; and which length issued in the Herons being driven out of th part of their possessions, and in their mansion bei made a heap. Though we had before us full accoun of their quarrels and fights, they would not, suspect, repay detail. We despatch them, therefor with simply quoting the two sentences which th Statistical Account has devoted to them. "About gunshot to the west of Drumlochy Castle, alread mentioned, on the opposite side of the deep ravi which forms the boundary between the parishes Blairgowrie and Kinloch, are to be seen the still in posing ruins of the ancient Castle of Glasclune, once place of considerable strength, both natural and art ficial, possessed of old by a powerful family of th name of Blair. An inveterate feud subsisted betwee the Blairs of Glasclune and the Herons of Drumloch which the proximity of their strongholds afforde them abundant opportunities of gratifying, by a co stant and harassing system of petty warfare, attende with considerable bloodshed on both sides, till length the struggle was ended in the total discomfitu of the unfortunate laird of Drumlochy, and the de molition of his fortress."

James Drummond and Alexander Balnaves, ministers of Kinloch, must have been fast friends of the Stuarts. For his devotion to Charles I. and his measures, Drummond was suspended by his Presbytery. His family was not forgotten at the Restoration. Parliament allowed his children £50 out of vacant stipends, on account of his sufferings and loyalty. Balnaves was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for his Jacobitism.

KIRKMICHAEL.

Cairns and Druid circles abound in this parish more than in any other of which we have yet written. It has also a Rocking Stone, such as we met with at Dron, and which was no doubt used for the purposes of priestcraft, as we then explained. We read in Fullarton's Gazetteer of Scotland :—"In the midst of a large, high moor, is a cairn 270 feet in circumference, and about 25 feet in height, surrounded at a little distance, and at different intervals, with a host of smaller cairns, in groups of eight or ten. A furlong to the west are distinct vestiges of two concentric Druidical circles, respectively 32 and 50 feet in diameter. In other directions round the great cairn are vestiges of six or more circles, from 32 to 36 feet in diameter. About a mile north-east, on a flat-topped eminence, stands a remarkable rocking stone. In shape it is nearly a rhombus, the greater diagonal 7 feet, the lesser 5 ; in weight it is about 3 tons ; and in position it so rests on the succumbent rock that, by suffering repeated pressure, it will rock to the height of a foot, and make 26 or more vibrations before returning to repose. At points, or on small eminences, respectively 60, 100, and 150 yards north of the stone, and 120 yards west of it, are pairs of concentric Druidical circles, in every case 32 and 45 feet in diameter ; each pair having adjacent a single circle, from 32 to 36 feet in diameter. In the vicinity are other relics of similar character : and on the hills between Strathardle and Glenderby are other cairns and circles."

How shall we account for such a crowd of cairns and circles in this locality? We have seen no light shed on this question, and we are not able to shed any. Were we to indulge in conjecture on it we might say, first, that the locality must, at some very distant date, have been the scene of great carnage, and that the cairns in it were reared in honour of the lamented dead, whose remains they covered and protected ; and, second, that the devotion with which the memory of those dead was cherished led to temples being multiplied about the spots where their dust reposed. In Christian times sepulchres and temples have been closely associated, and in this we have only copied the example of our Pagan forefathers. We have buried our dead in and around our places of worship. They did the same ; and when the fortunes of war at any time filled a place with the sepulchres of brave men who died for their tribe or their nation, that place was by and by planted with altars and groves. Dr Brown writes :—"In both ends of the island (North Britain) sepulchral tumuli have been found in close connection with the Druidical Circles. At Auchencorthie, the field of the circles, there are the remains of a Druidical temple which was composed of three concentric circles ; and there has been dug up between the two outer circles a cistvaen, about three feet long and one foot and a half wide, wherein there was found an urn containing some ashes. At Barrack, in the parish of New Deer, Aberdeenshire, a peasant digging for stones in a Druidical temple, found, about eighteen inches below the surface, a flat stone lying horizontally, and, on raising it, he discovered an urn full of human bones, some of which were quite fresh, but on being touched they crumbled into dust. This urn had no bottom, but was placed on a flat stone, like that which covered its top ; and about a yard from this excavation another urn was found, containing similar remains. These facts demonstrate an intimate connexion between Druidical remains and tumuli, and show that they must have been the handiwork of the same people."

There are also in this parish several monoliths, or single, tall standing-stones, a denomination which they have received from their upright position. The inhabitants call them in Gaelic Crom-leaca or Clachshleuchda ; that is, being interpreted, stones of worship. This name shews how they have been connected in the popular mind with the observances of the Druid worship ; and in treating of the religion of the Druids in his "History of the Religious Rites, Ceremonies, and Customs of the Whole World," Dr Hurd says, "Sometimes stones were set up to perpetuate the memory of the deceased, but more commonly a hillock of earth was raised over the grave." That stones were "sometimes" erected for this purpose is undoubted, but monoliths were more commonly memorial, as distinguished from sepulchral stones. They were set up to perpetuate the memory of certain events, which men wished to preserve from falling into oblivion. This, however, they failed to do, mainly from the want of inscriptions on them. In the lapse of time the stones and the events they were to hand down to the latest generation became dissociated, so that, as Chalmers in his Caledonia has observed, "they do not

answer the end either of personal vanity or of national gratitude."

Ashintully is in the Strathardle section of the parish, and from the figure which it makes in our annals, it may well have a place among our Historic Scenes. In November, 1587, a band of nearly thirty persons, among whom were Sir James Stewart of Auchmadies, Sir James Stewart of Ballechin, Patrick Butter of Gormack, and Patrick Blair of Ardblair, besieged the Place of Ashintully, and took Andro Spalding, the laird, their prisoner. When delated for this outrage before the Court, His Majesty's Advocate produced the royal warrant for postponing the trial for a month. John, Earl of Athole, became cautioner for the appearance of Auchmadies and others of the culprits. On the day fixed for the trial, only five of the accused appeared. For the non-appearance of those of them for whom he had made himself surety, Athole was "unlawit," the fine exacted from him being a hundred merks for each of them: "Lykeas the saidis persones principallis wer adjudgeit to be denounceit rebellis, and put to the horne, and all their movabill guidis escheit, as fugitives."

David Spalding we take to have been Andro's successor in Ashintully; and he frequently appears as a pannel in Pitcairn's "Criminal Trials." From 1609 to 1612 inclusive, he was four several times before the Court on a charge which does not much dishonour his memory. In the "Gowrie Conspiracy," John, Earl of Gowrie, and his brother Alexander were the chief actors; but they had accomplices. Their relative, Alexander Ruthven of Freeland, was supposed to be one of these. The severity of King James against the House of Gowrie was extreme. Nothing would satisfy him but its utter destruction; and its accomplices likewise must be made signal monuments of his vengeance. Alexander Ruthven of Freeland was accordingly proclaimed a rebel and a traitor; and all loyal subjects were forbidden, on pain of being held rebels and traitors also, to harbour him or to do him any office of kindness. Now, the charge against David Spalding of Ashintully was, that of "treasonablie resetting and maintaining," "supporting with money and uther intertenement" Alexander Ruthven of Freeland, "he being his Majesteis declairit Traitour, fforfault in Parliament, and fugitive, for airt and pairt of the tressonabil assisting and pairt-taking with Johnne, sumtyme Earle of Gowrie, &c., at Perth, the 5th August, 1600." Four times did David Spalding appear in Court to answer to this grave charge; but as often was the diet either "continued," or "deserted." Against this he always took instruments and protested. He did so the fourth time, and we read no more of the case; from which we may infer, we presume, that the prosecution was dropped.

In November, 1618, David Spalding once more appeared at the bar of the Criminal Court, with Alexander Robertson of Middle Downie; accused of cutting down and carrying away growing timber furth of the Earl of Mar's woods and forests, within the bounds of Braemar, Cromar, Strathdee, and Glengarie. We find on record nothing more of this case, and may charitably hope that the "dittay" was groundless, and was fallen from.

A large cairn, called Carn-na-baiodh, used to stand a little to the north of the village of Kirkmichael. It was the sepulchre of a lady fairy. She was one of the bad class of that order of beings, and did much mischief in the strath. At length, a great mortality took place among the cattle in it. This was universally imputed to her malignant influence; and with one voice the Strathardleites passed judgment on her—she must die. We have not fallen in with any authentic account of how they managed to catch and kill her; but they must have managed to do so somehow; for she was buried at the spot to which we are now pointing, and Carn-na-baiodh was raised over her. At a comparatively recent date, the laird of the ground on which the cairn stood was in want of stones for drains which he had cut in it. It was suggested to him by a gentleman of the cloth, who must have had very little reverence for the traditions of the fathers in the strath, that he need not be in a strait for stones, as long as such a mass of them was at hand. He ventured to make free with the cairn, and ere his draining operations were completed, not one stone of it was left. No remains of the fairy were found; and we are rather surprised that we have never heard of her race taking some marked revenge on the laird for demolishing her tomb.

Whitefield House, a short way up the Strath, must have been in its day a place of much consequence, though we have fallen in with little or nothing of the history associated with it. Its ruins shew that it was an old and a large and strong square fortress. It has been supposed by some that it may have been originally a royal hunting seat, to accommodate the Sovereigns when they came for the chase to the forests that abounded in the neighbourhood.

The Glenshee section of the parish is not without its Historic Scenes. As far back as the days of Fingal, there was a great hunt on the hill called Beinn-Ghulbhuinn, at the head of the Glen. It was the wild boar that was hunted. It had long abounded in those wilds, and disputed the sovereignty of them with man. The hunt to which we refer is specially memorable, because it was in connexion with it that Diarmid, one of Fingal's heroes, lost his life. He fell the victim of a stratagem of his master, at the impulse of one of the basest of passions. Grainne, Diarmid's

wife, was a very beautiful woman, and Fingal loved her too well. Diarmid stood between him and his wishes; but might he not be got out of the way? Fingal thought that he might. His dispositions for the great boar hunt he made accordingly. He set Diarmid, with his two dogs, in the most dangerous place; in the hope that the infuriated creature, as the hunters closed on it, would set upon him, and tear him to pieces. It did attack him. He hurled his spear at it, which stuck in its body. Seizing the weapon, and putting forth all his strength to wrench it out, it broke. He then drew his sword, cleaved the boar's head with it, and killed it.

Fingal was bitterly disappointed. Uriah still stood between him and Bathsheba. He next set Diarmid to measure the carcase of the boar. He did so from the head to the rump; but that was not enough. He must do it again, and from the rump to the head; in the hope that the bristles of the animal might pierce some naked part of his more than half-naked body. and poison and destroy it. In this the murderer succeeded. Diarmid was wounded by the bristles in his foot, and the wound festered and inflamed, and proved mortal. Still, Fingal was baffled of his purpose. Diarmid's Grainne must have been as loving as she was beautiful. She could not survive him. She died forthwith of a broken heart.

This was the end of Diarmid, and the story, as we have told it, must have been known and accepted in Glenshee at a very remote period. It gave to several places the names which they bear to this day, and which they have borne from time immemorial. Such is the spring called Tobar-nam-Fiann; that is, the Fountain of the Fingalians—the well from which they drank at this hunt, and, it may be, on other occasions. Such is the spot on Beinn-Ghulbhuinn, called the Boar's Bed; that is, the place which it made its lair. Such is the Loch called Loch-an-Tuirc; that is, the Boar's Loch. The boar was killed near to this Loch, and its body was dragged and cast into it. So likewise was a magic cup belonging to Fingal. That cup possessed such virtue, that whoever got a draft from it was cured of whatsoever disease he had. And lest Diarmid should, after his wound, get a draft from it, and recover, the cup was thrown into the Loch, according to one account by Fingal, and according to another by his son Ossian. Such, moreover, is Diarmid's Grave, to which his comrades committed his dust, laying his loving and beloved wife beside him, and his two dogs, which likewise died of their wounds.

Corb Castle is another of our Scenes in this quarter. Concerning it and its possessors we have not gleaned anything very memorable, if it is not that all the lairds of Corb were not overmuch valued by all their neighbours. We learn this from Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character." Speaking of bygone times, the Dean remarks:—"In those days, as might be expected, people were not nice in expressions of their dislike of persons and measures. If there be not more charity in society than of old, there is certainly more courtesy." He then adds:—"I have, from a friend, an anecdote illustrative of this remark, in regard to feelings exercised towards an unpopular laird. In the neighbourhood of Bamff, Forfarshire (Perthshire), the seat of a very ancient branch of the Ramsays, lived a proprietor who bore the appellation of Corb, from the name of his estate. The family has passed away, and its property merged in Bamff. This laird was intensely disliked in the neighbourhood. Sir George Ramsay was, on the other hand, universally popular and respected. On one occasion Sir George, in passing a morass in his own neighbourhood, had missed the road, and fallen into a bog to an alarming depth. To his great relief he saw a passenger coming along the path, which was at no great distance. He called loudly for his help, but the man took no notice. Poor Sir George felt himself sinking and redoubled his cries for assistance. All at once the passenger rushed forward, carefully extricated him from his perilous situation, and politely apologised for his first neglect of his appeal, adding, as his reason, 'Indeed, Sir George, I thought it was Corb!' evidently meaning that *had* it been Corb he must have taken his chance for him."

Another of our Scenes here is Inveredrie. On the lands of it, on the north side of Loch Bainne, is a wonderful stone called Clach-na-marriche, or the Serpent's Stone. The explanation of the name is this: One of the lairds of Inveredrie had a familiar spirit through whose favour and influence he prospered remarkably in every thing to which he put his hand. His prosperity was the admiration and the envy of the whole neighbourhood. In process of time a misunderstanding took place between him and his familiar. The laird had a child that died, and he blamed the familiar for its death. She (the spirit was of the female sex) took the imputation very much amiss; but he persisted in it, denounced her, and forbade her to appear in his presence. One day they met by the side of Loch Bainne, at the above stone; and renewed the contention between them as to the death of the child, and it waxed very violent. The laird's Highland blood rose to the boiling point, and he drew his sword to run it through his familiar. In an instant she transformed herself into a serpent, and darted into the heart of the stone, by a hole which no instrument could have made—such were the turns and curves in it! The laird in his towering passion hacked at the stone with his sword, and left marks on it, which, it

is said, may be traced at this day. When he was going away, his familiar spoke out of the hole she had made in the stone, saying, "As long as you look at your cradle, and I look at my stone, we may speak and crack, but we'll never be friends."

The memory of a sad tragedy stands associated with Inveredrie. A youth named Maxwell, from the south, went north to graze and tend his sheep on Inveredrie Hill. He was a susceptible swain; and the laird of Inveredrie had a blooming, lovely daughter, who took his heart by storm. Her parents refused their consent to the marriage of the lovers. A child was by and by the fruit of their courtship. The laird and his spouse, whose Highland pride would not allow their daughter to match with the Southron, were humiliated and mortified beyond measure, and manifested their feelings in a not uncommon, but a very reprehensible way. They treated their daughter with the utmost harshness and cruelty; and the pride she inherited from them could not brook the treatment. She drowned herself in the Shee. She could not be buried in the churchyard. Her body was laid in one of the "rigs" of Inveredrie; and her grave was a spot by which not only the members of her family, but the inhabitants of the Glen generally, long trode softly.

Finegand may be mentioned as another of our Scenes, on account of its being occupied by a branch of one of the stems of a highly historic stock. The Shaws of Finegand are of the posterity of Duncan Shaw of Crathinard, a noted member of the Clan Shaw, whose ancestor was Captain of the Clan Chattan in the famous battle of the Clans on the North Inch of Perth. Duncan of Crathinard was the father of seven sons and five daughters, who did not a little in their day to sustain the numbers and the honours of their branch of the Clan. The fourth of the sons was Duncan of the Balloch in Glenisla, and William Shaw of Finegand is his great-grandson.

Yet another of our Scenes here is the King's Seat; so called because the kings of the country were accustomed to sit on it, in witnessing the sport of the hunting of the wild boar. This was in those days the great field pastime of the district; more common in it, perhaps, than the hunting of the fox is now-a-days in any of our counties.

A kind correspondent, who has sent us many communications for our Historic Scenes, but generally too late for our availing ourselves of them, has favoured us with the following concerning Glenshee:—A race of the name of Campbell were once lords superior of Glenshee, and did indeed lord it over their less powerful neighbours, as well as their own immediate retainers. It is said that they made the circuit of the Glen once a year, for the purpose of exacting tribute. Bells were attached to the heads of their horses, that when the tinkling was heard the oppressed people might bring out the exactions demanded of them, without any trouble to the receivers. By and by the spirit of the spoiled was roused to resistance and retaliation; and so the legend goes, that James Stewart of Drumforkit, with twelve gallant fellows, instead of bringing out their tribute, made a fierce onslaught on the Campbells, and, after getting the mastery of them, cut off their heads, and rolled them into a burn or boggy place, thenceforth named Feithnan-Ceunn.

Kirkmichael was leal and even enthusiastic in the cause of the Stuarts. The parish was therefore the more agitated, both during the Civil War of the seventeenth century, and in the Risings of the eighteenth. From the 18th December, 1653, to the 1st January, 1654, there was no sermon in the kirk, "in regard of the enemy." This was the army of Cromwell, employed in extinguishing any smouldering embers of opposition to the Commonwealth, wherever they appeared. On the 18th January, 1654, "in the midst of the sermon the wholl people were raised, becaus that some countrymen and sojers had fallen in blood." They had measured swords, and the scuffle had cost some of them their lives.

Kirkmichael made the less figure at Killiecrankie, that the chief of the Shaws in this quarter took no part in the Jacobite struggle at that time. This was Duncan Shaw of Crathinard, whom we have already alluded to. He was then chamberlain to the young Earl of Mar, with whose family his mother was connected; and at that date and for a while afterwards, Mar was on the side of the Revolution Government. In 1690, accordingly, General Mackay gave Shaw a Protection, bearing that he "had hitherto behaved himself loyallie and dutifully to the present Government, and had hindered all his tenants and servants from joining those in rebellion against their Maties King William and Queen Mary," and, therefore, "prohibiting and discharging all officers and soldiers of their Maties.' armys to trouble or molest the said Duncan Shaw, his family, tenants or servants, or to take away, spoyll, or meddle with any of his or their goods, gear, cornes, cattell, or others whatsoever belonging to them. As they shall be answerable upon their peril." But the Earl of Mar headed the Rebellion of '15, and his chamberlain changed sides with his master. His family, too, were ardent Jacobites. Of his seven sons, five were "out" with Prince Charlie in '45. As we read in the Rev. W. G. Shaw's "Memorials of Clan Shaw," Alister, his fifth son "was in Lord Airlie's Regiment. He was wounded at Falkirk, but slew the dragoon who wounded him and fought afterwards at Culloden. At his funeral Lord Airlie planted his foot on his faithful follower's

grave, and said—'Here lies one who never turned his back on a friend or an enemy.'" William of Brouchdearg, Crathinard's seventh son, "suffered much from the privations he endured in hiding from the pursuit of the Hanoverian troopers. The writer's (Rev. W. G. Shaw's) great-grandfather used to carry his food to him when he was in concealment in a cave in one of the hills of Glenshee."

The Hanoverians were employed to scour such districts, to hunt the Jacobites out of their hiding-places, and to make them their prisoners. They missed their game one day, by a lady on the side of the Blackwater proving too far "north" for them. Mr Shaw thus narrates the interesting incident. "A troop of Hanoverian dragoons found their way as far as Dalrulzion, in search of the Laird (Shaw of Brouchdearg), who was not far off. In order to give warning to him, as well as to the rest in the Blackwater, who had reason to apprehend danger, Miss Rattray entered into conversation with the drummer in the kitchen, and pretended not to know the use of the drum. The soldier having explained its use to her, she expressed a wish to hear the sound; which desire the soldier politely gratified. The officer in command came in breathless haste to the back court, to stop the procedure. But it was too late. The crags above Dalrulzion re-echoed the sound, and the country-side was warned."

When at Perth, we commemorated Patrick Dow, Esq., Balmyle, as having made the City and County Infirmary his residuary legatee, from whose estate it received upwards of £2700. The parish of Kirkmichael likewise shared in Mr Dow's generous benefactions. He bequeathed £200 for behoof of the poor not on the Poor's Roll to be under the management of the Kirk-Session. He likewise mortified a sum, which yields about £20 a year, for establishing University bursaries for young men educated at the parish school of Kirkmichael, and, failing it, at the neighbouring parish school of Moulin. The University of St Andrews he directed to be preferred.

Adam Ferguson, Esq., of Woodhill, after visiting British America, and publishing on it, sold Woodhill, and emigrated to the New World. He invested largely in land, and became one of the most noted Scottish Settlers in Canada.

Francis Peirsone, minister of Kirkmichael in the Covenanting era, joined the Protesters in the Kirk, in opposition to the Resolutioners, and acted with them in forming a separate Presbytery. He was deprived by the Privy Council in 1663, but conformed, and continued preaching in the parish. He was found doing so in 1693. His successor, John Peirsone, was deposed in 1717 for "disaffection to the Government," &c., "as he had influenced his people to rebellion, prepared them to take up arms against the reigning family, and mounted his horse with that view."

RATTRAY.

The oldest Historic Scene in Rattray, as in the other parishes of the Blairgowrie District, is a Druid circle. The site of it was on what was once a small farm, to which it gave its name. It was called the farm of Standing-Stanes. The Old Statistical Account says, "On the farm of Standing-Stanes is a Druid temple much defaced, and many of the stones carried off. The field still retains the old name." The New Statistical Account says, "If large grey stones be entitled to the appellation of antiquities, or are any indication of the religious worship of our ancestors, a few of these appear in a field, thence called Standing-Stanes, which are supposed to be the ruins of a Druidical temple."

It is this temple, we suppose, that Sir James Simpson calls the "*Circle at Craighall, Perthshire*," and on a stone of which he found his "Archaic Sculpturings." "Cup excavations," he says, "exist also upon an erect stone standing at a megalithic circle behind Craighall House, Blairgowrie. The cups are five or six in number, and placed in a group near the foot of the stone." All that we have to say of such sculpturings we said when at Caputh, and need not here repeat it.

About a mile south-east of the village of Old Rattray is a rounded height, on which are the vestiges of a large building, if they have not been very lately removed. The height is called Castle Hill, and the building on it was the old Castle of Rattray, long the seat and residence of the Rattray family, the proprietors of the barony, who took their name from their lands. For greater security in troublous and perilous times they latterly changed their seat to Craighall, which is still possessed by their lineal descendants.

The Rattrays of Rattray are one of our oldest families. As early as the days of Malcolm Canmore (1057-1093) they were the proprietors of Rattray and Craighall; how long before we know not. Their original name was Rattrief. Alanus de Rattrief lived in the reign of William the Lion and Alexander II.; and his son, Sir Thomas, Alexander III. knighted. Sir Thomas left two sons, Eustatius and John. Adam, the son of Eustatius, swore fealty to Edward I. of England both in 1292 and in 1296. His son, Alexander, was one of the barons of the Parliament held at Ayr in 1315, which settled the succession to the

Scottish crown. His brother Eustatius, who succeeded him, was, in the Parliament held at Perth in August, 1320, charged with being an accomplice in the conspiracy of Sir William Soulis and Sir David Brechin against Robert the Bruce; but on investigation the charge was found false, and he received an honourable acquittal. The most noted among his successors for generations was Sir Sylvester Rattray of that Ilk, who, in 1463, was one of the extraordinary ambassadors sent to England to treat with Edward IV. about the affairs of the two kingdoms, and who negotiated with him the truce which was to last for fifteen years. His son, Sir John, had an only daughter, Grizel, who became a Countess by her marriage, and whose elevation to the rank of nobility led to a profoundly tragic chapter of the family history.

John Stewart, third Earl of Athole, of that name, married Grizel Rattray. Her mother, who was Elizabeth, daughter of James, second Lord Kennedy, dying, her father remained a widower till he was upwards of sixty years of age. Meanwhile the Earl of Athole fondly cherished the hope that he would by and by add the beautiful barony of Rattray to his extensive Athole domains. At length Sir John Rattray took to himself a second wife, by whom he had two sons and a daughter. This was a great blow to Athole. He could not brook being disappointed of the Rattray barony, on which he had so much set his heart. Hence the bloody plot which he formed to secure it. What the plot was appeared from its execution. One night a large body of Atholemen, the Earl's retainers, came to the Castle of Rattray. A few of them ventured to claim the hospitality of the old laird, as being the servants of his son-in-law. In the dead of the night, when all was quiet, they rose on the inmates of the castle, and massacred them, sparing neither age nor sex. The younger son escaped through the promptitude and decision of his nurse. Hearing some suspicious sounds, she fled in the darkness, carrying her charge with her. Tradition says she heard the old laird at his devotions in the chapel of the Castle about midnight; that she heard the murderers enter the chapel and begin their horrid work; and that she fled in dismay to the woods of Craighall, where she lay for some time in concealment, till she was able to make her escape to Dundee.

The Earl of Athole now claimed the lands of Rattray, as the husband of Grizel Rattray, the only surviving offspring of Sir John. He actually seized on them, and held them for a number of years. The rightful heir at length appeared, and claimed his own. He tried in vain to get himself served in Perth as heir of the barony of Rattray: the Athole family was too strong for him in Perthshire. No judge would dare to dispossess them of the estate, though they got by the most heinous of all crimes. He then appli to the King himself, James V., and the Crown w more than a match for the titled villain. His Majes appointed a Commission under the Great Seal to a judicate on the case at Dundee, and the claimant w served heir to his father and brother in the barony Rattray and Craighall, and infeft therein in 1534.

This version of the story differs in some particula from one which we have before us in print; but it the version which the late John Rattray, Esq., Coral Bank, who was of the Craighall family, used tell, and we have no doubt of its authenticity.

Of the family since those days, we note only a fe things. It gave one member to the Episcopal benc On the west front of Craighall House is a Latin i scription in memory of Bishop Rattray, some of whc works are in the possession of the Coral Bank fami The late Mr Rattray of Coral Bank sometim shewed to intimate friends the banner which l ancestors bore in the battlefield, and the seal used the bishop. The friend, from whom we have this i formation, adds, that in the olden times there wa silver arrow which used to be shot for at the bc butts. It was believed to be in the custody of t Parkhill family. There was also a silver ball th used to be played for; and the record of the last pl for the Rattray ball is in print. The ball had silv shields inscribed with the contests and winners. Th relic was last heard of as having been placed in t custody of a former laird of Parkhill, but where t arrow and the ball are now no one seems to know.

In 1720, the celebrated Dr John Clerk of Pei cuik, President of the Royal College of Physician married Margaret, eldest daughter of Dr Thom Rattray of Craighall. Their third son was Dr Dav Clerk, Physician to the Royal Infirmary, Edinburg Dr David's eldest son, James, succeeded in right his grandmother to Craighall, and assumed the nan of Rattray in addition to Clerk. He was an emine member of the Scottish bar, and was eventually o of the barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotlan His son and successor in Craighall died in 185 leaving four daughters and two sons, James ar Adam. The former succeeded him in the fami estate, and the latter became an officer of the 9 Regiment.

Craighall, which has been the residence of the fami for upwards of three centuries, presents, in itself ar in its surroundings, a very rare combination of th romantic, the beautiful, and the sublime. The Hou is on the top of a rock, which rises almost perpend cularly about 214 feet above the Ericht, flowing by i base. From the windows in the north wall a balcor projects, whence one may look down on the aby

below, if he has sufficient coolness and steadiness of head and of eye, and whence there is also a fine view of the scenery for the distance of about half a mile northward. The Mansion can be approached only from the south, which it fronts; "and on each side of the entrance," says the Statistical Account, "a little in advance of the House, are two round buildings, evidently intended for protection, with some openings for missile weapons, as if for the use of archers, a mode of defence very common in former ages. The Old House of Craighall, the date of which is not known, was greatly altered about five years ago (1832), by the late Baron Clerk-Rattray. Without enlarging the premises, he new-modelled the apartments within, and added turrets to the corners without, which serve considerably to ornament the building." The drive from the gate to the House is enchanting; and so also is the walk from the House, for about a mile, to the fog-house at the northern extremity of the grounds; which want nothing that nature and art could give them, to make them altogether unique even among the most favourite scenes which tourists delight to visit. Pen and pencil fail adequately to portray the sight. It must be seen, to be known and appreciated; and, once seen, it can never be forgotten.

Sir Walter Scott visited Craighall in 1793, accompanied by William Clerk, brother of John Clerk, Lord Eldin, who were relatives of the Rattray family. When Waverley appeared, Mr Clerk suspected that the author of it, the "Great Unknown," could be no other than his friend Sir Walter; and that the Tullyveolan of the novelist was mainly a transcript of Craighall. His suspicions were confirmed by detecting the use to which the enchanter turned a casual remark which he had happened to make, as they one day took a ride in the neighbourhood. All doubt on the point was eventually removed by the author's confession, according to the following interesting paragraph of Lockhart in his Life of Scott:—

"From the position of this striking place (Craighall), as Mr Clerk at once perceived, and as the author afterwards confessed to him, that of Tullyveolan (in Waverley) was very faithfully copied, though in the description of the house itself, and its gardens, many features were adopted from Bruntsfield and Ravelstone. Mr Clerk has told me that he went through the first chapters of Waverley without more than a vague suspicion of the new novelist, but that when he read the arrival at Tullyveolan his suspicion was at once converted into certainty, and he handed the book to a common friend of his and the author's, saying, 'This is Scott's; and I'll lay a bet you'll find such and such things in the next chapter.' In the course of a ride from Craighall they had both become considerably fagged and heated, and Clerk, seeing the smoke of a *clachan* a little way before them, ejaculated, 'How agreeable if we should here fall in with one of those sign-posts where a red lion predominates over a punch bowl!' The phrase happened to tickle Scott's fancy—he often introduced it on similar occasions afterwards—and at the distance of twenty years (when the authorship of the Waverley novels was still a mystery) Mr Clerk was at no loss to recognise an old acquaintance in the 'huge bear' which 'predominates' over the stone basin in the courtyard of Baron Bradwardine."

In his marches between the Highlands and the Lowlands, and between Dunkeld and Brechin, the Marquis of Montrose passed through Rattray several times. The most important and memorable of his visits to it was the last one. It was at Rattray that he disbanded his army at the conclusion of the Civil War.

After winning six brilliant victories for the royal cause, the Marquis's defeat at Philiphaugh proved quite fatal. His name forthwith lost its prestige. The hopes of his party gave up the ghost. The fate of his friends who fell into the hands of the enemy appalled them. Athole yielded him only four hundred men to replace the army he had lost at Philiphaugh. Huntly, who always envied and hated him, gave him the cold shoulder. The reluctant recruits he had raised in the north dropped away as soon as he marched southward. Even Sir Alaster MacColl could not be brought away from Argyleshire to join him.

In England, the royal cause was in an equally desperate plight. It had got its death-blow on Marston Moor. To escape capture by the Parliamentary army, at midnight on the 26th August, 1646, Charles left Oxford, which had been his refuge for some time, in the disguise of a servant, and, after eleven days, appeared at the Scottish camp before Newark, and surrendered himself into the hands of Leslie, the commander of the Scottish army. On the 19th May, he had written the Marquis the following letter, which filled him with unspeakable amazement and grief:—

"MONTROSE,—I am in such a condition as is much fitter for relation than writing, wherefore I refer you to this trusty bearer, Robert Ker, for the reasons and manner of my coming to this army; as also what my treatment hath been since I came, and my resolutions upon my whole business. This shall, therefore, only give you positive commands, and tell you real truths, leaving the why of all to this bearer. You must disband your forces, and go into France, where you shall receive my further directions. This, at first, may justly startle you, but I assure you that if, for the present, I should offer to do more for you, I could not do so much, and that you shall always find me your most assured, constant, real, and faithful friend,

CHARLES R."

Further communications ensued between them. These led to the appointment of Montrose and Middleton to meet and try to settle the conditions on which a cessation of arms between the Royalists and the Covenanters might take place. On the 22d July, 1646, they met in a meadow near the Isla—would that we could identify the spot !—and "conferred for the space of two hours, there being none near them but one man for each of them to hold his horse." They agreed to the conditions on which the war should end, which were, that all who had taken up arms against the Covenanters should be pardoned on making their submission, except Montrose, the Earl of Crawford, Sir Alexander Macdonald, and Sir John Hurry; and that Montrose, Crawford, Hurry, and Graham of Gorthy should transport themselves beyond seas before the last day of August, in a ship to be provided by the Estates. The Committee of the Kirk cried out against this arrangement, and petitioned that it should not be sanctioned, but the Committee of Estates ratified it.

Reluctantly and sadly did Montrose now proceed to fulfil Charles's behest. He appointed his army to rendezvous at Rattray. It did so on the brae, tradition says, immediately to the south of the ground on which the village of New Rattray now stands. He there met it on the last day of July; and Wishart, in his "Memoirs of Montrose," has given a very touching account of the disbanding. "Having convened the men to a rendezvous, after giving them due praise for their faithful services and good behaviour, he told them his orders, and bid them farewell; an event not less sorrowful to the whole army than to himself; for, notwithstanding that he used his utmost endeavours to raise their drooping spirits and encourage them with the flattering prospect of a speedy and desirable peace, and assured them that he contributed to the King's safety and interest by his present ready submission, no less than he had formerly done by his military attempts; yet they concluded that a period was that day put to the King's authority, which would expire with the dissolution of their army, for the disbanding of which they were all convinced the orders had been extorted from the King, or granted by him on purpose to evite a greater and more immediate evil. And, upon whatever favourable conditions their safety might be provided for, yet they lamented their own fate, and would much rather have undergone the greatest fatigues and hardships than be obliged to remain inactive spectators of the miseries and calamities befalling their dearest Sovereign. Their sorrow was considerably augmented by the thought of being separated from their brave and successful General, who was now obliged to enter into a kind of banishment, to the irreparable loss of the King, the country, themselves, and all good men, at a time when they never had greater occasion for his service. Falling down upon their knees, with tears in their eyes, they obtested him that, seeing the King's safety and interest required his immediate departure from the kingdom, he would take them with him to whatever corner of the world he should retire, professing their readiness to live, fight, nay, if it so pleased God, to die under his command. And not a few of them had privately determined, though with the evident risk of their lives and fortunes, to follow him without his knowledge, and even against his inclination, and to offer him their service in a foreign land, which they could not any longer afford him in their own distressed native country."

Rattray has the honour of having given one name to the roll of Scottish martyrs. The famous Donald Cargill was a native of the parish. He was born about the year 1610, his father being laird of the property of Hatton, and Donald being his eldest son. He was educated at Aberdeen and St Andrews, and having studied for the Kirk, as his father earnestly desired him to do, he was licensed in due time. Called to be minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow, he was, for certain reasons, about to decline the call, and to leave the city, when a godly woman said to him, "Sir, you have promised to preach on Thursday, and have you appointed a meal for poor starving people, and will you go away and not give it? If you do, the curse of God will go with you." This so moved him that he could not go away as he had intended. He remained, and preached on the Thursday, was settled in the parish in 1650, and for a series of years exercised his ministry in it with great acceptance and success.

His troubles began with the Restoration, and the setting up of Prelacy in the land. He would not obey the Acts of Parliament, in accepting presentation and collation from the Archbishop of Glasgow, and in keeping the anniversary of His Majesty's happy restoration. On that day (26th May), he, in 1662, did indeed go to his pulpit, but there, lifting up his voice like a trumpet, he said—"We are not come here to keep this day upon the account for which others keep it. We thought once to have blessed the day, wherein the King came home again, but now we think we shall have reason to curse it, and if any of you come here in order to the solemnising of this day, we desire you to remove. . . . This is the first step of our going a-whoring from God, and whoever of the Lord's people this day are rejoicing, their joy will be like the crackling of thorns under a pot, it will be soon turned into mourning; he (the King) will be the wofullest that ever the poor Church of Scotland saw; wo, wo, wo unto him, his name shall stink while the world stands, for treachery, tyranny, and lechery." In-

formed of these things, the Lords of Council declared his church vacant, and banished him beyond the Tay; where there was too much indifference, deadness, and servility for the people to be inflamed or excited even by such a zealot, "with certification, that if he be found to contravene, and be seen on this side of the Tay, he shall be apprehended, imprisoned, and proceeded against as a seditious person."

For nine years Donald Cargill suffered a large share of the persecution to which our Presbyterian forefathers were subjected in that dismal era. This was what his talents, and fidelity, and courage, and zeal, and influence, naturally drew upon him. In the face of all Acts to the contrary, he preached both privately and publicly as often as opportunity offered, baptised, and performed all the other functions of the ministry. In 1668, a second Act of Council was passed against him. "Whereas Mr Donald Cargill was confined benorth Tay, October 1st, 1662, and that under the pain of sedition; and yet he hath repaired to the city of Edinburgh, and other places at his pleasure, in high and proud contempt of authority, ordains the said Donald Cargill, by open proclamation at the Cross of Edinburgh and Forfar, to be cited to appear before the Council the 11th of January next, otherwise he shall be denounced *simpliciter*." He obeyed the citation; and having been heard in his own defence, he was reappointed to remain "benorth the Tay," and dismissed.

Next year, he petitioned the Council that his confinement beyond the Tay might be taken off, and that he might be allowed to come to Edinburgh on some legal business. His petition was granted, on condition that he would not reside in Edinburgh, or go near Glasgow, without receiving a warrant to do so from the Lords of Session and Exchequer.

Cargill was at the battle of Bothwell Bridge on the 22d June, 1769, and fought valiantly in it for "Christ's Crown and Covenant." He received several dangerous wounds in the head, and was struck to the ground by the blow of a sword. One of the royalist soldiers asked his name. He told him that it was Donald Cargill. Another asked him whether he was a minister. He answered that he was; upon which they strangely enough let him go. For a time, nothing but death was looked for in his case; but he by and by rallied, and made his escape.

When the persecuted Presbyterians divided into Resolutioners and Protesters, Cargill was a strong Protester. He preached against the Indulgence, and the brethren who accepted it; and against paying the cess the Government levied, to maintain the troops by which it oppressed and destroyed the land. He also advocated the continuance of armed conventicles, men having an undoubted right to defend themselves from attacks, when assembled to worship God and hear the gospel preached. He, Richard Cameron, and Thomas Douglas headed the "extreme party," as they were called; while the "moderate Presbyterians," "especially those who had estates to lose, wealth that could be plundered, or positions from which they could not easily retire, dropt into a kind of obscure and passive compliance, and paid the taxes which otherwise would have been wrung from them by a visitation of the dragoons, although they were painfully aware that these taxes were to be applied to the extermination of their creed, and of their co-religionists."

In 1680, Cargill drafted the "Queensferry Paper;" so called because it was found at Queensferry, in the pocket of his companion in tribulation, Hall of Haugh-head, whom Middleton, governor of Blackness, mortally wounded, in attempting to make the two his prisoners. The document was a mere draft, and unsigned; but it is remarkable as the first writ in which the strict Covenanters formulated the doctrine of renouncing allegiance to the house of Stuart. It was in the form of a Bond or Covenant, and ran thus:—"We do reject the King, and those associate with him in the Government . . from being our King and rulers, . . being no more bound to them, they having altered and destroyed the Lord's religion, overturned the fundamental and established laws of the kingdom, taken away altogether Christ's Church government, and changed the civil government of this land, which was by a King and free Parliament, into tyranny." Such were the *wild* principles of those *wild* men! They were the principles adopted by the nation in the Revolution Settlement in 1688; so that the difference between the *wild* men and the nation was simply this: the former were in advance of the latter by eight years. In "The Fifty Years Struggle of the Scottish Covenanters," most justly has Dodds said, "The conclusion (of the 'Queensferry Paper') is in the highest strain of patriotism, and may well be the watchword of all struggling freemen:—'We bind ourselves and oblige ourselves to defend ourselves, and one another, in our worshipping of God, and in our natural, civil, and divine rights and liberties, till we shall overcome, or send them down under debate to posterity, that they may begin where we end.' '*That they may begin where we end!*' How there breathes in these few heroic words the very soul of liberty—unwearied, invincible, immortal! In all ages the same; a legacy from each free generation to its free posterity. Little thought Byron, poet of the liberties of Greece, that the archetype of his own splendid lines, was in an old mouldering paper of Donald Cargill, priest of the liberties of Scotland—

'Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.'"

Cargill had also a hand in framing the "Sanquhar Declaration" which Michael Cameron, the brother of Richard, read with so much solemnity at the Cross of that old burgh on the 22d June, 1680. It was:—"We do by these presents disown Charles Stuart, that has been reigning, or rather tyrannizing on the throne of Britain these years bygone, as having any right, title to, or interest in the crown of Scotland, for government—as forfeited several years since, by his perjury and breach of covenant both to God and His Kirk, and by his tyranny, and breach of the very *leges regnandi* (the very essential conditions of government), in matters civil. . . . We do declare a war with such a tyrant and usurper, and all the men of his practices. . . . And we hope after this, none will blame us for, or offend at our rewarding those that are against us as they have done to us, as the Lord gives opportunity."

Our hero did yet a bolder deed that year. About the end of September, at the Torwood, Stirlingshire, in the presence of a large conventicle to which he had preached, he with all formality and solemnity excommunicated King Charles II., the Dukes of York, Monmouth, Lauderdale, and Rothes, Sir George Mackenzie, and Sir Thomas Dalzell, for their public apostacies and perjuries, blasphemies and tyranny, and for the flagrant vices of their private lives. We give as a specimen the sentence pronounced on Lauderdale. "I, being a minister of Jesus Christ, and having authority and power from Him, do, in his name and in his spirit, excommunicate John Duke of Lauderdale for his dreadful blasphemy, especially that word to the Prelate of St Andrews; 'Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy foot-stool;' his atheistical drolling on the Scriptures of God; scoffing at religion and religious persons; his apostacy from the Covenant and Reformation; and his persecuting thereof after he had been a professor, pleader, and presser thereof; for his perjury in the business of Mr James Mitchell," &c., &c.

In introducing himself to his sermon at Fallow Hill next Lord's day, he referred to this extraordinary step he had taken, and gave "two signs" to prove that he was approven of God in it, and that what he had done on earth was ratified in heaven. The one sign was that the excommunicated "would not die the ordinary death of men;" and remarkable it is that not one of them did so. The other sign was that some of them would, ere they got off the stage, deeply feel, and would be obliged to confess, that his sentence was binding on them; and most signally was this fulfilled in Lauderdale. The excommunication under which he lay did fearfully aggravate the horrors of his death bed. He sent for some of his Duchess's Presbyterian ministers to visit him. Two of them, John Carstairs and George Johnston, attended him, and tried in vain to allay the tempest which agitated his guilty awakened conscience. To Carstairs he said—"We all thought little of what that man Cargill did in excommunicating us, but I find that sentence binding upon me *now*, and it *will* bind me to eternity." Well might the Duke of Hamilton, who was a witness of this awful scene, say, "When in health we hunt and persecute these men, but when dying we call for them this is melancholy work."

The many hairbreadth escapes which Donald Cargill made till his work was done are very wonderful. In 1662, after the Act of Council which vacated all churches of Presbyterian ministers, Middleton sent a band of soldiers to the Barony Church, in which Cargill was yet officiating, to apprehend him. They came to the church, but found him not. He had just stepped out at the one door, when they entered in at the other. They took the keys of the church with them and departed. In 1665 Glasgow was searched for him. Taking horse he rode out of the city, and, at a narrow pass of the way, he was met by a good number of musketeers. One of them asked him the hour, and he answered, "Six o'clock." Another, who knew his voice, said at once, "There is the man we are seeking." Putting the spurs to his horse he galloped off, and they were not able to lay hands on him. On a certain Sabbath, on which he was engaged to preach at Woodside, after he had his foot in the stirrup to ride to it, he turned about to his man, and said, "I must not go yonder to-day." The explanation of his sudden change of purpose was given, when it was found that a party of the enemy went to Woodside that day in quest of him; who, missing him, fell on the people and made several of them their prisoners. At another time, when in Glasgow, and in the house of a citizen named Callender, the house was besieged by military, and strictly searched for him. He was concealed in a window, which was hastily closed up with books, and had but one of these been removed he would inevitably have been discovered. A soldier actually put his hand on a book to displace it. A maid cried to the commander of the party that one of them was going to steal her master's books. The officer instantly ordered him to let the books alone, and thus most narrowly did the party miss their prey. At another time, in answer to forged letters having the names of Fife friends appended to them, he engaged to preach on a given day at Beith. Middleton had a party of soldiers lying in ambush to seize him, about three miles from Edinburgh, at a place called Muttonhole, which he would pass on his way to Beith.

A few Edinburgh friends set out for Beith before him on foot; and at Muttonhole one of them (a Mrs Muir) managed to run back and meet Cargill and save him by turning him back to his hiding in Edinburgh. One instance more: at Queensferry he escaped capture by slipping away during the few moments that Middleton was struggling with Hall.

Very wonderful likewise was Cargill's insight into the future. It sometimes seemed semi-prophetic, if not more. We have given one instance of it in the foresight he had of the deaths which the persons whom he excommunicated at Torwood would die, and of the anguish with which their sense of the binding power of his censure would fill some of them. Other instances of the same foresight will be immediately referred to.

His Torwood excommunication enraged his persecutors to the uttermost. A reward of 5000 merks was offered for his apprehension. For months he eluded the vigilance of the soldiery, but at length, in the second week of May, 1681, Irvine of Bonshaw seized him at Covington Mill, in Lanarkshire, in the house of one Andrew Fisher. He at the same time seized two of Cargill's followers, whom he found in the same house—Walter Smith and James Boig—Students of Divinity. Elated above measure at the thought of the wages of iniquity to which he was now entitled, the scoundrel exclaimed, "O, blessed Bonshaw! and blessed day that ever I was born to have found such a prize this morning!"

Bonshaw and his dragoons marched with their prize to Lanark, and lodged their prisoners in the jail till they themselves had some refreshment. They then set Cargill on the bare back of a horse, and Bonshaw with his own hands tied his feet hard under the horse's belly. Looking down on him, Cargill said, "Why do you tie me so hard? Your wickedness is great. You will not long escape the just judgment of God, and, if I am not mistaken, it will seize you in this very place." And so it came to pass! Bonshaw had not long pocketed the price of the martyr's blood, when one of his comrades, in a rage, ran him through with a sword at Lanark, his last words being, "G—— d——n my soul eternally, for I am gone!"

Hastening with their prisoners to Glasgow, and while waiting at the Tolbooth till the Magistrates should come to receive them, one John Nisbet, a profligate wretch (we quote Wodrow's words), a hater of goodness and the truly religious, a besotted drunkard, and mocker at piety, and at present the Archbishop's factor, addressed himself to Mr Cargill in a way of mockery, and said, "Mr Donald, will you give us one word more?" alluding to an expression Mr Cargill used in his pathetical, serious way of preaching. Mr Cargill looked on him a little with regret and sorrow, and then addressed him thus, "Mock not, lest your bands be made strong; the day is coming when you shall not have one word to say though you would." This came very shortly to pass! Not many days after the Lord was pleased to lay his hand on that ill man; at Glasgow, where he lived, he fell suddenly ill, and for three days his tongue swelled, and though he seemed very earnest to speak, yet he could not command one word, and died in great torment and seeming terror.

From Glasgow Cargill was taken to Edinburgh and examined before the Council. Rothes, the Chancellor, one of those whom he had excommunicated, raged against him, and threatened him with torture, and with the most ignominious and cruel death. He answered—"My Lord Rothes, forbear to threaten me, for die what death I will, your eyes shall not see it." This also came to pass! Rothes died in the morning of the day on the afternoon of which Cargill was executed.

The Council interrogated him on the crucial questions of that time, and recorded his answers. Did he own the King's authority? Did he excommunicate him and others at the Torwood? Did he think the rising at Bothwell Bridge rebellion? What hand had he in framing the "Queensferry Paper," the "Sanquhar Declaration," &c.? Did he own the principles of these documents? Did he think the killing of Archbishop Sharp murder? and so forth. From the Council he was transferred to the Justiciary, and his "confession" in his examination was produced against him. He was found guilty of high treason, and condemned to be hanged on the morrow (27th July, 1681) at the Cross of Edinburgh, and his head to be fixed on the Nether Bow.

As his indictment was being read before the Justiciary, when the Clerk came to these words, "having cast off all fear of God," &c., Cargill stopped him, and, pointing to the Advocate, the "Bloody Mackenzie," said, "The man that hath caused that paper to be drawn up hath done it contrary to the light of his own conscience, for he knoweth that I have been a fearer of God from mine infancy; but that man, I say, who took the Holy Bible in his hand, and said, It would never be well with the land until that book was destroyed, &c., I say he is the man that hath cast off all fear of God." Sir George fumed and stormed, showing how the home-thrust had pierced and galled him.

When his sentence was announced, as usual, by sound of trumpet, Cargill remarked, "That is a weary sound, but the sound of the last trumpet will be a joyful sound to me and to all that will be found having on Christ's righteousness."

Cargill's death was not only happy but triumphant.

His song on the scaffold was Psalm 118, from verse 16th. The paper which he wrote in his cell the night before was in the same strain. It breathed the ecstasy of the good man, now that he was quite on the verge of heaven.

In addressing the multitude gathered to witness his execution he was constantly interrupted by the beating of the drums; but he was heard to say, "Now I am as sure of my interest in Christ, and peace with God, as all within this Bible and the Spirit of God can make me; and I am fully persuaded that this is the very way for which I suffer, and that he will return gloriously to Scotland; but it will be terrifying to many; therefore I entreat you, be not discouraged at the way of Christ, and the cause for which I am to lay down my life, and step into eternity, where my soul shall be as full of him as it can desire to be; and now this is the sweetest and most glorious day that mine eyes did ever see. Enemies are now enraged against the way and people of God, but ere long they shall be enraged against one another, to their own confusion." Setting his foot on the ladder, he said, "The Lord knows I go on this ladder with less fear and perturbation of mind, than ever I entered the pulpit to preach." Having mounted the ladder, he sat down and said, "Now I am near the getting of the crown, which shall be sure; for which I bless the Lord, and desire all of you to bless him, that he hath brought me here, and made me triumph over devils, men, and sin: they shall wound me no more. I forgive all men the wrongs they have done me; and I pray the sufferers may be kept from sin, and helped to know their duty." After a few moments of silent prayer, he lifted up the napkin, and said, "Farewell all relations and friends in Christ; farewell acquaintances and earthly enjoyments; farewell reading and preaching, praying and believing, wanderings, reproach, and sufferings. Welcome Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; into thy hands I commit my spirit." He once more prayed, and as he was doing so, the executioner turned him over.

The students, Smith and Boig, were tried, condemned, and executed with Cargill; and for the three at the Cross of Edinburgh, as surely as for their fellow-martyrs at Ayrsmoss, came down the "chariot of fire:"—

"Its drivers were angels, on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

"A seraph unfolded its doors, bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation.

"On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding,
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before you,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!"

Rattray has given the country another hero, thoug of a different order. He was Lieut.-General Si William Chalmers, eldest son of William Chalmer Esq. of Glenericht, in this parish; a very charmin seat on the Ericht, to the north of Craighall. H was also a nephew of Sir Kenneth Douglas. Bart., o Glenbervie: the Glenbervie Douglases being an of shoot from the great House of Douglas, Earls o Angus. Sir William was born in 1787, and entere the army in 1803. He was in active service through out the whole war with France; and in the Britis army there was not an officer with more of th elements of the military hero in his composition. H had courage to dare any exploit, however difficult and to brave any danger, however great. When i action he forgot self, and indeed every thing but th duty of a soldier, and the glory that would crow Britain if her arms were successful. This, of course tended to expose him to many and extreme peril In the assault made on the entrenchments of San he was severely wounded. In the numerous battle which he fought, he had no fewer than nine horse killed under him. Three of the nine were killed o wounded on the field of Waterloo, where he com manded a wing of the 52d Foot. For his services o that field, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel; for h services at the Pyrenees, he had previously receive the brevet of Major. He was created a Knight Com mander of the Order of the Guelphs of Hanover, i 1837, a Military Companion of the Bath in 1838, an a Knight Bachelor in 1844. He was made a Majo General in 1846, and a Lieutenant-General in 1854 and was Colonel of the 78th Foot. He died in 1860.

After we had compiled this brief notice of Sir Wi liam, our attention was directed to the account o him which appeared at his death in the *Dundee Courie* under date "Wednesday, June 6, 1860;" and we giv it in its entireness, though it will repeat a number o the facts stated in our paragraph.

"DEATH OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM CHALMERS.

"This distinguished officer expired at his hous Perth Road, Dundee, on Saturday last about te o'clock forenoon. The infirmities of age had bee gradually creeping upon him for some time past, an the past severe winter and spring, which carried off many, were sensibly felt by Sir William. About nin weeks ago he was seized with an attack of influenz which continued gradually to increase till he san under its effect on Saturday morning, surrounded b his family. Sir William Chalmers was the son William Chalmers, Esq., Town Clerk of Dundee. Th family have for several generations been connecte with the town. Sir William, though a soldier fro his youth, for a great many years and up to the d

of his death, held the civil appointments of Principal Clerk of the Peace and Keeper of the Register of Sasines for the County of Forfar. These were offices of considerable emolument to the holder, the duties being all along performed by deputy. Sir William Chalmers was born at the Terrace, Dundee, in the year 1785. Having got his education at the Parish School under Mr Wylie, he entered the army in 1803, being then in the eighteenth year of his age. Those still living who were his companions at school speak of him as exhibiting not only superior scholarship but that bravery and daring, which characterised his more mature years. He excelled all his companions in athletic exercises, and nearly every forenoon for some years walked from ten to twenty miles, and by this means became very hardy and swift of foot. At the time young Chalmers joined the army, Napoleon Bonaparte was in the height of his glory. The Peace of Amiens was of short duration, and the ambitious spirit of the Corsican knew no bounds. His assumption of the Imperial Throne gave such a turn to affairs on the Continent as speedily to be followed by the renewal of hostilities, and the opening of the Spanish war. From 1808, when the Peninsular war commenced down to 1815, when the French Emperor was finally crushed, Sir William was present and actively engaged in most of the hard fought contests under Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington. His military skill and daring spirit soon brought him under the special notice of the Duke, and he was often entrusted with the execution of duties of a hazardous nature in all of which he came off with honour and credit. As an instance we may mention that at one time in Spain the French army were encamped along a valley in one line, and on the opposite side a range of mountains projected, which divided the right and left wings of the British army. Sir Arthur Wellesley wanted a despatch carried from the one wing to the other. The necessity was imminent, and the execution was extremely hazardous. Chalmers undertook the duty. The distance over the mountains was fifteen miles, but by going in front of the hills and in face of the French army, the distance was greatly lessened. He chose the latter. When about half-way the solitary horseman was perceived by the French sentinels. Two guns were fired in his direction, and his horse was killed. Extricating himself as speedily as possible he took to his heels. He was followed by some horsemen, but he kept running on, and had the fortune to escape and got safely to quarters with his despatch. Sir William had many hairbreadth escapes. In a letter to his father after the battle of Barossa, he remarked that he had during that sanguinary conflict a ball in the pommel of his saddle, another in the tail of his coat, and a third in the front of his cocked hat, all which, he added, would tend to prove I never was born to be shot, and if I do not get promotion for my services in this battle I will leave the army in disgust, and come home and open a grocer's shop in the Bonnet Hill, in Dundee. Something, however, more honourable was in store for him, Sir William was present at Waterloo. When the allied armies occupied Brussels he was aide-de-camp to his cousin, General M'Kenzie, commanding the garrison at Antwerp. Hearing the cannonading in the morning he asked leave to join the army, and this being given, he mounted his horse, got to the field, and presented himself to the Duke. It so happened that one of the regiments had all its officers either killed or wounded in the early part of the day. To this regiment he was appointed, and gallantly shared in the toils and honours of the battle. After the peace in 1815, Sir William retired from the army, and returned to reside in Dundee. About eleven years ago he was Knighted by Her Majesty, in testimony of the efficient services he had rendered his country. In 1854 he attained the brevet rank of Lieutenant-General, and was subsequently appointed Colonel of the 78th Highlanders. His absence from Edinburgh, when the heroes of Lucknow lately received the splendid ovation, was much felt, but at the time he was confined to his house with the disease from which he never recovered.

"One son and three daughters, all unmarried, survive. His oldest son died in the service of his country a few years ago. Though Sir William Chalmers generally resided in the winter and spring in his town residence in Dundee he scarcely took any active part in public affairs. In 1832 he wished to enter Parliament, and stood as a candidate for Dundee, but was unsuccessful. At the institution of the Public Seminaries he came forward and took a leading part, not only in promoting the object, but in preparing the constitution under which the schools were to be carried on. On that occasion he appeared at several public meetings, and displayed a facility and elegance in speaking which excited the admiration of all who heard him. The last public appearance he made was on the occasion of the cattle show in 1843. At the dinner Lord Lynedoch was to reply to the toast of the army, but having to leave early Sir William took his place, and his speech, which contained an eloquent tribute of respect to the Duke of Wellington, was enthusiastically received. His fondness for walking continued through life, and up to a recent period a tall military-looking old gentleman, his surtout closely buttoned, a worsted cravat thrown loosely round his neck, and an umbrella under his right arm might be seen almost daily walking along the Perth Road. We have only to add that

Sir William was highly respected in the town, and will be long remembered."

There are many interesting anecdotes of the Colonel still lingering in Dundee. We give the following as a striking illustration of his walking powers referred to above. At Perth he gave his cloak to the guard of the mail coach. "What am I going to do with this, Colonel?" says the guard. "Some person will be waiting for it at the foot of Small's Wynd when the coach arrives," replies the Colonel, and here, sure enough, when the coach reached Small's Wynd the wondering guard found the Colonel waiting to receive his cloak.

Of the ministers of Rattray it may be noted, that John Rattray, who got the bridge built over the Ericht, a little to the north of Blairgowrie, as we narrated when there, was of the Craighall family. Thomas Lundie joined the Protesters, and, in 1663, was charged before the Privy Council, with endeavouring to alienate the hearts of the people from the present government in Church and State. David Rankin was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689, for his Jacobitism.

ALYTH.

The oldest Historic Scene in this parish is on the top of Barry Hill. There are the remains of an erection, which must have been in its day one of much strength and consequence. We see no reason to doubt that it was a Pictish fort; and Chalmers in his Caledonia gives his opinion that it was coeval with the Roman invasion. If so, it may have been reared as soon as the conquerors of the world entered the country and threatened to overrun it, with the view of checking them, and providing a refuge from them for the inhabitants. The fort was elliptical in form; one hundred and eighty feet long and seventy-four broad. A mound of earth surrounded it, twelve feet thick at the top and eight feet high; and this was surrounded by a wall of granite, unhewn and uncemented. The fort was inaccessible on the west and north sides by reason of the steepness of the hill. On the east and south sides it was defended by a ditch, ten feet broad and from twelve to sixteen feet deep below the foundation of the walls. A narrow stone bridge, which had been vitrified, crossed the ditch. The pathway of the bridge had been covered with a stratum of gravel, which had incorporated with the stones on which it was laid, when these were in a state of fusion through the action of fire. The entrance into the fort was protected by a bulwark of stone, and the approach to it was from the north-east, along the verge of a precipice. There is no vestige of a well within the inclosure to supply with water persons shut up in it; but on the west side, between the base of the mound and the precipice, there had been a deep pond or tank, which the tenants in the neighbourhood filled up at no distant date.

There is a tradition that after King Robert Bruce defeated Comyn, Earl of Buchan, at Old Meldrum in 1307, the Earl with his army fled southward, and that they passed a night in the fort on Barry Hill, which was, therefore, sometimes called Comyn's Camp.

This fort figures in the annals of the renowned King Arthur, "the honourable Father of the British heroes," "the Head of the Kings," and "one of the Nine Worthies of the world." About the beginning of the sixth century, he was chosen Pendragon, or chief military leader of the Cumbrian Britons; expelled his sovereign, the feeble Hoel; reigned over the kingdom of Strathclyde from A.D. 508 to A.D. 542, surrounded by a splendid court; and was killed in the battle of Camlan, which he had to fight with his own subjects whom he had delivered so gloriously from the yoke of their Saxon oppressors. The story of his exploits has been so overlaid with romance, that some "advanced thinkers" among archæologists (there are such in all sciences) have not only discredited the story, but have pronounced Arthur himself a myth. We do not enter into this controversy. We have read the *pros* and *cons* on both sides of it, and the conclusion which we have come to is this: if the British Arthur is a myth, he is a myth which, so far as we know, has no parallel. Romance, we admit, has imposed mythical persons on popular credulity; but where has it imposed another, with half so many places, in all parts of Britain, called after his name; or with any such institution ascribed to him as the Order of the Round Table? It seems to us that belief in the reality of Arthur has been far too widespread, and too enduring, to be fatherable, at this time of day, on romance.

It is Arthur's Queen, Guinevar, Wanor, Wandor, Vanora (so variously is her name given), that connects him with the fort on Barry Hill. She was guilty of conjugal infidelity. Her paramour was her husband's own nephew, Modred, son of Loftus, King of the Picts. When visiting Rome, Arthur had made Modred Regent of the kingdom in his absence. On his return, he found that Modred had assumed the sovereignty, and had seduced his Queen. Arthur fought him in three pitched battles. In the last of these, that of Camlan, Modred was slain, and Arthur himself was mortally wounded. Signally and terribly was Vanora punished for her wickedness. When it was discovered, she was committed to prison, and her prison was the fort on

Barry Hill: and, at last, she suffered death, by being torn in pieces by wild beasts.

On the eastern declivity of Barry Hill is another fort, of the same form as that on the top, and perhaps of the same age, but of much smaller dimensions, and which had been strongly defended by a wall and a fosse. We have not met with any historic lore about this fort. If it was coeval with that on the summit of the Hill, it is natural to think that the smaller one may have been meant to be a sort of outpost to the larger one, to defend and strengthen it. It might intercept intending assailants of the latter, as they were on their way to it, and might both cause them loss of time, and weaken their force.

The Standing Stones on the south of Barry Hill are doubtless monumental. They were set up to keep certain events in memory—great battles in times when war was the normal employ, as probably as any other—but which have, in spite of all memorials of them, passed into oblivion. The Statistical Account says all that can be said about them. "In the barony of Alyth, on the south of Barry Hill, there are several rude obelisks, or 'Standing-Stones,' probably intended to commemorate some long-forgotten conflict. They are referred by tradition to the time of King Robert the Bruce; but there can be no doubt that they belong to a much more remote period. On the most remarkable, about three miles to the east of the village, there is the mark of a large horse-shoe, rudely cut out with indistinct traces of other figures. There is no vestige of sculpture on any of the others. Stone coffins, containing human bones, are said to have been occasionally turned up; and about fifty years ago, an artificial cavity, of considerable size, filled up with ashes, was discovered in a field on the farm of Loyall."

Inverqueich Castle, which stood at the junction of the Alyth Burn and the Isla, has a high place among the Historic Scenes of Strathmore. Its age is unknown; but that it can boast a very venerable antiquity, appears from the fact that, in the invasion of 1296, Edward I. of England passed in it the night of the 2d July. We have seen it stated, that it was here that John Baliol resigned to Edward the crown and sovereignty of Scotland. The deed of resignation may have been written and signed here; but the sad ceremony of presenting it was performed at Brechin; whither Edward, in a message which he sent from Perth, ordered Baliol to go, and where, he said, the Bishop of Durham would tell him the terms on which mercy would be extended to him. Inverqueich Castle must have been originally a Royal Castle. It was granted by the Crown to the great Lindsay family, and was long one of their seats. In a charter to it which Robert II. gave to his nephew, James de Lyndesay, it is called "the King's Castle of Inucuyth." From what the charter said of it, it must have been then in ruins, whether from age or from violence, we do not know; but it was afterwards rebuilt.

A great part of the parish of Alyth belonged at one time to the Lindsays. Their first possession in it was Balwyndolloch, or, as it is now called, Ballendoch. In 1303, Alexander de Lyndesay received a grant of it from Thomas, Earl of Mar, which King David II. confirmed by a charter. From time to time, the Lindsays got charters to other portions of the parish from successive Kings, to whom they were nearly related, through the marriage of Sir David Lindsay, first Earl of Crawford, to the Princess Jane, daughter of Robert II.; till, with the exception of Balhary and Bamff, they could call all the parish their own. The sun of the Lindsays began to decline in the fifteenth century; and in 1630 they parted with the last of their Alyth lands to the family of Airlie, who were already the chief proprietors in the parish.

Inverqueich Castle was the death-scene of Alexander, Lord Lindsay, son of David, fourth Earl of Crawford, and created Duke of Montrose for life. As we said when at Blairgowrie, Alexander, Lord Lindsay, was at Inverqueich in the autumn of 1489, when he and his younger brother, John, quarrelled and fought. His Lordship was carried into the Castle wounded, and died in it of his wounds; these being assisted, as the legend bears, by the hand of his spouse, Lady Janet Gordon.

Alyth is a burgh of barony. It was raised to this rank by James III. It gives the Earl of Airlie one of his titles. He is Baron Ogilvy of Alyth, and is also the superior of the town. It is a place of very considerable antiquity. It had begun to hold weekly markets in, if not before, the days of David II. (1329-1371); for he issued an edict prohibiting Alyth, and certain other places, from holding weekly markets, as being within the liberties of Dundee, which he favoured, and wished to cherish.

Loyall is part of the land in the parish belonging to the Earls of Airlie; and the name has historic significance. "The family of Airlie," says the writer of the Statistical Account, "have a special grant from the crown for the name of the lands of Loyall, in commemoration of their fidelity to Charles I. and II. during the great Rebellion." In the vocabulary of the Charleses "fidelity" and *loyalty* were synonimous terms. In this sense of the word, the loyalty of the family of Airlie was unsurpassed, and it cost them much. James, first Earl of Airlie, and the Great Marquis of Montrose were cousins-german; and the Earl, with his three sons, joined the Marquis and fought with him throughout his campaigns, to retrieve the fortunes of the House of Stuart. His second son, Sir Thomas, was wounded at Inverlochy with a shot

in the thigh, and died a few days after in the march to Badenoch. After the battle of Alford, the Earl and his third son, Sir David, rejoined Montrose with a troop of eighty gentlemen of the name of Ogilvy. The Earl greatly contributed to the Royalist victory at Kilsyth. At the request of Montrose, he extricated a large body of Highlanders from imminent peril, in which their ardour and rashness had placed them. His cavalier zeal and efficiency made him all the more obnoxious to the Covenanters. He was excommunicated by the General Assembly; and was excepted out of the articles of Westminster.

His eldest son, James, Lord Ogilvy, was a State prisoner in Edinburgh for his devotion to Charles I., at the time the battle of Kilsyth was fought. After the battle, Montrose sent a party under the Master of Napier and Colonel Nathanel Gordon, to summon Edinburgh to surrender; and to give warning that, if it refused, he would proceed against it with fire and sword. The citizens, panic-struck, sent delegates to meet the party on their way to the city; and with the delegates, they sent the two most distinguished of their State prisoners, the Earl of Crawford and Lord Ogilvy; earnestly imploring them to use their influence with Montrose, to induce him to "preserve a city already sore afflicted with the avenging hand of Heaven (the allusion is to a very grievous and deadly visitation of the plague); at the same time wishing destruction to themselves and their posterity, if ever they should prove ungrateful for the favour, or ungrateful to their benefactors. Delighted to meet such friends, the Master of Napier returned with them directly to Montrose. At the sight of them, he "was transported with joy, and met them with the tenderest embraces of friendship."

The Earl of Airlie and Lord Ogilvy were both at Philiphaugh, where they left not a few brave Ogilvys from Cortachy, Airlie, and Alyth, never more to return to them. Lord Ogilvy himself was there taken prisoner, was carried to the Castle of St Andrews, was tried for high treason, and convicted, and was sentenced to die the death of a traitor. The night before his intended execution he marvellously escaped from the Castle in the clothes of a sister who had been permitted to visit him. He then rubbed shoulders with death for his "fidelity" to Charles, but this did not keep him from engaging again in the same service, and, like his father, he was excepted out of the articles of Westminster. When the First Charles had lost his head on the scaffold before Whitehall, when Montrose had been hanged on a gibbet thirty feet high at the market place of Edinburgh, between the Cross and the Tron, when the Second Charles had been crowned at Scone, and when Middleton had become "the hero and paladin of the Royalist cause," Lord Ogilvy gave him his earnest but bootless support; and for this the Kirk took him under cognizance. Under date of 9th February, 1651, the Session Records of Alyth have this very curious and memorable entry. His Lordship appears in it as a "heartie" penitent doing penance for his Royalism. His heartiness may be doubted, but it was enough if the Session and congregation of Alyth and the Presbytery of Meigle were satisfied.

"This day my Lord Ogilvy declared his repentance before the congregation, in the habit of sackcloth, in presens of Mr George Patillo, minister at Newtyle; and Mr Robert Crightoun, minister at Eassie; and Mr David Patton, minister at Kettyns, who were appointed be the presbrie, and, in sackcloth, confessed his sinful accession to General-Major Middleton's rebellion and for his sinfull miscarriages against the Covenant, and gave great evidence of his heartie grief for the samine, to the full satisfaction of the whole congregation."

Well might the Charleses have authorised the family of Airlie to call all their lands by the name of Loyall! And much did they merit from the house of Stuart in the next century. James, Lord Ogilvy, son of David, third Earl, entered heart and soul into the Rebellion of 1715, for which he was attainted, but was afterwards pardoned; and David, Lord Ogilvy, son of John, called fourth Earl, joined Prince Charlie in 1745 with six hundred men, chiefly of his own name and family. He also was attainted for high treason, and fled to France. After being many years an exile there George III. restored him to his country and his estate. The noble title of the house was restored to it as lately as 1836.

In Popish times the benefice of Alyth was attached to one of the prebends in the Cathedral of Dunkeld, and the patronage was in the hands of the bishop of that See. Besides the parish church, which appears to have been dedicated to St Molonoch, a saint of the seventh century, with whom we have not been able to make much acquaintance, it had a chapel dedicated to St Ninian, and called by his name. The chapel stood within the parochial burying-ground, and on the north side of it. The church and the chapel had separate endowments, and were served sometimes by one person and sometimes by two. It has been conjectured, that "the chaplainry was a provision for the clergyman who discharged the duties of the curate of the parish in the absence of the incumbent."

The ecclesiastical connection of Alyth with Dunkeld accounts for the interest it took, and the share it had, in the violent struggle for the See between Gavin Douglas, uncle of the Earl of Angus, and Andrew Stewart, brother of the Earl of Athole. Stewart, chosen to the dignity by the chapter under the in-

fluence of his brother, and thinking possession a good point in law, took possession of the Episcopal palace and the Cathedral, and prepared to hold them by force. To dispossess him, a formidable body of armed men was collected from the neighbouring districts. Of this body Alyth is said to have furnished a large contingent; all the larger that it was appealed to for help by such powerful friends of Gavin Douglas as Lord Ogilvy and the Master of Crawford and Thomas Greig, prebendary of Alyth.

In the long battle between Presbytery and Prelacy, Alyth was surprisingly true to the cause of Presbytery. It did not worship Prelatic nobles and gentry, as it might have been feared that it would do, and as many other places not far off did. There was much commotion and trepidation in the parish in 1645 and 1646. The "common enemy," as it was usual to style the Royalists, were sometimes uncomfortably near it. They must have passed through it in some of their marches by the skirts of the Grampians. Detachments of them, moreover, were quartered in it. In at least one instance, the Session hired a spy to visit Montrose's camp, and to try to penetrate his purposes and plans, so that all practicable measures might be taken for the protection of the parish. The Session minutes have this entry:—"July, 5 day, 1646, first Sabbath. Given to Hendrie Cargill, x sh for to go to the camp to trie and searche some news from the malignants, and that he may be for warnisse of their coming upon us." One consequence of this state of things was that public worship was frequently suspended. The Session minutes have these entries:—"July, the 2 Sab.—This day no preaching, because of the common enemie. July, the 3 Sab. and 4 Sab.—No preaching, because Montrose was so near us. August the first Sab. and 2 day—Ther was no preaching with us since the last Fast (Feb. 1st), because the enemie was quarterit in our bounds. This day our minister taught."

By the time of the Restoration, the anti-Prelatic spirit of Alyth appears to have toned down considerably. It quietly submitted to the new order of things. It did this perhaps the more readily from the taste which it got of the Sabbath fare furnished by the republican sectaries in Cromwell's time, and which it did not at all relish. The Session Minutes bear:—"March the 28, 1652: No preaching, except only ane Englishe trouper went up to ye pulpit, and made ane forme of ane preaching, who hade no warrant to preach, whose text was upon the 45 Psalm, 13, 14 vs." "Trouper preaching" did not take well in Scotland, though curiosity sometimes brought it large audiences.

Since we have said so much of the Session of Alyth in those troublous times, we may add that its work then was no sinecure. What with cases of "fechting and flytting," slander, witchcraft, and contumacy, in addition to the more ordinary class of offences, which are always requiring Sessional cognizance, its hands were certainly full enough. It was laudably painstaking, too, with the erring, and stern and rigid in its discipline. Fifteen soldiers, parishioners doubtless, had entered into "the unlawful engagement," as it was called: that is, to get Charles II. settled on the throne, they had engaged "to fight with notorious malignants," who might afterwards be admitted to the highest offices of the State. These soldiers were not admitted to the Communion in 1649, till they professed their penitence, and took the Covenant anew. The Statistical Account gives another illustration, which shows how patient with the bad, as well as strict, the Session was. It says that, in its Records, "there are instances of persons being required to 'sit the stool' for periods of more than twenty and even thirty Sabbaths." Yet the writer of the Account was constrained to record his judgment against this severity. "On the whole," says he, "if we may judge from the ecclesiastical records of this parish, the parochial police (the Session) of that period, to which many are disposed to look back as a golden age of purity and piety, can hardly be regarded in any other view than as most injudiciously and unjustifiably rigid, and rather calculated to irritate and harden the offender than to win him to repentance."

Mount Blair, which is partly in this parish and partly in Glenisla, is a very conspicuous and commanding object in the lower range of the Grampians. We do not know anything for which it might lift its head among our Historic Scenes, if it is not a tradition that a cave on the east side of it was once inhabited by a giant and a giantess: of whom, however, we have not learned anything which the curious might like to know; such as where they came from, and what prodigies of strength they performed, and whether they made the cave their abode from necessity or from choice. What immense treasures of invaluable information have been lost for want of chroniclers to put it on record!

The Forest of Alyth was a Royal forest, one of the hunting-grounds of our Scottish Kings. In 1377, Robert II. made John de Roos Justiciary of it and of the Forest of Clunie. On the north-west of the Forest of Alyth are the remains of Corb Castle. We wrote of it when at Kirkmichael. From what we have since observed, we suspect that the castle is on the Alyth side of the boundary, and we are happy to come to it again, for, through the kindness of a correspondent, we are now able to enlarge our notice of it.

According to this correspondent, Corb was long the property of a Rattray family, a branch of the Craighall stock; and it is of one of them, we doubt not,

that Dean Ramsay's anecdote is told. The property then extended from the Burn of Drimmie to a little to the south-east of Mount Blair. The Castle or House of Corb stood at Drimmie, now called Rannagulzion.

In and after 1689, Rattray of Corb was a Jacobite. Late in the evening before the battle of Killiecrankie, Corb ordered his servant to have his horse, as well as his own, ready immediately. When Corb came out to mount he had his cloak on; but his man knew by his weight as he dropped into the saddle that he was in armour. He started at a slow canter, followed by his servant, taking the way for Strathardle by West Bleaton, then through Glenbrierachan and the Bruchmore to the back of the hill behind Killiecrankie. Turning round, he said to his servant, "Stop here till the sun goes down, and if I do not return, go home." Corb rode on, and joined Dundee's forces, and fought at Killiecrankie. He returned to his servant, as arranged, and rode home by the same route. In the battle the basket hilt of his sword was crushed in on his hand, which could not be withdrawn. He had to ride home in this state, and went to bed, laying his hand on a table at the bedside, while some of his family bathed it with hot water to reduce the swelling. This sword was afterwards in the possession of the Rattrays of Brewlands, in Glenisla. As lately as 1867, it was shown to our correspondent by the late Patrick Small, the representative of that family.

It became known to the Government that Corb had been at Killiecrankie with Dundee; and he had therefore to go into hiding. One very stormy, snowy night, Corb skulked into his own house, to take the luxury of a bed. Being a stern, severe man, he was not well liked in the neighbourhood, and information was given to the authorities that he was sleeping in his own house. Hessian troops were encamped at that time about the Moor of Blairgowrie. A detachment of them came up Glenericht, and, about the break of day, surrounded the house. The alarm was given; but too late for Corb to escape. He disguised himself in the grieve's clothes, hoping thus to escape detection. When examining him, they said, "The clothes may be the clothes of the grieve, but the hands are the hands of a gentleman."

Corb was sent a prisoner to London, and was tried for high treason. Two of his tenants, named M'Intosh and Barrie, went to London to give evidence in his favour. They swore that Corb was "pressed," and gave other false testimony. He was acquitted and got home. It was supposed he had other friends in London helping him to save his head. The two witnesses, M'Intosh and Barrie, on their way home by sea encountered a storm. They thought the ship would be wrecked, and were bewailing their fate, when a sailor passing them on deck said, "Get out of the road, you old fellows; what are you crying at? We are in five fa'ms of water." M'Intosh said, "Gif five be fa'm e ye water, we'll sure be a' in't tee. Oh! gif I had grip o' a rash buss in ye Howe o' Bedmorris, I wa ne'er be here again."

Corb, when afterwards speaking of these men though they had probably saved his head, said tha they were missworn dogs.

Some time about the middle of the eighteenth century, the estate of Corb was sold out of the Rattray family to Morrison of Naughton Castle, Fife, fo about £7000. About the end of that century, two Colonels Rattray, brothers, descended from the Corb family, returned to Perthshire after service in the Indian army. They wished to buy back Corb from Mr Morrison. They met him in Dundee to negotiate the matter. Morrison asked twelve thousand guineas for the property. They offered him twelve thousand pounds, which was not accepted. Next morning the Rattrays went over to Naughton Castle, and offered the price which Morrison had asked. He replied that he had also changed his mind, and refused to sell; so that Corb remains out of the hands of the Rattrays still.

One of the Colonels Rattray purchased Arthurstone, in Strathmore, which is now possessed by Peter Carmichael, Esq.; and the other purchased Downie Park, on South Esk, near Kirriemuir, and which has since been acquired by the Earl of Airlie.

It may be noted that, in the ruins of the old Castle of Corb, there was a stone with the Rattray arms on it. The Colonels Rattray asked of Morrison this stone, which was by this time lying about the green. The request was granted, and the stone taken away. At the desire of the late Patrick Small of Brewlands, our correspondent sought for the stone at both Arthurstone and Downie Park; but no trace of it could be found.

Such is the story of the rebel laird of Corb, in 1689, as told by a patriarch of the locality, whose ancestors had been long on the estate, and who himself died in 1846, aged four-score and six. There is a similar story told of the laird's descendant and successor in 1745. He was James Rattray, Esq. of Rannagulzion, Drimmie, and Corb. He fought for the Pretender in 1745; was among the last to leave the field of Culloden; fled from it with his brother-in-law, Sir James Kinloch of Kinloch, to Drimmie, in the parish of Longforgan; and was captured there by the soldiers of the Government, carried to London, and tried for high treason. "At his trial," says "The Scottish Nation," "he was advised to plead in his defence, as many of the prisoners did without effect, that he was forced against his will, to join the rebel army. This plea made no impression on the judges, and the jury

were about to retire, when a stranger rushed into the court, and earnestly exclaimed, 'My Lords, I wish to be heard in behalf of James Rattray, the prisoner at the bar.' The judges after some hesitation, consented to receive his evidence, when he declared upon oath that, on one occasion, while travelling through Perthshire in the exercise of his vocation, collecting a coarse kind of flax, called heards, he was benighted on the road, and, arriving at Drimmie, he was there received by the prisoner, and hospitably entertained with the servants of the family; and that he subsequently saw the prisoner handcuffed in the custody of the rebel army, from his refusal to join them. In consequence of this man's evidence, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty. The witness immediately disappeared without speaking to any one, and was never afterwards seen by any of the family."

The Committee of the Scottish Estates held its last meeting at Alyth. This was in August, 1651. When Cromwell followed Charles II. into England to receive his "crowning mercy" at Worcester, he left Monk to proceed with the work of subduing Scotland to the English Commonwealth. Stirling surrendered to Monk almost without a shot. He then turned to Dundee, which he invested on the 26th August, and stormed on the 1st September. Some days before the Committee of Estates had met at Alyth to concert measures for the defence of the country. From Dundee Monk despatched five hundred of his cavalry to put an end to their deliberations. They came on the Committee by surprise on the 28th August, seized a number of them, and dispersed their levies. The genealogist of the House of Sutherland says that "they were betrayed by William Buchan, general scout-master of the Scottish army, who conveyed and led the English thither by a secret and quiet way."

Among the members of the Committee, whom the Republicans captured at Alyth, and sent to London, were the Earl of Crawford and the Earl Marischal. The Earl of Crawford was kept a prisoner for nine years, being confined first in the Tower of London, and then in Windsor Castle. The Earl Marischal lay in the Tower for the same dreary period. Other two of the prisoners were Sir Adam Hepburn of Humbie, and Sir James Foulis of Colinton. The former died in his confinement, and the latter was liberated at the Restoration. Other two of the prisoners were the Reverend Robert Douglas and James Sharp (afterwards Archbishop Sharp). Cromwell soon released both. He penetrated Sharp, saw that he was made of less stern stuff than his Presbyterian brethren, whom it had been his lot to deal with, and forecast his future by dubbing him *Sharp of that Ilk*. No fewer than three of the local ministers were made prisoners at that time, and got a voyage to the southern metropolis. One of these was John Rattray, minister of Alyth, translated to it from Rattray in 1637, and of whom the Session Records of Alyth have this entry:—"August, the last day, 1651—This day no preaching, because our minister was taken on Thursday last by the Englishes, being the 28 of August, 1651." Another was George Patullo, minister of Newtyle. He had been visiting a friend in Alyth on some of those perilous days. Returning home some of Cromwell's troopers, meeting with him, apprehended him, and carried him to their ships in the Tay at Dundee; and he lay "five weeks in his clothes on the deck of the ship, and in Tinmouth Castle," after which he was taken to London, where he and the minister of Alyth lay in close confinement for the space of twenty weeks. The third was Hugh Ramsay, minister of Caputh, of whom we wrote when at that parish.

Bamff is an Historic Scene as the seat of the Ramsays; one of our oldest Scottish families. The first of these on record is Nessus de Ramsay, chief Physician to Alexander II. (1214-1249). His Majesty gave him a royal charter to the lands of Bamff and others adjacent. The charter is dated 1232, and is still in possession of the family. This grant is said to have been made to Nessus for his saving the life of the King by a very critical surgical operation. Popular tradition describes it as "cutting a hair-ball from the King's heart;" whether this account of it can be received as intelligible, or credible, we must leave to the decision of those who are better versed than we are in the ills which flesh is heir to, and their remedies.

Adam de Ramsay of Bamff was one of the Scottish barons who swore fealty to Edward I. of England in 1296. From him descended George Ramsay of Bamff, who had a son Alexander, eminent, like his ancestor Nessus, in the medical profession. He was Physician to James VI. and Charles I. Gilbert Ramsay, grandson of George, was the first of the family that was raised to the rank of a baronet. He might have won the honour by a worthier service. Charles II. conferred on him a baronetcy of Nova Scotia, for his gallant conduct in routing the Covenanters at Rullion Green, on the 28th November, 1666. They were commanded by Colonel Wallace, and numbered about nine hundred men. Worn out with their long marches, and hungry and hard-bestead, "they looked," says Kirkton, "rather like dying men than soldiers going to conquer." The Royalists, numbering three thousand, under the infamous Dalzell, attacked them; and though they fought with desperate courage, and repelled three onsets, they were at length overwhelmed. About fifty of them fell—

"Their windin' sheet the bluidy plaid—
Their grave lone Rullion Green."

What became of the rest of them we must not tarry here to tell. Well might even a Jacobite Muse sing, as it has sung—

"Ah! here they sang the holy strain—
Sweet Martyr's melodie;
Where every heart and every voice
Arose in harmonie.
The listening echoes all around
Gave back their soft reply;
While angels heard the hallow'd sound,
And bore it to the sky.

"Oh faithless King! hast thou forgot
Who gave to thee thy crown?
Hast thou forgot thy solemn oath,
At Holyrood and Scone?
Oh! fierce Dalziel! thy ruthless rage
Wrought langsome misery;
What Scottish heart could ever gi'e
A benison to thee!

"O, Claverhouse! fell Claverhouse!
Thou brave, but cruel Graham!
Dark deeds like thine will last for aye,
Linked wi' thy blighted name."

Of the succeeding baronets of Bamff, we may note, that the fifth, Sir John, was an advocate, and Sheriff of Kincardineshire; and that the sixth, Sir George, fell in a duel with Captain James Macrae of Holmains in April, 1790. This tragic affair originated in a quarrel between one of Lady Ramsay's footmen and Captain Macrae at the Edinburgh theatre. The footman insulted the Captain by some insolent language addressed to him, for which the Captain gave him a sound cudgelling. A challenge followed between Sir George and the Captain. The duel was fought at Musselburgh; and Macrae's shot took deadly effect. He fled to France. Cited to answer for murder before the High Court of Justiciary, he was outlawed for non-appearance. He saved his estate by previously conveying it to trustees, whom he instructed to execute an entail on it. He died abroad in 1820.

The seventh baronet, Sir William, had three sons; James, who succeeded him, and died without issue in 1859; George, and William. William was Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. Appointed to the Chair in 1831, he filled it for many years with much honour to himself. and with much benefit to the University and the country. His works are monuments of his own exact and thorough scholarship, and of his devotion to the interests of classical learning. George succeeded his brother, Sir James, as the ninth baronet; and died very suddenly on Wednesday, the 22d February, 1871. He had that day attended public worship in the Episcopalian Chapel, Alyth. After leaving the Chapel, he was seized with severe illness, drove home with all speed, and died about ten o'clock that evening. His death produced a profound sensation in the district and was greatly lamented. He was, emphatically not only a good landlord, but, in all respects, a good country gentleman; always ready to give a helping hand to whatever promised, in his view, to advance the weal of society. He did much for Alyth. He made a gift of the Fyal water to it; and, on the evening on which he expired, the chief merchants and traders of the town were met to consider how they might best honour him at the opening of the water works. Sir George, we must not fail to notice, rose to distinction in the republic of letters. He was the author of several works, which were received with favour; one of the latest of them being an elaborate and able treatise on Government.

His son, Sir James, is the present and tenth baronet of Bamff. He is reputed to be highly scholarly and cultured; and he enjoys a large share of public esteem and even affection. He has forsaken the political principles which he inherited, and has attached himself to the Liberal party. At last election he contested Forfarshire with the present Member; and if he advances with the times, we may expect to see him ere long having a seat in St Stephen's. His brother George G. Ramsay, who succeeded his uncle in the Humanity Chair of the Glasgow University, has followed the baronet in politics. At the great evening meeting in the Glasgow City Hall, on the occasion of the late visit of the Marquis of Hartington, Mr Ramsay was one of the speakers, and certainly was not the least eloquent of them. He sat down amidst "Applause," and "Three cheers for the Liberal Professor."

At the Revolution John Lousone was minister of Alyth. He was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for not reading the Proclamation of the Estates, and for not praying in terms thereof for King William and Queen Mary.

THAT PART OF THE
PARISH OF BENDOCHY
ABOVE BLAIRGOWRIE AND NORTH OF THE ERICHT.

This is the only portion that remains of the Blairgowrie district of the shire, and there is little in it to detain us. We may merely note, first, that in the Highland division of it in Popish times a chapel existed at Callie, which served to accommodate worshippers in the locality, as the chapel at Persie now does; and,

second, that on the Hill of Persie is a very fine chalybeate spring, famous in olden days for its healing virtue, and which pilgrims from a great distance resorted to.

In the Lowland division of the parish, but north of the Ericht, is St Fink, a rather marked Historic Scene, sealed to us as is most of the history inscribed on it. In olden times there had been a chapel here, doubtless dedicated to St Fink. Part of the foundation of it may yet be traced, if it has not been very recently removed. The contiguous houses bear the name of Chapeltown. A burying-ground had been attached to the chapel, in which sepulchral remains have been digged up; among others, some heads inclosed between four square stones. These may be heads of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet," but why were they so buried? We know no conjecture more feasible than that they may have been slain in battle at some distance, and their heads only brought home to sleep with their kindred dust. In the neighbourhood was a cairn. Under it, on its removal, were found relics of the dead. The surface earth immediately under the stones of the cairn was black with burned ashes, and contained human bones which had been subjected to the action of fire. Below this earth, in pits that had been digged for them in the firm sub-soil, were two urns inverted, with human bones in them, the urns and the bones being in a state of perfect preservation. The urns were large enough to hold such bones as those of the thigh and the leg entire. Rude sculpture adorned them, but they bore no inscription. In our own day, near the site of the chapel, were found "some singular-looking bottles, nearly globular, likewise inverted."

When, and by whom, was this cairn raised? Who were the honoured dead that reposed under it? What exploits had they done, and in what cause had they fallen, rendering them worthy of such a burial? Why were some of them urned, while the ashes of others mingled with their native earth? Such questions we need not multiply; we need not put them, indeed, for we can shed no light on them.

COUPAR DISTRICT.

This district comprehends the parishes of Coupar, Bendochy below Blairgowrie and south of the Ericht, Meigle, Cargill, St Martins (excepting the lands of Friarton), Collace, the lands of Kinnochtry in the parish of Scone, the parish of Caputh be-south the Isla, those parts of the estate of Dunsinane in the parish of Abernyte, and the lands of North Ballo in the parish of Longforgan.

COUPAR.

The older part of the town of Coupar Angus, and a small portion of the lands of the parish, are in Forfarshire. We accordingly wrote of Coupar in our "Historic Scenes in Forfarshire." But as this may be read by many who did not see it then, old readers will, we trust, excuse us if, for the sake of the new ones, we repeat ourselves somewhat fully concerning Coupar, which has been our own home for now nearly half a century.

The oldest Historic Scenes in the parish are two Roman camps, a small and a large one. The small one was on the lands of Camphill, commonly corrupted into Kemphill. It was perhaps raised chiefly as a post of observation, whence the great camp at Meikleour, across the Isla, might be watched and guarded. The "redoubt," to which we adverted when at Caputh, was, we suppose, one of the works connected with it. The large camp was on the field where the parish church stands. It is commonly said to have been formed by Agricola, in his seventh and last campaign, and in A.D. 84. It was nearly square in figure, and occupied an area of about twenty-four acres. It has been supposed that it accommodated the one half of the Roman army, and that the other half was accommodated in the camp at Campmoor, on the lands of Lintrose, in the neighbouring parish of Kettins. It was fortified by two strong ramparts, and by large ditches, some vestiges of which may yet be traced. The strength of its fortifications made the author of the Topography of the Basin of the Tay doubt the common opinion, which ascribes the camp to Agricola. He says:—"From the double ramparts, this does not seem to have been one of the temporary encampments of Agricola. We incline to think it a camp of Lollius Urbicus, and afterwards one of the *castra stativa* on which a town was formed by the natives on the departure of the Romans."

The town which rose on the site of the camp, when the invaders left the country, is Coupar; and in process of time the ground, which the Romans had made classic by encamping on it, and writing of it, became a sacred spot. On the centre of it, in 1164, King Malcolm IV. founded the Abbey, for four centuries one of the great seats of religious instruction and worship in the land. The monks whom he placed in it were of the Cistertian Order. They also went by the name of White Monks, their dress having been all white with the exception of the cowl and scapular. This Order was founded towards the close of the eleventh century by Robert, Abbot of Moléme in Burgundy. It followed the rule of St Benedict, to which, however, it added many very austere injunctions; and these served to exalt it in the esteem of an ignorant and

superstitious age. So rapid and so signal was the progress of the Cistertians, that in a century from their establishment they had eighteen hundred Abbeys! Donations also poured in on them till their wealth was boundless; and so powerful did they become that "they governed almost all Europe, both in spirituals and in temporals."

Like other Monasteries, that of Coupar was frequently honoured with the presence of the sovereigns, and of other great ones of the land. Alexander II. resided in it in November, 1246. In a charter given at it, and dated that month and year, he granted a hundred shillings to the Abbey of Arbroath. It was probably at the time of this visit to it, that Alexander gave the Abbey the sum of money, for which it became bound to erect a chapel in Kerrera, Argyleshire, and to find two monks to celebrate divine service in it for the soul of the King after his death. Sir William Wallace visited it in 1297, in that route in which he took from the English almost all the places of strength to the north of the Forth. He had just captured Perth, overwhelming the Southrons, who had possession of it, two thousand of whom were laid dead on the streets, and spoiling the city of all the riches and stores they had left in it; and as he approached Coupar on his way northward, the Abbot, an Englishman who had been installed in the office during the English ascendancy, fled, and those of the monks who had made themselves conspicuous by their servility to the victorious invader followed his example. Robert the Bruce sojourned in the Abbey in 1317, as is shewn by charters which he dated from it in December of that year; and, as appears from like evidence, King Robert II. was in it on two different occasions during the winter of 1375. Moreover, Mary and her suite rested a few nights in it in 1562, in her progress to the north to quell the conspiracy of the Earl of Huntly; and it is said to have been in it that she penned the scolding, objurgatory letter which she sent about that time to the Magistrates and Council of Edinburgh, regarding the Provostship of the city.

The Abbey of Coupar had many munificent benefactors. Malcolm, its founder, gave it the whole of the King's lands of Coupar, with easements from all his forests in Scotland, and fuel for the use of the monks. William the Lion confirmed Malcolm's grants to it, and added to them half a carucate of land for the site of the Abbey, and the King's chase, the lands of Aberbothry and Keithick, and of Persie, and that "Kalathin" which Mark Holffe possessed, except a portion on the south side of the water of Ferdill (? Ardle), opposite Clonyn (Cluny), which the King retained for his own use. He also gave the monks charters, protecting them from distraint for debt or delict, enforcing payment of all debts due them under pain of forfeiture, and securing them against tollage, passage and market customs, &c. Alexander II., besides the sum of money already mentioned by us, and a discharge from some payment the monks had been accustomed to make to the royal falconers from the land of "Abrith," gave them ten pounds of silver from the lands of Glenisla; out of which five merks were to go for the lights of the Abbey, and ten for the support of two monks of it, who were to abide and celebrate divine service on the island in the Loch of Forfar, and were to have the common pasture of the King's lands of Tyrbeg for six cows and a horse.

In the list of the benefactors of the Abbey, the Hays of Errol rank next to Royalty itself. William de la Hay endowed it with the lands of Linderpoles or Ederpoles, out of the manor of Errol, in the Carse of Gowrie, soon after receiving that estate from William the Lion, which is supposed to have been about 1170. David de la Haya, son and successor of William, gave the Abbey a net's fishing on the Tay between Lornie and the Hermitage; the latter probably Inch-Michael in the parish of Errol. These grants were made to the Abbey for the welfare of the soul of King William, and of the souls of William de la Hay and his wife Ethue, and also of the souls of the donor, and of his wife Eve. Gilbert de la Haya, son and successor of David, whom Robert the Bruce made High Constable of Scotland, granted the monks of Coupar a road through his estates for themselves and their cattle; and confirmed to them the pastures and fishings of Ederpoles, with the water, standing and running, of these lands, and the mill. He also gave this Monastery, "in which his progenitors had been buried, and in which he himself had chosen to be buried, the patronage of the church of Errol and of the chapel of Inchmartin, with all the rights and privileges pertaining thereto. He likewise gave it lands in the parish of Fossaway; a grant recognised as late as 1572, in a transaction which is thus recorded:—"John Edmonstoun, minister of Tulliebole, had his stipend of £73 15s out of the third part of the Abbey of Coupar, be the taxmen or parochiners of Fossaway." Nicholas de la Haya, son and successor to Gilbert, gave it a bovate of land in the Carse. The junior members of the Hay family imitated their seniors in their benefactions to this favourite House.

Next to the Hays we may class the Muschets of Cargill, and the Lundies, hereditary *Hostiarii* or Door-Keepers to the Kings of Scotland; an office conferred by William the Lion on Thomas, son of Malcolm Lundie, to whom King Malcolm IV., had given the lands of Lundie in Forfarshire. Thomas de Lundie bound himself and his heirs to give the monks of Coupar a merk of silver yearly out of his lands of Balmerino, in Fife. William de Muschet granted them

the common pasture of his lands of Cargill. He, or some other Muschet, must likewise have given them Campsie, in the parish of Cargill, which was a country residence of the Abbots. The house and lands there were leased; a lease of them is happily extant; and it sheds interesting light on some of the habits of the Abbots, and on the recreations and luxuries in which they indulged. The tenant to whom the lease referred to was given, was Alexander Macbroke, advocate; and besides a yearly money rent of £20 Scots, he was bound to make payment in kind to his superior, the Abbot and Convent, of "four dozen poultrie, with all aryage and carriage," &c.; on twenty-four hours' warning he had to "find ane sufficient rowar to the fishing of Nether Campsey, with an carriage man to bring hame the fishe frae the samyn; with sufficient wax to St Hunnand's lyght and chapel: And also that the said place should at all times be patent and ready to him and his successors, brethren, and familie, as often as they should happen him, or any of them to come thereto, furnisht with four feddir beddis, and four other beddis, convenient for servandis, and with all the sundry necessaris pertaining to said aucht beddis; and also upholding said place of Campsey in sclates, and biggin; and attour, finding burd claithies, towalis, pottes, pannys, plates, dishes, and other necessaries convenient for his hall, kitchen, panntre, bakehouse, branhouse, and cellar, as effeirs to his honesty and familie allenarlie; with elden of sawn wood and browme."

Those warm and generous friends of the Abbey chose it for the place of their sepulture. Andrew, seventh Earl of Errol, was laid in it in 1585, as no fewer than thirteen of his predecessors had been. A stone found in the kirkyard, having carved on it a sword and the name of Wilhelmus de Montefix, is good evidence that the Muschets also interred in the Abbey. Thomas de Lundie, referred to above, was buried at the door of it in 1231; and Alan, his son, and his last male descendant, was laid beside him in 1275.

The Abbey had other benefactors whom we may commemorate, though in the briefest possible manner. Eustace of Rattray and his son Adam of Glenbachlach gave it the two Drimmies. Members of the Athole family gave it the lands of Mortholaw, and others, with the patronage of the church and the church lands of Alveth, in Banffshire. One of the Fentons gave it the teinds and patronage of the Kirk of St John of Baikie or Nether Airlie, in Angus. Sir John of Inchmartin, Knight, gave it the lands of Murthuli, in Mar. William of Montealt gave it a stone of wax and an annual of four shillings out of his manor of Ferne. Henry of Brechin gave it the toft of Inverkey. Philip of Vallognes, Lord of Panmure, gave it a right of fishing and an acre of land, with a house in his port of East Haven. More than two centuries afterwards (in 1456), Sir Thomas Maule renewed the gift, the monks binding themselves to say mass for the souls of Sir Thomas, his wife, their son, and their predecessors and successors. Sir James Lindsay of Crawford gave it his lands of Little Pert, Duny, and Clair, in Angus, and an annual of two merks from Ardnelisk. Sir Alexander of Abernethy, Knight, gave it the lands of Kincreich in the barony of Lour, with the mill and pertinents, and right to the mill multures of the barony; two acres of land on the north side of the water of Kerbeth or Kerbet, lying between the baronies of Invereighty and Lour; and the advocation of the Kirk of Methie-Lour. The monks, moreover, "had certain 'old infeftments,' payable out of feus in the burgh of Forfar, and some interest in the town of Perth—apparently gifts by the Crown."

It was not in olden times as it is nowadays with the adherents of the Kirk, if Dr Cunningham of Crieff has not belied them. In prophesying in his pulpit the other Sabbath, the newspapers report him to have "spoken very gloomily of what would happen if the Church of Scotland was disestablished. He hoped that he would not live to see that day, as the Church's present half-starved ministers would then be wholly starved if they had to depend on the free-will offerings of their congregations. He also declared that many in connection with the Church of Scotland would not give a sixpence for the saving of their souls." Conclusive argument against disestablishment and disendowment! Striking proof, too, of the high pitch to which our endowed clergy have, in the course of upwards of three centuries, raised the Christianity of their people! "many" of whom "would not give a sixpence for the saving of their souls!" So "many" of them, that the prospect which disendowment opens to the endowed brethren is, that, "half-starved" now they would be "wholly starved" then!

From the statement of them just given, for which we are indebted mainly to Jervise, it appears that the revenues of the Abbey must have been large. It had the most of the lands of the parish of Coupar, distributed then, as they are still, into the estates of Keithick, Arthurstone, Denhead, Balgersho, and Cronan. It had also, in the parish of Bendochy, Coupar Grange, which was the home farm of the Abbey, a country seat of the Abbot, and a hospital for the monks when they fell sick. It appears that latterly at least the Chamberlain of the Abbey was the tenant of the home farm. In 1562 the tenant-farmer of it was William Rogers, of whom his descendant, the Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., says:—"At the time of his death in 1562, William Rogers was tenant-farmer

at Coupar Grange, as is attested in his will afterwards to be quoted. That he occupied the grange or home farm of the Abbey denotes the nature of his office prior to the secularisation of the lands. The grange farm was held by the steward in right of his office. He superintended not only the *nativi* or serfs, but acted as chamberlain of the institution, receiving rents from the tenants and conducting the entire business of the estates. In the lay brotherhood he held a foremost rank."

Besides Coupar Grange, the Abbey had, in the Highland division of Bendochy, Monks Callie, in addition to the Drimmies and Persie.

The revenues of the Abbey at the Reformation were :—Money, £1238 14s 9d ; Wheat, 47 chalders, 13 bolls, 1 firlot ; Bear, 75 chalders, 10 bolls, 3 firlots, ½ peck ; Meal, 73 chalders, 4 bolls, 3 firlots, 3¼ pecks ; Oats, 25 chalders, 4 bolls, 2 firlots, 2 pecks. But on this subject we shall soon have more full and minute information than has hitherto been accessible to the public. Dr Rogers is, we understand, now preparing for publication, under the auspices of the Celtic Club, a volume on the Rental of Coupar Abbey.

Alexander, Lord Lindsay, whose turbulent life came to a close at Inverqueich Castle in the manner already told by us, committed an infamous outrage on the Abbey. He had a number of accomplices as reckless and lawless as himself, among whom were John and George Dempster of Auchterless, Lindsay of Baikie, and Blair of Shangy. This band, in their wantonness and wickedness, "hurt the privilege and freedom of hali Kirk." They did so by "taking and holding of twa monks of the said Abbey and spulzeing of their horses parking at their place, and chasing of their servandis." The case was taken into Court, and the libel was found proven. Lindsay was warded in Blackness, the Dempsters in the Castle of Dumbarton and Berwick, and the rest of the criminals were commanded to appear before the Sheriff of Forfar, that they, too, might be looked after as persons whom it was dangerous to permit to be at large.

It is an interesting circumstance that the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, owes to our Abbey its MS. copy of the Scotichronicon. Fordun, the venerable father of Scottish history, wrote that work (at least the first five books of it and twenty-three chapters of the sixth book) in the latter years of the fourteenth century, and it soon multiplied into many several chronicles. Every monastery of the kingdom by and by had a copy of it, to which it gave its own surname. The Black Book of Scone, the Black Book of Paisley, and the Book of Kincardine were copies of it. Some portions of the Scotichronicon were inserted in the collection of Dr Gale from a defective copy which he supposed to have belonged to Boece. In 1719, Richard Hay, a canon of St Augustine, proposed printing the Chronicle with Bower's Additions and Continuation, "conform to an authentic manuscript belonging of late to one of our decayed monasteries." The manuscript, "a large folio written in old but glorious characters," belonged to the Monastery of Coupar ; it came afterwards into the possession of Hay, and is now deposited in the Advocates' Library.

Regarding the destruction of the Abbey at the Reformation, no details have been handed down to us. We do not so much as know which "rascal multitude" made it a desolation. Perhaps they were a portion of the multitude who, having tried their "'prentice hand" at the work of demolition in Perth in 1559, carried it on in other parts till all the great religious houses in Strathmore polluted by Romish idolatry and superstitution were made a "heap," executing to the letter the Mosaic law, which the Reformers of that day considered to be as binding upon them as it had been on the Jews under the theocracy—"Ye shall utterly destroy all the places wherein they served their gods. . . . And ye shall overthrow their altars, and break their pillars, and burn their groves with fire ; and ye shall hew down the graven images of their gods, and destroy the names of them out of that place."

Nothing worth knowing has been preserved concerning the Abbots of Coupar, with the exception of the last of them, appointed to the office in 1526. He was Donald Campbell, fourth son of Archibald, second Earl of Argyll. He was one of the twenty Lords nominated in 1546, four of whom in succession were to remain for a month at a time with the Regent Arran, and to form his secret council ; and he was for some time Lord Privy Seal to Mary, the Queen Dowager. He was destined by the Court, and chosen by the Chapter, to succeed Hepburn in the bishopric of Brechin ; but he never did so, his election being cassed at Rome. The reason given for this was that he favoured the Reformation. He, it is certain, was in the Parliament of 1560, and concurred in the vote which abolished Popery. The only avowed dissentients, indeed, were the Earls of Cassillis and Caithness among the Lords temporal, and the Primate, and the Bishops of Dunkeld and Dunblane among the Lords spiritual. Donald Campbell was better prepared for the inevitable than most of his compeers were. Whatever his real sentiments concerning the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Popish Church may have been, he had the discernment to see that these were coming, and the wisdom to prepare for them in a way that made them tributary to his family interests. Though a celibate, he had five sons. There were in the parish the five snug estates we have already named

as belonging to the Abbey—Keithick, Arthurstone, Denhead, Balgersho, and Cronan; and one of these the Abbot gave to each of his sons. Other possessions of the Abbey he in like manner distributed liberally to other relatives and friends.

On the suppression of the Religious Houses of Popery, Leonard Leslie, probably a cadet of the Rothes family, was made Commendator of Coupar Abbey. The industry of Jervise has gleaned concerning him: "He sat as Commendator of Coupar in the Parliament held at Edinburgh, 5th March, 1574; and in November, 1585, he was appointed a commissioner for the settlement of the stipends of parish kirks; but, twenty years afterwards, he was denounced a rebel for having remained, as the Act states, 'under process of horning for the space of a year and a day.' After this certain of the churches and patronages of the Abbey were given by the King to other persons; and Leslie, who is designed upon his tombstone at Bendochy, as 'Dominus de Cupro,' and Commendator of Coupar, died in 1605."

What remained of the dilapidated property of the Abbey James VI., in 1607, erected into a temporal lordship, which he conferred on James Elphinstone, second son of the first Lord Balmerino. He also created him Lord Coupar, so that our town has the honour of having given his title to a Peer of the realm. His Lordship's name frequently appears in the rolls of Parliament. He was one of the Committee sent to Perth in the beginning of 1645, to assist General Baillie in opposing the progress of the Marquis of Montrose; and one of the judges appointed towards the close of that year, to try delinquents who had taken part in the war. In 1649 he succeeded his deceased brother, the second Lord Balmerino, as an extraordinary judge of the Court of Session: an appointment of which Sir James Balfour remarked, that Lord Coupar's "head would not fill his brother's hat;" and with this accords the epitaph for him, in the Lives of the Senators of the College of Justice, quoted from the Balfour MS. in the Advocates' Library:—

> "Fy upon death,
> He's worse than a trooper,
> That took from us Balmerinoch,
> And left that howlet Coupar."

In 1650 he was a Colonel of one of the regiments for the county of Perth, raised to resist Cromwell; for which the Protector by and by imposed on him a fine of £3000. He died without issue in 1669; his titles and estates devolving on his nephew, John, third Lord Balmerino; whose grandson, John, fifth Lord Balmerino, on being appointed a Lord of Session in 1714, assumed the title of Lord Coupar. Arthur, sixth Lord Balmerino, and fourth Lord Coupar, forfeited the titles by taking part in the Rebellion of 1745. They became extinct on his execution on Tower Hill in 1746.

The office of Hereditary Bailie of the Regality of the Abbey of Coupar had been previously bestowed by Abbot Donald Campbell on the Ogilvies of Airlie, and it continued with them: and in 1747, when hereditary jurisdictions were abolished, the Earl of Airlie got £800 in compensation for the loss of the office. The Ogilvies were also made, in 1589, Hereditary Porters of the Abbey. They succeeded the Porters, a family who had held the office from time immemorial, and had taken their name from it.

In the Old Statistical Account, Cowbyres, Balgersho, Cottward, Cadam, Soutarhouses, Drinkstill, Markethill, and Balbrogie—names of places in the parish of Coupar—are said to be descriptive of some relation which these places bore to the Abbey. We regret much that we have not a friend sufficiently acquainted with the Celtic tongue, by whose assistance we might say something of the particular relation to the Abbey which these several names indicate. We could perhaps make a probable guess at the interpretation of most of them; but we shall not indulge in conjectures of our own.

Beechhill is one of our most historic spots. An urn was found on it, which may have been deposited there by the hands of the Romans. But it is from another circumstance that the eminence derives its historic note. It was the seat of justice in the Regality. The Court which administered justice in it, both civil and criminal, held its meeting in the open air on a small artificial mound that surmounted Beechhill, and yet remains on it. Would that that Court had kept a record of its proceedings, and that the record had come down to us! What a treasure it would have been! All that we have got to supply its place is some fragments of tradition, with which novelists and romancists have used all sorts of liberty, arranging and filling them up as suited their purposes, and supplementing them with the spawn of their own prurient imaginations. In one thing they have unhappily succeeded: they have made "Coupar justice" a proverb. But let not this reproach break our hearts. It does not break our heads. Who, indeed, now gives it any credit? For our part, we are inclined to agree with a neighbour who says that nobody who knows our high judicial powers, as manifested in the Courts of our Commissioners and Justices, and in our Parish Board and School Board meetings, can believe that our ancestors were such dotards as the legend we allude to represents them to have been.

We are confirmed in this view when we think that the famous Bailie John himself, stern judge as he was,

knew how to be humane and compassionate. The best known tradition concerning him shews a fine blending of justice and mercy in his administration. On the morning of a Court day, as he lounged about the back of Beechhill, looking down on the Isla moving sluggishly on in its serpentine course, a Highlander appeared trudging in to the town along the public road. The Bailie accosted him, and betrayed some anxiety to know the errand that had brought him to the Lowlands. He soon learned that Donald was one of the culprits who were to be arraigned that very day at his dread tribunal. "Are you guilty?" the Bailie asked, quite mildly. "Ou, ay, she's guilty," replied the Highlander, shrugging his shoulders, "but there's nae preef." "What!" said the Bailie, "will you give a false oath?" "Ay, an' that she will," answered the Celt, "there's mercy wi' God Almighty, but there's nane wi' Bailie Shon." With this they parted; but by and by Donald found, to his utter dismay, his wayside friend on the bench, transformed into his implacable judge. "Will you swear now that you're not guilty?" said the Bailie, in a rough, stentorian voice. For a moment the culprit was quite paralysed; but quickly recovering himself, he answered firmly and roundly, "Yes, she'll swore." The Bailie looked a good deal nonplussed; but, after a silent pause, in which he gave the reason Donald had in the morning assigned for swearing due weight, he dismissed him thus:—"Go home, you rascal, and never let me see your face again; and tell your friends in Kirkmichael that there is some mercy in Bailie John as well as in God Almighty."

"Coupar justice," we may explain, is an exact copy of "Jethart justice," the peculiarity of which lay in hanging men first and trying them afterwards. This may have been common enough in Jedburgh, but that such a burlesque was ever committed in Coupar we are determined not to admit till we are constrained to do so by overpowering evidence.

The Court of the Coupar Regality had all the ordinary appurtenances requisite for the administration of justice. Its jail was on the site now occupied by the steeple. The steeple was built on it in 1769 by a subscription among the inhabitants; and, having displaced the old jail, the lower part of it was used for the temporary confinement of prisoners, till better accommodation for this purpose was provided in connection with the institution of the County Constabulary. The place of execution is said to have been that field on the north-east of the town which goes by the name of the "Commonty."

Stobcross, opposite to Balbrogie, on the ridge along which the road to Aberdeen runs, and the Witch Knowe, opposite Cronan, on the same ridge, had, we suspect, a close connection with the Court of the Regality, which its proceedings, had they been pre served to us, might have amply illustrated.

In the civil war of the seventeenth century, Coupa suffered somewhat seriously. Alaster M'Donald commonly called Colkitto, was left in the neighbou hood of it with two hundred men by the Marquis o Montrose to plunder it, which he did with characte istic cruelty. He first pillaged the town and then se fire to it. In the *melee* produced by his assault on i Robert Lindsay, minister of the parish, was kille with many others. A troop, too, under Lord Ba carres, which attempted to check the pillage an carnage of the assailants, Colkitto routed, killin some of them, and carrying off their horses and arm This attack on Coupar was made on or about the 20t day of April, 1645, and the policy of it was to dive the attention of Baillie, the Parliamentary Genera from Montrose, and thus to aid the Marquis in th famous retreat which he made at this time into th Highlands.

Margaret Rhynd, the widow of Mr Lindsay, pre sented a petition to Parliament in August followin in which she stated that "he was murdered by number of merciless rebels for his zeal and forwardnes in the cause of God, while she and her children wer spoiled of all their means, and reduced to extrem necessitie." The supplication was remitted to a Com mittee, that "they may doe and determine thair intill as they should think expedient." In June nex year (1646), the General Assembly passed an Act i Mrs Lindsay's favour, recommending her case t public charity, which was readily responded to b many congregations in various parts of the Church.

Coupar has some historic families. The Kinloch of Kinloch are descended from a very old family, th Kinlochs of that Ilk in Fifeshire, who are mentione in the public records as far back as the days o Alexander III. (1286-1290). Nisbet says of them— "The family seems to be very ancient, and the nam one of the earliest surnames in the Kingdom." Th first of them who came to Perthshire was Davi Kinloch, a physician. Travelling much on the Con tinent, and falling under the ban of the Church i Spain, he was confined for a time in the dungeons o the Inquisition. He obtained his liberty by a cur which he wrought on the Inquisitor-General, who wa suffering under a dangerous disease, and had bee given over by his own physicians. Returning to Scot land, he purchased, with other lands, Balmyle, an changed its name into Kinloch. He married daughter of Hay of Gourdie, by whom he had tw sons, James, who succeeded him in Kinloch, and John who was the first of the Kinlochs of Gourdie. Jame had likewise two sons, David and James; the latte the progenitor of the Kinlochs of Kilry in Forfarshire.

In the wars of the seventeenth century, the Kinlochs of Kinloch were staunch Royalists; for which the David we have just mentioned was created a baronet of Nova Scotia by James VII., a title which expired with the fourth baronet. They have changed sides in politics. The late George Kinloch, the most conspicuous historic character the family has produced, was a zealous Radical Reformer; and from his youth took part with those who sought Parliamentary Reform, as essential to all the other reforms on which their hearts were set. To meet and petition for a reform in Parliament, was treason in those days; treason not seldom instigated by the spies of an infamous Government, and then punished with bonds, exile, and death. A meeting of some 60,000 to petition for such reform, held in Manchester, August, 1819, was dispersed by the military: "numbers were trampled under the feet of men and horses; many persons, even females, were cut down by sabres: some were killed, and the maimed and wounded amounted to betweeen three and four hundred." This massacre roused public indignation to the highest pitch, and the Political Union in Dundee convened a public meeting to protest against it. About 10,000 persons attended, and George Kinloch occupied the chair; a post which the Provost of the town, the Member for the County, and several others had declined. He suffered for his firmness and courage. Perhaps the most cutting sentence in his speech from the chair was the question he asked, in case the people had been really represented in the House of Commons—"Would the wealth of the country have been squandered, as it has been, in support of chuckle-headed Legitimacy, and for the restoration of that devil Ferdinand, the Pope, the Jesuits, and the Inquisition?" "Cited to appear," as he himself explained it, "before a set of prejudiced judges, and a packed jury, for the atrocious crime of having said we needed reform; that cutting of throats was murder, and that Castlereagh was a knave, and old Sidmouth a fool;" he fled the country, as he was advised that his safety demanded, and was declared an outlaw. He chose France as the place of his exile; and after being three years in it, his daughter, Miss Cecilia, obtained from George IV., at his visit to Edinburgh, the recall of her father's outlawry. He returned to his home and his friends; and was at length compensated for what he had suffered for his principles, in their substantial triumph, and in his election as Member for Dundee in the First Reformed Parliament. This was in December, 1832; and on the 28th of the ensuing March he died, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. His corpse lies in the fine family Mausoleum since erected at Chapelton of Kinloch; and Dundee has honoured his memory with the statue of him which adorns the Square of the Albert Institute, and which was inaugurated on the 3d February, 1872.

The patriot's son and successor, the present proprietor of Kinloch, has followed his father in his advanced political Liberalism; and in 1873 Her Majesty conferred on him the honour of a baronetcy. He is now Sir George Kinloch of Kinloch, Bart.

The Stewarts, proprietors of the Abbey lands of Coupar, belong to one of our great historic families. They are of the noble House of Moray. Francis, sixth Earl of Moray, took for his second wife Lady Jane Elphinstone, second daughter of John, fourth Lord Balmerino. Through this marriage, when the sixth and last Lord Balmerino finished his career on the scaffold, the Abbey lands of both Balmerino and Coupar came to the Stewarts, and they still retain them.

The Woods of Keithick also boast an illustrious ancestry. The blood of the famous Admiral Sir Andrew Wood of Largo runs in their veins. The first Wood of Keithick was James; who was the son of Robert Wood, physician in Perth; who was the son of Mark Wood, burgess of Perth; who was the son of the Rev. Alexander Wood, an Episcopalian minister outed about 1690, and who, in 1695 and 1698, resided at Balhousie, by Perth, as chamberlain to Thomas Hay of Balhousie, afterwards Viscount Dupplin. There seems good reason to presume that this clergyman was of the Largo stock. From him his Excellency, John Wood, Governor of the Isle of Man, traced his descent; and in 1775 he obtained matriculation in the Herald's Office of the arms of Wood of Largo, as chief of the name.

Of the ministers of Coupar, it may be noted, in addition to what we have said of Robert Lindsay, that George Haliburton, son of the minister of Collace, and grandson of Gladstanes, Archbishop of St Andrews, ordained in 1648, ratted to Prelacy under the Restoration. Gladstanes himself had been a turn-coat, a creature and tool of James VI., "crouching before him with all the servility of an Eastern slave," and a person of such vile sensual habits, that John Row said of him—"He lived a filthy belly-god, and died of a filthy loathsome disease." Haliburton followed his grandsire from Presbytery into Episcopacy, and was made Bishop of Brechin in 1679, retaining the cure of Coupar for some time, perhaps until he was promoted to the Bishopric of Aberdeen in 1682.

George Hay was translated from Balmerino to Coupar in 1682. A new church was founded for him in May, 1686, and was opened in December that year by his predecessor in the charge, now George, Bishop of Aberdeen. The Revolution followed in 1688, and on Sabbath, 26th May, 1689, there was no sermon in Coupar, "the town being in confusion with the

Englishes." Hay was not a weather-cock, or a time-server. He had as much sense of duty to God, that with him it was a very small matter whether he was, or was not, of the State religion. Always Prelatic hitherto, he did honour to himself by continuing to adhere to his principles, and for these he had to suffer in his turn. He was deprived by the Privy Council in 1698, for not taking the oaths to the Government, not praying for the reigning family, &c.

BENDOCHY.

The most ancient Historic Scenes here are on the lands of Mudhall and Coupar Grange. On the former are, or rather were, for they have been destroyed and obliterated, several of those subterraneous abodes, which used to be called Weems and Picts' Houses. They were discovered, we are told in the Old Statistical Account, in the course of certain digging operations in the grounds of the Mudhall estate. When uncovered, and cleared of the ashes and earth with which they were filled, they were measured, and found to be about six feet wide, five feet high, and forty feet or more in length. They were built in the sides, and paved in the bottom with rough whinstones. They were not straight in their length, but curved; evidently that they might be more easily defended against an enemy seeking to enter them. They appear to have been roofed with rafters of wood, covered with earth and turf.

Such underground buildings were common over the country; and of the use of them it does not seem to us that there is much room to doubt. Tacitus, in writing of the Customs of the Germans, says:—"They dig caves in the earth, where they lay up their grain, and live in winter. Into these they also retire from their enemies, who plunder the open country, but cannot discover these subterraneous recesses." We believe that the underground houses served this twofold purpose in Scotland, as well as in Germany. Our remote ancestors burrowed in them for protection against the cold of winter, which is sometimes severe enough in our day, but was greatly more intense in theirs. They also made them a refuge to themselves, and a hiding-place for their more valuable property, in times of danger. We may add that similar structures were used for these ends among other nations. We have frequent references to them in the Bible. In his Travels among the Arab Tribes, Buckingham saw many of them, chiefly, however, cut out of the rocks; and he writes:—"Anab is still inhabited by about one hundred persons; but these all live in grottoes or cave excavated in the rocks, which were probably mor ancient than any buildings now existing. . . From their antiquity, and the manner in which the were executed, they have a very rude appearance Nevertheless, the persons who occupy them fortun ately deem them far superior to buildings of masonry and consider themselves better off than those wh live in tents or houses, so that they envy not th dwellers in camps or cities. They are certainly mor durable and less likely to need repair than either; and with the exception of a chimney, or some aperture t give an outlet to the smoke (a defect existing in al the buildings of these parts) they are very comfortabl retreats, being drier and more completely sheltere from wind and rain than either house or tent, beside being warmer in winter, and cooler in summer tha any other kind of dwelling-place that could b adopted."

The ancient Scene on the lands of Coupar Grang was a Druid circle, such as we have often met with This one had been a double circle. The chief altar fo sacrifice was in the centre of the interior circle; an both it, and the surrounding walls, with the entranc gate, &c., were in such a state of preservation, whe they were discovered, that our curiosity is gratifie with the exact measurement of them. The sacre inclosure has been thus described:—In the parish o Bendochy, and two miles north of Coupar Angus, in a elevated field near Coupar Grange, a repository of ashe was discovered about twenty years ago (about 1811 It was of a circular form, fenced with a wall of moo stone, about five feet in height, and the bottom wa paved with coarse flags. There was an outer and a inner circle of stones, distant from each other nin feet, and the diameter of the inner circle was sixt feet. The space between the walls was filled wit ashes of wood, chiefly oak, and with fragments o bones. The surface of the field was two feet abov the ashes and the tops of the walls. The entry wa from the north-west, and ten or twelve feet in breadth thence a path of six feet broad, and paved with sma stones, stretched eastward, across the area, to a larg upright freestone between the walls, supported b other stones at the bottom. The large upright ston was flat on the upper part, and two feet square Another repository of ashes, of the same kind an dimensions, was discovered at the distance of thre hundred paces. From the number of oak trees whic were dug out of the ground in that neighbourhood, would appear that this field was anciently a grove and there can be no doubt, that the repositories o ashes, with the large upright stone above described mark the situations of Druidical altars and an oratory while the temple was the deep recess of an oaken grove.

The circular mound near the Bridge of Couttie, which can hardly fail to arrest the notice and excite the curiosity of every wayfarer, is considered to be at least partly artificial. It is quite uncertain for what purpose it was raised. Its proximity to Beechhill is rather against the conjecture that it was a seat of justice. It was perhaps one of the eminences on which signal fires were lighted in olden times, as warnings to the country of some imminent danger. And the Law at Blacklaw, on the other side of the Ericht, may have been another of those heights, from which fires blazing on the top of them gave an alarm, such as the more familiar trumpet blast of the watchman sounded.

In Popish times the church of Bendochy was the parish church of Coupar; and in the New Statistical Account, written in 1843, we are told that, "so lately as fifty years ago, the Seats of Keithick in the parish of Coupar Angus, stood in the Church of Bendochy." This likewise accounts for several persons connected with the Abbey being buried in that church, which their monuments adorn to this day. In the back wall is that of Nicol Campbell, whom his father the Abbot made laird of Keithick. In the west passage is that of his brother David, whom the Abbot made laird of Denhead. Of other two stones on the wall, one is to the memory of Leonard Leslie, Commendator of Coupar.

We have already seen that Coupar Grange in this parish was the home farm of the Abbey of Coupar and, in fixing on it, the monks made an excellent selection. They were good judges of soils: of their capabilities they had an intuitive, if not scientific, discernment, which never failed them. But they had an eye for quantity as well as quality; they delighted in expansive possessions; and almost all the lands of Bendochy, in both divisions of it, Lowland and Highland, they managed to monopolize.

At the Revolution, Prelacy was loath to vacate Bendochy, and give place to Presbytery, and it did not do so for a dozen of years after. The Prelatic functionary who was so tenacious of posssession was David Rankin, from Rattray; admitted to the charge in 1692, on the earnest invitation of the heritors and masters of families, who must either not have known the man of their choice, or must have been well satisfied with the religious rule of Charles II. and James VII. Rankin contrived to keep hold of the charge till 1700. He afterwards went to Edinburgh, and opened an Episcopalian meeting-house in Skinner's Close. This was unlawful then; just as unlawful as Presbyterian conventicles had been from 1660 to 1688. Our Presbyterian fathers, who had suffered so much from Prelacy during those twenty-eight years, no sooner got into the ascendancy than they practised the persecuting principles on which the Prelatists had acted. They gave law in religion to all the subjects of the realm; and Nonconformists, who did not obey that law, must be punished with all civil pains, not only as rebels against the State, but as ungodly and profane persons, accursed of Heaven, whose vicegerent the civil power pretended to be. Rankin suffered accordingly for his crime and his sin. The Toleration Act passed in 1712. It was meant to protect him and his congregation in Skinner's Closo, and all such as they were, in worshipping God according to their conscience. But the Act required that they should take the Oaths of Allegiance and Abjuration; and these Rankin would not take. It may be suspected, indeed, that the whole Act was an abomination to him, as it was to the true-blue Presbyterians, and that for the same reason—viz., that it put an end to their giving law to one another in religion, and beheading and hanging one another for disobedience to such law. The authorities in Edinburgh at length did their duty. Rankin, not having produced his orders, in terms of a sentence of the Lords of Justiciary, the Provost and Magistrates, on the 8th June, 1717, discharged him from preaching. On the 19th of June following he was convicted a second time. Before the Lords of Justiciary he was found not to have prayed for George I. *nominatim*, in terms of the Toleration Act, and was discharged from preaching or exercising any part of his ministry.

The non-juring Scotch Episcopalians deeply sympathised with their faithful witness, and ultimately duly honoured him. He was consecrated one of their bishops in June, 1727; but he did not long enjoy the dignity. He died in November, 1728, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and the forty-second of his ministry. He left behind him several works:—"Three Discourses on 1st Pet., iii., 13-14," "Three Discourses on 1st Pet., iii., 14-16," "Sermon on the Safety of the Righteous Man," "Sermons," and "Descriptions of the Great Things Contained in the Gospel."

The Sessional regime in Bendochy was similar to what it was in neighbouring parishes. In the New Statistical Account we have some specimens of it, which, as the selector of them justly remarks, "throw light on the history of the period." As to one offender, "the Session thouyat fitt to bring him in sackcloth, and cause him acknowledge his guilt on his knees." As to another, she appeared for the twentieth time on the stool of repentance. T. B., "being examined anent what was alleged anent his stricking Thomas Craigie (a boy), on the Sabbath day, answered that the said Thomas threw in a stone among the children, and that he went out and only shot him ower,

he being removed, the members after discoursing of it, thouyht fitt to dismiss him with the Session rebook." The laird of ——— having been cited, appeared, and being asked whether he did "scandalously go out on the fast day with his gun," answered "that he went out only to fleg the tod from his sheep." He also was dismissed with the "Session rebook." Though the parish was purely rural, some of the elders were appointed occasionally to perambulate it, for the purpose of discovering the persons who absented themselves from public worship, and how they were occupied. The Session had censures less easily borne than its "rebook;" though, in battling with the evils that broke out, it could not have always said, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal." A damsel in the parish having refused to enter into the bonds of wedlock, after the banns had been proclaimed in the usual way, the punishment imposed was a sharp fine, recorded thus in the Minutes:— "Received from G. B. 2 lib. 9 sh., with other 2 lib. paid by him before to the Session, is accepted as satisfaction for his daughter's resiling from purpose of marriage with one A. B., after the publication of the banns." The Session, moreover, appears to have been sensitively jealous of its authority, and ever ready and forward to vindicate it. W. R., a master in the parish, having, in 1721, assaulted a servant, the criminal authorities prosecuted him. The Session at the same time cited him to its bar. He appeared, declining its authority, and with him Charles Hay, writer, Coupar, to help him in his cause. The Session, "having considered the whole matter, the insolent carriage of the said W. R., in presuming to decline this judicatory, his bringing in a public notar on the Lord's Day . . did, and hereby do refer the same to the reverend Presbytery of Miggle to determine therein, in such a way as may either make the said W. R. obsequious to discipline, or bring him under ecclesiastical censure," &c. Whether the Presbytery succeeded in making the delinquent "obsequious" is not known.

Bendochy has produced some sons of note. We may mention three of them.

James Playfair, ordained minister of Bendochy in 1791, was a native of the parish. He was born at Muirton in 1752, of which farm his father, Charles Playfair, was the tenant. James Playfair was addicted to antiquarian studies, and did much to investigate the antiquities of the Stormont. He had a large apiary, and devoted twenty years of his life to preparing a work on the culture and management of bees, the MS. of which was unfortunately in the printing office of a London bookseller when the office was destroyed by fire. He wrote the account of Bendochy in the Old Statistical Account of Scotland; and judging of him by it, he must have been, first, a man o high standing in science, in which he made two grea discoveries, viz., that "shot stars are nothing els than frosted potatoes," and that "a rope of tans about the grossness of one's arm, put round the roo of a gooseberry bush will save it from the caterpillar; and he must have been, second, a man of great charity for, grievously afflicted as he was with no fewer tha some hundred and eighty Dissenters in his parish, h had not a worse word to say of them than that the were *seditious and impious*. "Disaffected to th Church," they were commonly, he wrote, equally di affected to the State; and they had no religion, no withstanding all the noise they made about it; fo apostrophising them, he wrote, "Why, my friend you care as little for the gospel and the Sabbath da as you do for the Pope or the Establishment."

The celebrated Principal Playfair was also a nativ of Bendochy. He was born at Knowhead in 1738, which his father, George Playfair, was the tenan farmer. Ordained minister of Newtyle in 1770, h was translated thence to Meigle; and in 1779 was a pointed Principal of the United College of St Andrew and minister of St Leonard's Church in that city. H stood high in the world of letters in his lifetime; w Historiographer to His Royal Highness the Prince Wales; and his works still praise him. His posterit too, have well sustained the honour of his name. H eldest son, George, was Principal Inspector-General Hospitals in Bengal; and George's second son is th Right Honourable Lyon Playfair, C.B., and M.P. f the Universities of Edinburgh and St Andrews. Th Principal's second son was William, a Colonel in th Indian army; and his third son was Lieutenan Colonel Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair, who, after disti guished service in India, was for many years Provo of St Andrews, and arrested its decay, and began restoration. Both these had sons, several of whor like their fathers, rose to high rank in the army. W mention these things because, as we believe, it hardly realized in this quarter, as it might be, th the father and grandfather of these distinguished m first saw the light in the farmhouse of Knowhead.

The third native of the parish, whom we name, w the late Rev. James Roger, minister of Dunino, Fi shire, and father of the present Rev. Charles Rog LL.D., Historiographer to the Royal Historic Societ &c., &c. James Roger was born at Ryehill in 1767, which farm his father, Peter Roger, was the tenant

Of the ministers of Bendochy, we may note a f things more. James Ramsay, from Cortachy, ordain in 1700, was one of the fifteen ministers who dissent from the resolution of the General Assembly, in 17 to depose the eight Seceding brethren. John Hon ordained in 1812, was remarkable for his great stat

and strength. When a student at St Andrews he saved the exhausted crew of the ship Janet Macduff; for which he was presented with a handsome silver cup, bearing this inscription:—"This cup was presented to Mr John Honey, student at St Andrews, by the Right Honourable the Earl of Kellie, and by several merchants of London, as a memorial of the courage, compassion, and perseverance, displayed by him on the 3d January, 1800, in rescuing by five successive efforts, at the imminent hazard of his own life, five shipwrecked persons from a watery grave." The Magistrates of St Andrews also invited him to a public entertainment, and gave him the freedom of the City. It was thought that he never wholly recovered the effects of his noble exertions. He died in 1814, in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and the third of his ministry. The late James Strachan Barty, D.D., was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1868; wrote the article on Bendochy in the New Statistical Account; was the author of Peter Plough's Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Kinnaird, on High Farming and Free Trade, which service Protectionist friends acknowledged in a handsome present; and they have farther honoured him with a fine sepulchral monument.

MEIGLE.

The Romans passed through this parish on their way northward in A.D. 84, and encamped at Cardean. This gave its name to the place. Caer-Dean is, by interpretation, the camp or fortress on the Dean. The name describes exactly the situation of the camp, which was on the delta formed by the junction of the Dean and the Isla. The great Roman road from Coupar to Battle Dykes passed through the camp. "Near Cardean," says the Statistical Account of Airlie, (the site of the camp was, we suppose, on the Airlie side of the boundary), "there are the remains of a Roman camp, which, though partially obliterated by agricultural operations, can still be distinctly traced. The natural position is very strong. It is protected on the north side by the Isla, which comes nearly close to it, and on the south by the Dean, which there flows through a deep gorge; and the flat ground contiguous to both seems to have been swamps."

Meigle is one of the oldest and most sweetly situated villages in Scotland. Its age is unknown, but there is every reason to believe that it existed before the conversion of the northern Picts to Christianity. There was a burying-place at it prior to that epoch: and it may well be presumed there was a village also.

The village is rich in old sculptured stones; so rich that, as some reckon, it possesses the remains of no fewer than ten Pictish monuments; some of the stones being entire, and many more being mere fragments. The sculpturings are symbolic; and several of the symbols are doubtless historic. Would that we had a key to unlock the symbols, and thus enable us to read the historic records written in them! In the want of such a key, the stones are to us sealed books. But they are books the seals of which may yet be broken. In this view of them they are not mere objects of curiosity; they are treasures of priceless value, and which ought to be preserved with sacred care.

One of these monuments, standing in the churchyard on the north side of the church, has long and deeply exercised the learning and ingenuity of archæologists. It has been often described. Principal Playfair's account of it, in his "Description of Scotland," is, upon the whole, the best we have seen; and, frequently as it has been quoted, we shall quote it again:—

"That monument seems to have been composed of many stones artfully joined, and decorated with a variety of hieroglyphical or symbolical characters, most of which are of the monstrous kind, and represent acts of violence on the person of a woman. On one stone are three crosses, with many animals above and below. On another is a cross adorned with various flowers, and the rude representation of fishes, beasts, and men on horseback. On a third is an open chariot drawn by two horses, and some persons in it; behind is a wild beast devouring a human form lying prostrate on the earth. On a fourth is an animal somewhat resembling an elephant. On another, eight feet long, and three feet three inches broad, standing upright in a socket, there is a cross. In the middle are several figures with the bodies of horses, or camels, and the heads of serpents; on each side of which are wild beasts and reptiles, considerably impaired. On the reverse is the figure of a woman, attacked on all sides by dogs and other furious animals. Above are several persons on horseback, with hounds, engaged in the chase. Below is a centaur and a serpent of enormous size fastened on the mouth of a bull. Accurate drawings of those stones are to be found in Pennant's Tour. Many other stones, which originally belonged to the monument, have been carried off, or broken in pieces, by the inhabitants of this place. As several of those which remain have been removed from their proper position; as many of the figures are defaced; and as we are, in a great measure, unacquainted with the art of decyphering hieroglyphics, the history delineated on

Vanora's monument is now irrecoverably lost. [The Egyptian and Assyrian monuments had not been deciphered when this was written.] The antiquary may amuse himself with the fragments which remain; but he can scarcely form one plausible conjecture with respect to their original meaning and design. The fabulous Boece records a tradition prevailing in his time—viz., that if a young woman shall walk over the grave of Vanora she shall entail on herself perpetual sterility. But, whatever apprehensions of this nature the fair sex in his time might have entertained, the most credulous are not now afraid of making the experiment."

Playfair accepted the tradition that this monument marked the tomb of Vanora, the faithless Queen of King Arthur, whose story we told when at Alyth. We are disposed to do the same. We know that this tradition has been treated by not a few as if it were below even vulgar contempt But two things give as much colour to it, as to incline us to think that it rests on a substratum of truth. The one is that the symbols on the structure "represent acts of violence on the person of a woman;" that among them is "the figure of a woman attacked on all sides by dogs and other furious animals;" and the tradition is that Vanora's punishment was being torn to pieces by wild beasts. The other is the memorials of King Arthur that abound in the neighbourhood indicating pretty plainly that he had some special connection with it. There is the upright pillar called the Stone of Arthur; there is the House of Arthurstone; there is the estate of Arthurstone; and there is the neighbouring estate of Arthurbank. Admit the tradition that Arthur's Queen was buried in the churchyard of Meigle, and there is a natural and satisfactory account of these places being called after his name; deny that tradition, and there is nothing to account for Arthur being so commemorated in this neighbourhood.

Of these things those who roundly and boldly pronounce that both Arthur and his Queen are myths, are bound to give us some explanation; and we are not aware that they have done this. The only explanation we have seen hinted at is, that it was the monument in Meigle churchyard that gave rise to the tradition about Vanora; that some of our ingenious ancestors, seeing the monument, invented the tradition to explain it; and after that called so many places in the district by Arthur's name. To us it appears incomparably more reasonable to think that it was Vanora's burial in the churchyard that originated both the monument and the tradition.

The next Historic Scenes in the parish in point of antiquity are those connected with Macbeth. When vanquished at the Castle of Dunsinane by Malcolm, Macduff, and Siward, he fled northward by the back of the Sidlaws, closely followed by the victors. When between Meigle and Newtyle he seems to have made a stand, and to have faced his pursuers, in the vain hope that the tide of battle might yet turn in his favour. Of the renewed conflict and carnage there are three extant memorials. The first is the name of the district where the battle was fought, Belmont—that is, the mount of the combat. The second is the tumulus called Belliduff. The local tradition is that Macbeth, having fallen by the sword of Macduff, was buried here: but it was not so. Macbeth, though again worsted, escaped, and betook himself to the north, and there maintained the struggle for his crown and kingdom for about the space of two years. He was at length slain by Macduff at Lumphanan, in Aberdeenshire; and his cairn is on the brow of a hill about a mile north of Lumphanan Kirk. But Belliduff may be confidently regarded as the resting-place of some magnate who fell in this bloody combat. The third memorial is that huge block of granite, weighing above twenty tons, standing erect at a little distance from Belliduff, and called Macbeth's Stone. Tradition says that it marks the grave of one of Macbeth's generals; but in this we may well suspect that it is again wrong. Macbeth had to flee from this locality with the wreck of his army, and it is not credible that he had leisure or opportunity for honouring any of his officers with such a tomb. Osbert, son of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, fell in this battle; and the high probability is that it was over his grave that this immense stone was laid. In digging under it in 1855 a stone coffin was found, made of rude slabs, about three feet three inches long, two feet broad, and fifteen inches deep. May this have been the coffin of young Osbert?

The name of Temple Hall reminds us of another Historic Scene here. The Templars were a famous order of Knights, originating in the time of the Crusades, and instituted to defend the Holy Sepulchre, and to protect Christian pilgrims through the Holy Land. They took the vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience to their superior; but the second of these at least they were not very scrupulous in keeping. They soon waxed enormously wealthy, and became large proprietors of lands in most of the countries in Europe. They acquired lands at Meigle, on which they reared their Temple, and on the site of it, or near to it, we may suppose that Temple Hall stands. The Temple must have been a very fine, ornate structure, if we may judge of it by the sculptured stones which now adorn the garden wall of Temple Hall, and which were found in the foundation of the corn-kiln of the Templars' estate, lately pulled down. It has been thought that these stones may have belonged to the mansion that preceded the Temple; but if so, we

may well believe that the rich and proud Templars would vie with their predecessors in the elegance of the mansion which they raised.

There is in this quarter another trace of the Templars which may be pointed to. It is the name borne by a place south-east of Meigle village, towards Kinpurnie Hill. It is called Templeton.

Prior to the Reformation the church and church lands of Meigle belonged to the Cathedral of Dunkeld. Belmont proper was then church lands; was called Kirkhill; and was a sort of grange at which the Bishops of Dunkeld frequently resided. Two of them were buried in the north aisle of the old church of Meigle. They had probably died at Kirkhill when sojourning there. The old church, we may note, had been built about 1799, and retained two of the aisles of its predecessor. It took fire on the morning of Sabbath, 28th March, 1869, ignited, no doubt, by its own heating apparatus, and was burned to the ground. The utmost efforts of the crowd collected by the conflagration only availed to save the contiguous houses from sharing the fate of the church. It was replaced by the present handsome Gothic fabric, which was opened on the 3d July, 1870.

Did the occasional residence of the Popish bishops at Kirkhill wed the Meigleites, more than their neighbours, to the old religion? Were they loth to let it go? and after they had followed the multitude in doing so, did they cast a longing, lingering look back towards it? We do not observe on record anything that very directly and positively answers such questions. But it does appear that the Meigleites were not all very ultra-Protestant, even after the Protestant Reformation had been established more than half a century. A few years ago an old account cast up at Chapelton, which offers, if we could suppose it genuine, pregnant evidence of this. It is dated 1605; and shows not only that the monuments and implements of idolatry were not utterly destroyed here, but that good money was being paid to keep them in repair. We copy the account rendered by J. Jones, joiner, to the Rev. J. Maguire, both supposed to have been about Meigle at the date specified.

"November 1st, 1605.

Rev. J. Maguire to J. Jones, Joiner.

	£	s.	d.
For solidly repairing St Joseph, ...	0	0	4
Cleaning and repairing Holy Ghost, ...	0	0	6
Repairing V. M. behind and before, and making her a New Child, ...	0	5	6
For making a Nose to the Devil, and putting a Horn on his Head, and glueing a piece to his Tail,	0	6	6
	0	12	1

Settled, J. Jones."

There are several seats in the parish which may be reckoned Historic Scenes by reason of the historic families in whose possession they have been.

The first known owners of the barony of Meigle were the De Meigles, who took their name from their lands, and who retained these till the reign of Robert III. (1390-1406). They were succeeded by the Earls of Crawford. Latterly Lord Elibank became proprietor of Meigle, and of some contiguous estates, which he gave to his son, Patrick Murray, Esq. of Simprim and Meigle. Mr Murray had two daughters. Vice-Admiral Brunswick L. Popham married the eldest daughter, and thus acquired Potento and Cardean. The younger became the wife of Lord Talbot of Malahide. From the Murrays Meigle passed to the Earl of Strathmore; and from him it was purchased, in 1871, by Sir George Kinloch of Kinloch, Bart., for the sum of £73,000. The mansion of the estate was Meigle House, now converted into Meigle House Academy.

Fullarton was long the property and seat of a family of no small note. Their Castle, bearing the date of 1497, stood about two hundred yards south-east of where the Free Church Manse now stands. The stones of the ruin were taken to build the farmhouse and offices of Myreside; and it is said that some of them were covered with hieroglyphics, from which we may infer the architectural style of the Fullartons' Castle. Their own name and the name of their lands the family took from their office. They were Fowlers or Falconers to the Kings of Scotland. The first of them was Galfredus; whom Robert I. made Hereditary Fowler to the sovereign. In 1327, he granted and confirmed to him and his wife Agnes the lands of "Foullirtoune." He and his successors were to serve the Royal Household with wild fowl when the King arrived at Forfar Castle; and there, during the Royal sojourn, the Fowler was to have entertainment with a boy, and a servant, and two horses. Nisbet says, in his "Heraldry," that the original charter is in the Earl of Haddington's Collections.

Drumkilbo was for a considerable time the seat of the Nairnes, a well known family, which became extinct on the death of David Nairne, Esq. of Drumkilbo, in 1854. David's father, the preceding laird, was a military man, and rose to the rank of Colonel in the army. According to tradition, his grandfather hastened his succession to the estate by despatching the female possessor, whose heir he was. He accused her of witchcraft, and the accusation coming from the young laird, the formality of a trial was dispensed with. She suffered death by being put into a tar barrel and burned at Drumkilbo House. This is said to have been as late as 1704. The Nairnes' family burial vault was in the north transept of the Old Church of Meigle. It had been closed, not to be

opened again, before the church was burned in 1869. It was closed anew at the erection of the present church, and it is not meant that the repose of its inmates shall be disturbed till their slumber is broken by that voice which shall awaken all the dead.

Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, Lord Advocate to Charles II. and James VII., sold Rosehaugh, and bought Belmont from the Nairnes of Dunsinane, in whose possession it had been. Sir George Mackenzie is branded in Scottish history as the "Bloody Mackenzie," for his cruelties to the Covenanters. To crush and destroy them he stuck at nothing; perverting law and justice, outraging decency, browbeating juries, and threatening them that, if they did not return the verdicts he desired, he would bring them to trial for not deciding according to the law laid down to them! He was also in the habit of privately visiting prisoners, and, under the pretext of befriending them, drawing from them admissions and confessions, which he used in court to obtain convictions against them.

> "Whose favourite art was lying with address;
> Whose hollow promise helped the princely hand
> To screw confession from the tortured lips.
> Base hyprocrite! thy character portrayed
> By modern history's too lenient touch;
> *Truth* loves to blazon with her real tints;
> To limn of new thy half-forgotten name;
> Inscribe with infamy thy time-worn tomb,
> And make the memory hated as the man."

In the latter half of the last century the Honourable James Mackenzie, Lord Privy Seal, succeeded to Belmont. He was a very different man from his ancestor of Rosehaugh. He loved mercy as well as did justly, and was regarded with general respect and esteem. He lived much at Belmont Castle, and addicted himself to scientific and literary studies. Peculiarly fond of astronomy, he built the observatory, whose now roofless walls surmount Kinpurnie Hill; and there he and Dr Playfair, the future Principal of St Andrews University, but then minister, first of Newtyle and next of Meigle, spent many a night studying the heavens and holding high converse on their phenomena and the laws which govern them.

The Castle is a fine quadrangular edifice, rebuilt upwards of a century ago. It has in the back court part of the ancient tower, and it stands in one of the loveliest parks in Strathmore. The wood in the park is all singularly beautiful, and some of it is gigantic in size. At the date of the New Statistical Account (1833), there was a beech in a back court at the Castle seventy-four feet high—thirteen feet three inches in girth three feet from the ground, and the solid wood in the trunk below the branches measured two hundred and seventy-six feet. At the West Lodge of Belmont is a stone standing about nine feet high, and which is said to have been placed there by the Druids to mark the spot in this quarter which had been for many an age sacred to their worship.

Belmont now belongs to the noble family of Wharncliffe. On the death of the Lord Privy Seal, which took place in 1800, James Archibald Stewart Wortley succeeded him in his estates in consequence of the marriage of James, first Earl of Bute, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh. He was created first Baron Wharncliffe in 1826, and took that year by Royal sign-manual the surname and arms of Mackenzie. He died in 1845, and was succeeded by his eldest son, John Stewart Wortley Mackenzie, second Lord Wharncliffe. He died in 1855, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward Stewart Wortley Mackenzie, third and present Lord Wharncliffe.

The first of these three Lords was the most distinguished of them. He took rank as a politician and statesman by his ability and energy, and by his sagacity and power of debate. He deserved well of his party, too, for zealous devotion to it, and it acknowledged his merits. He was Lord Privy Seal in the short-lived Peel Ministry of 1835, and he was President of the Council in the next Peel Ministry formed in 1841.

Cardean, which the Romans made an Historic Scene in the first century, became famous again in later times. The Witch of Cardean figures in the annals of the district. Her name was Jean. She lived on the banks of the Dean, in a solitary house, by the edge of a wood. In her witch-wisdom and power there was a lively and wide-spread faith, not only among the vulgar herd, but among the higher and better educated classes. She seems to have made a rather good thing of the practice of her craft. Her services were in great requisition for curing cattle diseases; and many a good reward she received for the wonders she performed in that line. She was also frequently employed as an arbiter, to settle disputes, and compose quarrels; and this she did not do for nought. It is told that two women came all the way from Forfar, for her decision about some property belonging to one of them which had disappeared. The other woman was the thief; and by her magic influence over her, Jean drew from her a confession of the theft; gave sentence in the case; got five shillings from each of them, and dismissed them with some good and seasonable counsels. So much, indeed, was she dreaded, that nobody would venture to refuse her anything she asked. If a gift, it was granted her; if a loan, it was granted her, with no expectation of its ever being returned. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, seeing a woman one day passing through his fields in haste

called to her to stop. She would not. He pursued and overtook her. She heard unmoved the volley which the angry squire discharged at her; and surveying him contemptuously from head to foot, asked if he knew whom he was addressing. He cried "No;" and declared with an oath "that he did not care." "Well," said Jean, "I will tell you: I am the witch-wife of Cardean, and if you don't take yourself off quickly, I will make you dead where you stand!" The squire's heart quailed; his countenance fell; his cheek became white as linen; and he answered with tremulous accent, "Go on, my good woman; I have nothing to say to you."

Jean and her master were not always on the best of terms. Whether this is a common thing with him and his servants, we leave to those to say who are better versed in demonology than we can pretend to be. His Satanic majesty and Jean often met during the night in the wood adjoining her house; they not seldom quarrelled; and their quarrels ended in fisticuffs. The fact could not be doubted. In the morning Jean's body bore the marks of the bruises and scratches she had received in the scuffles of the night. Whether Apollyon gave her the *coup de grace* at last, s only matter of opinion. All that is certain is, that, going out one night as usual to meet him in the wood, her body was found next morning floating in the Dean.

Since the Reformation, Meigle has been rather a noted parish ecclesiastically. James Nicolson translated to it from Cortachy in 1583, had a large share in the business of the Kirk. He was a member of fifteen out of twenty-one General Assemblies, and Moderator of two of them. He first supported the Popular, and then the Court party; and Bruce of Edinburgh considered him one of James's most servile and unscrupulous tools. In 1602, he was appointed Collegiate minister in the King's House; but he continued in Meigle. In 1606, he was made constant Moderator of the Presbytery; the members of which were charged by King James to receive him as such under pain of deposition. In 1607, he was made Bishop of Dunkeld. His Majesty purchased the diocese for him from the preceding incumbent, but he did not live to enjoy it. He died on the 17th of August that year. In 1677, William Lindsay, bishop of Dunkeld, had the benefice of Meigle *in commendam*. He died in 1679, and was one of the Dunkeld bishops who were buried in the church of Meigle. John Hamilton, Bishop of Dunkeld, held the pastorate of Meigle in conjunction with his diocesan work. He was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for his Jacobitism. John Graham, admitted helper in the parish in 1683, was deprived by the Privy Council for the same cause. He refused to read the Proclamation of the Estates; did not pray for their Majesties, William and Mary; prayed for King James, and that God would give him the necks of his enemies; and he had harboured David, Viscount of Dundee. Daniel Robertson, ordained to the charge of Meigle in 1801, demitted in 1809, on his appointment to the Hebrew Chair in St Mary's College, St Andrews.

CARGILL.

In this parish there are Scenes which some reckon older than those indicated by the remains of Druid circles. Their idea is that, prior to the Druid era, the religion of our pagan ancestors was a closer imitation of the Oriental idolatry than it afterwards became. The objects of this worship were the sun and moon and the other orbs of the firmament. The symbols of their religion were the figures of these heavenly bodies rudely cut on rough stones, which were set up in places sacred to the service of their idols. It is supposed that it may have been one of those spots that was marked by the stones which stood, till a recent date, in a field on the north-west of Newbigging farm. Somehow about half a century ago, these stones were unhappily buried to make way for the plough. It is to be hoped that they may yet be disinterred, and thoroughly examined. The figures cut upon them were of the host of heaven, the moon, the Cargill "Ashtaroth," being prominent among them, and with this agrees the name of the field in which they stood. It is called the "Moonshade," and the "Moonstane Butts."

Mr Ferguson, schoolmaster of Cargill, one of the best of our local antiquaries, has searched in vain for the buried stones; but in doing so, he has made some interesting discoveries of other stones, to the following examples of which Sir James Simpson has devoted a page of his "Archaic Sculpturings," and has also given representations of them in his Plates:—

"*A*. In Newbigging, which borders on the Moonshade field, Mr Fergusson raised a stone, a corner of which jutted from the earth. It is a slab of grey whinstone, three feet six inches in length, two feet one inch in breadth, and seven inches in thickness. Upon one of its faces—as represented in Plate V. fig. 3—are five series of concentric circles and some isolated cups. The external rings of four of the series of circles run more or less into each other. The radial duct from two of the largest unite in a common channel, which, after running a considerable space, ends in an

isolated cup. Two of the circles do not show any radial groove.

"*B.* More lately, in Gladesfield, about ten or twelve hundred yards west of the supposed site of the Moonbutts, Mr Fergusson has uncovered a slab which is still more sculptured. The stone is about five feet in height, and three and a half broad. One side of it is sculptured in the way represented in Plate V., fig. 4. The sculptures consist of a number of scattered, isolated cups, of several cups surrounded with circles, and of radial grooves, some of which are connected with a gutter which runs straight along the surface of the stone for a distance of about four feet. Several of the circles are single; one cup has two, another three, and a fourth has four or five consecutive circles drawn around it. One consecutive circle has its outer ring passing in its course through three cups; and its radial duct runs outward to the left, and forms the beginning or end of the long, linear, straight groove which, as already stated, passes longitudinally along the face of the stone.

"*C.* About two hundred yards north of the stone *(A)* is the Brisbane stone, about six feet in length, and three and a half in breadth, with a cup marking or two upon its face.

"*D.* Upon a stone, about a hundred yards or more east of the Schoolhouse, Mr Fergusson has found twelve or fifteen cup-marks. This slab was discovered in a small mound composed of stones and earth. The mound is about twenty-four feet long, fifteen broad, and three high. Further researches in this mound or barrow may probably result in the discovery of sepulchral remains, which may prove interesting.

"Mr Fergusson believes that the stones of Cargill are arranged in a methodic and angulated direction in regard to each other. In their near neighbourhood one or more megalithic circles are reported to have formerly stood."

Sir James Simpson assigns reasons against the hypothesis that such "circles and cups are in any way connected with Baal or Solar worship;" but notwithstanding these reasons, it seems to us that there is pretty strong presumption in favour of that hypothesis.

Several tumuli have been found scattered over the parish; and these, where opened, have yielded human bones. The dead to whom these had belonged were probably the spoils of war; but when or by whom waged, we know not.

The Romans left tokens of their presence in the parish, the vestiges of which are not yet altogether obliterated. Their great road from Ardoch to the north passed through it. Dr James Browne, in his "History of the Highlands and of the Highland Clans," says:—"Having crossed the Tay, by means of the wooden bridge (about two miles north of Perth), the Roman road proceeded up the east side of the river, and passed through the centre of the camp at Grassy-walls. From this position the remains of the road are distinctly visible for a mile up to Gallyhead on the west of which it passed and went on by Inverbuist, to Nether Collin, where it again becomes apparent, and continues distinct to the eye for two miles and a half, passing on to Drichmuir and Byres. From thence, the road stretched forward in a north-east direction, passing between Blairhead and Gilwell to Woodhead; and thence pushing on by Newbiggin, and Gallowhill on the right, it descends Leyston-moor and passing that village it proceeds forward to the Roman camp at Coupar Angus, about eleven and a half miles from Orrea." At a point not far from Gallowhill, a branch road left the main line, which led across the Isla where the Romans had so many stations. It crossed at a hamlet called Bridgend, a short way from where the Bridge of Isla now stands.

The Romans had also a small camp near the confluence of the Isla and the Tay, at the place called Castlehill, directly opposite the Castle of Kinclaven. In it, Boece says, they took up their winter quarters under Tribellius, after Agricola left him, and preserved their communication with other detachments of their troops who had advanced farther into the country towards the foot of the Grampians. This camp was probably formed as a sort of outpost, to guard and strengthen the great camp at Meikleour. That modern Vandal—the genius of agricultural improvement—has drawn the ploughshare over the site of it, but the traces of it were quite distinct at no remote date. The Tay with its bank defended it on one side; a deep ravine on another; and on the remaining sides were strong entrenchments, with a fosse fed from a neighbouring rivulet.

As we said when at Kinclaven, Wallace and his patriot band once made the wood of Cargill their hiding-place. Wood then occupied a great part of the parish. The whole country, indeed, by the side of the Tay, from the Isla to near Scone, was covered by a forest.

When stating that Campsie was one of the possessions of the Abbey of Coupar, mention was made of the chapel of St Hunnand, for the lighting of which the tenant of Campsie was bound to provide sufficient wax. On the top of a rock at the Linn of Campsie are the remains of that chapel, with traces of the burial ground that had been attached to it. Sir Walter Scott makes the chapel the retreat of the Fair Maid of Perth, after the murder of the Duke of Rothesay. "She had been sent," says he, "from the horrible scene at Falkland, by order of the Douglas, to be placed under the protection of his daughter, the now widowed Duchess of Rothesay. That lady's temporal

residence was a religious house called Campsie, the ruins of which still occupy a striking situation on the Tay. It arose on the summit of a precipitous rock, which descends on the princely river, there rendered peculiarly remarkable by the cataract called Campsie Linn, where its waters rush tumultuously over a range of basaltic rock, which intercepts the current like a dike erected by human hands. Delighted with a site so romantic, the monks of the Abbey of Coupar reared a structure there, dedicated to an obscure Saint, named St Hunnand, and hither they were wont themselves to retire for pleasure or devotion. It had readily opened its gates to admit the noble lady who was its present inmate, as the country was under the influence of the powerful Lord Drummond, the ally of the Douglas."

We may add, that Sir Walter makes the Linn of Campsie the death-scene of Conachar, or Eachin Mac Ian, chief of the Clan Kay, and the only one of the Clan who survived the bloody combat with the Clan Chattan on the North Inch of Perth. When he saw the fall of his last friend on the Inch, he plunged into the Tay, and swimmed across it; ran up on the east side of it till he reached Campsie; had a frantic interview with Catherine in the environs of the chapel; and hearing a rustling in the bushes near them, "'there is but one way!' he exclaimed, springing upon the parapet, but with a terrified glance towards the thicket, through which one or two attendants were stealing, with the purpose of surprising him. But the instant he saw a human form emerge from the cover of the bushes, he waved his hands wildly over his head, and skrieking out, 'Bas air Eachin!' plunged down the precipice into the raging cataract beneath. It is needless to say, that aught save thistle-down must have been dashed to pieces in such a fall. But the river was swelled, and the remains of the unhappy youth were never seen."

St Hunnand had another chapel in this parish. It stood in what is now a wood, a short distance north of Newbigging. The late David Millar tells us, in his "Walks in the Country," how the site of it was indicated to him by a "rich crop of raspberry bushes covering a few poles of ground." "On that spot," says he, "once stood a chapel dedicated to St Hunnand, and surrounded by a little cemetery, in which a large quantity of human bones were turned up on the ground being trenched before the wood was planted."

Stobhall House or Castle, romantically situated on a tongue of land on the north-east bank of the Tay, and with some magnificent wood in its grounds, is a singularly rich Historic Scene. The present castle bears the date of 1578; but this only tells us when the hoary pile underwent the last transformation. There is no reason to doubt that the original castle was built some three or four centuries before that date. Stobhall has been the seat of families who make a very conspicuous figure in the annals of the country. The first of them was the Muschets, or the Munfecheths, Montfichets, Montefixes; so variously is the name spelled. The first Muschet that appeared in Britain is said to have been a Roman. He came to England with William the Conquerer, who was his kinsman. After fighting for William, and seeing him established on the throne of England, he returned to Rome, leaving behind him a son, Richard. One of Richard's descendants, also named Richard, came to Scotland with William the Lion, who gave him Cargill and other lands. It was his son, William, who granted the Abbey of Coupar the pasture of his lord ship of Cargill.

In 1296, David and Richard Muschet swore fealty to Edward I. of England for their lands "in Angus." But it would appear that Angus then extended to the Tay, and included Cargill, which was at that time a part of the parish of Coupar, and was called the West Parish: so that it was very likely for the lands of Cargill that David and Richard Muschet did homage to Edward.

For some time William Muschet, the benefactor of our Abbey, held the town and Castle of Dundee for the English. But it is to be presumed that he did this from compulsion, not from choice. That he was a true patriot we may infer from his signing the famous letter which the patriot barons sent from Arbroath to the Pope in 1330, in behalf of the freedom and independence of the country. Either he or his son, also called William—it is uncertain which—was raised in 1332 to the high office of Justiciar of Scotland.

The family of William Muschet, the Justiciar, consisted of three daughters. Sir John Drummond, ancestor of the noble House of Perth, married Mary, the eldest of the three, and with her got the lands of Stobhall and Cargill. These baronies thus passed to the Drummonds, and they remain with them to this day. Sir John and his Lady had the honour of giving to Scotland a Queen, and the mother of the long line of Stuart Sovereigns. Their daughter, Annabella Drummond, was married in 1357 to John, Earl of Carrick, who, on the death of his father, Robert II., in 1390, succeeded to the throne; assuming the title of Robert III., his own name, John, being deemed of evil omen, on account of its having been borne by John Baliol. The Drummonds had hitherto lived at Drymen, in Stirlingshire, but soon after 1360 they transferred their residence from it to Stobhall.

According to Camden, the women of the Drummond family were unrivalled for "charming beauty and complexion." Holinshed says that the Heir-

Apparent to the Throne married Annabella Drummond, "rather for her singular beauty than the honor of her parents, or for anie benefit that might grow to the commonwealth by her or her alliance." But she proved a good wife, and a good Queen. Her husband was not very well fitted either in mind or in body for the cares of State. A large share of these therefore devolved on his Consort; and supported and guided by her two chief friends and advisers, Trail, Bishop of St Andrews, and Archibald, Earl of Douglas, she acquitted herself admirably in her difficult position. Buchanan's short but pregnant encomium of her is that "she preserved unstained the dignity of the Court."

King Robert and his Queen had two sons, who grew up to manhood: David, created Duke of Rothesay, and starved to death in the Palace of Falkland by his infamous uncle, the Duke of Albany, and James, who succeeded to the throne as James I.

Sir John Drummond was succeeded in Stobhall and Cargill by his eldest son, Sir Malcolm. On the death of his brother-in-law, James, second Earl of Douglas and Mar, who fell at Otterburn in 1389, Sir Malcolm succeeded to that Earldom in right of his wife, who was Lady Isabel Douglas, only daughter of William, first Earl of Douglas. Five years after Sir Malcolm came to a tragic end. A band of ruffians, headed by Alexander Stuart, bastard son of the Wolf of Badenoch, surprised him in his own Castle, and threw him into a dungeon, where he soon died of the barbarities inflicted on him. He was succeeded by his brother John, Justiciar of Scotland, who died in 1428. John was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir Walter, of whom sprang, among others, the Drummonds of Ledcrieff, and of Newton of Blair. Sir Walter's successor was another Sir Malcolm, who had six sons; and in Sir John, the eldest of these, the family was raised to the rank of nobility. James III. created him Lord Drummond in 1487.

Lord Drummond was a man of much capacity, activity, and influence; and had a large share in all the more important public transactions of his day. He had three sons, of whom the eldest, John, predeceased him; and the second, William, Master of Drummond, suffered on the scaffold, as we shall tell when we come to Monzievaird. His Lordship had six daughters; the eldest of whom, Margaret, became the mistress of James IV., whose side her father took after the defeat and murder of James III. at Sauchieburn. The King and she lived openly together for some fourteen years. He took her with him in his progresses through the country with the Justiciars; and the Treasurer's books have many entries of gifts of jewellery, dresses, and money to "Mistress Margatt Drummond," as also of sums paid to "dansaris, gysaris, and players," who ministered to their entertainment. Their daughter Jane, was married to John, second son of Alexander third Earl of Gordon; and her eldest son, George succeeded his grandfather as fourth Earl. Jame would have married "Mistress Margatt," had it beer lawful for him to take to wife one under royal rank He might even have overleaped this obstacle, had no the nobility and clergy been so strongly opposed t their marriage. So much attached was he to her, tha it was believed he would not marry another as long a she was alive. She must, therefore, be put out of th way; and she was so. She was despatched by poiso in 1501! And her two younger sisters, Euphemia an Sybilla, accidentally partaking of the poisoned potion perished with her! We shall see their tombs when w reach Dunblane Cathedral.

Some would persuade us that Lady Margaret Drum mond was not the "mistress" of James, but his law ful wife. Viscount Strathallan, in his "History o the House of Drummond," avers that there was a pr vate marriage between them; that a dispensatio authorizing their union had been obtained from th Pope; and that the King was about to have thei nuptials publicly celebrated when Margaret's deat put an end to the project. Into this controversy w do not enter: we only remark that the Viscount' authority has not availed to change the voice of hi tory on the point in question.

We may add that Lady Margaret Drummond is th heroine of a very old song intituled "Tayis Bank. It celebrates her charms in very lofty strains. W should have inserted the song but for two reasons first, it is too long for our space; and second, th Scotch of it is so old that it would scarcely be intell gible without a glossary longer than itself. But i will be found by any of our readers who may wish t see it in "Select Remains of the Ancient Popula Poetry of Scotland," edited by David Laing.

In 1488 the Drummonds removed from Stobhall t Strathearn, and subsequent to 1491, Drummon Castle, which was built by John, first Lord Drum mond, on special license from his Majesty, becam their chief residence. It was at the latter, indeed that the three daughters met their melancholy fate. W shall, therefore, suspend here our notices of the family resuming them when we come to Muthil, in whic Drummond Castle stands.

There are in this parish some of the usual memorial of the administration of justice in feudal times. Ga lowhill was the gallow's hill, where criminals in th judgment of the barons suffered the last penalty o the law. The place of execution was the field calle Gallowshade, near the present village of Gallowhil

Not far off is "Hangie's Wall," the well in whic the executioner is said to have washed his hands afte

his bloody work. According to some it was originally called St Hunnand's Well, being in the neighbourhood of her chapel, of which we have already written; but when the reputation of saints, especially of very old and "obscure" saints, failed, and hangie had long and often made the use of the saintly waters we have adverted to, the old name was dropped and the new one took its place.

A story worth telling regarding the last hangman of the united baronies of Stobhall and Cargill still lingers in the locality. We shall give it in David Millar's version of it. "The last hangman was—as invariably every hangman is in feudal story—a specially repulsive character. He delighted in his work, talked over it grandly, and boasted of the number of unfortunate victims he had strung up to please the laird. Nor were the Drummonds of that day more averse than other barons to provide that official employment. The unsettled state of the times kept quiet men's minds always at fever heat, and the hanging of a few restless or lukewarm vassals now and then operated on their nerves as a cooling aperient. In that case the hangman had plenty of work to keep him in good humour; but at last his turn came to execute a youth—a mere boy—the only stay of a widowed mother, one whose only crime was in being his father's son. All round deplored the fate of the poor lad; but the more they mourned, the more heartily did the hangman go about his unblest work. The widow made childless, the man of blood exultingly took his way across the field, to wash his hands as usual at the well. The morning had been close and murky from dawn; but now the big thick clouds pressed down dismally dark and portentous, with a weight that made breathing burdensome. Yet the wretch was heard whistling and singing by turns, when on a sudden a flash of lightning, followed by a short, crackling thunder clap, burst right over St Hunnand's Chapel, while a momentary whirling blast, as if fed by the four winds of heaven, rushed across the moor with a noise scarcely less terrible. Some thought they heard a shriek, some a laugh, and others supposed the appalling sound was a wild wail of the tempest. But on going to St Hunnand's Chapel they found it half a ruin, the ground torn up all round the well, and no appearance of the hangman. Many were of opinion that he had been struck down and earthed by the thunderbolt, not a few that he was carried off bodily by the Prince of the power of the air, on the wings of the whirlwind: but whatsoever his fate, and wherever conveyed, Hangie was no more seen."

The parish had several of those conical mounds called Laws, the use of which is not very certain. It has been thought by some that the Law of Lawton may have been the seat on which Macbeth administered regal justice when residing in his neighbouring castle on Dunsinane Hill.

Two or three centuries ago the Buttergasks, Legertlaw, and Lawton were separate properties, and were in the possession of historic families—the Grays of Fowlis, and the Haliburtons of Pitcur. Gilbert, son of Andrew, third Lord Gray, who died in 1514, was Gilbert of Buttergask. Gilbert's son, Patrick, was Patrick of Buttergask; and he succeeded his uncle as fifth Lord Gray. In the Rental of the County, taken by Act of Parliament in 1649, Lord Gray (Andrew, eighth Lord), is entered as proprietor of "Meickle Buttergask and Leggerlaw." In the same rental, James Halyburton is entered as proprietor of Little Buttergask, and John Halyburton as proprietor of "Lattoune."

After the rebellion of 1745, Stobhall and Cargill, being with the rest of the Perth estates confiscated and annexed to the Crown, were for some time in the hands of the Commissioners who had the management of the Annexed Estates. Those Commissioners, at the end of the German war, provided a home for discharged soldiers in a new village which they reared at Whiteley; and which they named Strelitz, in honour of Charlotte of Strelitz, the beloved wife and queen of George III. They began to build in 1763, and by the date of the Old Statistical Account (1794), they had made great progress. In that Account we read of Strelitz:—"It consists of about eighty dwellinghouses, with necessary office-houses, built in a commodious manner, after a regular plan, forming a spacious street, ninety feet broad, watered by a small stream, which runs along the side of the street. To every house is annexed a good garden, with about three acres of land properly enclosed with hedge and ditch, and sheltered by strips of planting. As these houses and lands were intended as an encouragement to industry, and a reward for laborious services, they were given to the soldiers at a mere quit-rent, and are still possessed by such of them as survive at the same rate."

The day of Strelitz was but brief. The forfeiture of the Drummonds was by and by rescinded; their lands were restored to them; Burrelton sprang up a little farther east in the barony; Strelitz is hardly a hamlet now; it has resumed its old name of Whiteley, and the new name, in spite of its association with royalty, is forgotten.

We must give a place to the old ballad of "The Weary Coble o' Cargill." The author of it is unknown; but it is likely enough that he was a local bard. After it had been long sung, it was first committed to writing by Motherwell. Hearing it recited by an old woman in Cambusmichael, he took a copy

of it from her lips, and inserted it in his "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." The subject of the ballad is the tragic issue of the loves of David Drummond and Jeanie Low. Sometime in the seventeenth century, David was butler in Stobhall House, and Jeanie was a fair damsel of Ballathie, on the other side of the Tay. Neighbours and acquaintances in their childhood, and playmates at school, their friendship ripened into love. They plighted their troth to one another; and were waiting the day that was to crown their bliss by making them one. The swain proved fickle and faithless. At Kercock Ha' (another version of the story says, Bishopha') he saw a dame, who, if she had not more beauty than his betrothed, was better born, and would bring him more *tocher*. The coble which had so often taken him across on his way to Ballathie was now in requisition to do the same service for him on his way to the abode of his new love. The forsaken Jeanie knew where he anchored it. Many a night had she, in concealment, watched him rowing over, and securing it in a creek by fastening it to a certain tree. At length, on a night when the river was very swollen, she saw him do so. She had that night taken with her an auger; and stepping down to the creek she riddled with the auger the bottom of the coble. Hiding then among the bushes on the bank, she waited the return of the false butler to recross to Stobhall. He made his appearance in the course of the night, and rowed away; but he had not reached the middle of the raging Tay when the coble, filled with water, sank; and after a few moments of ineffectual struggle to swim to the side, the rolling, foaming river closed over his own devoted head. Jeanie had her revenge; but from that night to the end of her days she was a poor, raving maniac.

We have before us two versions of the ballad: the old one which Motherwell printed, and a modern one, which appears to us to have improved the rhythm and melody of the composition. We therefore give it:—

"The course o' true love ne'er runs smooth—
So say the sages o' langsyne—
My waefu' tale upbears the truth,
This weary, waefu' tale o' mine.

"A youthfu' pair, wha' offered fair,
O' nuptial joy to drink their fill;
But ither drink for them was brew'd
Within the coble o' Cargill.

"The lad was Chanc'llor Drummond's page,
When gude Earl James was wi' the King,
And a' the keys o' bonnie Stobha',
I wat they at his belt did hing.

"She was the belle o' Ballathie toun—
O' lovers she had wile and will—
But sad her fate—she waukit late,
And bor'd the coble o' Cargill.

"She bor'd the coble in seven parts;
Nae doubt her heart was sick and sair,
When there she seal'd the laddie's fate,
Wi' the curly locks an' the yellow hair

"His bed was made in Kercock ha'
O' gude clean sheets, an' o' the strae;
But he wadna sleep ae nicht therein
For a' a mither's lips could say.

"He wad across the flooded Tay—
He wadna bruik o' ony ill—
And wi' wary step he bent his way
To the weary coble o' Cargill.

"Wi' youthfu' arm he grasp'd the oar;
I trow he grasped it wi' gudewill;
But ere he was midwaters through
The weary coble began to fill.

"He bail'd the boat wi' baith his hands,
Forsooth, he bail'd it heartily;
But the auger's skaith soon stopt his breath,
And gart the bonnie laddie die.

"'Oh, help, oh help, I can get nane,
Nae help o' man can come to me,
For the rollin' flow o' the burden'd stream
Is hast'nin' on my destiny.

"'My bed was made on Ballathy brae,
O' gude clean sheets an o' the hay;
But gentler hands hae smooth'd the sands
Where I maun sleep beneath the Tay.

"'Gae hame and tell my parents baith
I blame mysel' for a' this ill;
When waukin' late, I met my fate
By the weary coble o' Cargill.'

"Deceitfu' barge! thy helpless charge
Thou laidst behind yon sacred fane,
Where vesper bell and matin song
Shall ne'er be heard by him again.

"And a' within the barony
Were present at his funeral,
And bore him from his master's ha'
To the lonely kirkyard o' Cargill.

"Alas for Jean! when a' was done
Her conscience work'd and would not still
Confess'd the fate which drove her late
To bore the coble o' Cargill.

"'On Beltane e'en upon the green
He danced wi' Bess o' Bishopha';
Her witchin' glance and winnin' e'en
I thocht had wiled his heart awa'.

"'A fearfu' frame crept o'er me then,
And held o' me the mastery,
And my wither'd heart was blown in flame
By that dread demon, jealousy.

"'Our early vows made fause by him—
The very thocht my heart did kill;
And spell-bound, driven by that dreme,
I bor'd the coble o' Cargill.'

"'Oh! wha cou'd guess 'twad come to this,
When we were young and at the schule,
And pu'd the slaes on Ballathy braes,
And broke the weirdly cake at Yule.

"'There's ne'er a sark gae on my back,
Nor yet a kame gae in my hair,
Nor will there coal or candle licht
Shine in my bower for evermair.

"'At Kirk or fair I'se ne'er be seen,
Nor yet a blythe blink in my e'e;
Nae finger's ends shall point to Jean,
And say, I gart my laddie die!

"'Yon ruin'd walls shall be my hame,
Where ghaists and howlets nichtly cry;
And the sadd'nin' sound o' the rollin' stream
Shall nichtly sing my lullaby.

"'This bracken bush shall be my bower,
Where often by the moon I see
Yon spectre boat with my love afloat,
Wha shakes his windin'-sheet at me.'"

Gibbie's Den, one of the ravines in the parish which run down to the Tay, and over which the Bridge of Isla Road passes, is an Historic Scene at which we must tarry a little. In "the days of darkness and blood," there was a considerable number of Covenanters in Cargill and the contiguous parishes. They were visited in 1681 by a Covenanting preacher from the West. Tradition says that his name was Wighton. He spent some time with them; and when he was about to leave it was arranged to have a farewell discourse from him, at a place called Craigen Gowan, a grassy knoll on the side of the Tay, within a mile of Stobhall House. At the appointed time, a congregation of four or five hundred assembled; and the sermon was proceeding, when the sentinels gave the alarm. A band of armed troopers was approaching them at full speed. Dalziel was then lying at Stobhall House with a detachment of cavalry, taking care of the orthodoxy of the district, and punishing all disconformity to the Prelatic faith and worship. Informed of the conventicle at Craigen Gowan, he sent his dragoons to disperse it. And the Colonel of the band had special instructions to look after a Gilbert West, a hated and dreaded Covenanter, who would be at the conventicle of course. He was one of "the nine nobles of Whitefield," as they were honourably called, a most worthy man, and a very zealous leader of the poor, persecuted Covenanters in these parts.

On the alarm being given, the assembly dispersed, and every one shifted as he best could for liberty and life. The troopers galloped about in search of the fugitives. Gilbert West was soon espied, on the other side of a gully, so full of boulders and broken rocks that it was impassable on horseback. After coursing up and down on both sides of it, the Colonel commanded his men to dismount and give chase on foot. They were scarcely out of their saddles when Gilbert was seen emerging from the ravine on the opposite side. Afraid of his escaping, orders were given to fire at him. A volley was discharged immediately; and when the smoke cleared away Gilbert was seen still running as before for a few paces, when he seemed to plunge into a clump of thick, tall broom and disappeared. Some of the soldiers said that he must have been wounded, judging from the start he gave when they fired. Without pursuing him further the band mounted their horses and returned to Stobhall; the officer in command cursing and swearing all the way at his bad luck, in letting "the old Psalm-singing malignant" escape with his head on his shoulders. This was "the Raid of Broadgreen," as it was locally called, the date of it being July, 1681.

His fellow-fugitives by and by returned to their homes; but Gilbert West did not. The hope at first was that he had escaped to some other quarter. Three weeks passed without any tidings of him or from him. At length the farmer of Broadgreen sent a servant to the ravine to cut down some brushwood for fuel; and there, in the clump of broom at which he had disappeared, the servant found Gilbert's body in an advanced state of decomposition, pierced with no fewer than five balls. A plain, coarse deal box was improvised for a coffin; the body was put into it in the state in which it had been found; and was buried with becoming solemnity in Cargill churchyard. A stone, with some rude engraving on it, and an appropriate inscription was erected at his grave; but the malignity of his murderers followed him after death. In less than a week after it was set up, the stone was mutilated and defaced. But Gilbert West has his memorial. "The memory of the just is blessed." The very Den in which he fell is a memorial of him. From that day to this, it has been called GIBBIE'S DEN; and let the name, and the explanation of it, be handed down, generation after generation, to the latest posterity.

James Browne, LL.D., Advocate, was a native of the parish of Cargill. He was born at Whitefield, the town of the "nine nobles," in 1793. Educated for the ministry of the Kirk at St Andrews, where he stood high as a classical scholar, he taught for some time after his license, first as a tutor in some families of distinction, and next as assistant Latin teacher in the Academy of Perth, where he was also interim helper to the Rev. Lewis Dunbar, minister of Kinnoul. Abandoning the ministry he took to the bar, passing as Advocate in 1826, and receiving the honour of LL.D. from his Alma Mater. But literature was his delight; and to it he devoted himself. He was editor of

"Constable's Magazine," of the "Caledonian Mercury," and of the "North Briton"; sub-editor of the Seventh Edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica;" and one of the compilers of the "Edinburgh Geographical and Historical Atlas." Besides the productions of his editorial pen, many articles of his own to the Encyclopædia, and copious contributions to the periodical literature of his day, Dr Browne was author of a "History of the Inquisition;" a "Sermon on the Death of the Princess Charlotte;" a "Critical Examination of Dr Macculloch's Work on the Highlands and Western Isles;" and the "History of the Highlands and of the Highland Clans," from which we have repeatedly quoted. The activity and labour of such a life must have been really prodigious. We do not wonder, therefore, that we read of him:—"Notwithstanding his being endowed with a strong bodily constitution, he was, while yet, it may be said, in the prime of life, worn out by over mental exertion, and fell at last a victim to paralysis."

As editor of the "Caledonian Mercury," Dr Browne did most important service in discovering the Edinburgh West Port murders, and bringing the perpetrators of them to justice. It was while he was conducting that paper, too, that he and Charles M'Laren, the editor of the "Scotsman" quarrelled so dreadfully. The controversy between them waxed so hot and fierce that the pen could not settle it. It ended in a duel, which was happily bloodless. After exchanging shots both of them left the field unhurt.

The Doctor closed his career in the communion of the Romish Church. His lapse into Popery was attributed to the influence of his wife, who was a daughter of Stewart of Huntfield, and a cousin of General Stewart of Garth. He died in 1841, and was buried in Duddingston Churchyard.

Thomas Ross, son of John Ross of Craigie, by Perth, was admitted minister of Cargill in 1606, and probably demitted about 1615. His reasons for taking this step we do not know. By that time the Presbyterian Kirk was at a discount; not only so, but it was doomed to extinction, if the power and policy of James VI. could effect it. It may be that ambition moved the soul of Ross, and that, looking at the signs of the times, he concluded that his best chance of rising to distinction, and a rich benefice, lay in attaching himself to Prelacy on the English side of the Border. He accordingly went to London, having "beene recommendit," Calderwood says, "by some lords of the Secrete Counsell and some of the Bishops to the King, as a scholler, to be placed in some colledge." He wearied waiting in the Metropolis for the smile of royalty, and dancing attendance on the courtiers for their patronage. To advance him in his prospects of promotion, and to prepare him for it, he betook himself to Oxford, and entered the University. Still hope was deferred, and his heart sickened. His purse, too, got empty, and poverty pinched him. He returned to London, a more importunate suitor than ever at every door where he thought that he might be befriended. His importunity was vain, and he had no alternative but to go back to Oxford, and renew there the struggle for existence which absolute destitution much intensified. In his desperation he at length had recourse to a device which proved fatal to him. He wrote a "Pasquil" against his countrymen into which he instilled all the bitterness and malice with which his heart was overflowing. The paper bore that all the Scots ought to be expelled from the Court of England, his Majesty, his son, and a few others excepted; compared them to the seven lean kine of Egypt, as devouring every green thing to the south of the Tweed; and heaped on them much more opprobrium and abuse. This gratified his spite against the Scottish courtiers for their neglect of him, to which he ascribed all his disappointment and misery. He reckoned also that it would bring him the preferment for which he panted; that the heartless Scots at Court would be fain to find it for him, on the principle of throwing "a sop to Cerberus," to protect themselves from further skaith from his tongue or his pen.

The Pasquil having been drafted, revised and perfected, Ross fixed it to the church door of St Mary's College. The first fellow-student who paused to read it was shocked with it. He tore it down, and ran with it to Godwin, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. The Vice-Chancellor sent him with it to the King, who, in a towering passion on the perusal of it, had the hapless writer of it apprehended, and shipped for Scotland, "with strict orders," wrote John Mercer, Town Clerk of Perth, "that he should suffer death" for his crime. On the 20th August, 1618, Ross was placed at the bar of the Justiciary Court, Edinburgh, charged with the "deviliche and detestable forgeing of an infamous and deviliche writ, all written with his awin hand, concerning ane Pasqueill or These; togidder with severall abbominable articles and appendices confirmeing the samyn—that all Scottismen oucht to be schute furth of the Court of England excepting his gracious Majestie, his sone, and ane very few otheris; and that Inlischmen ar michtillie blindet, fylet, and dispavet (althocht quick sichtit otherwayis), that they sould suffer sic ane unproffitable and pernitious multitude and filthie offscoureings of people to radge and dominire within their boundis and entrallis," &c. The prisoner was convicted, and sentenced to lose first his right hand, and then his head, at the Cross of Edinburgh; the former to be fixed on the West Port, and the latter

on the Nether Bow. The sentence was carried into effect the next day, the culprit confessing that he was "of a proud spirit," but quaintly remarking that "he thought the punishment greater than the fault."

Concerning the other ministers of Cargill we have not much to note. William Rattray, admitted to the charge in 1682, was in 1689 deprived for his Jacobitism, but contrived somehow to intrude again. John Gow, admitted in 1705, was one of the forty-two ministers who signed a representation and petition to the General Assembly in 1732, remonstrating against a variety of grievances; and he was one of the seventeen who dissented and protested against finding Ebenezer Erskine censurable for his famous Synod Sermon.

When James VII. returned to the bosom of Holy Mother Church, the Earl of Perth followed his example; and Popery made a strenuous attempt to re-root itself in this quarter. The attempt was favoured by the residence at Stobhall of Jean, Second Duchess of Perth, a daughter of the Duke of Gordon, and, like all the members of her family, a Popish zealot. Soon after Culloden, she came to Stobhall, and lived at it till her death in 1773. A congregation was formed here, and worship celebrated according to the Romish ritual. In glancing at such a print as Gordon's Appendix to Scotichronicon, one would be apt to conclude, from the frequent occurrence of the names of priests who officiated in the Stobhall Mission, that they were doing a great work, and threatening to blot out such names as those of Luther and Knox from under heaven. But the work always bulked more on paper than it did in reality. The cause never prospered; and eventually, when a regular Popish congregation was established at Perth, it was given up. The small Stobhall Chapel, which was at the Park, is now a barn; and we do not know that there are in the whole locality at present more than an individual or two professing the Roman Catholic faith.

ST MARTINS.

St Martins and Cambusmichael were united nearly two centuries ago. For a season after their union public worship was celebrated alternately in the churches of both. At length, St Martins was made the only seat of it; and the church of Cambusmichael and a little chapel which stood beside it, were allowed to fall into ruins. The churchyard is still used as a place of burial; but the name of Cambusmichael is now lost in that of St Martins, which is the common designation of both parishes.

The Saint from whom the parish took its name, and to whom its church was originally dedicated, was a very great Saint. So redolent was he with the odour of sanctity, and so full of labour and usefulness was his career, that he has been pronounced "the glory of Gaul, and the light of the Western Church." The St Martinites now-a-days are, we fear, not very familiarly acquainted with their Patron Saint. We have not space for an outline of his life. But we shall devote to him two or three paragraphs; and the authenticity of what we have to say of him may be relied on, if the authority of Butler in his "Lives of the Saints" is not to be profanely disputed.

St Martin was a native of Lower Hungary, and was born about A.D. 316. Pressed in his youth into the military service of the emperor, he proved a model young man; condemning by his piety and virtue the wickedness of his fellow-soldiers, and wooing them to the ways of wisdom. Prominent among the excellencies that adorned him was his tender and beneficent charity; of which this example has been recorded. He met one winter day at the gate of Amiens a poor man almost naked, shivering with cold and begging alms of those who passed by. Martin had nothing in his purse to give him; but drawing his sword, he cut his cloak into two pieces, and wrapped the beggar in the one, keeping the other to himself. That very night he had a vision in reward of the good deed he had done. Jesus Christ appeared to him in his sleep, dressed in the half of the cloak he had given away, and he heard him say to a troop of angels who attended him:—"Martin, yet a catechumen, has clothed me with this garment." The vision had a happy influence on him, and determined him to apply for baptism (his parents were heathen), which he received in his eighteenth year.

Obtaining his discharge from the army, Martin forthwith devoted himself to all sorts of pious labour, in which he was owned and honoured to do much good. He was also sealed by the miraculous powers conferred on him, and which were essential to his being admitted into the Calendar. In his absence, a monk in the monastery which he had raised at Luguge, near Poitiers, seized with fever, died suddenly, unbaptised. On his return, Martin found the body laid out for burial, and all the inmates wailing, and lamenting their bereavement. Bursting into tears, he betook himself to prayer, and, in less than two hours, the dead monk began to move his limbs, and at last opened his eyes. Restored to life, he told how he seemed to himself to have been presented before the divine tribunal, and sentenced to a dark dungeon; but that, on two angels representing that St Martin was wrestling in prayer for him, the judge ordered them to raise him to life. Soon after, he restored to

life another dead person, the slave of a neighbouring rich man, who had committed suicide by hanging himself. Such miracles could not fail to raise the reputation of the Saint to the highest pitch; and in 371 he was constituted bishop of Tours.

In his new dignity, he led the same saintly, devoted, and useful life; and, in particular, still abounded in miracles, to some examples of which we may refer. Valentinian would not admit him to an interview, which an angel had directed him to go to the palace and seek; but upbraided and threatened him for attempting to intrude into his imperial presence. In a few moments the place where the emperor sat was in flames. His proud and hard heart was humbled and softened; he embraced the Saint several times; granted him all his requests; and would have dismissed him with rich presents, had they not been declined.

In the course of his Episcopal visitation, St Martin destroyed many temples of idols, and felled trees which the heathen held sacred. Having, on a time, demolished one such temple, he was about to cut down a pine that grew near it. The heathen, priests and people, opposed; but agreed at length that they would cut down the tree if he would stand under it where they would place him. Acting on a monition from above, he consented, and was tied to the side to which the tree leaned. When it was just ready to fall on him, he made the sign of the cross, and it fell to the other side. The heathen spectators were deeply impressed, and begged that they might be instructed, with the view of preparing them for being baptised into the new faith. At another time, as he was pulling down a temple, the idolaters fell on him with great fury. One of them attacked him sword in hand. He took off his mantle, and presented his bare neck to the assailant, who instantly fell back, and begged his forgiveness.

At Triers he cured a maid sick of the palsy, and ready to die, by putting some blessed oil into her mouth. Meeting at one of the gates of Paris a loathsome leper he kissed him, and gave him his blessing; he was forthwith healed. Passing on his way to Chartres, a village full of Pagan idolaters, who all turned out to see him, he prayed for them, and preached unto them. While he was doing so a woman brought to him her only child, which was dead, beseeching him, as the friend of God, to restore her child to life. He did so. The mother was frantic with joy, and the people cast themselves at his feet, and entreated him to prepare them for baptism.

This illustrious Saint died, aged fourscore years, probably in 397, and we shall only add, for the information of any of our readers who may wish to join in celebrating his festival, that it is kept on the 11t November.

There are vestiges of several Druid circles temples in the parish, in which the inhabitants wo shipped long before the name of St Martin or of ar other such saint was known.

The great Historic Scene in the parish is Cairn beddie. Before it was euphonised the name wa written Caer Bed, or Caer Beth; that is, being inte preted, the Castle of Macbeth. When Macbeth ha murdered the "gracious Duncan," and mounted h throne, he built here the Castle, in which he is sai to have resided for the first ten years of his reig The site of it was a plain; but he did what he coul to raise his nest on high. He first made a circula mound, considerably above the level of the surroun ing ground, and then he reared his Castle on it. Th mound was about seventy-seven yards in diamete and two hundred and thirty-one in circumferenc and was surrounded by a moat thirty feet in breadth This was a base sufficient for a very large edifice. W read in the Statistical Account that "about twent four years ago (1818) a great quantity of earth wa removed from one side of the mound, and hor shoes, apparently those of ponies, were found in gre abundance, likewise handles of swords and dirks."

It was when he began to think that he was n sufficiently secure in Cairnbeddie that Macbeth bui another Castle on the Hill of Dunsinane, in th adjoining parish of Collace, and removed to it; rather, made the one his abode now, and the oth then, as his humour or a regard to his safety dictate When he was forced to seek relief from those "te rible dreams that did shake him nightly," the loc tradition is that he consulted two witches, two of th most famous weird sisters in the kingdom. The lived not far off; the one of them at Collace, and th other at a place called the Cape, not far from Du sinane House. He met with them on a moor in th parish of St Martins, at a spot which is yet pointe out, and which is marked by a stone, called to th day the Witches' Stone. They advised him to forti himself strongly on the top of Dunsinane, and pr mised him safety there, till "Birnam Wood shou come against him."

In dramatising this part of the story, Shakspea departs so far from the local tradition. He sen Macbeth to Forres, to the three weird sisters he ha met on the moor there ten years ago, and who fir revealed his future by their salutations:—

"1 *Witch*—All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glami
2 *Witch*—All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor
3 *Witch*—All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter."

He lays the scene of Macbeth's interview with the in a "Dark Cave." When he came to them, th

were dancing and singing around a blazing fire and a bubbling cauldron, in which they were preparing their hellish charms. Then the drama proceeds thus :—

"*Enter* Macbeth.

Macb.—How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do?
All.— A deed without a name.
Macb.—I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let then fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1 *Witch*— Speak.
2 *Witch*— Demand.
3 *Witch*— We'll answer.
1 *Witch*—Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our master's?
Macb.— Call them, let me see them.
1 *Witch*—Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All— Come, high or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly shew.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb.—Tell me, thou unknown power——
1 *Witch*— He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say him nought.
App.—Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife—Dismiss me: Enough.

[*Descends.*

Macb.—Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word more:—
1 *Witch.*—He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App.—Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—
Macb.—Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App.— Be bloody, bold,
And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of man,
For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

[*Descends*

Macb.—Then live, Macduff: What need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live:
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a Tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of soveregnity?
All.— Listen, but speak not.
App.—Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.
Macb.— [*Descends.*
That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root?" &c.

In indulging this confidence Macbeth was deceiving himself, as we shall soon see.

In latter times, Cairnbeddie was long a separate property, and passed through the hands of several lairds. Of the spouse of one of these a good story is told. She was noted for her diligence in building up her house. In fact, in her passion to do her husband good, she was thrifty overmuch. Sacred justice did not rule her, as it ought to have done. She grew a large quantity of flax on her lands, which she gave out to the females in the country around to spin; allowing them so much for turning a stone of flax into yarn. She paid them, not with money, but with oatmeal, which was the produce of her own fields, selling them the meal at market price. But the stone with which she weighed the flax was heavier than standard weight, and the lippie with which she measured the meal was smaller than standard measure. She thus took a double advantage of her spinners. Whether she was suspected of fraud in her lifetime is not said—she would escape suspicion not the less readily that she was the laird's wife, carrying on the business professedly for the good of the community. Be this as it may, her fraud was not detected in her lifetime. She died at length, and was decently buried in St Martins Kirkyard. But she was not permitted to rest in the shades, till she had gone back, and confessed her misdeeds. Soon after her interment, the minister, sauntering about one night, thought he saw some person gliding among the trees at the back of the manse. He drew near to challenge the intruder, when, to his astonishment and horror, he found himself confronted by the ghost of the deceased! Crossing himself, and mustering courage, he ventured to accost her, asking why she had left her narrow bed. Heaving a deep sigh, she answered :—

"It is the little lippie
An' the heavy stane,
Whilk gars me wan'er
Here sae late my lane."

The principal mansion in the parish is St Martins House, a massive, commodious residence, finely situated, built about 1794, and enlarged and adorned by the present proprietor, who christened it St Martins Abbey. Why, we have not seen stated; but may it not have been because it was thought that St Martins Abbey would be a more acceptable name to the patron

Saint than St Martins House? It is the seat and residence of the Macdonalds. The founder of the family was William Macdonald, W.S., Edinburgh. He married Miss Kinloch of the Gourdie family, who brought him a good dowry. He had paid his addresses to her when she was in reduced circumstances, and was earning her livelihood by dressmaking. Through changes in the Gourdie family she exchanged poverty for wealth. She had now many suitors, but said to them all, "Na, na, Willie Macdonald socht my heart and my hand when I was penniless, and he shall hae them noo." The happy husband was devoted to the business of his profession, and prospered in it so well that he was able, by and by, to purchase St Martins when it came into the market.

He was succeeded by his son, William Macdonald, advocate, who married Miss Miller, daughter of Lord Glenlee, and died without issue.

The present proprietor was his cousin, and succeeded him. He was William, son of General Farquharson of Glenshee. He had, we suppose, been baptised William Macdonald, and on his succession to St Martins he doubled his name. Having risen to the rank of Colonel, he is Colonel William Macdonald Macdonald of St Martins. We see it stated concerning him that he represents the Brouchdearg branch of the great family of the Farquharsons, which formed a division of the famous Clan Chattan.

There is no better known name in Perthshire, and far beyond it, than that of Colonel Macdonald-Macdonald. He has long taken a prominent part in public affairs, and indeed in every question affecting the weal of society. And his bosom burns with the honourable ambition of still farther devoting himself to the service of his country. His heart is set on entering Parliament, that he may there teach our senators wisdom. He has offered himself once and again as a candidate for Parliamentary honours, but has not yet been successful. It is with wisdom as it is with all other good things; the more excellent they are, and the more they are needed, there is the less demand for them in this evil world. But it is to be fervently hoped that it will not be thus always.

There are some things about the ministers of St Martins that are worthy of being noticed. Thomas Strachan, its first Protestant minister, had been a monk in the Abbey of Scone. On the dissolution of the Abbey, he became a convert to the Reformation, and was appointed to the pastoral charge of this parish. Again, this Thomas Strachan had no fewer than four successors in the charge, all of his own name, and three of them, if not the whole four, of his own race. Farther, two of the ministers of St Martins were deposed or erroneous doctrine and for immorality. Once more, one of the Strachans, who was minister of the parish at the Revolution, was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689, for not reading the Proclamation of the Estates, not praying for William and Mary, not observing the Thanksgiving and Proclamation for a voluntary contribution to the French and Irish Protestants; and for praying for the late King and his happy restoration, and confusion to his enemies. It is on record that this rampant Jacobite fell into very distressing poverty, and had relief doled out to him by the Kirk-Session of Guthrie.

COLLACE.

The grand Scene here is the ruins of Macbeth's Castle on the top of Dunsinane Hill. This fortress he built, as we have already told, when he began to be nervous about his safety at Cairnbeddie. The undertaking was a great one even for Royalty, and he summoned his barons to assist in it. They did so as in other ways, so by supplying oxen to carry or to drag the necessary materials for the structure up to the summit of the hill. It is said that Dunsinane signifies The hill of the Ants; and that it took its name from the crowds of men and beasts that swarmed on it, and from their busy activity while the erection of the stronghold was going on. In inspecting their one day Macbeth observed a pair of oxen so tired that they could not proceed further, but fell down under their load. Inquiring whose they were, he was told that they belonged to Macduff, Thane of Fife, between whom and Macbeth there had for some time been no love lost. "Then," said the King in great indignation, "since the Thane of Fife sends such worthless cattle as these to do my labour, I will put his own neck into the yoke, and make him drag the burdens himself." His words were reported to Macduff, who was in attendance at Dunsinane, and he instantly fled as fast as he could. Macbeth pursued him till he reached his castle in Fife; before which he summoned Lady Macduff, who appeared on the walls, to surrender to him, and to deliver up her husband. Her heroic answer was, "Do you see yon white sail upon the sea? Yonder goes Macduff to the Court of England. You will never see him again till he comes back with young Prince Malcolm to pull you down from the throne, and to put you to death. You will never be able to put your yoke, as you threatened on the Thane of Fife's neck." Macbeth murdered Lady Macduff and her children, and returned.

The vestiges of the Castle, still to be seen on the top of the hill, do not enable us to give its dimensions

But they show how strongly fortified it was both by nature and by art. It stood at an elevation of eight hundred feet above the base of the hill, and upwards of eleven hundred feet above sea level. On three of its sides the hill was very steep and difficult of access. Its defences were high outer rocks, and where these failed a wall with a deep fosse. The area enclosed was of an oval form, two hundred and ten feet long, and a hundred and thirty feet broad; and, judging from the immense mass of its ruins, the rampart must have been both thick and high.

The English Monarch, Edward the Confessor, espoused the cause of Prince Malcolm. He had fled to Edward's Court when Macbeth murdered his father, the good King Duncan, and had ever since been a refugee there. To vindicate Malcolm's right to the Scottish throne, Edward, influenced doubtless by the representations of Macduff, now agreed to send into Scotland an army of ten thousand men, under the command of Siward, Earl of Northumberland. They were accompanied by Osbert, Siward's son, and by Macduff. Macbeth's terrors had of late made him tyrannical, and his Thanes were falling away from him. Several of them, indeed, had promised to welcome Prince Malcolm, and to assist him in asserting his claims. To meet the friends who were to join them in the north, the English on reaching Scotland marched towards Dunkeld. This led them to Birnam Wood. There, arrangements were made for their crossing the Vale to Dunsinane; and to conceal their march as much and as long as possible, Macduff, addressing the soldiers, advised each man to take a branch from Birnam Wood. and to bear it before him. As Shakspeare has it :—

> "Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
> And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
> The numbers of our host, and make discovery
> Err in report of us."

The soldiers did so. By and by into Macbeth's presence in his Castle entered a messenger, whom, in his passionate excitement, he commanded to "tell his story quickly."

"*Mess.*—Gracious my lord,
I shall report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.
Macb.— Well, say, sir.
Mess.—As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.
Macb.— Liar, and slave!
[*Striking him.*
Mess.—Let me endure thy wrath, if it be not so;
Within this three mile you may see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.
Macb.— If thou speaks't false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunsinane:—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarm bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.
[*Exeunt.*"

The first security the witches had given Macbeth against being vanquished thus failed him. Birnam Wood was coming to Dunsinane. Great were his distraction and rage; but they had no power to arrest the progress of the foe. With steady pace they neared his Castle, threw down their "leafy screens," and appeared what they were. The taking of the Castle was brief work. It was, in fact, "gently surrendered," many of its defenders changing sides, hailing Malcolm as a deliverer, and helping his triumph.

As we stated when at Meigle, Macbeth fled northward by the back of the Sidlaw, and two years afterward met his fate at Lumphanan, after a reign of seventeen years. But it suited better the purpose of the great dramatist that he should die at Dunsinane. He accordingly makes him die there. Macduff, having got entrance into the Castle, sought at once for him. Macbeth was soliloquizing, comparing flight and a Roman death on his own sword, preferring the former, and beginning it, just as Macduff entered the room where he was.

"*Macd.*— Turn, hell-hound, turn.
Macb.—Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.
Macd.— I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!
[*They fight.*
Macb.— Thou losest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests:
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macd.— Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macb.—Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.
Macd.—Then yield thee, coward,

And live to be the shew and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole ; and underwrit,
Here may you see the tyrant.
Macb.— I'll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam Wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I'll try the last : Before my body
I throw my warlike shield ; lay on, Macduff :
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*
[*Exeunt, fighting.*"

Our readers who have Shakspeare will excuse us for quoting him so largely. We do so for the sake of those who do not yet have him. And we hope, for this reason, to be indulged in making one quotation more.

" *Re-enter* Macduff, *with* Macbeth's *head on a pole.*
Macd.—Hail, King ! for so thou art : Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head : the time is free :
I see thee compassed with thy Kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, King of Scotland !
All.— King of Scotland, hail !
[*Flourish.*
Mal.—We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with our several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which should be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny :
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen ;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life ;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place ;
So thanks to all at once, and to each one
Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*"

We may mention that Sir John Sinclair, when eighteen years of age, visited Dunsinane Hill, and other places here associated with the name of Macbeth. He took a sketch of them, and got himself stuffed with the local traditions concerning them ; and both the Sketch and the traditions he inserted in his Statistical Account of Scotland. The traditions have no value. They are such as ignorant credulity alone could have received. For example : they make Macbeth to have fled from his Castle to the opposite Hill, pursued by Macduff ; to have precipitated himself from the top of the Hill, and to have been killed on the rocks ; and to have been buried in the "Lang Man's Grave ;" whereas, if there is anything certain about Macbeth, it is that he was slain by Macduff at Lumphanan.

We may also mention that, from the minuteness and accuracy of the glimpses Shakspeare has given of Dunsinane Hill, and of the contiguous country, it has been thought by some that he must have seen them with his own eyes. They have been of opinion, therefore, that it is likely he was of the company of English comedians whom, at the desire of James VI., Queen Elizabeth sent to him at Perth, in 1599, for the entertainment of his Court, as also to relieve somewhat the sombre aspect which Scottish Presbytery and Puritanism had given even to the Fair City.

The historic family in the parish is the Nairnes of Dunsinane. Their seat is Dunsinane House, a spacious mansion, "situated in the north-west corner of the parish, with a fine southern exposure, and screened from the winter blast by extensive plantations," and which "has been lately greatly enlarged and modernized by Mr Nairne."

The Nairnes of Dunsinane are of the same stock as the noble House of Nairne, which we noticed somewhat fully when at Auchtergaven. Their common ancestor was Michael de Nairn, who lived in the reign of Robert III. (1390-1406). The Dunsinane branch was raised to the honour of a baronetcy in 1704. It was conferred that year by Queen Anne on Sir William Nairne of Dunsinane. The most distinguished member of that family was a Lord of Session and Justiciary. He was Sir William Nairne, fifth baronet, and a younger son of the second baronet. He studied for the bar, and was admitted advocate in 1755. Three years after he was appointed Commissary Clerk of Edinburgh, conjointly with Alexander Nairne, a relation of his. He was made Sheriff of Perthshire in 1783. He was promoted to the bench as a Lord of Session in 1786, by the title of Lord Dunsinane. In 1790 he bought Dunsinane from his nephew Sir William Nairne for £16,000 ; and at the nephew's death he succeeded to the baronetcy. Two years after he was made a Lord of Justiciary. He retired from the bench in 1809, and died at Dunsinane House in 1812. The title became extinct at his death.

Lord Dunsinane was an estimable judge ; upright, pains-taking, clear-headed, and with a good knowledge alike of law and of equity, which he applied with facility to the cases that came before him for judgment. He was also an excellent landlord and agriculturist, expending judiciously and liberally on his lands and greatly raising their value ; improving the aspect of the country, and increasing the comforts of a grateful tenantry. Above all, judging him by the highest standard, he was a good man. The writer of the Statistical Account of the parish says of him :—"To the welfare of the parish, and more especially to their religious instruction he was equally

attentive. He feared God and honoured the King. He remembered the Sabbath day, and was never absent from church, except from necessity. This example was highly useful in his own time. Still more useful must such praiseworthy conduct be in our times, to put to shame, if possible, increasing impiety, and to stem the overflowing tide of iniquity. Lord Dunsinane died 22d March, 1812, being upwards of eighty years old, and was buried within the walls of the old church of Collace, now converted into a mausoleum for the Dunsinane family; and to which there is access by a large arched gateway of uncommon beauty, and of the rare and ancient order of Saxon architecture."

His Lordship was succeeded in Dunsinane by his nephew, James Mellis, son of a sister. He assumed the name of Nairne. His memory will be long and fondly cherished. He followed his uncle as a good country gentleman, and an improving landlord; but he outstripped him in activity and zeal in well-doing, and that in all the walks of it. James Mellis Nairne was always found in the front rank of the Christian philanthropists of his day.

In the annals of the family in the latter half of the last century, there is one very dark chapter. In 1765, Catherine Nairne, a niece of Lord Dunsinane, was married to Thomas Ogilvie of Eastmiln, in Forfarshire. She was then nineteen years old, and her husband forty; and he is said to have been a person of a weak constitution, and a sickly habit. Two or three days before the marriage a younger brother, Patrick Ogilvie, a lieutenant in the 89th Foot, returned from India in bad health, and took up his residence in Thomas's house. Immediately after the marriage an undue intimacy sprang up between the lieutenant and his young sister-in-law. In the short space of four months, so utterly did it harden and pervert both of them, that they were equal to any wickedness however heinous and horrifying. On the suggestion of her paramour, Mrs Ogilvie set about getting rid of her husband; and at his instigation she effectually disposed of him by poisoning him with arsenic. They were brought to trial on the double charge of incest and murder; were both found guilty; and were condemned to be hanged. Every effort was made to save Patrick Ogilvie, but in vain. He was executed in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh on the day appointed. To his crime and his doom he manifested the utmost indifference and callousness. The most of his time, in the interval between his condemnation and execution, he spent in playing on the violin, of which he was very fond.

Catherine Nairne was *enceinte*. The execution of the sentence on her was therefore delayed; and, after her delivery, she managed to escape from the Tolbooth. She dressed herself in the clothes of the midwife who had done duty on that occasion. When in attendance upon her, that person had a most convenient but violent attack of toothache, for which she had her head muffled up. Catherine Nairne muffled hers in the same fashion. She thus disguised herself the more effectually, and got out of prison the more easily. It is suspected, however, that her uncle, who had now been ten years at the bar, lent a helping hand both in concocting and in carrying out the method of her escape. She left Edinburgh that night in a carriage, her uncle's clerk, James Bremner, afterwards Solicitor of Stamps, accompanying her. He went with her to Dover, where he saw her shipped for France. It is said that her behaviour on the way was marked by great frivolity. Her safety made her joy exuberant. She would not keep from putting her head out of the carriage window, and indulging in loud laughter. The Magistrates of Edinburgh offered £100 for the capture of the convict; describing her as dressed in "an officer's habit with a hat slouched in the cocks, and a cockade it it," and as "about twenty years of age, middle sized, and strong made, with a high nose, black eyebrows, and a pale complexion." Government added the offer of another £100; but they failed to get her again into the clutches of justice. Of her future, accounts vary. One says that she got married to a Dutchman, by whom she had a large family; another, that she went nto a convent and took the veil; and a third, that she died in England soon after the beginning of this century.

THE LANDS OF KINNOCHTRY IN THE PARISH OF SCONE, THE PARISH OF CAPUTH BE-SOUTH THE ISLA, THOSE PARTS OF THE ESTATE OF DUNSINANE IN THE PARISH OF ABERNYTE, AND THE LANDS OF NORTH BALLO IN THE PARISH OF LONGFORGAN.

These are the only places in the Coupar district that remain to be noticed by us; and we have only to say of them that, so far as we have ascertained, they do not supply us with a single Historic Scene.

AUCHTERARDER DISTRICT.

This district comprehends the parishes of Auchterarder, Dunning (excluding the lands of Clevage and Innerdunning), Blackford, Glendevon, Muckart, Fossoway, and the part of the parish of Trinity-Gask south of the Earn.

AUCHTERARDER.

At the northern base of the Ochils in this parish are several traces of very old buildings. These are supposed by some to mark the sites of small Roman encampments, which were outposts of the great camp at Ardoch. Others are of opinion that these traces are much more probably the remains of British forts.

The town of Auchterarder is venerable for its years. How many these number is not known; but the earliest extant notices of it lead us back from six to seven centuries. In A.D. 1198, Gilbert, third Earl of Strathearn, gave the church of Auchterarder to the Abbey of Inchaffray. So the foundation charter of the Abbey, dated that year, bears; and the charter was confirmed by William the Lion in 1200. In 1227 King Alexander II. endowed the same abbey with the teinds of his rents of Auchterarder.

Whether the town was once a Royal burgh is a moot point on which opposite opinions have been entertained. If it ever held this rank, it somehow lost it; but when, or in what way, there is nothing on record to show. In olden days it was the chief burgh of Strathearn, having a common seal, and was recognised as such in ordinances of Edward I. of England, during his usurpation of the sovereignty of the country.

The original church of the parish stood about a mile to the north of the town. The farms of East Kirktown, West Kirktown, Kirktown Park, and Kirktownleys, took their names from their proximity to it. There is a faint tradition that the town of Auchterarder once stood around the original church. This does not seem to us very credible, for two considerations: first, no trace of the town has been found there; and, second, there is decisive evidence that the town stood where it now is six centuries ago. From what we have stated of its being given, in 1198, to the Abbey of Inchaffray, the church must have been at least as old as the twelfth century; and it was surrounded by a burying ground, in which some are yet laid unto the fathers who have so long slept there. It has been often said that the church of Auchterarder was dedicated to St Mungo, the patron Saint of Glasgow; but of whose patronage, happily, that great city had not an entire monopoly. St Mungo was of royal descent, being a son of Eugenius III., King of the Scots, by a daughter of Lothus, King of the Picts. He was born out of wedlock, at a place on the side of the Forth where Culross now stands, and whither his mother had retired for concealment. Her son's pattern in his virtues and labours was St Serf, under whose care he was brought up. He was marked for canonization by the miracles he performed; for which also, after his death, his "tomb was famous; and his name was always most illustrious in the Scottish Calendars." St Mungo laid the foundation of his church in Glasgow in A.D. 580, and died in 601. His fame having reached Auchterarder, it dedicated its church to him. So we read in a print now before us, published not very long ago, and which we should have been disposed to regard as reliable; but we have found that its information on this point is not correct. The patron Saint of Auchterarder and its church was not St Mungo, but St Mechesseock; a true saint, it is consolatory to think, through a much less illustrious one than St Mungo, and from whose patronage, doubtless, many and great benefits were derived.

The Aberuthven district was once a separate parish, and had a church of its own, which is now, and has long been a ruin, with a burying ground attached, which is still used for interment by families in that quarter. The parishes of Auchterarder and Aberuthven were united prior to the Reformation. After the union, the minister of them continued for some time to live in the manse of Aberuthven, and frequently preached in the church there.

A short way north of the town is a very old ruin. Modern utilitarianism has sadly reduced its dimensions, by breaking down its walls, and putting the material of them to such base uses as building farm offices with it. But enough remains to shew that the edifice must have been very strong, as well as very old. The walls of it had been nine feet thick; and the cement with which they were built had compacted them so firmly that it must have required almost as much labour to break them down as would have digged an equal amount of stone out of nature's quarry. According to tradition, this structure was a hunting seat of Malcolm Canmore (1057-1093); and if so, it is an Historic Scene of no ordinary interest. It may be regarded as perhaps somewhat confirmatory of the tradition, that a small copse wood which adjoined was called the King's Wood. The name at least shews that those who imposed it believed that the castle in the locality was a Royal one. From his loved Dunfermline Malcolm Canmore may have often crossed the Ochils to this castle, accompanied by his saintly Queen Margaret; and his sojourns in it would serve a vastly more important end than yielding him the pleasures of the chase. His little Court would diffuse in the strath the most benign influence, tending both to humanise and to Christianise it, in an age when there was the greatest need of both.

The residence of the Misses Malcolm, close by this old ruin, bears the name of Auchterarder Castle. We have not seen it stated whether these ladies trace their lineage from Malcolm of the Royal Castle, surnamed Ceanmohr or Great Head.

In 1328, Sir William Montefix, or Muschet, Justiciar

of Scotland, received from King Robert Bruce a charter of the lands of Auchterarder. As we told when at Cargill, Sir John Drummond, by marrying the eldest of Sir William's three daughters and heiresses, acquired the baronies of Cargill and Stobhall. By the same alliance he got likewise the barony of Auchterarder; and it continued in the possession of the Drummond family till a comparatively recent date.

Strathearn is one of the richest vales of Scotland; and it might have been presumed that the inhabitants of Auchterarder, more especially when it was the chief town of the strath, must have been in an enviably comfortable condition compared with most of their neighbours. Yet it was not so. To whatever causes it may be ascribed, their normal state seems to have been long one of rather singular penury, which sometimes assumed the form of serious public distress. In the sixteenth century an Act of Parliament was passed in its favour, which, after narrating that "Ochterairder was very puir, and meikle infested with gipsies and sorners," appointed an annual fair to be held in it, on the 25th of November, with the view of relieving its straits by improving its trade and commerce. This fair is still held on the original day, the 6th of December, New Style, which corresponds to the 25th of November, Old Style.

Two centuries after the date to which we have been referring, the poverty of Auchterarder comes again into view. When the Drummond estates were forfeited, and annexed to the Crown, the Commissioners into whose hands they were put appointed a Mr Wigh to survey the barony of Auchterarder, and to report on it. He did so; and according to his report the barony, and the town also, were in a very backward state. It described the inhabitants as "idle and poor—farmers not thinking it necessary to thin their turnips while small, allowing them to grow until they be the size of large kail plants, and then it is thought a great loss to take them up, unless in small quantities, to give to the cow. A few tenants excepted, no family had oatmeal in their houses, nor could they get any. They eat nothing better than bear-meal and a few greens boiled together at midday, for dinner, and bear-meal pottage evening and morning." Lord Kaimes, who personally visited Auchterarder once and again, said that there was only one farmer in the barony who sowed clover; and that for so doing his neighbours had him before the Sheriff, because, to keep their cattle off his clover after harvest, they had to herd them, contrary to use and wont! Things by and by took a favourable turn, and this turn the Statistical Account ascribes to the judicious action of the Crown Commissioners. "This Commission erected a granary to hold the unsold provisions of one market day until the next; they gave houses, rent free, on condition of beginning and continuing the manufacture of linen. To this Commission we are disposed to ascribe the still rising state of Auchterarder."

The Auchterarder estate now belongs to the Hunters. The present proprietor is Major Patrick Hunter. His seat is Auchterarder House, a fine Elizabethan mansion, which leaves on the mind of the wayfarer, as he passes by it, very pleasing impressions of amenity and beauty.

James VI. sometimes took delight in mortifying the vanity of the Southrons by exalting Scotland above England. When on his way to London, for example, on his accession to the English throne, he was entertained with great splendour in one of the English towns. The Mayor in honour of the occasion kept open house for several days, and one of the English courtiers ventured to remark that James must have seen few examples of such munificence in Scotland. "So far is that from being true," replied the King, "that the Provost o' my burgh o' Forfar, which is by nae means the largest town in Scotland, keeps open house all the year round, and aye the mae that comes the welcomer." (The Provost of Forfar at that time happened to keep an alehouse.) George Buchanan followed his sovereign in indulging the same vein of humour, and it is storied of him that he once made Auchterarder play an important part in his raillery. One day some English nobles boasted to King James of their English towns as throwing the Scotch ones entirely into the shade. Buchanan, who was present, at once disputed their assertion, and in refutation of it said that he knew a Scotch town which had fifty drawbridges, and challenged them to match that in broad England. When they acknowledged themselves beaten, he explained that the town he referred to was Auchterarder, "a country village between Stirling and Perth, where there is a large strand which runs through the middle of the town, and almost at every door there is a long stock or stone laid over the strand, whereupon they pass to their opposite neighbours, and when a flood comes they lift their wooden bridges in case they should be taken away, and these they call drawbridges."

We can discern, we think, in Auchterarder in the Covenanting era the influence of its near neighbour, James Graham, Earl, afterwards Marquis, of Montrose. He began his career as a zealous Covenanter; was one of the Lords of the Tables in 1637; was an eager supporter of the National Covenant on its renewal in 1638; was representative elder of the Auchterarder Presbytery in the famous Glasgow Assembly in the end of that year; had command of the troops sent in 1639 to Aberdeen, the inhabitants of which he compelled to take the Covenant; and led the van of

the Scots army across the Tweed in August, 1640, and greatly contributed to the victory which it won at Newburn. But his zeal cooled when he found Argyle preferred before him in the councils of the Covenanters, and Leslie in their camp. "He was too lofty to play any second part, and speedily revolted from a cause where Leslie held the baton and Argyle directed the mace." He openly joined Charles I. in 1644, and sacrificed for him his life and his all.

John Graham was then minister of Auchterarder, and he followed in a small way the example of his noble namesake. Like him, he was a member of the Glasgow Assembly of 1638, and concurred in all its proceedings; but after the apostasy of the Marquis his heart waxed cold and his hand slack. The Commission of Assembly, in 1644, deposed him, "for having once spoken to the Marquis of Montrose!" His speaking to him was no doubt regarded as betraying secret correspondence and sympathy with the Marquis. The sentence of the Commission was rash and strong, and the Assembly in February, 1645, took it off; but Graham must have been considered incurably supple and faithless, for the Assembly again deposed him in 1649.

Soon after this the church of Auchterarder was brought into the centre of the town. The old sanctuary stood, as we have said, to the north of the town; and if tradition may be credited, it was not deserted a day too soon. Tradition says that on a Sabbath, as the people were returning from public worship in it, mounting the rising ground on which Auchterarder stands, a loud, crashing noise was heard behind them. Looking back, it was seen that the roof of the kirk had fallen in. Had this occurred half-an-hour earlier, the roof would have fallen on the assembled worshippers, and it would have been marvellous indeed if a number of lives had not been sacrificed. Instead of attempting to repair the old fabric, a new one was built on the site which the parish church still occupies.

In the Prelatic days that succeeded the Commonwealth, Auchterarder seems to have been submissive and quiescent. The Prelatic interest was warmly and unscrupulously supported by the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood; and two of the ministers of Auchterarder were promoted to the bench of the Scottish bishops. The one of these was James Drummond, appointed minister of the parish in 1649, and translated thence to Muthil in 1655. He was consecrated bishop of Brechin in 1684. His patron was the Earl of Perth, Chancellor of the kingdom, and a Popish pervert and zealot; but Keith records, as creditable to Drummond's memory, that "he always shewed himself as averse to Popery as any person in the Church." The other was David Friebairn, translated from Gask to Auchterarder in 1680, and thence to Dunning in 1686. "Deprived at the Revolution," says Dr Wilson of Dunning in his Appendix to the "Register of the Synod of Dunblane," "he opened an Episcopal meeting in Edinburgh, was consecrated non-juring bishop in 1722, afterwards elected or recognized as Primus, and died in 1739, the oldest presbyter in Scotland, retaining to the last 'some tincture of the old political leaven' (Skinner)."

Through the influence of the neighbouring aristocracy, Prelacy kept its footing in Auchterarder for a dozen of years after the Revolution, when it was legally abolished, and Presbytery established in its room as agreeable to the inclinations of the people. James Mitchell, the first minister of the parish, admitted to it on the terms of the Revolution settlement, was not appointed till 1700. Rattray, his predecessor, though deprived in 1688 for not praying for their Majesties William and Mary, &c., contrived to remain and to preach in the parish for a number of years. Prior to 1696 "the Presbytery had difficulty in gaining admission to the Church, so great was the opposition to the new order of things by the landed proprietors of the neighbourhood. Access could not be had till the Synod, in October, 1695, appointed some of the brethren of the Auchterarder Presbyterie to speak with Viscount Strathallan, in order to the getting up of the keys of the vacant church whereof he is patron. Mr Rattray still remained in Auchterarder, evidently in the hope of another change coming when he would be restored; but no change came. He took possession of the pulpit Bible, and refused to give it up to the Session."

Auchterarder suffered very seriously in connection with the Rebellion of 1715. On the 7th October that year Mar left Perth, and passed through Auchterarder on his way to Dunblane. Not finding provision for his troops there he returned to Perth, rested at Auchterarder, and gave the inhabitants the unwelcome favour of quartering his soldiers on them. On the 12th November he again advanced from Perth to Auchterarder, took up his quarters in it, and was joined by the Western clans under Colonel Gordon which swelled his forces to about ten thousand men. On the morning of the 12th he sent the Colonel forward to Dunblane with three thousand of his clan and eight squadrons of horse, and after reviewing the rest of his army on the Moor of Tullibardine, he went to Drummond Castle to meet the Earl of Breadalbane, leaving to the Auchterarderites the privilege of again having his troops for their guests. Next day was the Sabbath, and Stedman, then minister of the parish, fled to Dunning, and exchanged pulpits with Reid, his Dunning brother, who had in him much more of the stuff which makes the hero. On the morrow the battle of Sheriffmuir was fought, an

it was after it that the severest calamity of all befell Auchterarder. When the Earl of Mar retreated to Perth after the battle of Sheriffmuir he feared that he would be closely followed by the Duke of Argyle. To prevent, or at least to retard the dreaded pursuit, he gave the intervening country to the flames, that there might be no shelter in it for an army, and no sustenance for man or beast. Auchterarder was burned to the ground. When Argyle reached it, on the evening of the 30th January, 1716, it was a heap of black, smouldering ruins. He passed the night at it, but it was upon the snow, in the open air, "without any other covering," as the writer of the Annals of George I. expressed it, "than the fine canopy of heaven." The Pretender issued a "Declaration," in which he expressed his regret that the necessities of war had shut up the Commander-in-Chief of his army to a measure so severe, and promising the sufferers by the fire indemnity, with a view to which they were to make up and present estimates of the losses they had sustained, "in their houses, goods, furniture, and corns, or in any other manner of way whatsoever." This promise he was never able to fulfil; but it is creditable to the Hanoverian Government that it took measures for compensating such of the sufferers as had not been in any way implicated in the Rebellion. The compensation received by them went by the name of the "Burning Money."

Auchterarder was not the only place in this district consumed by Mar's fire. We shall, therefore, once for all, give an account of the widespread desolation caused by it, and we shall do so in the words of a living historian. "The insurgents," says the "Pictorial History of Scotland," "began to fear that if they remained longer at Perth they would be forthwith surrounded and attacked by Argyle's army, whilst they were in no condition to meet the onset. The leaders in the camp deliberated on the measures to be taken for preventing, if possible, the march of the Royal troops northward. They had reason to believe that the Duke would not be hindered by the season, unless they could continue to subject him and his troops to its severest inclemencies by removing every shelter, as well as fuel and provisions, from the district through which he must march. They did not scruple to adopt this extreme step, which was sure to involve in manifold miseries all the unoffending inhabitants of those districts, old and young, women and children. Warrants were accordingly issued for desolating all the country which lay between them and the Duke, and for 'burning and destroying' every village, 'with the houses, cows, and forage.' The inhabitants, from the new-born babe to the aged and infirm, were to be driven out by fire from under every roof which sheltered them, to the merciless storm of a winter's sky. All the food that could be found was also to be destroyed, and these terrible sufferings of famine and cold were to be inflicted on the entire population, in order that Argyll's soldiers might be prevented from approaching or pursuing the insurgents, by want of all shelter and food. This severe measure was carried into effect, and the villages which lay between 'the slopes of the Ochils and the Grampians,' along with Crieff, Muthill, and Auchterarder were completely destroyed by fire, and the inhabitants driven forth to experience all the severity of cold and hunger. The scenes of outrage and suffering were worthy of the savages employed in the work; and the Chevalier, whose natural disposition was by no means cruel, seems to have repented of lending his sanction to the barbarous proceeding."

Within the dilapidated walls of the old parish kirk of Aberuthven rests "the dust of the high-born dead." An aisle of the kirk has been turned into the Mausoleum of the Ducal House of Montrose; and there many of the

"—— gallant Grahams are lying low."

There is a ready explanation of their choosing this for the place of their family interment, in the connection of the Grahams with Strathearn in general, and with Aberuthven in particular. James, second Marquis of Montrose, son of the Great Marquis, and commonly called the Good Marquis, was buried here on the 23d April, 1669. On a platform in the Mausoleum, supported by pedestals, are five oak coffins of deceased members of this noble family. One of these contains the remains of James, third Duke of Montrose, who died in 1836.

We observe a note in the "Domestic Annals of Scotland," from which it appears that Presbyterian Auchterarder was sensitively jealous of nonconformity, and was not at all squeamish about the means it employed to suppress it. In the parish and in adjoining ones, there was a sprinkling of Episcopalians. At the funeral of one of their number in the churchyard of Auchterarder, which took place in 1712, they would use the funeral service of their church. This the true-blue Auchterarderites would not permit. Their opposition to it at the grave was general, resolute, and clamorous. Lord Rollo was present, and interposed, but to no purpose. So did Graham of Orchill, the Duke of Montrose's bailie. The mob chased the liturgy-man off the ground, and the party had to bury without the service.

In the latter half of the last century, Auchterarder received some enlargement from the Commissioners on the Annexed Estates. Of this Mr Simpson writes: "After the suppression of the Rebellion in Scotland

(in '45), the Government built four villages on the forfeited estate of Perth, for the accommodation of the soldiers who were then disbanded, with the view of keeping down the rebels. The Boreland Park, now known as the Upper and Lower Boreland Park, a little to the north of the west part of Auchterarder, was one of the villages. The name of the village was the name of the field in which it was built. It was the park set apart for supplying provision at the common board of the proprietor's establishment—hence the name Boreland or Boardland Park. To each house was added a pendicle of land for the keep of a cow, for which a small rent was charged. The village contained about 140 inhabitants, the most of whom were weavers. The terms of the settlement were most advantageous to the soldiers, but they soon afterwards left, 'either from a dislike to the place, or more probably to their new mode of life.' The houses had then to be let to any tenant, and they continued to be well occupied until recent years. They are now in a very tumble-down condition, many of them uninhabited and roofless, and at no distant date it will become an extinct village, the proprietor seemingly being disinclined to repair or rebuild them."

Auchterarder has a somewhat conspicuous place in our more recent ecclesiastical annals. Early in the last century the Presbytery of Auchterarder framed what was called the "Auchterarder Creed." Their object in doing so was to lift up a standard against the Arminianism that was coming into the Kirk like a flood. The document was in the form of certain propositions setting forth the truth in opposition to prevailing errors; and to these all candidates for license, who came before the framers of it, were required to give their assent. One of the propositions was—"I believe that it is not sound and orthodox to teach that we must forsake sin, in order to our coming to Christ, and instating us in covenant with God." A hopeful Arminian youth named Craig, who offered himself for license, would not subscribe this proposition. His creed was essentially different. He believed that the sinner himself can and must begin the work of his salvation. He believed that the sinner can and must repent of his sins and turn from them *before* he comes to Christ, and to God through him. He believed that Christ saves those only, who thus far save themselves, and that God takes such only within the bond of his covenant. This, as has been justly remarked, was "much the same as teaching that a person must cure himself of his disease before he apply to the physician." The Presbytery refused to license Craig. He took the case by appeal to the General Assembly, and received its ready and efficient patronage. The Assembly expressed detestation of the proposition drawn up by the Auchterarder brethren; ordered them to give Craig license, and prohibited them from using any such form of unsound words in future.

We may note here that the "Auchterarder Creed" and the condemnation of it by the Assembly, were intimately connected with the famous "Marrow Controversy." About 1644 a book entitled "The Marrow of Modern Divinity," was published in England by one Edward Fisher, and was highly recommended by eminent members of the Westminster Assembly. Thomas Boston, minister of Simprin, afterwards of Ettrick, accidentally met with a copy of this book. He was much delighted with it, especially for the lucid manner in which it set forth the difference between the law and the gospel. Sitting beside John Drummond, minister of Crieff, when the "Auchterarder Creed" came under the cognisance and censure of the Assembly, Boston mentioned "The Marrow" to Drummond, as treating very soundly and fully of the subject under review. Drummond got the work, read and admired it, and recommended it to his brethern. This led to the republication of the volume in 1718, with a recommendatory preface by Hogg of Carnock. The nascent Arminians, who confounded law and gospel, turning the gospel, in fact, into a new law, forthwith set about putting "The Marrow" into their *Index Expurgatorius*, and prosecuted those who favoured it. The result was a controversy which occupied the Church Courts in Scotland from 1718 to 1723; produced a great ferment in the country; and had issues of the most important character which have not even yet fully spent their force, all occasioned by the unhappy proceedings in the case of the "Auchterarder Creed."

In our own times, Auchterarder has been one of our great ecclesiastical battle fields. In May, 1834, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland passed the famous Veto Act. In the September thereafter, the Earl of Kinnoul presented Robert Young to the vacant charge of Auchterarder. A majority of the parishioners vetoed the presentee. The Presbytery found that the parishioners had done so, but sisted procedure till an appeal taken against the finding should be disposed of. The General Assembly, in May, 1835, sustained the proceedings of the Presbytery, and remitted the case to it, to proceed therein in terms of the Interim Acts of last Assembly. A civil action was raised against the Presbytery for rejecting Young, which the Commission in November advised the Assembly to defend. The action was proceeded with; and in March, 1838, the First Division of the Court of Session decided that the Presbytery had "acted illegally, and in violation of their duty," in refusing to receive the patron's presentee, and to proceed with his ordination according to the rules of

the Church. The Assembly, in the May ensuing, authorised the Procurator to appeal the judgment of the Court of Session; and cited Young to appear at their bar. He did so, on the 28th of May, and on stating that his steps in the case had been taken under the direction of his legal advisers, the Assembly resolved to proceed no farther against him, and discharged his attendance at the bar. On the 3d May, 1839, the House of Lords gave judgment on the appeal. The House dismissed the appeal, and affirmed the judgment of the Court of Session. Young now applied to the Presbytery to be taken on trial for ordination. The Presbytery referred the case to the Commission. The Commission prohibited the Presbytery from taking any steps towards the settlement of the presentee, as they should be answerable. Young was settled in Auchterarder in 1843; the Disruption having enabled the residuary Assembly to rescind the Veto Act, and to resolve on settling presentees according to the practice which prevailed before the passage of that Act.

Such is a glimpse of the celebrated Auchterarder Case. It settled, so far as any judicial decision of the Courts of the country could settle, certain questions about the powers and liberties of our model State Church, about which there had been for a while great controversy; and it had issues of the most important character. These have been developing ever since, and they will continue to develop, till changes shall have been effected very much more vital than the Veto Act contemplated.

Auchterarder has had several benefactors who deserve to be commemorated.

In 1811, John Shedden of Lochie mortified for education, "All and Haill that Croft of Land, and Baulk on the Eastside thereof, lying on the south side of the Burgh of Auchterarder, and within the liberties of the same, commonly called Barnet's Croft [estimated value of the endowment £1000]. . . with the view of establishing a school in the village of Auchterarder for the instruction of youth in religious knowledge, and for the glory of God and Christ's cause, and the interest of religion; and which school shall be always called, denominated, and described by the name of John Shedden's School." His Trustees were the minister of the parish and the members of the Kirk Session, "they being always Protestant." The teacher of the School was to educate twelve poor children gratuitously, for which he was to have the rents of the property mortified; the Session being authorised "to let the same to a sufficient tenant or tenants either by public roup or by private bargain, as they should see most advantageous." The Session in 1815 let the Croft, unfortunately, to two of their own number. This displeased Shedden so much that, in 1816, he revoked his Deed, and granted a new one in favour of Trustees chosen by the heritors and householders of the parish; the minister and elders of the Established Church being declared ineligible as Trustees, and incapable of voting in the choice of them. Shedden's School has been a great public boon, and the beneficence of its founder was not limited to it. In the course of several years he deposited in the hands of the Kirk Session, for behoof of the poor, £611; distributed to them with his own hand in various sums, £850; and gave £200 to the British and Foreign Bible Society. He died in 1831.

Auchterarder was indebted to the late Captain Ayton of Glendevon for its excellent water supply, which it greatly needed. He brought the supply in 1831 from the "Crook o' the Moss," near the Crieff Junction on the Railway, a distance of about two miles. The Captain's scheme for this purpose was at first regarded as quite Utopian. It had been previously broached by James Moncrieff, an old resident in the parish, and was laughed at. It was generally pronounced impracticable, even when the Captain took it up. The levels, it was alleged, were dead against him. Water would rather run from the town to the Moss, than from the Moss to the town. The ground was at length scientifically surveyed; and it was found that he had in his favour a fall of only nine feet, which the wiseacres declared to be altogether insufficient. The Captain persisted in his project; most generously tasking his science, and his time, and even his purse, for the accomplishment of it. And it proved a complete success. Collecting the springs at the Crook of the Moss into one channel, he enticed them over the intervening two miles in his nicely laid "metallic tubes," and gave them to the thirsty town at the rate of about seventy-two gallons per minute. The people of Auchterarder hold Captain Ayton's name in grateful remembrance, as they may well do. Some time ago, a public subscription was entered into with the view of erecting a suitable memorial to him. This memorial finally took the shape of another most valuable privilege to the town, viz., a Public Hall, called the Ayton Hall; costing upwards of £3000, and opened in August, 1872, a Ladies' Bazaar clearing off every farthing of the debt on it. The Muse of Miss Alice Pringle, Auchterarder, thus sang the welcome water supply, under the title of "A Moorland Fount":—

"Beautiful water!
Trickling clear,
Giving thy wave notes
With silence near!

"Luring the lone one
From feverish dreams,
Gladly to gaze on
The morning's true beams.

"Luring him onwards
From heart-tones sad,
To hearken thy murmur,
So gushing and glad!

"Fount of the Moorland,
What blessings hast thou
Joy for the weary heart,
Light for the brow.

"Near thy gurgling
Hope cometh free,
While o'er the blooming furze
Hummeth the bee.

"Fount of the Moorland!
Come to us here;
Beautiful water,
Trickling clear.

"Babes, rosy-lipped,
Are waiting for thee;
Bright ones that need not
The wine cup's glee.

"Maidens, whose cheeks
Are aflush with delight;
Youths that are strong
In the young heart's might.

"Wines of Campania
Glad not like thee,
And, after the festive hour,
Leave not so free.

"Laurels and roses
Might fitly adorn
Cups that thou fillest
At early morn.

"Gems sparkle not
Like thy wavelets a-gleam,
When the moon showereth light
O'er the fountain and stream.

"Hence with the wine cup!
We seek but thee.
No full draught from Castaly
Purer could be.

"Fashion may scorn thee,
And madness may jeer;
But healthful hearts seek thee,
Thou fountain clear!"

Auchterarder has a Public Library, of which it is said that much less advantage is now-a-days taken than might and ought to be. This is a common complaint in regard to village libraries; the explanation of which is to be found, we believe, not in any decrease of reading in the community—it has certainly and rapidly increased—but in the fact that the productions with which the press is now teeming, are scattered broadcast over the land, and brought weekly, if not daily, to almost every door. The founders of the Auchterarder Library were Peter and William Smeaton, father and son, proprietors of Woodside, Drummondsfold, and Easter Coul. They made a gift of it for the benefit of Auchterarder, and of the neighbouring parishes of Blackford, Glendevon, Dunning, Gask, and Trinity-Gask. Captain Grove, who sojourned in Kincardine Castle for nearly a quarter of a century, regarded the Library with much interest, and presented to it some fifty volumes.

The grave closed lately over another benefactor of Auchterarder and the surrounding district whom we must name. We mean Robert Haldane of Cloan. As a Christian philanthropist, and even evangelist, he walked in the steps of his father and uncle, the brothers James and Robert Haldane of whom we shall give some account when we come to Gleneagles. With a heart yearning for the weal of society in its highest interests, he did much to promote it; lived highly esteemed; and died deeply lamented.

Most of the ministers of Auchterarder of whom there is anything memorable to tell we have already referred to. John Rattray, admitted in 1686, was deprived by the Privy Council for his Jacobitism soon after the Revolution. John Stedman was admitted in 1709. It was he who could not muster courage to enter his own pulpit amid the terrors of the Rebellion of 1715, but exchanged with Reid, minister of Dunning. He had a chief hand in framing the "Auchterarder Creed." He also prepared the lengthened apology for it which the Presbytery offered at the bar of the Commission, and but for which a heavier censure would have been inflicted on them for the stand which they had dared to make against the Arminianism which was then fast rising into favour.

DUNNING.

The oldest Historic Scenes in this parish present traces of military works. These, it is believed, mark the sites of British forts, which were probably coeval with the Roman invasion. Our ancestors raised them as places of retreat and defence from the foreign aggressor. They were rude but strong erections, circular in form; and were usually built on the top of commanding hills, or on other elevated ground, whence the movements of an enemy could be seen and watched. One of these was on Rossie Law in this parish; and a better situation for it could not have been chosen.

There are also Roman remains in the parish. The present Lord Rollo brought some of these to light by cutting through a tumulus or mound on his farm of

Mosshead. In the centre of the mound, about six feet below the surface, he came to a sepulchral chamber, formed of flags set on edge, with rougher stones behind them. There was a broad stone for the bottom of the chamber, and a similar stone had served for a lid to it; which, however, had fallen down, owing to the sides having been pressed out, off the perpendicular. The bottom was covered with fine dust or ashes to the depth of about half an inch. Prior to this opening being made, but only about twenty years ago, the farmer of Mosshead, ploughing on the top of the mound, directly above this chamber, struck with his plough against an object which he had the curiosity to dig up. It turned out to be a sepulchral urn, of earthenware, with fragments of bones in it, which crumbled into dust when exposed to the atmosphere, and mingled with the soil, the urn not having a bottom to hold them in. The urn itself, laid on the surface of the soil, soon crumbled also. The farmer averred that on the outside of it figures were stamped; but whether these were letters or ornaments, he was not able to say. The natural conclusion from both the chamber and the urn Dr Wilson, in "Dunning: its Parochial History," thus states:—"Putting these two discoveries together, it seems evident that the mound had been the tomb of some distinguished person, whose remains had been interred there during the time of the Roman occupation, when the road at Gask was the great northern thoroughfare." And again, after giving an account of the burial customs of the Romans:—"All this coincides so exactly with what was found in the tumulus at Duncrub that there can be no doubt it marks the last resting place of some distinguished Roman warrior, who, following the standard of Agricola or Lollius Urbicus, ended his career in the Valley of Strathearn."

Dr Wilson adds what we must not omit:—"The story of the urn, though rather grave in itself, had an amusing sequel, like a farce coming after a tragedy. On the night of the discovery the farmer had occasion to go to the neighbouring village, and returning in the dark, when near home he heard the ploughman who had been with him at the exhumation, coming along literally 'whistling aloud to keep his courage up.' For a bit of fun he drew close to the hedge, and when the ploughman was opposite to him he said in a hollow voice, 'What have you done with my bones?' In mortal terror the poor rustic fled from the ghost (as he thought) of the Roman hero whose ashes he had assisted in disturbing, threw from him the milk and meal he was carrying, and never stopped till he found shelter in the nearest cottage, from which he did not venture to emerge 'until daylight did glint i' the sky.'"

Ternavie has been pronounced "the most remarkable spot in this parish or neighbourhood." It is a hill or mound of earth, of a very curious form, occupying, when the Old Statistical Account was written, "many acres of ground, covered with a fine sward of grass, and striking the eye at the distance of several miles. It resembles in shape the keel of a ship inverted, and hence perhaps the name Ternavie—*terræ navis*, that is, the ship of the land; whether imposed by the Romans," says the Account referred to, "or since they left the country, is uncertain." It adds—"To this place a superstitious regard is attached by the vulgar. Tradition asserts that some time ago a man attempting to cast divots (turf) on the side of it, no sooner opened the ground with the spade than the form of an old man, supposed to have been the spirit of the mountain, made its appearance from the opening, and with an angry countenance and tone of voice asked the countryman why he was tirring (uncovering) his house over his head? On saying this the apparition instantly disappeared. The man, it is reported, was so terribly frightened that he immediately left off the operation, and none has since ventured to disturb the repose of the imaginary spirit."

On the farm of Rossie, a short way east of Ternavie, some digging operations in the first quarter of the century brought to light a large quantity of human bones. There were discovered at the same time remains of ancient armour, of which two helmets and a small hatchet, as also a finger ring, have been preserved among the treasures of Duncrub House. Of those bones and of that armour we are not able to give any account. We are not aware of any historic record, or even tradition, which sheds the faintest ray of light on them. The late Colonel Miller fixed on them as memorials of the battle of Mons Grampius, the scene of which he laid between the Ochils and the Lomonds. But against this favourite opinion of the Colonel's there are, it seems to us, several insurmountable obstacles.

Many like relics of ages long gone by have been found in other parts of the parish. For the explanation of all these we are much inclined to turn to the circumstance that Dunning adjoins Forteviot. The latter was long the capital of the Pictish kingdom; and in the neighbourhood of it many a question, which could not be settled otherwise, was brought to the arbitrament of the sword. Yet this is only conjecture; and, though disposed to adopt it, we know of no clue to the time or the occasion when the sword may have given Rossie the custody of the human remains and the warlike implements which have been disinterred at it. The Statistical Account gives the sum of all that could be reasonably said on this

point:—"Subsequently to the time of the Romans, the parish must have often been the theatre of strife and bloodshed, from its proximity to Forteviot, the Pictish capital. There are vestiges of several camps and fortifications besides those already mentioned, and the discovery of urns and stone coffins is a matter of frequent occurrence; but whether these are Roman or Pictish it is impossible to determine, as the natives practised the Roman mode of sepulchre long after these invaders had left the country."

In 964, Duncrub was the scene of such strife and bloodshed as have just been alluded to. One of our historic battles was fought at it, and has taken its name from it. The belligerents were Duff and Culene. The subject of contention was the Scottish throne. Duff claimed it as the son of Malcolm I., and had mounted into it on the death of Indulph, Malcolm's successor. Culene claimed it as the son of the said Indulph. The sword was appealed to. Duff triumphed. His tenure of the throne, however, was but brief. Next year he was driven into the north, and was assassinated at Forres after a troubled reign of four years and a half.

Doncha, Abbot of Dunkeld, fell in the battle of Duncrub, and tradition says that the monolith, standing a little to the north of the village of Dunning, is Doncha's monument. About four feet from the monolith a stone cist was found a few years ago. The sides of it were composed of four stones about two feet and a half square, roughly shaped by the hammer; and the cist was covered with a similar stone. No human remains were found in it. Dubdon, Maormor or Chief of Athole, was also slain in the battle of Duncrub. His memorial stone is on the hill side, about two miles south of the village of Dunning, at the spot where he is said to have been overtaken and killed in his flight from the battlefield. The spot is on the lands which are to this day called Thanesfield. May they have got this name because they supplied with a sepulchre the Thane or Maormor of Athole?

The Church of Dunning was built at an early period. There is no mention of it in the charter of 1198, which gave the Church of Auchterarder to the Abbey of Inchaffray. But it is named as given to the same abbey in a charter of 1219. It is very likely, therefore, that it was built between those years, and with this accords the style of its architecture, which was "the early English," or "the first pointed," and of which, after all the transformations the fabric has undergone, remains yet survive "in the pointed arch, the shape of the pillar, and the toothed and scolloped ornament, . . . to be seen in the arch of the tower, recently uncovered and restored. The pillars testify to a still earlier date, resembling more the round, massive pillar of the Norman style which prevailed during the earlier part of the twelfth century, while the small windows in the tower and the rough arched doorway behind, the top of which can be seen under the north staircase, are said to bear traces of Saxon workmanship, all denoting a period of transition when one style of architecture was passing into another."

The church was dedicated to St Serf, a very eligible patron, and one who had strong claims on the Dunningites. He was a disciple of St Palladius, who baptized and ordained him about A.D. 440. The northern islands were the chief scene of his labours, but Fife and Perth also shared them. He founded the Monastery at Loch Leven, and resided for a considerable time at Culross, as we shall see when we come to it. Like all Calendar Saints, he had the power of working miracles; and one of the most notable of his miracles was performed at Dunning. It had been long infested with a terrible dragon, which had its abode in one of the dens of the parish; out of which it came for its prey, devouring man and beast, and holding the whole neighbourhood in continual consternation. St Serf delivered it from this dire scourge. It is written in the Breviary of Aberdeen: "In a place called Dunnyne the inhabitants were harassed by a dreadful dragon, which devoured both men and cattle, and kept the district in continual terror. ST SERF, armed with the breastplate of faith, attacked the monster in his lair, and slew him by a blow of his pastoral staff. In proof of this legend, and in memory of this event, the scene to this day is called the DRAGON'S DEN."

In olden times the barons of Duncrub seem to have been remarkably careful of their dependents. One of the inhabitants of Dunning having been murdered in his house on a market night, the murderer was brought back and hanged by sentence of the baron on the Gallowshill, which was to the south of the town. Not only so, but for the protection of the inhabitants on market nights from dangerous strangers the baron enacted that before a market the houses in the town should be searched, that suspicious characters might be apprehended, and also that on the evening of a market the heads of families should appear in the Tron Square, and when called on should report the safety of themselves and others. This custom of market search continued within the memory of aged people lately surviving, but it had latterly passed into a rude, uproarious search of publichouses.

In 1652 a memorable meeting of the Synod of Perth and Stirling was held at Dunning. The Synod should have met at Stirling in October, 1651, but did not, for the reason which the following memorandum assigns:—"There was no meeting of the Synod in October,

1651, seeing that it was interrupted through the confusions and difficulties of the time, for in regard of the troubles that occurred at that time the brethren could no ways safely meet, which is very manifest and *notour;* the English army having at this time overspread the land, and garrisons being planted both in Perth and Stirling, and no safety for travelling nor liberty for the brethren of the Synod to convene."

After some private correspondence among the members, they ventured to assemble at Dunning on the 13th April, 1652. On the suggestion of some of the brethren, they met next day at Aberuthven. After treating of some other matters, it was agreed, on account of "grave and weighty considerations," to adjourn, to meet at Dunning on the 8th of June next. The chief business was to be a case of discipline. We said when at Auchterarder, that John Graham, minister of that parish, was deposed in 1644, and, a second time, in 1649. George Muschet, minister of Dunning, had likewise been deposed for the same cause, viz., favouring the Malignants, and subscribing the Divisive Supplication. After this high censure was passed on them, both delinquents had set it at nought, and continued to preach; and the question to come before the Court was, What is to be done with them? When the Synod met at Dunning on the 8th June, a Committee was appointed to consider this question; and the two rebels were summoned to appear at the bar to answer for their conduct.

Mrs Graham, wife of John Graham, had in the meantime appealed in her husband's behalf to the public, more especially to the female portion of it, and had implored them to help in rescuing him out of the hands of his prosecutors. The Synod's Minute of next day shows the result:—"At Dunning, Wednesday, the 9th June, 1652, the brethren of the Synod being to meet this day, according to appointment yesterday; and as they were going to the church of Dunning, there came from the parish of Aberuthven, a tumultuous multitude of women with staves, some men being among them, clad in women's clothes, of whom Mr John Graham's wife was the leader, who did close the Kirk door, and violently opposed the brethren's entry to the church. And so the brethren retired together to a house; and after calling on the name of God, they fell upon a consultation for transporting the Synod instantly to another place, where they might conveniently sit; and because the house was so straight could not meet in it, and in this respect likewise, that they who held them out of the church, should also put them out of the house, therefore they went to the public streets, where the most part of the Presbyteries met. And then there being violence offered to all, and done by the said women to some of the ministers upon the streets, by beating, pursuing, and spulzeing them, and taking from them their cloaks, and from some their horses; the brethren did all therefore resolve to transport, and adjourn the Synod instantly to Forgandenny, to meet there at two hours afternoon. In regard of the which violence, and unpeaceable carriage of the foresaid tumultuous multitude, the Committee appointed could not meet for preparing and giving in of overtures and sic like. The execution of the summons against Mr George Muschet and Mr John Graham, were therethrough interrupted."

The Synod retreated to Forgandenny, constituted there, and resolved that, "as to the authors and abettors of the great wrong and indignity done to the Synod at Dunning, it was seriously recommended to the several brethren to inform themselves thereanent, and to give in their information, that the brethren may consider on some course of vindication." They also agreed to "refer the case of Muschet and Graham to the Presbytery of Auchterarder, instructing them to apply for advice on it to the General Assembly." As matters turned out, this was more than they were able to do. When the General Assembly met at Edinburgh in July, 1653, Cottrell, an officer of Cromwell, having surrounded the church in which they were convened with a troop of horse, entered, and turned them to the door.

In his "Memorials of English Affairs," Whitelock gives an account of this female insurrection against the clergy, which is more graphic than that which we have extracted from the Minutes of the Synod. "Letters," says he, "of the Synod meeting at Perth, and citing the ministers and people, who had expressed a dislike of their heavenly government, that the men being out of the way, their wives resolved to answer for them. And on the day of appearance an hundred and twenty women, with good clubs in their hands, came and besieged the church where the reverend ministers sat. They sent one of their number to treat with the females, and he threatening excommunication, they batted him for his labour, kept him prisoner, and sent a party of sixty, who routed the rest of the clergy, bruised their bodies sorely, took all their baggage, and twelve horses. That one of the ministers, after a mile's running, taking all creatures for his foes, meeting with a soldier, fell on his knees for quarter, who, knowing nothing of the matter, asked the black-coat what he meant. That these conquerors having laid hold on the Synod Clerk, beat him till he foreswore his office. That thirteen of the ministers rallied about four miles

from the place, and voted that this village should never more have a Synod kept in it, but be accursed; and that although in the years 1638 and 9, the godly women were called up for stoning the bishops, yet now the whole sex should be esteemed wicked."

In October, 1652, Andrew Rollo succeeded the deposed Muschet in the charge of Dunning. Current reports about him led to a Presbyterial visitation of Dunning in 1657. The visitation ended in an admonition to Rollo, which must have done more to soil than to cleanse him. "The Presbytery found that nothing was proven against Mr Rollo that deservit any other censure save that they did gravely and seriously admonish and exhort him to circumspection in his carriage for the tyme to come. In special, that the Lord's Day be conscientiously keepit by himself and his elders, and to be careful to shun going to alehouses, and to be faithful and diligent in censuring and suppressing of drunkenness and haunting of alehouses on the Lord's Day."

About this time the anti-witch mania broke out violently in Dunning, as it did in other parts of the country. According to a tradition, embodied and perpetuated in a memorial erected on the side of the road from Dunning to Auchterarder, Maggie Walls was burned for a witch in 1657 at the place where the memorial stands. Finding no reference to her in the Ecclesiastical Records of the time, Dr Wilson, with the most amiable partiality for the fair fame of his parish, clings to the hope that the whole story of Maggie may be a fable. It strikes us that there is not much more difficulty in believing that Maggie's name may have been omitted, however strangely, in the Ecclesiastical Records than there is in believing that the community in the parish and district persuaded themselves that, little more than two centuries ago, there was in Dunning a Maggie Walls who was burned for a witch in a given year, and at a given spot, marked by a monument to her; while no such person as Maggie Walls ever existed, and no such event as her execution for witchcraft ever took place!

Whatever may be thought of Maggie Walls, there was in Dunning, in the year of her alleged burning, a warlock, who was confessedly no myth, but a sad reality, and in whose case the Synod travelled. Its Records bear:—"Anent Johnnie Gothrie, charmer, who was by the former Synod referred to the Presbytery of Perth to be proceeded against for the same. Seeing it is not yet prosecute, and in regard he is now residing in Donyng, the Synod doe therefore refer him to the visitation at Donyng, to be censurit as they find cause." The visitation did faithfully the duty committed to them; and reported their conduct to a subsequent Synod in these terms:—"They had censurit John Gothrey, charmer, who was referrit to them, with suspension from the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper and all other benefits of the Church, and ordeint public intimation to be made thereof from the pulpit in the Churches of Donyng and Gask, and warning to be given to all personnes to forbear any conversing with the said John, as a person not worthie of Christian fellowship." Whether John went to his own place in a state of excommunication, or what further was done with him, we are not able to tell. There is this consolatory to the Dunningites, and we have pleasure in making a note of it, that John does not seem to have belonged originally to Dunning, but to have been an import. From the censure inflicted on him being intimated in Gask, it would not be a very violent inference that he hailed from Gask; but on a matter of such vital moment, one shrinks from offering an opinion which cannot be absolutely certified.

Dunning was one of the places between the Sheriffmuir and Perth, which Mar gave to the flames in the end of January, 1716. About three hundred Highlanders, under Lord George Murray, had this work committed to them. The party who fired Auchterarder and Aberuthven, as we might have stated when there, was headed by Clanranald. It is said that Dunning was all burned down, with the exception of a single house, which escaped the common fate by a rather deft stratagem of its owner. She heaped wet straw on her fire, which speedily filled the house with smoke. Seeing the smoke issuing from the chimney, door, windows, and every crevice, the Highlanders concluded that it would soon be followed by flame, and passed by the house. Before setting fire to the houses, they, in their Highland cunning, helped the inhabitants to carry out their effects; and afterwards, knowing where the most valuable and portable of their goods were stored, they appropriated them, and carried them off.

Immediately before the burning of Dunning, William Reid, minister of the parish, died. To the Jacobites he was peculiarly obnoxious; having been a zealous Covenanter, and a popular and irrepressible field preacher, in the days of Prelatic persecution. Aware of this, his wife was anxious to have him conveyed from the manse to some place of concealment and safety. He quieted and comforted her by the assurance, that the Rebels would not be able to touch a hair of his body; for, before their appearance, he would be sleeping sweetly where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest. And so it came to pass. Death released him

before the destroyer reached the devoted town. He was buried hastily. He himself had prepared for this. On the morning of the day on which he died he sent for a carpenter to take his measure for his coffin, and ordered him to have it ready forthwith, as it would be needed in the evening. After he was committed to the dust, a fall of snow took place, which hid his grave. Lord George Murray would not spare the manse, "to shelter his sorrowful and mourning widow and children." Not only so, but it is on record that his Lordship "was sorry he got not the old dog's bones to bristle in the flames of his house!"

Reid was a native of Arngask; and in 1691 was translated to Dunning from Rattray, where he had been minister for a short time. He had shared largely in the struggles and sufferings which the Revolution brought to a close. He was at the battle of Bothwell Bridge. Escaping from it, he took refuge in the church of Hamilton, where, from his hiding-place in the roof, a little above the upper joists, he witnessed the massacre by the Royalist dragoons, in the area below, of other fugitives from Bothwell Bridge, who had followed him into the church. He lay there for three days, with nothing which he could put into his mouth but a small piece of tobacco. Forced out at last by famine, he turned into a cottage in the neighbourhood of Hamilton. The good-wife of the cottage, who happened to be a Jacobite, refused him a morsel to appease his hunger. Some bickers full of porridge were standing on her dresser, and, seizing one of these, he "whomelled it on his loof," cast down the bicker, and ran for his life, greedily devouring the porridge.

Another anecdote is told of Reid, which is worthy of being repeated, and which may be new to many of our readers. In his wanderings as a field preacher he came to the Carse of Gowrie to hold a conventicle on the estate of Megginch. On the evening before the meeting, he ventured to seek lodgings in the Mansion of Megginch, and found them. He had not been long among the servants in the hall, when his conversation, and manners, and humour made him a great favourite with them. The laird, hearing of the interesting stranger under his roof, stepped into the hall to see him, and to get his news. The rumoured conventicle of to-morrow was soon referred to, and the laird expressed his determination to disperse it. "Why," said the stranger, "why hinder the people from meeting to worship God in their own way? What ails you at them?" "I don't know," replied the laird; "only I am resolved to put them down, and to apprehend, if I can, the fanatical preacher." "If that is your purpose," said the stranger, "I may be of use to you, as I know the man well. If you will go to the meeting, and sit quietly till the service is over, I engage to hand him over to you, to be dealt with as you may think proper." "A bargain," said the laird. Both set off next day for the conventicle. The fear of the people when they saw the two approaching together was that the laird had seized the expected minister. Signalling the people not to leave, after improving his dress behind a knoll, Reid preached with great unction and power. The laird was not only astonished above measure, but deeply and favourably impressed. At the close of the service, the preacher took him by the hand, and said that, according to their bargain, he gave himself up to him. The laird's answer was, that he had changed his mind about conventicles; that hitherto he had suspected and blamed conventicles; that hitherto he had blamed them most unjustly, but that henceforth he would take no part in any proceedings against them.

Reid retained to the last the spirit of a hero. It was he that preached for Stedman at Auchterarder, when the Rebellion of '15 was at its height, and when Stedman's heart failed him, and he appeared in Auchterarder pulpit with a pistol hanging at his breast.

To be a memorial of the burning, the people of Dunning planted a thorn tree in the Tron Square, and enclosed it with a circular stone wall. "This venerable thorn," says the Statistical Account, "although it has now braved the storms of a hundred and twenty-three winters, and has stood the silent witness of more than one change in the entire population of the village, still promises fair to protract a green old age, and hand down the tale of its origin to other generations that have not yet appeared on the stage of time." This was witten in 1842. We saw the thorn tree lately. It seemed to us to have renewed its youth, and if its wall be kept in as thorough repair, and its roots be as well supplied with fresh mould, and its branches be as nicely trimmed, it appeared to us that it may flourish for yet a long while to come.

The chief of the historic families of which Dunning boasts is the noble family of the Rollos. They are of Norman, or rather of Danish extraction; Eric Rollo, the first of them who settled in Normandy about A.D. 800, and of whom sprang the Dukes of Normandy, being from Denmark. A descendant of his, also named Eric de Rollo, came to England with William the Conqueror, and was his secretary. A portrait of him taken in his ninety-eighth year, is in Duncrub House. His son or grandson (it seems uncertain which), Richard de Rollo, came to Scotland in the reign of David I.

One of his posterity was John de Rollo, who was secretary to King Robert III., and in 1380 David, Earl of Strathearn, and King Robert's son, did, with his father's consent, give this John de Rollo a charter of the lands of Duncrub and others in Perthshire. In 1512, James IV. erected these lands into a free barony in favour of Robert Rollo, the great-great-grandson of John.

The first of the Rollos raised to the Peerage was Sir Andrew. He was knighted by James VI., was made Sheriff of Perthshire by Charles I,, and was created Baron Rollo of Duncrub in the Scottish Peerage by Charles II. in 1651. In 1654 he was fined £1000 by Cromwell for his devotion to the cause of the Stuarts. He had five sons. The Honourable Andrew, his fourth son, was minister of Dunning. He was made for the changeable times on which he fell, having a boundless capacity for conforming. If people generally were now-a-days like him in this respect, candidates for Parliamentary honours would not be pestered, as they are, with the claims of Nonconformists, and nonplussed to give decent reasons for either ignoring or opposing these claims. Andrew Rollo was "everything by turns, and nothing long." He saw Presbytery re-established, and again overthrown. He had been an Episcopalian, a Covenanter, a Resolutioner, and Protester, and again an Episcopalian. The only thing he stuck to amidst all mutations was the benefice of Dunning. The Honourable Sir William, his Lordship's fifth son, was one of the most zealous Royalists of his day. On the breaking out of the Civil War, he took the side of Charles I. with his whole heart and soul. When Montrose declared for Charles in 1644, Sir William joined him. He was one of the two trusty friends who that year accompanied Montrose from England to Scotland in disguise. In our histories he is usually designed Sir William Rollock, but that is only another form of the family name. He was with the Marquis in all his battles till he was taken prisoner in the overwhelming disaster at Philiphaugh. His Royalism cost him his life. He, Sir William Nisbet, and Alexander Ogilvie, younger of Inverquharity, were brought to the scaffold at Glasgow. He was hanged at the Market Cross on the 28th October, 1644; and his companions suffered the same doom next day.

In the strife of parties, Andrew's eldest son, James, second Lord Rollo, took the opposite side to that of his father. He joined Argyle, one of whose daughters he took for his second wife. In the battle of Inverlochy, he is said to have kept company with Argyle in his galley. The latter hurt in his arm and face by a recent casual fall, and disabled for the use of sword and pistol, retired, before the battle began, on board his galley; and his cousin Auchinbreck took his place in command.

His Lordship's younger son, Archibald, returned to the party which his father had deserted. He supported the Restoration Government, and served in the army of Charles II. in the Holy War which was to exterminate the Covenanters. In the battle of Bothwell Bridge he was the Honourable Major Archibald Rollo, who captured one of the Covenanting banners and its bearer. The banner is in Duncrub House, measures two feet in length by one foot ten inches in breadth; has been perforated in seven different places by musket balls; and has the following words inscribed on it in gold letters:—"THE COVENANT. FOR RELIGION, CROWN, AND KINGDOM."

James's son, Andrew, third Lord Rollo, had two sons. The elder one, John, Master of Rollo, was killed by Graham of Inchbrakie, in the way related by us when we were at Clevage and Innerdunning. Robert, fourth Lord Rollo, succeeded in 1700, and joined ardently in the Rebellion of 1715. Next year he surrendered to Brigadier-General Grant, and obtained the full benefit of the Act of Grace passed in 1717. His eldest son, Andrew, fifth Lord Rollo, followed the profession of arms, and greatly distinguished himself during the American war. For eminent service, he rose to be Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and Brigadier-General, in America. He operated with General Monckton in taking Martinique in 1762; and the General in his Despatches spoke of him in the highest terms.

James, seventh Lord Rollo, entered the navy. He served at the taking of Pondicherry and Manilla. His elder son, John, eighth Lord Rollo, was a Lieutenant in the 3d foot guards, and served on the Continent in the campaigns of 1793, 1794, and 1795. His son, William, ninth Lord Rollo, married Elizabeth, only daughter of Dr Rogerson of Wamphray and Duncrieff. Their elder son, John Rogerson, is the present and tenth Lord Rollo in the peerage of Scotland; and in 1869 he was raised to the dignity of a peer of the United Kingdom, by the title of Baron Dunning of Dunning and Pitcairns. He is a public-spirited nobleman, of decided and somewhat advanced Liberal principles; is an excelled landlord; and is ever willing and forward to promote the well-being of the village and parish of Dunning. One of his Lordship's latest benefactions was the gift of an abundant supply of excellent water to the village, and of liberty to conduct it through his lands in pipes from its source in Dunning Burn at Willie Dun's Damhead, a distance of about a mile and a half; with the gratuitous services of Mr Jones] as

engineer and surveyor. The Water Works were opened on the 11th June, 1872. It was, as it might well be, a gala day in Dunning; and his Lordship's generosity in connection with the undertaking, was duly acknowledged by a grateful community.

The seat of the Rollos is Duncrub House, or, as we should perhaps rather say, Duncrub Park. The present Mansion was erected by the present Lord, and is altogether a very desirable residence. Within, it contains not a few objects of much historic interest, some specimens of which have been mentioned by us. Without, the outlay and adornment of the ground display good judgment and taste.

Garvock is and has long been the seat of a family of Graemes, a branch of the Kincardine stock. The first Graeme of Garvock was William, third son of Sir William Graham of Kincardine. He lived in the days of James I. (1406-1437); and for his faithful and gallant military services, James granted him the lands and barony of Garvock, of which his lineal descendants have had uninterrupted possession till this day. Archibald Graeme, the third in succession from him, fell at Flodden. John, the fourth in succession, had two sons; and John, the younger son, was ancestor of the Grahams of Balgowan, the most celebrated of whom was Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch, the hero of Barossa. Robert Graeme, the ninth in succession, married Katherine, daughter of Oliphant of Gask; and, like his father-in-law, he was a keen Jacobite. He went into hiding for several months after the battle of Culloden. He then ventured to come back to Garvock; but, the Government having information of his return, a party of dragoons was forthwith sent to take him prisoner. Warned of their approach, the gates were shut, and Graeme was strongly advised to put on the dress of a female servant, in the hope that he might escape in disguise. The attire fitted him so ill, and concealed so poorly his masculine appearance and sturdy proportions, that, despairing of success by such a dodge, "he resumed his own coat, sat down in his arm-chair, and gave orders to open the gate, and admit the soldiers. He was apprehended accordingly, and carried to Perth, where he lay in prison for more than a year, until a friendly official —probably with the connivance of the authorities— one night left the door of his cell unlocked, and allowed the prisoner to escape. After this, he escaped to France, and, having joined the army, served with distinction in the French service for many years. He lived, however, to come home, and spend the evening of his days at Garvock."

In the early part of the sixteenth century Pitcairns was the seat of the Crichtons, probably a branch of the noble family of Sanquhar. The heiress of it became the spouse of Sir Harry Drummund of Riccarton. They had one daughter, Margaret, whom a son of John Drummond of Drummondernoch married. This branch of the Drummonds thus acquired Pitcairns, and they retained it till about the time of the Revolution. It was then purchased by George Graham, son of James Graham of Monzie, and grandson of Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie, and it continued with the Grahams till about the close of the last century. The Grahams of Pitcairns were deeply imbued with the Jacobitism of the race. In the "Domestic Annals of Scotland," under date February 28th, 1690, we read of the then laird of Pitcairns, and of a number of kindred spirits in the district, proving very disorderly and troublesome squires.

"A few hot-headed Perthshire Jacobites, including George Graham of Inchbrakie, David Oliphant of Culteuchar, and George Graham of Pitcairns, with two others designed ensigns, met in Dunning with some other officers of the Government troops, and getting drink, began to utter various insolencies. They drank the health of King James without calling him the late king, and pressed the Government officers to do the same. One of these, Ludovick Grant, quartermaster of Lord Rollo's troop, was prudentially retiring from this dangerous society when Ensign Mowat cocked a pistol at him, saying, 'Do you not see that some of us are King William's officers as well as you, and why will ye not drink the health as well as we?' Inchbrakie took the pistol and fired it up the chimney. They continued drinking and brawling till James Hamilton, cornet of Rollo's troop, came with a party to seize them, when, drawing their swords, they beat back the King's officer, and were not without great difficulty taken into custody. Even now, so far from being repentant, Inchbrakie called for a dishful of aquavitæ, or brandy, and drank King James's health, saying 'they were all knaves and rascals who would refuse it.' He said he 'hoped the guise would turn when Lord Rollo would not be able to keep Scotland, and he (Inchbrackie) would get Duncrub to himself.' His fury against the soldiers extended so far that he called for powder and ball to shoot the sentinels placed over him, and 'broke Alexander Ross's face with ane pint stoup.' Even when borne along to Perth and imprisoned there, they continued railing against Lord Rollo and his troop, and justifying all that they had done at Dunning. They were punished with fines and imprisonment, and their counsel, Sir David Thores, was sent to jail for the insolent style in which he defended them. We find them with great difficulty clearing themselves out of jail six months after."

Kelty has likewise been the seat of historic families. For some three centuries it belonged to a branch of the old family of the Bonars, who came to Scotland from France in the reign of William the Lion, and had from him a grant of lands in Perthshire. Their first seat was Castle Bonar, the donjon of which is still to be seen on the top of the hill, at the foot of which the village of Bonar is situated, and the old saying is still current in the neighbourhood, that "the auld tower will stand till the Bonares come back." Kelty ultimately became the chief barony of the family. The first Bonar of Kelty was William, who figures in the French wars as one of the Scottish Knights that did so much to win the victories of Beauge in 1421, and of Verneuil in 1424. After his return to Scotland he and his sons fought in the battles of Arbroath and Sauchieburn. His son and successor, John, in the tournament at Falkland, when one of the lions broke from his den, and rushed towards the Queen's tribune, seized a piece of flesh, flung himself before the lion, and killed it with his dagger, for which the King granted him "a chief on his coat of arms, charged with a lion rampant, encountered by two hands clad in steel gauntlets, of which the sinister bears a piece of animal flesh, and the dexter a poniard." His name afterwards appears in connexion with the leading transactions of his day. He was created a Knight Banneret on the field of Sauchieburn for then saving the life of Prince James, afterwards James IV., by whose side he fell at Flodden. Sir Walter, third Bonar of Kelty, made a violent attack in the church of Dunning on Andrew Rollo of Duncrub and Godfrey Wilson, wounding the latter, for which he obtained a remission under the Great Seal in 1527. William, sixth and last Bonar of Kelty, died in 1691, and soon after the barony passed into another family.

John Drummond, of the House of Culdees, minister of Monzie, was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for his Jacobitism. In 1692, he bought Kelty; and it continued with the Drummonds till 1812, when David, styled eighth Earl of Airlie, married Clementina, only child and heiress of Gavin, third son of James Drummond of Kelty. On her Ladyship's death in 1835, Lord Rollo acquired the property.

A rare hospitality seems to have been the virtue for which the Drummonds of Kelty were chiefly distinguished. Of one of them Dean Ramsay gives a Reminiscence, which places him in the Dean's gallery of immortals. "Drummond of Keltie," says he, "had employed an itinerant tailor instead of a metropolitan artist. On one occasion a new pair of inexpressibles had been made for the laird; they were so tight that, after waxing hot and red in an attempt to try them on, he *let out* rather savagely at the tailor, who calmly assured him, 'It's the fash'n; it's jist the fash'n.' 'Eh? ye haveril, is it the fashion for them *no to go on*.'"

Of the ministers of Dunning we have little to add to what has been already said of them. The first minister of it after the Reformation was Andrew Sympson. He was appointed to it in 1562. He was a scholarly man, and had been for some time Master of the Grammar School of Perth, where we noticed him as converted to Protestantism by the writings of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount. He had been only a short time at Dunning, when he was removed to Cargill; whence he was translated to Dunbar in 1564; and there he laboured for nearly twenty years, doing the work of schoolmaster as well as minister.

Lachlan M'Intosh, ordained to the charge of Dunning in 1716, seems to have been a man of some note. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1736, and would have been elected again to this high office in 1743, had he not declined the honour. He was one of three ministers, whom the Assembly in 1734 commissioned "to address the King and Parliament for obtaining relief from the grievance of Patronage." "The grievance" had by that time become not intolerable to the clergy. Ebenezer Erskine had before then been ordered to be rebuked for charging the "builders" of the Kirk with hostility to the right of the people to elect their own ministers. The Commission of 1734 was meant to neutralize the effect of that blunder. The people of Errol coveted the services of Lachlan M'Intosh in 1722; but the Presbytery continued him in Dunning. They called him to Errol a second time in 1725, and were successful in obtaining him.

Charles Wilkie Hardy, son of Dr Hardy of Edinburgh, and grandson of John Hardy, minister of Culross, was ordained to the charge of Dunning in 1813. He died in 1814. It is a blot on the annals of Dunning, if it be true, as we read that it is, that his death was hastened by his being waylaid on a night as he was going home, and suspended by the heels over the bridge.

BLACKFORD.

There are in this parish the vestiges of a number of Druid circles, marking the places which were once sacred to the rites of Druid worship. One of these is in the parks of Gleneagles, another is on the glebe, and a third is on the high ground of the Sheriffmuir.

The footprints of the Romans are also traceable in the parish, and some fine specimens of Roman work from this locality enrich the Museum of the Antiquarian and Literary Society of Perth. In A.D. 84 Agricola led his army north through Gleneagles, and passed between Blackford and Auchterarder to the Moor of Ardoch. The invaders had a camp on an eminence fronting Gleneagles, another at Loaninghead, and another at Barns, where the above specimens of Roman work were found, all supposed to have been outposts to the great camp at Ardoch; and "the situation of all the three was well chosen for local defence, for mutual communication, and for extensive survey." The parish, too, abounds with cairns and tumuli, which are reasonably regarded as memorials of frequent and deadly conflict between the rude natives and the well-trained legions of imperial Rome. A barrow east of the manse is thought to be the tomb of some great one, but who he was, and when, and in what circumstances he "shuffled off this mortal coil," cannot be so much as guessed.

The parish is somewhat extensive, but it was at one time largely supplied with chapels. There was one at Gleneagles House, in which the Haldane family buried, and another near Tullibardine Castle. The latter was called the College or Provostry of Tullibardine; and was founded and endowed by one of the Murrays about the middle of the fifteenth century. It was cruciform, and the Murray family buried in the choir of it, even after they had acquired the Athole titles. It is still in good preservation; and the late Viscount Strathallan chose it as his family burying place. Till 1745 public worship was occasionally held in both these chapels. There were likewise two chapels on the lands of Machany, at one of which there is a burying ground still used by the people in the neighbourhood.

But the chief Historic Scenes in Blackford are the seats of families who make a figure in the history of the country. In these it is singularly rich.

In glancing at these Scenes, we begin with the most ancient of them, Kincardine Castle, the original seat of the great family of the Grahams, or Græmes. The first of the family was William de Graham, an Anglo-Norman Knight, who came to Scotland in the reign of David I. (1153-1165), and received from him the lands of Abercorn and Dalkeith. The fifth in descent from William, David de Graham, married Annabella, daughter of Robert, Earl of Strathearn, and with her acquired Aberuthven. It was the first possession of the Grahams in Perthshire; and there, as we have seen, their family sepulchre continues to this day. Through the same marriage, the lands of Kincardine afterwards fell to them. William the Lion had given Kincardine to Malise, the younger brother of Earl Robert, to be held by him of the Earl.

Sir David de Graham and Annabella had three sons. Their eldest son, Sir Patrick, was so pre-eminent among his contemporaries that an English chronicler has pronounced this eulogium on him:—"He was a stout knight, the wisest among the wise in counsel, and among the noblest the most noble." In 1281, he was employed in negotiating the marriage between Alexander III. and Margaret, daughter of Guy, Earl of Flanders. He fell in the battle of Dunbar, 1296. Their second son was Sir John the Graham of Dundaff, the illustrious compatriot and bosom friend of Sir William Wallace, who was slain in the battle of Falkirk, fighting gallantly for Scotland's independence and freedom. He was buried in the churchyard of Falkirk, where his monument, often renewed, is yet to be seen, with a Latin epitaph on it, which has been thus Englished:—

"Here lys
Sir John the Græme, baith wight and wise,
Ane of the chiefs reskewit Scotland thrise;
Ane better knight not to the world was lent,
Nor was gvde Græme of trvth and hardiment."

Wallace's love to him "was wonderful, passing the love of women;" and his lamentation over him is one of the most touching things which the muse of Blind Harry produced:—

"My dearest brother that I ever had;
My only friend when I was hard bestead,
My hope, my health! O, man of honour great,
My faithful aid, and strength in every strait;
Thy matchless wisdom cannot here be told,
Thy noble manhood, truth, and courage bold!
Wisely thou knew to rule and to govern;
A bounteous hand, a heart as true as steel,
A steady mind, most courteous and genteel."

The third and youngest son of this family was Sir David. He was one of the nominees of Baliol, in his competition with Bruce for the Scottish throne. In 1292, he and his eldest brother swore fealty to Edward I. of England, as so many of their compeers were forced to do.

Sir Patrick Graham of Dundaff and Kincardine was succeeded by his son, Sir David. He was one of the patriots who rallied around Robert the Bruce, and rendered him most faithful and efficient service. He exchanged with his sovereign his property of Cardross in Dumbartonshire, for Old Montrose in Forfarshire; from which the family, in process of time, took their titles of nobility. His son and successor, also Sir David, emulated his father's patriotic example. So, again, did his son and successor, Sir Patrick. He was one of the hostages for

the ransom of David II. By his first wife he had a son, William, and a daughter, Maude, who was married to Sir John Drummond of Concraig. His second wife was Egidia, daughter of Sir John Stewart of Ralston, and niece of King Robert II. By her he had four sons, the eldest of whom, Sir Patrick, married Euphame Stewart, Countess Palatine of Strathearn, and Countess of Caithness; and in her right he became Earl of Strathearn. He was killed at Crieff in 1413, by his brother-in-law, Sir John Drummond.

His son and successor, Sir William, was, like his predecessors, a man of affairs. He was employed in negotiating with the English for the ransom of James I., and in other like transactions of his time. His second wife was the Princess Mary, second daughter of King Robert III., and relict of George, Earl of Angus, and of Sir James Kennedy of Dunure. By her he had five sons. The eldest predeceased him, leaving a son, Patrick, who succeeded his grandfather; and it was in him that the family was first ennobled. He was created Lord Graham in 1451. His son, William, was second Lord Graham, and his grandson, also William, was third Lord. He was a leader among the barons who conspired against James III.; and James IV. rewarded him by creating him Earl of Montrose.

William, first Earl of Montrose, was thrice married, and had a numerous progeny. He fell at Flodden. His son, also William, was second Earl; and was appointed Governor to James V., by the Regent, John, Duke of Albany. His eldest son, Robert, Lord Graham, was killed at Pinkie in his father's life time; but left a son, John, who succeeded his grandfather as third Earl of Montrose, and was successively Treasurer, Lord Chancellor, and Viceroy of Scotland. His eldest son, also John, succeeded him as fourth Earl, and was President of the Council in Scotland. His only son, James, succeeded him as fifth Earl. After fighting for years on the side of the Covenanters, he went over to the Court party; and, in 1644, Charles I. appointed him Captain-General of his forces in Scotland, and raised him to the dignity of a Marquis.

Of the campaigns and exploits of James, first Marquis of Montrose, in behalf of the Royal cause, we have had frequent occasion to give glimpses, and shall only add here that they all ended in the King's coming to the block in front of Whitehall on the 30th January, 1649; and in the Marquis's coming to the gibbet at the Cross of Edinburgh on the 21st May, 1650. His son and heir, also James, was, at the Restoration, restored to his estates and honours, and was admitted one of His Majesty's Privy Council. His son, third Marquis, likewise James, was first made Captain of His Majesty's Horse Guards, and then President of the Council. His son, fourth Marquis, and another James, was appointed Admiral of Scotland in 1705; next year, President of the Council, and in the following year was created Duke of Montrose.

The first Duke of Montrose was so zealous in supporting the Hanoverian succession, on the death of Queen Anne, that George I. made him Secretary of State, in place of the rebel Earl of Mar, and soon after Keeper of the Great Seal for North Britain. He also raised his eldest surviving son to the dignity of the peerage of England by the titles of Earl and Baron Graham, of Belford, Northumberland. The second Duke was William. The third was James—K.G., Lord-Lieutenant of Stirlingshire, a Privy Councillor, Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and Master of the Horse and Lord Chamberlain to George IV. The fourth Duke was James—K.T., Lord-Lieutenant of Stirlingshire, a Privy Councillor, Colonel of the Stirling, Dumbarton, Clackmannan, and Kinross Militia, Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, a Commissioner of the Board of Control, Lord Steward of Her Majesty's Household, and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The fifth and present Duke is Douglas-Beresford-Malise-Ronald, Marquis of Graham and Buchanan, Earl of Kincardine, Earl and Baron Graham of Great Britain, Lieutenant 5th Lancers, and Colonel of the Stirlingshire Militia.

Kincardine Castle was made a heap in 1646, and has never been rebuilt. Its site was well chosen for a family fortress, and its ruins show it to have been a large and strong Gothic edifice. It was burned on the 16th March of the year we have named by a party of Covenanters commanded by Middleton, who became a turncoat at the Restoration, and made himself most infamous by his persecution of his former friends. Bishop Guthry, in his "Memoirs," gives this account of the destruction of the castle, naming it "Kincarne":—

"Thereafter the Marquis (of Argyle) prosecuted his journey to Ireland, and the first fright his people had (though it came not near them) was a report that the young Lord Napier, the Laird of Macknab, and John Drummond of Ballach, with a foot company had fortified Kincarne (Montrose's principal house) which indeed was true.

"Whereupon Middleton drew his army thither, and upon refusing to surrender brought a number of great ordnance from Sterlin Castle to batter the house. They held out for ten days, until the noise of the cannon had so dried up the water that they had none either for man or horse, whereupon they were forced to think of another course, and so a

midnight (the moon being set), the Lord Napier and Ballach with John Graham, the Lord Napier's page (who only knew the way), leading out three horses at a private postern, mounted the same without any notice, rode thro' guards, and safely escaped their hands.

"The rest did the next morning surrender upon capitulation, which being done, 35 of them were sent away prisoners to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and the remnant being 12 in number, were presently shot at a post, and then Middleton ordered the castle of Kincarne to be burnt, which was done upon the 16th day of March."

Tullibardine Castle stands next to Kincardine Castle as an old historic seat. It was the first seat in Perthshire of the noble family of the Murrays, which branched into the two noble families of Mansfield and Athole. The first of the family called Freskin, was a Fleming, who came to Scotland in the reign of David I. (1124-1153), and obtained from him the lands of Broxburn in Linlithgowshire. He afterwards settled in Morayshire, in the lowlands of which he had granted him a large tract of land, from which he took the name of de Moravia—the Latin for Moray or Murray. This was about 1130. More than a century after that Sir William de Moravia married Adda, daughter of Malise, Seneschal or Earl of Strathearn, and with her got the lands of Tullibardine. From this Sir William to the ennobling of the family there were at least a dozen of Murrays who were feudal barons of Tullibardine. We notice only some of them.

Sir Andrew Murray, Sir William's son, supported Edward Baliol in his invasion of the country in 1332. He marked with a stake the ford of the Earn, by which Baliol's army crossed the river at midnight, attacked the Scots, and overthrew them in the bloody battle of Dupplin. His baseness did not escape merited punishment. About two months after he was apprehended at Perth, brought to trial, convicted, and executed.

Another Sir William succeeded to Tullibardine in 1446. He was Sheriff of Perthshire, and, in 1458, was one of the Lords named to assist in the administration of justice, and who were of the King's daily Council. By his wife Margaret, daughter of Sir John Colquhoun of Luss, Great Chamberlain of Scotland, he is said to have had seventeen sons, who became founders of many of the Murray families that replenished the land. According to "The Declaration of George Halley in Ochterarder concerning the laird of Tullibardine's seventeen sons—1710," they "lived all to be men, and waited all one day upon their father at Stirling to attend the King, with each of them one servant, and their father two. This happening shortly after an act was made by King James V., discharging any persons to travel with great numbers of attendants besides their own family, and having challenged the laird of Tullibardine for breaking the said act, he answered he brought only his own sons, with their necessary attendants, with which the King was so well pleased that he gave them small lands in heritage."

The eldest of those seventeen sons was Sir William, who had, with other issue, two sons, Sir William who succeeded him in Tullibardine, and Sir Andrew. From the latter sprang the Viscounts Stormont of Scone. The first Viscount Stormont was Sir David Murray, the great-grandson of the Sir Andrew to whom we are now pointing.

His brother, Sir William, was a warm friend of the Protestant Reformation. At Carberry Hill, in 1567, when the Earl of Bothwell challenged any of the Reformers to fight him in single combat, Sir William took up the gauntlet, but was refused, on the pretext of his being inferior in rank to Bothwell. On the death of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Mar, in 1572, Sir William Murray of Tullibardine and Sir Andrew Erskine of Gogar were appointed joint governors of the young King James and joint keepers of the Castle of Stirling, in which His Majesty resided. For breaking the face of Argyle with the hilt of his sword in the King's presence Sir William had to go into exile. But, notwithstanding this act of rashness and outrage, James esteemed him highly, and missed him greatly. "Afterwards," says George Halley of Auchterarder, in his "Declaration," "the King's mails and slaughter cows were not paid, neither could any subject in the realm be able to compel those who were bound to pay them, upon which the King cried out—'Oh! if I had Will. Murray again he would soon get my mails and slaughter cows;' to which one standing by replied—'That if His Majesty would not take Sir William Murray's life he might return shortly.' The King answered—'He would be loath to take his life, for he had not another subject like him.' Upon which promise Sir William Murray returned, and got a commission from the King to go to the north and lift up the mails and cows, which he speedily did, to the great satisfaction of the King, so that immediately after he was made Lord Comptroller."

The eldest son of this Sir William was Sir John. He was brought up with King James when his aunt, the Countess of Mar, was governess to the young sovereign. James made him Master of the Household and a Privy Councillor, knighted him, raised him to the peerage in 1604, by the title of Lord

Murray of Tullibardine, and, in 1606, created him Earl of Tullibardine.

His eldest son, William, second Earl, took an active part in rescuing King James from the Gowrie conspirators, for which he was rewarded with the Hereditary Sheriffship of Perth. He married Lady Dorothea Stewart, daughter of the fifth Earl of Athole of the Stewart line. His brother, Sir Patrick, then had the Earldom of Tullibardine, and was the third Earl. His eldest son, James, succeeded his father in 1643, and was the fourth Earl. He was a zealous supporter of the Parliament against Charles I., but he opposed the surrender of Charles by the Scottish army to the English. He died without issue in 1670, and the title of Earl of Tullibardine then merged into the Dukedom of Athole.

The brother of this Earl, the Honourable William Murray of Redcastle, was as keen a Royalist as the Earl himself was a Parliamentarian. He joined Montrose, was taken prisoner at Philiphaugh, and was tried and condemned to suffer the death of a traitor. He was executed at St Andrews on the 23d January, 1646; the Earl being blamed, unjustly, as it seems to us, for not doing more than he did to save his life. His last words on the scaffold were:—"I hope, my countrymen, you will reckon that the house of Tullibardine, and the whole family of Murray, have this day acquired a new and no small addition of honour; that a young man, descended of that ancient race, has, though innocent, and in the flower of his age, with the greatest readiness and cheerfulness, delivered up his life for his King, the father of his country, and the most munificent patron and benefactor of that family from which he is sprung. Let not my honoured mother, my dearest sisters, my kindred or my friends, lament the shortness of my life, seeing that it is abundantly recompensed by the honour of my death. Pray for my soul, and God be with you."

After the battle of Sheriffmuir, the Duke of Argyle, on his way from Stirling to Perth, paid the Castle of Tullibardine a passing visit. This was on 30th January, 1716. He left Stirling on the morning of the 29th, marched to Auchterarder, and passed the night on the snow, of which there was then a deep storm on the ground. Next morning a party of two hundred dragoons and four hundred foot were sent forward in advance of the rest of the army. Their work was to protect the country people, who were cutting a road through the snow for the troops; and also to take the Castle of Tullibardine. It was an outpost of the insurgents, with a garrison in it. The garrison, however, was too small for making any effective defence, and, therefore, at once capitulated. The Castle afforded Argyle's officers a comfortable lodging for the night. The Duke himself came to it in the evening, intending to pass the night in it. But when he learned that the Earl of Mar had that forenoon retreated from Perth, he took four hundred dragoons and a thousand foot and proceeded with them to Perth, reaching it about two o'clock next morning, only twelve hours after the last of the rebel army had left it.

Before 1745, Lord George Murray resided in the Castle of Tullibardine. It has since then been suffered to go to ruin.

There was once at this Castle a curious and interesting object, which Lindsay of Pitscottie has thus noticed:—"James the Fourth was fond of shipbuilding, and built the Michael, the largest ship ever seen before. She was 240 feet long, 36 feet within the sides, which were 10 feet thick; she was a year in building, and took up all the oak wood of Fife, except Falkland; she had 300 mariners, and carried altogether about 1000 men. Her length and breadth is planted in hawthorn at Tullibardine by the wright that helped to make her." At the date of the last Statistical Account (1837), only three of those hawthorns survived. The reign of James IV. extended from 1488 to 1513.

Strathallan Castle is another historical seat in this parish. It is the seat of the Drummonds, an ennobled branch of the great Perth stock. The first of this branch was James Drummond, younger son of David, second Lord Drummond. Like Sir John Murray of Tullibardine, he was educated with young King James, who, in 1585, appointed him a Gentleman of his Bedchamber. Prior to the Reformation, he had been Commendator of the Abbey of Inchaffray. He was raised to the peerage in 1609, by the title of Lord Madderty; and he acquired Innerpeffray by his marriage to a daughter of Sir James Chisholme of Cromlix, who through her mother was heiress of that property.

His elder son, John, second Lord Madderty, was one of those who flocked to the standard of Montrose after his great victory at Kilsyth; for which, when the fortune of war turned, as it did speedily, he was cast into prison; but he obtained his liberty, on binding himself never again to oppose the Parliament. His youngest son, David, who succeeded him as fourth Lord Madderty, lay under such suspicion of disaffection to the Parliamentary party, that, in his father's lifetime, he was put into confinement. He was twice married, and had two sons, both of whom died young. In 1684, he resigned in favour of his youngest brother, the Honourable William Drummond of Cromlix, who became fourth Lord Madderty.

His Lordship was a devoted adherent of the Stuarts. He was an officer in the army that fought for both the Charleses. Taken prisoner at Worcester, he made his escape; joined the Royalists under Glencairn in the Highlands; and continued with them till they were finally dispersed by Morgan in 1654. Entering into the service of the Czar, he rose to the rank of a Lieutenant-General in the Russian army. After the Restoration Charles II. recalled him, and made him Major-General of the Forces in Scotland and a Lord of the Treasury. In 1686 he was created Viscount Strathallan and Lord Drummond of Cromlix. He could wield the pen as well as the sword, and was the author of the "Genealogie of the Family of the Drummonds," yet an interesting and valuable piece of biography.

The second Viscount was William. The third was also William. He died a minor and without issue, and his titles devolved on his cousin, Wm. Drummond of Machany, descended from Sir James Drummond of Machany, second son of the first Lord Madderty. The Machany branch vied with all the other branches of the Drummonds in its devotion to the Stuarts. The Sir James whom we have just named was Colonel of the Perthshire Foot in the army got up under the "engagement" for the deliverance of Charles I. in 1648. His son, also Sir James, was fined £500 by Cromwell in 1654; and Sir James's son, Sir John, was outlawed in 1690. Sir John's fourth son, William, succeeded as fourth Viscount.

This Viscount was among the first to join Mar in 1715. He fought at Sheriffmuir, and was taken prisoner, but was discharged under the Act of Grace of 1717. He joined Prince Charlie in 1745 within a fortnight after he had raised the rebel standard at Glenfinnan, and he was left in charge of the rebel troops in Scotland when the Prince marched into England. He fought at Culloden, and fell on that bloody field. His Vicountess, who was Margaret Murray, daughter of the Baroness Nairne, suffered personally in the same cause. From the beginning of February to the end of September, 1746, she was a State prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh. They had a family of seven sons and six daughters.

James, the eldest son, took part with his father in the Rebellion of '45, and was attainted. But for the attainder, he would have been fifth Viscount; and his sons, James and Andrew John, would have been sixth and seventh Viscounts. Andrew John followed the profession of arms, and, after distinguished services in America and on the Continent, he was appointed Governor of Dumbarton Castle in 1810, and made a General of the army in 1812. He petitioned in vain for the restoration of the forfeited titles of his family. At his death, which took place in 1817, the forfeited estates, which had been bought back in 1755, fell to his cousin, James-Andrew-John-Lawrence-Charles Drummond, a grandson of the fourth Viscount. In 1811, 1812, 1818, 1820, he was elected M.P. for the County of Perth; and, in 1824, he was by Act of Parliament restored to the titles of Viscount Strathallan, Lord Madderty, and Lord Drummond of Cromlix. He was soon after chosen a Scots representative peer, and continued to be so till his death in 1851.

His eldest son, William Henry Drummond, is sixth and present Viscount Strathallan, Lord Drummond of Cromlix, and Lord Madderty.

We must note the connexion of the Strathallan family with the great Banking House of the Drummonds, Charing Cross, London. A brother of the fourth Viscount Strathallan was the founder of the Bank. Henry Drummond of the Grange, Hampshire, M.P., a younger son of James, forfeited in 1746, was in his time head of the Bank. So was Henry Drummond of Albany Park, M.P. for Surrey; and he was, at the same time, head in some sense of the Catholic-Apostolic or Irvingite Church. And several other members of the family have been either heads of the Banking establishment, or leading partners in it. Such, to point to only one example, was Edward Drummond, private Secretary of Sir Robert Peel, shot down on the street by the lunatic M'Naghton, in January, 1843, as he accompanied his Chief from the Bank at Charing Cross. The fatal ball was intended for Sir Robert.

There is yet another historic seat in the parish of Blackford. It is Gleneagles, long the seat of the Haldanes, one of our o'dest families. The family was of Danish origin, being sprung from Haldenus, a Dane. He came to Scotland, and settled in the Border, on the lands in Roxburghshire called after him by the name of Halden-rig. In the twelfth century a descendant of his found his way to Perthshire, and acquired Gleneagles by marrying Faussyd, the heiress of it. From that date the family appears with considerable frequency in the annals of the country. One of the most noted members of it was Sir John Haldane, who, in 1460, married Agnes Menteith of Ruskie, one of the heiresses of her great grandfather Duncan, last of the ancient Saxon Earls of Lennox. This Sir John was Ambassador of James III. to Denmark, Master of the King's Household, Sheriff of Edinburghshire, and Lord Justice-General of Scotland beyond the Forth. His grandson, also Sir John, fell at Flodden.

The Haldanes of Gleneagles were warm friends of the Reformation from Popery. They were resolute, too, in maintaining it when the course followed by

James VI. tended to its overthrow. The laird of Gleneagles, for example, acted a prominent part in the achievement of 1585, when the exiled Protestant nobles returned, and were hailed as the deliverers of the country; and when, at the head of ten thousand men, they obliged James to capitulate at Stirling, and to banish Arran and his creatures from the Court. The laird's brother, also, was a distinguished actor in the exploit of that day, and was shot down at the West Port of Stirling, as he was laying hands on Sir William Stewart, Colonel of the Royal Guard. In the next century the Haldanes were as zealous for Presbyterianism and Monarchy as they had been in the previous one for Protestantism. Sir John Haldane of Gleneagles fought against Cromwell at Dunbar, and fell in that disastrous engagement.

In subsequent times several of the Haldanes took to Parliamentary life. Patrick, after being Professor of history in the University of St Andrews, and M.P. for the St Andrews Burghs, was made Solicitor-General, then a Commissioner for the sale of the Forfeited Estates, and, in 1721, was appointed a Lord of Session; an appointment, however, which was cancelled on account of the opposition offered to it. His only son, George, was Brigadier-General in the army and M.P. for the Dundee and Forfar Burghs, and died Governor of Jamaica in 1759.

Captain Robert Haldane, a younger brother of the half-blood, returning from India with a fortune, purchased Gleneagles, which was deeply mortgaged. He also purchased Airthrey, and became M.P. for the Stirling Burghs. Leaving Airthrey to his nephew, Captain James Haldane, he entailed Gleneagles and Trinity-Gask on his two sisters; Margaret, wife of Cockburn of Ormiston; and Helen, wife of Alexander Duncan of Lundie, and mother of Admiral Viscount Duncan, the hero of Camperdown. George Cockburn, son of the elder sister, succeeded to Gleneagles, but died without issue in 1799. Gleneagles then fell to Admiral Viscount Duncan; and that noble family retains it to this day.

A still higher distinction was lately attained by two of the Gleneagles Haldanes; the brothers Robert and James, sons of Captain James Haldane of Airthrey, by his wife Katherine, who was his first cousin, being the daughter of Alexander Duncan of Lundie. Of their lives, our space will not permit us to give anything worthy the name of an outline. They were men of rare worth and usefulness. If the Christian is the noblest style of man, Robert and James Haldane were among the noblest types of the Christian that Scotland has produced. Both entered the navy, and served in it with distinction. James, having experienced the saving power of the gospel, sold out of the service; designing to buy a landed estate, and to lead the quiet life of a country gentleman. But under the influence, and through the persuasion of pious friends whom he met with in Edinburgh, he began the work of an evangelist among the poor and neglected population of the metropolis and its neighbourhood. Accompanying Simeon of Cambridge, in 1796, on a tour through the Highlands, as the tour was drawing to a close they both ascended Benlomond; and, the sublimity of the scene being equalled by the sublimity of the deed, kneeling down on the top of the mighty Ben, they solemnly consecrated their future life to the service of God!

Brother Robert, having retired from the navy, followed their example. All that he was and had he laid on the altar of God, to be employed in the propagation of the gospel in India; sold Airthrey; and applied to the Government, and to the East Indian Company for permission to go to Bengal, with a large evangelizing staff to execute his design: the whole expense of the enterprise to be borne by him. The East Indian Company put its veto on the project. The Brothers then determined to devote themselves to the diffusion of the gospel at home.

For a succession of years they made tour upon tour, accompanied by kindred spirits, till the gospel had been heard from their lips, not only over the mainland of Scotland, but throughout the Orkney and Shetland Isles. Leaving the Established Church in 1799, they, at an expense of not less than £30,000, built or bought places of worship in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Perth, Dunkeld, Dumfries, Elgin, and several other places. Brother James was set apart to officiate in the Tabernacle, Leith Walk; but he stipulated that this should not interfere with his work in "the highways and hedges." They likewise instituted numerous seminaries for the training of young men for the ministry. On these they expended large sums; and the product of them is estimated at about four hundred youths, some of whom afterwards rose to much distinction; such as Dr Russell, Dundee, Principal Dewar, Aberdeen, John Angell James, Birmingham, Orme, Camberwell, and M'Lay, New York.

In 1816, Brother Robert undertook a missionary tour on the Continent; and was signally instrumental in effecting a very happy change on the state of religion in France and Switzerland. Dr Cæsar Malan and Dr Merle D'Aubigne were among his converts at Geneva. He died in 1842, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and was buried in one of the aisles of the old Cathedral of Glasgow. James survived him for nine years; dying in 1851, in his eighty-fourth year. Their Lives, written by their

nephew, Alexander Haldane, Esq., Barrister, are very choice contributions to Christian biography; and they give full lists of their Works, which are too numerous for us to name.

Blackford suffered a notable clerical intrusion last century. The charge having fallen vacant, John Stevenson was presented to it. He had been for some time assistant to the late incumbent, and had failed to commend himself to the great body of the parishioners. A majority of them positively refused to receive him as their minister. Instead of a bootless battle with the patron and the prevailing party in the Church Courts, they deserted the Established Church, and applied for admission into the communion of the recently formed Relief Presbytery. Their application was favourably entertained, and a supply of sermon granted them. This was in 1777. They first met for public worship in the stackyard of Fordmouth; and after that, in different places in the open air. It was for a time a question where they should build their church. The village of Blackford was proposed; so was a place about halfway between it and Auchterarder. At length, Auchterarder was preferred; a feu was obtained on favourable terms on the grounds of Belvidere; and a church was erected in 1778. This was the origin of the large and flourishing congregation, over which our beloved brother, George Jacque, now presides with so much acceptance and usefulness.

It escaped us to say when we were at Auchterarder, and we have a pleasure and a pride in stating it now, that the Christian Literature of our day is a debtor to the United Presbyterian Church of Auchterarder. It has received important contributions, both from the late William Pringle, D.D., of the North United Presbyterian Church, and from Mr Jacque of the South.

James Bardoune, minister of Blackford, signed the Protest of 1606 against the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland. David Moray, minister of the parish at the Revolution, was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689, for not praying for their Majesties, William and Mary, and for other manifestations of his rampant Jacobitism. Archibald Moncrieff, son of William Moncrieff, minister of Moonzie, was ordained to the charge of Blackford in 1697. His eldest son, William, succeeded him in the charge in 1738. On the death of Sir Hugh Moncrieff of Tibbermallo, William succeeded him in the baronetcy which belonged to the elder branch of the Moncrieffs of that Ilk. He married Katherine, eldest daughter of Robert Wellwood, Esq. of Garvock. His eldest son, the Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncrieff, Bart., succeeded him in Blackford, and was translated to St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, in 1775; and soon became the acknowledged leader of the Evangelical party in the Kirk. His eldest son, Sir James Wellwood Moncrieff, Bart., was raised from the bar to the bench in 1829; and adorned it, under the title of Lord Moncrieff, till his death in 1851. The Rev. Sir Henry Wellwood Moncrieff, Bart., minister of Free St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, is Lord Moncrieff's eldest son; and his second son is James, the Right Honourable Lord Moncrieff, Bart., Lord Justice Clerk.

Blackford has at present the honour of having filled one of the high offices in the Government on our Indian Empire. Monteith, Financial Secretary of India, is the eldest son of Alexander Monteith, Esq. of Duchally and Broich.

GLENDEVON.

We have fallen in with very little lore, suitable to our purpose, about Glendevon, and shall therefore not have to tarry long in it.

Notwithstanding its hilly character, and its pure and healthly atmosphere, the parish did not escape the Witch epidemic of the seventeenth century. For a series of years the General Assembly of the Kirk had passed Act upon Act, with the view of staying that dire plague. In 1649, it granted a Commission to twenty-one ministers, nine lawyers, and three physicians, for advising anent the trial and punishment of witchcraft. The same year, the Synod of Perth and Stirling vied with the Assembly in its diligence and zeal in this cause. At its meeting in October, "A Roll of Fugitives from Kirk Discipline" within the bounds, which had been drawn up, was laid on the table. It contained the names of forty delinquents. Some were slanderers, some fornicators, some adulterers, some murderers; and with these was associated, from the parish of Glendevon, "Mart. Kinnard, suspect of witchcraft."

This is all we know of Kinnard. We are not aware that there is any hint extant, to shew whether his case was travelled in; and if so, how; and how it was disposed of. It may be hoped that he was not burned at the stake, as there is no notice of his being so in any record civil or ecclesiastical. We are not discouraged in his case from indulging this hope, by any Memorial stone, similar to that of Maggie Walls at Dunning, set up by the Glendevonites by the side of the highway, with an inscription to this effect:—

MART. KINNARD
Burnt here for a warlock.
1649.

William Spence, one of the ministers of Glendevon, has a melancholy prominence in the annals of his day. He was admitted to the charge in 1664, four years after the restoration of Prelacy; of which it is pretty apparent that he never was much enamoured. He managed to submit to his bishop, and to attend the Church Courts with tolerable regularity till 1678. In that year he relieved his conscience, by giving in to the Presbytery of Auchterarder, of which he was a member, a paper, which was certainly ominous enough alike in the spirit and in the tenor of it. According to the preamble of it, it "was evidently manifest to any man who doth not wilfully shut his eyes, that this poor afflicted Church is at the present time labouring under sundry gross corruptions, and a horrid defection from its first purity." It then called on the Presbytery to "draft a testimony against the evils of these times," and to supplicate those in authority for a reformation; and this was followed by a list of the "evils" complained of. "1st, That the pernicious tenets of the Pelagian, Arminian, Latitudinarian, and Popish errors, and the dotage of the Quakers and other enthusiasts. . . are broached afresh in this Church, and, without any notice or censure, are professed, preached, and propagated, to our great shame and reproach. 2d, That the pure gospel way of spiritual worship was not kept pure and unadulterated from a mixture of human inventions, and that private essays were made to introduce or impose upon this Church an unwarrantable liturgy of unsound and useless form. 3d, That there was a fearful neglect of Church discipline. 4th, That Church government, and everything belonging to the outward policy of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, require to be reformed, according to the first mould and pattern thereof. 5th, That the loose spirit of atheism, prophaneness, and ungodliness reigning in all the corners of the kingdom required to be zealously curbed. 6th, That every hopeful means ought to be used for healing the dreadful differences that prevailed."

We must not detail the process that ensued. Suffice it to say that every effort was made in vain to induce Spence to withdraw this most obnoxious paper. This being firmly and persistently refused by him, he was first suspended from the exercise of his ministerial functions. He was next deposed from the office of the ministry; having, in addition to tenaciously adhering to his paper, expressly declared that "he did not think the present Church government agreeable to Scripture rules." He met this censure with drawing out of his pocket "a protestation against the sentence of the pretended Bishop and Synod of Dunblane passed against him," disclaimed their jurisdiction, and was taking leave of them, when the Bishop ordered the beadle to carry him to the Bailie's house, and desire the Bailie to keep him in safe custody "until he should find caution to answer before any competent judicatory for the gross accusations contained in said paper" (the "protestation"). Continuing contumacious, the highest censure was eventually passed on him. He was excommunicated.

After being thus disposed of by "the pretended Bishop and Synod of Dunblane," Spence attached himself to Archibald, ninth Earl of Argyle, and became his private secretary. On the death of Charles II. the Earl, in concert with the Duke of Monmouth, engaged in a premature attempt to deliver the country from the tyranny that was destroying it. Returning from Holland, where he had been an exile, he made a descent on Argyle, which ended in his capture, and his execution on a most iniquitous sentence passed on him in 1662. It was thought that his Secretary must be in possession of important secrets in regard to the Earl's accomplices and plans. Spence was therefore apprehended and committed to prison, being at first heavily loaded with irons. On the 25th July he was put to the torture, to compel him to reveal his secrets. He endured the boot with a patience and fortitude which astonished his persecutors, but revealed nothing. Resolved to extort confession from him, the Lords of the Privy Council next day "recommended to General Dalziel to cause such of His Majesty's forces, officers and soldiers, as shall be found most trusty, to watch the said Mr William Spence by turns, and not to suffer him to sleep by night or by day; and for that end, to use all effectual means for keeping him still awake, for the effect foresaid; and ordain the persons so to be entrusted to take peculiar notice in writ of what the said Mr William Spence shall declare in the premises, to be reported by the General to the Council or Committee." This most barbarous treatment he bore for many days and nights, but made no discovery. At length, on the 14th of August, he was subjected to a new mode of torture. Dalziel and Drummond had lately imported the thumbikins. They were applied to him, and, under the intolerable pain which they caused him, he agreed to decipher certain letters, on condition that nothing in them should be judicially used against him. He had, however, learned from friends that the Government was already in possession of all the information those letters contained. He deciphered them, and was fully exonerated by the Council on the 21st August, and removed to Dumbarton Castle, with allowance of liberty within its walls.

Spence survived the Revolution; and it is interesting to know that the General Assembly of 1690 declared his deposition and excommunication null; that he returned for a time to his old charge of Glendevon; that he was translated thence to Fossoway in September, 1691; and that he died there in 1715, in the eightieth year of his age.

We quit Glendevon with adverting to other two ministers of it. Alexander Meldrum was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689, for not reading the Proclamation of the Estates, and not praying for William and Mary. Patrick Crichton was presented to the parish in 1765. Not a single resident heritor, or elder, or head of a family, signed his call. Both the Presbytery and the Synod resolved that they could not, in the absolute want of a caller, proceed to his ordination. The Assembly was otherwise minded. In 1770, it reversed the judgment of the Presbytery and Synod, by a majority of eighty-one to fifty-four. The Presbytery resisted. The Commission of the Assembly ordered it to proceed. Crichton at last solved the difficulty by demitting the presentation, as he "saw no possibility of bringing about an agreeable settlement."

MUCKART.

Castleton is an historic seat, and is the oldest such seat in this parish. The house was built by William Lamberton, the famous Bishop of St Andrews from 1298 to 1328. He is thought to have been of a very old Saxon family who owned the lands of Lamberton in Berwickshire, and took their name from them. Before he was raised to the episcopate he had been parson of Campsie and Chancellor of the Diocese of Glasgow. He befriended Wallace, and Robert Bruce was perhaps more indebted to him than to any other man for the guidance and assistance, under which he achieved the independence of Scotland and won its crown. At his first coronation at Scone, on the 27th March, 1306, Lamberton placed the crown on his head. The terrible but glorious strife having ended at Bannockburn, he addressed himself with much devotion to his episcopal duties, and signalised himself by many great and good works. He repaired the Castle of St Andrews and made several additions to the priory. He constructed the new chapter house at his own expense, "adorning it with curious seats and ceiling." He finished and consecrated the Cathedral, and added ten to the churches of his diocese. He built the Bishop's Palace in St Andrews. Moreover, he reared country residences for himself and his successors at the following places:—Kettins, Lasswade, Stow, Monimusk, Linton, Monimail, Dairsie, Torry, and Muckart.

Little, if any, of the old House of Castleton now remains. There was but a fragment of it holding together above ground nearly half a century ago. The Statistical Account says of it:—"It appears, from some foundation stones lately taken up, to have been a building of considerable size. From the house down to a small stream flowing past it there are the remains of a covered way, as if indicating, from the means employed to reach the water in safety, that in these troublous times it was occasionally converted into a place of defence. All that now remains is apparently a small part of a turret or corner of the building."

James III. (1460-1488) granted the greater part of the parish, which was then called Muckartshire, to the Archbishop of St Andrews. In 1490, Archbishop Scheviz gave the Earl of Argyle the lordship of Muckartshire for an annual feu-duty of £101 Scots. Scheviz and his brother, Robert Blackadder, Archbishop of Glasgow, were then at enmity; and the policy of the very favourable bargain into which Scheviz entered with Argyle was to induce the Earl to take part with him against his adversary in the West.

Much of the parish was still in possession of the Argyle family at the time of the Civil War in the seventeenth century. Hence the vengeance which Montrose wreaked on it in 1644. On his way from Kinross to Stirling, just before the battle of Kilsyth, he entered the parish by the pass of Glendevon, which is called to this day the Mandrose Yetts, an evident corruption for the Montrose Yetts. He ravaged Muckart, giving its inhabitants to the sword and their houses to the flames. So thoroughly did he do the work of the destroyer, that it is said every house in the parish—the church included—was made a ruin, with the exception of one on the eastern side of the parish, which was spared because it was supposed to stand in the parish of Fossoway. He carried the work of devastation into the adjoining parish of Dollar, and burned down the magnificent pile of Castle Campbell, the chief lowland seat of the Argyle family, the "majestic ruins" of which one cannot look upon without heaving a sigh over the miseries of the Civil War.

James Paton was the first minister of Muckart after the Reformation. He became one of Regent Morton's tulchan bishops—that is bishops who, though nominally put in possession of the whole revenues of their sees, had in reality but a very

small share of them, they having, through a private arrangement, surrendered the lion's share to Morton and other noblemen who acted with him. They were aptly nicknamed *tulchan* bishops, a tulchan being a calf's skin stuffed with straw by the country people in those days, and set beside a cow to induce her to give her milk more freely. It was said accordingly of those mock bishops—"The bishops have the toil, but my Lords have the milk."

John Knox was buried on the 24th November, 1572. That same day Morton was chosen Regent; and not long after, James Paton was made bishop of Dunkeld. His pittance of the revenues of the Diocese could not enrich him; and it does not appear that he magnified his office. We have these two notices of him in Scott's "Apollogetical Narration." "Mr James Paton, Bishop of Dunkelden, was delated in sundry Assemblies, for sundry things. In August, 1575, he was suspended for not excommunicating the Earl of Atholl, a Papist, according to the ordinance of the Assembly. He confessed he had sett nineteine years tack of thirtie chalder of victuall of teind, for half a mark the boll to the Earl of Argyle, but was willing to have it reformed, either with his favour, or by processe of law. Further processe against him was continued till the next Assembly, at the Regent's request. In March preceeding, he was delated for admitting one to be reader, who, within twenty days after, went with a dead corps to the kirk, having his super-cloth upon him, as was reported. He was commanded to try the report." Again:—"In that Assembly (July, 1580), the Bishop of Dunkelden, who had been deposed before, for not repairing a tack made to the Earle of Argyle, was charged to dimit his bishoprick, and repair the losse of dilapidation of the rents under the pain of excommunication."

John Govean was minister of Muckart in 1645; and the General Assembly held in February that year, appointed him to repair to my Lord Kircudbright's regiment to officiate as a chaplain in it. It is recorded of him that he was an admirable penman, and "wrote several coppies of the Covenant very fine."

Archibald Rennie was intruded into the charge of Muckart in 1734, to the almost utter dispersion of the congregation. His call, on the day in which it was moderated in, was subscribed by only two persons residing in the parish, and by a non-resident heritor. All the rest of the parishioners were resolutely opposed to the settlement. The Presbytery of Auchterarder hesitated to sustain the call, and to proceed with it. The case was carried from the Presbytery to the Synod, and from the Synod to the Assembly; where, after two years strife about it, the Assembly ordered the settlement to take place; and appointed a Committee of members of neighbouring Presbyteries to co-operate with the Presbytery of Auchterarder in executing the order. On the day of ordination, a strong body of parishioners waylaid the presentee; seized him, and the friends who accompanied him, on the confines of the parish; conducted them back to Dollar; and kept them there in safe custody, till the day was too far advanced for the ordination being accomplished. Another day was appointed for the purpose; and more effectual measures were taken to secure that the fundamental principle of the Kirk should be duly honoured, viz.—That no minister should be intruded into a parish contrary to the will of the people! A band of soldiers guarded the Presbytery. The church doors were so well closed by the reclaiming people that they could not be opened. Instead of breaking them up, the clergy present, and a few others, made their entrance by one of the windows; and the solemn farce of the ordination was gone through, not a single parishioner being present, except two heritors, and an Episcopalian non-resident. The farce ended with a salutary example, to enforce on the populace obedience to the powers that were. Several persons were made prisoners; two of whom were confined for a while in Castle Campbell, and were ultimately liberated on giving bail, that they would appear, when called on, to answer for their disorderly and wicked conduct.

In the beginning of 1736, a hundred heads of families in the parish applied for and obtained supply of sermon from the Associate Presbytery; and the parish church was a desolation. Rennie continued minister of the parish till his death in 1786, a period of fifty-two years. But he never preached in the parish church, except on the Sabbath immediately succeeding his ordination! He never had a Session, or even a single elder! He never dispensed the Communion! He never made a collection for the poor! He let the manse, except the diningroom, which he reserved as the place of worship for the congregation attending him, which rarely exceeded seven persons! What sort of discourses he preached to them, and how he overtook his pastoral work among them, we have not seen stated. But it is on record that he farmed Boghall in the west of the parish; and a first-class farmer he must have been. Boghall, when he left it, brought the proprietor triple the rent it had yielded when Rennie took it. Besides, on the profits of his farm, and with a stipend of £44 8s 10d, he was able to purchase Ballilisk, which was valued in 1828 at £15,000.

We must not leave Muckart without saying that

it was the native parish of a man of no small note, more especially in our ecclesiastical annals. We refer to Adam Gib, first minister of the Secession Church in Edinburgh. He was born at Castleton, of which we have written, in 1714; being the ninth son of John Gib, then proprietor of that estate. Designed by his father for the medical profession, he entered with this view on his studies at the University of Edinburgh; but, coming under serious impressions about spiritual and eternal things, he resolved to devote himself to the Christian ministry. So displeased was his father with him for taking this course, that, for a while after he was licensed, he would not so much as hear him preach. But, before his death, his feelings towards Adam entirely changed. Dissatisfied with the behaviour of his eldest son, he settled Castleton on Adam. This occasioned a fine display of Adam's generous and noble character. The father's settlement having been read after his funeral, he asked his brother whether he would now engage to change his habits of life, on condition of the estate being restored to him. The brother said that he would. Adam instantly declared that he would do what his father would have done in these circumstances; and, before the company present, he cast the document containing the father's settlement into the fire.

It was when he was a student in Edinburgh that Gib began to be alienated from the Established Church. What he witnessed at the meetings of the General Assembly and its Commissions, which he was in the habit of attending, decided him, as early as 1732, against connecting himself with it. Rennie's intrusion into his native parish confirmed him in this decision. He personally took an active part in resisting the intrusion. In October, 1735, when Rennie's name was entered on the roll of the Synod of Perth and Stirling, as the minister of Muckart, Gib laid on the table of the Synod a declaration of his secession from it, and from all the other judicatories of the Established Church. A body of Commissioners from Muckart did the same; and, in the December following, Gib and they appeared before the Associate Presbytery, and gave in their accession to it. He was ordained minister of the Associate congregation of Edinburgh in 1741, and acted a very conspicuous and potential part in the history of his church till his death in 1788. He was the author of a considerable number of works, some of them of high and permanent value.

The part which Adam Gib acted during the Rebellion of 1745 cannot be too often told. "He was the means of raising several companies of volunteers among his own people, for the defence of the capital, and, on its occupation by the Highland army, he assembled his congregation for public worship at Dreghorn near Colinton, about three miles west of the city, on which occasion he preached for five successive Sabbaths in the open air, showing his loyalty to the Government, even in presence of some of the insurgents, by praying for the reigning Sovereign. Shortly afterwards he accompanied part of his congregation, who had taken up arms in defence of the Government, to Falkirk, where a few hours before the battle of the 17th January (1746), he signalized himself by his zeal in seizing a rebel spy, and lodging him in prison, from whence in the evening he was liberated by the Pretender's army, on marching victoriously into Falkirk."

We may add, that the Marquis and Marchioness of Lothian wrote Gib in the most complimentary terms, for "the noble stand" which he and the people of his "profession" made at that crisis "for the religion and liberties of the country."

FOSSOWAY.

Fossoway and Tulliebole were united about 1614; but it is with Fossoway alone that we have to do. Tulliebole is in the shire of Kinross.

Aldie Castle was from a very remote date a seat of the Mercers, represented lately by Baroness Keith, and now by her daughter, the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne. When at Caputh, we gave some account of this noble family. If the Old Statistical Account may be relied on, the Mercers acquired Aldie by marriage. William Mercer, laird of Meikleour, married Aldia Murray, the beautiful daughter of the Baron of Tullibardine; and her dowry was Aldie. "The barony of Aldie received its name from the lady; and the Mercers upon that occasion assumed the mullet of the Murrays, as a part of their arms; and there has been a very close friendship between the two families ever since." It is said that the present castle of Aldie was built in the sixteenth century. It is long since it ceased to be inhabited; but it has given good proof of its being a strong and durable structure. We may repeat as yet true, what was said of it thirty-five years ago, that it "still stands with the walls and roof entire."

On the lands of Aldie and on the high ground called Carleith, were the remains of a circular building, nearly twenty-four feet in diameter. When

the ground was to be planted, towards the end of the last century the stones of this ruin were digged up, for the purpose of making a fence. Two stone coffins were found within the old building, containing human bones. Whose bones these were, and whether the erection within which they lay had been raised as their sepulchral monument, are points on which we can shed no light. We could only indulge in conjecture concerning them; and "various conjectures are found concerning these ruins. Some imagine that it has been a place of worship: others, that it was a burying place; and that some persons of distinction have been buried there."

The Aldie family was long without a male heir; and there is a story told which accounts for this. One of the barons of Aldie was a very stern judge, exercising with much rigour the power of life and death possessed by him. One day he condemned a man to be hanged for stealing "a caup fu' o' corn." The punishment certainly exceeded the offence, and the culprit left his malediction with the family, to the effect that the barony of Aldie should not be inherited by a male heir for nineteen generations. Whether such maledictions are sometimes prophetic, or whether, without the prophetic element, they have a self-fulfilling tendency, we do not presume to decide. Be this as it may, certain it is that the thief's curse threatened for long not to be "the curse causeless." The last Baroness Keith was the daughter of an heiress. Her mother was the granddaughter and successor of another heiress. The Baroness's own issue was an only daughter. But this daughter has broken the spell of the criminal's evil wish, being the mother of the present Earl of Lansdowne, so that she has taken Aldie with her into the possession of a higher grade of our nobility.

In olden times all the lands of the parish belonged to the Murrays of Tullibardine, ancestors, as we saw when at Blackford, of the present noble family of Athole. At no very distant date the family had a mansion at Blairngone. It is a burgh of barony, and used to hold of the Dukes of Athole, who, however, have now no property at Blairngone, having parted first with the lands, and latterly with the minerals of the barony. Whether they have retained the superiority of the burgh, we have not learned. Their mansion stood, it is supposed, on what is still called the Palace Brae. May we not infer that the owners of it were regarded about Blairngone as little kings, and that their residence was therefore dignified with the name of the Palace? However palatial it may have been, no vestige of it now remains.

According to some word analyst, Blairngone signifies The Field of Spears, and it is thought that the name may have been derived from the wapinschaws held here. The rock, now called Gibson's Craig, is said to be the real Gartwhinzian, where, at wapinschaws and on other such occasions, the whole clan of the Murrays assembled to attend their chief.

South from Blairngone is the Witches' Loan. Was this a favourite and frequent haunt of the witches of the locality? Were they in the habit of holding their meetings here, and plotting and planning the wickedness and mischief which they had sold themselves to work? Tradition, so far as we have heard its voice, does not say. But it tells us that in this loan three of the weird sisters suffered the due reward of their deeds in being given to the flames. We have not met with their names, or with the details of their trial and execution. But their case, we may believe, would very much resemble that of the three witches burned at the Crook of Devon, and which we shall by and by relate.

The Athole family had lands in the contiguous parishes. One trace of this on the barony of Coldrain, though it lies in the county of Kinross, may be adverted to. It is Hall-Yard, on which a fortress once stood on an elevated plat of ground measuring nearly an acre, and surrounded by a deep and wide ditch, which fortress tradition says was a hunting seat of the Earls of Athole.

There is a strong spa at Blairngone. If its medicinal virtues are not greatly exaggerated in what is said of it in the last Statistical Account, we are rather surprised that we have not heard more of it, and of crowds resorting to it for healing. "The following extract," we read, "from a letter of Dr Thomson, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow, of date 1830, will show the analysis of the water and its properties:—

"'Its specific gravity is 1·0109, and an imperial gallon of it contains the following ingredients:—

Common salt, ...	5·87 grains.
Sulphate of soda, ...	170·99
Sulphate of Alumina, ..	953·18
Dipersulphate of iron, ..	1753·10
Persulphate of iron, ...	141·55
Silica, ...	58·70
	3083·39 grains.

"'It is by far the strongest mineral water I ever heard of, an imperial gallon containing rather more than half a troy pound of salts. It is too strong for internal use, but when diluted sufficiently with water it might be of service in the numerous diseases for which iron and the sulphate of alumina are useful. As an external application it would act powerfully as an astringent.'"

In olden times Pitfar belonged to the Murrays of

Tullibardine; and in connection with it they had the misfortune to fall under the ban of the Church. A hostile clan invaded Pitfar, lifted the cattle on it, and burned some of the houses. The Murrays pursued them, found them in a church feasting on the cattle they had stolen, set fire to the church, and not one of the reavers escaped. The revenge taken was terrible, and the burning of the holy house the Church could not wink at. The crime being reported at Rome, the Pope laid the Murrays under sentence of excommunication. To atone for their offence and to reconcile themselves to the Church, they gave the lands of Pitfar to the Abbots of Culross.

A dispute afterwards arose about the boundary line between the lands of Pitfar and those of Gartwhinzean, to which we are indebted for one of the most historic spots in the locality. It is the Monk's Grave, at the south base of Gibson's Crag or Craig, now on the estate of Devonshaw. The tradition with which the Grave is associated is somewhat variously told; but the following version of it may be accepted as substantially correct. The portion of the lands which formed the bone of contention, was undoubtedly the Murrays'; but the Abbey of Culross claimed it. The question was brought to judicial trial; and the Court was held on the disputed territory. A monk of Culross appeared as a witness, and, being sworn, deponed that the ground on which he "stood was the property of his Abbey." One of the Murray party was so provoked, that his indignation rose to fury; and, losing self-control, he drew his sword, and ran the monk through the body. Before the case was disposed of the monk's boots were examined; and it was found that, as Macbeth's fiend "lied like truth," so the monk had sworn like truth. He had covered the soles of his boots inside with holy earth from his Abbey! He wished to be understood as deponing, that the ground, about which the trial was being held, belonged to his Abbey; whereas what he, in his casuistry, meant was, that the earth in his boots belonged to it! The scene of his perjury and death was made his grave. A hole was forthwith digged, and he was cast into it, and covered up. The spot is called to this day the Monk's Grave; and it tells its tale, and points its moral, to all visitors.

We may add that, about eight years ago, while some workmen were engaged in quarrying stones at Gibson's Craig, they came upon a rude slab grave, in which were found a battle axe, a dagger, and a flint spear head. These were taken away by the workmen who discovered them; and we have been informed that they are now in a Museum in Aberdeen.

Like tragic interest attaches to another solitary grave in the parish. It is by the side of what is called "The Trooper's Dub." The story of it has been thus related:—"In ancient times, when the Kings of Scotland passed between their palaces of Stirling and Falkland, and when one of the Jameses on his way dined and caroused at Tulliebole, a drinking match or trial of Bacchanalian strength was got up between one of the King's troopers and one of the laird of Tulliebole's vassals, of the name of Keltie. The trooper having swilled and drank till he became prostrate, Keltie quaffed another draught to proclaim his revolting victory, and fell headlong beside the vanquished; but when he awoke he found that both he and the trooper had been struggling with Death, and that the latter had been overcome by the grim foe. His additional draught, after the other's fall, is commemorated in the current phrase of 'Keltie's Mends,' applied by drunkards to a rejected or hurtful intoxicating draught; and the death of his Bacchanalian antagonist, with its deeply solemn lessons, is commemorated in the name of a little pool, called 'The Trooper's Dubb,' near which he was buried. Some persons, half a century ago, were so scared with the superstitious fear of seeing the trooper's apparition, that they would rather have gone a mile out of their way than pass near his grave. But probably the present generation of the parishioners have taken the legitimate and wiser course of moralising on the warnings given them by the commemoration of his folly."

On the east of the Crook of Devon, which is, like Blairngone, a burgh of barony, is a knoll, bearing a name we have already often met with. It is the Gallow-Knowe. There, as elsewhere, the name is a memorial one, pointing to the days when the feudal barons despatched with the halter any dependent who was unfortunate enough to make himself obnoxious to them. It was on this Knowe that the barons of Tulliebole hung their victims. The last execution here seems to have been late in the seventeenth century; and the memory of it still lingers in the district. The offender is said to have been a murderer, caught to-day, tried to-morrow, and hung in the evening.

Witchcraft appears to have been very rife on the south of the Ochils in the seventeenth century. Three of the sisterhood were tried at an Assize held at the Crook of Devon, and suffered at the stake "bewest" the village. They were Agnes Murie, indweller in Kilduff; Isabel Rutherford, in the Crook of Devon; and Bessie Henderson, indweller in Pitfar. Their own confessions were enough to condemn them; and the depositions

against them were of the usually conclusive character in such cases. Those confessions and depositions are on record; and we shall try to give a glimpse of them.

Agnes Murie confessed that she first met with Satan at the back of Hillhead yards about Martinmas, 1661, that he asked her to engage in his service, to which she consented; that she then and there renounced her baptism; and that he gave her the name of Pepira. She farther confessed that she afterwards met with him on three several occasions, two of them at Gibson Craig, and that, along with others of his servants, there were present Robert Wilson and his spouse and Agnes Allan, all of the Crook of Devon; Gilles Hutton, in Gartquhencane; Agnes Brugh, in Gooselands; and Margaret Duncan, in Broom, parish of Dollar.

Janet Millar, wife of Henry Anderson of Craigton, deponed that Agnes, meeting her husband and giving him a pinch of snuff, he was immediately struck speechless and lost the power of one of his sides. It was likewise deponed that after Agnes made inquiry concerning the cattle of Adam Keltie in Gelvin, his grey mare took a shaking and great sickness; that when the mare began to amend one of his best ewes died; that when the mare got well one of his plough oxen fell sick, and that on its beginning to amend another ewe died!

Isabel Rutherford had frequent meetings with the Evil One. At the first of these he called himself Samuel; and appeared in the likeness of a bearded man, dressed in grey clothes, with a blue bonnet on his head. Isabel entered into his service, and renounced her baptism; and he gave her the name of Viceroy. At one of her subsequent meetings with him, he took her by the hand, and said, "Welcome, Isabel!" his hand, as she acknowledged, feeling strangely cold!

Janet Hutton, in the Crook of Devon, swore against Isabel, that when Janet's late husband, James Wilson, was ill, Isabel spoke words to him which he did not understand; and that he "was aye the worse thereafter, and was all drawn together as it were with sea-cords." She visited him a second time, and so infatuated him that he declared he would take his grey mare, and ride to the Crook of Devon, and seek health from Isabel, "although they should rope him to horses' tails." His wife prevented him by going herself to Isabel, who visited him twice, but "Thereafter the said James never stirred in bed unlifted, but became clean distracted, so that he would never thereafter look to the said Janet his spouse, nor suffer her to make his bed, nor come near him thereafter; whereas before there was never an evil word between them for the space of saxteen years." It was, moreover, given in evidence against Isabel that she charmed other two sick persons, with the result, in the case of one of them, of a very marked increase of his affliction.

Bessie Henderson confessed similar interviews which she had had with the Enemy. The first was at Turfhills, by Kinross, where he called himself Charles, and engaged her to be his servant, she renouncing her baptism, and receiving from him the name of Bessie Irwall. Agnes Murie and Isabel Rutherford were present at that interview. Bessie accused several of her neighbours as being witches like herself, five of whom were thrown into prison. She farther confessed that, at Lammas, 1661, she met with Janet Paton, in the Crook of Devon, and other witches, when they maliciously trampled down Thomas Whyte's rye, and that "Janet had broad soles, and trampit down more than any of the rest!"

A Court, under the presidency of Alexander Colville of Blair, sat on these three hags on the 3d April, 1662, and rid the world of them. The following is the minute of the Court's proceedings:—

"An Court of Justiciary holden at the Crook of Devon the 3d day of April the year of God Iave and sixty-two years, by Alexander Colville of Blair, His Majesty's Justice-depute General over Scotland.

"Nomina Assize.

"Robert Angus in Bogside; Patrick Livingstone at the Kirk of Cleish: John Hutton in Borland; James Livingstone; Robert Livingstone; George Barclay; William Pearson of Morla; Bobert Brown in Meadowhead; David Carmichael in Linbank; Robert Hutton in Wester Ballilisk; Andrew Paton in ——; James Alexander in Balriddrie; Edmond Mercer there; Henry Mercer in Aldie; James Thomson, portioner of Man.

"It is found and declared by the haill assize in ane voice, that the forenamed Agnes Murie is guilty and convict in six several points of Witchcraft and Sorcery, according to her own free confession in manner above. In like manner the above Isabel Rutherford is guilty and convict in six several points of Witchcraft and Sorcery, according to her own confession and probation; and all the three convict as common Sorcerers and notorious Witches, by the mouth of George Barclay, as Chancellor of the said Assize. Sic subscribitur, "GEORGE BARCLAY.

"For the whilk causes the above named Justice General Depute gives sentence, and ordains that the said Agnes Murie, Bessie Henderson, and Isabel Rutherford sall be all three taken away to the place called the Lamlaives, bewest the Crook Mill, the place of their execution, to-morrow, being the fourth day of this instant month of April, betwixt one and

two in the afternoon, and there to be strangled to the death by the hands of the hangman, and thereafter their bodies to be burnt to ashes, for their trespass, and ordains all their moveable goods and gear to be escheat and inbrought to his Majesty's use for the causes foresaid. Whereupon William Donaldson, Dempster, gave doom. Sic subscribitur,

"J. ALEXANDER, Chan."

The "Devil's Mill" is at the first Fall of the Devon in this Parish. We advert to it, to explain to those who are strangers to the locality, that the name is to be understood, not literally, but figuratively. The personage referred to does not do the business of a miller at this Fall. But the sound of the river very much resembles that of a mill grinding corn. "The noise it makes is supposed to be occasioned by the water falling over a small cascade into a deep cavity in the rock below. The water tossed round with great violence, and constantly beating on the sides of the rock, causes a clacking noise, similar to that of a mill at work, which is very distinctly heard when the water has force enough, by its quantity, to beat on the rock with violence, and when it is not so high as entirely to cover the cavity." But why is the place called the "Devil's Mill?" The name speaks well for the religiousness of those who imposed it. It shows their respect for the sanctity of the Sabbath, to which the mill paid no regard. "The country people call it the 'Devil's Mill,' because it pays no regard to Sunday, but works every day alike."

If it were Scenery that we were in quest of, "the clear winding Devon" and its banks would abundantly supply us with it. Such names as the Rumbling Bridge and the Caldron Linn, summon up to tourists some of the most romantic and sublime scenery it has been their lot to see. Historic Scenes are not so rife here; but a few years ago a tragic occurrence made the Devon and its banks, near the Rumbling Bridge, a most melancholy and admonitory death-scene. A fine young man, advanced in his studies for the pulpit, son of the Rev. Thomas Martin, minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, Strathmiglo, made a holiday excursion to the scenery here, accompanied by some relatives and friends. The party had a picnic on the edge of a lofty and steep bank; and Mr Martin's foot slipping, in a moment of incaution, over the brink, he fell to the bottom of the precipice, and was killed! Young people, in the happiness of their holidays, cannot be too wary in circumstances of danger.

Alexander Ireland was admitted to the parish of Fossoway in 1659. He not only conformed to Prelacy, when Charles restored it next year, but he must have become a peculiarly fiery Prelatic zealot. In 1676 he made one of his parishioners do penance for attending a conventicle at Tullibole, by standing before the congregation in white sheets. He was deprived by the Privy Council after the Revolution for his Jacobitism; and was deposed "for gross immorality and oppression."

TRINITY GASK
(SOUTH OF THE EARN).

This is the only portion of the Auchterarder District that remains to be noticed by us. It once formed a separate parish, called the parish of Kinkell. It was, in process of time, united to Wester Gask. So was also a third place of worship, which stood at Chapelhill. Hence, it is supposed, the name Trinity Gask; the name indicating the union of Wester Gask, Kinkell, and Chapelhill into one church and parish.

Till the last quarter of the seventeenth century, public worship was celebrated in summer in the church of Kinkell, the minister of Trinity Gask officiating in it every fourth Sabbath. In 1680, the then minister, Richard Duncan, represented to the Synod of Dunblane that he had not a church at Kinkell, in which to preach and to administer the Sacrament. The Bishop and Synod took measures for having this want supplied; and authorized Duncan to sue the heritors to repair the dilapidated fabric, and to make it a convenient place of worship. Those measures had but partial and temporary sucess; and public worship was at length discontinued at Kinkell, and the church was allowed to become a ruin. The burying ground surrounding it is still used by many of the neighbouring population.

Of the most memorable chapter in the annals of Kinkell, the Richard Duncan to whom we have referred is the subject. In July, 1681, "the Laird of Machanie presented and gave into the Bishop and Synod (of Dunblane) an supplicasioune subscribed by himself and most part of the heritors and elders of the parish of Kinkell and Trinity Gask, against Mr Richard Duncan, minister of the said united parishes, representing his gross ignorance in rebaptizing a child belonging to ——, and other grosse, rude, and scandalous offences and misdemeanours committed by him, as the said supplicasioune at mair length contains.

"The whilk supplicasioune the Bishop and Synod . . . . referred . . until the twentie-sext of this instant, to be considered, and to think on such overtures as may be for the good of that parish, and to keep union and peace amongst them, and to hear what further shall be brought in upon that supplicasioune, and to consider the same and Mr Duncan's replies to what shall be proposed.

"Mr Richard Duncan, being called in before the Bishop and Synod, was desyred by the Bishop to acknowledge these faults and his other guiltiness, and to be humbled for them before God and the present Synod; but the said Mr Duncan seemed to be somewhat averse to the samyn, and so gave little or noe satisfactioune herein to the Bishop and Synod."

The trial issued in the deposition of Duncan before the 1st of February, 1682. But this was only the prelude of something far more serious. The ecclesiastical process was followed by a criminal one. The body of a child was found in the manse, buried under the hearthstone. This was considered to be the remains of a child which Duncan's maid-servant had borne to him. He was charged with being accessory to the murder of the child, and was tried at Crieff before James, fourth Earl of Perth, as Steward of Strathearn. He was "convicted," says Lord Fountainhall, "on very slender presumptions, which, however they might amount to degradation and banishment, yet it was thought hard to extend them to death." But he was condemned to die by the hands of the hangman.

Interest was used in his behalf by the son of the Earl who had condemned him, the future Lord Chancellor of Scotland. A reprieve was obtained for him, and the bearer of it was seen approaching on horseback at full speed by way of Muthill. But the work of execution was hastened, and the messenger arrived about twenty minutes too late. Duncan was about thirty-five years of age; and his untimely fate, with the doubt felt as to the justice of it, awakened not a little regret and sympathy in the public mind.

When at Little Dunkeld, after quoting the old song—

"Oh, what a parish, what a terrible parish,
Oh, what a parish is that of Dunkell!
They hae hangit the minister, drooned the precentor,
Dung doon the steeple, and drucken the bell!" &c.

we said, that we had not met with anything in the annals of the parish, to justify the brand which the rhymester sought to fix on it, and that, till otherwise advised, we must charitably hope that the brand is to be traced to the spite of some splenetic neighbour. The difficulty which we then felt, and which led us so to write, we have since got solved. We have learned, on the best authority, that, in the version of the song nowadays common, *Dunkell* is a misprint for *Kinkell*. The true reading is,

"O, what a parish, what a terrible parish,
O, what a parish is that of Kinkell!" &c.

The annals of Kinkell do give some colour to the invective of the satirist. The hanging of the minister we have just explained. The drowning of the precentor points to that official losing his life, in attempting to ford the Earn before the Bridge of Kinkell was built. And the drinking of the bell alludes to the sale of the kirk bell to the parishioners of Cockpen; no satisfactory account, we presume, being ever rendered of the use made of the money that was gotten for it.

CRIEFF DISTRICT.

This District comprehends the parishes of Crieff, Monzie (exclusive of the lands of Logiealmond), Fowlis-Wester, Madderty, Trinity-Gask (north of the Earn), Muthill, Monzievaird, Strowan, Comrie, and Balquhidder.

CRIEFF.

The vestiges of Druid circles mark the oldest Historic Scenes in the parish. Only two of these now remain. The one of them is in the Park of Ferntower, in front of the House. It consists of one large stone, and several smaller ones of the circle. The other is a short way south-east of the town; and consists of a single large upright stone. If these are the remains of Druid circles, as they are generally supposed to be, it is many an age since our Pagan ancestors worshipped in them. And they are not less ancient, if, as some conjecture, they are memorials of some event in the period of the Roman occupancy of the country, or monuments of Chiefs who fell in doing battle with one another, or with the foreign aggressor.

The town of Crieff was long the second town of the county; but Blairgowrie has of late taken its place. At one time, a part of it was a free burgh of Regality, called the burgh of Regality of Drummond. The other part was a burgh of barony; and this is the rank which the whole town now holds. It is of great, but unknown antiquity. From the earliest days of which we have any record, it was the seat of

the Courts of the Stewards of Strathearn; and throughout feudal times, and till hereditary jurisdictions were abolished in 1748, it continued to be the seat of both the civil and criminal Courts of the district. The old Stewards of Strathearn held their Courts in the open air, at a place which has been identified. "The spot referred to," says the Statistical Account, "is a circle of about twelve yards diameter, which is situated in a field belonging to Mr M'Laurin [now Monteath], of the Broich, about half a mile south-east of Crieff, and which, in comparatively modern times, was surrounded with a low wall of earth and stone which is now hardly discernible. It is marked out by a blasted tree, which stands in the middle of it, and many are the tales of those who were arraigned, and tried, and condemned at this dread tribunal." We must note that, since this was written, the ploughshare has defaced all trace of this Historic Scene. The ground has indeed been trenched and levelled; and in this process two cists were discovered, formed of large flat stones. In one of these were human remains, and an urn, which measured five inches in height, and five inches at its greatest diameter. This interesting relic of a very remote age is in the possession of Mr Monteath, proprietor of Broich.

The place of execution was the Gallow Hill, a knoll a little to the west of the town, and contiguous to what is called the Gallowsford Road. A lime tree still marks the spot where the gallows stood. Sir Walter Scott tells us, in a note to Waverley, that the Highlanders used to touch their bonnets as they passed the fatal beam, and to mutter piously, "God bless her nainsel, and the Tiel tamn you." It came to be called "The kind gallows o' Crieff." For this Sir Walter acknowledges himself unable to account, if not by supposing that it was so designed "from its being a sort of native or kindred place of doom to those who suffered there, as in fulfilment of a natural destiny." But may not the class of sufferers, who were sceptics and scoffers, have succeeded in giving it this name, by pretending to welcome it as what would put an end to all their woes? We only add concerning this implement what we read of it in "The Beauties of Upper Strathearn" (1870):—"The fatal beam remains, and has been long preserved as a curious relic by the present Chief Magistrate of Crieff, in whose family it has been preserved for nearly a century."

For lesser punishments the lords of life and death in Crieff had their appropriate instruments and conveniences. Such were the stocks and the jougs, the last of them that were used being preserved to this day, as monuments of times, laws, and customs that will never return. And such, latterly, was the tolbooth, with its cells and its iron cage "large enough to contain a man, and covered on the top with a lid of solid metal;" and, "sunk in the ground, under the spot where the cage stood, was what was called the black hole, into which atrocious and desperate offenders were sometimes thrust, though it is believed that this dreaded place was tenanted only on rare occasions."

We already had occasion to mention the death at Crieff of Patrick Graham, Earl Strathearn, who fell by the hand of his brother-inlaw, Sir John Drummond of Concraig. This was the result of bitter jealousy and enmity between the Morays of Abercairney and the Drummonds. Sir John Drummond was Steward of Strathearn; and Sir Alexander Moray instigated Earl Patrick to deprive him of his office. The Earl first tried to induce him to resign; which he sternly and obstinately refused to do. He next attempted to cast him out of his office by force. On an ordinary court-day Sir John was holding Court at the usual place, now, as we have said, in a field of Broich; when tidings reached him, that the Earl was approaching at the head of a large retinue. He had come from Methven, then his residence, with the design of attacking Sir John, and dispersing his Court. On receiving this notice, Sir John, with his attendants, hastened to meet him. They met in what is now the Park of Ferntower, and at the large stone of the Druid arch to which we have already pointed as standing in front of the House. At the first encounter the Earl was slain, and there was no more "bloodshed," says the chronicler; "for none of the Earl's company offered to revenge the slaughter, but suffered the actors to escape." This happened on the 10th of August, 1413.

In the Civil War of the seventeenth century, Crieff had a visitor whose presence it could have dispensed with. Having stormed Dundee on the 4th of April, 1645, and accomplished his famous retreat to the fastnesses of the Grampians, eluding the vigilance and strategy of the Parliamentary Generals, Baillie and Urrey, Montrose, on learning that Urrey had marched into Aberdeen, sent Lord Gordon with his horse to the north, to assist friends there in case of their being attacked. He himself descended to Dunkeld, with only about five hundred foot and fifty horse. He thence proceeded to Crieff, with the view of meeting Viscount Aboyne and other noblemen and gentlemen, who were on their way from the south to join him. He encamped on Callum's Hill, on the east of the town of Crieff, where portions of his lines of entrenchment may still be traced. Tidings of this movement

having reached Baillie at Perth, he immediately marched at the head of two thousand foot and five hundred horse, with the intention of surprising Montrose before to-morrow's dawn; hoping either to cut him off, or to cripple him so thoroughly that he would not be able again to take the field. But the Great Marquis was on his guard, and had posted himself so wisely and strongly, that he could either fight or retreat as he might judge best. He preferred the latter, and betook himself with his little band to the banks of Loch Earn; repulsing by the way a fierce attack which Baillie made on him, who, thinking it useless to pursue him further, returned to Perth. Next morning, Montrose marched to Balquhidder; and was joined, at the ford of Cardross, by Viscount Aboyne, the Master of Napier, Hay of Dalgetty, Stirling of Keir, the Earl of Nithsdale, Lord Herries, and other friends.

Wishart's narrative of this part of the "Memoirs" of his hero is in these terms:—"Montrose was come the length of Crieff, a village about twelve [seventeen] miles distant from Perth, where Baillie was informed that he lay very securely with a small party; and, being careful to catch every opportunity, he set out from Perth in the beginning of the night, with his whole army, and marched with great expedition, thinking by break of day to surprise Montrose in his quarters; but he found Montrose was not so indolent as he expected; for he was fully upon his guard, and had his foot drawn up under arms, and ready either for an engagement or a march. He himself, upon notice of their approach, advanced with his horse to discover the strength and numbers of the enemy; and finding they were two thousand foot and five hundred horse he ordered his men to march off with all speed, and keeping along Strath-erne, to occupy the passes leading into it. He stayed behind with the few horse he had, and guarded the rear, to prevent their being harassed in their march by the enemy's horse; and indeed they made a very fierce assault; but he received them so warmly, that they were put in disorder, and obliged to retire, with the loss of several of their men. His foot, in the meantime, after a march of six [eight] miles, made themselves masters of the pass of Strath-erne; so that the enemy were obliged to return without any success. Montrose lay that night, which was the 18th of April, at Loch-erne, and marched next day to Balquhiddir, where he was met by the Earl of Aboyn, and some others, who, encouraged by the accounts of Montrose's successes in Scotland, had made their escape from Carlisle, and at last returned to their own country."

Crieff was one of the Strathearn towns which the Pretender burned in the beginning of 1716. On the 26th January that year Clanranald came to it at the head of some three hundred and fifty Highlanders. Apprehensive of the fate that awaited them, the inhabitants applied to some of the neighbouring squires to intercede with the rebels in their behalf. The lairds of Dollerie, Lochlane, and Callender did so. The rebel officers denied that they had any commission to burn Crieff. Ludovic Drummond of Wester Feddall, then Lord Drummond's Chamberlain, assured them that he would certainly have warned the people of Crieff of their peril had these officers had any such commission. This was basely lulling their intended victims into a false security. The errand of the rebels was to destroy the town, and the Chamberlain, who was a rabid Papist, betrayed his knowledge of it by what he did to secure the safety of a favourite co-religionist. This was a Mrs Baillie, whom he put out of the way of danger by sending her on a visit to his wife; and who, in crossing the Bridge of Crieff on her way to Drummond Castle, could not suppress her joy at the overthrow which that very night awaited the Sodom from which she was fleeing. It is said, indeed, that immediately after the interview with the interceding lairds, the Chancellor urged Clanranald to see that his men executed their orders promptly and thoroughly.

The burning of the town was a dreadful calamity, and there were some savage cruelties connected with it equalling the Turkish atrocities of our own day. The first house fired was at what was then the west end of the town. It belonged to a Thomas Caw, who had billeted on him a Captain Cameron with some of the men under his command. Caw entertained them as hospitably as he could. Free and apparently friendly conversation between him and his guests was being indulged in, when "Cameron all of a sudden, after reviewing the condition of matters on the streets, called to the men billeted with him in the same house, 'Up! To your arms! Fire the house!' Suiting the action to his order, he, with his own hand, kindled the building. After this fashion they fired all the houses in the town. Only when the houses of the better class were expected to contain property of value, the rebels deferred seting fire to them, until they had been sacked. In the confusion of such a condition of matters, many wanton cruelties were perpetrated. Caw, attempting to save his father, an old man of eighty years, who lived in the next house, and who was then in bed, from the rising flames, rushed to the old man's room. But Cameron and his fellows opposed this duty. The rebels ordered him to stand off at the peril of his life. 'For God sake,' said Caw, 'allow me

to take out my father that he perish not in the flames.' 'No, no,' they heartlessly replied, 'let all burn together.' It is difficult to describe the terrible confusion which ensued. Those who attempted to save their goods were unmercifully beaten. 18 horses from Gask, besides all the horses that could be found in Crieff, enabled the rebels to carry off the spoil of the town. Every dwellinghouse was burned to the ground. Men, women, and children were left exposed in the open fields. Scarcely a rag had they to cover them from the extreme severity of the season. Far as all this cruelty went, it might have gone even further, but for the wholesome terror inspired into the rebels by Colonel Campbell's men, who, at the time, garrisoned at Fordie (now Lawers), about five miles off."

Lord Drummond himself did not escape the suspicion of having advised the Pretender to include Crieff among the towns of Strathearn that were to be given to the flames, and of looking on its destruction with an eye of complacency. He had some cause for bearing it a grudge. It had evinced an independence which feudal barons did not like in their vassals. It had resolutely refused to follow him in his Jacobitism, which could hardly fail greatly to chagrin and provoke such a zealot. We observe it stated that "not four in the whole town joined in the Rebellion:" so loyal was it to the Hanoverian interest, in spite of all the seducing influence with which the great House of Perth could ply it.

Crieff figures likewise in the Rebellion of '45. On the 19th August that year, Prince Charlie raised the rebel standard at Glenfinnan. That very day, Sir John Cope, Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Scotland, left Edinburgh to attack the Adventurer in the Highlands, and to dispose of him there. Cope's army consisted of about fourteen hundred men, with two regiments of dragoons. The latter, however, he left behind as unserviceable in the mountainous regions to which he was proceeding. He carried with him a large quantity of baggage, a drove of black cattle for food, and about a thousand stand of arms for the volunteers whom he expected to join him by the way. He marched by Stirling and Dunblane to Crieff, and here he tarried several days. He pitched his camp to the east of the town, in what is now the Park of Ferntower, where is a very fine well, which supplied his troops with water. It bears to this day the memorial name of Cope's Well; "and in a bog near it," says the Statistical Account, "an old sword was lately found, which certainly confirms the tradition" (viz., that Cope's camp was here). His hope of recruits flocking to his standard in his march northward failed him, and from Crieff he sent back to Edinburgh seven hundred of the stand of arms which he had brought with him, and which were only an encumbrance to him. From Crieff, indeed, he himself would have returned to the capital had he not had peremptory instructions from the Government to proceed to Fort Augustus. His expedition thither proved bootless. Charles, without delay, descended to the low country, resolved to march on the capital; and Cope was resolved to thwart him, which he ineffectually attempted at Prestonpans, the Jacobite muse noting, in its ridicule of him—

"Cope sent a challenge from Dunbar,
'Come Charlie, meet me an you daur,
And I'll teach you the art of war
If you'll meet wi' me i' the morning.'
Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet?
Or are your drums a beating yet?
If ye were waking I would wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

"When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
'Come follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope i' the morning.'
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

"Now, Johnnie, be as gude's your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa' like a frighted bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

"When Johnnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa' i' the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

"Fy, now, Johnnie, get up and rin:
The Highland bagpipes make a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

"When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, 'Where's a' your men?'
'The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.'
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

"Now, Johnnie, troth ye were na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c.

"'I' faith,' quo Johnnie, 'I got a fleg,
Wi' their claymores and philabegs:
If I face them again, deil break my legs!
So I wish you a very gude morning.'
Hey, Johnnie Cope, &c."

Towards the close of the Rebellion, Crieff was favoured with the presence of Prince Charles him-

self and his whole army. They had advanced to Derby, within a hundred and twenty-seven miles of London, when, no succours having arrived from France, and nothing worthy the name of a rising in their behalf having taken place among the people of England, a council of war was held, and a retreat into Scotland resolved on. They re-entered Scotland towards the end of December, having been somewhat closely pursued by the cavalry under the Duke of Cumberland and General Wade. They proceeded by Dumfries to Glasgow, and thence to Stirling. The town surrendered to them. They then laid siege to the Castle, opening the trenches on the 10th January, 1746. General Hawley, at the head of eight thousand men, advanced from Edinburgh to attack them, and to raise the siege. On the 17th January, they gave him battle on the Moor of Falkirk, and vanquished him at comparatively little loss. He fled, leaving his baggage, and artillery, and about twenty officers and four or five hundred privates killed and wounded, besides a number of prisoners. But the Duke of Cumberland was now sent down to take command of the Royal army, and to repair the disasters it had suffered under both Cope and Hawley. A retreat into the Highlands was judged the only course that could save the insurgents from destruction; and early in February they appeared at Crieff on their way north. They rested at it, and separated into two divisions; which, with the view of procuring provisions more easily, took different roads to Inverness. On this occasion Prince Charlie spent a day and a night in the Mansion of Ferntower.

Crieff narrowly escaped being again burned in 1745. It was saved through the intercession of Lord Drummond, *alias* the Duke of Perth, for which his Grace was the more to be commended that the town was almost as hostile to Jacobitism now as it had been thirty years before. The Highlanders bore it a deadly hatred, saying "she wud pe a praw toon gin she had anither singe." Gladly could they have seen it made a heap for its opposition to the cause of the Stuarts. But they had another, and, we daresay, a stronger reason for their enmity against Crieff. As we have seen, it had been for many an age the seat of justice in the Stewartry of Strathearn, and many of their fathers had suffered at it for their predatory incursions into the Strath. As Lord Macaulay says, sometimes of a morning as many as "a score of plaids dangled in a row on the gallows of Crieff." A large proportion of these were Highland caterans, to whom the riches of the Vale of the Earn in cattle and corn offered an irresistible temptation, and who, caught with their plunder, met their fate on the Gallows Hill, and never returned to their native glens. The descendants of those martyrs for marauding—the young Donalds, and Duncans, and Ronalds, and Rories—would have rejoiced to see the place where their ancestors suffered consumed and the ashes of it cast into the Earn.

Michaelmas Tryst was long held at Crieff prior to 1770, when it was transferred to Falkirk. An immense concourse of people attended it, most of them for business, but many of them also for pleasure, and not a few for drunkenness and mischief, and who, by the end of the week for which the Tryst usually lasted, not seldom made a Scottish Donnybrook of it. It was in those days the only great stock market between Inverness and Stirling; and as many as thirty thousand black cattle, with a large complement of sheep, were sometimes brought forward to it. The chief purchasers were English, and it was no uncommon thing for them to hire the sellers to drive the stock bought to England for the magnificent wage of a shilling a day—a service which even some Highland Chiefs did not disdain.

The Celts who attended the tryst were grotesque enough in their dress, and armour, and whole appearance. MacKy, in his "Journey through Scotland," has thus described them:—"The Highland gentlemen were mighty civil, dressed in their slashed short waistcoats, a trousing (which is breeches and stockings of one piece of striped stuff), with a plaid for a cloak and a blue bonnet. They have a poniard knife and fork in one sheath, hanging at one side of their belt, their pistol at the other, and their snuff mill before, with a great sword by their side. Their attendance was very numerous, all in belted plaids, girt like women's petticoats down to the knee, their thighs and half of the leg all bare. They had also each their broadsword and poniard, and spake all Irish (Gaelic), an unintelligible language to the English."

They occasionally netted for their stock as much as £30,000, and to the profits of their marketing they were studious to add as opportunity offered. They sorned, as far as they could, on the town and neighbourhood, and kindly relieved them of any superfluous articles on which they could lay their hands, and which they could conveniently carry with them to their homes. The writer of the Statistical Account of Monzie says of the crowds of Highlanders who frequented the tryst that they "are described by people old enough to remember them as barefooted and bareheaded, although many of them old men. Being numerous, they used to enter the houses of the country people, take unceremonious possession of their firesides and beds, carry off the potatoes from their fields and gardens, and

sometimes even the blankets which had afforded them a temporary covering for the night."

The management of this great annual fair was entrusted to the House of Drummond, which drew from it custom amounting to £600 Scots; and so loath was the House to resign this symbol of its dignity and authority that it continued to exhibit it for upwards of half a century after the fair had been removed to Falkirk. "The farce of watching Michaelmas market in Crieff was continued down to 1831. Twenty stalwart youths, recruited for the nonce by the feuars, marching to the tuck of drum, armed with Lochaber axes, paraded the market place, and carried defaulters before the Baron Bailie, for summary or red hand trial. These Lochaber axes are preserved in the armoury at Drummond Castle."

Crieff bade fair at one time to be one of the chief seats of trade in the county. It gave promise of this under the nourishing care of James Drummond, who styled himself the "Duke of Perth." As it arose from the ruins of the burning in 1716, he took a deep interest in it, and set himself, with most praiseworthy liberality and zeal, to advance its progress. He encouraged the extension of the town by feuing his grounds on very favourable terms, to any who could build on them. At great expense, not only of money, but of time and trouble, he established a large linen manufactory, by which the growing community which he sought to gather into the place was to live and prosper. "Forty-Fife" by and by came, and blighted the prospect which had been begun to dawn on it. The military guarding the town in 1746 demolished the spacious manufactory, and it was never rebuilt; the capital sunk in it was entirely lost; and the hope that hung on the success of the enterprise perished.

The Perth estates were now forfeited, and annexed to the Crown. The judicious and energetic Commissioners into whose hands they were put, did much for Crieff and its neighbourhood. They increased the town by feuing. They added to its business some new industries; as tanning, the manufacture of paper, and the making of linseed oil. "Every burn had its half-dozen lint-dams. Every streamlet had its steady-going lint, or scutching mill. Water powers were given off, either in feu or on leases, at merely pepper-corn rents. . . . Every species or class of native industry was fostered. Every lad, on the production of his indenture, got a gift of five pounds to pay his apprentice fee to a mechanical trade." All this had a marked effect on the excellence attained by the tradesmen. In 1812, the manufacture of wool was commenced; and from that year to 1828, "there was within the town three distilleries from malt grain, and eight malting houses. Yet, with the close of our last war with France, ended to a great extent the staple manufactures of Crieff — if tanning and woollen manufactories be excepted. Since 1832,— and mainly owing to the change in the manufacture of cotton fabrics,—or in the tastes or fashions prevailing in the markets in which cotton goods found their buyers—Crieff can scarcely claim the distinctive character of being a merely commercial, or manufacturing town."

In recent times it has been discovered that Crieff had another, and in some respects a better destiny, than that of being a great seat of trade. The singular salubrity of its climate marked it out as intended to be one of the Bethesdas of our land. The invalid and the sickly began to resort to it. Year by year their numbers multiplied. Building was stimulated to provide lodging for them. The splendid Strathearn Hydropathic Establishment, erected in 1867, at a cost of some £30,000, on the southern slope of the Knock, much increased the accommodation required to the classes who could afford to pay for it. The Establishment draws visitors, not only from all parts of the United Kingdom, but from the Continent, and from beyond the Atlantic, and has enhanced, and spread far and wide, the healing fame of Crieff.

The superb scenery which environs Crieff, and which extends over almost the whole of the District, attracts to it another class. It is crowded in the season by pleasure-seekers as well as health-seekers; and where, in broad Scotland, could they look on a more enchanting landscape? Altogether, Crieff has of late years entered on a new era, big with the promise of a future awaiting it which will make all its past to be forgotten.

Her Majesty passed through Crieff, on the 10th September, 1842, on her way from Taymouth to Drummond Castle. Her route was by the vale of the Dochart, and round by Glenogle to Lochearn Head, and thence down Strathearn to Drummond Castle. Crieff made all preparation for giving her a right royal reception. "A splendid Triumphal Arch was erected at the west end of Crieff, which was decorated with heather, flowers, and evergreens, and surmounted with a crown, under which was the following motto, 'Queen of our Highland hearts! welcome, Victoria.' Another Arch was erected at the north end of the Bridge, while a third stood about two hundred yards farther south on the other side of the water. As Lord Willoughby D'Eresby had kindly granted admittance to the large park inside the gate, several hundreds availed themselves

of the privilege, as a most eligible spot from which to view the cavalcade, as it made its approach to the Castle. Large bodies of the tenantry of the surrounding gentlemen had arrived about midday on horseback, and were drawn up along the road at different places, while Burrel Street, which was the line of route, was kept clear by special constables, a number of whom had been sworn in for the occasion."

"At a quarter past six o'clock, the sound of cannon from a battery belonging to Sir William Keith Murray of Ochtertyre, where a royal salute of 21 guns was fired, announced that Her Majesty was at hand; and at half-past six, the Royal *corteye* entered Burrel Street, Crieff, amidst the most deafening cheers and waving of hands, which Her Majesty graciously acknowledged. By this time the rain had come on somewhat heavily, and on the top of the Bridge over the Earn it was considered necessary that the carriage should be closed. Prince Albert had previously held an umbrella over Her Majesty's head, but at the closing of the carriage Her Majesty stood up and bowed to all around, and then it passed, closed, at a somewhat quick rate up to Drummond Castle."

Crieff has seats of historic families, which furnish us with several Historic Scenes.

Milnab was long the seat of a family of Drummonds, who were a branch of the great House of Drummond. In 1521, James V. gave a charter of the lands and mill of Milnab to John Drummond, grandson of one of the Stewards of Strathearn. James Drummond, fifth laird of Milnab, was himself for forty years Steward-Depute of Strathearn. There is a marble bust to his memory in the church of Crieff, with a Latin epitaph on it, from which, as the writer of the Statistical Account remarks, it appears that he made some figure both as a judge and as a poet:—

"Juridici, nullo sæcli data crimine pessum,
Obruta quin senio, busta verenda vides.
Hunc juvenem amplexæ Musæ charitesque, senectæ
Sed fuerat gravitas consiliumque decus.
Quantus adest heros! Viridi ipse pavesco juventâ,
Ut cineres tanti ceperat urna viri!"

"Obiit anno M.DC.LXIV. Kal. Decembris xvii. ætatis suæ lxxxiii.'

The family of Milnab seems to have taken a friendly interest in the prosperity of Crieff, and to have lent a helping hand in promoting it. We noticed the feus which James Drummond, "Duke of Perth," gave off his lands last century, to encourage the increase of the town. In this he was only copying the example of George Drummond of Milnab, as far back as 1683. He then gave off feus on his lands to all who would accept them on terms so very low, that the feu-duties were, in some instances, almost nominal.

Ferntower was the seat of General Sir David Baird, Bart., K.C.B., one of the most illustrious of our military heroes. He was of the Bairds of Auchmedden, Aberdeenshire; being a son of William Baird, Esq., second cousin, and heir by settlement, of Sir John Baird of Newbyth, Bart. Born in Edinburgh in 1757, in a court at the foot of Blair's Close, Castlehill, he entered the army as an ensign in the second foot when he was only fifteen years old, and spent a long life in it in the most distinguished services to his country. For these he received no fewer than four times the thanks of Parliament, and was promoted to the highest rank in his profession.

We cannot sketch Sir David's brilliant career. It was too extended, and too crowded with events, many of them great, to be comprised in any outline which our limits would admit. A few glimpses of it are all that we can afford. The chief field of his fame was India, in which he arrived in 1780. At the battle of Perimbancum, fought in September that year with Hyder Ali, who poured into the Carnatic at the head of 100,000 men, to expel the British from India, Captain Baird and his grenadiers did prodigies of valour. But the overwhelming power of the enemy obliged them to surrender, and they were the last of our troops who did so. After lying long on the battlefield, with two sabre wounds on his head, a ball in his thigh, and a pike wound in his arm, narrowly escaping death from the Mysore cavalry, who were traversing the field and spearing the wounded, Baird and his fellow-captives were taken by Hyder, first to one of his nearest forts, and then to Seringapatam. The imprisonment to which they were subjected was tedious, and very savage. It was bruited at home that they were chained by the legs, two and two; and one who must have known the parties well put a remark into the mouth of Baird's mother, which had a ready currency, "God pity the lad that's chained to *our Davie!*" This story is said to be apocryphal; but Davie's sufferings were sufficiently horrible. His prison allowance brought only a very stinted supply of the poorest necessaries. Starvation produced disease, and the pangs of hunger were such that he was often tempted to snatch and devour his neighbour's meal. He escaped being put in irons with his companions in the way which his biographer, Theodore Hooke, thus records:—"When they were about to put the irons on Captain Baird, who was completely disabled in his right leg, in which the wound was still open, and whence the ball had just then been extracted, his friend Captain Lucas, who

spoke the language perfectly, sprang forward, and represented in very strong terms to the Myar the barbarity of fettering him in such a dreadful state, and assured him that death would be the inevitable termination of Captain Baird's sufferings if the intention were persisted in. The Myar replied that the Circar had sent as many pairs of irons as there were prisoners, and they must be put on. Captain Lucas then offered to wear two sets himself, in order to save his friend. [Poor fellow! he died in prison.] This noble act of generosity moved the compassion even of the Myar, who said he would send to the Kellidar (commander of the fort) to open the book of fate. He did so, and, when the messenger returned, he said the book had been opened, and Captain Baird's fate was good; and the irons were in consequence not put on at that time. Could they really have looked into the volume of futurity, Baird would undoubtedly have been the last man to be spared." But spared he was; and, in the conquest of Seringapatam, he fully avenged what he and his fellow-prisoners had suffered in it.

That old, great, and rich town fell in 1799. On the 2d May that year two breaching batteries, one of five, and the other of six guns, opened fire on it. By the next day they had made a breach of about an hundred feet in the wall. One o'clock of the 4th was fixed on as the hour of assault; and to Baird was given the command of the storming party, consisting of 4000 men, and divided into two columns. He had been nearly four years a miserable captive in the gloomy dungeons of its fortress, and was now to enter it a glorious conqueror. A few minutes before one o'clock he sent round orders, desiring every man to be ready at an instant's notice. At one he mounted the parapet, and standing in view of both armies, every inch of him bespeaking the hero, he drew his sword, and, gallantly waving it, shouted "Now, my brave fellows, follow me, and prove yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers." The inspiring effect of his attitude and address was heightened by his noble and commanding figure. It was "tall and symmetrical, his countenance cheerful and animated. On his open, manly brow were legibly displayed the indications of that lofty courage, that firmness of purpose, and that vigour of intellect which so conspicuously marked his whole career. Within seven minutes the British flag floated from the outer bastion of the fortress; and before night Seringapatam was in possession of the besiegers."

Among the hordes of the slain was the famous Tippoo Sultan, the son and successor of Hyder Ali. He had fallen in the thickest of the fight; and by his deeds of personal prowess he had made his life dear to the victors. "It appears," says Murray in his "Historical and Descriptive Account of British India" in the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, "that, after having issued armed from the palace with a band of trusty followers, he (Tippoo) saw the English advancing along the rampart, and his men flying. He rallied them by the utmost efforts of his voice and example, shooting several of the enemy with his own hand; and he thus called forth that resistance which had proved so formidable. At length, when the determined valour of the British troops prevailed against all opposition, he was left at one time almost alone, and obliged to accompany the fugitives, but, with a few resolute adherents, he maintained the combat, till, being exposed to a fire from different quarters, he received two musket-balls in the side. His horse was killed under him; and becoming faint with loss of blood, he was unable to make his way through the crowd. He was overtaken by a party of the conquerors, when one of his attendants besought him, as the only means of saving his life, to make himself known, but he peremptorily forbade the disclosure. An English soldier then made an attempt to detach his sword-belt, when the Sultan, with all his remaining strength, made a cut at the man, and wounded him near the knee. The soldier presently fired a ball, which entered the temple; and the wound proved speedily mortal. The body was carried to the palace, and was afterwards interred with Royal honours, in the splendid sepulchre of Lâll Baug, erected by Hyder."

Sir David Baird ought unquestionably to have been made Governor of the captured town; and he at once fixed his headquarters in the palace of Tippoo. But he was only a squire's son, and Colonel Wellesley (the future Duke of Wellington) was the son of the Earl of Mornington and the brother of Marquis Wellesley, the then Governor-General of India. To the Colonel, though he had no share in the capture, Sir David was next day peremptorily commanded to deliver up the keys of Seringapatam, a homage to rank and an indignity to humble merit which he felt keenly, only remarking, however, "Before the sweat was dry on my brow I was superseded by an inferior officer."

In token of their appreciation of his conduct on this occasion the army presented Sir David with the State Sword of Tippoo Sultan, and the field officers who were under his immediate command at the assault presented him at the same time with a Dress Sword. Both got a conspicuous place among the trophies and treasures which adorned and enriched the House of Ferntower, among which were also "a magnificent Egyptian saddle, massy silk curtains,

which were manufactured for Napoleon Buonaparte, and the remains of what is supposed to have been the bracelets of a Countess of Strathearn," who will afterwards come under our notice.

India, though the chief, was not the only field of Sir David Baird's fame. We may mention as an example that, in 1808, he was sent to the Peninsula, and arrived in November at Corunna, at the head of about 10,000 men. He there formed a junction with the army under General Sir John Moore; fought in the battle of Corunna, commanding the first division of the army; and lost his left arm. On the death of Sir John Moore, he succeeded to the chief command; and it was when his dispatch arrived, announcing to the Government the victory won on the heights of Corunna, that he received for the fourth time the thanks of Parliament.

In 1810, Sir David married Miss Campbell Preston of Ferntower and Lochlane, niece to Sir Robert Preston, of Valleyfield, Bart. In 1820, he was appointed commander of the forces in Ireland, and was sworn of his Majesty's Privy Council there; and this was his last active service in the army. In 1828, he was made Governor of Fort George in Scotland. He died next year, aged seventy-two, at his seat of Ferntower, where he latterly resided. His death was greatly lamented; and on the outside of the west gable of the parish church is a marble tablet, with an inscription witnessing the high public esteem and gratitude with which he was regarded. He left no issue. His nephew, Captain Baird, succeeded him in the baronetcy. His Lady honoured his memory with a splendid monument, of which we shall have something to say when we come to Monzievaird.

Sir David Baird, though a strict disciplinarian, was very popular with the army; for which General Middlemone, who served with him in Egypt, thus accounts:—"There was something about him which gave at once complete confidence in him: his countenance bespoke a mind spotless from guile or subterfuge. You felt that truth beamed in all his features—it was impossible to doubt him—you might implicitly place your life, and honour, and happiness on his bare word. He *could not* deceive; and as he was firm and inflexible upon every point of discipline and duty, so he was incapable of injuring a human being. With the courage of a hero, his heart was as kind and gentle as a woman's." Most soldierly was his own sense of duty; and he impregnated his men with it with remarkable success. A beautiful illustration of this occurred at Wallajahbad in 1797, when the order arrived for breaking up the 71st Regiment, which he had so long commanded, and drafting the men fit for service into other regiments. The adjutant read the order: Sir David was too much affected to be able to read it himself. "The effect produced by it," says Hook, "was beyond description. It seemed as if a sudden dismay had seized the whole regiment. It was a moment of trial in which there was something awful; but Baird, who knew his duty, and who always did it, addressed the men thus:—'My poor fellows—not a word—the order must be obeyed.' And then, to conceal emotions of which even he need not to have been ashamed, he turned round, and ordered the band to strike up the popular Scottish air (of such airs he was passionately fond), the chorus of which is in these words:—

'The King commands, and we'll obey,
O'er the hills and far away.'"

Inchbrakie has been long the seat of a family of the Græmes, a branch of the great Kincardine stock; and the perpetual possession of it is certified to them on a very easy condition. The condition is, that they preserve the precious stone, which the Witch of Monzie, when at the stake, spat out of her mouth to the then laird of Inchbrakie, for kindly sympathy which he had shewn her; bidding him keep it, and assuring him that, while the family did so, Inchbrakie would never want a direct heir, nor would the Græmes have to part with their patrimonial estate. The stone, whether of earth or not, has been pronounced a sapphire. It has been honoured by being set in a gold ring; and is of course preserved with the most religious care.

The first Græme of Inchbrakie was a son of the first Earl of Montrose. His father gave him a charter to it and to Aberruthven, dated June, 1513. He took to wife Margaret Stewart, granddaughter of the Duke of Albany, brother of James IV.; and of their posterity were several who founded new families of Græmes, the names of which are familiar in our annals. The fifth Græme of Inchbrakie was the celebrated Patrick, who figures so much in the Civil War of the seventeenth century. As we have had occasion to tell already, he was cousin to James, Marquis of Montrose; received the Marquis at his House of Tullibelton when he came in disguise from England; conducted him to Blair Athole, where he raised the Stuart standard; and was one of his chief confidants and officers in all his counsels and campaigning. He suffered for his royalism. When the Commonwealth became ascendant, Cromwell burned down his Castle of Inchbrakie, and laid him under sentence of outlawry, and threw him into prison; from which he was released only on the Earl of Tullibardine and Lord Drummond signing a bail bond for him, that he "should do nothing to hurt the Commonwealth of England, nor their arms in Scotland."

The site of the Castle which Cromwell gave to the flames may still be traced. It had been a strong family fortress, surrounded by a moat, and defended by a drawbridge. The present House is close by where the old Castle stood; and the old yew tree in the Park still survives. It is said to be the largest of its kind in Scotland; and tradition has it, that its thick foliage was once for a time the hiding-place of the Great Marquis of Montrose.

Patrick Græme had a grandson who came to some distinction in the ecclesiastical world. After being an officer in the army of James II., he betook himself, like his master, an exile to France, and became a monk of the Mendicant Order of Capuchins, at Boulogne. It is said that he retired from the world, and took the cowl, to expiate, by voluntary penance, the sin he had committed in killing a friend in a duel. However this may have been, certain it is that he became Father Græme, an austere and rigorous Capuchin; and that he was regarded with such reverence and esteem, that he died Superior of the Convent at Boulogne. We read in the Statistical Account that "there is a portrait of him at Abercairney Abbey, in his Capuchin dress; and another at Inchbrakie, together with a family tree which he had drawn, exhibiting his pedigree for several generations."

The late George Drummond Græme, the tenth Græme laird of Inchbrakie in a direct line, followed the profession of arms, and rose to the rank of Major. He served with distinction in the Peninsular war, and was severely wounded on the field of Waterloo. He served afterwards in the Hanoverian Guards, and was made a Knight of the Guelphic Order. He was further honoured with the Gold Cross of William IV., and with the Hanoverian Peninsular Medal.

Broich, not Duchally, is the family residence of the Monteaths; so that Crieff more than divides with Blackford the honour of having given a Financial Secretary to India.

There is nothing very noteworthy in the ecclesiastical annals of Crieff. The present parish church was erected in 1786; but before it was finished the work was arrested by a dispute which emerged between the heritors and the contractor; and it stuck there for no less a period than forty years! The fabric had been roofed, but the house was not seated; and, for the long space we have mentioned, there were only "a few grotesque pews placed here and there, at the caprice of their occupants." As to other worshippers, some of them, we suppose, stood, and others squatted on the floor. The people of Crieff must have been in those days as sparing of their sixpences for religious objects as they are represented to be now; else this scandal would not have lasted for forty years. Sir David Baird had the honour of putting an end to it in 1828.

William Murray was minister of the parish at the Revolution. He was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for not reading the Proclamation of the Estates, and not praying for William and Mary, but praying for the restoration of James VII., and for causing to be read, on the Sabbath after Killiecrankie, that part of the 118th Psalm—

> "This is the day God made, in it
> We'll joy triumphantly."

In 1813 a contest as to the right of patronage took place between the Crown and the Honourable Miss Drummond of Perth. The latter prevailed, and presented Alexander M'Intyre to the vacant cure. The parish strongly opposed his settlement. Only three persons signed the call on the day of moderation, and four months after nine heritors. The reclaimers were supported by the Presbytery and the Synod of the bounds, but the Assembly, as usual, did homage to the fundamental principle of the Kirk that no presentee should be intruded on a parish contrary to the will of the people by ordering M'Intyre's settlement. "The ordination took place in the midst of uncommon excitement and demonstrations of hostility." The opposition he encountered affected his health, and he was obliged to engage an assistant, and to betake himself to a southern clime, where he soon died. He was ordained on the 1st July, and died at Exeter on the 15th November.

Crieff has given birth to not a few eminent sons.

Mallet, the poet and miscellaneous writer, was one of these. It is at least certain that he was educated at the parish school of Crieff when it was under the care of John Ker, a scholarly man, afterwards transferred to the Greek Chair in King's College, Aberdeen, and the presumption is that he was a native of the parish. He had a copious pen. In 1759 he published his Poems, Tragedies, and Ballads, and they filled three volumes. Lord Bolingbroke made a bequest of his works to him, which he edited and published in five volumes, 4to. More than one Minister of State hired him to prostitute the press by writing in favour of obnoxious measures which he was eager to carry. Upon the whole Mallet was not a son to make a glad mother. "He was an avowed infidel and a venal writer of the very worst description."

There is a like presumption in favour of Crieff being the birthplace of Colonel Alexander Dow, the historian of Hindostan, and the author of the tragedies of "Zingis" and "Sethona."

A third of the sons to whom we are pointing is

Dr William Wright, the well-known physician and naturalist. A fourth is Dr Thomas Thomson, F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow; and to whose inventions, and discoveries, and writings, and lectures Chemistry and the kindred sciences were immensely indebted. And a fifth is the Rev. Dr James Thomson, brother of Dr Thomas, and minister of the parish of Eccles, Berwickshire; joint Editor with Bishop Gleig of the Encyclopædia Britannica, and the writer of many articles in it.

Though not a native of the parish, the Rev. Alexander Macdonald was long Roman Catholic "Missioner" in Crieff, at which he died in July, 1837, aged eighty-two. Our reason for giving him a place among the eminent men connected with Crieff will appear from what Dr Gordon says of him in his "Appendix" to "Scotichronicon and Monasticon":—"Mr M'Donald was a distinguished classical scholar, and excelled particularly in his intimate knowledge of the Latin and Gaelic languages. Of the former, his FINGALEIS is a sufficient proof; and of the latter, the circumstance of his having been employed to give the Latin signification of Gaelic words of *two letters* of the alphabet, for the Gaelic Dictionary, published under the patronage of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, affords ample testimony."

Crieff has had some signal benefactors, whose names will be transmitted with honour to the latest generation. Two of these we must advert to. One is William Taylor, proprietor of Cornton, and merchant in Crieff. For the education of the children of the poor, he founded and endowed the school at the east end of the town, called Taylor's Institution. It was opened in 1843; has since been enlarged and improved by the addition of an industrial school for females, and has proved a great blessing to the community. It was stated in 1862, "The Trustees have now strong hopes that they will be able soon to educate the whole children of the working classes." We trust that nothing has since occurred to threaten the frustration of this hope. The other benefactor whom we commemorate is Thomas Morison, builder in Edinburgh, who left the fortune accumulated by him in the hands of Trustees, who have devoted some £20,000 of it to founding and endowing Morison's Academy. It stands in the centre of a beautiful park at the back of the town, and is an elegant building in the old baronial style, gracing the whole neighbourhood. The Trustees, judging that primary education was already well provided for in Crieff, have devoted the Academy to secondary education. "The course of instruction, which is conducted by a rector, and an ample staff of teachers, is intended to give a complete education to the sons and daughters of the upper and middle classes,—the departments being entirely separate. This institution has been in operation for nearly ten years; and, from the success which has attended it, we augur very favourably of its future. The comparative moderate scale of fees, combined with the superiority of the education, has attracted pupils from all parts of the country.

"The Trustees, a few years ago, purchased St Margaret's College, situated at the east end of Crieff, as a residence for the rector, and for the accommodation of boarders. This department has also been attended with great success."

We have hitherto restricted ourselves to the Lowland division of the parish of Crieff. But it has an outlying Highland division which we must now notice. It contains the greater part of Glenalmond, the glen through which the river Almond flows. The road leading north from Fendoch runs through the portion of it which is well named the Sma' Glen. It is one of the great passes into the Highlands; and hence mainly the Historic Scenes with which it is studded.

The oldest of these is on the top of Dunmore Hill; on which are the remains of a vitrified fort, believed to have been Celtic. It completely commanded the pass; and the Romans, in their day, would doubtless take possession of it. The fort was of considerable size, being a hundred and eighty yards in circumference; and it must have been very strong. It enclosed the summit of the hill, and was inaccessible on all sides but one. It was defended by a deep trench, and by double walls, each twenty feet thick. The walls were of stone, built without cement, some of the stones in them weighing not less than two tons. The fort is said to have been Fingal's habitation, after Gara burned his house at Fendoch.

Next to this fort in point of age is the Roman Camp at Easter Fendoch. There is, in the New Statistical Account, a full and accurate digest of all that is known of this Camp; and we feel that we cannot do better than transcribe it, only premising, what the Account does not specify, that it is computed to have been capable of containing 12,000 men.

"The chief object of interest to the antiquary is the camp at Fendoch, called in Gaelic *Raenfhandoch*, *i.e.*, Fendoch Point. Its traditionary name is the Roman Camp, and there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the appellation; and that it is in reality the work of the Roman legions under Agricola, or one of his successors. It is situated upon a table-

land, at the lower extremity of that remarkable pass called the Small Glen, already described, and within view of the fort upon Dunmore. The river Almond, issuing from this defile, turns to the left, so as to form a right angle with its former course; and with its steep banks constitutes a natural defence to the camp on the north side. The west is protected by a marsh; the south by a small stream called the Burn of Fendoch; and the east by a natural declivity. It may probably contain 45 acres of ground. It would appear that, at the period when the former Statistical Account was published, the trenches were entire, and in some places six feet deep; but both rampart and trench are now fast disappearing under the operation of the plough. The rampart upon the north side, after running for a considerable distance in nearly a straight line upon the brow of the table-land, suddenly descends into the plain below, incloses a spring of excellent water, again climbs the bank, and pursues its rectilinear course. This is the only spring within the camp. Near the side of the river is a small elliptical inclosure, formed of turf and stone, measuring 12 paces by 8. The moor on the east side of the camp bears marks of having once been the arena of conflicting armies, and was covered till lately, to the extent of several acres, with cairns; and when these were removed to form a new road, some fragments of urns containing bones were found underneath. Several of these cairns measured 10, 13, or 14 paces in diameter. On the right hand of the road leading to Buchanty, and at no great distance from the cairns, is a small eminence called 'The Gallows Hill,' and a few yards distant from it is a small inclosure of turf of nearly circular form. It is evident that the former, from its name, is a vestige of comparatively late antiquity.

"An old man is still alive in the village of Monzie who recollects of having found, when engaged with some companions in a hunting excursion in his younger days, several heads of spears in the vicinity of the camp, but they were disregarded as things of no value. There is a silver coin, evidently Roman, in the possession of Mr James Young, Crieff, which was found in this place. It is of the size of a sixpence, having on one side a head in high relief, and on the obverse three figures, the centre one an eagle. The other two, as well as an inscription on each side, are so much effaced as to be nearly illegible.

"In the month of April, 1834, while a labourer of the name of Donald Stewart, was employed in digging across the eastern rampart of the camp, for the purpose of constructing a stone fence, he discovered at some distance below the surface three pots or kettles, the largest of which broke in pieces while he was in the act of raising it from the ground. The other two measured 8½ inches in diameter, by three in depth, and 10 inches in diameter, by 4½ in depth, respectively, and were composed of a series of concentric circles, fastened together with nails, the larger pot having a straight handle 21 inches in length. Along with these were deposited three heads of spears or javelins, 7 inches in length, two of these still having wood adhering to their sockets; a piece of flat iron or other metal, 18 inches in length, having a striking resemblance to a Roman sword preserved in the Museum of Antiquaries, Edinburgh, except that the latter measures 25 inches in length; but as the former appears to have been broken at one end, it must have been at one time longer; three pair of bits, two pair of shears, 11 inches long, the blades alone measuring 4 inches; a sort of spoon, the handle of which measures 10 inches, including the diameter of the mouth; this corresponds exactly with the descriptions and representations of the thuribulum found in Pompeii; a beautiful hinge of a yellowish metal, still covered with a slight coating of what appears to be silver, 4 inches in length, carved, and in excellent preservation; two implements resembling the wimble used by carpenters for boring; a piece of flat iron about 2½ inches long, bent in the form of a pair of sugar tongs, the edges at one end bent inwards, so as almost to meet and form a socket, the other end being broken off. Besides these, there were other articles, whose uses were not very apparent. Those, whose size would admit of it, were found carefully packed in the largest kettle (which, as already stated, was broken), and a flat stone was placed over its mouth. The discovery of these relics establishes one important fact, namely, that cavalry lay in this encampment."

Most interesting memorials are these of the presence of the Romans in Glenalmond. And cordially do we join with the writer whom we have quoted, in the sentences with which he concludes his compendious notice of them:—"While all traces of that power, which the mighty Roman cast like a mantle over the world, are fast hastening to decay, it would be matter of lasting and extreme regret should all such interesting fragments not be preserved and collected with scrupulous and jealous care. To the imaginative mind it might seem like the gathering up of laurels which have fallen from the conqueror's brow; for here it was that a power mightier by far than that of Rome proclaimed, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further.'"

Immediately on the west of Dunmore is Clach Ossian; that is, the Grave of Ossian—so tradition says. His monument is a large stone eight feet high,

and twenty-one feet in girth. It was removed from its position by General Wade, when he made the road through the pass. His soldiers digging into the site on which it had stood, discovered that it had rested on four stones set on edge, forming a chamber or kistvaen, about two feet long, two deep, and one and a half broad, guarded by square flat stones at the bottom, top, and sides. In this they found some ashes, bones, fragments of coins, and half-burned ends of stalks of heather. On this discovery, the Highlanders flocked to the scene, many of them from great distances; and, taking up the precious relics, marched with them in solemn procession to a new resting place, where they re-interred them with military honours, as if Ossian had been, like their commander Wade, a military officer.

Wordsworth visited Clach Ossian, and celebrated the spot in strains of much sweetness and beauty. These have been often quoted; but they will be new to not a few of our readers, and will, we are sure, be welcome to all:—

"In this still place, remote from men,
Sleeps Ossian, in the 'Narrow Glen';
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek streamlet, only one,
The song of battles, and the breath
Of stormy war and violent death;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last,
Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were wild,
And every thing unreconciled;
In some complaining, dim retreat,
For fear and melancholy meet;
But this is calm; there cannot be
A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the bard sleep here, indeed?
Or is it but a groundless creed?
What matters it? I blame them not
Whose fancy in this lonely spot
Was moved; and in this way expressed
Their notion of its perfect rest.
A convent, even a hermit's cell
Would break the silence of this dell;
It is not quiet, it is not ease,
But something deeper far than these:
The separation that is here
Is of the grave, and of austere
And happy feelings of the dead:
And, therefore, was it rightly said,
That Ossian, last of all his race!
Lies buried in this lonely place."

Near Ossian's Grave is a small green mound, which marks the grave of one of Wade's soldiers, who died here when the road was being constructed. A ludicrous incident once occurred at it. Two soldiers, on their way north to visit friends, reste at it on an evening, after they had made rather fre with John Barleycorn. "A comrade has bee buried here," said the one to the other; "let u hail to him;" and both immediately began to shou lustily. Neil Gow, the famous musician, on his wa from Inver to Crieff to play at an assembly there was, unperceived by the soldiers, resting his weary limbs close by, and holding communion with "tired Nature's sweet restorer." Awakened by the noise and gathering himself up, Neil answered, "Ay ay, juist wait till I get a sneeshin!" Imaginin that the potency of their shouts had raised thei buried comrade from the dead, the soldiers, panic struck, took to flight; and the grass did not grow beneath their feet, till they found refuge in a shepherd's hut more than a mile off.

Of the caves which abound in this quarter the most notable is in the "Eagle's Rock." It is large enough to hold sixty persons, and is inaccessible except by one narrow path. It is said that Gara took shelter in it after burning Fingal's house. I is commonly called Baine's Cave, from being the hiding-place of a freebooter named Alister Bain. He preyed on the pass, and on the neighbouring hills, by the robberies which he committed. His lair being at length discovered by the light of his fire through the night, he was apprehended, carried to Perth tried, and executed.

Near Baine's Cave is The Kirk on the Green, o The Kirk of the Wood, a very remarkable object. A chapel once stood here, surrounded by a burying ground. The site of it is occupied by a number o large stones piled on one another in a very singular manner. The last solemnity celebrated in the chape was the taking of the sacrament by a hundred and twenty young men, on their way to Culloden to fight for Charlie, whence very few of them returned. A solitary pine of great age stands, or at least used to stand, beside the stones, and once possessed very wonderful virtues: how it lost them, we have not learned. But tradition certifies us that if any per son cut a branch from this tree he died, and that the branch lived!

A short distance from the Kirk on the Green is a cairn oblong in form, and bearing the name of Clach-na-tiom-pan. It has been examined, and found to contain sepulchral chambers. About this cairn and the illustrious dead sleeping in it there seems to be no historic or traditionary lore.

Currymuckloch is north of the places we have been touching at; and the Moor of it was the scene of a fray between an exciseman and a band of High-land smugglers coming south with their loads of whisky, in which the former, though supported by

party of Scots Greys, came off second best. A song, "the joint production of two local rhymesters," celebrates The Battle of Currymuckloch. We give the last two stanzas of it :—

"But Donald and his men stuck fast,
An' garred the beardies quit the field;
The gauger he was thumpit weel,
Afore his pride would let him yield.
Then Donald's men they a' cried out,
'Ye nasty, filthy, gauger loon,
If ye come back ye'll ne'er win hame,
To see yer Ouchterarder toon.'

And when the battle it was o'er,
And not a horseman to be seen,
Quo' Donald, syne, unto his men,
'Ye'll sit ye a' doun on the green—
For noo, my lads, we'll hae a took
Shust o' the gear sic likes we hae;'
'Ay, that's richt,' quo' Dougal, 'but I'm sure
They got a filthy hurry doon the brae.'"

The only Mansion in these parts is Glenalmond House, the seat of the Pattons. The founder of the family was James Patton, Sheriff-Clerk of Perthshire. He had three sons; James Murray Patton of Glenalmond, who succeeded his father in the Sheriff-Clerkship of the shire; Thomas Patton, W.S.; and George. The youngest son became much the most distinguished of the three. He studied for the legal profession, receiving his education, first at Perth, and afterwards at Oxford. He was admitted to the bar in 1828. His respectable talents, his assiduous application to business, and his singular urbanity and kindness, soon raised him to a good position in his profession, not only as a pleader in Court, but as a consulting counsel.

He was a Tory by birth, and he deserved well of his party. They had not a more loyal and devoted adherent. He made a noble gift to them, as well as to the interests of learning, when he granted to the Scotch Episcopalians the site, on his estate of The Cairnies, on which they have erected Trinity College; a structure vieing in elegance with any College in the United Kingdom; and accommodating an Institution which ought to produce good Conservatives, as well as good scholars. Yet it was not till 1866 that Mr Patton came in for a share of the loaves and fishes which fell to the lot of his friends. In that year the Derby Government made him Lord Advocate. He was then M.P. for Bridgewater. After accepting office, he presented himself to his constituents for re-election, but was defeated by Mr Vanderbyl. Before the Government of Lord Derby resigned in 1868, he was raised to the bench, and made Lord Justice-Clerk.

His Lordship's tragic end is still fresh in the memory of the country. On Thursday, the 16th September, 1869, he presided at the Ayr Circuit. On Friday he returned with Mrs Patton to Edinburgh, and on Saturday they both travelled together to Glenalmond, to which he had succeeded three weeks before on the death of his brother Peter. On the morning of Monday, the 20th, he went out of Glenalmond House about eight o'clock, to take, as was supposed, his usual morning walk before breakfast. He was dressed in black, and had left behind him his money, keys, watch, and pocketbook. He never returned. Search was made for him in the whole neighbourhood, and in the Almond, which happened to be in flood, owing to a heavy fall of rain. On Monday night apparatus for dragging the river was brought from Perth. The search was renewed on Tuesday. On the evening of that day the worst fears were confirmed by an empty razor case and a neckerchief marked with blood being found on the bank of the river not far from the House. The search was continued without success on Wednesday and Thursday. On the afternoon of Friday the body was found in a deep pool of the Almond, a little below Buchanty Spout, and outside the grounds of Glenalmond House. The throat had been cut, but not fatally. It would appear that his Lordship had gone to the brink of the river at Buchanty Spout, which is within the grounds of the House; that he had taken his stand on a rock which projects into the stream just above the fall; that he had there attempted to cut his throat, and that when he was in the act of doing so he had slipped and fallen into the river, or that he had precipitated himself into it.

Crowds assisted in the prolonged search for the body; and when it was found, deeply and universally was the deceased lamented as a liberal landlord, and as a sympathising friend and neighbour. The body was carried to the House; and, on the Tuesday thereafter, was interred in the family burying ground of Monzie, to which Glenalmond is annexed *quoad spiritualia*. His Lordship was about sixty years of age.

The causes which concurred to upset his mind are beyond our ken. His brother's death, three weeks before, and which the newspapers by mistake first reported as the death of his Lordship, could not fail to give him a shock. He was too sensitive and honourable not to be affected also by charges made against him or his agents before the Bridgewater Bribery Commission, which was then sitting. Whether other things, and, if so, what, contributed to unhinge him, is known only to Him from whom nothing is hid.

MONZIE.

According to one derivation of Monzie, the name should be written "Moeghe," which signifies "good plain." This is an apt enough description of the Vale of Monzie. It is "good" in the sense of being rich; and its richness is crowned with every charm in which beauty could array the landscape.

There are some traces of Druidism in the parish, marking the scenes that were sacred to the worship of our pagan ancestors. At the date of the last Statistical Account (1837), "its Druidic monuments consisted either of a single stone of large dimensions standing on end, or of a whole group arranged in the form of a circle. Specimens of both may be seen in the Park of Monzie. . . . A large Druid stone, with rude carving upon it, lies on the side of the public road, between the village of Monzie and Keppoch. . . . At a place called Clach-na-tiompan, in Wester Glenalmond, is an oblong cairn, measuring about 60 paces in length; and immediately adjoining are several Druidic stones."

The Park of Monzie had other monuments of very remote times, in the subterranean dwellings called Weems, of which we wrote when at Bendochy. At the above date of 1837 one of them was an object of no little interest to other visitors, as well as to archæologists. It had within it a few steps of a stone stair. The roof was gone; and the building was partially laid open to view. It had been explored a few years before; and a sword and a stone hatchet were found in it. These were added to the fine collection of similar articles which enriched Monzie Castle.

In Christian times, the parish was well provided with places of worship. Besides the parish church, it had three chapels in different parts to accommodate the population. One of these was St M'Bane's Chapel, near the Bridge of Buchanty. Another was at Tomenbowie, where its ruins are still to be seen, with a burying ground surrounding it, which yet occasionally receives a new tenant. The third was near the north-east corner of the parish, and was called Stuck Chapel. There is no vestige of the chapel in existence, but the burying ground remains, and occupies a very romantic spot. Tradition says that in Stuck Chapel sixty men took the Sacrament as they were on their way to the battle of Luncarty in 976, to drive back the invading Danes; and that only six of the sixty returned from that bloody field.

A short way above the village of Monzie, on a knoll named Knock Durroch—the Oaken Knoll—are the remains of a camp, oval in form, measuring a hundred and twenty yards in length, and eighty yards in breadth, at its broadest part, and surrounded by a trench, some of which yet, or at least recently, seemed eight or nine feet deep. We observe it stated that this is supposed to have been Roman; but we should think it as likely that it was Caledonian, though there is every reason to believe that the Romans in their day occupied it.

At Cultoquhey are the remains of a similar camp but of much larger dimensions. It is called in Gaelic Comhal Cults, that is, Comhal's battle. Some, indeed, professing to be Gaelic scholars, tell us that the original Gaelic name of Cultoquhey was Comhal Cults. The name is evidently a memorial one. Comhal, our readers must know, was the father of Fingal, who was the father of Ossian. Assuming that "Fingal lived, and Ossian sung," Comhal fought a battle here with the Romans, which tradition says that he lost. And noteworthy it is, that, towards the close of last century, some urns with ashes in them were digged up in this locality. Fingal was king of Morven, or of the west mountainous coast of Scotland. His capital, Selma, stood about sixty miles west of the district of which we are now writing; but there is a rather remarkable concurrence of traditionary presumptions, that he and his family had much connection with this district. Several of these presumptions have already come in our way, and there are other two which we may now add to them. The one is, that Fendoch, or, as it is in Gaelic, Finteach, is, being interpreted, Fingal's House. The fair inference is, that Fingal had a royal residence at Fendoch, in which he sometimes sojourned. The other thing, giving countenance to the close connexion of the family with these parts, is that the final resting-place of Fingal's father Comhal, would seem to be in this neighbourhod, as well as that of his son Ossian. Among other cairns on the moor contiguous to Fendoch, was Cairn-Comhal—the cairn over the grave of Comhal. The fair inference again is, that, if Comhal was not a myth, his dust reposed here. We are told, too, in the Old Statisical Account, published in 1795, "This cairn was opened lately, and contained a large stone coffin. The stone covering the lid of the coffin was 4 feet 10 inches long. 2½ feet broad, and 2 thick."

In its situation and surroundings Monzie Castle is one of the most paradisiacal mansions in Scotland. The wood with which it is environed is singularly magnificent. In the garden are several larches much admired. They were reared from plants brought to Scotland in the same parcel with those which have grown into the celebrated larches at Dunkeld House

But the Monzie larches have overtopped the Dunkeld ones. The gardener of the Duke of Athole used to be sent annually to Monzie to inspect the rivals; and when he reported that they were outgrowing the Dunkeld competitors, the opiate which his Grace applied to his mortified pride was the joke that the good cheer which his gardener got on his visits to Monzie operated as magnifying spectacles, making the trees look bigger in his eyes than they really were. In 1837, the tallest of them was 102 feet high. Another was 22 feet in girth at the ground, and 16 feet at 2½ feet from the ground; and it had thrown out branches to the enormous distance of 48 and 55 feet from the trunk.

The Witch of Monzie cuts a prominent figure in the annals of the parish. We have already referred to her, and to the precious parting gift which she left with Græme of Inchbrakie, in requital of his kindness to her. Her name was Kate M'Niven; she at last expiated her witchcraft at the stake; the place where she did so was on the south-eastern brow of the Knock; and it is called to this day M'Niven's Craig. The following version of Kate's story lately appeared in a local newspaper:—

"Sometime in the latter half of the seventeenth century, one of the servants in the family of the Græmes of Inchbrakie was a female called Kate M'Niven, who was nurse to the laird's young son. No kindness or affection, however, subsisted between Kate and her foster-child. Already she had become a member of the weird sisterhood, and by her black art was impressed with the presentiment that the boy was destined to bring her to a death of shame. Brooding over this gloomy prospect, she at length resolved to thwart destiny by destroying her charge, and once and again did she essay to cut him off by poison; but each attempt misgave. That her guilty practising was suspected, does not appear. Still, there seems to have arisen an evil feeling against her in her foster-son's breast, and it strengthened until ultimately it impelled him to hurry her to the stake. When relieved of her duties in the House of Inchbrakie, Kate returned to her old home in the Kirkton of Monzie, a village romantically situated on the banks of the Shaggy and the Kelty, and environed with scenery in which the mountainous majesty of the Highlands blends with the softer beauties of the low country. Kate's cottage stood near the Shaggy, and there she dwelt by herself, acquiring an 'uncanny' reputation, and frequently visiting Inchbrakie, where she was always kindly received by the Laird. It would seem, however, that the spirit of mischief, so congenial to a witch, actuated her to play tricks upon her unsuspecting benefactor. On one occasion, the Laird went to Dunning to some festivity, and according to the fashion of the time took his knife and fork in his pocket. After he was seated at the dinner table, he was subjected to an annoyance similar to that which teased Uncle Toby—namely, the hovering of a bee about his head. To relieve himself from the tiny tormentor, he laid down his knife and fork, and attempted to beat off the insect with his hands. It soon flew out of the window; but behold! the Laird's knife and fork had disappeared! They were searched for, all over the table, and under the table; nowhere could they be found; but when their owner reached home, and recounted his mysterious loss, the Nurse, who was present, straightway went and produced both articles, safe and sound, from their accustomed repository. It was shrewdly whispered that Kate had personated the bee!

"Inchbrakie himself probably laughed at such a suspicion; but the secret and bitter hatred which his son cherished against the nurse was not to be appeased, and it found deadly vent at last. Evidence of her sorceries was collected or suborned, and her youthful enemy was on the eve of publicly denouncing her as a witch, when Kate's soul was darkened by a revelation that her end was near. One day an aged thorn tree at Dunning, which she believed to be associated, in some mystic way, with her fate, and before the news of its downfall could possibly have reached her ears, she suddenly started up, ejaculating—'Alas! the thorn's felled, and I'm undone!' This prophetical exclamation was soon verified. Through the machinations of young Græme, she was apprehended and brought to trial on a charge of witchcraft; and her guilt being conclusively established, doom of death was pronounced against her. It is said that Inchbrakie interested himself energetically in his old dependant's behalf; but his intercession was ineffectual. Everybody else was prejudiced against Kate, and the minister of Monzie proved her bitter enemy. The stake was pitched and the faggots piled on the summit of the Knock of Crieff, and thither was the sorceress dragged to suffer, in presence of an immense multitude gathered from all the surrounding country. When she was chained to the post, she perceived Inchbrakie among the crowd, and knowing how he had stood her friend, she called to him to approach. He did so; and as he came she bent down her head, and bit off with her teeth a large blue bead from the front of the necklace which she wore, and spitting it towards him, told him to keep it for her sake—because that if the talisman was treasured, the family of Inchbrakie should never want a lineal heir or lose the ancestral

property, and also that at some time thence there would come out of the King's Crag what would do them good. Having thus taken farewell of the Laird, she vented various maledictions on the head of those who had wrought her condemnation. Her wrath against Monzie and its minister was extreme —she declared that a minister of Monzie should never prosper, and that the parish should never want a mad woman or a sot. The place on the Knock where she died is still known as 'Kate M'Niven's Crag.' Her last gift to Inchbrakie, which has been religiously preserved, is described as an uncut sapphire; set in a ring, it is kept as an heirloom in the family. The prophecy about the King's Crag is said to have been fulfilled. At some subsequent period, 'the lands of Inchbrakie had been pledged in wadset'—the day was close at hand when either the money was to be paid or the lands to be lost—the Laird was in extremities—a friend advised him to apply to the Bank of Strathearn (meaning the Balgowan family, which was called so at that time)—he did apply and obtained the money—the servant who received it to carry home thrust it into a cloakbag, and placed it on his horse in one of the Balgowan stables—the low stable-door would hardly permit the horse and bag to get out; but the servant pushed the latter through, exclaiming when he had done so, that the witch's prophecy was now fulfilled, for the stable was built out of the King's Crag."

Monzie is now the property of Mr Johnston of Lathrisk and Kilwhis, who lately acquired it by purchase. But it was long in the possession of the Campbells, a branch of the noble house of Breadalbane. The ancestor of the Campbells of Monzie was Archibald, fifth son of Sir Duncan Campbell—created first Baronet of Glenurchy in 1625—by his wife, Lady Jean Stewart, second daughter of John, Earl of Athole. Several of his descendants make a considerable figure in our annals, both military and civil. Alexander Campbell of Monzie served his country both in the senate and in the camp; and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General in the army. His son, also Alexander, the last male of the family that possessed Monzie, represented Argyleshire in Parliament from 1841 to 1843, with which shire he was connected as proprietor of Inverawe.

Innerpeffray is in the parish of Monzie *quoad civilia*, and is one of its Historic Scenes. Its Castle, beautifully situated on the banks of the Earn, was built in the sixteenth century, and has remarkably resisted the tooth of time. It is now a roofless ruin; but its walls, with a staircase, and some of its apartments, are yet in a state of almost entire preservation. Its church, which was a collegiate one, standing a few hundred yards north of the Castle, was built in 1508 by Sir John Drummond, who, seventeen years before, had erected Drummond Castle. Inside of the church he constructed a vault for the dust of his family in all time coming. Among the sleepers in it is the late Baroness Perth, with a monument to her memory. Allan of Muidart, the Chief of Clanranald, who fell at Sheriffmuir, was honoured with a place in this sepulchre of nobility. The Strathallan family, a collateral branch of the noble House of Drummond, likewise have their family vault here. Outside of the church was the Churchyard, in which certain parties have still a right to lay their dead. The school and library of Innerpeffray, from which the district derives much benefit, are not so old by nearly two centuries as the Castle and the Church. "The library, which contains about 2500 volumes, consisting chiefly of historical works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, some theological writings, the more esteemed classics, and the statutes of the realm, including a goodly number of black-letter volumes cruelly cut to the quick in the process of binding was, in the year 1691, bequeathed by David, Lord Madderty, for the use of 'young students.' He also bequeathed funds for the construction of a library room and of a schoolroom, and for the endowment of a schoolmaster and remuneration of a librarian. The entire sum granted for these purposes was 5000 merks (£277 15s 8½d sterling). For a very long period —certainly from 1779 down till very recently—the management of this mortification was most unsatisfactory. It owes its present system of management to the late Hon. Robert Drummond of Innerpeffray, who did not forget to record, in a solemn instrument, penned within reach of Russian guns—its claims—as a trust on which his heart had set high hopes—even when engaged in the trying duty of the trenches at Balaklava. The school is now being efficiently taught. Since 1844 the library has been open to the public in general, instead of, as formerly, to those students only who had matriculated at a University. Since then upwards of 300 new works have been added to the library, which contains a few volumes of great interest; among others, Lady Madderty's Bible of 1637; a small French Bible of 1632, which belonged to her brother, the great Marquis of Montrose, and bears his autograph; an English Bible, in black letter, of 1539."

Patrick M'Queine was minister of Monzie in the beginning of the seventeenth century. In a record still extant, and under date 1601, he is described as "ane deboysched and depryved minister," who had accused Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy by

"certain false leis and forged invents." Yet M'Queine was a great favourite with James VI. "Moved with pitie" for him, under what he considered as the grievous persecution to which he was subjected, His Majesty "assignit for the better sustentation of his wyf, bairns, and familie, the yearly pension of the thirds of the vicarage of Kingarth," &c.

James Drummond was minister of the parish at the Revolution. Loyal to the chief of the Land of the Drummonds, he was a zealot for the cause of the Stuarts, and seems to have been not over-clerical in his character and habits. In 1689, the Privy Council deprived him for his Jacobitism, and for his scandalous l fe.

Drummond's successor, William Chalmer, was ordained in 1691. He found that there was room for improvement in the state of religion in the parish, notwithstanding the privileges it had enjoyed in the life and labours of his predecessor, and in the establishment of Prelacy in it for twenty-eight years. On the Sabbath day many of the parishioners preferred the Green of Monzie to the church, and playing at football on the Green to sermon-hearing in the church, and other exercises of worship there. The good young minister set himself to catch these baptised heathens with guile; and his way of doing so was, to join them in the morning in the game of football on the Green, thus insinuating himself into their regard and affection, and then persuading them to accompany him to the sanctuary, and to take part in its services. It is said that his method of reformation had some measure of success.

FOWLIS-WESTER.

There are ample traces of this parish having been a favourite seat of the Druids. To the west of the village of Fowlis were, at the date of the last Statistical Account, four Druidic stones, now reduced, it would seem, to two. One of them, a very large flat boulder, was evidently an altar-stone, having grooves cut in it for carrying away the blood of the sacrifices which our Pagan ancestors offered. On the top of the hill north of the village are the remains of two concentric Druid circles. These are regarded as having probably been the temple in which an Arch-Druid officiated; and it may be believed that it stood in its day in the heart of an oak grove. The inner circle lately consisted of sixteen stones, and the outer of no fewer than forty. Between these circles is a stone which is thought to have been the pulpit of the Arch-Druid. He is supposed to have stood upon it, and from it to have addressed himself to the worshippers around him in the fane. Three yards north of this double circle is a large standing stone, which is regarded as monumental. Under it, or beside it, rests some hero, or some other of the illustrious dead, whose memory it was wished to honour. The Druids, like the Christians after them, were accustomed to bury in or near their temples. Hence the theory which has in recent times been broached, and somewhat keenly supported, viz., that what we vulgarly call Druid circles were never anything else than sepulchral erections. Our sympathies, we confess, are rather with Mr Rusk in his "Druidism Exhumed;" in which he has elaborately discussed this novel theory, and that so much to his own satisfaction, that he concludes thus his examination of it:—

"My task which I undertook is now accomplished. My case, in the truthfulness of which I had full faith, is now established; and Dr Stuart's position [in his 'Sculptured Stones of Scotland'] is completely subverted. Henceforward shall Stone Circles be regarded as ancient Druidical Temples. No longer shall they be regarded, as they have been for some time lately, simply as burial-grounds and burial-monuments. Henceforward shall they regain that estimation and veneration, in which they were held until recently from the most distant ages. Henceforward shall it be acknowledged that abundant proof exists, and has always existed, to satisfy every unprejudiced individual, that these structures were intended, erected, and employed as Temples; proof from an ancient, unbroken, uniform, and universal tradition; proof from early Christian authors, who knew well about the events which they recorded; and proof from Gaelic Etymology, the earliest, the fullest, the most consistent and satisfactory which could be desired. But although the great Archæologists of the present day have fallen into the mistake of thinking that there was no proof to shew that these circles were ever anything else than sepulchral erections, yet Archæology as a science stands largely indebted to them. The late Spalding Club of Aberdeen, which has just dissolved itself, possessed, and the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland at this moment possesses, men of the highest intellect, ability, and vigour; and among those who have distinguished themselves most largely in the Archæological work, there stands prominently forward Dr John Stuart, late Secret ry to the former, and Conjoined Secretary to the latter still."

West of this temple of an Arch-Druid is a Si'un. The name is Gaelic, and signifies a mount of peace.

Near the Si'un was a fairy hillock (so called because inhabited by fairies), in which urns have been found. The Druids held assizes on the Si'uns, and kindled large bonfires called Samhin, or the fire of peace. The last Statistical Account adds that, on Hallow-Eve, a Druidical festival, these fires are still lighted up in this district, and retain the same name. Is Druidism, then, not even yet altogether extinct in the district?

Next in antiquity perhaps to those sacred places of the Druids, is the spot where stood the Castle of the Earls of Strathearn. It is on the east side of the den through which the burn of Dury runs, on the farm of Castleton, and a short way from the hamlet of Castleton, to both of which it has obviously given their name. It is now a large grassy mound elevated by the ruins of what was long the seat of the most illustrious House in the Strath, and one of the most illustrious in the country. It existed prior to the era of Earldoms, which dates from the reign of Malcolm Canmore. Grim, Thane of Strathearn, resided in it. He was slain in 1010, in the great battle of Mortlach, fought by Malcolm II. with the Danes; and it is said that he was succeeded in the Thanedom by Walinus, an Englishman of rank, whom the Scottish king delighted to honour.

In a brief notice of the old Earls of Strathearn we begin with Malise, the first of them who bore this title, new in Scotland. He flourished in the reigns of Alexander I. and David I. (1107-1153), and figures in the accounts we have of the battle of the Standard between the Scots and the English, in 1138, fought on Cotton Moor, in the neighbourhood of Northallerton, the object of the Scots being to vindicate the right of Matilda, daughter of Henry I., to her father's throne, against the usurper Stephen, who had deposed her. When King David proposed to begin the battle with an attack by the men-at-arms and the archers, who were clothed from head to foot in armour of steel, the Galwegians claimed this honour as theirs by the right of ancient custom. Malise interposed, and remonstrated with the King, exclaiming indignantly, "Whence arises this mighty confidence in these Normans? I wear no armour, yet they who do shall not advance before me this day." He called them Normans because most of them were English subjects of that race, who had taken refuge at the Court of the Scottish King, and joined his army. Alan de Percy retorted, "Rude Earl, these are proud words, but by your life you shall not make them good this day." The King unwillingly yielded, and placed the Galloway men in the van of his army, under their chiefs. The battle ended most disastrously to the Scots; they are said to have lost in it 10,000 men; and Earl Malise was one of the hostages given to England that the vanquished would keep the terms of peace which the victors had imposed on them.

Malise's son, Ferquhard, or Ferteth, succeeded him as second Earl of Strathearn. In 1160 he headed a revolt against Malcolm IV., for allowing Henry II. of England to acquire such ascendancy over him. Overreached by Henry, or betrayed by the treachery of his counsellors, Malcolm abandoned to England his whole possessions in the northern counties, receiving in return the honour of Huntingdon. He also went with Henry to France, where he received knighthood from him, joined his army, and fought under his banner. Earl Ferteth was one of a deputation sent to France, to represent to Malcolm the national distrust, and jealousy, and sense of humiliation which these things had excited, and to tell him bluntly, "We will not have Henry to rule over us." Malcolm hastened home, and assembled a Parliament at Perth, where Ferteth and five other Earls conspired to seize his person, and assaulted the tower in which he had taken refuge. They failed in their attempt, but were too powerful to be brought to punishment. The clergy interfered, and happily effected a reconciliation between the King and the country.

Gilbert, Ferteth's son, succeeded him as third Earl of Strathearn. He is remembered chiefly for his munificence to the Church, in which, for his rank, he rivalled King David himself, that "soir sanct for the Crown." He founded and richly endowed the Abbey of Inchaffray. Fordun says that he also founded and endowed the See of Dunblane. If "the Father of Scottish History" may be relied on, Ferteth went farther than these things indicate. He divided his Earldom into three equal parts; bestowing one part on the Bishop of Dunblane, another part on St John the Evangelist and the canons of Inchaffray, and reserving only the remaining third for himself and his heirs.

Earl Gilbert's three elder sons pre-deceased him, and his fourth son, Robert, succeeded him as fourth Earl of Strathearn. He was his father's son in the piety of those days, which lay much in profuse liberality to the Church.

Earl Robert was succeeded by his son, Malise, fifth Earl of Strathearn. He was one of the chief nobles of Scotland, and took a leading part in all the public transactions of his time. He joined the English party in Scotland, and was one of the regents of the kingdom, and the guardians of the young King Alexander III, and his Queen, Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England. He was

with Edward I. at Brigham, near Roxburgh, where the famous letter from the Scottish nation was addressed to Edward. His partiality for the distinctive habits and civilisation of England was strong; and his two sons, Gilbert and Robert, were brought up in the English court. For the salvation of his own soul and the souls of his ancestors and his posterity, he gave Gilmory Gillendes and John Starnes, with their whole property and children, to the Abbot and convent of Inchaffray, to be theirs for ever. Our country was yet far from the dawn of the era, in which Cowper sang of it:—

"We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble! and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing."

This Earl Malise was succeeded by his son, also named Malise, as sixth Earl of Strathearn. In 1281, he was a guarantee of the marriage treaty between the Princess Margaret of Scotland, and Eric, King of Norway; and, in 1284, he sat in the Parliament held at Scone, when the Scottish nobles bound themselves to acknowledge Margaret's daughter, the Maiden of Norway, as their sovereign, in the event of her grandfather, Alexander III., dying without any issue of his second marriage. In the contest for the crown, he was one of the nominees on the part of John Baliol, in 1292. In July that year, he swore fealty at Stirling to Edward I. of England; and was present at Berwick in the following November, when the competition for the crown was decided in Baliol's favour. He was one of the nobles summoned to attend Edward I. into Gascony in 1294; and was in the Scots army which invaded England in March, 1296, for which his estates were forfeited; but in the July following, he again swore allegiance to the English invader. He was dead before the 3d September that year.

He was succeeded by his son, another Malise, as seventh Earl of Strathearn. In the War of Independence, this Earl was for a while a weathercock, now turning to the one side and then to the other, as his caprice moved him, or as a prudent regard to his own interest seemed to him to dictate. We do not detail his tergiversations: it is enough to allude to a specimen or two of them. When Bruce's fortunes brightened, he deserted the English party; pleading as his apology that he was forced to do so, and to acknowledge Bruce's sovereignty. So far from accepting his plea, the party subjected him to two years' imprisonment in England. On the other hand, when the prospects of the patriot King darkened, he forsook him, and lent his power and influence to the support of the usurper. At one time, Bruce and his army approached the Earl's Castle at Fowlis to reckon with him. On demanding his homage, his answer was that to give it would be to break faith with the King of England. Sir John Boyd stepped forward, and said to Bruce, "Give me the lands, and put him to death as you have done to others who refused to pay homage to you." No time-server could hesitate for a moment what to do in such a case. Malise at once yielded the homage required of him. His ruling principle being to worship the rising sun, after Bannockburn he became wonderfully patriotic. In 1320, he signed the letter to the Pope, asserting so nobly the independence of Scotland. He fought for it in the battle of Halidon Hill in 1333, having, with the Earls of Ross and Sutherland, the command of the third division of the Scottish army. Next year, he resigned his Earldom to an English noble, John de Warren, Earl of Warren and Surrey, who had married his daughter, Johanna, and was appointed by Edward I. the Governor of Scotland. In 1345, he was forfeited and attainted for this, Warren being a notour enemy of David II. His daughter, Johanna, Countess of Warren, Surrey, and Strathearn, was forfeited at the same time for marrying that nobleman.

We may add here that the mother of this Johanna —who was Malise's second wife, and a daughter of Sir John Menteith—was that Countess of Strathearn who implicated herself, in 1320, in the conspiracy of Sir David de Brechin, Sir William de Soulis, and others, against the life of King Robert Bruce, with the view of placing Soulis on the throne. They were brought to trial for their treason before the "Black Parliament" held at Scone in August that year; and Sir David de Brechin was beheaded, and the Countess and Soulis were imprisoned for life.

Malise died without leaving any male issue; and with him ended the old Celtic line of the Earls of Strathearn. On his death the Earldom reverted to the Crown. David II. conferred it on Sir Maurice Moray of Drumsargard, who was a nephew of Earl Malise, being the son of his sister Mary, the wife of Sir John Moray of Drumsargard. Sir Maurice was eighth Earl of Strathearn; he fell at the battle of Durham in 1346, and on his death without issue, King David gave the Earldom to his own nephew, Robert, High Steward of Scotland. On the Steward being raised to the throne in 1371 as Robert II., he gave the Earldom to David, his own eldest son by his second wife, Euphemia Ross. It seems to have been in his day that the Earldom was made a Palatinate; the holder of it being Earl

Palatine of Strathearn, and having Royal jurisdiction attaching to this high dignity. Earl David's daughter, Euphemia, his only child, was, on his death, Countess Palatine of Strathearn; and, marrying Sir Patrick Graham, second son of Sir Patrick Graham of Dundaff and Kincardine, he became, in right of his wife, Earl of Strathearn. Killed at Crieff in 1413, as we have already told, by his brother-in-law, Sir John Drummond of Concraig, his son, Malise, succeeded him in the Earldom. He was one of the hostages for the payment of the ransom of James I., which cost him a long imprisonment in England, the place of his confinement being Pontefract Castle. On pretence of its being a *male* fee, James took the Earldom from him, and gave it to his own uncle, Walter, Earl of Athole and Caithness, who was executed for the murder of his Sovereign in 1437, as we related when at Perth. The Earldom was then annexed to the Crown; and Malise Graham, from whom it had been taken, was so far compensated by being created Earl of Menteith. In 1454 James II., to relieve the poverty of the crown, which is ofttimes the cause of the poverty of the realm, as he expressed it, had many lands annexed perpetually to the Crown, among which was the Earldom of Strathearn, with the pertinents thereof. "The succession of the Earls of Strathearn may be said to have here ended. Their principal messuage of Fowlis, it may be easily conjectured, speedily fell into dilapidation. The fortunes of the family had fallen into other hands."

Strathearn has the honour of giving a member of the Royal family one of his titles. The late Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, was Duke of Strathearn in the Scottish Peerage.

In olden days the Stewards of Strathearn held their courts at the village of Fowlis, and one of these is memorable for a decision which it gave. In 1397 Sir Alexander Moray of Abercairney was brought before it, charged with the slaughter of William de Spalding. He pleaded the privilege of the Clan Macduff. That privilege was that any relative "within the ninth degree of kin and bluid to Macduffe, sumetime Earle of Fife," who had the misfortune to kill any person "of a suddenty," had only to go to the Cross of Macduff, near Newburgh, and there to give "nine kye and ane colpindach" (or young cow), and he was free of the slaughter committed by him. Sir Alexander pleaded this privilege by his counsel, Sir Bernardo de Hawden, Knight of Gleneagles, and John de Logy, probably the son of Margaret Logie, whom David II. took for his second Queen. The Steward did not discharge the panel, but he respited him until the Lord of Brechin, the chief Justiciar, should hear the case, and give judgment in it, which he did in Sir Alexander's favour.

While we are at the village of Fowlis, there are a few objects which we must point to. One is its Cross, standing in the middle of the village; an upright stone with a Calvary cross sculptured on one side of it, and strange figures of men and animals on the other, popularly regarded as symbolic of the chase and capture of a wolf which infested the neighbourhood. It is said to have been brought to its present site from Balacroisk, near the mouth of the Sma' Glen; Balacroisk signifying the town of the Cross. Attached to the Cross are the remains of an iron chain, used for fastening offenders to it, whether civil or ecclesiastical; and there they stood pilloried, and were pelted with rotten eggs and mud, in proportion to the supposed heinousness of their crimes and misdemeanours.

Another object is the Parish Kirk, finely situated, the site said to have been chosen in a somewhat curious way by one of the Earls of Strathearn. Desirous to have a church near his Castle, he went out early on a morning to consider where he would build it; and, taking his stand on an eminence where he had a summer seat, he resolved to build it on the spot on which the beams of the morning sun should first strike. The present church is a long, narrow fabric, the shell of which is said to be as old as the Reformation; and in this respect it is quite in keeping with the village, which was till very lately a small collection of hovels, presenting more of the antique and the primitive than could have been readily found in any other part of the Lowlands. The gateway of the church is Saxon, like that at Collace, the keystone of the arch being inscribed with these words, "Take heed of thy feet when thou goist into the hows of thy God": a needful enough admonition, we should think, to parishioners, who at one time required the temptation of a shoe market in the churchyard on the Sabbath, to draw them to the "hows" of their God. On the top of the gateway grew, till a few years ago, an ash tree, alleged to have been the subject of a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer. He predicted that, when the tree was strong enough to bear a swallow's nest, the kirk would be surrounded by troopers; and that, when it could bear a crow's nest, the kirk would be surrounded by cannon. The first part of the prophecy is understood to have been fulfilled in the time of the French war, when Sir Patrick Murray of Ochtertyre invested the kirk on a Sabbath with his troopers, that he might get possession of the parochial registers, to assist him in enrolling the men of Fowlis in the Militia he was raising for the defence of the

country. But he was ingloriously balked by the women, who, thinking that their husbands, sons, and brothers might be better employed than in *sodgerizing*, hid the registers under their plaids and cloaks, and made off with them. Some years ago a mason, repairing the gateway, destroyed the tree, lest its roots should hurt the structure. It is not easy, therefore, to see how the second part of Thomas's oracle is to be fulfilled. But, though we cannot see the *how*, we may rest assured that, if a true prophecy, it will come to pass.

Abercairney has been for many centuries the seat of the Morays, one of our most historic families. They are descended from William, second son of the celebrated patriot, Sir Andrew Moray of Bothwell, who was the first to join Wallace when he raised the banner of Scotland's independence, and who clave to him to the last with unswerving fidelity. The first Moray of Abercairney was the patriot's nephew, Sir John Moray of Drumsargard, now Cambuslang. He acquired Abercairney in 1290, by marrying Lady Mary, daughter of Malise, sixth Earl of Strathearn, so that in the veins of the family mingles the blood both of the old House of Bothwell and of the old Celtic Earls of Strathearn.

We must content ourselves with the briefest possible notice of the more distinguished members of the family.

Sir John's second son, Sir Alexander, we have already mentioned as concerned in the death of Spalding. He was the cousin of Thomas, last Lord of Bothwell, on whose death without male issue he claimed his titles and estate; but the Earl of Douglas, who had married Lord Thomas's daughter, was too strong for him. Sir Alexander then resigned Drumsargard to his brother Walter, and removed to Abercairney, which has ever since been the residence of the family. By his wife, Lady Janet, daughter of William, Earl of Ross, and sister of Queen Euphemia, he had a son, Sir Andrew, who succeeded him. His grandson, Andrew Moray of Bothwell, and Andrew's eldest son, George, both fell at Flodden. George's son, John, succeeded his grandfather, and was slain at Pinkie. John married his cousin, Lady Nicholas Graham, daughter of William, Earl of Montrose, and had three sons and six daughters.

The second son of this marriage was Sir David Murray of Gorthy, who held the office of Keeper of the Privy Purse to Prince Henry, eldest son of James VI., and was also distinguished for his scholarship and poetic genius. He published in 1611 a volume of poems, which he dedicated to Prince Henry, intituled "The Tragicall Death of Sophonisba; Cœlia, containing certain Sonets and small Poems; and a Paraphrase of the CIV. Psalme." The volume was reprinted by the Bannatyne Club in 1823, under the title of "Poems by Sir David Murray of Gorthy." It had become so scarce that it brought at one sale thirty-two guineas.

David Moray, minister of Leith, was the third son of this marriage. He was a staunch Presbyterian; and, notwithstanding his connection by birth with some of the best families in the kingdom, he suffered much for opposing King James in his efforts to supplant Presbytery by Prelacy. In 1608, he was summoned before the Privy Council for a Synod sermon, in which he had spoken somewhat freely of the avarice and ambition of some of the bishops. He declined the jurisdiction of the Council, and claimed to have the charge against him remitted to the courts of the Kirk, to which alone he held himself to be amenable in such a matter. The bishops hated and dreaded him, and, at their instigation, he was afterwards warded, first for a year in the Castle of Edinburgh, and then for a year and a half in Newabbey, near Dumfries, and a circuit of four miles around it, and was deprived of his charge at Leith. At the earnest request of the parishioners of Dunfermline, he was placed there in 1617; but Archbishop Spottiswood, who had two years before been advanced to the primacy, relentlessly harassed him. In 1621, he summoned him to appear before the High Commission to answer for not conforming to the Five Articles of Perth. Though twice cited, he paid no attention to the summons; for which he was removed from Dunfermline, and ordered into "confynement in a barbarous part of the country." The parish of Fowlis was fixed on for his Patmos: no great compliment, certainly, to its condition at that time. He came out of all tribulation in 1632, by a very happy death at Prestonpans.

Sir John Moray was succeeded in Abercairney by his eldest son William, who was brought up in Stirling Castle with young King James, then under the charge of Moray's maternal aunt, the Countess of Mar. James knighted him, and made him Master of the Horse to the Queen, and most of his life was spent at Court, after, as well as before, James's accession to the English throne.

In the seventeenth century the Morays of Abercairney were devotees of the Stuarts. After the Restoration, Charles II. knighted Sir Robert for his services to him and his cause. Sir Robert's second son, also Robert, and his third son, John, who, after the Revolution, entered the French service, were much at the Court of St Germain's, and were bearers of communications between it and its adherents in Scotland.

In one or other of the Rebellions of the next

century the laird of Abercairney would have been "out" but for the reason given in the anecdote which Dean Ramsay tells concerning him. The Dean says :—"One of the lairds of Abercairnie proposed to go out in '15 or '45. This was not with the will of his old serving-man, who, when Abercairnie was pulling on his boots, overturned a kettle of boiling water upon his legs, so as to disable him from joining his friends—saying, "Tak' that ; let them fecht wha like, stay ye at hame, and be Laird o' Abercairnie."

Recent lairds of Abercairney rose to distinction in the army. Charles Moray attained the rank of Major. He married the eldest daughter and heiress of Sir William Stirling, baronet of Ardoch. Their second son, William, had a long course of military service, ten years of it in India, and was severely wounded at Waterloo. He rose to the rank of Major, succeeded his mother in Ardoch, and assumed the additional name of Stirling. The late Henry Home-Drummond, Esq. of Blair-Drummond, married Christian, daughter of the Major ; and their son, Charles Stirling-Home-Drummond, Esquire of Blair-Drummond and Abercairney, succeeded his mother at Abercairney in 1864, and his brother at Blair-Drummond, Ardoch, Millearn, and Abbotgrange in 1876. He married in 1845 Lady Anne Georgina, daughter of Charles, sixth Marquis of Queensberry. On the death of the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Bart., their eldest son, Colonel Henry-Edward Moray, succeeded Sir William in the representation of Perthshire in Parliament.

Her Majesty visited Abercairney on the 12th September, 1842. Prince Albert, Lady Willoughby, and the Duchess of Buccleuch accompanied her in the same carriage ; and the Duke of Buccleuch, the Duchess of Norfolk, and the Honourable Miss Paget followed in another. They left Drummond Castle about half-past four o'clock ; drove through Crieff, where large crowds greeted them with plaudits, which were most graciously acknowledged ; and, on their way, they honoured the widowed Lady Baird with a call, and took a passing glimpse of the grounds of Ferntower. Major Moray-Stirling and the Honourable Mrs Douglas received the Royal visitors at Abercairney. They alighted, and went through the chief apartments of the House. They were in rapture, as they might well be, with the elegance of the mansion, and the splendour of its furnishings, and, above all, with the beauty and loveliness with which nature and art had surrounded it. It may be truly affirmed, we believe, that they saw nothing to surpass it, and little to equal it, in several points of view, in that memorable visit to Scotland.

Cultoquhey does not rival Abercairney ; but it is a charming residence. It has been for some five centuries the seat of the Maxtones ; during which long period, it is said, the estate has been neither increased nor diminished by a single acre, and the succession in the male line from father to son has never suffered a single interruption. The present proprietor is James Maxtone Graham, Esq. of Cultoquhey and Redgorton. He assumed the name and arms of Graham on succeeding to his uncle, Robert Graham, Esq. of Redgorton, cousin and heir of Lord Lynedoch. His usual residence is Battleby House, Redgorton. He has been for many years Chairman of the Liberal Committee of Perthshire, which has contributed to make him one of the best known and most respected gentlemen of the shire.

The Maxtones are of Saxon extraction, and appear to have always had some good Saxon stuff in them. They have had "Brains, sir," with an occasional pretty large development of the bump of pawky humour. Robert Maxtone fell at Flodden. Antony, a younger brother of the family, was prebendary of Durham in the reign of Charles I. And not the least distinguished of them, certainly, was that laird who took upon him to make a Litany for himself, without, we presume, asking the permission of the Primate of Scotland, whose prerogative it then was to regulate the devotions of the true sons of the Church north of the Tweed, as it is now the prerogative of the Archbishop of Canterbury to do the same south of that boundary stream. The laird was surrounded by the families of Breadalbane, Montrose, Perth, and Athole, who, he suspected, had not learned the social virtues better than they ought to have done. To the authorised Litany, therefore, he made this most seasonable addition, which he repeated every morning at a well near his residence :—

> "Frae the greed o' the Campbells,
> Frae the ire o' the Drummonds,
> Frae the pride o' the Grahams,
> And frae the wind o' the Murrays,
> Guid Lord, deliver us."

There is a tradition to the effect that the Duke of Athole, the chief of the Murrays, having invited Cultoquhey to dinner, asked him to repeat his addition to the Litany, thinking that he would not have the courage to do so in his presence. But his Grace was mistaken ; and when he heard the lines from the lips of their author, he threatened to crop his ars, should he ever hear of his again taking such a liberty with his name. The cool reply was, "There, my Lord, there's the wind o' the Murrays!" It is farther said that, on another occasion, another gentleman of the name of Murray called on

Cultoquhey in a state of high indignation, and remonstrated with him for so scandalising his Clan. The laird said not a word to the remonstrant; but, calling his servant, he ordered him to "open the door, and let out the wind o' the Murrays!"

Laterbannochy, on a rocky protuberance to the north of Abercairney, has some claim to be noticed as one of our Historic Scenes. It was once the site of a mansion in which resided a family of Murrays, who were ancestors of Lord Stormont.

As has appeared from what we have written, Gorthy at one time belonged to the Morays of Abercairney. It is now the property of the Mercers, one of the many branches of the great stock of the Mercers of Aldie and Meikleour. The first Mercer of Gorthy was George, tenth son and thirteenth child of William Mercer of Pitteuchar, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of George Swan, an illegitimate son of Charles II. Charles honoured our nobility by adding to them not a few of his bastard sons. He did not add Swan to them, and when asked the reason, he replied, "I did not dare to make a *deuck* of him; but I made a nobler bird," meaning a *swan*. George Mercer was a principal shareholder of the Association formed in 1835 for the colonisation of Port Philip, New South Wales, which the Association acquired by treaties with the native chiefs. He was also agent for it. Lord Glenelg, then Colonial Secretary, declined to confirm the treaties, or to make the Association a grant of the territories as feudatories of the British Crown; but the shareholders were allowed £7000 for the expenses they had incurred; and in 1851 Port Philip became an independent colony, under the name of Victoria. Gorthy House stood on the side of Gorthy Den. It has been demolished; but the lawn is marked by the venerable trees that once adorned it. The residence of the family is now Glentulchan House, sweetly situated on the southern bank of the Almond.

Keillor was once a place of such consequence that it boasted a Castle, with a den on each side of it, which a rivulet (says the Statistical Account) has formed into a peninsula.

On the Hill of Buchanty the Marquis of Montrose met with certain levies raised by Covenanters, whom he persuaded to join his standard. He was on his march southward from Athole, having crossed the Tay near Dunkeld on the 31st August, 1644. When passing through Glenalmond a reconnoitering party of his forces, with Inchbrakie at their head, espied a body of men posted in front of them on the Hill of Buchanty. They consisted of from four to five hundred men, raised by order of the Committee of Estates, chiefly in Menteith, and were commanded by Lord Kilpont, eldest son of the Earl of Menteith, and Sir John Drummond, son of the Earl of Perth, and were on their way to the general rendezvous of the Covenanters at Perth. "Montrose immediately marched up to this body, with the intention, if he could not prevail on them to join him, of attacking them; but before he had approached sufficiently near Lord Kilpont, who had ascertained that Montrose commanded, sent some of his principal officers to him to ascertain what his object was in thus advancing. Montrose having explained his views, and stated that he acted by the King's authority, and having entreated them to return to their allegiance, they and the whole of their party immediately joined him. This new accession augmented Montrose's army to about three thousand men." He forthwith fought and won the battle of Tibbermore, and took the city of Perth.

It must have been on this march southward that Montrose's horse stuck in the Bog of Bannochy, at a place which to this day bears the memorial name of Montrose's Goat.

Fowlis Wester had a somewhat distinguished son, whom we have not yet named. The Rev. Dr Ritchie, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, said to have been "an eminent scholar and a learned theologian," was a native of the parish. The Rev. Dr Alison, of St Paul's, Edinburgh, and the Rev. Principal Taylor, of Glasgow College, though not natives of the parish, were educated at its parochial school.

John Fyff, minister of the parish in 1645, was deposed for supporting the measures of the Court. At the Restoration, his widow and children had an allowance made them by Parliament because of what he had suffered for his loyalty to Charles I. His successor, George Murray, belonged to a very different class of ecclesiastics and politicians. He joined the protesting party in the Kirk in 1651, in opposition to his brethren in the Presbytery of Auchterarder, who were all Resolutioners. John Drummond, of Broich, was minister of the parish at the Revolution, and was deprived by the Privy Council for his Jacobitism. He was also ordered to be imprisoned, so that he must have been regarded as a peculiarly dangerous person, owing probably to his social position as one of the lairds of the district. William Hepburn was minister in 1715; and, for upwards of a month—from September 11 to October 20 that year—there was no sermon in the parish kirk. Hepburn betook himself to Stirling on the approach of the rebel army from the North; and on account of the commotions and perils in the country more especially in such quarters of it as the Land of the Drummonds.

MADDERTY.

The Historic Scene in this parish is the Abbey of Inchaffray, founded before A.D. 1200 by Gilbert, second Earl of Strathearn. It was built on ground previously sacred to the Earl and his Countess. They had laid in it the dust of their firstborn. In Gilbert's first charter in favour of the Abbey, this is assigned as the reason for the affection which they bore to the spot:—"So much do we love it, that we have chosen a place of sepulture in it for us and our successors, and have already buried there our eldest born."

Inchaffray is a Gaelic name. Translated into Latin, it is *Insula Missarum*, the designation it bears in charters. Translated into English, it is The Isle of Masses, *i.e.* the isle where masses are said. And there is no reason to doubt that the slight eminence on which the Holy House stood, was in ancient times literally an isle. The waters of the Pow surrounded it, as they wandered at will over the grounds in the hollow of the vale, making them always a marsh, and in heavy rainfalls a lake. This, indeed, continued to be the state of the district till as late as 1696, when the Scottish Parliament passed an Act authorising the cutting of a channel for the Pow, six feet deep and twenty-four feet wide. This channel has drained the marsh, and converted it into most valuable agricultural soil. Inundations are now comparatively rare; and when they occur, they compensate so far for the ill they do, by the alluvial deposits with which they enrich the adjacent fields.

Earl Gilbert dedicated his Abbey to the honour of God, the Virgin Mary, and St John the Evangelist; and planted it with canons regular of the Augustine order from the Abbey of Scone. His liberality to it is attested by the Great Charter, dated A.D. 1200. According to that writ, he "endowed it with the churches of St Kattanus of Abruthven, of St Ethirnanus of Madderty, of St Patrick of Strogeth, of St Mechesseok of Auchterarder, of St Beanus of Kinkell, with the tithe of the Earl's cain, and rents of wheat, meal, malt, cheese, and all provisions used throughout the year in his Court; with tithe of all fish brought into his kitchen, and of the produce of his hunting; and the tithe of all the profits of his courts of justice, and all offerings. The Convent had the liberty of fishing in the Peffer, and of fishing and birding over all the Earl's lands, waters, and lakes. They might take timber for building and other uses from his woods, and have their pannage, or mast-feeding, for pigs, as well as bark and firewood, in whatever places and as much as they chose. Some years later Earl Gilbert granted to the canons, now seated at Inchaffray, the Church of St Beanus of Foullis, with the 'dower' land of the church, and the common pasturage of the parish, and the Church of the Holy Trinity of Gask, with the same privileges."

Inchaffray shared also in the benefactions of Royal piety. It was "endowed with many privileges and immunities by David and Alexander, Kings of Scotland."

Earl Gilbert's son, Robert, third Earl of Strathearn, was likewise a benefactor of the Abbey. It would appear, indeed, from one of his charters that some quarrel had emerged between him and the monks; hence, in the church of Strageath, and in the presence of notable witnesses named in the document, he bound himself towards Innocent, the Abbot, that he would never in all his life vex the said Abbot, or his Convent, unjustly; nay, that he would love and everywhere honour them as his most special friends, and would add to the possessions of their house whatever he might, by the counsel of his friends. In particular, he confirmed to them the churches of Gask and Strageath. From this we may fairly infer that the alienation between them was temporary and the friendship abiding.

Maurice was Abbot of Inchaffray in 1314, when the battle of Bannockburn was fought, and he figures conspicuously in the memorials we have of that glorious field. On the morning of the day of battle (the 24th of June), at break of day, he prepared the Scots clerically for the bloody conflict. King Robert Bruce confessed to him, and, along with his army, heard mass said by him. The solemn service was celebrated on an eminence in front of their line. The soldiers then breakfasted, and arranged themselves under their different banners. As the enemy approached to close with them in mortal combat, Maurice, bareheaded and barefooted, walked slowly along the Scottish line, holding a crucifix aloft in his hand; and, as he passed along, the whole army kneeled down to receive his blessing, and prayed for a moment with the earnestness of men who felt that it might be their last act of devotion on earth. "See," said Edward, the English monarch, "they are kneeling; they seek mercy!" "They do, my liege," replied Sir Ingram Umfraville, an Anglicised Scot, who rode beside him, "but it is from God, and not from us. On that field they will win or die." "Be it so," said Edward, and immediately commanded the charge to be sounded.

It is farther said that Maurice bore about at Bannockburn the arm of St Fillan, which Bruce carried with him, to ensure the success of his arms.

The legend concerning that arm is, that St Fillan, when Abbot of Pittenweem, transcribed with his own hand the Holy Scriptures, and that his left arm became so luminous that it enabled him to proceed during the darkness of the night with his pious work. According to Lesley, "This wonderful arm afterwards came into the possession of Robert the Bruce, who enclosed it in a silver shrine, which he ordered to be carried at the head of his army; but that, previous to the battle of Bannockburn, the King's chaplain (Maurice), with the view of preserving it from the English, took it out and deposited it in some place of security. While, however, the Bruce was addressing his prayers to the empty shrine, it was observed to open and shut suddenly; and, on inspection, the Saint was found to have himself deposited his luminous arm in its old place, as an assurance of victory!" The writers of the Statistical Accounts of Madderty (both the Old and the New) say:—"This relic might, indeed, have given some encouragement to the superstitious, but one arm of a brave Scotsman, fighting in earnest for the liberty of his country, had more effect in obtaining that memorable victory than could have been produced by the innate virtue of all the relics of the dead that could have been collected." There is perhaps less philosophy in the remark than there is of orthodox antipathy against relics. The "superstitious" were the rule, not the exception, and who knows what influence the Saint's arm had in intensifying the soldierly enthusiasm, which drove before it the might and chivalry of England as chaff is driven before the wind?

Alexander Gordon, brother of George, fourth Earl of Huntly, was made commendator of the Abbey of Inchaffray in 1553. At the Reformation, it suffered the common fate of such Houses. In 1558 Gordon was promoted to the See of Galloway; and, in 1567, he was accused before the General Assembly of the Kirk, that he had not visited these three years bygone the kirks within his charge, that he had left off the visiting and planting of kirks, and he haunted the Court too much, and had now purchased to be one of the Session and Privy Council, which cannot agree with the office of a pastor or a bishop; that he had resigned Inchaffray in favour of a young child, and set diverse lands in feu in prejudice of the Kirk. He pleaded guilty to the whole charge. The "young child" referred to was James Drummond of Innerpeffray, second son of David, second Lord Drummond. The Abbey was erected into a temporal Lordship in his favour; and in 1609 he was created Lord Madderty. From him, as we stated when at Blackford, the noble family of Strathallan was descended.

The Earl of Kinnoul is proprietor of the site of the Abbey and a few acres in the neighbourhood of it; which gave to him the patronage of no fewer than twelve parishes, which had belonged to it in Popish times.

The Original Register of the Abbey of Inchaffray is in the library of Dupplin Castle, an octavo volume of fifty-one leaves of vellum, in the handwriting of the fifteenth century. The Bannatine Club has printed it, with some valuable appendices; and the book sheds much light on the history of Strathearn, civil and ecclesiastical.

The latest writer on it has said, "A few ruined gables, masses of fallen wall, a stone coffin, and an arched chamber, are all that remains of the Abbey of Inchaffray. It is enclosed with a low stone fence, in the eastern division of which are two rudely carved stones, belonging to a comparatively recent period of its history. The date, 1608, is still discernible on one of them; but some person, anxious to afford unmistakeable evidence of the antiquity of the Abbey, has endeavoured to efface the upper stroke of the 6 in 1608, wishing to make it 1008. The ruins are surrounded on three sides by a corn field—the road to Auchterarder passing them on the east."

Woodend is now the property and residence of Isaac Anderson Henry, Esq. It was once owned by a person of some historic note. He was Thomas Murray, Governor of Charles I. while he was Prince of Wales. It has been said of Charles that, "notwithstanding the errors into which he was led when he came to the throne, it is impossible not to admire his amiable and praiseworthy demeanour during his father's lifetime. The journals of the House of Lords show that he was constant in his attendance there, and he seems to have been ever anxious to quiet all disputes, and to do a good turn to everybody." May we hope that the influence of Thomas Murray of Woodend is to be traced in the character and habits of the Prince which commanded this eulogy? His Governor was, of course, a distinguished scholar; as is evidenced by his being afterwards made Provost of Eton College, as also by some Latin poems from his pen which have a place in the "Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum."

Dubbheads and Dollerie are the only other mansions in the parish. The latter is the seat of the Murrays, proprietors of the barony of Crieff. The present laird is Anthony Murray, Esq., a magistrate of the county. He is of the legal profession, and became a W.S. as far back as 1825.

The wayfarer, in passing through the lands of Craig of Madderty, would not naturally dream of the high privileges attaching to them. No outward

sign of the singular favour which has exalted Craig meets his eye; there is nothing, indeed, to attract his notice, if it is not the snug little village of St David's, which has taken the place of the old village of Craig, with its schoolhouse and schoolmaster's house, erected by the late Lady Baird of Ferntower, to whom the estate belonged; and which are monuments of the liberality and good taste of her Ladyship, and of the deep interest she took in the education of the young. Yet the estate has few peers in respect of prerogatives and immunities. In 1626, Lord John Madderty obtained a charter, under the Great Seal, and which was ratified by Act of Parliament, constituting Craig a free burgh of barony, and investing it with extensive privileges, which have been thus summarised:—"It is declared thereby (by the charter) that the said burgh shall have the haill privileges, commodities, and immunities of a free burgh of barony; it also gives special power to the proprietrix for choosing, constituting, and creating bailies, burgesses, officers, sergeants, and haill other officers necessary within the burgh for the government thereof, and the said bailies and other officers are thereby authorised to elect yearly, and empower as to them shall seem expedient, with full and special power also to the burgesses of the said burgh, present and to come, to peck and peat, and to buy and sell wine, wax, linen, and woolen cloths, broad and narrow, and all other merchandise and staple goods, and to have a weekly market every Friday, with four free fairs yearly. There have been of late Courts held occasionally at the village of St David's, within the barony, for settling disputes which may arise in the barony, and also for the internal peace and good government thereof."

James Graham, minister of Madderty at the Revolution, was deprived by the Privy Council for his Jacobitism. In 1736, Viscount Dupplin presented George Blackie to the vacant charge. His settlement was strenuously opposed by the parishioners. The Commission of the General Assembly wrote the Viscount a letter, beseeching him to waive in this instance his right of patronage. This the Viscount refused to do. The conflict ended in Blackie's receiving an appointment in America, on which the General Assembly, in 1740, appointed the Presbytery to proceed to fill up the vacancy according to the rules of the Church. Towards the close of last century, James Ramsay, incumbent of the parish, made a valuable invention for the advancement of agriculture, which the Old Statistical Account thus notices:—"The land, in some places, contains great numbers of *sit-fast* stones, which prove to be great obstructions to its improvement. The Rev. Mr Ramsay, the present incumbent, who occupies a piece of land full of these stones, constructed a machine for the purpose of raising them. It operates on the principles of the pulley and cylinder, or wheel and axle, and has a power as 1 to 24. It is extremely simple, being a triangle, to two sides of which the cylinder is fixed. It can be easily wrought and carried from place to place by three men. A low four-wheeled machine, of a strong construction, is made to go under the arms of the triangle, to receive the stone when raised up. This machine has been already of great use in cleaning several fields of large stones in this place and neighbourhood." Whether the incumbent was as ingenious and successful in removing other *sit-fast* evils in his parish we have not met with any record to enable us to say. He is also noted for a victory at law, which he won over his heritors. Having discovered a pit of marl in his glebe, he claimed the marl as his own property. The heritors claimed it as theirs. They went to Court with the case, when Lord Braxfield gave judgment in Ramsay's favour, who pocketed the full value of the marl, after the expense of digging it, and of the law process, was paid.

TRINITY GASK
(NORTH OF THE EARN).

The Roman road from Ardoch to Bertha passed, for about four miles, through this parish, running upwards of a mile along the highest ridge of it. The traces of the road are quite distinct, and enable us to understand the Roman style of civil engineering. This road was a "street" or "causeway," as it has been often called, formed of pretty large stones, laid in regular order, making a good firm bottom. Over these was cast a thin covering of earth, loosed by such operations as levelling and making watercourses; and this covering filled at least the interstices between the stones. The breadth of the road was about twenty feet.

Nearly half a century ago, what may have been another trace of the Romans was discovered in the parish. It was a tumulus, on that portion of the lands belonging to the Earl of Kinnoul. The tumulus measured about three feet by two; and was constructed of four large stones, with a fifth for a cover. A considerable quantity of decayed human bones was found in it. "It was supposed to be a relic of the Romans, but there was nothing from which this could be positively determined." That it was as old as the days of the Romans in Scotland,

if not older, there seemed to be the best reason for presuming. "The remains of the skulls lying at the eastern end would indicate an origin prior to the introduction of Christianity. Around the sarcophagus, and mingled with the stones of the cairn which covered it, were ashes and burnt bones, as if animals or captives had been sacrificed on the tomb of the chief."

Gascon Ha', in the eastern extremity of the parish, is a very striking ruin, and marks the scene where the Lords of the district once resided.

"Lane on the winding Earn, there stands
An unco tow'r, sae stern an' auld,
Biggit by lang forgotten hands—
Ance refuge of the Wallace bauld.'

The last of these lines can hardly be accepted as historically correct. It is likely that the Gascon Ha' which was the "refuge" of Wallace was a prior Ha', which stood some mile and a half north-east of this one, in what is now the Wood of Gask. But Lady Nairne's description of the ruin is as just as it is graphic. It is indeed "an unco and stern tow'r," and "sae auld" that the builders of it have passed into oblivion.

"Time's restless finger sair hath waur'd,
And rived thy grey disjaskit wa';
But rougher hands than Time's hae daured
To wrang thee, bonny Gascon Ha'."

On the high ground, about a mile north-west of this ruin, is the "Borestone," a most singular-looking block, standing about five and a-half feet high, with two holes through it near the top. It had once an inscription, which time has so obliterated that not a word of it can now be deciphered. It was also covered with rude sculpture in animal figures, the chief of which may yet be distinguished as those of the bear, the stag, and the elephant. There is no lore extant about this Stone, and nothing but the most uncertain conjectures has been offered concerning it. One of these is, that the "Borestone" was a place of meeting for hunting the wild boar, in those days when it disputed with our ancestors the sovereignty of the country. Another is, that it was a place of punishment for evil doers; a sort of pillory to which they were fastened, their arms being put through the holes in the Stone, and tied together on the other side, in which position they stood a spectacle, doing penance till rude justice was satisfied for the offences which they had committed.

In Popish times Trinity-Gask Well was a Holy Well, famous for the preternatural virtues of its water. It was an antidote for the plague, which used often to walk through the length and breadth of the land, mowing down immense numbers of the population. [It was also a charm against witchcraft and all other such evils as baffled the skill and the power of the doctors, medical and ecclesiastical. While this was the received faith concerning it, held as undoubtingly as any truth of the Bible itself, we need not wonder that Trinity Well was frequented by crowds of visitors. And the priesthood, we may be sure, did not fail to profit by the popular delusion. The paragraph regarding this Well in the Old Statistical Account is worth quoting:—

"The most noted well in the parish is at Trinity-Gask. It is remarkable for the purity and lightness of its water; the spring is copious and perennial. Superstition, aided by the interested artifices of Popish priests, raised, in times of ignorance and bigotry, this well to no small degree of celebrity. It was affirmed that every person who was baptised with the water of this well would never be seized with the plague. In those times few ventured to disbelieve what was asserted by the Monkish clergy; and fewer were possessed of fortitude to oppose the system of influence which the Established Church had obtained. But the extraordinary virtue of Trinity-Gask Well has perished with the downfall of superstition, and the introduction of a free and rational inquiry into nature and religion."

It appears from the parochial registers that in the Covenanting era the parishioners of Trinity-Gask were rather zealous Covenanters. "On Sunday, the 5th of November, 1643, the Covenant was read, explicate, and public intimation made that all be present the next day to swear and subscribe it." Again, "On Sunday, the 12th November, this day all did swear and subscribe the Covenant." In that era the Covenant was imposed on all. In 1640 "the Estates of Parliament ordained and commanded the said Covenant to be subscribed by all His Majesty's subjects of what rank or quality soever, under all civil pains." But the Trinity-Gaskites did not need the threat of civil pains and penalties to make them swear and subscribe. They did so from love to the Covenant.

We mentioned, when at Kinkell, on the south of the Earn, the melancholy fate of Richard Duncan, minister of Trinity-Gask, executed at Crieff on the charge of having murdered his illegitimate infant. One of his successors in the next century, named Dr Kemp, ordained here in 1770, and afterwards translated to Edinburgh, acquired an unenviable notoriety, which did not at all tend to redeem the ministry from the obloquy which Duncan's doom had brought upon it. Dr David Ritchie, minister of St Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, and latterly Professor of Logic in the University of the metropolis, was for some-time parochial schoolmaster of Trinity-Gask.

MUTHILL.

Muthill is rich in Historic Scenes. The oldest of them are perhaps those which were marked by monoliths—single, large standing stones, some of which are yet to be seen in various parts of it. But these, unhappily, are now mute to us; the history connected with them, and which they doubtless transmitted for many an age, either having become dissociated from them, or having quite perished There are also in the parish the remains of several Druid circles; and we are not ignorant of the use to which these were appropriated, or of the rites that were celebrated in them in Pagan times.

Muthill has two Roman camps, the one at Ardoch, and the other at Strageath.

Ardoch, it is generally agreed, was the "Lindum" of Ptolemy and Richard of Cirencester; and the camp at it was one of the *Castra Stativa*—the permanent stations of the Romans in Scotland. Though General Wade conducted his military road from Stirling to Crieff through it, and though the plough has likewise taken barbarian liberties in encroaching on it, it is allowed to be the most entire Roman remain of its kind now extant in Britain. The whole space over which it extended has been divided into four departments. These are yet distinguishable; and it is evident that the divisions must have been constructed at different times, as the later ones partially occupy the sites of the earlier. They have been named the Station, the Procestrium, the Great Camp, and the Small Camp.

The Station was a fort, situated on a most eligible eminence on the side of the Knaik. On the west it was fortified by the bank of that stream, which rose almost perpendicularly some fifty feet above the water, and on the south by a deep morass; and these natural defences were strengthened by two ditches. On the east and north it was protected by five ditches deep and broad, and by six powerful ramparts. The Station was 420 feet long and 375 broad, and could hold 1200 men on the Polybian system. It is supposed that it was intended for the garrison which was to secure to Rome the permanent possession of Caledonia, after it was subdued and annexed. And a sepulchral stone, preserved in Drummond Castle, was found in it, with an inscription which proves that the first cohort of Spanish auxiliaries to the Roman legions did lie in garrison here for some time.

In this department of the camp was the Prætorium, or the General's quarters, raised somewhat above the level of the ground around. It was a square, each side measuring 60 feet, and it appears to have been enclosed by a stone wall. Within it have been traced the foundations of a building, 30 feet by 21, which is thought to have been a chapel erected in after ages, and this agrees with the name Chapelhill, which the spot has borne from time immemorial. On the west side of the Prætorium an urn was digged up, containing ashes and fragments of a human skull. These may have been Roman; the fact that they were urned makes it likely that they were so, and not the ashes and skull fragments of one of those, of whom a living writer on Ardoch says:—"In modern times the Prætorium was made the burial-place of vagrants and suicides; a circumstance worthy of notice, to prevent the confusion which the discovery of bones at the spot might cause to any future archæologist, who might mistake the bones of modern gipsies for those of the soldiers of ancient Rome."

It is said that on one of the sides of the Prætorium there was once a hole, leading down in a sloping direction to some chamber many fathoms deep. This chamber there was a strong desire to have explored. A criminal, adjudged to die in the Regality court of the district, was offered a remission of his sentence on the condition of his going down and making the desired exploration. He accepted the offer for the chance of his life, and was let down by a rope tied about his body. He returned, bringing with him Roman spears, helmets, fragments of bridles, &c. Curiosity was so far gratified, yet there was disappointment, It was confidently believed that there was treasure, and very large treasure, in this excavation, which was supposed to communicate with the Grinnan Hill of Keir, about a quarter of a mile south-eastward. An old rhyme had said:—

"Between the camp at Ardoch, and the Grinnan Hill o
Keir,
Lie seven King's ransoms for seven hunder year."

On further and better search, might not the treasure be discovered and brought up? In the hope that it might and would, the man was induced to descend a second time, but he never came up with the life. The foul air suffocated him.

This hole remained open till about 1720, when an old gentleman, who then tenanted the House o Ardoch, put a millstone on the mouth of it to prevent hares from running into it when pursued by his dogs; and a considerable depth of earth having been laid over the millstone, the hole has never been found, though diligent search has been made for it. The writer of the Statistical Account of the parish adds:—"Should it ever be discovered, it will probably lead to a tank which was formed by th

Romans in order to receive water filtered from the River Knaik."

The Procestrium was an addition to the original Station raised on the north side of it. It was 1910 feet by 1340, and was capable of containing 4000 men. If the Station was meant for a permanent garrison, to secure the conquests of Imperial Rome in North Britain, it is not unlikely that the Procestrium was meant to accommodate reinforcements for the garrison at any time when Caledonian revolt and outbreak might render this necessary. It occupied, we may note, part of the Great Camp, clearly showing that it was of later erection.

The Great Camp seems to have been the first work of the Romans at Ardoch, formed by Agricola when he entered Strathearn with the view of subduing the Caledonians to the sceptre of Rome. This was in his seventh and last campaign, and in A.D. 84. Such, at least, is the common reckoning. The mean length of the Great Camp was 2800 feet, and the mean breadth of it 1950. It was capable of containing about 26,000 men, and this is computed to have been about the number of the army which Agricola led into Strathearn.

The Small Camp was on the west of the great one, and included a part of the area of the latter, showing again that it was made at a later date. It was 1910 feet by 1340, and could hold 12,000 men. Various conjectures have been formed as to the special design of it. One is that it was intended to accommodate Agricola and one-third of his army, after he had divided it into three bodies, and while the other two-thirds of it were encamped, the one at Strageath, and the other at Dalginross. And another is that it was intended to accommodate the legions returning from the north, after the Great Camp had become unsuitable for this purpose, by being broken by the Procestrium.

We read that these two camps, the Great and the Small, occupied about 130 acres of ground.

The Romans had two outposts to their camp at Ardoch. The one was on the Grinnan Hill of Keir, which has been already referred to, and which is the wooded knoll on the south-west of the village of Braco. A Caledonian fort had surmounted the knoll, of which the Romans took possession; and there they kept watch and ward over a large portion of the Vale of Strathallan. The other was Kaims, or Camp's Castle, in the Moor of Orchil, about a mile and a-half north-east of Ardoch. It was a square redoubt, which the Romans erected as a post of observation, and from which they commanded a view both of Ardoch and of Strageath.

The Camp at Ardoch has had many visitors; but we may truly say that the most illustrious of them all were Her Majesty Queen Victoria and her Royal Consort Prince Albert. In leaving Drummond Castle for the south, on the 13th September, 1842, their road to Stirling led by it. As they passed, on the left of the highway, the outpost Kaims, which we have just alluded to, Her Majesty's attention was attracted by a Roman banner waving on it, and which pointed to a lofty standard with the Union Jack. Major Moray Stirling of Ardoch was in waiting for the Royal party at the northern boundary of the Ardoch estate, and attended them through it on horseback. He had consulted Her Majesty's convenience in visiting the Roman camp by opening a way to it through the wall surrounding his demesne. Her Majesty alighted, and contented herself with merely stepping on the camp, and casting her eye over it. The Prince trod it, and inspected it narrowly for a short space; expressing on his return to his seat in the carriage the high gratification which the sight of this most interesting memorial of the "Mother of Dead Empires" had given him.

Not a few have been of opinion that the battle of Mons Grampius, between the Romans under Agricola and the Caledonians under Galgacus, was fought in the parish of Muthill, the scene of it being the Moor of Ardoch, and the thick of it about Blair-in-roan. When at the Stormont, we said all that we have to say on this much controverted point. That war has done its fell work in these parts is undoubted. Blair-in-roan—the spotted battlefield; Tygh-na-blair (one of the sources of the Machany)—the stream of the battlefield; and Alt-na-chask, in Glen Artney—the burn of action, are all names memorial of war. The six or seven upright stones near Blair-in-roan, called to this day Roman stones, probably mark the last resting-place of war's victims. But, while admitting all this, we concur with Knox, in his Topography of the Basin of the Tay, in thinking that in this quarter "there are no appearances to indicate a great battle," such as that of Mons Grampius was. Cairn Wochel and Cairn Lee, on the Moor of Orchil, need not be pointed to. The likelihood is, as Knox says, that they are Druid monuments. Cairn Wochel, notwithstanding its great size—182 feet in length, by 45 in breadth, and 30 in sloping height—yielded, when opened, not the ashes of hecatombs of the slain in battle, but a stone coffin, with a skeleton in it seven feet long. Another Druid cairn, about a mile west of Ardoch, yielded another stone coffin with a skeleton of the same size. These are satisfactory testimonies that there were giants in the days when those sleepers in the dust served their generation; but they certainly say nothing of Agricola and Galgacus, or of the scene of the great battle between them.

The other Roman camp in the parish is at Strageath—the "Hierna" of Ptolemy and Richard—on the Earn, near Innerpeffray. It was comparatively a small camp, and a temporary one. It measured 285 feet by 240. Operations to enlarge it, by adding a Procestrium to it, seem to have proceeded so far, but they had never been completed. The plough has obliterated the vestiges of it; but these were quite distinct in Pennant's day, who gives in his Tour a particular account of them. The great Roman road to the north crossed the Earn a little above this camp, and a branch road led into it.

Muthill is one of the oldest and sweetest villages in Perthshire. Indeed, "in tidiness of aspect, neat rusticity of architecture, and scenic beauty of position, it has few equals in Scotland." In the days of Popery and Prelacy, it was the residence of the Dean of Dunblane; and, for some time after the Reformation, it was the seat of the Presbytery of the district, which, however, was by and by changed to Auchterarder, as being more centrally situated. It has been thought by some that the Culdees had an establishment of some note in Muthill; and, if so, one might naturally suppose it to have been in the village, if the name of Culdees Castle does not raise a presumption that it may have been nearer the site of that Mansion. The Old Church of Muthill, which stood in the village, and was a collegiate one, must have been a singularly fine and imposing edifice. Its choir in the east end had a large and beautiful Gothic window; a double row of pillars supported the roof; the aisles projected on each side; and the tower adorned the west end. Its ruins yet attract and fascinate the visitor. "Its walls . . . still remain, and rear their grey heads over the time-honoured yews which embower its choir. The square tower, like that of Dunning, is one of those ascribed by antiquarians to the ninth century. It is about 70 feet high." The church was built in the first half of the fifteenth century, by Ochiltree, Bishop of Dunblane, of whom Spottiswood says:—"Bishop Ochiltree succeeded, a wealthy prelate, and well esteemed; and so purchased to his See a great part of the forfeited lands of Strathearn, adorned the Cathedral of Dunblane, built the bridge of Knaik and Machant, with the church of Muthil; and did in his time divers other good works.

Muthill was one of the places in Strathearn burned by the Highlanders in the beginning of 1716; and their conduct at it was revoltingly cruel. Halley was then the revered and beloved minister of the parish; and the grandmother of his wife, who had lived with them in the manse, was just dying when the kilted savages appeared at it. Mr Halley entreated them to spare the manse for a few minutes, till the aged matron should expire. They would not, but instantly set fire to it; so that he had no alternative but to carry the dying woman out, if she was not to perish in the flames. As Stedman, the contemporary minister of Auchterarder, relates in a letter written by him, "She died in the forthcarrying, and they laid her down on the snow and straiked her, her oye (or grandchild) sitting beside her." Even that was not all. Under her, on the snow, were the blankets in which she had been carried out of the house; and some Highlanders passing by pushed these from underneath the corpse, and made away with them. Stedman adds, "Sir, this is true matter of fact, and confirmed by persons dwelling in the bounds."

In Popish times the parish was well supplied with chapels. There was one at Strageath; another dedicated to St Michael, at Struthill; and a third, dedicated to St Patrick, in the Blair-in-roan district; where the inhabitants till lately venerated St Patrick's memory so highly, that "on his day neither the clap of the mill was heard, nor the plough seen to move in the furrow.". The parish had also some Wells famous for their healing virtues. The water of the Well at Straid was effectual for curing the hooping-cough, if duly administered; and on this important point the Statistical Account informs us:—"The water must be drunk before the sun rises, or immediately after it sets; and that out of a 'quick cow's horn,' or a horn taken from a live cow, which indispensable horn is in the keeping of an old woman who lives near by the well." The water of the Well at Struthill possessed still more wonderful medicinal power. It healed the diseased mind. "The credulous," we quote from the Statistical Account, "sought much after it, as its virtues were considered effectual in curing madness. Doubtless its celebrity was altogether owing to the artifices of the avaricious religionists, who, it would appear, practised on the superstition of frequent visitors, to call forth their liberality in the shape of offerings cast into the Well. That this account is more than mere conjecture appears from the fact that the Popish chapel which stood near the Well was ordered by the Presbytery of Auchterarder, Anno 1650, to be demolished, on account of the superstitions which were practised within it. But even this was not effectual to do away the celebrity of the Well, or rather, we may say, was not effectual to lessen the avarice of those who kept it; for in 1668 several persons testified before the Presbytery of Stirling that, having carried a woman thither, 'they had staid two nights at a house hard by the Well; that the first night they did bind her twice

to a stone at the Well, but she came into the house to them, being loosed without any help. The second night they bound her over again to the same stone, and she returned loose. And they declare also that she was very mad before they took her to the Well, but since that time she is working, and sober in her wits.' This Well was still celebrated, and votive offerings were cast into it, in the year 1723; but such delusions have now happily passed away."

The great historic seat in the parish is Drummond Castle, which, with its gardens and park, embracing about a thousand acres, and the landscape of which it is the centre, is altogether unique in its beauties and glories. Macculloch says of it in his "Highlands and Western Isles of Scotland":—"None of our thousand travellers and writers have done justice to Drummond Castle. . . . If it is not all that it might be rendered, it is still absolutely unrivalled in the low country, and only excelled in the Highlands by Dunkeld and Blair. Placed in the most advantageous position to enjoy the magnificent and various expanse around, it looks over scenery scarcely anywhere equalled. With ground of the most commanding and varied forms, including water and rock, and abrupt hill and dell, and gentle undulations, its extent is princely, and its aspect that of ancient wealth and ancient power. Noble avenues, profuse woods, a waste of lawn and pasture, an unrestrained scope, everything bespeaks the carelessness of liberality and extensive possessions, while the ancient Castle, its earliest part belonging to 1500, stamps on it that air of high and distant opulence which adds so deep a moral interest to the rural beauties of baronial Britain." Two or three sentences from other pens, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting. "Overlooked by the Grampians," says one, "and overlooking the rural richness of Strathearn and Strathallan, all men would say that Castle Drummond, when inhabited by a Queen, was beauty's self. The policy extends to two miles every way, and contains, in addition to wood, glade, and fell, and timber of aged growth, attractions which one may ride over broad Scotland and look in vain for their parallel. On the north there is a beautiful artificial lake, with the foliage depending to the water's edge, and rendered animated and gaudy by the troops of swans that are constantly swimming on its waters. On the south side, and immediately fronting the principal face of the Castle, lie the matchless flower gardens of Drummond, which, though situated in the north, are as well known by repute to every florist, and every man of cultivated taste in London, as the Lion of Northumberland at Charing Cross is to every venerable Cockney. We have no meaner authority than the Duchess of Sutherland for saying that these gardens are unequalled in Europe, according to their scale." "Westward," says another, "is the pine-covered mountain of Turlum, possessed by the forest deer, with the sloping country between; . . . and eastward, on the south side of the avenue, is the fine deer-park, containing immense herds of red and fallow deer, which, in haughty composure, gaze on the passing traveller; all strikingly suggestive of the poet's lines—

> "'How many charms, by nature and by art,
> Do here combine to captivate the heart!'"

The Drummond family, of whom the Castle is the seat, is of Hungarian extraction. The first of them was Maurice, a Hungarian noble, who came to Scotland in 1068 with Edgar Atheling of England, and his two sisters, Margaret and Christian, when they fled from William the Conqueror. It is said that Maurice piloted the vessel in which the fugitives sailed, and which a storm cast on the coast of Fife. Hence the name Drummond, if we may believe Viscount Strathallan in his Genealogy of the House. *Drum* in Gaelic signifies high, and *onde* a wave; and Maurice was called Drum-onde, smoothed into Drummond, in memory of the skill and gallantry with which he conducted his precious freight over the high waves of the tempestuous deep. King Malcolm Canmore married the sister Margaret, and gave Maurice large possessions of lands in Scotland. The first gift to him was Drymen in Stirlingshire, from which lands, according to etymologists more prosaic than Viscount Strathallan, the name Drummond was derived.

When at Cargill, we gave some glimpses of the family history, till Sir John Drummond was raised to the peerage in 1487, by the title of Lord Drummond. He acquired by purchase the barony of Concraig (the old name of the rock on which the manor-house stood, as also of the estate), with the heritable offices attached to it; those, viz., of the Steward of Strathearn, Justiciary-Coroner of the whole district, and Ranger of the forest. He built Drummond Castle, and removed to it as his residence from Stobhall, before 1491. We add here some further notices of the family.

The year after he was ennobled, Lord Drummond suppressed the insurrection of the Earl of Lennox and others, in which they meditated seizing the person of the King, and overturning the administration, on the pretence of avenging the death of James III. James IV. made him a Privy Councillor, Lord Justice-General of Scotland, and Constable of the Castle of Stirling. His robes as Justice-General are among the antiquities preserved in Drummond Castle, and to be seen by visitors. He

forfeited his offices and estates by striking, in a fit of passion, the Lord Lyon-King-at-Arms, as he was delivering a message to the Queen; but on the intercession of her Majesty and others, he was pardoned, and restored to his honours and possessions.

Three Lords Drummond succeeded the first one. David, second Lord, was the great-grandson of the first. Lord John's eldest son, Malcolm, predeceased his father. His second son, William—Master of Drummond, as he was styled—perished on the scaffold, as we shall see when we come to Monzievaird. The Master had two sons—Walter and David. Walter died before his grandfather; and so David succeeded his great-grandfather, John. He joined the association in behalf of Queen Mary, formed at Hamilton in 1568, and died in 1571. His eldest son, Patrick, succeeded him as third Lord Drummond. He embraced the Reformed religion. His third daughter, Jane, a celebrated beauty, became Countess of Roxburgh, and was selected to be the Governess of the children of James VI. She died in 1643, and her funeral was appointed for a grand muster of the Royalists to massacre the Covenanters; but the muster turned out so small that the nefarious design was abandoned.

Lord Patrick's elder son, James, succeeded him as fourth Lord Drummond. He was a great favourite with James VI.; and in 1605, on his return from an embassy to the Spanish Court, he was raised to the rank of an Earl, by the title of Earl of Perth. For generations the family had steadily risen in power, influence, and possessions, very much through the marriages they contracted, which we have not space to detail. Their bane was their devotion to the House of Stuart, by which, above all other things, they were signalized. Earl James dying without male issue, his brother John succeeded him as second Earl of Perth. He zealously supported James VI. in his policy; voted for the Five Articles of Perth; subscribed the Cumbernauld bond, framed by the Marquis of Montrose, in 1641, for the support of the Royal cause; and in 1654 was, with his son James, fined by Cromwell in the sum of £5000. Cromwell also did violence to his Castle, and nearly demolished it. He died in 1662.

His son James, third Earl of Perth, joined the Marquis of Montrose in 1645, and fought with him at Philiphaugh, where he was taken prisoner. He married Lady Anne Gordon, daughter of the Marquis of Huntly, by whom he had two sons, James and John. In 1686 James VII. created John Earl of Melfort, in the Scottish peerage, Viscount Forth and Lord Drummond of Rickertoun, Castlemains, and Gilston. He had been previously appointed General of the Ordnance, Deputy-Governor of Edinburgh Castle, Treasurer-Deputy, and one of the principal Secretaries of State for Scotland; which last office he held for the brief residue of the reign of the Stuarts. He recommended himself for those honours by becoming a convert to the Romish faith. His cruel persecution of the Covenanters has branded his name with indelible infamy.

The elder brother, James, succeeded their father as fourth Earl of Perth. Charles II. appointed him a Privy Councillor; Lord Justice General; an Extraordinary Lord of Session; Sheriff-Principal of the County of Edinburgh; and Lord Chancellor of Scotland. His official robes as Chancellor are preserved in Drummond Castle with those of his Chancellor ancestor already referred to by us. James VII. continued him in his offices; and the whole management of the affairs of Scotland was in his hand. Like his brother, he ingratiated himself with his master, and testified his gratitude to him by embracing Romanism. He, of course, counselled, approved, and directed that savage persecution of the Nonconformists of Scotland, which filled the cup of the Stuarts, and cost them their throne. There was no man more odious to his countrymen than this chief minister of the last two sovereigns of that doomed dynasty. The Revolution having eased James VII. of his crown, and driven him into exile, his Chancellor, "in terror of his life from the infuriated mob, retired from the Council, and was escorted by a strong guard to his country seat in Perthshire." The mob attacked the Royal Chapel, gutted it, and, after parading its Popish images and other paraphernalia through the streets of Edinburgh, gave them to the flames. They sacked the Jesuits College, and burned its printing press and library; and many of the private dwellings of the Roman Catholics shared the same fate. As a living author puts it, in "The Pictorial History of Scotland":—

"The tidings of this outbreak were speedily conveyed to Castle Drummond, where Perth had taken refuge, and filled the mind of the cowardly renegade with overwhelming alarm. He had tried in vain to find support in the rites of his new faith, or in the consolations of his priests, to whom, with eager importunity, he appealed for comfort, acknowledging with craven terror that 'the terrors of death were upon him.' Afraid to trust himself longer even among his own servants and retainers, he left his residence in disguise, and, travelling by an unfrequented route over the Ochil Mountains, then covered with snow, he succeeded in reaching Burntisland, on the northern shore of the Frith of Forth, and embarked on board a ship which lay off that port. But, in spite of all his precautions, he was

recognised and pursued. The vessel in which he was making his escape was overtaken, boarded, and searched. The cowardly wretch was discovered in the hold dressed in women's clothes. He was immediately seized, and, after having been stripped and plundered, was dragged on shore and committed to the jail of Kirkcaldy. His late associates in the Council, with characteristic baseness, hastened to disown their colleague in his hour of need, and ordered him to be removed to Stirling Castle. Like his companion in office and in guilt, the infamous Chancellor Jeffries, Perth was conveyed to his place of confinement under a strong guard, amid the mingled execrations and threats of a vast multitude, who had assembled to exult over the downfall of the despicable tool of oppression and cruelty."

He remained a close prisoner in Stirling Castle for nearly four years. Liberated in 1693, he betook himself to Rome, whence he was sent for to St Germains by James, who created him Duke of Perth, First Lord of the Bedchamber, and a Knight of the Garter. He likewise made him Chamberlain to the exiled Queen, and Governor of the young Prince of Wales, afterwards the Chevalier de St George. He died at St Germains in 1716, and was buried in the chapel of the Scottish College at Paris.

In the next century, the Drummonds stood in the front rank of the Jacobites. James, eldest son of the fourth Earl of Perth, who had attended James VII. in his expedition into Ireland in 1690, was one of the first to join Mar in the Rebellion of 1715. His summons to his vassals to follow him bespoke his burning zeal in the desperate cause. It was in the form of an order to three of his principal tenants, intituled on the back, "Order Ja. Ld. Drummond to William M'Gruther, William M'Nivan, and Alexander M'Gruther, farmers in Glenartney, 1713," and ran thus:—"William M'Gruther, in Dalclathick, you are hereby ordered to acquaint William M'Nivan, in the same town, and Alexander M'Gruther, in Dalchrown, to go along with yow as officers, to Command the Company of our men, that is to come out of your glen, and all the men are hereby ordered to obey your commands on their highest perill, which you are to intimate to them as you will be answerable to us, and this shall be your warrant. Given att Drumond Castle this fifteenth day of August one thousand seven hundred and thirteen years." "See that none of the men of Achinner of whatever rank be absent, as they will be answerable, and all the men in good order." (Signed) "Drummond." The M'Gruthers, we may state, paid dear for obeying his Lordship's behest. They were banished to America, and sold as slaves. Ransomed by their friends, they returned home in the guise of travelling packmen, and remained seven years in hiding without either being at kirk or market. When Mar's attempt collapsed, Drummond fled to France, sailing thither in the same vessel with the Chevalier de St George. He was attainted; but he saved his estates by a disposition of them to his eldest son James, which he had made in 1713, and the validity of which the Courts of Law sustained.

On his father's death in 1716, James assumed the title of Duke of Perth. His Castle, previously much dilapidated, as we have already told, was in 1715 strengthened and garrisoned by the royal troops. He died at Paris in 1730. By his wife, Lady Jean Gordon, only daughter of the Duke of Gordon, he had two sons, James and John. James, who also styled himself Duke of Perth, joined Prince Charlie on his arrival at Perth in September, 1745, and was one of the Prince's chief officers throughout his campaigns. At Culloden, he commanded on the left of the first line of the rebel army. After that disastrous defeat, he escaped to the coast of Moidart, whence he embarked for France; but his delicate constitution was worn out by the fatigues he had undergone, and he died on the passage, at the early age of thirty-three. His brother John, commonly called Lord John Drummond, and who was slightly wounded at Culloden, succeeded in escaping to France, where he served under Marshal Saxe, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General; but he, too, died in 1747, having been previously attainted by the British Parliament, and his estates and titles forfeited to the Crown. Their mother survived till 1773, dying at Stobhall, aged about ninety.

In '45 she caused most of the walls of Drummond Castle to be levelled to the foundation, lest it should again fall, as in '15, into the hands of the enemies of the Stuarts. We read in the last Statistical Account, written in 1837:—"The south wing (of the Old Castle) was fitted up for a library by the late Lord Perth, but is now an armoury. Respect is paid by the present family to the abode of their ancestors, for some repairs were made last summer upon the old walls, to preserve their ruins from further destruction." The modern Castle, as we might have said ere now, was erected after the Old had been unroofed in 1689, and partly demolished. It is a little to the east of the old one, on the same rock, and forms two sides of a square. It is a plain structure, originally intended for a temporary lodging, and, though afterwards enlarged, it is hardly the mansion we should expect such a family to have for even a brief autumnal residence. On the death of Lady Jean Gordon's two sons, the title

of Duke of Perth was assumed successively by their uncles, John and Edward Drummond. The latter of these died at Paris in 1760, and with him this line of the family became extinct.

It may be stated that the Melfort branch of the Drummond family, which fled to France at the Revolution, and had for a while the chief management of affairs at St Germains, rose in 1701 to the honours of Duke de Melfort and Count de Lusson in France. The third Duke was Thomas, and in 1840 his nephew, George, succeeded him as fourth Duke de Melfort. Next year he petitioned Queen Victoria for the restoration of the attainted Perth titles. His claim to them he proved to the satisfaction of a Committee of the Lords, and in 1853 he was, by Act of Parliament, reinvested with them.

The Perth estates continued in the hands of the Crown Commissioners till 1784, when they were restored by Act of Parliament to James Drummond, lineal descendant of John, Earl of Melfort, on his proving himself the nearest male heir and representative of the family, and on his paying into the Exchequer the sum of £52,547 1s 6d. He was at the same time created a British peer, by the titles of Lord Perth, Baron Drummond of Stobhall. Dying without male issue in 1800, the estates devolved on his only surviving daughter, the Honourable Clementina-Sarah Drummond. In 1807 she married the Honourable Peter-Robert Burrel, eldest son of the first Lord Gwydyr, who assumed the surname and arms of Drummond. In 1820 he succeeded his father as second Lord Gwydyr; and in 1828, his mother as nineteenth Baroness Willoughby de Eresby, as well as Joint Hereditary Chamberlain of England. He died in 1865, and was succeeded by his only son, the Honourable Alberic Drummond-Willoughby, who died in 1870 without issue. His Lordship's elder sister, Dowager Lady Aveland, relict of Gilbert-John Heathcote, first Lord Aveland, succeeded him in the Perth estates; and she is now Baroness Willoughby de Eresby. His younger sister is Lady Carrington, wife of Robert-John, second Baron Carrington.

The interior of Drummond Castle vies in many of its attractions with the exterior of it. Among the rich stores of its armoury is the ponderous two-edged sword which belonged to the laird of Lundie, the faithful and valiant friend of Sir William Wallace. Among the paintings which adorn its walls are fine portraits of distinguished members of the family; and of James V., James VI., Charles I. and his Queen and children, Charles II., two of Mary Queen of Scots—the one in the short-lived day of her prosperity, and the other in the deep night of her adversity—and two of Prince Charlie. And among its furniture is a "curious cabinet of singular workmanship, having its front composed of innumerable pieces of different-formed tortoise shells, joined together with the utmost neatness, and presenting one entire glittering aspect of the most dazzling beauty."

The Castle has had many most illustrious visitors. James IV. was the guest in it of his friend the first Lord Drummond, the father of his beloved "Mistress Margatt." It is also likely enough that it was honoured with the presence of the famous impostor, Perkin Warbeck, whose claim to the English throne James favoured, and whom he took with him through his dominions, to share in his hunting, tournaments, and other pastimes. Queen Mary was often at Drummond Castle. In August, 1566, she and Darnley sojourned in it, and hunted in the forest of Glenartney. The Christmas holidays that year she likewise spent at it, in great depression and misery. The state of matters between her and Darnley was then approaching its crisis. Prince Charlie lodged in it in February, 1746, when he was on his way north to the fatal field of Culloden.

As we have already had occasion to say. Her Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert visited Drummond Castle in 1842, arriving at it from Taymouth on Saturday, the 10th September, and leaving it for Dalkeith on Tuesday, the 13th; the Ministers in attendance being Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen. Lord and Lady Willoughby D'Eresby received the Royal guests at the entrance of the Castle, and a large and distinguished party were in waiting to meet them. Crieff was brilliantly illuminated in the evening; and Strathearn blazed with bonfires on its hilltops, from Moredun in the east to Ben Voirlich in the west. On the morning of Monday, the 12th, as early as half-past five o'clock, Prince Albert, accompanied by Lord Willoughby, Lord Ossulton, and Mr Campbell of Monzie, started for deer-stalking in Glenartney, and pursued the sport for six hours. The Prince alone shot, and there fell to his gun a fine buck of the first head, and three hinds. Returning to the Castle about three o'clock, the Royal party drove to Ferntower and Abercairney; and in the evening there was a Grand Ball in a temporary banquet hall erected behind the Castle; at which the Queen trode a measure with Alberic, son and heir of her host and hostess, and Prince Albert did the same with their daughter, Lady Carrington. The country dance was "Meg Merrilees." The Royal guests left next morning about nine o'clock. The bed in which her Majesty slept in the Castle was made of the Coronation Throne of George I.; and the dressing room of

Prince Albert was the apartment in which Prince Charlie had slept when an inmate of the Castle.

Since 1842, Drummond Castle has had other royal and distinguished visitors; among whom may be mentioned Charles X. of France, the Duc de Berri, the Duc de Montpensier, brother of Louis Philippe, King of the French, the Queen of the Netherlands, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, Prince George of Cambridge, and Kossuth and his two sons.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century Ardoch House was the scene of a very shameful raid. Sir Robert Crichton, Lord Advocate, and the father of the Admirable Crichton, of whom we wrote when at Clunie, was thrice married. His third wife survived him, and was married to James Stirling of Feddal, brother of Henry Stirling of Ardoch. Marion Crichton, the eldest daughter whom she had borne to her first husband, was sent for a season to Ardoch, with the view of advancing her education in such knowledge and accomplishments as befitted her rank and prospects in life. Her half-brother, Sir Robert Crichton, who had succeeded their father in Clunie, resolved to get Marion into his power, by seizing her person, that he might constrain her to consent to some disposal, either of herself or of her fortune, on which his heart was very much set. To accomplish his object, accompanied by Graeme of Inchbrakie, Rollo, tutor of Duncrub, and other associates, and with a band of forty horsemen fully armed, he, on the night of the 13th July, 1592, proceeded to Ardoch House, and demanded admission. His pretence was that they were in search of the Earl of Bothwell, who had been proclaimed a rebel and a traitor, and was somewhere in hiding. Henry Stirling protested that Bothwell was not under his roof. He was disregarded. The raiders entered; treated the Lady of Ardoch most brutally; spoiled the house of many valuable articles; and found Marion Crichton, and carried her off with them by violence. Legal proceedings were forthwith instituted against them. They were ordained to appear before His Majesty on a certain day, and to produce Marion Crichton in the state she was in when they abducted her from Ardoch. This they failed to do, and were declared rebels. We are not aware that there is any record of what was further done with them; but it is pleasing to be able to add that Marion was recovered, and that she afterwards entered into the bonds of wedlock with the full consent of her guardian.

The Lady of Ardoch at the time of the raid was Margaret Murray, daughter of Murray of Strewan, one of the seventeen sons of Sir William Murray of Tullibardine. Her husband predeceased her; and in 1617, when she was in her widowhood, James VI. paid Ardoch a visit as he was on his way from Perth to Stirling. The widow had all her children dressed and drawn up on the lawn, to receive His Majesty with due honour. Struck with their numerousness, the King asked her, "Madame, how many are there of them?" "Sire," she answered, "I only want your help to make out the twa chalders!" A chalder contains sixteen bolls. She meant that her family numbered thirty-one. James enjoyed the joke exceedingly; and honoured her by afterwards eating a collop with her sitting on a stone in the close. It would seem that the family was remarkable for longevity as well as fruitfulness. At least the youngest son among those thirty-one children, commonly called the Tutor of Ardoch, died in 1715, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and eleven years.

One of this large family was "Fair Helen of Ardoch;" but her tragic story we shall reserve till we come to Cromlix, in the district of Dunblane.

There is yet another Historic Scene in the parish which we must point to. It is the hamlet called Mill o' Steps. Not a very likely place, the passer-by would suppose, to be the birth-place of an Empress. Yet Mill o' Steps was the birth-place of an Empress of Morocco. The blacksmith of the hamlet, Gloag by name, having been bereaved of his first wife, took to him a second. A daughter by the first marriage brooked so ill the yoke of her stepmother that she resolved to try her fortune in the New World. The vessel in which she emigrated was captured by an African pirate, and the crew and passengers were carried to Morocco and sold for slaves. It was Miss Gloag's hap to be purchased by the Emperor of Morocco, who placed her in his harem, and was so well pleased with her that he raised her to share his throne. Romantic as the story seems, its authenticity is beyond doubt. The Empress corresponded with her relations at Mill o' Steps; and the author of "The Beauties of Strathearn" says:—"An old farmer, who died within the last ten years (*i.e.*, between 1860 and 1870), had frequently read her communications." He adds:—"About the beginning of the century two princes of Morocco, sons of a late Emperor, applied to the British Government for military aid, to enable them to maintain their right to their father's throne against the attempted usurpation of an aspiring relative, their plea for relief being that by the mother's side they were of British descent. Their title to protection held valid, and a fleet was fitting out at Gibraltar for their defence, when intelligence arrived that they had been secretly murdered through the machinations of their ambitious kinsman."

Muthill was the birth parish of John Barclay, founder of the religious sect called Bereans. A licentiate of the Established Church, he was assistant, first at Errol, and next at Fettercairn. For peculiar views, which he preached and published through the press, the Presbytery of Fordoun took cognisance of him, and, on his leaving their bounds, refused him the usual certificate. He left the Church of Scotland in 1772, and devoted his life to gather and organise a new society, with the above somewhat complacent name, obviously taken from what we read in Acts xvii. 11. "The Bereans," a recent writer says, "have always been a very small and feeble body, consisting only of a few congregations in Scotland, one or two in England, and a small number in America. But of late years they have dwindled away, and the Census reports in 1851 give no return of the body as existing on either side of the Tweed." We may add that of this father of a sect, John Barclay, M.D., the celebrated anatomist, was a nephew.

We take leave of Muthill with a few notes in regard to ministers of it since the Reformation. John Davidson signed the Protest of 1606 against the introduction of Prelacy into Scotland; but he was not one of the Impracticables of his day. That same year he submitted to be made the constant Moderator of his Presbytery. James Row, son of James Row, minister of Kilspindie, and grandson of John Row, the Reformer, and first Protestant minister of Perth, was minister of Muthill in 1638 and 1639, and a member of the General Assembly in both those years. He was deposed in 1645 for favouring the royal cause. The sentence was taken off in 1650, and he was afterwards settled in Monzievaird. James Drummond, a near relative of the Earl of Perth, was made Bishop of Brechin in 1684. James Inglis was deprived by the Privy Council in 1693 for not reading the Proclamation of the Estates, not praying for William and Mary, &c. Though legally abolished in the country in 1689, Prelacy was strong enough to resist being displaced at Muthill for a considerable time. It was not till 1704 that the Presbytery succeeded in ordaining over the parish, as the first Presbyterian minister after the Revolution, William Hally, an excellent man, and a most devoted and useful minister, whose memory is yet fragrant. And the Presbytery had actually to intrude him, so great was the opposition to his settlement. The ordination took place in the churchyard; the doors of the church being locked and guarded by parishioners, "armed with swords and staves, which they made use of in beating and wounding several that had come there to hear the Word." Nor did Hally get admission into the pulpit or into the church till next year. The Prelatic incumbent kept possession of them, and the Presbyterian officiated in the churchyard, "oftentimes pelted with stones by his wicked opponents." He died greatly lamented in a good old age, being within a month of his jubilee. The late James Walker was a zealous non-intrusionist during "The Ten Years' Conflict;" but he died minister of Muthill in 1867.

MONZIEVAIRD AND STROWAN.

These parishes were united civilly and ecclesiastically upwards of two centuries ago. They embrace a considerable portion of the Arcadian Vale of Upper Strathearn, with the contiguous mountains. The scenery of them is transcendently beautiful, romantic, and magnificent. The united parish commonly goes by the name of Monzievaird, now usually spelled and pronounced Monivaird; and this approaches more nearly its original form, which was Moivard. One pretending to authority in Gaelic scholarship tells us that the name signifies The Plain of the Bards; and another, The Hill of the Bards: so extreme is the uncertainty that hangs over the etymology and the interpretation of Gaelic names. As to the name Strowan, it is generally regarded as a corruption of St Rowan, or Ronan, one of the Saints of the seventh century. He was proprietor of the lands of Strowan, as well as in holy orders. According to Bede, he was a very learned man, who travelled through France and Italy, and became a Professor in one of the German Universities. He was also very orthodox, at least as compared with the great body of the Scottish clergy of his day. They opposed the Pope on such questions as the proper time for observing Easter; he supported His Holiness, maintaining a keen and protracted controversy on his behalf; for which, and for other equally good and weighty reasons, he was raised to a place in the Roman Calendar.

In the western extremity of the parish are the remains of two Druid temples. It has likewise many cairns and barrows, marking graves of the honoured dead. The cairns near the Earn modern utilitarianism has demolished, taking the stones of them, and appropriating them to such base uses as

filling drains and building fences with them. A little to the west of the old church at Monivaird, a barrow was opened towards the close of the last century, and there was found in it a stone coffin, with two coarse earthen urns in it. In the one urn were burnt bones, and in the other the bones of a head, the under jaw-bone and teeth being wonderfully entire. "In the stone coffin was also found a stone hatchet, bluish coloured, very hard, about four inches long, and of a triangular shape, a remain which proves the barrow of very remote antiquity, prior to the use of iron. The stone hatchet is preserved at Ochtertyre. A barrow was discovered some years ago at Balmuicks, on the estate of Lawers, at the north-west extremity of the parish, but has never been opened or examined."

The Romans could hardly have had camps at Ardoch, Strageath, and Dalginross without being much in the parish of Monivaird; and the traces of their presence in it are distinct and interesting. There are on the lands of Ochtertyre vestiges of two Roman posts of observation, commanding views both of Dalginross and of the Moor of Orchil. In 1783, a bronze vessel, resembling a coffeepot in shape, was found in the plain of Monivaird. In 1805, a bronze head of a spear was found in Monivaird Loch. In 1808, other similar heads were found near the new church of Monivaird. All these are preserved in the House of Ochtertyre; and archæologists are agreed that they are all undoubtedly Roman relics.

One of our notable national battles was fought in this parish; and the field of it is understood to have been the plain which now forms part of the Park of Ochtertyre. The combatants were Kenneth IV., surnamed the Grim, and Malcolm, son of Kenneth III. The subject of contention between them was the throne of Scotland, of which Kenneth had possession. In 1003 they brought the dispute to the arbitrament of the sword, and the fortune of war was against Kenneth. He was killed in the combat, and his antagonist succeeded him in the throne as Malcolm II. Carn Chainachan, on the face of the mountain to the north, is commemorative of this battle and its issue. It signifies Kenneth's Cairn; the cairn having been raised in honour of Kenneth. His body does not lie under it, for it was carried to Iona, and buried in the Royal sepulchre there.

Castle Cluggy, on the peninsula on the north of the Loch of Monivaird, is a very old erection. When it was built is not known, but it was old upwards of four centuries ago. In the charter giving Ochtertyre to the Murrays, and bearing the date of 1467, it is described as *antiquum fortalicium*, an ancient fortalice. It is now reduced to a square tower of about seventeen feet by eighteen, within walls; but it was once very much larger. Its walls are five or six feet thick, and as hard as adamant. In olden times the peninsula on which it stands was an island, separated from the bank of the Loch by a narrow isthmus, over which was a drawbridge, so that it must have been a fortalice of great strength. If tradition may be credited, this Castle may well be regarded as an Historic Scene; for it is said to have been a seat of the Red Cumin, the rival of Bruce for the throne, and whom Bruce killed at the high altar of the Convent of the Minorites at Dumfries However this may have been, certain it is that Sir William Murray, the first baronet of Ochtertyre, made Castle Cluggy his retreat for some time during the ascendancy of Cromwell. Moreover, the artificial islet, formed of stones, and supported by oak trees, about eighty yards distant from the Castle, tradition represents as having been the prison attached to it.

Tom-a-chastel is another of the Historic Scenes of the parish. On the summit of it stood an old fortress, the foundations of which were removed as recently as 1832. As some think, that fortress was no other than what is called the Royal Castle of Earn, about the site of which a good deal of curiosity has been felt. The writer of "The Beauties of Strathearn" is of this opinion, and has assigned the five following reasons in support of it: —"1. The hill overhangs and commands an unbroken view of the Earn for probably seven miles, and, therefore, a Castle on such a position may have been appropriately called the Castle of Earn. 2. The name of the hill — Tomachaistel, *i.e.*, Tom-nan-chaistel—signifies the round hill of the Castle. 3. In 1606, 'William, Master of Murray of Tullibardine,' obtained an Act of Parliament, authorising him to change the name of the lands and barony of Trowan, belonging to him, and to call the same, in all time coming, 'the lands and barony of Earn.' (Thomson's *Scots Acts*, iv., p. 319.) Tomachaistel is within the lands and 'barony of Trowan-in-Earn,' and the object desired was obviously to obtain for such lands and barony the name of the ancient Castle of Earn, situate within their bounds. 4. The tradition of the district is that a Castle stood on Tomachaistel, the ruins of which remained till 1832, and were then visited as objects of local interest. 5. In 1832, when excavating for a foundation for the Obelisk which now stands on Tomachaistel, enough was found—such as human bones, decayed fragments of ancient armour, ornaments, &c.— to allow it to be stated that a Castle, belonging to a remote time, had stood there. These four or five points—and no other hill in Strathearn can lay claim to more than one or two

of them, as we venture to urge—fix Tomachaistel as the site of the Royal Castle of Earn."

We alluded when at Fowlis to Joanna, Countess of Strathearn. She was the daughter of Malise, seventh Earl of Strathearn, and the wife of John de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, and English Governor of Scotland. For her complicity in the conspiracy of Lord Soulis and others against the life of King Robert the Bruce, she was doomed to perpetual imprisonment; and it is not unlikely that her prison was the dungeon of the Royal Castle on Tom-a-chastel. Tradition says that the Castle was burned down in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and that some noble ladies, confined in it, perished in the flames; and this is confirmed by things found in the ruins of the building. "A few years ago, when the Obelisk (to Sir David Baird) was being erected, the dust and rubbish and buried *debris* of five hundred years were cleared away. The workmen removed with difficulty what seemed to them a part of the solid rock, but in doing so they discovered a chamber beneath them. Amid the ashes and dust with which it was thickly strewn, there were a few household articles, some gold and silver ornaments—betokening the rank of her who wore them—and the remains of human bones." Some of these ornaments and bones may have belonged to the Countess Joanna.

The Obelisk above referred to is that to the memory of General Sir David Baird of Ferntower, erected by his widowed lady on Tom-a-chastel in 1832. The tribute was worthy alike of the hero and of his relict. It was built of Aberdeen granite, some of the stones weighing five tons, and it rose in most elegant form to the height of upwards of 82 feet. It is said to have been in size and figure an exact copy of Cleopatra's famous Needle. We are obliged thus to write of it as a thing of the past, for we regret to have to add that a recent thunderstorm has wofully shattered it. In the *Scotsman* of the 30th May last, the following paragraph appeared:—"*The Thunderstorm—Destruction of the Baird Monument by Lightning.*—During the thunderstorm of Tuesday (28th May), the monument erected on the top of Tom-a-chastel, about three miles west of Crieff, to the memory of the late Sir David Baird, the hero of Seringapatam, was struck by lightning and almost totally destroyed. The half of the column was thrown down, and the block in falling destroyed a large portion of the iron railing which surrounds the building. The monument was rent from top to bottom, and the large stone near the base bearing the inscription was displaced, and carried a distance of about thirty yards."

It is to be earnestly hoped that the monument will be repaired, or, if that is impracticable, rebuilt.

We have mentioned the old church of Monivaird. The site of it is now occupied by the fine Mausoleum of the Ochtertyre family. It was erected in 1809; and inside of it, on a small slab, the history of the family for several centuries is recorded in letters of gold. The surrounding inclosure was the churchyard of Monivaird. The church was a singularly old ecclesiastical edifice, if it is true, as tradition says, that it was not only dedicated to St Serf, who flourished in the fifth century, but that it was founded by him. And this receives some countenance from the Well of St Serf, a short distance wes of the Mausoleum. It is a natural presumption that St Serf had come up in person from Culross and trode this locality, and drank of the water of the well which bears his name; and that, agreeably to his usual custom, he set up a church on the ground.

In 1511 the old church of Monivaird was the scene of a dreadful tragedy. There had been a long-standing and bitter feud between the Murrays and the Drummonds; and the feud had of late been intensified by a party of the Murrays exacting tithes from the Drummonds, and carrying off spoil from their lands. They met at length in deadly conflict at Knock-Mary, south of the Earn. The Drummonds were vanquished; and the Murrays were returning home with the spoils of their foes, when the Drummonds were joined by Campbell of Dunstaffnage, and a large body of his clansmen. Campbell had come to avenge the death of his father-in-law, whom, with his two sons, the Murrays had lately killed. Thus strengthened, the Drummonds pursued the Murrays, who, afraid to risk a new engagement, took refuge in the church of Monivaird; into which they also brought their wives and children. The Drummonds did not know the retreat of their enemies, when one of the Murrays unhappily discovered it. A Drummond having come within musket-shot of the church, the Murray, unable to restrain himself, fired at him. This revealed their refuge, and of course increased the passion of their pursuers for revenge. They surrounded the church, and summoned the Murrays to surrender. They answered with a haughty defiance. The besiegers then called for fire; and the church, being thatched with heather, became an easy and a speedy prey to the devouring element. One hundred and sixty men, with their wives and children, were burned to death. Only one of the Murrays within escaped, and that through the connivance of a Drummond to whom he had done a favour. James IV. promptly brought the Drummonds to a strict reckoning for

this outrage. The Master of Drummond and several of his followers were apprehended and brought to trial; and, being found guilty of the massacre, were condemned and executed at Stirling.

Vestiges of the burning were found in digging for the foundation of the Mausoleum, which, as we have said, occupies the site of the church. A quantity of charred wood was found, evidently the remains of the wood of the fabric. A very large quantity of calcined bones was also found. "It occupied many days to remove them to another part of the churchyard. Some of them were of great size, and those which were so were all found near the west wall of the Mausoleum, where it is believed the door of the church stood. Towards the east end of the building, and near the door of the Mausoleum, the bones have generally been small. This is, probably, accounted for by supposing that the women and children were placed farthest from the door of the church, and that it was guarded by the strongest and bravest men of the clan. The bones seem to have been buried where they lay." The cairn raised to mark the resting place of the slain still remains close beside the Mausoleum.

The church of Strowan, now an ivy-covered ruin on the south-east of Strowan House, was of great antiquity. It may have been as old as the days of St Rowan, and probably was so. He is said to have been the founder of the parish, as well as the tutelar Saint of it. He left a bell to the parish, and three acres of land for the support of a bellman; which have, however, been recovered by purchase to the Strowan estate. Other local memorials of the Saint still survive. Such is the Pool of St Rowan, a deep pool in the Earn about a hundred yards above the Bridge of Strowan. Such is the fine spring of water close by Strowan House, known as St Rowan's Well. And such is Strowan Fair, which was held here on the Saint's day, till it was transferred, with other markets, to Crieff. The scene of the Fair was south-west of Strowan House, at the cross which stands under the shade of a lime tree, and bears the initials of Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judeorum.

Though Monivaird and Strowan have been long united, public worship continued to be celebrated in their churches on every alternate Sabbath, and the Communion to be dispensed in them on every alternate year, till 1804, when the new church was erected in a central situation, convenient for both. It forthwith became the one seat of public worship for both parishes; and the two old churches, in which it had been observed, were allowed to fall into decay.

In addition to the Parish Churches, there was a chapel on the south-west of Lawers House, the ruin of which is now enclosed in its grove of yew. This chapel was the burying-place of the Lawers family till the close of the last century; and it is thought that with it the noble avenues of oak leading down from Lawers House to the Earn were originally connected. Like the church of Strowan, the chapel had its "bellman's acre," the endowment of that high functionary. It remained sacred to the purpose to which it had been devoted till about the middle of the last century, when it, too, was secularized. And it suffered indignity in the very price received for it. It was sold for the loan of a horse for a journey to Perth and back again! It is said, and it is too likely that there is much truth in the saying, that Lawers chapel was the scene of many a tragedy—

> "When chiefs from far Glenlyon,
> And clansmen from Loch Tay,
> Brought to the fane their offerings,
> And fought the holy day."

At the west end of the Loch of Monivaird is a large mound, to which a melancholy historic interest attaches. The victims of the plague which ravaged the district in the reign of Charles I. were buried there. The visitation was severe, and, of course, proportionally alarming. It is on record that the gentlemen of the district caused many huts to be erected, and ordered all the infected, as soon as any symptom of the pest having touched them appeared, to repair to the huts. The family of Ochtertyre, in particular, were singularly active, vigilant, and beneficent in the season of trial. They sent provisions of all kinds to the sick in the huts; but they caused observation to be made every morning from what direction the wind blew. If it was from the east, their servants had strict orders to lay down the provisions they carried a good way to the east of the huts; and, if it was from the west, they had like orders to lay them down a good way to the west of the huts. The "cleansers" took them up after the servants were gone, and carried them to the diseased.

The most historic family seat in the parish is Ochtertyre. For upwards of four centuries it has been in the possession of the Murrays, a branch of the great stock of Tullibardine. The first Moray of Ochtertyre was Patrick, a son of Sir David Moray of Tullibardine. He died in 1476. The present proprietor is the fifteenth in the line of descent from him; and two things concerning the line are somewhat notable, and have been noted. The one is, that the father has been uniformly succeeded by the eldest son, without any collateral relative intervening. The other is, that of the first four generations of the line, the heads of the family

were Patrick and David alternately; and of the next eleven generations they have been Patrick and William alternately.

The first baronet of the family was William, created a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1673. They spelled their name Moray till 1739, when the third baronet, Sir William, changed it into Murray.

It was in the days of Sir William, the fifth baronet, and in 1787, that Burns visited Ochtertyre. He enjoyed exceedingly both the family and the scenery. He met here with Miss Euphemia Murray of Lintrose, cousin of his host, afterwards the wife of Lord Methven, one of our Scottish Judges, and whose beauty and loveliness he celebrated in one of his finest lyrics :—

Chorus.

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

I.

" By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw ;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes of Yarrow ever saw.

II.

" Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn ;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

III.

" Her bonnie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea ;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

IV.

" The Highland hills I've wandered wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been ;
But Phemie was the blithest lass
That ever trode the dewy green.

" Blithe, blithe and merry was she,
Blithe was she but and ben ;
Blithe by the banks of Ern,
And blithe in Glenturit's glen."

The scaring of some water-fowl in Turrit Loch furnished the Poet with the subject of another of his effusions :—

" Why, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why,
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful deep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billows' shock.
* * * * * * * *
In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his powers you scorn :
Swiftly seek, on changing wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave."

Burns was as susceptible of emotion from the rugged and the grand in nature as from female charms, or from the fright of a water-fowl at the approach of man. He could not fail therefore to be powerfully impressed with the wilds and sublimities of Glenturrit, of which the eagle, the ptarmigan, and the falcon had in those days the all but undisturbed possession. It was on the cliffs of Benachony that the two hawks were found which the Duke of Athole presented to George III. at his coronation, as a symbol of the tenure by which his Grace held of the Crown of England the sovereignty of the Isle of Man. The Life of the Poet does not bear whether he was conducted, when in Glenturrit, to the spot on which stood the old keep of the Toshach or Thane, one of the last of the chiefs who had in this district the "power of pit and gallows." If he was, and heard the story which has preserved the chief's memory, what a pity that he did not make it the subject of another effusion of his Muse ! The story is to this effect :—" The chief held nocturnal interviews with a fairy, whom he had brought with him on his return from a protracted absence abroad ; but the mode of his reaching his place of colloquy, and the precise nature of his companion were long regarded a mystery. The lady at length became jealous of the frequent departures of her lord from his chamber during night, and being unable to discover whither he proceeded, resorted to the scheme of attaching a piece of worsted to his button ; thus guided, she followed him down a concealed subterranean passage conducting from the Castle to the bottom of the ravine of the Turrit, when, after various circuitous paths, she discovered him in close conversation with the fairy, who had the aspect of a beautiful lady. The discovery excited the Toshach's wife with feelings of desperate jealousy ; she upbraided her lord with infidelity to her, and insisted on the immediate destruction of the stranger, who

thereupon fled, and the sun of the Toshach set to rise no more. The extent of the chief's cruelties and barbarities excited the violence of the neighbourhood; the inhabitants rose against him, and he fled from his place, and died abroad in obscurity. The remains of the Castle were removed about the beginning of this century."

The Right Honourable Sir George Murray, G.C.B., the most illustrious member of the family, was the second son of the fifth baronet, by Lady Augusta Mackenzie, youngest daughter of the third Earl of Cromartie. He entered the army in 1789, as an ensign in the 71st Foot; saw much active and hard service in it; and rose steadily and rapidly to the highest honours of his profession. In 1794, he held a lieutenancy with the rank of captain. In 1799, he was made a captain in the Guards, with the rank of a lieutenant-colonel; shared in all the perils and disasters of the expedition into Holland that year, and was wounded at Helder. Soon after he embarked with his regiment for Gibraltar, and going thence to Egypt, he fought in every one of the engagements there—at Marmorice and Aboukir, at Rosetta and Rahmanieh, at Cairo and Alexandria—and so distinguished himself by his valour and skill that the Turkish Government adorned him with the Order of the Crescent. He was Quartermaster of the English army during the Peninsular War, and the close of that terrible conflict saw him a Lieutenant-General and a Knight of the Bath. Besides the honours conferred on him by his own Sovereign, he received from other Powers many Orders of Knighthood. He was made a Knight Grand Cross of Hanover, Knight Grand Cross of Leopold, St Alexander Newski, and the Red Eagle, and a Commander of the Tower and Sword, Maximilian Joseph, and St Henry. On the return of Napoleon from Elba, in 1815, he joined the army of the Duke of Wellington, when it had nearly reached Paris after the battle of Waterloo. Of the Allied Army under the Duke, during its occupation of France, he was Chief of the General Staff. He was appointed Governor of Edinburgh Castle in 1817, was nominated Governor of the Royal Military College at Woolwich in 1819, became Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance in 1824, Commander of the Forces in Ireland that same year, Lieutenant-General in 1825, and General in 1841.

Sir George Murray was a politician and statesman, as well as a soldier. Several important diplomatic missions were confided to him. He filled for some time the high office of Governor of the Canadas. No fewer than six times was he chosen to represent his native county in Parliament. In 1828, when the Duke of Wellington became Premier, he was appointed Secretary of State for the Colonies, and was sworn a Privy Councillor. In Sir Robert Peel's Administration in 1834-5, he was Master-General of the Ordnance. Opposed and defeated by the Honourable Fox Maule at the General Election that ensued, he did not again have a seat in Parliament. He afterwards stood both for Westminster and for Manchester, but was unsuccessful.

Sir George was an able and sagacious minister, and a ready and dexterous debater. He had great knowledge of human nature; and his adroitness in answering troublesome questions put to him, when offering himself as a candidate to represent the county, was often much admired and enjoyed by persons of all shades of political opinion. He died in London in 1846; and was, at the time of his death, Governor of Fort George, and President of the Royal Geographical Society.

His elder brother, Sir Patrick, sixth baronet of Ochtertyre, was a member of the Scottish Bar. He twice represented the city of Edinburgh in Parliament. In 1810, he was appointed Secretary to the Board of Commissioners on the affairs of India; and, in 1820, he was made a baron of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland. The Statistical Account pays this high tribute to his memory:—"While his talents and attainments enabled him to hold these public offices with advantage to the community, and with honour to himself, it was especially in the character of a country gentleman that Sir P. Murray shone conspicuous. There his active and intelligent mind sought and found full scope for its exercise; and the judgment and taste with which he adorned his own property—the attention which he bestowed on all the public interests of the neighbourhood—and the kindly and highly honourable feelings with which he discharged the public duties of his situation, will long perpetuate his name, and preserve the remembrance of his worth in the district in which he lived. To him, chiefly, Perthshire is indebted for many of the splendid lines of road which now intersect and adorn its rugged and formerly inaccessible districts, and to his example must, in no small degree, be traced the rise of that spirit and taste with which the landed proprietors of the county have improved and embellished their domains. He closed his highly honourable and useful life on the 1st June, 1837."

The late Sir William Keith Murray, seventh baronet of the family, took for his first wife Helen Margaret Oliphant, only child and heiress of Sir Alexander Keith of Dunnottar, Knight Marischal of Scotland; and on his marriage to her assumed the name of Keith. He, too, was an excellent country gentleman, with much of his father's spirit,

judgment, and taste; and he was distinguished for his devotion to literature and science. Astronomy was his favourite study. He built the fine Observatory which stands on an eminence to the west of Ochtertyre House, and he took delight in entertaining the inhabitants of Crieff and the neighbourhood with the wonders and glories of the starry firmament, which his astronomical instruments brought within their view.

The present and eighth baronet is Sir Patrick, who was for some time a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, but retired in 1861.

Lawers is likewise an historic family seat. At the Reformation, it was possessed by the Campbells, a branch of the Campbells of Glenurchy. Colonel Campbell of Lawers was a warm and staunch friend of the Protestant cause, and did good service to it in commanding a regiment of Reformers, in the war which they were obliged to wage, to defend themselves against the violence by which the friends of the old religion sought to suppress them, and to prevent their principles from taking root in the land. The Colonel's successor, Sir John Campbell of Lawers, was knighted by James VI. in 1620; and, marrying Margaret Campbell, baroness of Loudoun, he was created Earl of Loudoun in 1633, and was made Chancellor of Scotland. The Earl has a very prominent place among the friends of truth and right and liberty, who resisted Charles I. in his arbitrary measures, more especially in his attempt to force Prelacy on Scotland. He was decidedly Monarchical as well as Presbyterian; and Cromwell excepted him out of his Act of grace and pardon in 1654. At the Restoration, he was deprived of the Chancellorship, and fined in the sum of £12,000 Scots.

The Earl's brother succeeded him in Lawers, and was as hostile to the Commonwealth as the Earl had been. He raised a regiment to oppose Cromwell, and encountered him at Inverkeithing, but was signally defeated. Of his son and successor a thrilling story is told, which we shall give in the words of the Statistical Account:—"Dwelling on the borders of the Highlands, he was appointed to the command of a company of soldiers, and invested with authority to restrain the freebooters of the surrounding district, or to bring the refractory to justice. In the discharge of his commission he apprehended a number of the Macgregors, who were subsequently executed. This roused against him the vengeful passions of the clan, and they resolved to accomplish his destruction. They accordingly assailed the House of Lawers by night, forced their way to his bedchamber, and were about to put him to death there even in the presence of his lady. With difficulty they were prevailed upon to allow him time to commend himself to God, by offering up prayer in the chapel adjoining before they took his life. On their way thither he employed his time so well, and appealed so successfully to their love of gain, which they were as eager to gratify as their revenge, that they agreed to spare his life on condition of his paying a ransom of 10,000 merks on the following Monday, at a tavern in the neighbourhood. Faithful to his agreement, Lawers proceeded to raise the sum—no inconsiderable amount at that time. The greatest part was collected in halfpence, and carried on horseback to the place appointed. But while he thus fulfilled the letter of his covenant, he also performed more than he had promised, or his captors expected. While the money was being paid, a troop of military surrounded the house, and made the freebooters with their chieftain, Captain Oig Macgregor, prisoners. Perhaps profiting by the example of ingenuity lately exhibited, they offered a ransom in their turn; if so, their captors, profiting also by the experience of the past, resolved to trust no longer to their tender mercies, but conveyed them to Edinburgh, where they were condemned and publicly executed."

Lawers is now the property and seat of the Williamsons. They gave the College of Justice one of its Senators. David Williamson Robertson Ewart of Balgray, Dumfriesshire, was the son of Alexander Williamson, Esq. of Lawers. He studied for the bar, and passed as advocate in 1783; was appointed Sheriff of Stirling and Clackmannan in 1797; was reappointed Sheriff of the shire of Stirling in 1807; and was raised to the bench in 1811, taking the title of Lord Balgray. He died on the 3d February, 1837; the *Courant* of next day characterised him as a "highly respected judge." He was also a good country gentleman, an improving agriculturist, and emulated the example of his neighbour, Sir Patrick Murray of Ochtertyre, in embellishing his estate, which he did with great success. Lawers attracts and enchants every tourist through Strathearn. The present proprietor of Lawers is David Robertson Williamson, Esq. He was the only son of the late Charles A. Williamson of Balgray, and the grandnephew of Lord Balgray, whose relict he succeeded in 1852. He was formerly in the Coldstream Guards, and is now Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Administrative Battalion of the Perthshire Rifle Volunteers.

Strowan, with its elegant Mansion, has likewise some pretensions to rank as an historic family seat. The present possessor is Thomas Graham Stirling, Esq., a younger son of Thomas Graham, Esq. of Airth. He succeeded Sir Thomas Stirling, Baronet

of Strowan, who was his granduncle, and on doing so assumed the name of Stirling.

Of the ministers of Monivaird, James Row, whom we noticed at Muthill, when settled here, got £50 in compensation for what he had suffered for his devotion to the Royal cause. David Young was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for his Jacobitism. William Thomson, ordained in March 1776, demitted in the ensuing November, the work of the ministry proving unsuitable to his disposition. Going to London, he devoted himself to literature, and became a somewhat voluminous author. His first work was "The Man in the Moon," 2 vols., 8vo, 1782; and his last was "Travels in Scotland, by the Rev. James Hall," 2 vols., 8vo, 1807.

COMRIE.

Comrie is said to signify *confluence*: and the name aptly describes the village. It is sweetly situated on the left bank of the Earn, where its two tributaries —the Ruchill and the Lednock—flow into it. The parish now embraces what were in olden days other two parishes, which also bore significant and descriptive names. The one was Dundurn, which was Dun d' Earn euphonized; and this, being interpreted, is The fortified Hill of the Earn: the hill being a very fit eminence for a fortress, which doubtless once surmounted it. The other was Tullichettle —The Plain of Sleep: so called, we may believe, because some of the deeply and generally lamented, who had perished in resisting the foreign invader, or in a fray with some neighbouring clan, slept there the sleep of death.

There are the remains of Druid circles in the parish. Some of these may be seen in the middle of a large field, on the right hand of the road leading westward from the village of Comrie, and near the first gate to Dunira House. Others are on the plain of Dalginross. Here the site of a Druid temple is marked by three large stones, the largest of these being upwards of six feet high. It still stands erect, while the other two lie prostrate on the ground. The common people call them Samson's putting-stones; the received faith having been that Samson —the veritable Samson of Zorah, as we understand— when on a tour in this quarter, cast them on the plain from Aberuchill hills, on the west. The Druids, finding the stones lying where the tourist had thrown them in his sport, made use of them for their sacred purposes.

On the same plain, a little to the north of this circle, are the remains of the Roman Camp, called Victoria by some authorities upon the subject. We read that, as recently as towards the close of the last century, the vestiges of two camps—a larger and a smaller one—were quite distinct here. Since then, the plough has well nigh obliterated them, though some of the fossæ and one or two other parts are yet traceable. Those who hold that the battle of Mons Grampius was fought in this neighbourhood think that the ninth Roman legion was in this camp when the Caledonians made their fierce and deadly attack on it. We differ from this class, as we have already repeatedly said; but that there was in this district much skirmishing, and some severe fighting between the natives and the invaders, is undoubted. It is very probable that the names borne by certain places in the neighbourhood are memorial of Caledonian and Roman encounters. Such are Dalrannoch, The Vale of Weeping; Dalchony, The Vale of Mourning or Lamentation; and Tullichettle, The Vale of Sleep.

The scenery around Comrie is enchanting to all who have any eye for the beautiful, the picturesque, or the sublime. It is the same in the Vale of the Earn to the west of the village; and Hogg has added a new charm to it by making Kilmeny tread it.

"Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Dunira's men,
Nor the rosy Monk of the Isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the blue cress-flower round the spring;
To pu' the scarlet hypp and the hind berrye,
And the nut that hangs frae the hazel tree."

As we approach Loch Earn, we come to a scene consecrated by its connection with the famous St Fillan, who evangelized the country here and in the wilds of Breadalbane, and whose arm did such wonders on the field of Bannockburn. The beautiful hill covered with verdure to the top, and the green of which contrasts so strikingly with the brown and the grey of the adjacent heights, is Dunfillan—the hill of St Fillan. The rock on the top of it was the Saint's Chair. The spring, now-a-days at the foot of it, was the Saint's Well. It was originally on the top of the hill; but, disgusted with the Reformation from Popery, which, like Archbishop Laud, it regarded as rather the "Deformation," it removed to the foot of the hill. St Fillan drank of the waters of this Well, and blessed them. The consequence was that they were endowed with miraculous healing powers; and, till even a late date, crowds resorted to them for cures, more especially on the first day of May and the first day of August. They walked, or, if unable to

walk, they were carried around the Well three times from east to west, in the direction of the sun; and they drank of it, and were bathed in it. Then, as now, rheumatism was a peculiarly obstinate malady; and, for a cure, rheumatic patients had to ascend the hill, sit in the Saint's Chair, lie down on their backs, and be pulled by the legs down to the foot of the hill. The Well was an infallible remedy for most of the diseases which flesh is heir to. It was especially efficacious for barrenness, for which it was much frequented. When it was at the hill-top, the Saint most considerately and kindly spared certain patients the labour of climbing to it. He made a basin, which he placed at the foot of the hill, in which there was generally some water even in the driest weather: and those afflicted with sore eyes had only to wash them three times in the basin, and they were made whole.

The erection of three chapels in the parish is ascribed to St Fillan. One of the three was at Dundurn, in the immediate neighbourhood of the pretty modern village of St Fillans; another was in Strathfillan; and a third was at Killin. The Saint died at Dundurn in 649. His worshippers about it would fain have buried him there; but the people of the other two places claimed his remains. They transported them through Glenogle, till they arrived at a point within two miles of Killin, where the road branches off to Strathfillan. There the funeral train stopped, and a violent dispute ensued as to which road they should take. Swords were drawn, and blood began to flow freely, when, lo! instead of the one coffin with which they started from Dundurn, two coffins, exactly alike, were seen before them! Each party seized one of the coffins, and took its own way with it; and hence it is to this day a question whether Strathfillan or Killin has the relics of the Saint, or whether he lies in both; and, in the latter case, whether each has his whole body, or whether he is divided between them.

The Saint's chapel at Strathfillan had a wonderful bell, for which the Strathfillanites had great regard. It usually lay, untouched and deeply reverenced, on a gravestone in the churchyard. It possessed preternatural healing virtue. It cured patients by being placed, in crown fashion, on their heads. The bell had likewise this marvellous property, or prerogative, or whatever it may be called. It could not be stolen! If an attempt was made to steal it, it jumped out of the thief's hands, and returned home, ringing his shame, and its own triumph!

St Fillan owed not a little of his repute to Robert the Bruce. The MacDougalls of Lorn were perhaps the most relentless and formidable of Bruce's enemies. In the battle of Dalree with the Lord of Lorn, Bruce made a very narrow escape. The preservation of his life he ascribed to St Fillan, whose aid he invoked in his extremity, and who therefore became his favourite saint.

Loch Earn has two islets, the one near the east end of it, and the other near the west. The easter islet is artificial, and is covered with ruins. Here stood a Castle, possessed and inhabited in early times by the Neishes. This Castle was demolished by order of James IV. and his Council, at a meeting held at Linlithgow on the 9th January, 1490. John Lord Drummond then and there engaged, "within xv. dais fra this day furth to ger cast doon ye house of ye Easter Isle of Loch Ern, and distroy all ye strengthis of ye samyn, and tak away ye bate, and put her to the Wester Isle."

This Castle was once the scene of a very horrid tragedy. The Neishes and the MacNabs were long at deadly feud. They had many battles. At length, in one fought at Glenboultachan, about two miles north of the foot of Loch Earn, the Neishes were almost exterminated. The remnant of them that survived nursed their revenge. One year, as Christmas approached, the MacNabs sent from Loch Tay, where their seat was, a servant to Crieff to bring provisions for the merry-making of the season. The servant on his return was waylaid by the Neishes at the foot of Loch Earn, was robbed by them, and went home empty-handed. MacNab had twelve sons, all of them men of great strength, and one of them exceedingly so. His sobriquet, given him in irony, was *Jain mion Mac' an Appa*—that is, Smooth John MacNab. One evening their father said to them, *Bhi'n oidch an oidhch, n'am bu ghillean na ghillian*—that is, The night is the night, if the lads were but lads! His sons understood the hint, and took it; armed; shouldered a boat from Loch Tay, and, led by their brother John, carried it over the mountains to Loch Earn. Their road led through Glentarkin, where, we may suppose, they rested for a little at the Great Stone of the Glen, 70 feet in circumference at its base, 110 feet in circumference 10 feet from the ground, and measuring altogether 25,000 cubic feet! Having arrived at Loch Earn, they forthwith launched their boat; steered for the Easter Isle; entered the Castle on it; fell on the Neishes at the dead hour of night, when they were fast asleep, and massacred them all, with the exception of a youth, who made his escape in the darkness, and whose descendants therefore called themselves M'Ildouie—that is, The children of the Black Lad. The MacNabs beheaded their victims; and carrying their heads, and all the spoil they could take with them, they presented

themselves next morning before their father, and Smooth John, holding up the ghastly head of the chief of the Neishes, saluted the father thus—*Na biodh fiomgh, airbh*—that is, Be in fear for nothing! Old MacNab's answer was, The night was the night, and the lads were the lads! This bloody exploit is commemorated on a monument in the NacNab burying-ground at Killin.

When at Muthill, we wrote of the morning which Prince Albert, in 1842, spent in Glenartney in deer-hunting. But Glenartney was an Historic Scene long before the Prince visited it. Its forest was in days of yore a Royal forest, in which the sovereigns of Scotland enjoyed the pleasures of the chase. Dalrannoch and Tullichettle, to both of which we have already had occasion to make reference, are in this Glen. One of the most outstanding events in its annals occurred near the former of these places. It was the drowning of the wife of a neighbouring farmer in the Ruchill, which flows through the Glen. She had been attending market, from which she was returning on horseback. Much rain had fallen in the course of the day, and the night was very stormy. She attempted to cross the river at a ford, which was well-known to her; but the swollen and impetuous torrent swept her away. She was so near her own house that her husband, sitting in it, and anxiously waiting her return, heard her drowning shrieks. He rushed to the scene, but was too late to save her.

The old burying ground of Tullichettle is a sequestered, melancholy spot, the influence of which a visitor, disposed for an hour's musing among the tombs, could not but feel strongly. In "The Beauties of Strathearn," George Gilfillan devotes two sentences to the spot, which we transcribe. It was "once connected with a parish church of the same name, which has long been reduced to ruins. It is a solitary place, with a few grey tombstones half buried in rank grass and ranker nettles, a dismantled wall surrounding it, the woods to the west peering curiously over the graves—of the Riddoshs, the Macnievens, and the Macgrenthers, who rest in quiet neuk—and the near river wailing out its everlasting symphony below."

We may add, that Sir Walter Scott has made Glenartney classic ground. In it, the Chase which he sings in the first canto of "The Lady of the Lake" commences:—

> "The Stag at eve had drunk his fill,
> When danced the moon on Monan's rill,
> And deep his midnight lair had made
> In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
> But, when the sun his beacon red
> Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
> The deep-mouthed blood-hounds' heavy bay
> Resounded up the rocky way,
> And faint, from farther distance borne,
> Were heard the clanging hoof and horn."

Awakened and startled,

> "The antler'd monarch of the waste
> Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
> . . . . . .
> With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
> And, stretching forward free and far,
> Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var."

And afterwards:—

> "Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
> Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
> And roused the cavern, where 'tis told
> A giant made his den of old."

Uam-var is the mountain near the base of which the Ruchill has its rise. As Sir Walter says in a Note, it "is north-east of the village of Callender in Menteith, deriving its name, which signifies the great den or cavern, from a sort of retreat among the rocks on the south side, said, by tradition, to have been the abode of a giant."

The earthquakes of Comrie hardly fall within our scope. Happily, they have not been attended with results which could be called disastrous; though they have, of course, naturally caused deep transient alarm. The minister of the parish says in the last Statistical Account:—"These very remarkable phenomena have undoubtedly been felt here at intervals for nearly fifty years, but of late have been very feeble and rare. . . . . There has been no plausible theory of the causes of these local earthquakes; their centre seems to be about the round hill above Comrie; they have been felt at twenty miles' distance, but their effects at no time have been serious." But in the autumn of the year after this was written, the earthquakes resumed their former frequency and severity. "At this time," says the minister of Monivaird, writing four years later than his brother of Comrie, "they began again to be frequently felt, nearly twenty shocks being occasionally experienced in twenty-four hours. The most violent one happened about ten o'clock on the evening of 23d October, 1839. The shock seemed to pass along through the parish of Monivaird, from the north-west to the south-east. For a second or two every house for miles around the village of Comrie was shaken from top to bottom; and while the motion was passing away to the eastward, it was accompanied with a tremendous subterranean noise, like the roar of a hundred pieces of ordnance discharged at once, and gradually dying away in the distance. This earthquake was partially felt throughout a great part of Scotland, as far as Inverness, Dunbar, Berwick, and the banks of

Lochawe. In this neighbourhood it was very alarming. Several individuals fainted, and most of the inhabitants of the village of Comrie spent the whole night in the streets, or in the churches, which were very properly opened for prayer. Many stone dishes were thrown down, walls of houses rent, and chimney stalks shattered, the stones being frequently shifted from their places, but no serious damage was sustained. The shocks have again diminished, both in frequency and violence, since the autumn of 1839." The concluding remark has, so far as we remember, held true to the present time.

What we have to say further of Historic Scenes in Comrie, we shall say in noticing the more historic family seats in the parish.

We take first Aberuchill Castle, for nearly three centuries a seat of the Campbells, proprietors of Aberuchill and Kilbryde. The Castle was built in 1602, but has lately been modernised and enlarged. It is said to have been the scene of many fierce frays between the Campbells and their adherents and the Clan Gregor, in the days of "the good old rule, the simple plan"—

> "That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

The first Campbell of Aberuchill was Colin, second son of Sir John Campbell of Lawers. The Crown gave him a charter of Aberuchill in 1596. His son, Sir James, was a devoted Royalist, for which he was made a baronet of Nova Scotia by Charles I. in 1627. He was killed fighting for Charles II. at the battle of Worcester in 1651. Sir James's only son, Sir Colin, proved the most distinguished member of the family. Bred to the law, he was admitted advocate in 1654. He left the bar on the occasion of the dispute about the Earl of Callender's case, but was readmitted to it in 1675. He was a decided Presbyterian and Whig, when "the most of the gentry of Strathearn were Episcopalians or Popish Jacobites," and a warm friend of the Revolution; at which he was appointed an Ordinary Lord of Session, and took the name of Lord Aberuchill. In 1690, he was made a Lord of Justiciary and a Privy Councillor. Of the Council who refused to receive the certificate of Sir John Campbell of Ardkinglas, Sheriff-Depute of Argyle, that M'Donald of Glencoe had taken the oath of allegiance to King William, unless they got a warrant to receive it from the King, he was a member. He was, likewise, one of the representatives of Perthshire in Parliament from 1693 to 1702. In the former year he petitioned Parliament for compensation for the serious loss which he and his dependents had suffered for their principles, and for their unflinching adherence to them, under the last of the Stuarts. His petition was remitted to a Committee, which reported the loss sustained to have amounted to £17,201 Scots, and recommended his Lordship to "His Majesty's bounty for reparation." An Act was passed in his favour, according to which he was to be compensated by four yearly fairs in the county of Perth. On the accession of Queen Anne in 1701, he was continued in his offices, and was one of the Queen's Privy Council. He died in 1704.

Aberuchill has passed out of the hands of this old family, and has been acquired by purchase by George C. Dewhurst, Esq., one of the merchant princes of Manchester. The present representative of the Campbells of Aberuchill and Kilbryde, is Sir James Campbell, Bart.; and his country residence is Kilbryde Castle.

Dunira House is the seat of a branch of the Dundases, one of our most historic families; and "remarkable," as Lord Woodhouselee says, "for producing a series of men eminently distinguished for their public services in the highest offices of Scotland." The most illustrious of the "series" was the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, first Viscount Melville. Dunira belonged to him; he built the stately and elegant mansion-house of it; and it was his favourite country residence.

Henry Dundas was the son of the first Robert Dundas of Arniston, who was Lord-President of the Court of Session, and the brother of the second Robert Dundas of Arniston, who filled that high office. Henry was educated for the bar, was called to it in 1763, and soon attained a large and lucrative practice. He became Solicitor-General in 1773, Lord Advocate in 1775, and Joint-Keeper of the Signet for Scotland in 1777. He was chosen Member of Parliament for the county of Edinburgh in 1774, and sat for it till 1787, when he was chosen Member for the City of Edinburgh, which he represented till 1802. In 1782 he was made a Privy Councillor, and Treasurer of the Navy, under the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Earl Shelburne. Displaced by the brief Coalition Ministry, he returned to office next year, when Pitt became Premier, and was appointed President of the Board of Control, under the new East India system. In 1791 he was made Home Secretary, and, in 1794, on the Duke of Portland's accession to office, he was made Secretary at War. The latter post he held till the commencement of 1801, when he retired with Mr Pitt; and next year Mr Addington raised him to the Peerage by the titles of Viscount Melville and Baron Dunira. The first title he took from Melville Castle in Midlothian, the seat of Captain Rannie, the father of his first wife; and the second he took from his own beautiful estate in Upper

Strathearn. When Pitt again became Premier, he was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty; and it has been truly remarked of him:—"Of the associates of Mr Pitt, Lord Grenville, who acted as Minister in the House of Lords, was the principal in England, and Mr Dundas in Scotland, and perhaps also in the rest of the empire. This last gentleman possessed the greatest share of power ever entrusted to any Scotsman since the Union, excepting for a short time to Lord Bute. During a considerable length of time he appears to have conducted almost the whole public business of that vast assemblage of nations, in all the climates of the globe, which constitutes the British Empire; and under his patronage, and that of his friend Mr Pitt, a numerous body of dependents rose to the possession of boundless opulence; while they themselves, engrossed by the pursuits of ambition, were understood to have been somewhat careless of their private concerns."

It was in 1806 that Lord Melville's celebrated impeachment took place. The gist of his alleged malversations was that he had appropriated to his own use large balances of public money, which he had in his hand as Treasurer of the Navy. The resolutions on which the impeachment was founded were moved in the Commons by Mr Whitbread, and carried by the casting voice of the Speaker. His Lordship immediately resigned all his offices; and his name was by and by dropped from the roll of Privy Councillors. His trial commenced in the House of Peers on the 29th April, 1806, and closed on the 12th of June. On all the articles of his impeachment, which extended to ten in number, there was a majority of Peers for his acquittal; on most of them the majorities were large. He was immediately restored to the Privy Council, but did not afterwards hold any other public office. He died in 1811.

Whatever may be thought of his political principles, Lord Melville had great capacity for business, devoted unwearied attention to it, and performed the high duties that fell to him with signal ability and energy. It has been said of him:—"In Parliament he was a clear, acute, and argumentative speaker. His eloquence, however, was that of a man possessed of strong natural talents, wholly unadorned by literary taste or acquirements; and his speeches produced their effect from the solidity of his arguments, and the fearlessness with which he delivered his opinions, not from any power of oratory or graces of style. The ornamental parts of eloquence, indeed, he seemed to despise, and was satisfied to bring his audience at once to the object he had in view. Political power was his passion, and the bustle of official life was the element in which he loved to move."

"In private life his Lordship was a most agreeable companion; easy, frank, and convivial; careless of money, even to a fault; always disposed to do kind offices; affectionate in his domestic relations, and greatly beloved by the numerous circle of his friends."

His friends in Perthshire paid a marked tribute to his memory, in the fine monument which they erected to him on the top of Dunmore, on the north of the village of Comrie. It is built of stone resembling the grey granite of Aberdeen, but which was found at Innergeldie, in the neighbourhood. It stands seventy-two feet high; its imposing effect, however, being somewhat hurt by the lofty Grampian heights which tower behind it. Like honour was done him in Edinburgh, by the statue of him which is placed in the Parliament House; and by the column to him, surmounted by his statue, which stands in the centre of St Andrew's Square.

The present proprietor of Dunira is Sir James Sidney Dundas, who succeeded his father last year. He is the third baronet of Beechwood, Midlothian, and Dunira, Perthshire; and is descended from a common ancestor with Viscount Melville. The first baronet was Sir Robert Dundas, one of the principal clerks of the Court of Session, created a baronet of the United Kingdom in 1821. The second baronet was his son, the late Sir David, who was admitted an advocate in 1824, succeeded his father in 1836, and was appointed captain of the Midlothian Yeomanry Cavalry in 1845.

Drummond-Ernoch is the seat of a family of Drummonds, whose origin has a somewhat singular historic interest. When mentioning the burning of the Murrays in the kirk of Monivaird in 1511, we said that only one of the Murrays escaped, and that through the humanity of a Drummond, who received him in his arms, as he leaped from amongst the flames. This Drummond was so hated by his race, that he had to flee Scotland for his life. He took refuge in Ireland, and remained there till the Murrays had so far rallied that they were able to secure his safety, and to reward him for the good deed which he had done to them. They bought for him the estate which his descendants possess to this day; called himself Drummond-Ernoch, *i.e.*, Drummond the Irishman, on account of his exile for a while in Ireland; and gave his estate the same memorial name.

Ardvoirlich House, on the south bank of Loch Earn, is the seat of the Stewarts. It was the "Darnlinvarach Castle" of Sir Walter Scott, in his Legend of Montrose; and when Lord Menteith and Captain Dalgetty visited it, "As usual at that period, one or two high-ridged narrow buildings, in-

tersecting and crossing each other, formed the *corps de logis*. A projecting bartizan or two, with the addition of small turrets at the angles, much resembling pepper-boxes, had procured for Darnlinvarach the dignified appellation of a castle. It was surrounded by a low courtyard wall, within which were the usual offices.

"As the travellers approached more nearly, they discovered marks of recent additions to the defences of the place, which had been suggested, doubtless, by the insecurity of those troublesome times. Additional loopholes for musketry were struck out in different parts of the building and of its surrounding wall. The windows had just been carefully secured by stancheons of iron, crossing each other athwart and end-long, like the grates of a prison. The door of the courtyard was shut; and it was only after cautious challenge that one of its leaves was opened by two domestics, both strong Highlanders, and both under arms. . . .

"When the travellers were admitted into the court, they found additional preparations for defence. The walls were scaffolded for the use of firearms, and one or two of the small guns, called sackers or falcons, were mounted at the angles or flanking turrets."

The family possessing this fortress is an old family, and has royal blood in its veins, being descended from a son of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, beheaded in 1425, and who was a son of King Robert II. It has already come under our notice. James Stewart of Ardvoirlich, as has been stated by us, joined Montrose, at the Hill of Buchanty, in 1644, immediately before the battle of Tibbermore. A few days after that battle, at Collace, he killed Lord Kilpont, eldest son of the Earl of Airth and Menteith; on which he left the Rebels, and went over to the Covenanters, and was employed and promoted by them.

In the previous century, Ardvoirlich House had been the scene of a most revolting tragedy. In 1588, John Drummond of Drummond-Ernoch was forester to King James VI. As one tradition has it, finding some of the outlawed and persecuted clan of Gregor, or MacGregor, trespassing in the royal forest of Glenartney, he seized them, and inflicted summary punishment on them by cropping their ears. This indignity the clan pronounced unpardonable. Drummond must die for it; and shortly after they surprised and murdered him, cut off his head, and carried it with them, wrapt in one of their plaids.

"In the full exultation of vengeance," says Scott in his Introduction to the Legend of Montrose, "they stopped at the house of Ardvoirlich and demanded refreshment, which the lady, a sister of the murdered Drummond-Ernoch (her husband being absent), was afraid or unwilling to refuse. She caused bread and cheese to be set before them, and gave directions for more substantial refreshments to be prepared. While she was absent with this hospitable intention, the barbarians placed the head of her brother on the table, filling the mouth with bread and cheese, and bidding him eat, for many a merry meal he had eaten in that house. The poor woman returning and beholding this dreadful sight, shrieked aloud, and fled into the woods, where, as described in the romance, she roamed a raving maniac, and for some time secreted herself from all living society. Some remaining instinctive feeling brought her at length to steal a glance from a distance at the maidens while they milked the cows, which being observed, her husband, Ardvoirlich, had her conveyed back to her home, and detained her there till she gave birth to a child, of whom she had been pregnant [no other than the James Stewart mentioned above]; after which she was observed gradually to recover her mental faculties."

The savages next betook themselves to the kirk of Balquhidder; where all the MacGregors assembled on the following Sabbath, and each laying his hand on the bloody head of the murdered Drummond-Ernoch, they swore that they would make common cause with the murderers.

> "Each, as he approached in haste,
> Upon the scalp his right hand placed;
> With livid lip, and gathered brow,
> Each utter'd, in his turn, the vow."

And the vow was

> "To Heaven I swear
> This deed of death I own and share;
> As truly, fully mine, as though
> This my right hand had dealt the blow;
> Come then, our foemen, one, come all;
> If to revenge this caitiff's fall
> One blade is bared, one bow is drawn,
> Mine everlasting peace I pawn,
> To claim from them, or claim from him,
> In retribution, limb for limb."

In recent times Ardvoirlich has been prolific of soldiers. William Stewart of Ardvoirlich, who succeeded his uncle Robert in 1854, saw much service in India, and rose to the rank of Major in the Bengal Artillery. His son, also William, was in the same service, and, with his wife and their infant son, Walter, was barbarously murdered by the mutinous Sepoys on the night of the 14th June, 1857. Handsome tablets to both adorn the parish church of Comrie. That to the Major is very fine. It is a cenotaph of pure Carrara marble, having on one

side a Sepoy soldier, with arms reversed, and on the other a Hindoo kneeling, as if mourning the loss of his benefactor. The inscription on the tablet bears that it was subscribed for by the Governor-General of India, and by various other high dignitaries, friends and admirers of the deceased.

We add, quoting from the Statistical Account :— "A very curious relic of antiquity has been preserved in the family of Ardvoirlich, from a very remote period. It is apparently a lump of pure white rock crystal, about the size and shape of a large egg, bound with four bands of silver of very antique workmanship. Over a considerable district of the country it is known by the Gaelic name of the *Clach Deary*, which means the red stone, arising, probably, from a reddish tinge it appears to have when held up to the light. The water in which the stone has been dipped has been considered a sovereign remedy in all diseases of cattle, and many persons, even from distant parts of the district, are in the habit of resorting to Ardvoirlich to procure the water; but, like all similar objects of superstitious reverence, it is fast losing its repute. It is supposed by antiquarians that this relic, as well as several others of a similar kind, is of Druidical workmanship. One precisely similar in every respect to this is to be seen on the top of the Scottish sceptre preserved in the Castle of Edinburgh. Some have asserted that this kind of stone was the official badge of the Archdruids."

Of the ministers of Comrie, James Graham was suspended in 1649 for having "subscryvit the devisive supplication, and unlawful engagement." The sentence was removed next year on his repentance, and his mouth was opened in 1651. John Philp was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for his Jacobitism.

BALQUHIDDER.

To the south-east of the parish manse is an old obelisk, standing about five feet high. There is every reason to believe that it marks an Historic Scene; but the history which it was meant to transmit seems to have perished. We at least have met with no historic or traditionary lore concerning it. The people call the stone Puidrach, but the name is Gaelic to us, and no interpretation of it has come in our way.

Craigruigh Hill, or The King's Rock, is likewise an Historic Scene. When Robert the Bruce escaped from the MacDougalls at Dalree, this hill or rock was for a time his hiding-place; and from this circumstance it derived its name.

About a mile east of the manse is a battlefield, on which the MacLarens of Balquhidder and the Buchanans of Leny, in Callander, tried their strength in a fierce and bloody conflict. At the fair of St Kessaig, which was held at Kilmahog, in the parish of Callander, one of the Buchanans struck a MacLaren on the cheek with a salmon which he happened to be carrying, and knocked off his bonnet. The struck man, who was imbecile in mind, only said to his assailant that he would not dare to repeat his insult at next St George's fair, which was kept at Balquhidder. To that fair the Buchanans went in a large body, resolved to make good proof of their strength and courage. When they appeared on the ground, the MacLaren whom they had affronted and abused told his clansmen for the first time the usage he had got from them at the fair at Kilmahog. The Fiery Cross was immediately sent through his clan, and every man able to bear arms hastened to the muster. The combatants met at the spot we have indicated. The MacLarens, in their ardour and impatience, began the battle before all their forces had arrived. The consequence was that they were driven off the field. One of them, however, seeing his son cut down by the foe, turned furiously on the Buchanans, shouting the war cry of his tribe. His clansmen rallied; caught the *miri-cath*, or the madness of battle; fought desperately, and were victorious. "The Buchanans were slain in great numbers, and driven over a small cascade of the Balvaig stream, which retains the name of *Linan-an-Seicachan*, 'the cascade of the dead bodies.' Two only escaped from the field, one of whom was slain at Gartnafuaran, and the other fell at the point which, from him, was ever afterwards known as *Sron Lainie*. Tradition variously fixes this clan battle in the reign of one of the Alexanders, that is, between 1106 and 1286, and in the sixteenth century."

The Mansion-houses in the parish are Edinample Castle, and the Houses of Edinchip, Stronvar, and Glenbuckie. Edinample Castle, romantically and beautifully situated on the south side of Loch Earn, is one of the seats of the noble family of Breadalbane. Edinchip House is the seat of the MacGregors; Stronvar, of the Carnegies; and Glenbuckie, of the Stewarts.

Balquhidder was "the country of the MacLarens," and they figure much in the early annals of the parish. They were a very old clan. Their original seat was Lorn, in Argyllshire, which in Gaelic is written *Labhrin*, and pronounced *Laurin:* and

hence the name of the clan. They came into Perthshire as early as the days of Kenneth MacAlpin, and obtained from him, after his conquest of the Picts, in A.D. 843, lands in Balquhidder and Strathearn. Their spirit befitted their antiquity. Their pride, in particular, was superlative and exacting. The whole parish of Balquhidder must worship them, as in other ways, so by not presuming to enter the church on the Sabbath till the MacLarens had taken their seats in it! This arrogant claim led to brawls and scuffles at the church door, in which life was often in imminent danger, and was sometimes actually sacrificed. It is on record that, in 1532, Sir John MacLaren, who was vicar of Balquhidder, was killed in one of those fights, and that several of his kinsmen who took part in it were prosecuted and outlawed.

Between the MacLarens and their neighbours, the MacGregors, a chronic and deadly feud subsisted. About 1558, the Macgregors fell on no fewer than eighteen householders bearing the name of MacLaren, destroyed them and their families, and took possession of their lands. They were not brought to trial for this till after the lapse of some forty-six years, when their indictment described the outrage as "the crewall murthour and burning of auchtene houshalders of the clan Lawren, thair wyves and bairns, committit fourtie-sax yeir syne, or thairby." Invernenty was one of the properties or farms of which the MacGregors thus forcibly took possession; and they kept possession of it, as we shall by and by see, for centuries.

The MacLarens were "out" in 1745, some of them under the Murrays of Athole, but most of them under Stewart of Ardshiel. MacLaren of Invernenty, who had by that time recovered his patrimony, fought for the Pretender at Culloden, and was taken prisoner after the battle. When he was being conducted to Carlisle by a guard of soldiers, he gave them the slip in a rather remarkable way. The party had reached "The Devil's Beef Stand," otherwise called "Johnstone's Beef Stand." This was a deep and dark hollow near Moffat, which had its name from the reavers of former days having made it a place of concealment for stolen cattle. The morning was misty, and, taking advantage of it, MacLaren threw himself down the steep side of the den; rightly calculating that the soldiers, who did not know the locality, would not venture to follow him. Gaining a morass, he sunk himself down in it up to the neck, and, covering his head with a turf, he remained there till the darkness of the night enabled him to make his escape. He returned to Balquhidder, and, putting on the disguise of a woman, lived in it undiscovered till 1747, when the Act of Indemnity in favour of the Rebels was passed.

For their murder of Drummond-Ernoch in 1558, fresh letters of fire and sword were denounced for three years against "the wicked clan Gregor, so long continuing in blood, slaughter, theft, and robbery;" and they were intercommuned. The same was done after the battle of Glenfruin in 1603. In it, the Colquhouns of Luss, following up previous aggressions on both sides, attacked the MacGregors, but were thoroughly beaten by them; two hundred of them being left dead on the field, and many taken prisoners, only two of their antagonists being killed and a few of them wounded. On this occasion, tradition makes the victors guilty of an atrocity which tended, even in those rude times, to arm public feeling against them. About sixty youth, many of them of the best families of Lennox, came out from Dumbarton, where they were receiving their education, to witness the battle. For their safety they were, before hostilities commenced, shut up in an adjoining barn, and committed to the charge of Dugald Ciar Mohr, foster-brother of Alexander MacGregor, chief of the clan. (So the common version of the story runs, which must, however, be incorrect as to the custodian, if Ciar Mohr was dead several years before the battle of Glenfruin, as Sir Walter Scott says that he was.) According to the tradition, Dugald, as his clansmen were pursuing the flying Colquhouns, poniarded every one of the helpless and defenceless youth in the barn. "A partial representation of all these occurrences was made to the King (James VI.), and to excite him still more effectually, a procession was got up of sixty widows, whose husbands had been slain on the occasion, mounted on white palfreys, and bearing on long poles upwards of two hundred bloody shirts of the slaughtered Colquhouns. Henceforth the clan Gregor were treated little better than wild beasts. Their lands were confiscated, their very name was proscribed, and being driven to such extremity, they became notorious for acts of daring reprisal, and famous as systematic leviers of black-mail."

Colin MacLaren, the eminent mathematician and philosopher, was a descendant of the Balquhidder MacLarens. So at least he, and his son John, admitted advocate in 1756, and raised to the bench in 1788 by the title of Lord Dreghorn, claimed to be; and they instructed their claim by tracing their descent from a MacLaren family who had long been in possession of Tiree, an island of the Argyleshire Hebrides.

The MacGregors were, like the MacLarens, a very ancient clan. They claimed to be of royal lineage;

tracing their descent from Gregor, or Gregorius, said to have been the third son of Alpin King of Scots who flourished about A.D. 787. Hence their original patronymic—MacAlpin ; and hence their very usual designation—the Clan Alpin. Their first seat was Glenorchy ; but they spread in process of time to other parts. They multiplied and prospered ; but as they did so, they excited the envy and cupidity of some of their more powerful neighbours. They had got most of their lands by the sword, and they held them by the right of the sword. These their neighbours, particularly the Campbells of Argyle and Breadalbane, coveted ; got charters to them through their interest at Court ; and sought opportunities of turning the MacGregors out of them. As they were thus gradually disinherited, they naturally retaliated on their oppressors. They took to freebooting, also, to supply their necessities ; for there was no other way by which they could obtain the means of subsistence : all which was made a pretext for the continued and increasing persecution of the ill-fated race. From 1502, when Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy obtained a charter of the lands of Glenlyon, "the history of the Macgregors," as Skene says, "consists of a mere list of Acts of Privy Council, by which commissions are granted to pursue the clan with fire and sword, and of various atrocities which a state of desperation, the natural result of these measures, as well as a deep spirit of vengeance, against both the framers and executors of them, frequently led the clan to commit. These actions led to the enactment of still severer laws, and at length to the complete proscription of the clan."

The execution of the Acts passed against them was intrusted to the Earl of Argyle and the Breadalbane Campbells in the west Highlands of Perthshire, and to the Earl of Athole and his followers in the east. The MacGregors resisted with the most determined resolution and valour ; "and many a valley in the west and north Highlands retains memory of the severe conflicts, in which the proscribed clan sometimes obtained transient advantages, and always sold their lives dearly." The Earl of Argyle was bent on their extermination. He was Lieutenant and Justiciar of the territories inhabited by them ; he was well paid in the meantime for what he did to root them out of the land, and he counted that when their possessions came to be partitioned, a large share of them would fall to him. Wearied out with efforts at resistance, which upon the whole proved vain, Alexander MacGregor of Glenstrae, chief of the clan, at length submitted to the Earl of Argyle, on condition that he, with several of his clansmen, should have a safe-conduct into England granted them, that he might lay the case of his clan before King James, offering to leave with Argyle thirty of his choicest men as hostages for his return. Most basely did the Earl betray the chief. He promised the safe-conduct, and gave it ; but he sent Glenstrae into England under a strong guard, with strict orders that, having touched English soil, they would immediately return with him to Scotland ! The guard obeyed the orders given them : having crossed the Border at Berwick, they returned with their charge ; and upon the 26th January, 1604, Glenstrae, with eleven of his friends and name (and to these some add the thirty hostages), were hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh, "upon ane gallows : Himselff being chieff, he wes hangit his awin hicht above the rest of his friendis."

Hard, verily, was the fate of the MacGregors ! Their inheritances were taken from them. They were outlawed. No one might do them an office of kindness, or even of humanity. It was death for them to use their own name. Any of them who was at the battle of Glenfruin, or who was accessory to other maraudings specified in the Hue and Cry issued against them, or who carried about his person any weapon except a pointless knife to cut his victuals, was liable to the same penalty. An Act of the Privy Council in 1613 made it death for them to meet in greater numbers than four at a time. The marvel is that they were not extirpated. Yet they weathered the storm of persecution which beat on them so fiercely and so long. Not only so, but in their most depressed days they did some deeds of goodness and nobleness, which constrain our admiration, and which show what they might and would have been, had they fallen on better times. There is a delightful illustration of this in the memorials handed down to us of Glenstrae, the unhappy chief who fell a victim, as we have just told, of Argyle's treachery. It is to the following effect :—

The chief's son, while out hunting one day, met the young laird of Lamont, who was travelling with a servant from Cowal towards Inverlochy. They dined together in a house on the Black Mount, between Tyndrum and King's House. In the course of the evening they quarrelled ; their Highland blood got hotter and hotter ; dirks were at length drawn, and the young MacGregor was killed. Lamont instantly fled, some of the Gregor clan closely pursuing him. Distancing them by his swiftness of foot, he reached the house of the chief of Glenstrae, and earnestly besought him to give him protection. He took care, of course, not to state that he had just imbrued his hands in the blood of the chief's son. Yielding to the first impulse of his generous nature, "You are safe with

me," said Glenstrae, "whatever you may have done." On the pursuers arriving they told the unfortunate father what had occurred, and demanded the murderer. MacGregor would not deliver him up. He had passed his word that he would be safe with him—his honour was pledged to protect him; and that honour must not be sullied. "Let none of you dare to injure the man," he exclaimed, "MacGregor has promised him safety, and, as I live, he shall be safe with me." Afterwards he, with a party of his clan, escorted the youth home; and, on bidding him farewell, said, "Lamont, you are now safe on your own land. I cannot, and I will not protect you farther. Keep away from my people; and God forgive you for what you have done." Soon after this Glenstrae was outlawed, and his name proscribed, and he became a homeless, houseless wanderer. But the young laird of Lamont had learned from him noble lessons, which he in his turn beautifully practised. Remembering how he owed his life to him, he exerted himself to protect the old chief and his family. In the face of all dangers, he received them into his house, and did his utmost to secure them from those who were hunting for their life.

The names which the MacGregors assumed when they were compelled to relinquish their own were chiefly Campbell, Drummond, Graham, and Stewart. In the Civil War of the seventeenth century, they joined Montrose to the number of a thousand fighting men. Their reward was the annulling, on the Restoration, of the Acts that had been passed against them. But, strange to say, these were revived in the reign of William III. "Upon the Revolution," says Sir Walter Scott, "an influence inimical to this unfortunate clan, said to be the same with that which afterwards dictated the massacre of Glencoe, occasioned the re-enaction of the penal statutes against the MacGregors. There are no reasons given why these highly penal Acts should have been renewed; nor is it alleged that the clan had been guilty of late irregularities. Indeed, there is some reason to think that the clause was formed of set purpose, in a shape which should elude observation; for, though containing conclusions fatal to the rights of so many British subjects, it is neither mentioned in the title nor the rubric of the Act of Parliament in which it occurs, and is thrown briefly in at the close of the statute 1693, chap. 61, entitled, 'An Act for the Justiciary in the Highlands.'" He adds, however, "It does not appear that after the Revolution the Acts against the clan were severely enforced; and in the latter half of the eighteenth century they were not enforced at all."

We reckon "The Macgregors Gathering" one of the most splendid pieces of martial song in our language. It is well known to most of our readers; but we shall here transcribe it, that all of them may know and enjoy it:—

"The moon's on the lake, and the mist's on the brae,
And the Clan has a name that is nameless by day;
Then, gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

Our signal for fight, which from monarchs we drew,
Must be heard but by night in our vengeful haloo!
Then, haloo, Grigalach! haloo, Grigalach!
Haloo, haloo, haloo, &c.

Glenorchy's bright mountains, Colchurn and her towers,
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;
We're landless, landless, landless, Grigalach!
Landless, landless, landless, &c.

But doom'd and devoted by vassal and lord,
MacGregor has still both his heart and his sword!
Then, courage, courage, courage, Grigalach!
Courage, courage, courage, &c.

If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,
Give their roofs to the flames, and their flesh to the eagles!
Then, vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, Grigalach!
Vengeance, vengeance, vengeance, &c.

While there's leaves in the forest and foam in the river,
MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish for ever!
Come, then, Grigalach, come, then, Grigalach!
Come, then, come, then, come, then, &c.

Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,
O'er the peak of Benlomond the galley shall steer,
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt;
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt!
Then, gather, gather, gather, Grigalach!
Gather, gather, gather, &c.

Balquhidder was included in "the country of the MacGregors." It was, more than any other, the parish of the famous Rob Roy, or the Red Robert; so called from the ruddiness of his complexion, and the colour of his hair. It was his native parish. He was born in it about 1660, at Inverlochlarig; he resided in it for many years; he leased, from first to last, several farms in it; he died in it about 1738 in his house at the head of Loch Voil; and his dust rests in the graveyard of the old parish church. His grave is marked by a stone with a sword rudely graved on it.

Rob was of the Ciar Mohr branch of the MacGregors, to whom the chiefship of the clan had fallen. He was the youngest son of Donald MacGregor of Glengyle, a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army of James VII., by his wife, who was a daughter of William Campbell of Glenfalloch, third son of Sir Robert Campbell of Glenorchy. He re-

ceived a fair education, and gave his sons a good one; and it is a token of his superior culture, for his day, that among the subscribers for Bishop Keith's "History of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland," is the name of Robert MacGregor, *alias* Rob Roy. He was also an excellent swordsman, to which his athletic frame, and the singular length of his arms contributed much. He had no patrimony; but he somehow came into possession of Inversnaid, and a relative presented him with Craig Royston. The business to which he took himself was grazing and cattle dealing, in which he succeeded so well for a time, that the Duke of Montrose readily assisted him with money. His Grace, indeed, was a virtual partner in the business. He advanced a thousand merks, and Rob another thousand; and the profits were to be divided between them.

Reavers from Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland, spoiled Rob's flocks. This obliged him to keep an armed band for his protection. He likewise engaged, for a small impost, to protect the property of others in the district from the northern plunderers. This impost was called *black-mail;* and being sanctioned by long and widely prevailing custom, Rob claimed it from all and sundry, as the just right of one who had the power of throwing his shield over them; and he was not over-scrupulous in enforcing his claim. It was hazardous to refuse it to one of whom Wordsworth says—

> "The eagle, he was lord above,
> And Rob was lord below."

It was doubly hazardous to break faith with him, by withholding the tax after it had been promised him. So found Campbell of Aberuchill, whose acquaintance we made when at Comrie. Having omitted payment of the tax for some years, Rob at last went to his Castle with an armed party, to demand the arrears due to him. Leaving his men at some distance, he knocked at the gate, and desired to see the laird. He was told that his Honour had some great men dining with him, and that no stranger could be admitted. "Tell him," said he, "that Rob Roy is at his door, and must see him if the King should be dining with him." The porter returned with the answer, that his master knew nothing of such a person, and desired him to depart. "Rob immediately applied to his mouth a large horn that hung by his side, from which there issued a sound that appalled the Castle guard, rung through every corner of the building, and astonished Aberuchill and his guests, who quickly left the dining-table. In an instant Rob Roy's men were by his side, and he ordered them to drive away all the cattle they found on the land; but the laird came hastily to the gate, apologised for the rudeness of the porter to his good friend, took him into the Castle, paid his demand, and they parted apparently good friends."

Misfortune by and by overtook him. An inferior partner in the firm absconded with large sums belonging to it. Rob was made insolvent. The Duke of Montrose sued him for his thousand merks, and compelled him to mortgage Inversnaid and Craig Royston, as security for repayment. When his finances improved, Rob offered the money; but his Grace preferred the lands, and, by acts which would have blasted for ever the character of a meaner man, he managed to keep possession of them. Not only so, but his minions, sent to Inversnaid to evict the rightful owner, did, in his absence, most shamefully insult and abuse his wife, Helen MacGregor, a daughter of MacGregor of Comar. "Rob Roy's Lament" depicts her feelings on the occasion with great pathos and power. We give the first verse:—

> "O hone a rie! O hone a rie!
> Before the sun has sunk to rest,
> The turf will lie upon his breast.
> O hone a rie, &c.
>
> The pride of all our line deplore,
> Brave MacGregor is no more.
> O hone a rie, &c."

The landless victim of ducal oppression vowed vengeance, and he took it. To reimburse himself for what he had lost and suffered, he levied contributions from the Duke and his tenants in the most systematic manner. At an appointed time he made a sweep of their cattle, and sold them publicly at what were called Rob Roy's "trysts"; of the time and place of which he took care to give buyers due notice. The rents paid in kind to the Duke he shared with him, by going to his *girnal* at Moulin, and taking from it whatever he required, making his Grace's tenants carry it on the backs of their horses wherever he pleased. The rents paid in money to the Duke he shared with him, by easing his factor, when he had collected them, of the proportion which he reckoned to belong to himself. To the storekeeper and the factor he gave regular receipts for what he thus appropriated.

On one occasion the factor, who was Graham of Killearn, a second cousin of the Duke, had just finished a day's collection at Chapel Erroch, when Rob entered the room in which he was at the head of an armed party, and speedily found the cash and books which Graham attempted to secrete. Having given a receipt for the cash, amounting to some £300, he ordered Graham to attend him; took him to an island in Loch Katrine, which is called to this

day Rob Roy's Prison, and made him write the Duke that his ransom was fixed at 3400 merks—the balance, as he reckoned, of what the Duke now owed him. He kept him on the island for five or six days, and then let him away with his account books and other papers; but, of course, *minus* the cash.

Rob's war with the Duke procured him interest and favour with both Argyle and Breadalbane, who were Montrose's hereditary enemies. It was in token of the respect and gratitude which he therefore cherished to Argyle that he took the name of Campbell for his own proscribed one. Montrose, on a day, in presence of the Privy Council, taunted Argyle for harbouring and protecting the outlaw, when the latter answered archly—"My Lord, I only supply Rob Roy with wood and water, the common privileges of the deer; but you supply him with beef and meat; and withal, he is your factor, for he not long since took up your rents at Chapel Erroch.

Argyle's "wood and water" caused Rob some perplexity when the Rebellion of 1715 broke out. He was a Jacobite in the sense in which the great body of the Highlanders were so; but the Duke of Argyle being the head of the army opposed to the rebels, he felt a somewhat strong temptation to give him his services. He resisted, however, and stuck to his colours. He was one of the Pretender's officers; and how he deported himself at Sheriffmuir, we shall see when we come to it.

The pranks and exploits which form the staple of Rob's memoirs, are, many of them, highly amusing, but there is more than this to be said of them. Taken as a whole, they give us a very favourable impression of the best side of his mixed character. It may be reasonably doubted whether he had a contemporary who possessed a better claim to be called a father to the poor, a friend of the friendless, and the champion of the oppressed.

He was born a Protestant and a Presbyterian, but he latterly became a Papist. He did so, more in compliment to the pervert Earl of Perth, than for any other reason that could be assigned. He had never been a very decided or fervent religionist, neither did he become so. After he had lapsed into Popery, he did not disguise that he was not by any means enamoured with all its principles and practices. On this head, Sir Walter Scott has said, in one brief paragraph, all that can be said. "In his latter years he embraced the Roman Catholic faith, perhaps on Mrs Cole's principle, that it was a comfortable religion for one of his calling. He is said to have alleged as the cause of his conversion, a desire to gratify the noble family of Perth, who were then strict Catholics. Having, as he observed, assumed the name of the Duke of Argyle, his first protector, he could pay no compliment worth the Earl of Perth's acceptance save complying with his mode of religion. Rob did not pretend, when pressed closely on the subject, to justify all the tenets of Catholicism, and acknowledged that extreme unction always appeared to him a great waste of *ulzie*, or oil."

The Glengyle MacGregors claimed a right, by ancient occupancy, to Invernenty in the Braes of Balquhidder, and Rob kept possession of it till his last years, when he was forcibly turned out of it by Stewart of Appin, who claimed it as his property, and who settled on it, at an easy quit rent, a family of the MacLarens, of whom we have written.

Notwithstanding his predatory and perilous "calling;" notwithstanding the many and powerful enemies who hunted for his life; notwithstanding his outlawry by the Government, and the prize of £1000 set upon his head, Rob Roy, after many hair-breadth escapes, died, as we have said, in his own house at the head of Loch Voil in a good old age. And he sustained to the last the character which he had borne all his life long. Learning on his death-bed that one of his enemies wished to visit him, "Raise me from my bed," said he; "throw my plaid around me, and bring me my claymore, dirk, and pistols—it shall never be said that a foeman saw Rob Roy MacGregor defenceless and unarmed." During the brief interview, Rob "maintained a cold haughty civility," and when the foeman left, "Now," said he, "all is over—let the piper play, '*Ha til mi tulidh*' (We return no more), and he is said to have expired before the dirge was finished."

Deeply plaintive and doleful is Mrs Charles Tinsley's version of the dirge. We give four stanzas of it:—

"'We return no more! we return no more!'
Said the chief, ere he breathed his last;
For he knew that the reign of the fierce and free,
And the bold in deed, was past;
He knew that the slogan of Border war—
All mute as the sleuth hound's breath—
Should never awaken the hills again
With shouts whose echo was death:—
'Ha til, ha til mi tulidh!'

"Did they crowd around him, the brave of old,
In the dreams of that solemn hour,
All the mighty chiefs of his royal line,
In the pride of their early power?
MacAlpin, who reigned o'er a conquered race,
And those that held rule in Lorn—
Did he think of these as he turned to die?
And his words—were they words of scorn?
'Ha til, ha til mi tulidh!'

"Did he brood o'er the wrong that 'whelmed his sires,
Making all their hearthstones bare,

Through the ages that saw them held at bay,
And hate-hunted everywhere?—
Did he call to mind their scattered haunts,
In Balquhidder and Glenstrae,
And breathe in his spirit's bitterness,
One trust ere he went away?
'Ha til, ha til mi tulidh!'

* * * * * *

"In their sometimes lawless bravery,
They shall yet around us throng,
Where the clinging love of their native soil,
Was than wrath or death more strong;
They were suited well to their own rude times,
And ours will not let them go,
Till the last of Scotland's sons shall say—
'Mid the final wrecks below—
'Ha til, ha til mi tulidh!'"

Rob Roy had five sons. The most historic of these were James, the third, and Robert, the youngest, commonly called Robert Oig. They led very turbulent and lawless lives, which ended miserably. James died at Paris in October, 1754, in a state of absolute destitution. Three months after, Robert perished on the scaffold at Edinburgh. The crime for which he suffered was the abduction of Mrs Jean Key or Wright, a young widow of Edinbilly, Balfron, whom he carried off from her mother's house by violence, and forced to marry him: the temptation being the estate of which she was possessed, valued as worth from 16,000 to 18,000 merks.

The penal Acts against the MacGregors were finally rescinded by the British Parliament in 1784. The Clan then recognised John Murray of Lanrick, representative of the family of Glencarnock, as their chief; Murray being the name this branch had assumed for their own proscribed one. The chief in 1745 was Robert, who mortgaged his estate for Prince Charlie, and after Culloden was long confined in Edinburgh Castle. He was succeeded by his brother Evan, a somewhat distinguished officer of the 41st regiment. It was Evan's son, John, who was recognised as the chief, when the rights of the Clan were restored in 1784. He was a General in the East India Company's service, and Auditor-General in Bengal. In 1795, he was raised to the dignity of a baronet of Great Britain; and, in 1822, he resumed, by royal license, the original surname of the family, M'Gregor. The Statistical Account says of him:—"The late Sir John M'Gregor Murray, of MacGregor, Bart., was buried in the family vault, about a mile to the eastward of the manse; he was a distinguished Gaelic scholar, and zealous and unwearied in his exertions to collect and preserve the ancient poetry of the Highland bards. He held the rank of Colonel in the army, and raised a regiment of infantry, called the Clan Alpin, for the service of his country, which was commanded by his brother, Colonel Alexander MacGregor Murray, who was also buried in the Mausoleum belonging to the family."

The second baronet, Sir Evan John MacGregor, was a Major-General in the army, K.C.B., and G.C.H., and Governor-General of the Leeward Islands, when he died in 1841. The third baronet was Sir John Athole Bannatyne Murray M'Gregor, Lieutenant-General of the Virgin Isles, where he died in 1851. The fourth and present baronet is Sir Malcolm Murray MacGregor, of MacGregor. He entered the Navy in 1847, and rose to the rank of Captain. He served in the Russian war, and has the Crimean medal and clasp, and the Turkish war medal. In 1869, he received the bronze medal of the Royal Humane Society, for having with great daring saved the life of a seaman in Lagos Roads, in 1868. He is the chief of the Clan Gregor.

Balquhidder gives the Dukes of Athole one of their titles. They are Viscounts of Balquhidder, the date of the creation being 1676.

According to tradition, Angus, a disciple of Columba, was the first Christian missionary in this part of the country; and the slab in the churchyard of Balquhidder, called *Clach Aenais*, is his sepulchral monument. It first stood within the church, in front of the altar; but it was removed without, to end a superstitious use that had been made of it. Young men and women stood or kneeled on it during the ceremonies of marriage and baptism; and their doing so was believed to have some mysterious, supernal virtue, which we are sorry that we have not happened to see explained.

Balquhidder was the native parish of one who well deserves to be commemorated. Dugald Buchanan, the eminent Gaelic poet, was born in it in 1716, being the son of a Balquhidder farmer. After engaging for a season in trade, he became schoolmaster and catechist at Kinloch Rannoch. He gave efficient aid in the translation of the New Testament into Gaelic. His "Hymns" are said to be excellent, and have been frequently printed. Altogether, he has a foremost place as a Gaelic poet. He died in 1768, and his body rests in Callander churchyard.

Robert Stewart was minister of Balquhidder at the Revolution. He was a strenuous Jacobite, and joined the Jacobite army at Killiecrankie. Cited to appear before the Privy Council in 1689, he did not obey the citation; whereupon certification was granted against him. He was ordered to be denounced; was deprived of his benefice; and was discharged from preaching, and from exercising any other ministerial function.

We hope that those who have been visiting Balquhidder with us will not, in taking adieu of it, object to read—perhaps some of them will sing—"The Braes o' Balquhidder," one of Tannahill's finest lyrics :—

"Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blaeberries grow
'Mang the bonny Highland heather ;
Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the long summer day,
On the braes o' Balquhither.

"I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers o' the mountain ;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

"When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night-breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear sheiling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

"Now the summer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming ;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither."

DUNBLANE DISTRICT.

This district embraces the parishes of Dunblane, Logie, Lecropt, Kilmadock, Kincardine, Kippen, Port of Menteith, Aberfoyle, and Callander.

DUNBLANE.

Dunblane first appears in our annals as one of the chief seats of the Culdees. "Formerly," says Keith, "there was a convent of Culdees here, and continued to be so even after the erection of the bishopric, which owes its foundation to David II., towards the end of his reign. St Blaan was superior of this convent in the time of King Kenneth III., and from him the See derived its name." For David II. Keith ought to have written David I. Chalmers says, in his Caledonia, that "St Blaan was patron, as he was chief of this religious establishment (of the Culdees) ; being a bishop here about A.D. 1000." There is not a shred of evidence that St Blaan or St Blane, as he is also called, ever was Bishop of Dunblane. Indeed, if he was superior of the Culdee convent of Dunblane in the days of Kenneth III., who united the Scots and the Picts in A.D. 843, he could hardly be bishop of Dunblane in the days of David I., whose reign began in 1124 ; unless he rose from the dead to patronize the new state of things, when Romanism had supplanted Culdeeism.

By turning Dunblane into a bishop's seat, King David raised it to the dignity of a city. It is not yet a very great or imposing city, and it must have been less so in the days of old : much less so, when this was the picture of a Scotch town ; and Dunblane had then existed as a city for some four centuries :—"A Scotch town, if we look into one about the time of James IV., was a mean, dirty, little place. The houses were better than those of the farmers in the country ; for the farmers having no lease, and being at the mercy of the landowners to be turned out at will, ran up for themselves dwellings of the rudest kind. But even the town dwellings were almost entirely of wood, and thatched. Commonly each house had, somewhere in the front, a round hole just large enough to let out a person's head. Out of these holes the women used to put their heads, and engage in a shrill gossip up and down the street. The streets, narrow and irregular, were filthy to excess, every sort of refuse being cast out on them to fester and rot."

St Blane was the Patron Saint of Dunblane, and from him the city took its name. He was a native of the island of Bute, and was descended from a distinguished Irish family, which could boast of several eminent ecclesiastics connected with it. He was a Culdee in religion, and Superior of the Culdee Convent at Dunblane ; and we may believe that the policy of Rome in canonizing him, was to persuade his co-religionists that Culdeeism and Romanism were essentially the same ; and that in passing from the former to the latter they made no material change. Its avowed reasons for raising him to a place in the Calendar Rome found in his piety and good works, and more especially in the miracles with which Heaven had set its seal on his saintship. Among these, as Fordun tells us, was his restoring to life the son of a certain English nobleman.

The most interesting memorial of the ancient glory of Dunblane is its Cathedral. Its precise age

is unknown. But that it was founded by David I., towards the end of his reign, is not doubted; and it was restored, or, as some say, rebuilt about a century afterwards by Clemens, bishop of the See. After the death of King David, the See had suffered severely. It had wanted efficient Episcopal superintendence, and barbarous and covetous laymen had set upon it and plundered it. But Clemens arrested the evils that were preying on it, and revived its interests, as by other efforts, so by a very liberal expenditure on it of his own private resources. In particular, "with distinguished munificence, he renovated and enlarged the fabric of the Cathedral, causing it to assume that splendid aspect which it continued to possess," till its demolition. It was 216 feet long, 76 feet broad, and 50 feet high. A tower, supposed from the characters of its architecture to have been erected at different periods, and standing apart from the edifice, rose to the height of 128 feet. The choir of the Cathedral is the parish church; and it forms a convenient and handsome place of worship. It contains relics of Popish times, some of which are not found now in any other ecclesiastical structure north of the Tweed. Among these is a number of prebendal stalls, or chairs, of black oak, richly carved. There are also oaken seats of choristers, with grotesque figures carved on them, among which are a cat, a fox, and an owl. At the upper end of the choir, on the right of the entrance into it, is the bishop's seat; and on the left, that of the dean, both of oak, and beautifully carved. The three steps to the altar also still remain.

The rest of the Cathedral is in ruins, and on the preservation of these not a little care has latterly been laudably expended. The ruins attest the magnificence and elegance of the holy fane. It has been said of it—"Without the elaborate decoration of Melrose or of Roslin, it immeasurably excels them both in beauty of proportion and depth and force of moulding. The western window, the beautiful little window in the gable, and the arcading of the triforium are exquisite."

The architect ought to have made his fortune of a work which he executed in a style so admirable. But, if tradition may be credited, it was far otherwise. The undertaking was even the occasion of costing him the loss of his life. When the last instalment on his contract was paid him, and he took his departure from Dunblane, he was dogged by three ruffians, who fell on him at Kinbuck, and murdered him. They expected a rich prize in the well-filled purse, as they supposed, which he carried with him. After getting hold of it through the life of its owner, they found in it only the sum of threepence halfpenny!

Among the sepulchral monuments in the Cathedral is that of Malise, eighth Earl of Strathearn, and his Countess. It is in the vestry of the choir, and is a flat block of gritstone, having on it full-sized figures of the Earl and Countess. When discovered in the choir, the block was above a coffin of lead having inscribed on it the date 1271. In the centre of the choir is the dust of Lady Margaret Drummond, mistress of James IV., and her sisters, the Ladies Euphemia and Sybilla, daughters of Lord Drummond, whose death by poison we wrote of when at Cargill. Their remains were deposited here by permission of their uncle, Sir William Drummond, then dean of Dunblane. Three blue slabs covered and marked their resting-place till 1817, when they were removed and used as pavement, in certain repairs which were then made on the edifice. The slabs, happily, though their position was changed, were not buried, or put entirely out of view. They are yet to be seen, two of them at the entrance into the choir, and the third in the vestibule of it.

The Bishop's Palace was on the south of the Cathedral, and vestiges of it may yet be traced.

From the foundation of the See to the Reformation from Popery, Dunblane had twenty-five bishops. One of these was Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffray, who did Scotland such priceless service on the field of Bannockburn. In grateful acknowledgment of his merit and influence on that ever memorable day, Robert the Bruce made him bishop of this See. Another of the bishops was William Stephen, a canon of St Andrews, and one of the first three professors in the infant University there. Finlay Dermock was bishop of the See in the beginning of the fifteenth century. He built the first bridge over the Allan at Dunblane, and which is still doing service; having, however, been widened and otherwise improved in modern times. The recumbent figure, attired in pontifical vestments and mitre, and which is in a niche of the wall under a window of the choir, on the left hand of the pulpit, is supposed to represent him, and to be his sepulchral monument. Michael Ochiltree was bishop of the See about the middle of the fifteenth century. He is said to have added greatly to the rich adornments of the Cathedral. The recumbent figure under one of the windows of the nave, is the representation of him, and his monument.

Other three bishops of Dunblane were Chisholms, of the Cromlix family. They held the bishopric successively for the eighty years immediately preceding the Reformation. The second of the three was William. He was passionately fond of song and music, and above all, of the air called "Clout the Caldron;" so much so that he used to say, that

if "condemned to die, he would go contented to the gallows, provided his ears were regaled with that his favourite spring." Discerning the signs of the times, he prepared for the coming overthrow of his church by giving most of the revenues of his See to his nephew, Sir James Chisholm of Cromlix, and to a son and two daughters of his own, whom he, though a celibate, contrived to have. Spottiswood says that he utterly "wracked" the benefice. He was succeeded by his nephew, also William, who followed in his uncle's footsteps, and still further alienated what remained of the church's patrimony. We read of him in history as a peculiar favourite of Queen Mary, and as much employed by her in public affairs. He was one of the Commissioners who decreed the divorce of the Earl of Bothwell from his wife, Lady Jane Gordon, and thus opened the way for the marriage of that nobleman to the unfortunate Queen.

At the Reformation the Cathedral of Dunblane suffered the common fate of all such houses.

The post-Reformation bishops of Dunblane were six in number. Graham was bishop of it when the General Assembly condemned Prelacy as unscriptural. He then resigned his office; and he was the first of the mitred ecclesiastics who did so. Bellenden was bishop of the See in the days of Archbishop Laud. When the archbishop attempted to introduce into Scotland the Popish innovations, which were meant to assimilate the Scottish Church more closely to Rome, Bellenden was his confidential correspondent and agent. James Ramsay, a noted Resolutioner in the days of Presbytery, and promoted to the See of Dunblane in 1673, learned so imperfectly the principles of High Church Prelacy, and was so restless a reformer, that he proved very troublesome to his patrons. He was translated to the See of Ross in 1684. His successor in Dunblane was Robert Douglas, of Kinmonth, a cadet of the House of Angus, and a cousin of the Duke of Hamilton. Deprived at the Revolution, he retired to Dundee, with a pension from the King of 1000 merks; and he died there in 1716, in the ninety-second year of his age.

But incomparably the most distinguished bishop of Dunblane and of all Scotland in his day, was "that angelic and apostolic man," the learned, pious, and amiable Leighton. How he reconciled himself to Prelacy is a problem which has not been very satisfactorily solved. What his father suffered from it might have been enough to steel him for ever against it. Robert Leighton was the son of Alexander Leighton, D.D., a staunch Presbyterian, and the author of "The Looking-Glass of the Holy War," and of "Zion's Plea against Prelacy." For these works he was prosecuted before the Star Chamber, and sentenced to pay a fine of £10,000; to stand in the pillory; to have his ears cut off, his nose slit, and his face branded; to be publicly whipped; and to be thereafter imprisoned for life—Laud piously taking off his cap, lifting up his hands, and giving God thanks, when the horrible sentence was pronounced, for granting him the victory over his enemies. His son Robert was himself Presbyterian minister of Newbattle, in Midlothian, for the space of eleven years. He joined his co-Presbyters in subscribing the Covenant; his name is at the copy of that document preserved in the Museum of the Society of Antiquarians. He demitted the charge of Newbattle on being appointed Principal of the University of Edinburgh, which office he filled for eight years. Yet, on the Restoration, through the influence of friends, particularly of his brother, Sir Elisha Leighton, a Popish pervert, secretary to the Duke of York, afterwards James VII., he was prevailed on to conform, and to accept a bishopric. He did so with much reluctance, and he preferred the bishopric of Dunblane, because of its smallness and its poverty. Its yearly revenue was then only £120, the pittance being supplemented by the deanery of Edinburgh annexed to it.

Leighton's conformity, however it may be accounted for, proved the occasion of embittering his future life. With Sharp, Fairfowl, and Hamilton he went up to London to receive consecration from Anglicans, in whose view his Presbyterian ordination had no validity. The four travelled back to Scotland in a fine new coach which Sharp had bought for the occasion. But Leighton did not relish the company of his fellow travellers. So uncongenial was it to him that he parted with them before they reached the Tweed. They entered Edinburgh with great pomp, impressing the public with the high dignity to which they had been exalted, and betraying the pride with which it had puffed them up. He slipped quietly and humbly to his own diocese. At the first session of Parliament they took their seats with the Peers of the realm. He "never went to Parliament but when there was something before them that related to religion or the Church." He made his first appearance in it to plead for some explanation of the Act of Supremacy, under which Charles the Profligate sat in the temple of God exercising divine prerogatives, prescribing the faith and worship of his subjects, and heading and hanging all who dared to disobey him. He could not have more deeply offended his fellow Prelates. That impious Act they regarded, justly enough, as the foundation and the bulwark of their power. From the arbitrary and tyrannical measures of the Go-

vernment, which the bishops instigated, defended, and applauded, Leighton's gentle, tender nature revolted; and the failure of all his endeavours to recommend a humane and Christian policy profoundly afflicted him. He had only been three years in his See when he sought relief from his wretchedness by tendering his resignation; declaring to His Majesty that he could not be a party to the planting of the Christian religion itself, and much less to the imposing of a mere form of church government, by such anti-Christian violence. Charles refused to accept his resignation, promising that less rigorous measures would be adopted. Leighton withdrew his resignation, relying on this promise, but found it the staff of a broken reed. In 1670, he accepted the Archbishopric of Glasgow, in the hope that in that higher position he might be able to accomplish his cherished scheme of an accommodation between the Prelatists and the Presbyterians; but in this hope he was again doomed to disappointment. His misery now became intolerable. He went up to Court in August, 1673, and begged that he might be relieved of a dignity which was proving a burden too heavy for him. Charles promised to do so at the end of the year, if Leighton should then be of the same mind, and he returned with a joyful heart, saying to Burnet, that "there was but one uneasy stage between him and rest, and he would warstle through it the best he could."

In 1674 Leighton retired from public life, residing for some time in the College of Edinburgh, and afterwards removing to Broadhurst, Sussex, to the house of his widowed sister, the relict of Edward Lightmaker, Esq., where he lived for ten years in great privacy, spending his time in study, devotion, acts of charity, and occasional preaching. At the request of Bishop Burnet, he went to London to hold an interview with the Earl of Perth, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland; and was seized there with pleurisy, of which he died on the 1st February, 1684. He had long had a wish to finish his course in an inn, which, as he thought, would befit and bespeak the pilgrim going home; and remarkable it is that the wish was gratified. He died at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane.

Leighton's memory is blessed in Dunblane to this day, as it is wherever his name is known, and worth and usefulness of the highest order are appreciated. The very walk by the side of the Allan, which he used so much for study and exercise that it was called the Bishop's Walk, seems to have still lingering about it an atmosphere of sanctity and devotion. His writings praise him in the gates. After the lapse of nearly two centuries they still deservedly hold a high place in the Christian literature of Britain. His "Commentary on St Peter" is a very great favourite; has been reprinted times without number; and one may confidently predict that it will hold its place while the English language continues to be one of the languages of the Christian world.

"The good bishop" is the honourable designation by which Leighton used to be distinguished. He was "good" in the largest and noblest sense of the epithet. He was singularly "good" in the sense of being benevolent. The world has not been blessed with many finer copies of Him who was love incarnate, and who went about doing good. Good-doing was emphatically the work of Leighton's life, and the delight of his heart. On one occasion his generous kindness was rather amusingly misconstrued, which revealed in him a power of humour that his habitual gravity kept much in the shade. A poor widow, a young widow, the relict of a minister cut off in early life, received from the bishop many tokens of his compassionate interest in her and her children. These excited her grateful surprise. By and by, she set herself to account for them; but she could light on no satisfactory explanation of them, except by supposing that the bishop, who was a bachelor, had fallen in love with her. She did what she could to cherish the latent flame in his bosom, and waited with earnest expectation for his declaring himself. His delay in doing so she fondly ascribed to his modesty, making him shy to "pop the question;" as the same cause, according to the bride, had made her bridegroom "senselessly civil" in their courtship. At length, when her patience was worn out, she resolved to help him over his difficulty. He was one day in his favourite resort, the Bishop's Walk, on which the community by common consent shunned to intrude for fear of disturbing him. The widow ventured to break in on his solitude, and presented herself before him. Apprehending that some new and sudden disaster had overtaken her, Leighton inquired with more than his usual earnestness for her children. She replied that "they were all well, but she had been unable to rest till she disclosed to his Lordship a *revelation* which had been made to her." "A revelation made to you!" answered the astonished dignitary. "Yes, my Lord," said the widow; "it was revealed to me that your Lordship and I were about to be married." "Indeed!" rejoined his Lordship; "no such revelation, however, has been made to me, and if we are to be married by revelation, the marriage cannot take place, you know, until it be revealed to both parties."

After Leighton rested from his labours, his good works followed him; and they are following him

still. Scanty as his income had been, he left to the poor of Dunblane £1024 Scots. His library he bequeathed to the clergy of the diocese. His sister, Mrs Lightmaker, and her son Edward erected at their own charge a house to contain the books, and mortified £300 to uphold the fabric, to pay a librarian, and to increase the library. The management of it Mr Lightmaker also put into the hands of seven trustees—four of these gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and three of them ministers; one the minister of the parish, and two chosen by the Synod. The library consisted originally of fourteen hundred volumes; among which were editions of many of the best of the classics, and of the works of the Christian fathers; with a host of theological writings of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Though seven hundred volumes belonging to it have been lost since this century began, the library now numbers some 5000 volumes. Dr Rogers, one of the latest writers who has touched on it, says:—"The present trustees have taken an interest in the duties assigned them, and have made several useful improvements on the institution. The books are carefully arranged, a printed catalogue is to be had in the library at the expense of one shilling, and books are circulated on the annual payment of five shillings. Yet still it is to be regretted, either that the public are not thoroughly alive to the value of the boon offered to them, or that arrangements have not been made for the regular purchase of new works and popular publications, so as to induce the public to avail themselves of this rich repository of learning. The funds at present only suffice to keep the fabric in repair, restore decayed volumes, and afford the obliging librarian a paltry pittance for his labours."

The Chisholms of Cromlix are an historic family for other reasons than that they supplied Dunblane with three bishops. They were a branch of the Chisholms, thought to have been of Norman extraction, who settled in the Border as early as the reign of Alexander III., and held lands in both Berwickshire and Roxburghshire. The first of them who possessed Cromlix was Edmund, son of the Chisholms of Teviotdale. He came to Perthshire early in the fifteenth century. The family soon became distinguished, and had conferred on them the offices of Hereditary Bailie and Justiciar of the ecclesiastical lordship of Dunblane. They were devotees of Rome; offered strenuous opposition to the Reformation; and after it was accomplished, they were deeply implicated in the projects of the Popish faction for the overthrow of the Reformed religion in the land. John Chisholm, son of Sir James, third Chisholm laird of Cromlix, lived chiefly in France, where his brother William, after his occupation was gone in Scotland, was made bishop of Vaison; and John was secret agent of the King of Spain and the Duke of Parma in their correspondence with the Scottish Popish Lords. Sir James, fifth Chisholm laird of Cromlix, though Master of the Household to James VI., and a great favourite with him, was also an active and zealous member of the same faction. It was meant that he should proceed to Spain to advance their designs; but, happily for himself, he was not ready in time. George Kerr went in his stead; was apprehended in one of the Cumbraes; and letters found on him led to the discovery of the plot known by the name of the "Spanish Blanks." In 1593, Sir James Chisholm was excommunicated by the Synod of Fife, for his complicity "in sundrie treasonable matters against the true religion." In 1595, he appeared before the General Assembly which met at Montrose, and, confessing the apostacy of which he had been guilty, and declaring his adherence to the Reformed faith, he was admitted a member of the Reformed Church. He had two sons, James and John, who both succeeded him in Cromlix, but died without issue; and on the death of John, the estate passed to a branch of the noble House of Drummond, which retains it to this day; the present representative of the branch being the Honourable Captain A. Drummond.

We reserved, till we should come to Cromlix, the romantic story of "Fair Helen of Ardoch," the beautiful and lovely daughter of William Stirling, brother of the laird of Ardoch. She and Sir James Chisholm, the fifth of Cromlix, were much together in their childhood; loved one another in their teens; and pledged their troth to take one another as husband and wife, as soon as circumstances would permit their union. To complete his education, or for some other purpose, the young knight was in the meantime sent for years to France. Before leaving, he arranged for a regular correspondence with his love, without which even the temporary separation would have been intolerable to them. A friend, a young gentleman in the district, was, for certain prudential reasons, to receive the letters of both, which were to be inclosed to him, and was to forward them to their respective destinations. The arrangement wrought well enough for a season. By and by Sir James's letters became less frequent. At length they ceased altogether. Helen's perplexity and distress can be easily imagined. She wrote him, complaining of his silence, but had no response. The confidant pretended to write him also to the same effect, but had no better success. He was not dead. No misfortune had befallen him. Helen learned that the family in Cromlix were constantly

hearing from him; and had the best news of his health, and of his rising honour in France. What could she think, in the jealousy of her love, but that his heart had changed towards her, and that he was forgetting and forsaking her? The confidant confirmed her worst suspicions and fears; alleging that he had good information from France that the young knight had fallen deeply in love with a noble French lady, whom he was about to lead to the altar.

Having thus prepared for it, the scoundrel now proposed to Helen. Fortune had lately smiled on him. By the death of a relative he had come into the possession of a rich estate in lands and money. The friends in Ardoch were urgent that he should be accepted; and, after much delay, and with great reluctance, Helen yielded to them. The marriage day came. The Fair Helen, arrayed in her bridal attire, was pale as a corpse; and the sighs she heaved, and the tears that stole down her cheeks, bespoke the anguish of her spirit. The nuptial knot was tied; but a scene followed which baffles description. The gay party had no sooner entered the banqueting hall than the bride, turning to the bridegroom, denounced him as the basest of villains. As if the dark plot, of which she had been made the victim, had been set before her in an instant in the light of noonday, he had, she cried out, betrayed the sacred confidence reposed in him. He had kept back her lover's letters. He had fabricated the story of his seeking the heart and hand of another. He had in like manner kept back her letters to her lover; and had written him that separation had extinguished her affection for him, and that she wished him to think of her no more. Cromlix would yet appear to prove his constancy, to vindicate his honour, and to avenge the wrong that had been done to him and her. And as for herself, on no consideration would she for the present quit the protection of her father's roof.

The company were astounded. Confusion covered the guilty man. He was speechless; shook like an aspen leaf; and slunk away with his party, an object of unutterable loathing and horror.

All that Helen said in her impassioned exclamations was soon verified. Cromlix, indeed, had already landed in Scotland; he was hastening to Ardoch; and not many days hence, they embraced with an ecstacy, high in proportion to the depth of the misery which both had suffered. The unconsummated marriage with the villain confidant was dissolved. As soon as was practicable, her faithful lover and the Fair Helen of Ardoch were united in the bonds of holy wedlock; and they were the parents of the James and the John whom we have mentioned as the last Chisholm lairds of Cromlix.

On his voyage home, and when he was constrained, by the deception practised on him, to conclude that he had been cruelly jilted, Sir James bemoaned himself in a few stanzas, which have been much admired for the voice they gave to his heart's indignation and sorrow. All our readers are not familiar with these, and we therefore transcribe them:—

"CROMLET'S LILT.

"Since all thy vows, false maid,
Are flown to air,
And my poor heart betrayed
To sad despair,
Into some wilderness
My grief I will express,
And thy hard heartedness,
O cruel fair!

"Have I not graven our loves
On every tree
In yonder spreading groves,
Though false thou be?
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Constant to be?

"Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful shade,
Where neither sun nor wind
E'er entrance had;
Into that hollow cave,
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlessly.

"Wild fruit shall be my meat,
I'll drink the spring;
Cold earth shall be my seat;
For covering
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on high
Shall spread its wing.

"I'll have no funeral fire
Nor tears for me;
No grave do I desire,
Nor obsequies.
The courteous redbreast, he
With leaves shall cover me,
And sing my elegy,
With doleful voice.

"And when a ghost I am,
I'll visit thee,
O thou obdured dame,
Whose cruelty
Hath killed the kindest heart
E'er pierced by Cupid's dart;
No grief my soul shall part
From loving thee."

Kilbryde Castle is the seat of the Campbells, whom we noticed at Aberuchill in Comrie. They

acquired the Castle and barony in 1643. Their predecessors in Kilbryde had been a family of Grahams, a branch of the great Kincardine stock. The Castle was built about 1460 by Sir James Graham, called, for his soldierly gallantry and bravery, Sir James of the Bright Sword. The name of Sir Malise Graham, the Black Knight of Kilbryde, has come down to us branded with a very hideous crime. He had paid his addresses to Lady Anne Chisholm, daughter of the neighbouring laird of Cromlix, and their marriage was approaching. Sir Malise, who was singularly rude and lawless even for his day, had in the meantime done deeds of wrong and outrage which shocked his lady-love, and determined her to say to him that unless he made restitution to those whom he had so grievously injured, and pledged himself that such wickedness would never be repeated by him, she could not be his. This communication he regarded as meaning that some rival had supplanted him in his lady's affections, and that she was seeking a pretext for casting him off. His pride was deeply wounded, and he sullenly vowed revenge.

Shortly after this, Lady Anne, while out one day with some friends hawking or hunting, lost control of her palfrey. It galloped off with her, separating her from the party. The farther it ran it got the wilder with the excitement, and ultimately threw her. She received a heavy fall, which cast her into a swoon. On recovering consciousness she felt quite bewildered, and began to move about as she was able, anxiously looking for some one to tell her where she was, and to guide her to some place of safety. The first who appeared was Sir Malise himself. He feigned the tenderest sympathy with her in the accident that had befallen her, and invited her to his Castle, which was not very far off. Thither they directed their steps, she leaning on his arm. Instead of conducting her into the Castle, he led her into the glen below, and, having reached the deepest and darkest part of it, he drew his dagger, and stabbed her to the heart, saying "Be this the reward of thy broken vows!" She fell dead at his feet; and, throwing the body among the brackens, and effacing the stains of blood on the ground, he went to his Castle. At the dead of night he returned to the spot, digged a grave, and hid his victim in it.

Lady Anne's disappearance produced a profound sensation. The most diligent search was made for her. Her palfrey was discovered lying at the foot of a precipice, over which it had fallen, but no trace of herself was found. To none did her inscrutable fate seem more overwhelming than to Sir Malise himself. Not only did no suspicion attach to him, but the whole district pitied him in his inconsolable grief, and studiously soothed it. He went to the grave, apparently mourning for his lost love; having been mortally wounded in a fray, which his own reckless and unbridled violence had provoked.

Before his death, the Castle of Kilbryde, or rather the neighbourhood of it, was known to be haunted. In the "gloamin" the servants occasionally saw a lady dressed in white, with what seemed to be stains of blood on her garments, gliding to and fro in the ravine below the Castle, and wringing her hands. No one had courage to face the spectre. The reports of its appearance must have troubled Sir Malise; but he affected to discredit and deride them, and to laugh at the silly superstition of his menials; and he departed this life, keeping the dread secret which none on earth knew but himself. He was succeeded in Kilbryde by a nephew, who boasted that, should the ghost appear as it had used to do, he would meet it, and question it, and learn, if possible, the errand which brought it from the world of spirits. His word was soon put to the test. On a certain autumn night, as the light of the waning moon was growing fainter and fainter, he was returning alone to his Castle, through the ravine below it, when, lo! the white-robed lady crossed his path. She waved her hand to him, evidently wishing him to follow her. With rare fortitude he did follow, and accosted her, calling her to stop. She glided forward to a very sequestered part of the ravine, at which she stopped, and, pointing most significantly to the earth at her feet, she vanished without having uttered a word. Graham passed a wakeful night in his Castle. He rose early next morning, and went to the sequestered spot, attended by servants whom he ordered to dig it up. They came in a very little to mouldering human remains, which were readily and surely identified as those of Lady Anne Chisholm, by a ring bearing her name found on one of the fingers. Graham had them carefully gathered, and removed to the burial vault of her family, and laid there to kindred dust, and Lady Anne then entered on undisturbed repose. She never again returned from the shades to visit the scene of her murder.

We have not met with anything so sensational as a ghost story associated with Kippendavie or Kippenross. But they are the property of a somewhat historic family. The Stirlings of Kippendavie and Kippenross are an offshoot of the Stirlings of Keir. The first of them was Archibald Stirling, son of Archibald Stirling of Keir, to whom his father gave a charter of the lands of Kippendavie in 1594, nearly three centuries ago. The present proprietor, John Stirling, Esq., will be known in the history of our country in connection with the railway interest. He

is the respected chairman of the North British Railway Company, an office of vast difficulty and responsibility, and which he has filled with consummate sagacity and ability.

Mr Stirling's residence is Kippenross House, a fine mansion beautifully situated, and with one of the finest parks in the county. In the grounds is a most remarkable historic tree. It is of the sycamore species; and it is remarkable alike for its age and its size. It has weathered the blasts of upwards of four centuries and a half; and we think we have seen it stated somewhere that its shade covers half an acre of the earth's surface. To the trunk of this venerable and gigantic remnant of an extinct forest, Mr Stirling has fixed a brass tablet, on which is inscribed this account of the tree:—

"Cubic contents in 1821, .. 875 feet.

1841.	Ft.	In.
Girth of smallest part of trunk,	19	6
Do. where branches separate, ..	27	4
Do. close to the ground, ..	42	7
Height, ...	100	0
Extreme width of branches, ..	114	0

Aged 440 years."

Dr Rogers says, in his "Week at Bridge of Allan":—"The age of the tree was ascertained in some old papers, discovered several years ago in Dunblane. Three of its four main branches are now girded and bound together by massive hoops of iron, and the trunk has been considerably repaired by the insertion in several portions of plaster of Paris." And he gives in a note this extract from Loudon, in his "Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum":—"Perhaps the oldest sycamore in Scotland, and which appears to be at the same time the largest of the kind in Britain, is that at Kippenross in Perthshire. It appears from a statement made by the Earl of Mar to Mr Menteith, that this tree went by the name of the Big Tree in Kippenross in the time of Charles II."

Sheriffmuir in this parish was the scene of one of our great battles, the only one fought in the Rebellion of 1715. The rebels, under the Earl of Mar, made Perth their headquarters. After tarrying in it for seven weeks they left it on the morning of the 10th November, to advance towards the seat of government, and to subdue the Lowlands; the Highlands, from Perth to Inverness, having submitted to them without resistance. They were to cross the Forth, the main body of them at the Fords of Frew, a short way up from Stirling, and two divisions of them at other two points. They numbered upwards of 10,000 men, having received daily accessions during their stay at Perth. The royal forces, under the Duke of Argyle, lay at Stirling, and amounted to only about 3300 men. Apprized of Mar's movement and strategy, Argyle resolved to meet him ere he approached the Forth, and divided his army to cross it. Leaving Stirling with this view he marched to Dunblane, and took up his position on the southern part of Sheriffmuir, where he judged that his cavalry, which was his main strength, would do most efficient work. About the same time Mar took up his position on the northern part of the Moor; and on the morning of Sabbath the 13th, the two armies descried one another.

The forenoon was spent in reconnoitring the ground, and in making the necessary dispositions for battle. The right wing of the royal army was commanded by Argyle in person, and the right wing of the rebel army by Mar. The battle commenced early in the afternoon. The great body of the Highlanders fought with their usual ferocity and valour, and with a lively sense of the value of the prize to be won.

"I heard the thuds, and saw the cluds,
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaumed at kingdoms three, man."

The loyalists, though inferior in numbers, displayed equal bravery. Their cavalry, in particular, did exploits which more than fulfilled the hope reposed in them. The right wings of both armies were completely victorious. Mar's right wing routed Argyle's left with great slaughter, and pursued it to near Stirling. Argyle's right wing routed Mar's left, and chased it across the Allan for three miles, many of the fugitives being drowned in the stream. So far, the conflict seemed indecisive; and the lines of the Old Jacobite song are as historic as they are graphic:—

"There's some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But a'e thing I'm sure, that at Sheriffmuir
A battle there was, that I saw, man;
And we ran, and they ran; and they ran, and we ran;
And we ran, and they ran awa', man."

"There was one thing particularly worthy of remark in this Parthian contest. Many of the officers on the various sides were acquainted with each other; many had sat together in the senate of their country; many had caroused together at good men's feasts; and some were even related. It may therefore be supposed that the feeling of the hour was not, as it might have been under other circumstances, one of uncompromising hostility. On the contrary, the hand which raised the sword or pistol against the bodies of the foe would in many cases have been more willingly extended to give the grasp of friendship. The Duke himself offered quarter to

all he recognised, and was even seen, on one occasion, to parry three strokes which one of his dragoons had aimed at a wounded gentleman. On seeing his troopers dash in upon a great huddled band of Lowland foot, whom they cut down almost without resistance, he could not help exclaiming, with the national feeling for a moment predominating over the political and every other, 'Oh, spare the blue bonnets!'"

Both commanders returned from the pursuit to the scene of conflict; but the battle was not resumed. The armies looked at one another till the shadows of the evening began to gather around them, and then retired—Argyle to bivouack in the neighbourhood, and Mar to shelter in the Roman camp at Ardoch, five miles distant. Next morning, Argyle surveyed the battlefield, and gathered the spoil on it; and Mar returned to Perth. The advantages of the battle were all on the side of the Government. About one thousand perished in it; and of these, seven hundred belonged to the rebels. They were much discouraged by the issue of this first trial of their strength. They were also greatly dissatisfied with Mar's generalship. After he returned from pursuing Argyle's left wing, he was still surrounded by an army double that of the enemy; and, with more decision, courage, and energy, might yet have won an easy victory. But he wanted the requisite qualities for making the attempt; and hence the exclamation of the Highlander, "Oh, for an hour of Dundee!" When they reached Perth, many of the clans deserted him, and betook themselves to their native hills. Argyle soon followed him to Perth, with an army greatly increased. The result was that the Jacobites who yet remained in the city fled and dispersed, and the insurrection in Scotland collapsed.

Of officers lost by the rebels at Sheriffmuir were the Earl of Strathmore, Captain Clanranald, and other persons of distinction. Nearly two hundred were made prisoners, and sent to Stirling; among whom were Lord Strathallan, Drummond of Logiealmond, and eighty other gentlemen. Many more were taken prisoners, but Argyle not having sufficient men to guard them in the rear, they made their escape, or were rescued by friends, among whom were the Earl of Panmure and Robertson of Struan. The most distinguished officer lost by the royal army was the Earl of Forfar, a scion of the House of Douglas. The trophies of victory which fell to Argyle were three standards, one the royal one called the "Restoration;" thirteen pairs of colours; four pieces of cannon; seven waggons; and one silver trumpet. Among the spoils found by him on the field, on the morning after the battle were a large quantity of muskets, plaids, and broadswords, many of the last of these having silver cases for the hand.

Rob Roy, at the head of 500 of his own clan and of the MacPhersons, took up his station, one account says on a hill in the centre of the Highland position, another says several miles away on the other side of the Allan, and nothing could move him from it. When Mar sent positive orders to him to join in the action, his answer was, "No, no, if they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." Notwithstanding the life he led, Rob valued a hale skin, very much as most other men do. Though with the rebels in body, the large half of his heart, if not the whole of it, was with Argyle, whose protection he had enjoyed, and whose name he had taken. He was too sagacious, withal, to be sure of the success of the Rising, and the more neutral he made himself, it might fare the better with him in the end. He would not draw a sword for the Chevalier at Sheriffmuir, but he did not neglect his own private interest on the occasion. He and his men plundered the baggage and the dead on both sides.

"Rob Roy stood on a hill, for to catch
The booty, for ought that I saw, man;
For he ne'er advanced from the place he was stanced,
Till no more to do there at a', man."

Rob Roy was not singular in the policy he pursued. There were others that "preached hamewith" in the Rebellion of '15, and in the "Shirramuir," to which it led. The Athole family, for example, made sure of their titles and estates whichever side might win. They did so by the Duke taking the side of the loyalists, and his son, the Marquis of Tullibardine, taking the side of the rebels.

. . . . . "Tullibardine was brisk,
Whose father, indeed, would not draw, man,
Into the same yoke, which served for a cloak,
To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man."

There were poltroons, moreover, at Sheriffmuir, and the satirist scourges them heartily.

"Hamilton pled the men were not bred,
For he had no fancy to fa', man."

"For Huntly and Sinclair, they baith played the tinkler,
With consciences black like a craw, man;
Some Angus and Fife men, they ran for their life, man,
And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man!"

"Whether we ran, or they ran, or we wan, or they wan,
Or if there was winning at a', man,
There's no man can tell, save our brave generall,
Wha first began running awa', man,
Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth, and the Cock o' the North;
But Florence ran fastest awa', man,

Save the Laird o' Finhaven, who swore to be even
Wi' any general or peer o' them a', man.
And we ran, and they ran; and they ran, and we ran;
And we ran, and they ran awa', man."

The battlefield was about two miles north-east of Dunblane. Many memorials of the bloody encounter of which it was the scene have from time to time been found on it, and in its neighbourhood. Two memorials yet remain—the one is a number of tumuli, or mounds of earth covering the remains of war's victims, and the other is a large block of whinstone, called the Carline's Stane, and the Gathering Stane, around which the Highlanders assembled prior to the battle, and on which they are said to have sharpened their dirks and claymores. The stone, we are told, is "still visibly scarred with the marks, apparently of that process." Vandal violence having been done to it by mischievous visitors, Mr Stirling of Kippendavie, on whose grounds it stands, has had it protected with a rail of strong iron bars, to which is affixed an inscription setting forth its historic interest.

About a mile farther east in Sheriffmuir is another, and a much more ancient battlefield. Hearing of the success of the heroic Wallace and hi compatriots, Edward I. of England sent General Woodstock to suppress them, and to rivet his yoke on our country. Wallace suspended the siege of the Castle of Dundee, in which he was then engaged, and marched for Stirling, to dispute with Woodstock the passage of the Forth there, and to prevent him from going farther north. Woodstock, confident of an easy victory over the patriots, would intercept them in their march. and drive them back. With this view he met them in Sheriffmuir, at the spot in front of Sheriffmuir Inn, where the monumental stone, five feet high, stands to mark the scene of the exploit which the patriots performed. Blind Harry thus sings the battle:—

"On Sheriffmuir Wallace drew up his men,
Who had eight thousand 'gainst Lord Woodstock's ten.
There furiously the armies do engage
Each other in a desperate bloody rage;
The hardy Scots, together stuck so true,
In rank and file, seven thousand Southrons slew.
Three thousand more, who fought and would not yield,
Were quickly all cut down upon the field.
Lord Woodstock dead among them also lay;
Not one escaped the sword that fatal day.
Silver and gold, horses and other spoil,
Scotsmen got to remunerate their toil."

There are several other upright stones in this neighbourhood, which doubtless mark Historic Scenes. If they are Druidical stones, they yet tell us where our pagan forefathers worshipped. If they are not Druidical, they were probably set up to commemorate martial contests and achievements, which have in the lapse of time sunk into oblivion.

Dunblane figures in the annals of '45, as well as in those of '15. It does so mainly in consequence of its position on the great line of road by Stirling between the North and the South. It was enviably favoured with visits from both rebels and royalists. Prince Charlie passed in it the night of the 11th September, 1745, as he was on his way from the North to Edinburgh. He slept in the house of Alexander Mac-Gregor or Drummond (the latter was the name assumed for his own proscribed one) of Balhaldy, a kinsman of Rob Roy, and one of the most trusty and zealous of the Prince's partizans. The "Stuart Papers" show his devotion to the Jacobite cause, and the activity and energy with which he served it. His house was at the east end of Dunblane; and though in ruins, Rogers, writing in 1851, says that "the room in which the Prince held a levee is still shown, and the bed in which he slept continues to be carefully preserved by the family of Balhaldy."

Strathallan did not yield to Balhaldy in Jacobite zeal. His Dunblane House stood at the corner of the new Perth road. "Like master, like man," says the adage; and his servants vied with him in their attachment to Charlie, and their implacable hatred of all who were opposed to him. One day, in the absence of the Viscount with the rebel army, a party of royalist soldiers were passing in front of his house. A female domestic could not let them pass without attacking them. Her weapon was a characteristic one. It was a pailful of boiling water which she dashed upon them. The indignation of the soldiers knew no bounds, and it required all the art and influence of the rulers of the city to keep them from setting fire to it.

The most historic family in the parish yet remain to be noticed by us, if we are to connect them with Dunblane, which we think we may do, the boundary line between it and Lecropt running through their residence. They are the Stirlings of Keir. Their seat is Keir House—a spacious and elegant mansion, finely situated, and replenished and surrounded with every treasure and adornment which wealth and taste could give it. The Stirlings are a very old family, descended, it is thought, from Walter de Strivilin, whose name occurs as a witness to a charter as early as the days of David I. In the time of Alexander II., Thomas de Strivelin was Chancellor of Scotland. In the reign of James VI., Sir Archibald Stirling of Keir had charge of the young Prince Henry at Stirling Castle, and the trust reposed in him he fulfilled with stern fidelity. In May, 1603, after the King's departure to London, the Queen went to Stirling to obtain possession of

the Prince; but Sir Archibald refused to deliver him to her. In the Civil War of the seventeenth century Sir George Stirling of Keir was a staunch Royalist, and served under Montrose, to whom he was related by marriage. His wife, Lady Elizabeth Napier, daughter of the first Lord Napier, was a niece of the great Marquis.

In the next century the Stirlings of Keir were keen Jacobites. In preparation for the Rebellion of '15, there was a muster of the Jacobites at the Brig of Turk, which the Laird of Keir attended. The muster caused the Government not a little uneasiness, and the authorities were very active in their endeavours to discover who were the leaders in the movement. Keir was strongly suspected of being one of them. Investigation was instituted to ascertain whether the suspicion was well founded. The miller of Keir was brought forward as a witness to establish the laird's innocence. He swore positively that the laird was not present at the gathering at the Brig of Turk. It was well known that he was present at that gathering, and that the miller knew that he was so. When he came out of the witness box, a neighbour asked him privately how he could give his oath in confirmation of such a falsehood. The miller replied quite unabashed, and with a confidence bordering on the sublime, as if he had done not only an excusable but a meritorious deed, "I would rather trust my soul in God's mercy than trust Keir's head into their hands."

The late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, baronet of Keir and Pollok, was altogether the most distinguished member the family has produced in modern times. He was the son of Archibald Stirling, Esq., of Keir, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Maxwell, baronet of Pollok; and on the death of his uncle, Sir John Maxwell, F.R.S., eighth baronet of Pollock, Sir William succeeded him, and assumed the name of Maxwell. While a model country gentleman, and one of the foremost of our stock-breeders and agriculturists, he was also one of the most scholarly and cultured commoners of Britain; an admirable judge of the Fine Arts. and a generous patron of them. In 1846, on his return from a visit to Palestine, he began the work of authorship by printing for private circulation a small volume entitled "Songs of the Holy Land." These he was soon induced to publish with considerable additions in an octavo volume. He afterwards enriched and adorned our literature with a number of works of the highest excellence. "The Annals of the Artists of Spain," in three volumes, appeared in 1848; "The Cloister Life of Charles V.," in 1852; "Velasquez and His Works," in 1855; "Notices of the Emperor Charles V. in 1555 and 1556, Selected from the Despatches of Frederigo Badoer, Ambassador from the Republic of Venice to the Count of Bruxelles," in 1866; and two catalogues, printed in 1860 for private circulation, of portions of his literary collections at Keir—the first entitled, "An Essay towards a Collection of Books, relating to Proverbs, Emblems, Apothegms, Epitaphs, and Ana, being a catalogue of those at Keir," and the second "An Essay towards a Collection of Books, relating to the Arts of Design, being a catalogue of those at Keir." He subsequently edited a "Life of Vesalius," to accompany a *fac-simile* reproduction of his Astronomical Plates. He also reproduced the splendid Collection of Designs by Hogetberg, relating to the victorious and triumphal processions of Charles V. To these has just been added a posthumous Work, which he left ready for the press at his death, entitled "Antwerp Delivered in 1577; A Passage from the History of the Troubles in the Netherlands."

Sir William was not a few years of his life in Parliament, in which, though not a very frequent speaker, he was a leading member of the Conservative party. He was chosen M.P. for Perthshire in 1852; again, in 1857; again, in 1859; and again, in 1865. He was ousted in 1868 by Mr Charles Stuart Parker; but he ousted Mr Parker in 1874, and died the representative of his native county on the 15th January, 1878.

The mineral waters of Dunblane promised at one time to give it a conspicuous place in the modern annals of the country. The springs, which are two miles north, on the lands of Cromlix, are conducted into a cistern in the immediate neighbourhood of the city. They were discovered in 1813, and the discoverers are said to have been pigeons! In their excursions into this quarter, they were observed to rest uniformly at these springs, and to help themselves to a dose of them; and this first attracted to them the attention of human patients and human philosophers. As we mentioned when at Dunbarny, a like story is told of the Pitcaithly springs, from which it would appear that pigeons are excellent judges of the medicinal virtues of mineral waters.

The analysis of a gallon of Dunblane water by Dr Murray gave the following results:—

Common salt, ...	192.00	grains.
Muriate of lime, ...	144.00	,,
Sulphate of lime, ...	28.00	,,
Carbonate of lime, ...	4.00	,,
Oxide of iron, ...	1.36	,,

The hope of Dunblane becoming a great resort for its Spa was frustrated by Airthrey coming into competition with it. In 1820, Sir Robert Abercromby had the Airthrey springs opened and analysed. They were found to be much stronger in

their saline composition than those of Dunblane, and this, coupled with the rare salubrity of Airthrey, and with the choice accommodation for strangers that was speedily provided, drew to it the mass of Spa visitors, and Dunblane and Pitcaithly were very much deserted. It remains to be seen whether the Hydropathic establishment now erected at Dunblane, and other attractions, will not recover for it a larger share of public favour. It is to be hoped that the opinion expressed in the following sentence may yet be partially verified :—"The large and splendid Hydropathic Institution on the slopes of the Sheriffmuir, to the north-east of the town, its good lodgings, aud its fine villas, all tend to render it more popular than ever as a holiday resort and convalescent home, especially in the summer season."

The Duke of Leeds derives one of his titles from Dunblane. In 1675, he was created Viscount Osborne, of Dunblane.

Of the ministers of Dunblane it may be noted that Andrew Graham, who had been made bishop of the diocese in 1576, was deposed in 1594, being "non-resident, and having at na tyme preichit God's Word, ministrat the sacraments, nor execut discipline thereat, the space of sevin years bygane;" and that, at the Revolution, Gaspar Kellie was deprived by the Privy Council for his Jacobitism.

Long as we have tarried at Dunblane, we cannot quit it without saying that it supplied Tannahill with the heroine of one of his songs, pronounced the best and the most popular of them all, "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane."

"The sun has gane doun o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lonely I stray in the calm summer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane.

"How sweet is the brier wi' its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane.

"She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested o' feelin',
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet Flower o' Dunblane.

"Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin',
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o' Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winnin',
s charming young Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane.

"How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie,
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I could ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane.

"Tho' mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wantin' sweet Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane."

LOGIE.

The parish of Logie is divided between the shires of Perth, Stirling, and Clackmannan. The three shires meet at a large stone in Airthrey Park, a little to the east of the Castle. We shall be excused, we trust, if in such a locality we do not keep very rigidly within our Perthshire line. Indeed, we could not do this though we were so inclined, for some of our Scenes lie partly within and partly without that line.

For the oldest Historic Scenes in Logie we must ascend to the tops of Castle-aw and Abbey Craig. On the former of these are traces of what tradition makes to have been a Pictish fort. On the latter the Romans had an entrenchment, some of the remains of which are yet discernible. It is not unlikely that on it also the natives had a fort prior to the Roman invasion. They were accustomed, we know, to have forts on such sites, many of which the invaders occupied and adapted to their purposes, and a better site for a fort than Abbey Craig there certainly was not in the whole country.

The next Historic Scene in the parish in point of antiquity is that which is marked by the other two upright stones, which also stand in Airthrey Park at no great distance from the Castle. The one of these is about nine feet four inches in height above the ground, and fourteen feet nine inches in girth. The other is about eight feet in height above the ground, and eight feet and a half in girth. Neither of these has any inscription or any sculpture on it. They are in the rude state in which they were when taken from the quarry. There is no record which sheds any light on the design or the date of their erection. But it is the generally received opinion that they mark the scene of the great battle between the Scots and the Picts, fought in A.D. 839. The Scots under Kenneth MacAlpine won a complete victory over the Picts under Wrad. Wrad attempted to hold out a little longer, but he fell at Forteviot in 842, fighting in defence of his capital and kingdom, and the result was the end of the Pictish monarchy, and the union of the Scots and Picts into one kingdom. According to Boece, the Pictish army occupied Stirling. The Scottish army took up its position opposite to it on the other side of the Forth. The Picts attacked the Scots with great fury, but were repulsed and thoroughly vanquished, and many of them were driven into the river and drowned. That the battle, which led soon to the momentous issues we have indicated, was fought in this quarter, there seems no good reason to doubt; and the stones to which

we are pointing were probably set up to keep it in remembrance. It is confirmatory of this view, that a tract of ground in this neighbourhood has borne from time immemorial the name of Cambuskenneth, which, being interpreted, is the Camp of Kenneth.

Upwards of four centuries after this, Logie was the scene of another great battle. Edward I. of England was flattering himself that he had accomplished the permanent subjugation of Scotland, when the immortal Wallace arose to assert and vindicate its independence and freedom. Apprized of Wallace's insurrection, and of the threatening progress it was making, Edward gave orders to Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, his Lieutenant, and to Cressingham, his Treasurer in Scotland, to crush at once the daring rebel. For this purpose they proceeded towards Stirling with an army of 50,000 foot and 1000 horse. Wallace, leaving the siege of the Castle of Dundee, hastened to Stirling to prevent them from crossing the Forth, almost the whole country to the north of which he had just wrenched from the grasp of the usurper. His army amounted to 40,000 foot and 180 horse. He took up a very favourable position on the high ground above Cambuskenneth, the main body of his men being placed on the north-east declivity of Abbey Craig, where they were concealed from the view of the enemy. The Steward of Scotland and the Earl of Lennox, who, with other Scottish barons, were then with the English army, were allowed by Surrey, at their own request, to offer terms of peace to Wallace. From their interview with him they returned reporting that they had utterly failed. Two friars were then sent to him on the same errand, but his reply was :—"Return to your friends, and tell them that we came here with no peaceful intent, but ready for battle, and determined to avenge our own wrongs and set our country free. Let your masters come and attack us—we are ready to meet them beard to beard."

The sword must decide the quarrel. Having made all due preparations for the attack, early on the morning of the 11th September, 1297, the English began to cross the Forth by the bridge. It was a narrow wooden fabric, on which only two could pass abreast, resting on stone piers built in the bed of the stream ; and was at Kildean Ford, about half a mile up the river from where the bridge of Stirling now stands. When nearly the half of the English army had crossed, a detachment of the Scots, making a circuit, got between them and the bridge ; broke it down ; cut off communication between the van and the rear of the enemy, and made retreat impossible. Wallace rushed down on them with irresistible force. All was now consternation and confusion among them. Multitudes of them were cut to pieces. Multitudes more were drowned in the river, attempting to rejoin Surrey, who stood on the other side a helpless spectator of the destruction of his army. The Steward and Lennox, who had been forced allies, deserted him when they saw how the fate of the day was going, and, with their followers, helped to mow down and to plunder the flying English. The carnage was dreadful. The whole battlefield was strewed with the slain. Tradition speaks of the heaps of them that covered Corntown ; and we do not know that the local opinion is yet altogether obsolete, which ascribed to those heaps the remarkable fertility by which that estate is distinguished to this day. English historians admit their loss to have been 5000 foot and 100 horse ; but it was very much greater. It was close on a half of their army, and the spoil which fell into the hands of the Scots was enormous. Cressingham was among the first who fell, and so abhorred was he that, if our chroniclers are to be believed, the victors flayed him, and made, some say girths, and others say saddles of his skin. When all was manifestly lost, Surrey fled on horseback to England, and never "drew bridle till he reached Berwick."

The battle is known in history as the battle of Stirling ; and so decisive and important was the victory of our patriot ancestors, that Dundee forthwith surrendered to Wallace, and yielded him a rich booty in arms and money. And in a very short time after, all the fortresses of the kingdom were in his hand. "Thus, by the efforts of a single man, not only unassisted, but actually thwarted and opposed by the nobility of the country, was the iron power of Edward completely broken, and Scotland once more able to lift her head among the free nations."

We have said that when the Scots got to the bridge they "broke it down." Our old chroniclers relate, that an ingenious carpenter in Wallace's army had previously sawed through the main beam of the bridge ; but had kept it in its place by a wedge, which he, concealed in a basket suspended below, had only to strike with his hammer and the fabric fell. Lord Hailes, who pretended to a rare gift of discerning between the historic and the fabulous in our annals, pronounced this part of the story "too childish to be repeated ;" and not a few subsequent writers, awed, we presume, by his Lordship's authority, have shunned repeating it. With all deference to him and them, we should not like, we confess, to have to make out that this part of the story is either "childish," or in anywise incredible. It would be easy to match it with similar and well-authenticated stratagems in war ; and it is certainly

not discountenanced by what Dr Roger states :— "The representative of the cool artizan, who, by removing the wedge, is said to have rendered the hero such essential service, will be found in the person of John Wright, Esq. of Broom, residing in the town of Stirling, whose arms—three carpenters' axes, *argent* on an *azure* field with the crest, a dexter arm in armour, embowed proper, coupled at the shoulder, grasping an axe, and the motto—*Tam arte quam marte*, appropriately refer to the event."

It may be noted that vestiges of the ancient bridge at Kildean may yet be seen when the water of the Forth is low and clear; and that by the Ford there Montrose and his army crossed in 1645, when they were on the way to Kilsyth, where they made such havoc of the Covenanters. It may also be noted that the Kildean bridge had an equally historic successor, about half-a-mile down the river, in the old stone bridge of Stirling, superseded by the new one in 1831. That bridge has several interesting and important events associated with it. In 1571, it was the scene of the execution of John Hamilton, the last Popish archbishop of St Andrews. A leading member of the Popish, or the Queen's party, he was found in Dumbarton Castle, when Regent Lennox took it by surprise. He was conveyed under a strong guard to Stirling, and, having been previously attainted by Act of Parliament, he was, without any formal trial, condemned to be hanged. He had been a cruel persecutor of the Protestants, and had been accessory, as he confessed, to the murder of the "Good Regent" Moray, and of Darnley, the Queen's husband. His sentence was carried into effect four days after it was passed. The gallows was erected on Stirling bridge, and there he suffered his doom.

The south arch of this bridge was destroyed in 1745 by General Blakeney, then Governor of Stirling Castle. This was done to prevent recruits from the north from joining Prince Charlie, who had passed to the south; and also to prevent deserters from the south retreating to the north. The arch was repaired next year with wooden logs and boards, to enable the Duke of Cumberland to pass, in search of the Prince and his followers, who had retired to the north. The Duke had to halt at Stirling till the repair was executed, and it was mainly owing to this detention that he did not overtake the Jacobites till they were near Culloden.

The silver key of the gate of the bridge is preserved among the antiquities of Stirling. It used to be presented to the King, and to any member of the Royal Family, as they passed the bridge. The last occasion on which this ceremony was performed was in 1746. It was then presented to the Duke of Cumberland, as he returned from Culloden, covered with such glory as that field and his subsequent proceedings in the north gave him.

Demyat was well named in the Celtic tongue "Dun-ma-chit," that is, The Hill of the good prospect. It commands one of the most magnificent and beautiful prospects in Scotland, embracing part of no fewer thar twelve counties. About a mile north of this Hill is one of the Holy Wells with which our country was blessed in the times of Popery. We read in the Old Statistical Account that more than sixty springs supply its water. For ages before the "Deformation," multitudes resorted to it; and it wrought marvellous cures compared with which the cures wrought nowadays by the mineral waters of Airthrey and Dunblane, aided by all the sanatory power of their boasted Hydropathics, are not worthy to be named.

Carlie Crag was a favourite rendezvous of the weird sisters in Logie; and they appear to have been rather rife in the parish as late as the first quarter of the last century. They held there many of their nocturnal meetings; his Satanic majesty meeting with them, and presiding over them in the business, and the revels for which they assembled. What form he put on to the eye of the sisterhood we have not seen stated. For reasons which we do not wait to assign, we should imagine that it must have been the human form. But when others in the locality at any time got a glint of him, the usual appearance which he presented to them was that of a large shaggy dog. In this shape he had not unfrequently crossed the path of the minister of the parish. Hence a very ludicrous occurrence, which has been often told, but which we cannot resist the temptation of telling again.

A worthy elder of the kirk, who had spent the day on the hills in shooting, was belated; and on his way home, considerably after elders' hours, as he passed Carlie Crag he espied on it an object which arrested his attention. So far as he could judge in the dark, it seemed a dog of the mastiff species. But was it not very like the Evil One, in the appearances he had presented to the minister, as the elder had often heard them described? A moment's reflection satisfied him that the suspicion was well founded. What was he to do? What did it become one of his standing in the kirk to do? He knew that the Enemy was invulnerable by common shot. But, fortunately, he had a silver coin in his pocket. This coin he quietly slipped into his gun, a trusty musket which had been found on Sheriffmuir, and which had given he did not know how many loyalists or rebels their quietus. Having thus charged, he kneeled, breathed a prayer, levelled his piece and

fired, and down tumbled his victim to the foot of the crag. He could not wait to inspect it; he was at once too overjoyed and too *eerie* to do that. He betook himself to the manse as fast as his feet would carry him, and reported to the minister the matchless feat he had done. Early next morning they went together to the crag to examine the carcase of the fallen Foe, and to consider how it was to be disposed of, when, lo! instead of his remains, there lay the lifeless body of Nannie, the *bonnie* pet goat of a poor old woman who resided in the neighbourhood. The disappointment and grief of the elder knew no bounds. Even the minister shared his mortification, and could not refrain from shedding tears with him. The innocent goat was shot, and lay dead there as a stone, and the bad old dog was still alive! But there was one consolation—the elder had meant well, and had displayed most heroic valour. The minister, too, who had the faculty of "finding good in everything," *improved* the event of the week in his pulpit work on the following Sabbath. Choosing for his theme the duty of resisting the devil, he discoursed, to the manifest relief and comfort of the elder, and to the edification of the whole congregation, on the various shapes or forms which that personage may assume. If he went about as a roaring lion, why might he not appear also, when it better suited his purpose to do so, as a colley or a mastiff, and as sleek or shaggy? After dilating in this strain at great length, he concluded very sagely, pertinently, and practically, in this wise:—"But whatever form he may assume, he cannot be overcome or destroyed by powder and shot. There is a gun, however, that will shoot him, and it is this—the Bible. Shoot him, then, every one of you with this Bible, and he shall be shot."

Blair Castle, at the north-east corner of Blairlogie village, was once a place of some consequence, though it has in these latter days fallen from its high estate. It was the seat of the Spittals, now represented by Dundas of Blair. A date on the Castle bears that it was built in 1513, and it had been constructed for perilous times. A turret on the top of it must have been a wonderfully secure retreat. It was reached by a secret staircase, the entrance to which was through a small oak cabinet, fixed to the wall of one of the upper apartments, and which a spring no stranger could detect opened and shut, by moving some very ingenious mechanism within. The cabinet and several other articles of antique furniture are yet to be seen in the Castle. The grounds of it must have been highly ornamental, as some remnants of the wood in them show. An old maple tree at the east end of the Castle attracts much notice from visitors Some surviving Scotch firs, too, are said to be the largest of the kind in the Lowlands of Scotland.

Menstrie House has also been the seat of historic families. It was long the seat of the Alexanders, who obtained the estate of Menstrie from the noble family of Argyle. The most famous of the Alexanders was Sir William, in whom the family was raised to the dignity of the peerage. He was an eminent poet and statesman in the reigns of James VI. and Charles I. The honour is accorded to him of being one of the first three Scottish poets who wrote English verse with correctness and elegance. The other two were Sir Robert Ayton and William Drummond. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, which he left with such a reputation that he was chosen to travel in France, Spain, and Italy with Archibald, Earl of Argyle, as his tutor and companion. After those travels, he published, in 1604, his first poem, entitled "Aurora." It was a pathetic complaint of his want of success, in the addresses he paid to some beauty who had moved the tender passion in his young bosom. He then got into the Court of James, where he continued to court the Muses, forming himself on the model of the Greek and Roman tragedians. In 1607 he published some dramatic pieces, entitled "The Monarchicke Tragedies," and dedicated them to the King, who was much pleased with them. He next wrote and published a supplement to the third part of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia. In 1613 he produced a poem called "Doomsday." He is thought to have been the chief, if not the only author of the version of the Psalms published in 1631, and which bore the title, "The Psalms of David, translated by King James." In 1637 appeared his last work, "Recreations with the Muses."

In 1621 Sir William Alexander had a grant of the territory of Nova Scotia, America, with authority to divide it into a hundred sections, and to sell each section, with the title of a baronet, to any one who would pay him £200 for it. Cheap lands, and cheap titles of honour! Yet the success of the project did not fulfil expectations; so at least we infer from Sir William's by and by selling Nova Scotia to the French. After this offices of high honour and emolument were rapidly heaped on him. From 1625 to 1631 inclusive, he was appointed Master of Requests for Scotland; Secretary of State; Keeper of the Signet; a Commissioner of Exchequer; and an Extraordinary Judge of the Court of Session. In 1631 he was made Viscount Stirling and Baron Alexander of Tullibody; and in 1633 he was created Earl of Stirling and Viscount of Canada. In 1635 the Council of New England made him a large grant of land, including what was then called Stirling,

afterwards Long Island ; so that he may be regarded as the founder of the settlement which, a century and a half afterwards, became the State of New York. The peerage became dormant in 1739, at the death of Henry, the fifth Earl.

In the Natural History Museum of the University of Edinburgh is the skeleton of a whale, which is an object of much interest to visitors. It was found in 1819 in the field immediately to the south of the East Lodge of Airthrey Castle. Certain draining operations led to the discovery of it. It was "imbedded in the soft blue silt, under the strong adhesive clay which tops this part of the Carse of Stirling, and lying twenty-two feet higher than the pitch of the highest stream tides of the Forth. The bones lay in the most regular order, almost without decay, and the length of the skeleton was upwards of seventy feet." We must rank among our Scenes a spot which yielded this most interesting historic monument. It is the monument of a period when the Carse of Stirling was covered with the waters of the deep, many feet above the highest level to which the stream tides of the Forth now rise ; and when those waters must, of course, have overspread a vast extent of what is now the dry land of our island. It also suggests many questions of great moment in science, but which are too high for us to intermeddle with. When was the period referred to ; and what brought it to a close? Did the waters leave their old bounds in consequence of some great and sudden change in the ordinances of heaven and earth? Or did they subside gradually, under laws the operation of which is still to be seen? And, if the latter, what length of time has the subsidence occupied? These and such questions we must leave to our savans to discuss and decide.

Airthrey Castle is the seat of the Abercrombys, acquired by purchase from the Haldanes, of whom we wrote when at Gleneagles. The most illustrious member of the family was General Sir Ralph Abercromby, K.B., the hero of Alexandria. He was born at Menstrie in 1738, and was the son of George Abercromby, Esq. of Tullibody. He entered the army as a Cornet in the 2d Dragoon Guards, and, for forty-five years, served in it with a devotion, an ability, and a bravery which raised him, step by step, to the highest honours of his profession, and have thrown around his name a halo of imperishable military glory. We shall not trace his career : we shall merely allude to some of the more brilliant passages in it. In the retreat of the British out of Holland in the winter of 1794-5, he conducted the march of the Guards from Deventer to Oldensaal with a sagacity and a care which have been greatly admired and applauded, and which were proof against all the skill and power of the enemy. Next year he added to our conquests Grenada, Demarara and Essequibo, St Lucia, St Vincent, and Trinidad. Returning to Europe in 1797, he was invested with the Red Ribbon ; was appointed to the command of the Scots Greys ; and was made Governor of the Isle of Wight, Fort-George, and Fort-Augustus. When the next expedition against Holland was resolved on, the chief command was confided to him, under the Duke of York. The difficulties of the enterprise proved insuperable, but his management of it was so consummate, that "even victory, the most decisive, could not have more conspicuously proved the talents of this illustrious officer." His final appointment was to Egypt to dispossess the French of it, and his fame culminated on the field on which he finished his course. The battle of Alexandria was fought on the 21st March, 1801. It began before sunrise with an attack of the French on our lines. In the morning Abercromby was struck with a musket ball in the thigh. He betrayed no symptom of pain. He concealed his wound till some of his staff discovered it by the blood that trickled from it, and stained his dress. Still he stuck to his post, and did the duty of his high office till, after a long and desperate engagement, the French were completely defeated, with a loss of above 2000 killed, wounded, and taken prisoners, while that of the British was 1500. He was then carried off the field in a state of utter exhaustion. It baffled surgical skill to extract the ball from his thigh. Mortification ensued, and he died on the 29th March. His body was conveyed in Admiral Lord Keith's flagship to Malta, and was buried there with the highest military honours, in the commandery of the Great Master.

Parliament voted the erection of a monument to Abercromby's memory in St Paul's Church, London. In further honour of him, his widow, daughter of John Menzies, Esq. of Ferntower, was raised to the peerage. She was created Baroness Abercromby of Aboukir and Tullibody, with remainder to the heirs male of the deceased General, and a pension of £2000 a-year for her and three lives was settled on the family. Their eldest son succeeded her as first Lord Abercromby, and the present Lord, George Ralph Campbell Abercromby, is the fourth Lord Abercromby of Aboukir and Tullibody.

General Lord Hutchinson, who succeeded Abercromby in the command, wrote a fine eulogy of him in the despatch in which he intimated his death. 'We have," said he, "sustained an irreparable loss in the person of our never sufficiently to be lamented Commander-in-Chief, Sir Ralph Abercromby, who was mortally wounded in the action, and died on the

28th of March. I believe he was wounded early, but he concealed his situation from those about him, and continued in the field, giving orders with that coolness and perspicuity which had ever marked his character, till long after the action was over, when he fainted through weakness and loss of blood. Were it permitted for a soldier to regret any one who has fallen in the service of his country, I might be excused for lamenting him more than any other person; but it is some consolation to those who tenderly loved him, that, as his life was honourable, so his death was glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of his country, will be sacred to every British soldier, and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity."

We have said that General Sir Ralph was the most illustrious member of the Abercromby family. But other two members of it deserve to be commemorated, however briefly. The one of these was Sir Ralph's youngest brother, the Honourable Alexander Abercromby. He was bred to the law, and rose to be a distinguished Lord of Session and of Justiciary. He was also one of the first literati of his day. He belonged to the society who set on foot the "Mirror," in 1779, and the "Lounger," in 1785, to both of which he contributed, ten papers to the former and nine to the latter. The other was James Abercromby, third son of the General, and brother of the first Lord. Bred to the law, he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1800; was appointed a Privy Councillor and Judge Advocate-General in 1827; Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland in 1830, for which office, when abolished, a pension of £2000 a-year was allowed him; Master of the Mint in 1834; and Speaker of the House of Commons from 1835 to 1839. In the latter year he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Dunfermline, and in 1841 he was elected Dean of Faculty in the University of Glasgow.

Some events in modern times have enhanced the historic character of Abbey Craig. We have already said that the Romans had an entrenchment on it in their day. So had Cromwell in his. In 1651 he reconstructed the Roman entrenchment, suiting it to his purpose; and mounted a battery on it, with which he bombarded the Castle of Stirling. Latterly, Abbey Craig has been surmounted with the Wallace Monument. It is a huge pile, 220 feet high; and the Craig on which it is built being 360 feet above the level of the sea, the structure is seen from afar, and has altogether a very massive and imposing appearance. If Wallace was to be commemorated by a monument of stone, we do not know that a better design could have been conceived; and certainly a better site for it, in both an historic and a scenic point of view, could not have been chosen.

Airthrey Wells have been the making of Bridge of Allan. When the Old Statistical Account was written, towards the end of last century, it was a hamlet rather than a village, containing twenty-eight families, housed as plainly and meanly as their neighbours were. Its population is now three thousand, with hosts of visitors for health and pleasure, whose numbers are increasing year by year. Streets, crescents, terraces, and villas for their accommodation, with walks and promenades for their recreation, have sprung up as if by magic. Not a few of its mansions vie in elegance and splendour with those of our large cities, modern Athens itself not excepted. Dr Charles Roger says:—"To the discovery of the adjacent mineral springs of Airthrey, Bridge of Allan is primarily indebted for its rapid transmutation from the sequestered retreat of rural life to the favoured resort of elegance and fashion. The first house in the modern village was erected so lately as 1837; but such has been the rapidity with which houses and villas have sprung up since at this rising Spa, that the visitor could scarcely credit the recentness of its origin. Handsome and commodious residences are annually reared, which, from the liberal terms on which portions of ground for villas may be obtained in feu, and the inexhaustible supply of building materials, that at very reasonable cost may be obtained in the immediate neighbourhood, are found to yield highly advantageous returns. Such is the demand for house accommodation, that no sooner is the building of a new structure commenced, than offers are made to take it in lease, at least as a summer residence, on the fabric being finished." This was written in 1851, and we believe we are right in saying, that the progress of the place since then has been greater than it had been for the fourteen years that preceded.

The Wells are on the property of Airthrey, the Lords of which have been laudably ready to do everything in their power that could tend to make them the popular Spa which they have become. Most of Bridge of Allan stands on ground feued from Lieutenant-General Sir James Edward Alexander, C.B., K.C.L.S., F.R.S.E. He has given every encouragement for the extension of the village, and has laid his influence, taste, and purse under contribution to beautify it, and to make it a most attractive and pleasant place, whether of residence or of sojourn. His seat is Westerton House, a spacious and elegant mansion, delightfully situated, and with grounds in which there is everything to charm. He is of an historic stock. He is of the Alexanders of Menstrie, ennobled by

Charles I., as we have told, in the person of his ancestor, Sir William. He is now the representative and the chief of that old family. Sir James entered the army in early life, and saw much service in it in India, Russia, Africa, America, and New Zealand. To his military duties he added important civil services. On the invitation of the Royal Geographical Society, of which he is an original Fellow, he explored and reported on several portions of the interior of South Africa. He has likewise explored and reported on the countries of the great Namaquas, Boshmans, and Hill Damaras, work implying great hardships and dangers, and in which he accomplished in a single year four thousand miles of travel. He was one of a party of engineers who penetrated and surveyed three hundred miles of forest in New Brunswick and Canada East, with a view to the making of a military road between Quebec and Halifax. He has enriched our literature with many illustrated volumes of his travels and experiences abroad.

We must not omit to add that Sir James Alexander has taken a very active and zealous part in the efforts, happily crowned with success, made to bring to our shores Cleopatra's Needle, after it had so long lain prostrate in the sands of Alexandria, on which, in the eloquent words of Sir Archibald Alison, the gallant Sir Ralph Abercromby "sank in the arms of glory;" after winning the battle "which not only delivered Egypt from the Republican yoke," but also "decided, in its ultimate consequences, the fate of the civilized world." In a printed account of Sir James Alexander's Civil and Military Services, which we have before us, it is stated :—

"While he was in France at the Exhibition of 1867, he ascertained that a Frenchman—on whose ground the prostrate obelisk, 'Cleopatra's Needle,' lay at Alexandria—proposed to break it up for building materials, though it had been presented to the British nation by Mahomed Ali Pasha in 1820, in recognition of the valuable services rendered to Egypt, under the noble and heroic leadership of Lord Nelson and Sir Ralph Abercromby in the beginning of the century, so he determined to endeavour to save this valuable trophy, and have it transported to England. He worked incessantly for this national object for ten years, went to Egypt at his own expense, with an introduction from Lord Derby, the Foreign Secretary of State, to the Consul, General Stanton, was presented to the Khidive, and obtained his Highness' permission to remove the obelisk to England.

"The Government funds were not available for this object, but his friend Professor Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., after full explanations and plans had been given to him, most generously and patriotically said he himself would undertake it, and Sir James introduced him to Mr John Dixon, C.E. His plan of the iron cylinder for transporting the obelisk to England was adopted, and after great labour and risk the obelisk reached the Thames, to be an object of great interest, and a record of martial achievements, in the Metropolis.

"Sir James Alexander received no pecuniary reward from Government for what he undertook and accomplished in the cause of the Obelisk of Egypt. He had received the Orders of the Bath and the Medijie, seven war medals, and two clasps for military services."

The analysis of the mineral waters of Airthrey is as follows :—

Springs Nos. I. and II., commonly called the Weak Springs.

Specific gravity, 1.00714.

1000 grains contain—

Common salt, ...	5.100 grains.
Muriate of lime, ...	4.674 ,,
Sulphate of lime, ...	0.260 ,,
	10.034

One English pint contain—

Common salt, ...	36.74 grains.
Muriate of lime, ...	34.32 ,,
Sulphate of lime, ...	1.90 ,,
	72.96

Spring No. III., called the Strong Spring.

Specific gravity, 1·00915.

1000 grains contain—

Common salt, ...	6·746 grains.
Muriate of lime, ...	5·826 ,,
Sulphate of lime, ...	0.716 ,,
Muriate of magnesia, ...	0·086 ,,
	13·374

An English pint contains—

Common salt, ...	47·534 grains.
Muriate of lime, ...	38·461 ,,
Sulphate of lime, ...	4·715 ,,
Muriate of magnesia, ...	0.450 ,,
	91.160

We observe that there is a well called "Pigeon Well" at, or close by, the place where mineral water was first found here. We notice this for the purpose of asking—Had pigeons the merit of being the first to discover the medicinal virtues of the Airthrey waters, as well as those of the waters of Pitcaithly and Dunblane?

On the left of the Allan, a short way above the Dam of Airthrey Paper Mills, is "Fishers' Green." At that spot there is a deep pool in the river which used to be called the "Black Pot," and which was, in 1832, the scene of a very melancholy occurrence. Misses Mary and Isabella Bayne, whose father had been minister of the Gaelic chapel, Greenock, visited Bridge of Allan early that season, chiefly for the sake of Miss Isabella's health, which was delicate. A brother accompanied them, and remained with them for a week; when he left them, delighted with the marked improvement that had taken place in his sister's health. On the 1st of May the two sisters walked up the side of the Allan to Fishers' Green. The workmen at Airthrey Mills saw them passing, and shewing by their gait and walk the good spirits they were in, and the cheerful converse in which they were indulging. Little more than an hour afterwards, a young gentleman, going up the same side of the river with his fishing rod in his hand, noticed on Fishers' Green a piece of cloth, which seemed to him a towel or small table-cloth spread on the Green. Seeing a boy fishing about fifty yards beyond, he concluded that the cloth, whatever it was, belonged to him or to some other angler on the Allan, not far off. He passed on without thinking more of the matter, intending to fish that part of the river on his way back. In returning, he discovered that the piece of cloth which he had seen on his way up, was a quantity of female attire, and he at once recognised it as the attire of two young lady visitors who had attracted his attention the day before. Dreading the worst, he examined the bank of the river. He traced footsteps in the sand pointing inwards to the Black Pot, but could see none pointing outwards. No less ominous was the finding of two ladies' bonnets close on the margin of the river, the other female attire found being a little out from the margin on the Green. The young gentleman ran to Airthrey Mills and gave the alarm. The Messrs M'Robbie of the Mills, in whose house the Misses Bayne had their lodgings, accompanied by their workmen and several of their neighbours, hastened to the spot, and it was ascertained that both their lodgers had perished. Their bodies were dimly seen at the bottom of the Black Pot, in a depth of some eighteen feet of water. On being brought up, all means of restoring animation were tried in vain; and nothing remained but to communicate to their relatives the sad tidings of their death. The corpse of the younger sister was in her bathing-gown. The corpse of the elder sister was in her usual dress, her bonnet, shawl, and shoes excepted; and these, with her bathing-gown, were found on the Green. From this it was concluded that Miss Isabella had gone first into the water, too near to the edge of the Black Pot; that the treacherous sand had given way under her feet; and that Miss Mary, who was preparing to bathe with her, seeing her sinking, rushed in to save her, when both met a watery grave.

This lamentable event led to a change in the name of the spot in the Allan where it took place. It has since then been usually designated The Ladies' Pool.

George Shaw, minister of Logie, was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for his Jacobitism. William Elphinston, his colleague and successor, was deprived for the same cause in 1696.

Of subsequent incumbents we do not observe anything very memorable, unless it is an additional item concerning James Wright, who figures in connection with the exploit of the elder, in the shooting of the goat on Carlie Crag. Having quarrelled with his heritors, Wright followed up the quarrel by insisting that they should pay him his stipend at the manse on the day on which it fell due; thus doing honour, as he contended, to the letter of the law. Among his heritors were the Magistrates of Stirling, who, to put an indignity on the troublesome parson, sent him their quota of the stipend by the hands of the public executioner of the burgh, with instructions to that high functionary to make sure that he got a proper receipt therefor. The minister took the money, and receipted it thus:—"Received from the Honourable the Magistrates of Stirling the sum of sterling, and that by the hands of their factor and *doer*, the hangman of Stirling." The feeling of the Magistrates was that they had come off second best in this sort of game. They did not try it again, but punctually sent to the manse the stipend payable by them by the hands of the burgh chamberlain.

LECROPT.

The scenery in Logie is Edenic, and it continues the same in Lecropt. An anecdote, which well illustrates this, is told by Roger. A former minister of the parish, who had been translated from it to a city charge, came back afterwards to assist at a Communion. A matron in the parish, with whom he had been intimate during his incumbency in Lecropt, met him as he was taking his morning walk. After kindly greetings, the minister, casting his eye over the surrounding landscape, remarked, "What a Paradise you've got here, Janet!"

"Deed is't, sir," the matron replied, archly giving his remark an application which he had not anticipated, "Deed is't, sir; but waes me, you're sae like Adam, you were in Paradise and you could'na bide."

The Roman station, the "Alauna" of Ptolemy and Richard—so called, we presume, because of its being situated on the Allan—was in Lecropt. It is generally supposed that the site of it was not far from the Killhill of Keirfield. The elevation near to the Killhill perhaps indicates it. If so, it was situated, as other Roman stations were, on one of their great roads. This was the road leading from Camelon, near Falkirk, into Strathearn, by the ford at Kildean, distinct traces of which are still in existence.

About three quarters of a mile north-west of Keir House are the remains of an old rude fort. They form a small green knoll, covering heaps of stones, of which the fort had been built. *Keir* is the old British *Caer* slightly modified. The word signifies a fortified place—a fort or castle. And from the fort to which we are pointing we may believe that both the estate and the mansion on it took their name. They were called Keir from this old caer or fort. This, too, was one of a chain of forts, which, as their remains show, extended along the whole north face of the vale of the Teith. It is thought that those forts were Caledonian, and that our forefathers erected them that they might, from them, watch the motions of the Roman troops stationed on the Wall of Antoninus, which ran between the Forth at Bo'ness and the Clyde at Kilpatric. Keeping a constant lookout from that chain of forts, they would be in a state of readiness to oppose the invader should he attempt to extend his conquests beyond that wall, or to make incursions on him to drive him southward, should opportunity for doing so offer.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the church of Lecropt is the Court Hill or Mote Hill. These are synonymous names, if we may trust the authority of the Reverend Dr James Robertson, who was minister of Callander when the Old Statistical Account appeared, and who contributed to it the article on Lecropt. He says that mòt or mòd in Gaelic signifies a court, and that it is to this day the only word in that language for a court of judicature. Contiguous to the Court Hill of Lecropt is the Gallow Hill. Both are memorial names. They lead us back to feudal times, and make to pass before our mind's eye a picture of the administration of justice in those times. We see the baron seated on the Court Hill in all the dignity and pride of sovereign power, for his word is law, and from his decision there is no appeal. The officials of his court attend him, each doing his duty, and all conspiring to exalt the magnate in the presence of his vassals. Civil litigants implead one another at his bar, and get their strifes roughly settled. Criminals are arraigned before him. Their "dittays" are heard—we cannot say *read*, for during most of the feudal era, reading and writing were confined to the cloister. Evidence against and for the pannels is led, and, without any nice or tedious balancing of the *pros* and *cons*, judgment is given. Capital sentences are formally and solemnly pronounced by the dempster. The scene changes from the Court Hill to the Gallow Hill. There the gallows stands, ever ready to do its work. The convict is conducted to it directly from the judgment seat. The fatal noose is adjusted, he is thrown off from the gibbet, and is hanged by the neck till he is dead. So was it in Lecropt, and so was it over all the country,

In olden days, the church of Lecropt, though situated within the diocese of Dunblane, and distant from the bishop's seat only about two miles, was annexed to the Bishopric of Dunkeld. This seems a most arbitrary and preposterous arrangement. Yet there was a policy in it; and the policy was, to make the curate of Lecropt a check on the Bishop of Dunblane. This he would not have been expected to be, had he been one of Dunblane's own clergy. He was therefore connected with Dunkeld. Instances of such clerical checks were by no means uncommon in ancient times.

The old churchyard of Lecropt is now within the grounds of Keir House. It were difficult to imagine a quieter and sweeter resting-place for the dead. The old church itself has quite disappeared; but the site of it is exactly and very tastefully indicated. Two rows of yews grow on the lines of the side-walls. On the line of the east gable is a tall Gothic cross, with an inscription bearing that the church was erected in A.D. 1400. On the line of the west gable is an elegantly sculptured dial, with appropriate mottos on it for such a place. Two beautiful memorial crosses commemorate Hannah and Elizabeth Stirling, daughters of Archibald Stirling, Esq. of Keir, and sisters of the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. Elizabeth was born in 1822, and died in 1845. Hannah was born in 1816 and died in 1843. Sir William loved them with a brother's love, and has celebrated Hannah in these touching lines:—

"Sister, these woods have seen ten summers fade,
Since thy dear dust in yonder church was laid;
A few more winters, and this heart, the shrine
Of thy fair memory, shall be cold like thine.
Yet may some stranger, lingering in these ways,
Bestow a tear on grief of other days.
For if he too have wept o'er grace and youth
Goodness and wisdom, faith and love and truth,

Untinged with worldly guile or selfish stain,
And ne'er hath looked upon the like again,
Then imaged in his sorrow he may see
All that I loved and lost and mourned in thee."

Towards the end of last century Lecropt had a farmer, who deserves to be mentioned as a disciple of Lord Kames, in the art of converting useless moss into first-class carse land. The farmer's name was Murdoch. There were then some sixty acres of moss in the Carse of Lecropt. In 1788, Murdoch conducted a small rivulet through that moss, in wooden pipes, one foot square; and in the course of four or five years, he carried off about twenty acres of the moss down to the underlying clay, which, relieved of the superincumbent moss, has proved one of the richest and most productive of our soils. In 1794, this enterprising agricultural improver was lost in the Forth, within a few yards of his own house.

William Wemyss was minister of Lecropt at the Revolution; after which the Privy Council deprived him for his Jacobitism.

KILMADOCK.

There are still one or two standing stones in this parish, which are regarded as Druidical, others like them having doubtless been removed, and put to profane uses.

Below Rosehill some old sepulchres were discovered last century, each formed of four stones, one at the head, one at the feet, and one on each side. No bones were found in these. Time had utterly consumed them. The natural inference is that these were very old sepulchres of our Caledonian ancestors, who, we know, laid their dead in the earth in graves enclosed with such slabs. It is noteworthy also that, prior to the discovery of these graves, there had been a tradition in the locality of a battle that had been fought near this spot. It may have supplied the tombs to which we are pointing with their tenants.

Near to Doune Lodge are traces of what appears to have been a camp, and at some distance from these is a large stone called The Camp Stone. The former name of the lands here was Cambuswallace; that is, being interpreted, the Camp of Wallace. Putting these things together, they afford reason for presuming that Wallace may have had a camp here, a presumption which receives countenance from his known military operations in the neighbouring parishes to the east.

Kilmadock signifies the cell or church of Madock or Madocus, a Culdee of note whom Rome canonized, and from whom the church and the parish derived their name. He lived in this quarter for some time, blessing it with his evangelistic labours, filling it with the odour of his sanctity, and performing in it those miracles without which his name could not have got a place in the Calendar. His cell was his residence; and it continued to be the site of the church of the parish till 1756, when it was removed from Kilmadock to the village of Doune. We read in the Statistical Account:—"Of the former church at Kilmadock, there is still standing a small part, chiefly the east gable. The ruin is highly picturesque, and the effect of the beautiful ivy-mantled window is in fine keeping with the romantic scenery of this sequestered spot."

The cell, or, as it is sometimes called, the monastery of St Madock, was, we may believe, an establishment of some mark in the Culdee era. And the church which succeeded it in Popish times appears to have been the same. It had no fewer than six chapels connected with it. Every vestige of four of them, those, namely, of Annat, Lanrick, Torry, and Walton, has disappeared. The remaining two were, the one at the Bridge of Teith and the other at Newton. The wall, said to be part of the former of these, and the west gable, and part of the side walls of the latter, were to be seen when the last Statistical Account was written (1844).

The great Historic Scene in Kilmadock is Doune Castle. It stands on an elevated peninsula, at the point where the Ardoch flows into the Teith, and is altogether one of the most imposing baronial ruins in our land. It is a huge oblong square building, enclosing a quadrangle, each side of which measures ninety-six feet. Though it is roofless, the walls are entire, and are forty feet high and ten feet thick. Its front is to the north, and at the north-east corner of it is a spacious square tower rising to the height of eighty feet. At the opposite corner is another tower which does not exceed the height of the walls. The chief entrance is beneath the main tower, and it is still guarded by its old "ponderous grated gate, within a heavy iron-studded folding door." Within the entrance, on the right hand, is the guard-house, communicating with the "Black Hole," and, on the left hand, is the janitor's lodge connected with the "Thieves' Hole." The family residence was on the north and west sides of the quadrangle. The great hall was sixty-three feet long by twenty-five broad. Another room was forty-five feet by thirty. "The kitchen fireplace seems capacious enough to have admitted the whole household to ensconce itself beneath the chimney.

The baronial hall was a very spacious apartment, with a vaulted roof. There the Lords of the Regality held their courts, and administered justice. They were seated in a small closet, separated from the hall by a wall, through an aperture in which they could speak, so that they did not come into immediate contact with the vulgar herd and the scoundrel blood, which often thronged the hall on court days. A narrow stair from the south-east corner of the hall communicated with the Black Hole, whence the accused were brought up for judgment. That hole was a very dismal underground dungeon, in which hosts of prisoners must have been confined during the feudal ages. It is to be apprehended, too, that not a few poor wretches ended their days in it, being assassinated or starved to death, without having received the formality of a trial.

" O, despotism ! sure thy sway eludes the piercing eye
Of freedom, and the ray of glorious liberty ;
And, in a cell remote from every social right,
Consigns thy victims to despair and universal night.

The rampart and fosse which defended this venerable stronghold are still traceable, and some remnants of the fine trees that adorned it in the latter days of its glory yet surround it.

It has been often said that Doune Castle was built, soon after the beginning of the fifteenth century, by Murdoch, second Duke of Albany. The first Duke was his father, Robert, son of King Robert II. Murdoch may have enlarged and strengthened the Castle ; but it cannot be doubted that it existed long before his day. It was a seat of the old Earls of Menteith. Its age is uncertain, but it has been conjectured with some probability that its founder was Walter Comyn, fourth Earl of Menteith. A son of the Earl of Buchan, he married the elder daughter of Mauritius, third Earl of Menteith, and in her right became fourth Earl. He flourished in the reigns of the Alexanders II. and III., and died one of the Regents of the kingdom in A.D. 1258.

Walter Stewart, a son of the Lord High Steward of Scotland, married a granddaughter of Walter Comyn, and in her right succeeded to the Earldom of Menteith. He had two sons who assumed the name of Menteith, but retained the Stewart arms. The younger son was Sir John Menteith of Ruskie ; and to his memory attaches the infamy of having been the betrayer of Wallace. The elder son, Alexander, succeeded his father as sixth Earl of Menteith. His son Alan succeeded him as seventh Earl, and joined Robert the Bruce when he unfurled the banner of the country's independence. The eighth Earl was Murdoch, who fell in the battle of Halidon-hill in 1333. The ninth was Sir James Graham, who married Mary, daughter of Alan, seventh Earl, and Countess of Menteith in her own right. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Durham in 1346, and was executed next year as a traitor, for renouncing the fealty he had sworn to Edward III. Prince Robert Stewart, third son of King Robert II., married his only surviving child, Margaret, Countess of Menteith, and in her right became tenth Earl. He likewise became Earl of Fife in 1371, by the resignation of Isabella, Countess of Fife, and widow of his brother, Prince Walter Stewart, second son of Robert II.

It was this Earl who was Robert, first Duke of Albany. A brother of Robert III., and inspired with the guilty ambition of succeeding him on the throne, he had the King's eldest son, David, Duke of Rothesay, imprisoned in the Palace of Falkland ; and there, with most fiendish cruelty, he starved him to death. Alarmed for the safety of his only surviving son, James, the King shipped him for France. The vessel in which he sailed being driven by a storm on the English coast, he was taken captive, and was detained in England for no less a period than eighteen years. Robert III. died soon after these calamities, and Robert, first Duke of Albany, was appointed Regent of the Kingdom. He held this office for fifteen years, and on his death was succeeded by his son, Murdoch, second Duke of Albany, who, after four years, resigned the office. His captive cousin, James, being now released, he returned to Scotland, and ascended the throne as James I. Filled with deadly hatred of Duke Murdoch and all connected with him, James had him apprehended at a small rivulet between Doune and Dunblane, the place being called to this day Murdoch's Ford. The Duke, with his two sons, Walter and Alexander, and his aged father-in-law, Duncan, Earl of Lennox, were forthwith brought to trial on a charge of high treason. Convicted and sentenced to suffer the death of traitors, they were beheaded on the Gowling Hill of Stirling, on the north of the Castle ; and this, Sir Walter Scott thought, was chosen as the place of execution to embitter the last end of Murdoch. His death-scene commanded a view of the proud towers of Doune Castle, " the monument of his fallen greatness."

On the death of Murdoch, which took place in 1425, the Castle of Doune and the lands connected with it were annexed to the Crown, which retained them till 1502. They were then settled in life-rent on Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. of England, who was that year married to James IV. of Scotland. James perished at Flodden. His Queen, on her divorce from the Earl of Angus, her second husband, married Henry Stewart, Lord Methven ; and

in 1528 she, with consent of her son, James V., and of her husband, granted the Governorship of Doune Castle for his lifetime to Sir James Stewart of Beith, a younger brother of her husband, a lineal descendant of Robert, Duke of Albany, and the ancestor of the noble family of Moray. James V. afterwards turned this grant into a feu in perpetuity. This favour cost Sir James Stewart his life. The Keepership of Doune Castle had previously been vested in the Edmonstones of Duntreath. They could not brook being displaced by Sir James Stewart. Meeting him accidentally one day at Murdoch's Ford, they and he being attended by a number of their respective friends and retainers, a bloody conflict ensued, in which many on both sides fell. The Stewarts were worsted, and Sir James was among the slain.

Sir James's son, also named Sir James, received the Abbey of St Colme *in commendam*. He early joined the Reformers, and zealously co-operated with them, till the escape of Mary from Lochleven Castle in 1568. He then changed sides. He was with the Queen's party in Edinburgh Castle in 1570; and was obliged to surrender his own Castle of Doune to Regent Lennox. He rose afterwards to much favour with the King and the Court. He was made a Privy Councillor in 1579; was created Lord Doune in 1581; was Collector General of his Majesty's revenues; and was admitted an Extraordinary Lord of Session in 1583. To Henry, his next younger brother, he gave the Commendatory of St Colme, which James VI. erected into a temporal Lordship to him and his heirs-male. He left a son, who died without issue; when his title and lands went to his cousin, the second Earl of Moray. His youngest brother, John, stained himself with blood, and suffered a murderer's death. His victim was John Gib, Over Lessedie, Fife. Conceiving deadly malice towards Gib, which he always concealed under the guise of friendship, Stewart, inflamed with drink, rode under cloud of night to Gib's house; called him out of bed; and as he opened the door to him Stewart drew his dagger, and sheathed it in Gib's breast. Galloping back to the house where he had been drinking, he inquired, "Whose man is John Gib?" meaning, Whose vassal is he? "He is my Lord Chancellor's," was the answer; the Chancellor then being the Earl of Dunfermline. "My Lord Chancellor's," said he, "an' he were the devil's man, I have given him this night what will slocken him." Brought to trial on the charge of murder, he was found guilty; and was sentenced "to be tane to the place of his execution, and there his head to be strucken from his body; and all his moveable goods to be escheat and inbrought to his Highness's use, as convict of the said crime. Which was pronounced for doom." His rank, and the influence exerted in his behalf, failed to save him. He was beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh.

Lord Doune, dying in 1590, his elder son, James Stuart, as the royal surname was now usually spelled, succeeded him. He married Elizabeth, elder daughter of the "Good Regent," the Earl of Moray; on whose death without male issue, the Earldom had reverted to the Crown. This second Lord Doune James VI. created Earl of Moray; and with his descendants Doune Castle has continued to this day, giving the title of Lord Doune to the eldest son of the family.

It is this James Stuart, the first Earl of his line, who is known in history and in song as "The Bonny Earl of Moray." He was singularly handsome in person, and beautiful in countenance. Queen Ann regarded him with much favour, which stirred the jealousy of King James; and he commissioned his deadly enemy, the Earl of Huntly, to bring the Earl of Moray into his presence, on the pretence of his having harboured the turbulent Earl of Bothwell. Huntly surrounded Moray's Castle of Donibristle, and summoned him to surrender. A shot from the besieged fortress having mortally wounded one of Huntly's retinue, he set fire to the castle. Dunbar, Sheriff of Moray, who was with the Earl within, said to him, with self-sacrificing generosity, "Let us not stay to be burned in the flaming house. I will go out first; and the Gordons, taking me for your Lordship, will kill me, while you escape in the confusion." The noble sacrifice was unavailing. Dunbar rushed out and met instant death. Moray followed, fleeing to the rocks on the shore of the Firth; but the silken tassels of his skullcap or helmet having caught fire as he passed through the flames, betrayed him to his enemies. They pursued and killed him; Huntly himself, as one account bears, stabbing him in the face; to whom he said with his last breath, "You have spoiled a better face than your own."

The Countess Dowager of Moray carried to Edinburgh on litters the bodies of her son and the Sheriff, and buried them in the aisle of St Giles's Church. She appealed to the King for justice on their murderers; and sought in vain to move his heart by presenting to him a picture of her son's mangled corpse. The fine old Scotch ballad thus sings

"THE BONNY EARL OF MORAY.

"Ye Highlands, and ye Lowlands,
Oh! where hae ye been?
They hae slain the Earl of Moray,
And hae lain him on the green.

"Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
And wherefore did ye sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay.

"He was a braw gallant,
And he rode at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Moray,
Oh! he might hae been a King!

"He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Moray
Was the flower amang them a'.

"He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Moray,
Oh! he was the Queen's love.

"Oh! lang will his lady
Look over the Castle Doune,
Ere she see the Earl of Moray
Come sounding through the town."

George Philip Stuart is the present Earl of Moray, and the fourteenth of this line. Of the Earls in the long list between him and the first, there is nothing very remarkable on record. James, second Earl, was in the train of Nobles who accompanied the Scottish Monarch to London on his accession to the English throne. In 1624 there was a serious insurrection of the Clan Chattan against him. Acting under a commission received from the King, he suppressed it, condemning to death some of the "louns, followers of the Clan Chattan," in justice courts which he held at Elgin, and subjecting others of them to very heavy fines, which he pocketed. James third Earl, was a decided Royalist; but he took no active part in the Civil War. Alexander, fourth Earl, was fined by Cromwell in the sum of £3500 for his devotion to the House of Stuart. He was requited, though tardily, after the Restoration. He was appointed Justice-General in 1675; a Commissioner of the Treasury in 1678; an Extraordinary Lord of Session in 1680; Secretary of State that same year; and Lord High Commissioner to the Estates in 1686. The year after he was made a K.T. At the Revolution he was deprived of all his offices. Francis, sixth Earl, was one of those who, at the breaking out of the Rebellion of 1715, were suspected of disaffection to the Government, and were summoned into confinement.

Doune Castle is an Historic Scene for other reasons than that it has been possessed by highly historic families. In the Regency of Mar, the Governorship of it, which Lennox had taken from Sir James Stewart of Beith, was restored to him; and the Castle was used as a State prison. The Earl of Eglinton, Sir Walter Scott of Branxholme, Elliot of Braidlie, and Armstrong of Whissilgillis, were notable prisoners then confined in it as hostages for the peace of the Borders. John Livingstone, younger of Dunipace, was also warded in it. It has been often honoured with visits of Royalty. With Margaret, Queen of James IV., on whom, as we have seen, it was settled in life-rent, it was a favourite, and therefore a frequent resort. Queen Mary and Darnley once and again sojourned in it in the brief period of their conjugal happiness. An apartment in the north-west of the Castle, to which a stair led up from the great hall, bears the name of Queen Mary's Hall. Her son James, when a minor in Stirling Castle, where he resided and received his education, had many pleasant excursions to Doune Castle. Had "Waverley" been an historic person, we should have said that, when rescued from Gilfillan and his Volunteers, he was lodged in Doune Castle. It comes into great prominence in the annals of the Rebellion of 1745. It was then in the hands of the Rebels, a garrison of whom occupied it. The Captain of the Castle was then Gregor MacGregor of Glengyle, nephew of Rob Roy, best known by his soubriquet of Ghlun Dhu, or Black-Knee, given him on account of a black mark on one of his knees. He was a Colonel in Prince Charlie's army; and when made Governor of Doune Castle, he placed a twelve-pounder in one of the windows of it, and mounted several swivel-guns on its battlements. These he never had occasion to use. A number of prisoners taken by the Rebels at the battle of Falkirk, fought on the 17th January, 1746, were confined in Doune Castle.

Among those prisoners were two persons of celebrity. The one was John Home, author of "Douglas" and other Tragedies; then studying in the University of Edinburgh for the ministry of the Kirk. A zealous Hanoverian, he was Lieutenant of the Edinburgh Company of Volunteers, formed to support the Government. The Company hastened to Falkirk, and asked permission of General Hawley to join the King's forces, and to take part in extinguishing Prince Charlie and his Highlanders. The other was John Witherspoon, a young minister of the Church of Scotland then settled in Beith, but who afterwards emigrated to America, and rose there to high distinction, literary, ecclesiastical, and political. He, too, was an ardent Hanoverian, and came to Falkirk to witness the battle, and the decisive triumph expected. Instead of returning to their respective homes with the news of victory and the laurels of it, both landed in Doune Castle as captives of war. Home, Macghie (Captain of the Edinburgh Company), and four privates, fell into the hands of the enemy, as they followed the King's

army in its retreat to Linlithgow. The privates were Thomas Barrow, Student of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh; Robert Douglas, also Student of Medicine; Robert Alexander, son of Mr Alexander, afterwards Lord Provost of Edinburgh; and Neil Macvicar, Student of Law, son of the minister of Isla. Witherspoon was taken in the town of Falkirk.

In "The History of the Rebellion in the year 1745," Home has given an interesting account of the imprisonment of himself and others in Doune Castle, and of the escape which they made from it. We shall insert the account, though it is longer than we could have wished.

"The same day the Duke of Cumberland's army marched from Edinburgh to attack the rebels, the officers and men of the Edinburgh Company of Volunteers, taken prisoners on the 17th, made their escape from the Castle of Doune, built by Murdoch Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, during the captivity of James the First, which was in a most ruinous condition when the Volunteers came there. The place of their abode was a large ghastly room, the highest part of the Castle, and next the battlements. In the one end of this room there were two small vaults or cells, in one of which the Volunteers passed the night, with three other persons, one of whom was Mr John Witherspoon, then a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, afterwards President of the College of Jersey in America, the other two were citizens of Aberdeen, who had been taken up in the north country as spies, and threatened to be hanged by the rebels. In the other cell were also eight persons, who, like Mr Witherspoon, had come to Falkirk from curiosity to see a battle, and were taken prisoners in the general sweep which the rebels made after the battle.

"Each of the cells had a door which might be made fast by those on the inside when they went to sleep, having straw to lie upon, and blankets to cover them, which they had purchased from some people in the village of Doune.

"From this account of the condition of the prisoners in the Castle of Doune, it may be taken for granted that when the Volunteers were brought there they thought of nothing but how to get away. Their first scheme was to establish a communication with the other prisoners, whose number they knew was considerable, for there were above 100 soldiers of the King's army, a good many Argyleshire men, and some men of the Glasgow regiment, so that the whole number of prisoners who had carried arms might amount to 150 men.

"To guard the prisoners there was a party of 20 or 25 Highlanders, relieved every day from a detachment of the rebel army, quartered at the village of Doune.

"A sentinel, who stood two or three paces from the door of the room where the Volunteers were lodged, allowed any of them that pleased to go up to the battlements, which were above 70 feet high. From the battlements one of the Volunteers, with no small difficulty, made his way to the place where the soldiers and other prisoners were confined, but as there was not one officer with them, he returned the way he went, and told his companions that their scheme of escaping by force was at an end. Another of the Volunteers instantly proposed that they should make a rope of the blankets they had, by which they might descend from the battlements to the ground, on the west side of the Castle, where there was no sentinel. The proposal was agreed to, and being communicated to the three prisoners who lodged in the cell with them, the two men from Aberdeen agreed to join the Volunteers in their attempt to escape. Mr Witherspoon said that he would go to the battlements and see what happened, that if they succeeded, he would probably follow their example.

"To prevent suspicion of their design, some of the Volunteers always kept company with the other persons in the great room, which was common to all, whilst the rest of them, barring the door of their cell, were at work till they finished the rope, of which they resolved to make use the very night it was completed. The two officers (Lieutenant Home and Captain Macghie), then claimed it as their right to be the first that should hazard themselves, and prove the strength of the rope; but that claim was objected to; and all the Volunteers, with the two men taken up as spies, drew lots for the order in which they should descend. The Captain showed No. 1, the Lieutenant No. 2.

"When every thing was adjusted they went up to the battlements, fastened the rope, and about one o'clock in the morning began to descend. The two officers, with Robert Douglas, and one of the men taken up as spies, got down very well, but the fifth man, one of the spies, who was very tall and big, coming down in a hurry, the rope broke with him just as his feet touched the ground. The Lieutenant standing by the wall of the Castle, called to the Volunteer, whose turn it was to come down next, not to attempt it; for that twenty or thirty feet were broken off from the rope. Nothwithstanding this warning, which he heard distinctly, he put himself upon the rope, and coming down as far as it lasted, let go his hold; his friend Douglas and the Lieutenant (who were both of them above the middle size), as soon as they saw him upon the rope (for it

was moonlight), put themselves under him to break his fall, which in part they did; but falling from so great height, he brought them both to the ground, dislocated one of his ankles, and broke several of his ribs. In this extremity, the Lieutenant raised him from the ground, and taking him upon his back, for he was slender and not very tall, carried him towards the road which led to Alloa. When the Lieutenant was not able to go any farther with his burden, other two of the company, holding each of them one of Mr Barrow's arms, helped him to hop along upon one leg. In this manner they went on very slowly a mile or so; but thinking that, at the rate they proceeded, they would certainly be overtaken, they resolved to call at the first house they should come to. When they came to a house, they found a friend, for the landlord, who rented a small farm, was a Whig, and as soon as he knew who they were, ordered one of his sons to bring a horse from the stable, take the lame gentleman behind him, and go as far as his assistance was necessary. Thus equipped, they went on by Alloa to Tullyallan, a village near the sea, when they hired a boat to carry them off to the Vulture sloop of war, which was lying at anchor in the Firth of Forth. Captain Falconer, of the Vulture, received them very kindly, and gave them his barge to carry them to Queensferry. In their way to that place, they saw some regiments of General Huske's division marching between Hopetoun House and Borrowstouness.

"When the Volunteers made their escape in this manner, Neil Macvicar, one of them, was left in the Castle of Doune, for he had drawn the last number, and, standing on the battlements, saw the disaster of his friends. He concluded that the rope was not strong enough, and pulling it up carried it to the cell, where there were some blankets, with which he completed the rope, beginning at the place where it had given way, and adding a good deal to its thickness, he went up to the battlements, fastened the rope, and put himself upon it. He came down very well till he reached that part of the rope where he had added so much to its thickness that his hand could not grasp it, and falling from the same height that Mr Barrow had done, but having nobody to break his fall, was so grievously hurt, bruised, and maimed that he never recovered, but languished and died soon afterwards at the house of his father, who was a clergyman in the island of Isla."

Prince Charlie himself was in these parts in 1745; and there is a reminiscence of him, which the ladies will not willingly let fall into oblivion. As he was passing Doune, one of his most ardent friends, Edmonstone of Cambus, invited him to partake of some refreshment. A bevy of ladies from the neighbourhood had gathered at Cambus to welcome him, and to wish him success in his great adventure. He would not alight from his horse; the want of time, as he pleaded, forbidding him. But he accepted a glass of wine, and drank to the galaxy of youth and beauty which he had the pleasure of meeting. The Misses Edmonstone of Cambus presented the glass to him, and, on receiving it back, begged that they might have the honour of kissing his hand. This was readily and graciously granted them. A cousin, Miss Clementina Edmonstone, then on a visit to Cambus, ventured to ask a still higher favour. She prayed him that she might be allowed "to pree His Royal Highness' mou!" Her Doric puzzled the Prince; but, on its being explained to him, with a politeness and a gallantry of which he was a master, he stooped from his saddle, caught the fair petitioner in his arms, and gave her a most hearty kiss, "to the envy, no doubt, and mortification of those coyer friends, who had contented themselves with a more moderate share of princely grace."

Doune Lodge is now the Perthshire residence of the Earl of Moray. Before it became a seat of nobility, it used to be called Cambus and Cambus-Wallace; and under these its former names, we have touched on the more salient historic associations connected with it.

The village of Doune figures in our annals as having been, in bygone days, the seat of certain trades in which it excelled. One of these was the dressing of skins, much used in the garb and armour of the Gael; another was the manufacture of Highland purses, a highly ornamental part of the costume of the Highlander; and a third was the making of Highland pistols. A Thomas Caddell learned the last of these arts at Muthill, whence he brought it to Doune; and the Doune pistols outrivalled all others in the sureness of their shot, and the beauty of their shape and finish. They often brought £50 a pair, and were in demand not only among the nobility of the United Kingdom, but among the Sovereigns of Europe. These trades decayed with the disuse of the wearing of arms, and with the change of dress among the Highlanders; and they ultimately became extinct.

The bridge of Teith, which spans the river at the village of Doune, is not without historic interest. It is as old as 1535; and is a much more convenient and serviceable structure than most of its contemporaries were. It was erected by Robert Spittal, tailor to Margaret, Queen of James IV. He was of the old family of Buchanan of Buchanan. In the days of Alexander III., a younger son of Sir Maurice Buchanan became a Knight-Hospitaller, and from the Order which he joined he and his posterity were

named Spittel or Spittal. Robert Spittal was one of his descendants. Tradition bears that, coming on a time to the ferry *minus* his purse, the boatman refused to ferry him over without his fare. To punish him, and to prevent wayfarers from suffering in future any such indignity and inconvenience, Spittal resolved to supplant the ferry boat with a bridge, which he built at his own expense. In the Statistical Account we read :—"Inside the western parapet of the bridge are the armorial bearings of England and Scotland in separate shields, surmounted by crowns. At some distance from these is the following inscription, in the centre of which is a shield with a device resembling a spread eagle, and in the base a pair of large scissors formed *en saltier* : — 'IN.GOD.IS.ALL.MY.TRUST.QUOD.—TTEL. THE. TENTH.DA.OF. SEPTEMBER.IN.THE.ZEIR.OF.GOD. MVCXXXV.ZEIRS.FUNDIT.WAS.THIS. BRIG.BE.ROBERT. SPITTEL.TAILZER.TO. THE.MAIST.NOBLE.PRECES.MARGARET.—NG.JAMES.THE.FEIRD.—OF.ALMIS.' In 1835 the tricentenary of the bridge was celebrated ; and a fac-simile of the inscription was engraved on the occasion, and translated thus :—'In God is all my trust, quoth Spittal, the 10th day of September, in the year of God 1535 years, founded was this bridge by Robert Spittal, tailor to the most noble Princess Margaret, Queen to James the Fourth.—Of alms.'"

Robert Spittal must have been a man of great wealth; and his name deserves to be had in remembrance for the liberality with which he laid it under contribution for the public good. Besides the bridge of Teith, he built at his own charge the bridges of Banknock and Tullybody. He also built and endowed the Spittal Hospital in Stirling, for the relief of decayed tradesmen. The house is now the Trades' Hall ; and on a part within is this most fitting memento :—"Forget not, Reader, that the scissors of this Man do more honour to human nature than the sword of conquerors." Moreover, in the front wall of a plain old house in Spittal Square is a stone with this inscription, surrounding the figure of a tailor's scissors :—

"THIS.HOUSE.IS.PO
VIDIT.FOR.SVP.
PORT.OF.TE.PUI
R.BE.ROBERT.SPIT
TAL.TAILLYO
VR.TO.KING
JAMES.THE.4.IN
ANNO.1530.
R. S."

Lanerich or Clan-Gregor Castle, on the side of the Teith in this parish, is now the property and residence of the Jardines. It was acquired, with the lands of Lanrich, in 1840 by William Jardine, Esq., M.P., partner at Canton of James Mathewson, Esq., M.P. It was previously the seat of Major-General Sir Evan John Murray MacGregor, K.C.B., and G.C.H. ; who, as we said when at Balquhidder, died in 1841 in the Windward Isles, of which he was then Governor-General.

Contiguous to Doune village on the west is Deanston, which has been for nearly a century the seat of one of our great Cotton Works. Four brothers, the Buchanans of Carston, began the erection of the Works in 1785. Archibald, the eldest of the brothers, had the good fortune to be, first an apprentice to the celebrated Sir Richard Arkwright, and then an intimate acquaintance and friend. With the knowledge of mechanics and of cotton manufacture, which he learned from Sir Richard, he and his brothers feued six acres of ground on the bank of the Teith. On these a flax mill stood. The mill they appropriated to carding and roving the cotton for jenny-spinning ; the only process then accomplished by "power," in place of manual labour. They raised the necessary buildings for receiving the jennies ; and to the driving of their machinery they applied the splendid water-power which they had acquired. The enterprize prospered apace. "At first," we are told, "the Highlanders were shy of entering this tower of Babel, with its unknown sounds and sights; they considered it a sort of prison. From the respectable manner in which the works were conducted, they were gradually reconciled to the employment, and were quite willing that both themselves and their children should be engaged. Archibald Buchanan was then a fine athletic young man of eighteen or nineteen, of a social generous disposition ; he mingled with the people ; and thus a number of active young men of the district, of the better classes, were led to work at Deanston ; and so expert did they become, that as fine yarn was then spun at Deanston as has subsequently been made by the best spinners in Manchester. Some of these young men afterwards made fortunes in business, and the firm of the Macphails in Glasgow (extensive spinners and power weavers) had its origin in one of the family repairing from Ross-shire to work at Deanston."

In 1793, the Buchanans sold the Works to a Mr Flounders, a Yorkshire Quaker. In 1808, they passed into the hands of James Finlay and Co., Glasgow, with whom Archibald Buchanan had become connected. Their manager was the famous Mr Smith of Deanston, a nephew of Buchanan ; and under him the Deanston Works were so extended, and so improved chiefly through ingenious and valuable inventions of his own, as to be, in the words of a contemporary writer, "in all respects a splendid monument of British enterprise, skill, and persever-

ance." We may add, that to this day they retain an enviable place among their compeers, after all the prodigious development which the Cotton Manufacture has received.

The farm of Western Deanston is one of our Scenes. The Mr Smith, whom we have just named, was as eminent in agriculture as he was in manufactures, and it was on this farm that he introduced and exhibited what soon came to be known by the name of the "Deanston System." The principles f this system are thorough draining, and deep ploughing; followed, of course, by thorough cleaning and working, liberal manuring, and a proper rotation of crops. Western Deanston consists of two hundred acres; on which Mr Smith "cut a hundred miles of drains, and planted many miles of hedging, and numerous strips of plantation, which have resulted in creating a luxuriant garden out of a barren and dreary moor." The system has, since he exemplified it, been extensively adopted, with incalculable advantage to landowners and tenants, and to the whole community. Thorough draining and deep ploughing are the foundation of the mighty progress which agriculture has made in this country during the last fifty years, and there is yet ample room for further progress. How many estates are there, the lands of which are not yet half dried by drainage? And how many wastes are there yet on our borders, which the application of the Deanston system would transform into fruitful fields?

The Lords Napier were for a considerable time proprietors and residents in Kilmadock. In the "Rentall of the County of Perth," printed and published by Act of Parliament in 1649, is this entry:—"Lord Naper, for his part of Lanerich, Ballantoin, and Auchlessie, with his Few dewties, eight hundreth fourscore thirteene punds, six shilling, eight pennies." "Ballantoin" or Balinton was the seat of the Napiers; and the family is one of high historic distinction.

John de Napier, who had lands in the county of Dumbarton, was one of the patriot Scots in the War of Independence. For his adherence to his country's cause, Edward I. of England fined him in three years rent of his estate. Alexander Napier, the fourth in succession from John, acquired Merchiston Castle, near Edinburgh. He was Provost of the capital in 1437. So was his son, Sir Alexander, in 1455. He was also made Comptroller of Scotland by James II., from whom he got a charter of the lands of Philde in Perthshire. James III. promoted him to be Vice-Admiral of Scotland, and Master of the Royal Household. The fifth in descent from him was Sir Archibald Napier of Edinbellie and Merchiston, Master of the Mint in Scotland; and his son, John Napier, was the famous inventor of the Logarithms.

John was born at Merchiston Castle in 1550; was educated at the University of St Andrews; travelled for several years on the Continent; returned to his native country in 1571; followed the life of a recluse at Gartness, in Drymen, one of the estates of the family; and, in 1614, astonished the world by the publication of his Book of Logarithms, "by which the science of astronomy, and the arts of practical geometry and navigation have been wonderfully aided and advanced." Kepler considered him the greatest man of his age in the particular department to which he applied his genius. David Hume pronounced him "the person to whom the title of great man is more justly due than to any other whom his country ever produced." And Professor Playfair, in his "Dissertation on the History of Mathematical and Physical Science," prefixed to the "Encylopædia Britannica," says of him, "As there never was any invention for which the state of knowledge had less prepared the way, there never was any where more merit fell to the share of the inventor;" and again, "Of Napier, if of any man, it may safely be pronounced that his name will never be eclipsed by any more conspicuous, or his invention superseded by anything more valuable."

John Napier died at Merchiston Castle in 1617, and was buried in the church of St Giles, Edinburgh. He was twice married; first to a daughter of Sir James Stirling of Keir, and next to a daughter of Sir James Chisholm of Cromlix.

The eldest son of this illustrious man by his first marriage was Sir Archibald Napier; and in him the family was ennobled in 1627. He makes a conspicuous figure in our annals. Before he was raised to the peerage he was a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to James VI., whom he accompanied to London on his accession to the English throne; a Privy Councillor; Treasurer-Depute of Scotland for life; Lord Justice Clerk; and, after resigning this office, he was appointed an Extraordinary Lord of Session. In 1631 he resigned the office of Treasurer-Depute, for which he received, as compensation, the sum of £4000.

His Lordship was a ruling elder of the Kirk. A copy of the Confession of Faith, subscribed by him and his fellow-elders, as also by the minister of the parish, is in the Session Records of Kilmadock.

On the breaking out of the Civil War, Lord Napier took the side of Charles I., and zealously co-operated with Montrose in supporting it. His wife, Lady Mary Graham, was a sister of the "Great Marquis." After the fatal defeat of the Royalists at Philiphaugh, he escaped with Montrose into Athole; and,

left there on account of bad health, he died at Fincastle in November, 1645, aged upwards of seventy years, and was buried in the Church of Blair.

His son Archibald, second Lord Napier, followed his father in his devotion to the House of Stuart. In 1644, when Master of Napier, he, his father, and his brother-in-law, Sir George Stirling of Keir, were confined by the Covenanters in Holyrood House. The Master made his escape thence, which cost his father, who was cautioner for him, a fine of £10,000 Scots. For their safer custody, Lord Napier and Sir George Stirling were transferred from Holyrood House to Edinburgh Castle; and there Lady Stirling and her sister, Lady Lilias Napier, were confined with them. Next April, the Master of Napier joined his uncle, the Marquis of Montrose, at the ford of Cardross; and greatly distinguished himself by his bravery in the battles that followed. After the victory of the Royalists at Kilsyth, he was sent to Edinburgh to summon it to surrender. On his way thither, he took his relatives out of the prison of Linlithgow, to which they had been removed on account of the plague breaking out in the Castle of Edinburgh. On the collapse of the Royal cause, he accompanied Montrose to the Continent; his estates were forfeited; and he was excepted by Cromwell in his Act of grace and pardon. He died unmarried in Holland in 1660.

Of the third and fourth Lords Napier there is nothing of historic moment to be noted. The third was Sir Thomas Nicolson of Carnock, who married Lady Jean, sister of the second Lord. The fourth was William Scott, Esq., of the Thirlstane family, who married Lady Margaret, daughter of Baroness Napier, second daughter of the second Lord. Their son, Francis, was fifth Lord Napier. In his day the family parted with their possessions in Kilmadock. We therefore do not notice them further, except to say that, Lord Francis, whom we have just named, was the father of Colonel the Honourable George Napier, of whom it was said at his death "a better or braver soldier never served his country, a more upright or diligent servant of the public never filled an office of trust;" and that he was the grandfather of two very celebrated cadets of the noble House—Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B.; and Lieut.-General Sir Charles James Napier, G.C.B., the conqueror of Scinde.

We have had occasion to mention the Edmonstones of this parish. They had Balinton at one time, as well as Cambuswallace and Newton. They were of the Edmonstones of Duntreath, Stirlingshire, a very old family whom tradition makes to have been of Flemish origin, and to have come to Scotland in the train of the Princess Margaret, afterwards Queen of Malcolm Canmore, and to have settled first in Mid-Lothian. They were a high as well as an old family; allied to Royalty by the marriage of Sir John Edmonstone to the Princess Isabella, daughter of Robert II., and widow of James, Earl of Douglas and Mar, who fell at Otterburn in 1388; and of Sir William Edmonstone to the Princess Mary, daughter of Robert III., and Countess-Dowager of Angus. The first Edmonstone of Balinton was Jacob, second son of Sir Archibald Edmonstone of Duntreath, whom James IV. made Captain of Doune Castle, and Steward of Menteith and Strathgartney. Of Jacob's five daughters, Janet was married to William, first Earl of Montrose; Catherine, to John, second Earl of Eglinton; and Christian, to John, second Lord Ross. The first Edmonstone of Cambuswallace and Newton was James, third son of Sir William Edmonstone of Duntreath, whom James IV. appointed to succeed his father as Captain of Doune Castle and Steward of Menteith. James's eldest daughter was married to Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, ancestor of the Earls of Breadalbane. The blood of the Edmonstones runs in the veins of a fifth noble house, that of Camperdown; William Edmonstone of Duntreath having married Isabel, daughter of Sir John Haldane of Gleneagles: and from them was descended the mother of the first Viscount Duncan. Though the Kilmadock branches of the Edmonstones proved keen Jacobites in the next century, Archibald Edmonstone of Duntreath was a prominent and potent member of the Parliament party in the Covenanting era. A strict Presbyterian, and a member of the Parliament that met in Edinburgh in 1633, and in which Charles I. presided in person, he was one of those who strenuously opposed Charles in his attempts to impose Prelacy on Scotland.

There is only one more Historic Scene in Kilmadock which we shall notice. It is Cambusmore, the property of a branch of the Buchanans of Buchanan, another very old and historic family. The present proprietor is J. Buchanan-Baillie-Hamilton, Esq. He is the representative of the Buchanans of Auchmar and Arnprior, commemorated by William Buchanan of Auchmar in a volume published in 1723, entitled "An Historical and Genealogical Essay upon the family and surname of Buchanan, with an Enquiry into the Genealogy and present state of ancient Scottish surnames, and more particularly of the Highland Clans," but on which our space compels us to refrain from drawing.

Cambusmore House is adorned with some fine historical and family paintings; and, besides a

museum of other most interesting curiosities, it has three precious Jacobite relics. One of these is the wine glass in which Colonel Edmonstone of Newton gave Prince Charles a refresher as he was hastily passing his gate. Another is a knife, believed to have been used in cutting down the colours of Dundee at the battle of Killiecrankie. And the third is another knife, also credited with doing the like service to the colours of the Duke of Argyle at the battle of Sheriffmuir.

In his youth, Sir Walter Scott was a frequent visitor both at Cambusmore House and at Newton. He came first to this part of the country in the capacity of a lawyer's clerk, to execute some instrument of distress on a tenant of the laird of Appin. The laird of Cambusmore, afterwards Major Buchanan, was then a youth like himself. The two speedily became intimate friends; and for a series of years Sir Walter's autumn holidays were spent in this quarter, amidst scenery of which it has been remarked, that it "contributed to form and sharpen his exquisite and impassioned relish for the tints and tracery of Nature's depictings," and which he copied with such transcendent success in his "Lady of the Lake." Dr Rogers says:—"Major Buchanan was in the habit of narrating the incident, that he and Scott having just alighted, on their return from a ride to the banks of Loch Katrine, which the poet had not previously visited, and with the scenery of which he was passionately delighted, he repeated to him, while standing in the porch of Cambusmore House, those lines which commence the first stanza of 'The Chase,' as they afterwards appeared:—

> 'The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
> When danced the moon on Monan's rill,
> And deep his midnight lair had made
> In lone Glenartney's hazel shade.'

The incident has escaped the notice of Mr Lockhart, the minstrel's distinguished biographer." Lockhart has noted:—"It was starting from Cambusmore House, when the poem itself had made some progress, that he (Sir Walter) put to the test the practicability of riding from the banks of Loch Vennachar to the Castle of Stirling within the brief space which he had assigned to Fitz-James's grey Bayard, after the duel with Rhoderick Dhu; and the principal landmarks in the description of that fiery progress are so many hospitable mansions, all familiar to him at the same period." To the mansion and lands of his host he gave the niche of this couplet:—

> "It were long to tell what steeds gave o'er
> As swept the hunt through Cambusmore."

Kilmadock was the birthplace of the Rev. John Row, and the Rev. Dr Alexander Fletcher of London.

David Drummond was minister of the parish at the Revolution, and in 1689 the Privy Council deprived him for his Jacobitism.

KINCARDINE.

In the excavations connected with the making of the Doune approach to Blair Drummond some cist-veans or old stone coffins were digged up, of the figure and dimensions which we have often described. These contained urns and fragments of human bones. Within the garden of Blair Drummond is a tumulus, measuring about ninety-two yards in circumference, and fifteen feet in height. It had not been opened at the date of the last account of it which we have before us. It is likely enough that, if searched, it would have yielded human remains. There is another still larger tumulus in the pleasure grounds of Blair Drummond. It is about one hundred and fifty yards in circumference, and fifteen yards in height. It is a probable conjecture that these mark the oldest Historic Scenes in the parish—scenes in which the victims of the Moloch of war were gathered and earthed; but the history associated with them has passed into oblivion.

On the top of Borland Hill is a large upright stone, five feet high above the ground, and twelve feet in circumference. It is in the state in which it was when taken from the quarry, no hammer or chisel having been applied to it. This stone is doubtless historic, though it is mute to us, the history which it was set up to transmit having perished. There is a local tradition that it marks a spot once sacred to religious worship; but if so, we suspect that the spot must have been appropriated to that purpose because of some anterior event by which it had been signalised.

There are ample and distinct traces of the Romans in Kincardine. Their road from Camelon into Strathearn led by Torwood House, Pleanmuir, St Ninians, and the west side of the Castle Hill of Stirling to the Forth, which it passed at Kildean, and pursued its course to Alauna on the Allan. A portion of ground on the line of this road, near the mansion of Ochtertyre, bears to this day the name of the Staniegates, from having been covered with the stones of which it was constructed. The road crossed the Moss of Kincardine; and recent opera-

tions in that Moss, which we shall by and by notice, laid bare some seventy yards of it, where it had been "formed of trees about twelve inches in diameter, having other trees of half this size crossing them, and brushwood covering the whole."

On the estate of Ochtertyre was found, in 1768, a large brass camp kettle, of a circular form, and of the shape of one of our common boilers. It is now among the treasures of the Museum of the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh. In Blair Drummond House is a similar vessel, found in a like situation at a much later date. The mosses of the parish have likewise yielded several spearheads of brass. That these are Roman camp kettles, and the heads of Roman spears, there is no room to doubt.

Near the east Lodge of Blair Drummond is a tumulus, sixty-three yards in circumference, and five feet high from the bottom of a fosse which surmounts it, and with the material digged out of which the tumulus had been formed. On being opened, some fragments of urns and of human bones were found in it. It goes by the mane of Wallace's Trench, a name which seems memorial of some connection which the patriot hero had with it. What that connection was, if it existed, is unknown. But it is interesting to remark, as it has been remarked, that "the history of Sir William Wallace brings him, after having burned the Peel of Gargunnock, (in the neighbouring parish on the south), across the Forth to this very point, by a road which led across the Moss of Kincardine to a ford in the Teith, where, in the ordinary state of the river, it is fordable."

The first proprietors of the barony of Kincardine were the Montefixes or Muschets, a very old family whom we met with at Cargill, and whose lineal descendant and representative is now Dr Muschet of Birkhill, by Stirling. They are said to have sprung from the Earls of Montfort, who were the Dukes of Bretagne, and to have come from France to England with William the Conqueror, and from England to Scotland with the Princess Margaret, who became the Queen of Malcolm Canmore. A copy of the charter by which William the Lion gave Richard de Montefix the lands of Cargill and Kincardine, to be held in free barony for the service of one Knight, is in the charter chest of the Perth family.

The Muschets took kindly to the soil of Menteith, and throve well on it, ramifying rapidly, and becoming proprietors of many lands in this part of it. In this parish, in particular, there were, we are told, the Muschets of Burnbank, of Culgarth, of Miln of Torr, of Miln of Goodie, of Cuthil, &c."; and how much more of the parish the "&c." included, we know not.

The Castle of the Muschet barons of Kincardine stood close by the churchyard. It has been long a ruin; but some remains of its walls were visible "not many years" before the date of the last Statistical Account (1844). And there are yet in the parish several memorials of the Muschets. One of these is their family sepulchre in the churchyard; over the door of which is their shield of arms, with the motto, "I thank my God," and above the shield the date "1686," and below it a Latin inscription, bearing that it is the family burial place of the very ancient family of the Muschets, descended from William de Montefix, who flourished here about 1300. Another is a stone, found when the Mill of Torr was being repaired, with a coat of arms defaced, and the motto, "I thank my God," and the date 1598; and which, it may well be believed, had once adorned the wall of the mansion of the Muschet laird of Mill of Torr. Another is the tombstone, in the orchard of Burnbank, to "Margaret Drummond, spouse to Sir George Muschet of Burnbank. Her age 26: Departed this life in the visitation, with her three children at Burnbank, the 10 of August, 1647." And yet another is the Gallow Hill, so called as early as the days of the Muschets, from the use they made of it in the exercise of their feudal jurisdiction.

The barony of Kincardine passed to the Drummonds, in the first half of the 14th century, by the marriage of Sir John Drummond, ancestor of the noble House of Perth, to Lady Mary Muschet, eldest daughter of Sir William Muschet, Justiciar of Scotland. In 1684, it was purchased from the Earl of Perth by George Drummond of Blair; and was erected into a free barony in his favour, which was called the barony of Blair Drummond, after the name of his paternal estate. In 1744, Henry Home, Lord Kames, married Agatha, granddaughter of George Drummond, and heiress of Blair Drummond; and on the death of her brother, in 1766, he succeeded to the estate. The late Henry Home Drummond, Esq. of Blair Drummond, M.P., first for Stirlingshire and then for Perthshire, and Vice-Lieutenant of the latter county, was his Lordship's grandson.

Lord Kames was, taken all in all, one of the most illustrious Scotsmen of his age. He was the son of George Home of Kames, in Berwickshire, and was born in 1696. Having studied for the Scottish bar, he was admitted to it in 1724; and his talents and diligence procured him peculiar respect from the Court, and good professional employment. He was soon regarded as an ornament of the bar, whence he was raised to the bench in 1752, and took the title of Lord Kames from the place of his birth. He was made a Lord of Justiciary in 1763. He was an ex-

cellent judge as well as lawyer; and this, combined with his public spirit and activity, led to his appointment as a member of the Board of Trustees for the Encouragement of the Fisheries, Arts, and Manufactures of Scotland, and also as a Commissioner of the Forfeited Estates after the Rebellion of 1745.

Lord Kames was a voluminous writer. Besides many contributions to periodical works, he published, in 1728, "Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session from 1706 to 1728;" in 1732, "Essays on several Subjects in Law;" in 1741, "Decisions of the Court of Session from its first Institution to the year 1740;" in 1747, "Essays upon several Subjects concerning British Antiquities;" in 1751, "Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion, in two parts;" in 1757, "The Statute Law of Scotland abridged with Historical Notes;" in 1759, "Historical Law Tracts;" in 1760, "The Principles of Equity;" in 1761, "Introduction to the Art of Thinking;" in 1762, "Elements of Criticism;" in 1765, "The Progress of Flax Husbandry in Scotland;" in 1766, "Remarkable Decisions of the Court of Session from 1730 to 1752;" in 1772, "The Gentleman Farmer, being an attempt to improve Agriculture by subjecting it to the test of Rational Principles;" in 1773, "Sketches of the History of Man;" in 1777, "Elucidations respecting the Common and Statute Law of Scotland;" in 1780, "Select Decisions of the Court of Session from 1752 to 1768;" and in 1781, when he was in his eighty-fifth year, "Loose Hints upon Education, chiefly concerning the Culture of the Heart." He died next year of the debility of age; and a few days before his death, he went to the Court of Session, addressed the judges, told them he was speedily to depart, and took a solemn and affectionate farewell of them.

This list of his works shows to what extent his Lordship intermeddled with all knowledge; and his pen was as elegant, and ingenious, and able, as it was copious.

Lord Kames was an enthusiastic agriculturist, and he made the Moss of Kincardine the scene of one of the most notable improvements which the history of agriculture records. Nearly 2000 acres of that Moss belonged to his estate; and his genius devised a method of reclaiming it, which, applied by himself, and prosecuted by his son and grandson, has turned almost the whole of that dreary waste into most valuable soil, rewarding the husbandman with the richest crops, and clothing the landscape with beauty. The method of reclamation was alike simple and effective. His Lordship cut channels through his Moss, and, by such water as he could collect in these, floated it into the Forth. The process was slow, through the insufficiency of the water power; but it proved the practicability of his Lordship's idea. In the days of his son, George Home Drummond, Esq., a water wheel, invented by George Meikle of Alloa, was erected at Mill of Tor, to raise the water of the Teith, so that it might float the adjoining moss into the Forth. The wheel was twenty-eight feet in diameter, and ten feet wide. It made four revolutions in every minute; and in that space, out of the water which propelled it, it lifted, in the buckets with which it was furnished, upwards of six tons, or from forty to sixty hogsheads. These it raised seventeen feet, and discharged into a cistern, whence they were conveyed, by an aqueduct and pipes, into the channels cut for them. The moss was let in small portions, chiefly to tenants who had been turned out of their small holdings in the parishes of Callander, Balquhidder, and Killin. These tenants, called the Moss-lairds of Kincardine from the length of their leases, and the favourable terms of them otherwise, spaded the moss into the channels cut for it, and the currents of water in these carried it away. This wheel revolved from 1787 till 1839; and was the main power in accomplishing "probably the most extensive agricultural enterprize ever undertaken in this country."

Encouraged by his success in Blair Drummond, the late Henry Home Drummond purchased 280 acres of deep moss near Thornhill; and in a few years he had, by the floating process, removed 170 of these acres, and the remainder was daily diminishing. This moss was by the river Goodie, the bed of which was too low for a wheel to raise water from it to the level of the moss. But in the higher moss, called Moss Flanders, Mr Drummond made reservoirs in which he collected the rain water, and by it he effected his floating. Neighbouring proprietors copied the example of the Drummonds. In particular, Colonel Graham of Meiklewood, in place of a wheel which was inapplicable in the case of his moss, raised water from the Forth by a steam engine; conveying it to a reservoir sufficiently elevated for his purpose; and returned it to the river through proper channels, freighted with the moss which he spaded into it. The result is, that if the mosses of Menteith have not altogether disappeared from the map of the district, the area of them has been greatly reduced, and that of the arable and carse lands in it proportionally increased.

In the Moss of Kincardine was found the skeleton of a whale, similar to that found at Airthrey. It also was deposited in the Museum of Edinburgh College; and "it is remarkable," as the Statistical Account says, that "a small piece of deer's horn, with a hole bored in it, was found along with this

skeleton, of exactly the same description as a piece of horn which Mr Bald mentions as found with the skeleton of the Airthrey Whale." What explanation of this have our antiquarians and our savans to give?

It is noteworthy that the Moss of Kincardine, varying from six to sixteen feet in depth, must all have accumulated since the period of the Roman invasion. This is proved by two considerations. The first is, that the camp kettles and other Roman antiquities were found at the bottom of the moss, on the stratum of clay underneath it. The moss must therefore have grown over these in the seventeen centuries and a half since the Romans dropped them. The second consideration is, the state of the wood found at the bottom of the moss. "These trees," as the writer of the Statistical Account conclusively reasons, "cannot have died naturally, otherwise the roots could not have retained their strength and consistency so long. Nor can they have fallen before a hurricane, otherwise they would have broken at various heights from the ground, or been torn up by the roots, which has not been the case, as they are cut about two and a half feet from the ground, being the part where the tree is easiest cut, and where the greatest strength of the parties cutting it can be applied. The general opinion is, that they were cut down by the Romans, as the marks of the size of a Roman axe have been seen on some of them. As the roots and trunks are found together, they must have been cut, not for the value of the timber, but for clearing the plains and dislodging the natives. This is confirmed by history, because from the time of Agricola, the Roman soldiers and the provinciated Britons were employed to cut down the woods or make openings in them, and to make roads through the marshes for the passage of their armies. In proof of this, various Roman antiquities have been found on the clay under the moss, to which reference has been made. Thus we find that they attempted to secure the northern frontier of the province, by cutting down part of the extensive forests which covered the level country along the banks of the Forth and Teith, and by establishing a regular chain of posts in the direction of Kincardine Moss, the pass of Leny, and the station of Ardoch, where the forests formerly stood."

Lord and Lady Kames lie in the churchyard of Kincardine: and the inscription on their monument was written by the Rev. Dr Hugh Blair, minister of the High Church of Edinburgh, and Professor of Rhetoric in the University. In the drawingroom of Blair Drummond House there is a fine portrait of his Lordship in his robes of office as a judge. In that house also are several portraits by Sir Godfrey Kneller, among which is the Lord Chancellor Perth, and one of his brothers, the Earl of Melfort. The Drummonds of Blair Drummond, it may be mentioned, were a branch of the Perth stock. The first of them, George of Newton of Blair, was a grandson of Walter Drummond of Ledcrieff; and Walter was uncle of John, first Lord Drummond.

Ochtertyre in this parish has been for centuries in the possession, first of the Ramsays, and next of the Dundases. Each of these families boasts of at least one historic name. John Ramsay, Esq. of Ochtertyre, studied for the bar, though he never practised at it. He was a singularly intelligent and accomplished man, and was held in high esteem as a landlord and a neighbour. Very few country gentlemen equalled him in culture. He wrote Latin with ease and purity. The Latin epitaph which graces his tombstone in the churchyard, was of his own composition, and shows us his classic attainments and taste. He was a friend and correspondent of Robert Burns, who was twice his visitor at Ochtertyre, in the tour to the North which he made in 1787. Writing to William Nicol, Esq., under date "June, 1787," Burns says:—"I called at Mr Ramsay's of Auchtertyre as I came up the country, and am so delighted with him that I shall certainly accept of his invitation to spend a day or two with him as I return." Again, writing from Auchtertyre, near Crieff, to Willliam Cruickshank, Esq., he says:—"I leave this place I suppose on Wednesday, and shall devote a day to Mr Ramsay at Auchtertyre, near Stirling; a man to whose worth I cannot do justice." Cunningham, in his life of Burns, says:—"He paid a two days' visit to Ramsay of Ochtertyre, a distinguished scholar, and discussed with him future topics for the muse. 'I have been in the company of many men of genius,' said Ramsay afterwards to Currie, 'some of them poets, but never witnessed such flashes of intellectual brightness as from him—the impulse of the moment, sparks of celestial fire.'" Ramsay died in 1814.

The Right Honourable Sir David Dundas, Q.C., of Ochtertyre, shed lustre on his seat and his family by the distinction to which he rose as a lawyer, a judge, and a politician. He was born in 1799, and was the oldest surviving son of James Dundas, Esq. of Ochtertyre, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of William Graham, Esq. of Airth. David Dundas was educated at Westminster, and at Christ Church, Oxford. He studied for the legal profession, and was called to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1823. His position at the bar and his politics recommended him to Lord John Russell, First Lord of the Treasury,

for the appointment of Solicitor-General in 1846, which office he held till 1848. He received the honour of Knighthood in 1847. He was made Judge Advocate-General in 1849, and continued to be so till the accession of the Derby Ministry in 1852. He was M.P. for the county of Sutherland, first from 1840 to 1852, and next from 1861 to 1867.

Kincardine is an Historic Scene from the arboreous specimens which it has produced. The felling of its wood must have tried severely the muscle even of the Romans, the conquerors of the world. Of the trees cut down by them, and found lying on the clay when the superincumbent moss was floated off, one oak was more than three feet in diameter where it had been cut two or three feet above the root; and it was fifty feet long. Another was four feet in diameter; a third, five feet four inches; and a fourth, fifteen feet at the surface of the clay. The solid contents of one of these trees was over 361 feet. To this day Kincardine has maintained its emience for the size of its timber. The Statistical Account reports Blair Drummond beeches as measuring from 4 feet to over 5 feet in diameter; oaks, from 3 feet to 4 feet 3 inches; larches, from 3 feet to 3 feet 3½ inches; birches, from 3 feet to 3 feet 6 inches; Scotch firs, from 2 feet 10 inches to 3 feet 4 inches —all these measurements being taken at from 2 feet to 4½ feet above the ground. It reports the wood on Burnbank and Ochtertyre to be equal in dimensions to that on Blair Drummond. An ash near Ochtertyre House, called the jougs tree from the jougs having been fixed to it in days of yore, was in 1800 11 feet in circumference, with branches extending 38 feet from side to side; and in 1838, at 2 feet from the ground, it was 13 feet 8 inches in circumference.

Colonel Graham of Meiklewood deserves to be commemorated as a benefactor of this parish and district. Prior to 1831 there was no bridge on the Forth between Drip and Frew, a distance of about ten miles. In the year named the Colonel, at his own charge, spanned the river with a suspension bridge, costing him some £800; and, shortly after, he spanned it with another and smaller bridge, about a mile and a half farther down, and costing him some £350. In these bridges he conferred a great boon on the public.

Gabriel Norrie of Norriestown, the representative of a very old family in the parish, was another public benefactor, whose name should be mentioned with honour. More than two hundred years ago he gave ground at Norriestown for a church and churchyard in connection with the Kirk of Scotland; and hence the church and the burying ground with which the community in that quarter are and have long been accommodated.

John Cameron was minister of the parish at the Revolution, and in 1769 the Privy Council deprived him for his Jacobitism. He did not read the Proclamation of the Estates, or the Order for the Collection. He did not observe the Thanksgiving for the deliverance of the country from the yoke of the Stuarts. He did not pray for William and Mary. He employed one to officiate for him, who prayed for King James. He brought down the Rebels to rob his parishioners; and said that if God would not give him amends of the Revolutionists, he would make the Devil do so!

KIPPEN.

Only about one-third of Kippen is in Perthshire, the other two-thirds being in Stirlingshire. The manse stands on the boundary line between the shires; and it is said that the minister's dinner is cooked in Perthshire, and eaten in Stirlingshire.

The parish abounds in Keirs, which, as we have had occasion to say, mean forts. There is Keir-hill of Glentirran, Keir-hill of Dasher, Keir-brae of Drum, Keir-knowe of Arnmore, and Keir-brae of Garden. On the tops of these hills or knolls are oval plains, surrounded by ramparts, and averaging about 130 yards in circumference. These are variously conjectured to have been Pictish, Roman, and feudal forts. They may have been all these in succession. The Picts may have originally constructed them; the Romans may have used them for military purposes during their occupation of the country; and they would not be less needed as places of refuge and defence in the normal strifes and dangers of feudal times.

Kippen has a battlefield. In the reign of James V., there was a fierce encounter between the inhabitants of the baronies of Glentirran and Arnprior. The dispute was about the course of the small stream which issues from Loch-leggan, and which was used for driving a corn mill. Nothing but an appeal to arms could settle the controversy. The combatants met near the Loch, and fell on one another like furies. Several were killed in the conflict; and the spot has ever since borne the memorial name of "Bloody Mires." King James, who then resided in Stirling Castle, took cognisance of the sanguinary affair; and punished the parties to it by ordering the stream to be taken from both, and turned into the channel in which it now runs. The Old Statistical Account adds:—"He likewise ordered the

New Mill to be built, which being considered as a royal mill, pays a separate cess to this day" (1796.)

It was in the time of James V. that Kippen got a king of its own. This was John Buchanan of Arnprior, son of Walter Buchanan of that Ilk, by his wife, who was a daughter of Lord Graham. John succeeded by testament to Menzies of Arnprior. How he rose to royal dignity is told by his descendant, Buchanan of Auchmar, in his "Historical and Genealogical Essay upon the Family and Surname of Buchanan," &c. Sir Walter Scott has given his own fascinating version of Auchmar's story.

"James V., like his father James IV., had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and, perhaps, that he might enjoy amusements which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character. This is also said to have been a custom of James IV., his father, and several adventures are related of what befell them on such occasions. One or two of these narratives may help to enliven our story.

"When James V. travelled in disguise he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass which leads down behind the Castle of Stirling. Once upon a time when the Court was feasting at Stirling, the King sent for some venison from the neighbouring hills. The deer was killed, and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnpryor, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company were rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much venison passing his very door, seized on it; and, to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him that it belonged to King James, he answered instantly, that if James was King in Scotland, he, Buchanan, was King in Kippen; being the name of the district in which the Castle of Arnpryor lay. On hearing what had happened, the King got on horseback, and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong, fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the King admittance, saying that the laird of Arnpryor was at dinner. and would not be disturbed. 'Yet go up to the company, my good friend,' said the King, 'and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen.' The porter went grumbling into the house, and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard at the gate, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, who said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the King was come in person, and hastened down to kneel at James's feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behaviour. But the King, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison, which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnpryor was ever afterwards called the King of Kippen."

Ever after this Buchanan was in great favour with James. He had him forthwith introduced at Court, and he became one of his most intimate companions. He was slain in the battle of Pinkie in 1547. His elder son, Patrick, predeceased him; falling on the field of Flodden, and leaving a widow who was a daughter of the Earl of Argyle, and two sons and two daughters. The younger of these sons was Walter; and, in 1519, he gave his son, also Walter, the lands of Spittal, and from him sprang the Spittal family of the Buchanans. John's successors in Arnprior inherited, with his lands, the soubriquet which King James gave him. They also were called Kings of Kippen. The last of them was an officer in the rebel army of Prince Charlie, and was executed at Carlisle on the 18th October, 1746. He suffered the death of a traitor—being first half hanged; then his entrails were torn out, and burned before his eyes; and after that he was beheaded and quartered.

Owing to its proximity to the Highlands, Kippen suffered often and much from incursions of Highland freebooters. In August, 1691, Rob Roy himself paid it a memorable visit; forming, perhaps, the very worst of his forays, and provoking the Government to offer £1000 for his head. It is said that he was then at the head of a band of no fewer than 500 men, ravenous alike with Highland greed and Highland hunger. Such a force the population had no power to resist. Any attempt at resistance only imperilled life, and in one instance it was actually sacrificed. A servant of Sir James Livingstone was killed on the occasion. The marauders made a clean sweep of the country around Balfron, of the vale of the Endrick, and of the western half of the parish of Kippen; lifting horses, cattle, sheep, and everything else of value which they could carry away with them. So completely did they harry the district, that their pillage of it has gone by the name of "The herschip of Kippen." As the plunderers withdrew with their prey, a party of military, or Western Militia, as they

were called, stationed at Cardross House, were called out to pursue them. They overtook them next morning, just as the bugle was summoning them to march after the rest of the night. At the sight of them, Rob Roy ordered his men to draw their swords. The soldiers fired a volley at them. The Highlanders became infuriated; and, dashing at their assailants sword in hand, they routed them in an instant, and made them flee in the utmost confusion. Several lives were lost; and till a recent date green spots in the moor of Kinachlachan marked the graves of the victims.

In the Covenanting era, Kippen was distinguished for its zeal in behalf of the Covenants; and it proved stedfast in its adherence to them in the days of darkness and blood which succeeded the Reformation. In 1676 the Presbyterians of Kippen braved the terrors of the Acts against Conventicles. They held several of these, and one, in particular, at Arnbeg under the cloud of night. Their meeting was very numerously attended; and besides other exercises of worship, they joined in celebrating the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—a service eminently fitted to strengthen and refresh them amidst the fiery trials of the times. The officiating ministers were John Law, Hugh Smith, and Matthew Crawford. The first became one of the ministers of Edinburgh after the Revolution, and the other two were successively ministers of Eastwood.

We have said that the worshippers of Arnbeg braved the terrors of the Acts against Conventicles; and these were very severe, and were enforced with great rigour. "The outed ministers were prohibited from preaching or praying except in their own houses and to those of their own family, and none but members of the family were to be present at any such meeting. All who acted to the contrary were to be held guilty of keeping conventicles. The person conducting such services in any house not his own was to be seized, and imprisoned till he found security, under pain of three hundred pounds, not to do so again, or else engaged to remove from the country. Persons present at the service were to be fined according to their rank; proprietors in a fourth of their yearly rent, and so on as to the rest. The master or mistress of the house where a conventicle had been held was to be fined double. Magistrates of burghs, in case of any house conventicle being held therein, were liable to an arbitrary fine by the Council. But it was the field conventicles (those 'rendezvous of rebellion,' as the Acts of the period always style them) that suffered the full weight of the rage of the persecutors. The preacher in the fields, or even in a house which was so full that some were out of doors, was to be punished with death and confiscation of goods. Any one arresting and securing him was to receive a reward of thirty pounds, and to be indemnified in case he killed the preacher or any others in the seizure. Persons present at field, were to be fined double the amount of what was imposed on those present at house conventicles. Sheriffs and magistrates were empowered to call before them all who had attended conventicles, and for their encouragement were to receive for themselves the fines of all under the rank of proprietors. And the people were required, under the terror of heavy fines, to attend the curates in their various parish churches."

"A hailstorm of proclamations was poured down on the devoted heads of the Conventiclers. Masters were enjoined to see that none of their servants or dependents attended conventicles, otherwise they were instantly to dismiss them. Landlords were to enforce on their tenants subscription to a bond, obliging themselves not to attend conventicles; and on the latter failing so to subscribe, their property and possessions were to be forfeited, and the forfeiture to fall to the landlord, as his bribe for enforcing the bond. Magistrates of burghs were to be liable for the burgesses and inhabitants in case of conventicles being held within the burgh. Masters, landlords, and magistrates, if they failed to put the Act in rigorous execution, were to incur all the penalties of contraveners. Whosoever should seize persons attending, or repairing to conventicles, were to have their fines, and, in case of forfeiture, to obtain the gift of the property forfeited. The Council were to cite before them any one suspected of having been present at a conventicle. If he appeared and confessed, he was to be subjected to an arbitrary punishment, that is, any punishment which the Council thought proper to inflict. If he did not appear, they were to hold him as confessed, and pronounce sentence upon him for the full penalties or punishment incurred under their multifarious and horrible statutes."

Kippen was nobly represented in the battle of Bothwell Bridge, fought on Sabbath the 22d June, 1679. Its contingent to the Covenanting army formed part of the valiant Three Hundred, who so bravely defended the bridge of Bothwell, and baffled all the attempts of the Royalist forces, under the Duke of Monmouth, to take it, though they numbered 15,000 men. The bridge was high and steep, and only twelve feet wide; with a gateway in the centre, which the Covenanters, who occupied the left side of the Clyde, had barricaded with stones and logs of timber. A strong party, under Hackston of Rathillet and Hall of Haughhead, was posted at the bridge. The bank of the river was defended by

Balfour of Burley and Captain Nisbet. Column after column of the Royalists were driven back with great loss by Hackston's fire. Burley and Nisbet repulsed and threw into disorder a detachment who attempted to ford the river above the bridge. Had the rest of the Covenanting army, though it amounted to only about 5000, acquitted themselves as well, they might have won the day. But while the brave handful was maintaining the struggle at the bridge, the mass of them, up on the Moor of Hamilton, were waging a violent war of words about the "Indulgence," and other kindred questions on which they were divided. Message after message was sent to them for ammunition, which had begun to fail, and for reinforcements to prevent them from being overpowered by mere numbers; but in vain. The wrangling mob seemed, as Bishop Burnet well phrased it, "to have neither the grace to submit, the courage to fight, nor the sense to run away." When the ammunition of the heroic Three Hundred was at length exhausted, they were ordered to retire from the bridge, and to fall back to the main body on the Moor. The result was the easy and complete rout of the Covenanters, about 400 of them falling in the battle and the pursuit, and 1200 surrendering at discretion; and the latter were subjected to treatment the atrocity of which even Turkish cruelty has not been able to exceed.

The Kippenites, who fought at Bothwell were led by Ure of Shargarton, who joined Hackston and Hall after they were posted at the bridge. Ure was a considerable laird in the parish of Kippen, and a man of great moral and Christian worth. He and his family suffered much for their devotion to the Covenanting cause. Wodrow has abbreviated the information which he gathered concerning them. This breviary of it will not admit of being condensed, and we shall not wait to recast it. He says:—

"This gentleman, James Ure of Shargarton, having left hearing the Episcopal ministers, joined himself to the persecuted Presbyterian ministers in Stirlingshire and Menteith, and heard them, and had his children baptised with them; upon this he was many times searched for, and his house frequently spoiled by parties of soldiers from Bothwell. Mr Robert Young, curate in Kippen, was the great informer against him and others in that neighbourhood. In short, after great losses, he was forced to leave his house and family, and wander the best way he could. In this case, for his own safety, he joined the people in arms at Bothwell. Such as came from Kippen, Gargunnock, and that country, joined themselves to him as their Captain, and he and they were placed at the bridge to defend it, which he did with a great deal of bravery, till his ammunition failed, and the army fled, and several of his men were killed, and he got off himself with great hazard. For nine years time he and his family underwent inexpressible sufferings, and till the liberty, 1687, for that space he was not three nights in his own house. When he was forfeited, his rents and moveables were all seized, and parties of soldiers came to his house upwards of thirty times in quest of him, and often did continue there and among his tenants for several weeks.

"About this time there was a sermon at Gribloch, where many were apprehended, among others the old lady Shargarton, his mother, a gentlewoman above seventy years. They were carried six miles prisoners, with great severity, to Glasgow tolbooth. There by the crowd and want of accommodation this aged lady fell very ill, and petitioned the commanding officers that she might be liberated upon sufficient bond, or, if that might not be, that she might be taken out of the crowd to another room or a house in town, being in hazard of her life; but no favour could be allowed her, and in a few days she died among the throng of other prisoners.

"Meanwhile the fury continues against this worthy gentleman, and one hundred pounds sterling were offered to any one who would bring him in dead or alive; whereupon he was obliged to flee to Ireland. Notice being got of this, Mr Young at Kippen procured one Methven, who knew him clothed as a soldier, to be sent with a party of soldiers to Cartsdike and Greenock to search the ships going for Ireland. Providentially Shargarton was not aboard at the time, and so got to Ireland, where he continued about half a year, when he turned anxious to see his lady and family, and ventured home, and was for some time undiscovered; but his persecutors got notice at length, and he was forced to the fields. During the winter of 1684 for several weeks he was obliged to lie in the Wood of Balwhan all night, the frost was so great that when he awoke his clothes would have been frozen to the ground. As soon as day broke he retired to a tenant's house, Duncan Chrystall's, at the Muirend, where he had a hiding-place in a barn behind some corn. His lady was apprehended in a little time for conversing with her husband, and was taken a prisoner to Stirling with a sucking child on her breast; there she was some weeks prisoner, and thence carried to Edinburgh, and put in the Canongate tolbooth. After she had been there some time, her friends got her on bail, to answer when called, under two thousand merks. In a little time she was called, and went to the Council-house with her infant on her

breast. But some of the more moderate being ashamed of this barbarity, she was dismissed and got home again. The husband continued hiding till the liberty, and under his long tract of sufferings he met with very providential deliverances.

"At the Revolution he came in with some of his tenants, and joined with others, who were a guard to the Convention of Estates. Afterwards he was Captain-Lieutenant in Argyle's regiment, where he was very useful against the Highlanders, for which reason Cameron and Buchan sent down a party upon his lands. They attacked the house of Shargarton likewise, but his lady, with the servants and some tenants she got in, very courageously kept out the house against them. This good man had his forfeiture taken off at the Revolution, and outlived the unnatural rebellion of 1715, and observed the righteousness of Providence in making some of his persecutors taste of the cup he had drunk so deep of, and after all his sore sufferings died in peace in his own house."

We have already mentioned Robert Young, who, in addition to his other duties as curate of the parish, acted as Government spy on the Presbyterians of the district, and as chief informer against them.

Archibald Riddell, son of Sir Walter Riddell of that Ilk, had preceded Young in the charge, but was cast out for his nonconformity. He was counted worthy to suffer much for his principles. He was a prisoner for them in 1679. He was again a prisoner for them in 1680, first in Jedburgh, and then in Edinburgh. Examined once and again before a Committee of the Privy Council, he would have been set at liberty had he only promised to abstain from field preaching. This he would not do. Sentenced to confine himself to his own house and its precincts, and to find caution that he would do so, under a penalty of 10,000 merks, he was remitted to Edinburgh Tolbooth, where he lay another seven months. In April next year we find him asking and obtaining leave to visit his dying mother, on condition of his returning to his confinement by a given day. In June, we find him cited before the Council on the charge of breaking his confinement in Kippen, keeping conventicles, and marrying and baptizing in a disorderly manner. He was now sent to the Bass, where he was confined for three years and a half. He was then released on the bond of George Scott of Pitlochy, and on condition that he should be transported to America. He was so in 1685, and ministered to a congregation in New Jersey till 1689. The happy news of the Revolution at home having reached him, he sailed for Britain. On his passage hither, he was captured by a French man-of-war, and was detained a prisoner in France till the Privy Council exchanged him for two Popish priests. He then returned to Scotland, and was readmitted to Kippen in 1691, whence he was that same year translated to Wemyss.

We have on record Riddell's own account of his examination before the Committee of the Privy Council, from which it appears that he was more than a match for his inquisitors. We give a specimen of it. *Lord Advocate*—"Will you be content to engage not to preach in the fields after this?" *Riddell*—"My lord, excuse me, for I dare not come under any such engagement." *Adv.*—"This is strange, that Mr Riddell who has had so much respect to authority as not to preach in the fields since the indemnity, will not, out of the same respect, be content to engage to behave hereafter as he has behaved heretofore." *Rid.*—"My Lord Advocate, I can answer somewhat for the time past, but not for the time to come; I have not, since the indemnity, judged myself under a necessity to preach out of a house, but I know not but He who has called me so to preach, may, before I go out of the world, call me to preach upon the tops of mountains, yea, upon the seas, and I dare not come under any engagements to disobey his calls." *Adv.* "If I were of Mr Riddell's principles, and did judge in my conscience that the laws of the land were contrary to the laws of God, and that I could not conform to them, I would judge it my duty rather to go out of the nation and live elsewhere, than disturb the peace of the land by acting contrary to its laws." *Rid.*—"My Lord, if I do anything contrary to the laws, I am liable to the punishment due by the law." *Adv.*—"That is not sufficient; a subject that regards the public good of the land should, for the peace and welfare thereof, either conform to the law or go out of the land." *Rid.*—"My Lord, I doubt *that* argument would militate against Christ and his apostles as much as against us; for they both preached and acted otherwise against the laws of the land, and not only did *not* judge it their duty to go out of the land, but the apostles, on the contrary, reasoned with the rulers—'*Whether it be better to obey God or man, judge ye.*'"

Justly may Kippen be proud to this day for its connection with one who suffered so much and pleaded so well for civil and religious liberty.

PORT OF MENTEITH.

There are ample vestiges of the Romans in this parish. On the southern margin of the mosses in the centre of it are remains of what are considered

to have been small military stations of the Romans. Dr Graham, in his "Sketches of Perthshire," says:—"They are situated on commanding eminences, and are of a circular form. They are frequent in the neighbourhood of Kippen. There is a remarkable one below the village. . . . . These, it is probable, were erected for the defence of the Roman soldiers whilst employed in demolishing the forest, against the sudden assaults of the Caledonians." There are the remains of two such stations on the north side of the mosses; one about a mile to the east of Ruskie, and the other at the north-west extremity of Flanders Moss. Cardross, too, is said to have been originally a Roman station. Roman roads have likewise been discovered, passing between these stations, and crossing the low-lying heavy clays, on which the mosses afterwards accumulated. A branch road, leaving the great Roman causeway from Camelon to Alauna and Ardoch, crossed the Guidie or Goodie near the junction of that stream with the Forth; passed thence through Flanders Moss to the station on the north-west of it; then led south to Cardross; and from it struck south-west to another station at Garfarran below Gartmore. The floating of the mosses into the Forth has laid bare portions of these roads on both sides of the river. They had been constructed of the trees of the forest, which the Romans felled; laid in logs lengthwise; and crossed these with cuttings of about twelve feet; thus making the roads about that breadth. The wood used had been roughly squared with axes, of which, when brought to light, it still bore the marks.

The Venerable Bede makes mention of a Pictish town called "Guidi," at which, in the eighth century, a battle was fought between the Picts and the Scots, the latter winning a decided victory. Where this town was situated, has been the subject of many and diverse conjectures. One of these is, that it was on the side of the Guidie, the stream which conveys the superfluous waters of the Lake of Menteith to the Forth. It was then a loch rather than a stream, and was called the loch of Guidie. It is no serious objection to the opinion that the battle in question was fought here, that no vestiges of the town have been traced in modern days. Eleven centuries are a sufficient length of time to account for every memorial of the town having perished from the site on which it stood.

The chief of the Historic Scenes, in which this parish is singularly rich, are in the lake of Menteith. This lake is circular in form, with a circumference of upwards of five miles, and is second in beauty and loveliness to none of our Scottish lochs. It has three islands. The most easterly, and the largest of the three, is Inchmahome, "The Isle of Rest," and the name is most descriptive.

> "The world's gay scenes thou must resign,
> Stranger, when youth has past;
> Oh! were such bless'd asylum thine,
> As this—'The Isle of Rest!'"

The isle measures about four acres of ground, and is adorned with wood, some of it very venerable for age, and gigantic in size. Its Spanish chestnuts must have been planted before the Reformation, and one of them is over eighteen feet in girth six feet above the ground. Some of the oldest and largest of its trees have succumbed to the storm, and lie scattered on the soil that had nursed them for ages.

Inchmahome is sacred ground, consecrated by the religious houses that stood upon it. The first of these, there is good reason to think, was a Culdee cell. Three considerations give much countenance to this opinion. One is the connection Inchmahome had with Dunblane, which, before it was Romanised, was a chief seat of the Culdees. Another is the statement which David Camerarius makes concerning St Berchan. The saint, he says, was renowned in Stirlingshire in the eighth century, and spent part of his youthful days in the Convent of St Columba, not far from Stirling. There is a strong presumption that this convent was a Culdee cell in Inchmahome. It is not known that there was in the eighth century any other religious establishment not far from Stirling to which Camerarius could allude, and which could be described as the Convent of St Columba. The third consideration is still more forcible. The instrument authorising the erection of a Popish religious establishment in Inchmahome is in existence, and bears the date of A.D. 1238. It was given in name of the Roman Pontiff by William and Galfred, bishops of Glasgow and Dunkeld; and it expressly states that the house to be built was intended for religious men already settled in the island. Who were those men? They were doubtless the Romish monks planted in Inchmahome by King Edgar, probably about 1107, the year of that monarch's death. So says Middleton in his List of Religious Houses of Scotland. And where were those monks accommodated between 1107 and 1238? The extreme probability is that their accommodation was in the humble buildings of the Culdees, "their predecessors, if not their co-occupants."

The Popish house on Inchmahome, authorized by the writ to which we have referred, was a Priory. It was founded and endowed by Walter Comyn, fourth Earl of Menteith, for monks of the Augustinian Order, a number of whom had, as we just

stated, been on the island for upwards of a century. It was farther endowed by David II. Sir Malcolm Drummond, a zealous adherent of Robert the Bruce, and who greatly distinguished himself on the field of Bannockburn, immediately after that ever-memorable day, bestowed on the Priory his lands of Cardross; and the Priors had their residence at Cardross. It had other benefactors; but, after all, its revenues do not appear to have been very fat. They were valued by order of the Estates in 1562 at —Money, £234; Bear, 7 chalders; Meal, 59 chalders, 13 bolls, 1 firlot, 3½ pecks. We may well believe, however, that this was much under their real value.

The Priory had four chapels attached to it. One was at Inchie, at the east end of the Lake, about a furlong north of its outlet, and close to the shore; another at Arnchly (the Field of the Sword), about a mile from the west end of the Lake; a third at Chapel Erroch, in the barony of Drummond; and a fourth at Balquahapple (the Town of the Chapel), in Kincardine.

The ruins of the Priory are a most interesting and impressive sight. They bear witness to its dimensions, to the exquisite style of its Gothic architecture, and to the high place which it must have held among the monastic institutions of its era. Among the ruins are to be seen remnants of the images with which Romanists delighted to decorate such edifices, and in the worship of which so much of their devotion lay. Within the precincts of the holy house rests the dust of illustrious nobles and chiefs—Comyns, Stewarts, Drummonds, Grahams, &c. The two recumbent figures of the monument near the centre of the choir of the church, are supposed to represent Walter Stewart, fifth Earl of Menteith, who married a granddaughter of the founder of the Priory. This Earl Walter was the third son of Alexander High Steward of Scotland; and is one of the most historic men of his day. He did exploits at the battle of Largs in 1263; was, in 1281, a witness of the marriage contract between the Princess Margaret and Eric, King of Norway, and, with his Countess, accompanied the Princess to her northern home; was one of the nobles in the Parliament of Scone, 1284, who swore to acknowledge the Maid of Norway, daughter of Eric and his Queen, as the sovereign of Scotland, in the event of Alexander III. dying without issue; and was one of the nominees of Bruce, in the competition for the Scottish crown. He was, withal, a distinguished Crusader under Louis IX. of France. The other monument in the choir marks the resting-place of the Drummonds. The inscription on it, though much effaced by the tooth of time, is still legible, and is in these words:—"John of Drumod, son of Malcolm of Drumod. His widow, that she may loose their souls from punishment and the sting." "John of Drumod" was Sir John Drummond, son-in-law of Walter, fifth Earl of Menteith; and "Malcolm," his father, was the Sir Malcolm Drummond, whose piety gifted Cardross to the Priory. Might not this have secured his soul against "punishment and the sting?" Malcolm's younger son, Gilbert, was Drummond of Balquahapple.

On the south of the Priory is the mausoleum of the last Earls of Menteith and Airth. It is said to have been hastily erected, to receive the remains of Lord Kilpont, son of William, eighth Earl of Menteith of the Graham line, and first Earl of Menteith and Airth. His Lordship was assassinated in Montrose's camp at Collace, on the morning of the 5th September, 1644, by Stewart of Ardvoirlich; and his body was despatched to his father, then a State prisoner in his own Castle in the Lake of Menteith.

Adjoining this mausoleum, on the south of it, is what is called "The Nunnery," about which any lore, going so much as to explain the name, does not seem to be extant; and in the south-east corner of the island is a knoll called the "Nun's Hill," the nunnery communicating with it by the "Nun's Walk," enclosed by high walls on both sides. This "Hill" is said to have been a place of recreation to the nuns, and tradition has handed down a tragic story of which it was the scene. A nun and a son of one of the Earls of Menteith having fallen in love, the lady resolved to lay aside the veil, and to return to the world. In their courtship they had arranged to have a meeting on a given night on the Nun's Hill, to which the lady was to row in a boat from the east side of the Lake. In the meantime the Earl's domains were invaded by a neighbouring clan, and his son fell on the braes of Mondhuie, leading his father's clansmen against the foe. "In his last moments the youth unconsciously divulged to his confessor his meeting with the nun. Enraged at the insult offered to his Church, the cruel monk resolved to be revenged. Disguised as the young nobleman, he watched the arrival of the runaway nun. Well, 'twas a clear moonlight night when the monk threw aside the gown and cowl for a warrior's dress, and took his place on the appointed spot. By and by a small speck is seen on the Inshie shore; 'twas the nun in her lover's boat. She, footsore and weary, had trode the plain from Stirling to the Lake, and was now pushing her scallop over the tiny waves. Shortly the boat touched the sand, and the fair lady sprung into her supposed lover's arms; but, alas! it was only to be hurled back to perish in the waters. Next day the monks on the island had the body taken from the

Lake, and interred in an upright posture on the knoll—hence the 'Nun's Hill.' A large stone near the top of the hill marks the supposed spot. At a certain hour in the evening, tradition says, a dark figure may yet be seen treading the Nun's Hill."

The Priory of Inchmahome was much honoured with the presence of Royalty. According to some, the island was the death-scene of King Duncan II. If so, we may presume that he was the guest of the Culdees, whose cell, as we have said, preceded the Priory. It is hard to conceive where else he could have been accommodated. His death happened in this wise. On the death of Malcolm Canmore, which took place in A.D. 1093, his brother Donald Bane seized the Crown. Next year Duncan, an illegitimate son of Malcolm, expelled Donald from the country, and mounted the throne. But Duncan's triumph was shortlived. After a reign of a few months he was assassinated by Malpedir, Maormar of the Mearns, the hired tool, it is said, of Edmund, another illegitimate son of Malcolm. Under the cloud of night the Maormar found his victim in Inchmahome, fell upon him, and murdered him.

King Edgar, who reigned from 1098 to 1107, is said to have frequently resided on the "Isle of Rest," and the presumption is that he too must have been the guest of the Culdees. King Robert Bruce likewise visited Inchmahome. There is evidence of his having done so in 1310, the fifth year of his reign. Some writs under his hand were given at it that year; among others, one confiscating the goods of John de Pollox, who is described in the writ as an enemy of the King. Bruce's residence when on the island was, we may well believe, the recently erected Priory. After the battle of Pinkie, in September, 1543, the Priory was for some months the asylum of young Queen Mary. That battle was part of her courtship with the English, who were bent on a matrimonial alliance between her and their young Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI. They thought to compel the match by force of arms. After the disastrous defeat of the Scots at Pinkie, Mary's mother and her other guardians fled with her to the Priory of Inchmahome; and here she was kept in safety till the following February, when she sailed from Dumbarton to France.

The gardens and orchard of the Earls of Menteith were on the western side of the island. These were part of Mary's playground, and to this day they contain memorials of her young life during her retreat here. A hawthorn tree and some boxwood trees surrounding it bear the name of Mary's Bower or Summerhouse. They are said to have been planted by her own hands, but, as Dr John Brown remarks in his "Horæ Subsecivæ," Mary was at that time very young for having a bower, and her hands very tiny for planting one. He says—"Wandering through the ruins, overgrown with ferns and Spanish filberts and old fruit trees, at the corner of the old monkish garden you come upon an oval space of about eighteen feet by twelve, with the remains of a double row of boxwood all round, the plants of box being about fourteen feet high and eight or nine inches in diameter, healthy, but plainly of great age. What it this? It is called in the guide-books Queen Mary's Bower; but beside its being plainly not in the least a bower, what could the little Queen, then five years' old, and 'fancy free,' do with a bower? It is plainly *the Child-Queen's Child-Garden*, with her little walk, and its boxwood, left to itself for three hundred years. Yes, without doubt, 'here is the first garden of her simpleness.'"

Mary's son, James VI., is said to have followed the example of his predecessors in visiting Inchmahome: and he is the last of the "crowned heads" whose feet trod its hallowed soil.

The Priory of Inchmahome, we may add, suffered the common fate of the Religious Houses of Popery at the Reformation. It, and the Abbacies of Cambuskenneth and Dryburgh, were erected in 1606 into a temporal lordship by James VI., and conferred on John, Lord Erskine, son of the Regent Mar, that, to use the terms of the grant, he might be in a better position to provide for his younger sons, whom he had by Mary Stewart. The parish of Port is mentioned in that deed as having anciently belonged to the Priory. His Lordship's father had been made Commendatory Abbot of the Priory by James V.

Adjacent to Inchmahome on the west is the small isle of Talla, signifying, as Gaelic scholars tell us, the Hall or House of the Chief. There stood the Castle of the Earls of Menteith; and it was long their favourite and chief residence. The ruins of it cover almost the whole isle. Gordon, in his Monasticon, has summarised all that is known of it; and the condensed character of his paragraph tempts us to avail ourselves of it. He says—"The House of Talla (apparently built with the stones of the church of Inschemachame) was divided into three apartments. In the lower storey was 'the Hall,' latterly furnished with a 'pair of Virginalls,' and with 'my Lord and Ladye's portraits, and hingings before them,' and 'ane house-knock, with the case thereof,' &c. The fireplace is still visible in the western gable. At each end, and (as is indicated by existing appearances) in upper storeys, entered respectively by an outer door in the gable, and not encroaching on the ground floor, was a room, each

containing a standing bed, and other corresponding furniture. In a small tower behind, and communicating with 'the Hall,' were three rooms, in three different storeys, the upper of which was accessible by a staircase at the south-west corner. The middle flat, according to an inventory made on the 17th of March, 1692, was 'my Ladye's chamber'; but in another inventory, made after her death, is set down as 'my Lord's.' The ground floor is named 'the laigh back-roum.' The attic storey, in the inventory of 1692, is called 'the wardrobe,' but, in that of 1694, is styled 'the chamber above my Lord's,' and (as appears from the last mentioned paper) served the double purpose of wardrobe and bedroom. The apartment yclept 'the brewhouse chamber,' was on the east side of the island; and, according to both the recently quoted vouchers, was 'hunge with green,' and furnished with two beds, one of 'green stuffe, with rods and pands conforme,' the other of 'red scarlet cloth.' 'The brewhouse chamber' was, moreover, decorated with a red table cloth, and 'a red scarlet resting chair.' The brewhouse of the noble family of Menteith seems to have possessed many attractions; for not only were there above it the gorgeous apartment now described, but likewise attached to its steaming sides a pair of what were descriptively termed '*to-falls*,' set out with three beds, one 'brown,' and the others 'red.' On the west side of this 'snug little island,' were the oven, the kitchen, and the servants' apartments built of round sand stones. On the south, stood, frowning, the highest of all the edifices of Talla, constructed of the same rude materials. Its heraldic devices are partly abstracted, and no account can be given of its foundation, nor indeed of any of the more modern structures adjacent. From one of these devices, where the crest, representing, as is believed, an eagle *coupé*, is above a shield, the charge of which is not legible, it would appear that the oldest building was erected after the introduction of the first-mentioned emblem into armorial bearings."

It was in this his Castle that William, eighth Graham Earl of Menteith, was confined when a State prisoner, as we before hinted that he was; and the reason of his being so we may now explain. Puffed up with his lineage—he had royal blood in his veins, being descended from David, Earl of Strathearn, eldest son of Robert II.—and with his other honours, he was rash enough on one occasion to boast, that his blood was the reddest in the kingdom. Hearing of the boast, Charles I. was jealous enough to regard it as betraying an ambition which aspired at the throne itself; and he punished the boaster by depriving him of the office of Justice General, and forfeiting his title to the Earldom of Strathearn, to which he had succeeded in 1630, and by commanding him in all time coming to keep in retirement in his Castle on Talla.

His grandson, William, son of Lord Kilpont, was the last Earl of Menteith and Airth. He disposed of his whole property to the Marquis of Montrose and Sir John Graham of Gartmore, and died without issue in 1694, when his titles became dormant. Of this Earl an anecdote is told, which is too good to be omitted. Visited one day by Finlayson, Town Clerk of Stirling, the two tried a match at story-telling, in which they were both adepts. The Earl asked the Clerk if he had seen the sailing cherry-tree. Finlayson said that he had not, and asked an account of the prodigy. The Earl said that it was a tree which had grown out of the mouth of a goose from a stone which the goose had swallowed, and which she carried about with her in her voyages round the Lake. The tree, he added, was now laden with fruit of the most exquisite flavour; and he challenged his guest to tell a story as marvellous. Finlayson was not to be so beat. He replied—"Did your Lordship ever hear of the ball fired from one of Cromwell's cannon when he was at Airth?" His Lordship answered that he had not. "Then," said the Clerk, "it is this; the ball fired from Airth reached Stirling Castle, and lodged in the mouth of a trumpet, which one of the soldiers of the garrison was sounding in defiance." "Was the trumpeter killed then?" inquired the Earl. "Not at all," said Finlayson; "he blew the ball back again, and killed the artilleryman who fired it." The Earl had nothing to match this, and was obliged to give in.

About a furlong west of Talla is Dog Isle, the third in the Lake, and the smallest of the three, being only a few yards in circumference. The Earls of Menteith had their kennel on it, and hence its name.

The Earl's stables were on the mainland, at the west end of the Lake, the ground on which they stood still going by their name. Their pleasure grounds were on the northern shore of the Lake, around the hill of Coldon, and on the farm now called Portend. Old "stately trees in the Park taste" are yet to be seen there; and, "combined with the more aerial foliage of Inchmahome and Talla, these nobles of the vegetable kingdom impart to the scenery a unique and classic air."

Arnmauk we must point to. It is the beautiful peninsula, adorned with its grove of dark green firs, which from the southern shore of the Lake stretches some way inward in the direction of the islands. It was formed in a very wonderful way. In days of yore, Knoc-n'an-Bocan—which is by interpretation

Bogle-Knowe—on the south-east shore of the Lake, was the headquarters of the fairies of the whole district of Menteith. In those days the Earls of Menteith had a red book, the opening of which was always followed by something preter natural. One of them one day opened the book, when the fairies forthwith crowded into his presence, and asked employment from him. Puzzled what work to send them to, he fixed at length on the making of a road from the south shore to the centre of the Lake. By and by, he began to fear that the road, by giving access to his Castle, would imperil the security of it. He stopped the workers, and, in place of road-making, set them to make for him a rope of sand. They tried; but their new task baffling their ingenuity, they gave it up with mixed feelings of shame and anger, and resolved to depart. The Earl, however, in grateful acknowledgment of the work they had done in forming the peninsula, and wishing to be on good terms with them, made a grant to them of the north shoulder of Ben Venue; which is to this day called Coir-n'an-Uriskin, that is, the Cove of the Urisks or Fairies.

In those days the district abounded with witches as well as fairies; and, if tradition may be believed, they once did one of the Earls of Menteith a kind service. A large company of friends whom he was entertaining in Talla drained his cellar. The butler was despatched to Stirling for more wine, with orders to be back as speedily as possible. He did not return that night. The Earl found him early next morning asleep on a bench in the servants' hall with the barrel beside him. Rousing him, he upbraided him bitterly for his dilatoriness. "Pardon me, my Lord," said the butler, "I have been for wine, and if I mistake not have brought you the best that ever was in your cellar. When near the shore of the lake I spied two honest women, each mounted on a bulrush, and crying to each other, 'Ha'e wi' you, Marion Bowie!' 'Ha'e wi' you, Elspha Hardie!' 'Ha'e wi' you, too!' says I, mounting like them on a bulrush. Instantly we were rushing through the regions of space, and immediately found ourselves in the palace of the King of France. As for myself, I was near a sideboard where there was a store of wine, and, being invisible to the people, I took the opportunity of filling your Lordship's cask. I have also found the cup out of which his Imperial Majesty was wont to drink. I then returned on my trusty nag as quickly as I went; and here I am again, my Lord, at your Lordship's pleasure." At dinner the company pronounced the wine exquisite. When their host told them how he had come by it, they were filled with amazement, as they might well be. But incredulity was impossible. The butler produced for their inspection the cup he had found in the palace of France, "the elegant silver cup on which was engraved the fleur-de-lis of the House of Bourbon!" That, of course, made his story indubitable.

In olden days, there was a singular sport much indulged in, and greatly enjoyed by the Earls of Menteith, and visitors of the Lake, royal, noble, and others. It was fishing with geese. The Rev. William MacGregor Stirling, in his "Notes, Historical and Descriptive, on the Priory of Inchmahome," gives this account of the sport. "One of the ancient sports of the noble family of Menteith was fishing with geese. A line with a baited hook was tied to the leg of a goose, which thus accoutred, was made to swim in water of a proper depth. A boat containing a party, male and female, lord and lady fair, escorted this formidable knight-errant. By and by he falls in with an adventure; a marauding pike taking hold of the bait, puts his mettle to the test. A combat ensues, in which, by a display on the part of both contending heroes, of much strength and agility, the sympathetic hopes and fears of the anxious onlookers are alternatively called into lively exercise, until at length, the long-necked-loud-shouting, 'feather-cinctured,' web-footed champion, vanquishing his wide-mouthed, sharp-toothed, far-darting, scale-armed foe, drags him a prisoner in triumph. This merry doing of the good old times has, alas! gone out of fashion in this degenerate age."

The village of Port, though small then as now, was raised by James III, in 1467, to the dignity of a burgh of barony. Next to the manse, the chief house of the village has always been the inn. One of the Bonifaces, having shuffled off this mortal coil, leaving a widow to mourn him, a parishioner called "Auld Fortyfive," being one of the surviving heroes of that memorable year, laid siege to the widow, and won her. He had previously lived in a part of the parish that was far from the church; and the reason he gave for marrying the landlady of the inn has made him famous. It was, he said, that he might be "near ta wort," that is, *the word;* for so he designated the gospel preached every Sabbath in the parish kirk. Robert Chambers, who tells the story in his "Picture of Scotland," adds:—"It was always a matter of doubt with the good folk of the Port, justified by the veteran's false pronunciation, whether the spiritual or the material vineyard of the Kirktown had been the attraction which induced Auld Forty-five to marry the ale-wife."

Ruskie is associated with the abhorred name of Sir John Menteith, the betrayer of Wallace. He was proprietor of the barony, which he had from

his mother, the Countess of Menteith, the wife of Walter Stewart, the fifth Earl. Sir John had two seats on the barony. The one was Menteith Castle, afterwards named Rednock Castle, a large and strong edifice, as its remains testify. The other, which was judged yet more secure, was on a small island in the Loch of Ruskie, where its ruins are yet to be seen. Sir John is said to have kept a large stud of horses; and those who have an eye for such things flatter themselves that they discern on the banks of the Loch traces of the course on which the stud was exercised and trained. Rednock House, now the mansion on the estate, was the seat of the late General Graham Stirling.

The way in which Menteith accomplished the treachery which has branded his name with indelible infamy has been somewhat variously told. All that is certainly known of it is, that the place of Wallace's capture was Robroyston, about three miles north-west of Glasgow; that Menteith, who was then keeper of the Castle of Dumbarton, under a commission from the English, discovered his retreat through the baseness of Jack Short, a servant of the hero; that he seized him in bed, at the dead hour of midnight, in the house of one Ralph Rae; and that he conveyed him instantly to Dumbarton, whence he was sent with all speed to London.

King Robert Bruce narrowly escaped being made the victim of like villainy on the part of Menteith. He surrendered to Bruce the Castle of Dumbarton on condition of receiving thereafter the Earldom of Lennox. A day was fixed for giving the King possession of the fortress. But the knave concealed in one of the cellars of it a number of Englishmen, who, while his Royal guest was receiving the keeper's hospitality, were to come out of their hiding-place, and either to kill him or make him their prisoner. The plot was frustrated by one Roland, a carpenter, who met Bruce in the wood of Colquhoun, as he was on his way to Dumbarton, and warned him of the snare laid for him. Having inspected other parts of the Castle. the King directed his steps to the cellar in which the Englishmen were stowed, and which also he wished to see. The door of it was locked, and the key of it could not be found, being, it was alleged, in the hands of a smith who was out of the way. The door was broken open, and the ruffians within put to the sword. Menteith's life was spared, on condition, Buchanan says, that he should place himself in the front line of the Scots in the impending battle of Bannockburn; "and there, by his valour, should wait the decision of Providence. And indeed (he adds) the man, otherwise fraudulent, was in this faithful to the King, for he behaved himself so valiantly that that day's work procured him not only pardon for what was past, but large rewards for the future."

Tor of Ruskie is one of the battlefields of the district. The combatants on it were the said Sir John Menteith, with his friends and vassals, and the Drummonds of Drymen, with theirs. The feud originated, partly in the Drummond's hatred of Menteith for his apostacy to the English interest, and his treacheries to advance it; and partly in the slaughter by the Menteiths of a Drummond of Balquhapple, a grandson of Sir John Drummond of Drymen. The battle was fierce and sanguinary. Three of Sir John Menteith's brethren fell in it; but the blood-letting, though copious, did not end the strife. In 1360, the Justiciars of Scotland and some other nobles were appointed by David II. to act as arbiters in the case; and as a solatium to the Menteiths, they gave to Alexander, Sir John's only surviving brother, Roseneath, which had formerly belonged to the Drummonds.

The Pass of Glenny has been the scene of many skirmishes. A rather serious one took place in it in 1653, in the days of the Commonwealth. The last effort made in Scotland to resist Cromwell was the Earl of Glencairn's insurrection. A portion of the insurgents, numbering about three hundred, were stationed at Duchray Castle, under the command of Graham of Duchray and of Glencairn. Colonel Kidd, the Republican governor of Stirling Castle, hastened to Duchray at the head of a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, to attack and disperse them. To intercept the republicans on their way thither, Graham of Glenny collected his men, and placed them in ambush in the Pass, on the front of the Hill overlooking the Lake of Menteith. As soon as the Commonwealth men came within their range they opened a galling fire on them; and one M'Queen, a very sure shot, emptied many a saddle. Kidd ordered his horse to dislodge their assailants from the Pass. Charging up the Hill, one of them cut down M'Queen, at the spot which is known to this day by the name of "M'Queen's Pass." One of the horsemen, singling out a Graham, galloped after him; and when he was just about to sabre him on the brink of a precipice, Graham darted to a side, and the horse and his rider fell over the precipice, and were dashed in pieces. The spot is called the "Horseman's Rock." We may add that the conflict ended near Loch Ard. There Duchray took up a strong position, where his foot were concealed, and waited Kidd's approach. On his appearance the Highlanders, leaving their ambuscade, overwhelmed the Commonwealth men in a few minutes, and scattered them as chaff is driven before the wind. The Knoll called "Badden Cassnock," or "The

Englishman's Thicket," is the spot where one of Kidd's officers fell, shot by a gentleman from the window of his house near the foot of Loch Ard, and where his dust rests.

There is a third battlefield in these parts, at Craigvad, or the Wolf's Cliff. The Stewarts of Appin returned home from the battle of Pinkie by Port of Menteith. They were under the command of Donald nan Ord, that is, Donald of the Hammers; so called from the faculty he had of beating with a couple of hammers at once on the smith's anvil. They reached the village of Port greatly dejected by the defeat they had suffered at Pinkie, and very hungry and hard bestead. In the village inn they found an excellent dinner prepared, roasted hens figuring largely in the list of eatables. The dinner was meant for a marriage party, which the Earl of Menteith (one of the Graham line) was to attend. The famishing Stewarts helped themselves, devouring the whole provisions, and proceeded on their way. The Earl, apprised of what had happened, immediately gathered his retainers and pursued the reivers. He overtook them at Craigvad. A taunt from one of his attendants was answered by a Stewart with an arrow shot through the taunter's heart. In the conflict which ensued the Earl and most of his party were slain, and Donald of the Hammers escaped with only a single attendant. From the occasion of this bloody fray, the Grahams got the nickname of Gramoch-an-Garrigh, that is, Grahams of the Hens. Local tradition heightens the flavour of the story with an additional and very wonderful circumstance, which the dignity of history has not deigned to notice. A Graham and a Macgregor afterwards quarrelled on the Hill of Coldon, on the north side of the Lake of Menteith. Macgregor in the height of his passion was forming his organs of articulation to call out "Hen Grahams!" Perceiving his intention, Graham drew his sword and severed his head from his body. But his antagonist was not to be so silenced. The head rolled to the foot of the hill, crying out "Hen Grahams, Hen Grahams."

There is yet another battlefield in the parish of Port. It is at the Moss of Talla; and the battle fought at it is known in history as the battle of Tullimoss. When James III. was murdered at Beaton's Mill, after the battle of Sauchieburn, the Earl of Lennox set himself to avenge his death. He levied some two thousand men, and at their head left Dumbarton Castle, which he held against James IV., and pitched his camp at the Moss of Talla. James, and his Commander-in-Chief, Lord Drummond, came upon Lennox by surprise in the night, and completely routed him. Among the prisoners whom they took was Galbraith of Culcreuch, who was executed as a traitor; and his estates, which lay in the three shires of Stirling, Dumbarton, and Renfrew, were given to Adam Hepburn, brother of Patrick, Earl of Bothwell.

Auchveity, or Betty's Field, is in this quarter. Whence the name? One of the Royal Princes was on a day enjoying the pleasures of the chase in these parts. A stag was started. The Prince pursued, and his horse got "bogged" in the marsh on the margin of the small Loch in the neighbourhood of Arnehly Chapel. The Prince's life was in immediate peril, but was saved by a Highland young woman, named Betty, tending her cattle; who, seeing the Prince's danger, ran to him, seized him in her arms, and carried him to *terra firma*. She was rewarded with her lifetime of the field which is called to this day Betty's Field. Such is the legend; and it derives some verisimilitude from the name of the Loch on the side of which the Prince sank. It is Loch Mackinreigh, which is, by interpretation, The Loch of the King's Son.

There is abundant evidence, as we might have said ere now, that the arm of the sea, of which we wrote both at Logie and at Kincardine, extended over the low grounds of the parish of Port. East of the village, in driving a level in the boundary ditch between the lands of the Duke of Montrose and General Graham Stirling, "the exuviæ of the marine mussels, the periwinkle, and other shellfish, were thrown up from seven feet below the surface of the incumbent soil, consisting of from three to four feet of incumbent gravel, and, next, of a substance resembling pipe-clay, and applicable to the same domestic use." The floating off of the moss of Cardross laid bare the same stratum of fine carse soil as that in Kincardine. The stratum had been formed in both cases by the same action of the waters of the deep; and the moss must have accumulated over it since the days of the Romans; for at the bottom of it were found traces of Roman roads. There were also found horns of animals, and other bones, of immense size; the skeleton of a horse; an untanned cowhide; and, which is yet more remarkable, the remains of what apparently had been a native tent or camp, the ribs of it being still fixed in the clay. "Their number could be counted, and the round shape of the abode easily distinguished. Adjoining the encampment were a considerable quantity of bones completely blackened, and which crumbled away on their exposure. Near it also was found an iron hammer, with a round ring at the end for attaching to the girdle: hammers of this kind were carried for close quarter fighting. In the immediate neighbourhood

of the encampment were discovered several pieces of peculiarly-dressed wood, which, when fitted together, made a complete and ingenious armchair." Moreover, at the bottom of the moss of Gartmore, a perfect specimen of a canoe was come to; at Firhill of Gartmore, on the south-west extremity of the Isle of Menteith, was found a stone with a large ring in it; going by the significant name of Clachnan Loang, or the Ship or Boat Stone; and giving some countenance certainly to the tradition that to this stone ships and boats were made fast, in those days when the vale was navigated as a bay of the ocean.

Cardross House, when the residence of the Prior, must have been honoured with the presence of many of the august personages who visited Inchmahome. With the rest of the Priory property the house and lands were, as we said before, given to the Erskines. They are one of the oldest and most historic of our noble families. They took their name from their most ancient possession—the lands and barony of Erskine in Renfrewshire. In the War of Independence they were staunch adherents of Bruce, with whose family they were closely allied by marriage. Mary, eldest daughter of William de Erskine, was married to Sir Thomas Bruce, brother of King Robert, and Alice, his second daughter, was married to Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland. William de Erskine's grandson, Sir Thomas Erskine, married Janet Keith, great granddaughter of Gratney, eleventh Earl of Mar; and this laid the foundation for the succession of his descendants to the Earldom of Mar. Sir Thomas's grandson, also Sir Thomas, was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Erskine: and the Lords Erskine had for long a high place in the Royal Household. They had committed to them the keeping, during their minority, of the heirs-apparent of the Crown. Alexander, second Lord Erskine, had the keeping of James IV. when Prince of Scotland. John, fifth Lord, had the keeping of James V. when a minor. On the death of James, he and Lord Livingston had the keeping of the infant Queen Mary. He and his uncle, Sir Alexander Erskine of Gogar, had the keeping of Mary's son, Prince James, afterwards James VI.

This Lord John was the first of the Erskines who obtained the coronet of the Earl of Mar. His claim to the Earldom, as the descendant, in the female line, of Gratney, the eleventh Earl, was sanctioned by Parliament in 1562. On the death of the Earl of Lennox in 1571, he was chosen Regent of the kingdom. He died suddenly next year of a broken heart, occasioned, it was generally believed, by the distracted state of the country, and his inability to cope with the difficulties of his position. His son, John, reckoned seventh Earl of Mar of the Erskine line (his ancestors having been wrongously kept out of the Earldom for the space of a hundred and thirty years), was educated with young King James in Stirling Castle; was in high favour with him ever after; and proved one of the greatest statesmen of his age. He was entrusted with the keeping of young Prince Henry—the fifth generation of the royal family put under the charge of an Erskine; he accompanied James to England, on his accession to the English Throne; and had high honours and offices heaped on him. He was made a Privy Councillor; a Knight of the Garter; Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and High Treasurer of Scotland.

The Earl's second wife was Mary Stewart, daughter of Esme, Duke of Lennox, and cousin of King James. He was twice her age, and had already a son and heir. She at first declined his overtures. He applied to his Royal master to help him in his suit, pleading that if rejected he would not be able to survive the shock. James, who gave him the soubriquet of "Jocky o' Sclaittis" (that is slates), encouraged him to press his suit, saying "Jock, ye sanna die for ony lass in a' the land." He applied to his cousin, and prevailed on her to accept the love-sick Earl, promising to make a peer of her eldest son. We might have stated, that he had created the Earl Lord Cardross, when he conferred the barony of Cardross upon him. The eldest son of this second marriage was Henry, who, however, predeceased his father. He left a son, David, who was second Lord Cardross, and who got the property of Cardross as his patrimony. David's eldest son, Henry, was third Lord Cardross. A younger son of David was the Honourable Colonel John Erskine of Carnock. He was the father of John Erskine, D.D., Greyfriars, Edinburgh, and leader of the evangelical party in the Kirk. Lord Henry's eldest son was David, and he was fourth Lord Culross. He sold the estate to his cousin, the advocate; who was the first Erskine of Cardross and Carnock. The title of Lord Cardross is now a secondary title of the Earl of Buchan, but the property of Cardross is still in possession of this branch of the Erskines. The present proprietor is Henry D. Erskine, Esq.

The family as a whole were distinguished friends of the religion and the liberties of Scotland. Henry, third Lord Cardross, was singularly conspicuous for his piety and patriotism; as a few sentences concerning him—all that we can make room for—must suffice to show. He stood in the front rank in opposing the vile Lauderdale in his grinding tyranny, and he suffered accordingly. In 1674 his lady had

divine worship in their house conducted by their own Presbyterian chaplain, John King, who, five years after, received the crown of martyrdom at the Cross of Edinburgh. For this heinous crime his Lordship was fined £5000. He paid £1000 of the fine, and, asking in vain a remission of the rest of it, he was imprisoned in the Castle of Edinburgh, where he lay for the space of four years. In 1675 a party of soldiers, on the pretence of searching for King, broke up Cardross House at midnight, and, after using Lady Cardross with the grossest rudeness, left a garrison in the house at his Lordship's cost. In 1677 Lady Cardross had a child baptised by an "outed" Presbyterian minister, for which his Lordship was fined £3000, though the high crime was committed without his Lordship's knowledge, and while he was confined in Edinburgh Castle. In 1679 he was released from prison on giving a bond for the amount of his fine. After this he repaired to London to lay a narrative of his sufferings before the King, which he did without effect, through the opposition of the Privy Council. He now expatriated himself to America, and settled on Charlestown Neck, in South Carolina; whence he was driven in a few years by the Spaniards, and returned to Europe. He joined other refugees in Holland, and at the Revolution accompanied the Prince of Orange to England. In 1689 he raised a regiment of dragoons, which was of great use to General Mackay in suppressing the opposition to King William's government. That same year Parliament passed an Act restoring him to his estates, and he was made a Privy Councillor and General of the Mint, but he died of the effects of his sufferings in 1693 in the 44th year of his age.

Gartmore has been long the seat of the Grahams, a branch of the great stock of Kincardine. They are descended from Sir John Graham of Kilbryde, he "of the bright sword," and of whom we wrote when at Dunblane. In 1665 a Nova Scotia baronetcy was conferred on William Graham of Gartmore, married to Elizabeth, second daughter of Lord Kilpont, killed at Collace by Ardvoirlich. Their son, Sir John Graham, died without issue in 1708; the baronetcy then became extinct, and the representation of the family devolved on his sister Mary, by whose posterity Gartmore is still possessed. Their mausoleum adorns the churchyard. The present proprietor of Gartmore is W. C. Bontine Graham, Esq.

Dr Graham, in his "Sketches of Perthshire," paid the house of Gartmore and its paintings a high compliment. He wrote thus of them:—"In passing Gartmore House, the seat of Mr Cunningham Graham, the curiosity of the traveller will be gratified by spending an hour in seeing a house which, even in a country less rude than this, would be justly reckoned elegant. The drawingroom, both in its dimensions and style of finishing, is perhaps one of the most elegant on the north of the Tweed. The amateur in painting will be delighted to find here two cabinet pictures of Morning and Evening, by Claude Lorraine; a cattle piece, by Berghem; a flight into Egypt, by Rubens; a drunken egg merchant, by Jean Stean; an attack of banditti, by Salvator; and, though last and least in dimensions, not the least beautiful, a portrait of General Dow by himself. In the diningroom there is a family portrait, by Hogarth, of some of the relatives of this house, in which the painter has introduced himself. Besides a number of family pictures, there are portraits of Lord Kames, of the late Dr Dickson, Bishop of Downe and Connor, the friend of the late Right Hon. Charles James Fox, and the only person on whom he had an opportunity of conferring a bishopric during his short administration, in his coalition with Lord North. In the library also is a portrait of Professor Richardson, of Glasgow College, in an uncommon style of shading, by Raeburn."

Rob Roy's frequent visits to Port of Menteith contributed to make many places in the parish historic. Suffice it that we name some of these, indicating, without detailing, what he did at them. In a single raid Rob and his gang called at Auchentroig, Kepdowrie, and Garden, and levied the black-mail which he alleged to be due to him. The lairds denied his claim, and did their best to resist it; but in vain. The baron of Auchentroig paid dear for his resistance. The freebooter not only exacted from him the last farthing of his arrears of black-mail, but, to teach him to be more punctual in time to come, he swept his estate of its cattle. On one occasion, after a distribution of meal to poor cottars of the Duke of Montrose, from the Duke's own meal store at Miling, Rob, before leaving the neighbourhood, favoured Gartmore village with a predatory visit. Setting off with the cattle of the villagers, one of them, named Miller, followed him, in the hope of recovering his property. They unfortunately met in the course of the night in a house in Glendhu. Miller, who was in bed when Rob entered the house, levelled his piece at him. It missed fire. Rob's pistol was surer, and instantly laid Miller dead on his pillow. Near the old bridge of Cardross is the point where Rob crossed the Forth on the steed he had stolen in Strathendrick, pursued by a troop of English dragoons; and on the hill of Glenny is the spot where he bade them adieu. The knoll on which he paused, and looked back on his pursuers is

pointed out to the tourist; as are the rocks and chasms over which he made his way, vanishing out of their sight, but which were an impassable barrier to their further progress.

To the many Historic Scenes we have touched on in Port, there are two which we must add before leaving it. The one is "Ferry Inns," near the old bridge of Cardross, where stood the inn at which Prince Charlie, according to some, took a refresher, and in which, according to others, he slept a night, when on his way to visit Buchanan of Arnprior. The other is Tomavhoid, or Courthill, where, in feudal times, the barons of the district held their courts; and the gallows disposed of their offending vassals. They were not nice or fastidious as to a scaffold. A hoary ash is still pointed out, from the boughs of which their victims are said to have dangled; some "rustic native" performing the office of the "modern Calcraft."

The parish of Port boasts of having the name of the celebrated George Buchanan on the roll of its agricultural tenants. His father's early death, and the insolvency of his maternal grandfather, reduced the family to extreme poverty. But his mother struggled hard with the misery of her condition; and all her children, five sons and three daughters, arrived at the age of maturity. In 1531, Robert Erskine, Commendator of Inchmahome, granted her and her three sons, Patrick, Alexander, and George, a lease of two farms on the estate of Cardross. George, the youngest son, was then in his twenty-fifth year; had finished his University studies; and had obtained an appointment as Regent or Professor in the College of St Barbe, where he taught grammar for about three years; after which he became preceptor to Gilbert Kennedy, the young Earl of Cassilis. He could only be a sleeping partner in the tenancy of the Cardross farms; but it is noteworthy that his name was in the lease of them. The document is preserved among the family papers in Cardross House.

Patrick Bell was minister of Port at the Revolution, and was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for his Jacobitism. William MacGregor Stirling was minister of the parish at the close of the last century. His first-born came home a little too soon after his marriage. Taken under discipline, the sentence of deposition was passed on him by the Presbytery, and confirmed by the Synod. The General Assembly reversed the sentence, but sanctioned Stirling's retirement, and the appointment of an assistant to do the duties of the pastorate. Stirling was devoted to historical and antiquarian studies, and excelled in the extent and accuracy of his information in these departments of knowledge. Tytler, in his History of Scotland, was indebted to him for many facts and documents unknown to writers who had preceded him. Stirling died at Stockbridge, Edinburgh, in 1833, in the sixty-second year of his age, and the thirty-fourth of his ministry.

ABERFOYLE.

The oldest Historic Scene in this parish is the Druid circle, on the rising ground near the manse. It consists of ten large stones, so placed as to form a circle, with a still larger one in the centre. The stones were originally upright, but had fallen in the course of the ages, and are now sunk more or less into the earth. From these stones the Kirk of Aberfoyle was called the "Clachan." The name was transferred to the Kirk-town; and it has been borne by many other places which had been the sites of Druid temples. So the Rev. Dr Graham remarked in the Old Statistical Account; and he was an excellent authority, whether viewed as an archæologist or as a Gaelic scholar. "From this circumstance," he says, "it seems to be that the Highlanders, when speaking of the Kirk of Aberfoyle, uniformly made use of the term *Clachan*, *i.e.*, the circle of stones; and the same term is used when speaking of many other places of worship, both in the Highlands and in the low country, places where it is probable that such circles did, or do still, exist."

On an islet in Loch Ard—one of the five Lochs which form so picturesque and charming a feature in the scenery of this parish—are the ruins of an old building. It was a Castle of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, and Regent of Scotland; built by him for a place of refuge, when he began to dread the danger to which he might be exposed, in the event of his cousin, James I., returning from his captivity in England, and ascending the throne. It is said that it was from this Castle that he was brought to Stirling for trial and execution. If so, it is not improbable that the fortress he had erected to be an asylum to him had been his prison, after his arrest at "Murdoch's Ford." Two months elapsed between his arrest and his being brought to the block.

On the side of Loch Ard is Rob Roy's cave, so called because the outlaw often hid in it when danger threatened.

The low green mound among the hills, by the side of the "Path of the Red Post," towards Loch Achray, marks the spot where Malise Graham of

Gloschoil was murdered, by order of his noble relative, one of the Graham Earls of Menteith. The Earl had a great ball in his Castle on Talla, and Gloschoil was one of his guests. When the ball closed, and the guests had taken their departure, the Earl, seating himself by the side of his Countess, asked her which of the guests at the ball she thought the best looking man. She answered, who but your own kinsman, Malise Graham? Inflamed with wine, and maddened with the jealousy which is the rage of a man, the Earl betook himself to his bedroom; called for "Stoat-the-Vrouach," his archer, and commanded him to hasten after Gloschoil on his way home, and to despatch him. The archer remonstrated with his master; but in vain. He must obey—he had nothing to do but to obey. He overtook his victim at the spot to which we have pointed; and his sword drank his heart's blood.

Next morning, as sobriety and sanity returned, the bitterest remorse preyed upon the Earl. But the deed he had done could not be undone. The dead could not be restored to life. But everything in his power he would do, to mitigate the dreadful calamity which he had caused. He would see to the widow and the children of the murdered man; and he did so. He gave the widow her lifetime of Gloschoil, of which her husband had been only the tenant; and he generously contributed otherwise to the up-bringing and the comfort of the family.

Malise Graham left two sons, Malise the elder, and Robert the younger. Robert, who was made of stern stuff, early resolved to avenge his father's death, and, as he grew up, he nursed his resolution. At length, having gathered around him a large party of sympathizing relatives and others, whom he promised to reward liberally for their help, he appeared with them on the shore of the Lake of Menteith, and sent in to the Hall of Talla this brief but expressive letter:—

"To the Earl,

"I am come to revenge my father's death.

ROBERT GRAHAM."

All was consternation in Talla. The Earl felt as if sentence of death had passed on him, and knew not what to do to prevent, or even postpone, the execution of it. It was woman's wisdom that found a door of hope in the dire extremity. They had an orphan niece, who had been brought up by them, and who had been once and again at Gloschoil with kind presents to the family. "Go," said the Countess to the Earl, "Go and meet Robert Graham unarmed; take your niece along with you; offer her to him for wife; and for dowry grant him a portion of land." Following the advice, he went and met Malise on the shore of the Lake, and made his overtures to him. Malise scornfully rejected them; declaring that, to be the vassal of his father's murderer, was what no bribe would induce him to consent to, and what his armed attendants would not suffer. "The niece sprang from the Earl's side, and throwing her arms around the neck of Robert Graham, exclaimed, 'Oh, for my sake, Robert, save the Earl!' Her tears bathed his bosom, and her flaxen hair hung in silken tresses on his breast. Robert started, the appeal reached his heart, and the remembrance of the time when she pulled the bluebell, while he gathered the wild clover to spread on his father's cairn, shot with meteoric flash through his memory. The young heroic soul was moved, the naked sword was sheathed, and his men were signalled back from the hill. A short time thereafter Robert Graham became the husband of the Earl's niece, and received as her dowry the lands of Bruchorn in Aberfoyle." They both sleep in Inchmahome; and many families in Menteith trace their descent from them.

Such is the thrilling story of "The Earl's Niece," as handed down by tradition, and lately printed, much more fully than we have now told it, in Dun's "Summer at the Lake of Monteith."

The Pass of Aberfoyle, running as it does between the Highlands and the Lowlands, has seen many a fray, besides the battle between the Royalists and the Republicans in 1653, which we anticipated when at Port.

For the Scenes in the Aberfoyle of Sir Walter Scott's creation, we must refer our readers to his works, more especially Rob Roy and Waverley. Have any of them yet to make acquaintance with those productions of the magic pen of the Wizard of the North? If they have, let them do so immediately. At every step of the tour of the parish, which they will make under this unrivalled guide, the richest treat awaits them; and to allure them to it we shall give two or three specimens, by way of foretaste.

There is the inn of the Clachan, kept by "mine hostess," Jean MacAlpine, who, when Frank Osbaldistone, and Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and Andrew Fairservice reached her door, at a late hour, "presently appeared with a lighted piece of split fir blazing in her hand;" which "illuminated the wild and anxious features of a female, pale, thin, and rather above the usual size, whose soiled and ragged dress, though aided by a plaid or tartan screen, barely served the purposes of decency, and certainly not those of comfort. Her black hair, which escaped in uncombed elf-locks from under her coif, as well as the strange and embarrassed look with which she regarded us, gave me the idea of a witch disturbed in the midst of her unlawful rites."

There was at the door of the hovel the "white wand;" the token, "that gentlemans had taken up the publichouse on their ain business." Within, in the principal apartment, "the fire, fed with blazing turf and branches of dried wood, blazed merrily in the centre; but the smoke, having no means to escape but through a hole in the roof, eddied round the rafters of the cottage, and hung in sable folds at the height of about five feet from the floor. The space beneath was kept pretty clear by innumerable currents of air, which rushed towards the fire from the broken panel of basket-work which served as a door—from two square holes, designed as ostensible windows, through one of which was thrust a plaid, and through the other a battered great-coat—and, moreover, through various less distinguishable apertures in the walls of the tenement, which, being built of round stones and turf, cemented by mud, let in the atmosphere through innumerable crevices." The beds were "cribs of different dimensions beside the walls, formed, some of them of fractured boards, some of shattered wicker-work or plaited boughs, in which slumbered the family of the house, men, women, and children, their places of repose being only concealed by the dusky wreaths of vapour which arose from above, below, and around them." The stable, in which "horses were stowed away along with goats, poultry, pigs, and cows," was "under the same roof with the mansionhouse; although, by a degree of refinement unknown to the rest of the hamlet, and . . . imputed to an overpride on the part of Jeanie MacAlpine, our landlady, the apartment was accommodated with an entrance different from that of her biped customers."

There is the Clachan itself, which consisted of "about a dozen miserable *bourocks*, composed of loose stones, cemented of clay instead of mortar, and thatched by turfs laid rudely upon rafters formed of native and unhewn birches and oaks from the woods around. The roofs approached the ground so nearly, that Andrew Fairservice observed, they might have ridden over the village the night before, and never found out that they were near it, unless their horses' feet had 'gane through the riggin'." And the aspect which the Clachan presented next morning when Captain Thornton and his redcoats left it, to seize Rob Roy in the Pass, where the Captain was well advised that the outlaw was; how vividly photographed! "We were reconnoitred by many a beldam from the half opened door of her cottage. As these sibyls thrust forth their grey heads, imperfectly covered with close caps of flannel, and showed their shrivelled brows, and long skinny arms, with various gestures, shrugs, and muttered expressions in Gaelic addressed to each other, my imagination recurred to the witches of Macbeth, and I imagined I read in the features of these crones the malevolence of the weird sisters. The little children also, who began to crawl forth, some quite naked, and others very imperfectly covered with tatters of tartan stuff, clapped their tiny hands, and grinned at the English soldiers, with an expression of national hate and malignity which seemed beyond their years."

There is the huge rock in the Pass, stretching down to Loch Ard, the road leading to the ledge of it, on which some of Rob's Highlanders were espied, and on the top of which appeared a female of the finest and the most commanding form. "She might be between the term of forty and fifty years, and had a countenance which must once have been of a masculine cast of beauty; though now, imprinted with deep lines by exposure to rough weather, and perhaps by the wasting influence of grief and passion, its features were only strong, harsh, and expressive. She wore her plaid, not drawn around her head and shoulders, as is the fashion of the women in Scotland, but disposed around her body as the Highland soldiers wear theirs. She had a man's bonnet, with a feather in it, an unsheathed sword in her hand, and a pair of pistols at her girdle."

This was Helen MacGregor, Rob Roy's wife. "What seek ye here?" she asked Captain Thornton; and was answered, "We seek the outlaw, Rob Roy MacGregor or Campbell, and make no war on women; therefore offer no opposition to the King's troops, and assure yourself of no evil treatment." The Amazon retorted, "Ay, I am no stranger to your tender mercies. Ye have left me neither name nor fame—my mother's bones will shrink aside in their grave when mine are laid beside them—Ye have left me and mine neither house nor hold, blanket nor bedding, cattle to feed us, or flocks to clothe us—Ye have taken from us all—all! The very name of our ancestors ye have taken away, and now you come for our lives."

The parley ended with orders to the soldiers to move forward. They did so. An ambuscade of Highlanders opened fire on them; and, at the expense of one man slain and two wounded, they won an easy and complete victory. The sergeant, who led the advance, was shot through the body, and perished in the Loch, into which he rolled from the face of the cliff. Others were killed, and some dozen were made prisoners, among whom was Captain Thornton himself.

Here, moreover, was the tree, on which was suspended Bailie Nicol Jarvie, whom, with his

friends Osbaldistone and Fairservice, Thornton had made prisoners the night before, and took with him in this hapless adventure. The Bailie's misfortune happened in this wise:—"The Bailie, to whom I suppose fear had given a temporary share of agility, had ascended about twenty feet from the path, when his foot slipping, as he straddled from one huge fragment of rock to another, he would have slumbered with his father the deacon, whose acts and words he was so fond of quoting, but for a projecting branch of a ragged thorn, which, catching hold of the skirts of his riding coat, supported him in mid air, where he dangled not unlike to the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a mercer in the Trongate of his native city."

Aberfoyle gave one eminent son to the world of letters. William Richardson was born in the manse in 1743, being the son of James Richardson, minister of the parish. When a student of divinity he was appointed tutor to the two sons of Lord Cathcart, with whom he went to Eton, where he remained for two years. In 1768 he accompanied them to St Petersburg, their father having been sent as British Ambassador to the Russian Court, and there the tutor acted as secretary to his Lordship. One of his pupils having died he returned with the survivor to Glasgow in 1772, and soon thereafter was appointed Professor of Humanity in the University of that city, which chair he filled till his death in 1814. His pen was prolific, as the following list of his works shows:—"A Philosophical Analysis and Illustration of some of Shakespeare's Remarkable Characters," 1774; "Cursory Remarks on Tragedy, Shakespeare, and certain Italian and French Poets," 1774; "Poems chiefly Rural," 1774; "Essays on Shakespeare's Dramatic Characters of Richard III., King Lear, and Timon of Athens, with an Essay on the Faults of Shakespeare," 1783; "Anecdotes of the Russian Empire in a Series of Letters written a few years ago from St Petersburg," 1784; "Essays on Shakespeare's Dramatic Character of Falstaff," &c., 1789; "The Indians, a Tragedy," 1799; "Essays on Shakespeare's Dramatic Characters of Macbeth," &c.; "The Maid of Lochlin, a Lyrical Drama, with Odes and other Poems," 1801; "The Philanthrope, a Periodical Essayist," 1797; "Poems and Plays," 1805; "On the Dramatic or Ancient Form of Historical Composition." He also contributed to Stewart's *Edinburgh Magazine and Review* and to the *Mirror and Lounger;* and wrote the Life of Professor Arthur prefixed to his works and an Essay on Celtic Superstition, appended to Dr Graham's Inquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian. Before leaving for St Petersburg, he thus sung his

"Farewell to Aberfoyle.

"To thee my filial bosom beats,
On thee may heaven indulgent smile,
And glad thy innocent retreats,
And bless thee, lovely Aberfoyle.
How pleasing to my pensive mind
The memory of thy bold cascade;
Thy green woo's waving to the wind,
And streams in every vocal glade!

"The simple church, the schoolhouse green.
The gambols of the schoolboy crew,
Meadows and pools, that gleam between,
Rush on my retrospective view;
Shades, too, and lanes by old age sought,
To wander in at close of day,
To ruminate the pious thought,
And pray for children far away.

"Timely descend, ye fost'ring showers!
With plenty bless that humble vale;
And fair arise, ye fragrant flowers,
And healthful blow, thou western gale.
And there, meand'ring Avendow,
By no invidious fen defiled;
Clear may thy youthful current flow!
And love to linger in the wild!"

William Glen, author of "Waes me for Prince Charlie," though not a native of this parish, was intimately connected with it. He married a MacFarlane of Aberfoyle descent, and spent in it the summers of the last eight years of his life. His widow survived him for thirty-two years; and she, with their only daughter, had the management of the Orphan Institution here. She died at Craigie Cottage in June last. Glen, when sojourning in the West Indies, to which his commercial enterprises led him, thus celebrated

"Mary, of Sweet Aberfoyle.

"The sun hadna peeped frae behind the dark billow,
The slow-sinking moon half illumined the scene,
As I lifted my head frae my care-hunted pillow,
An' wandered to muse on the days that were gane.
Sweet hope seemed to smile o'er ideas romantic,
An' gay were the dreams that my soul would beguile,
But my eyes filled wi' tears as I viewed the Atlantic,
An' thought on my Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

"Though far frae my hame in a tropical wild wood,
Yet the fields o' my forefathers rose on my view:
An' I wept when I thought on the days of my childhood,
An' the vision was painful the brighter it grew.
Sweet days! when my bosom with rapture was swelling,
Though I knew it not then, it was love made me smile,
Oh! the snaw wreath is pure when the moonbeams are dwelling,
Yet as pure is my Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

"The orange was bathed in the dews o' the morning,
And the bright draps bespangled the clustering vine,
White were the blossoms the lime trees adorning,
An' brown was the apple that grew on the pine.

Were I as free as an Indian chieftain,
Sic beautiful scenes might give pleasure the while,
But the joy o' a slave is aye waverin' and shiftin',
An' a slave I'm to Mary of sweet Aberfoyle.

"When the mirk cloud o' fortune aboon my head gathers,
An' the golden shower fa's where it ne'er fell before,
Oh! then I'll revisit the land of my fathers,
An' clasp to this bosom the lass I adore.
Hear me, ye angels, who watch o'er my maiden
(Like ane o' yoursel's she is free frae a' guile),
Pure as was love in the garden o' Eden,
Sae pure is my Mary of sweet Aberfoyle."

About the time of the Revolution, Robert Kirk was minister of Aberfoyle. He was a man of some talent and learning, and a good Gaelic scholar. He was the first who translated the Psalms of David into Gaelic verse. He was sent to London to superintend a republication of the Irish Bible for the use of the Scotch Highlanders; to which he appended a brief Gaelic Vocabulary. Hence the inscription on his tombstone, near the east end of the church: "Robertus Kirk, A.M., Linguæ Hiberniæ Lumen." He was also the author of "The Secret Commonwealth; or An Essay of the Nature and Actions of the Subterranean and Invisible People, the Elves, Faunes or Fairies, or the Lyke, among the Low-country Scots, as they are described by those who have the second sight." Kirk was a devout believer in the fairy superstition; and he could not have been better situated for becoming acquainted with this class of beings. They abounded in Aberfoyle; and had their favourite residences in the beautiful conical hills and knolls scattered over it, and which mortal creatures were vain enough to think had been made only for them. "They are believed," says Dr John Leyden, "to inhabit certain round grassy eminences, where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth, above Lochcon (one of the Lochs of Aberfoyle), there is a place called Coir-shi'an, or the Cove of the Men of Peace (one of the names of the fairies), which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood are to be seen many round conical eminences; particularly one near the head of the lake, by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset. It is believed, that if, on Hallow-eve, any person, alone, goes round one of these hills nine times, towards the left hand, a door shall be open, by which he shall be admitted into their subterraneous abodes."

It would seem that Kirk brought to light more of the secrets of the fairies than was agreeable to them. But they had their revenge. "He was walking, it is said," so writes Dr Graham, one of his successors, "one evening in his night-gown, upon the little eminence to the west of the present manse, which is still reckoned a Dun Shi' (an abode of the Men of Peace). He fell down dead, as was believed; but this was not his fate:—

'It was between the night and day,
When the fairy king has power,
That he sunk down (but not) in sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.'

"Mr Kirk was the near relation of Graham of Duchray, the ancestor of the present General Graham Stirling. Shortly after his funeral, he appeared in the dress in which he had sunk down, to a mutual relation of his own and of Duchray. 'Go,' said he to him, 'to my cousin Duchray, and tell him that I am not dead; I fell down in a swoon, and was carried into fairy-land, where I now am. Tell him, that when he and my friends are assembled at the baptism of my child (for he had left his wife pregnant), I will appear in the room, and that if he throws the knife which he holds in his hand over my head, I will be released, and restored to human society.' The man, it seems, neglected, for some time, to deliver the message. Mr Kirk appeared to him a second time, threatened to haunt him night and day till he executed his commission, which, at length, he did. The time of the baptism arrived. They were seated at table; Mr Kirk entered, but the laird of Duchray, by some unaccountable fatality, neglected to perform the prescribed ceremony. Mr Kirk retired by another door, and was seen no more. It is firmly believed that he is, at this day, in Fairy-land."

Kirk's successor was William Fisher, who, in the days of Prelacy, had been minister of Eastwood, near Glasgow. During his incumbency there he had saved the life of Sir John Maxwell of Pollok by affording him shelter when he was under proscription for his adherence to Presbytery. Sir John afterwards became one of the Senators of the College of Justice, taking the title of Lord Pollok. On his Lordship's recommendation, the Marquis of Montrose took Fisher, who had been ejected from Eastwood, for his domestic chaplain, and in 1696 the Marquis intruded him into Aberfoyle, and he continued minister of the parish till 1732. He was the last Prelatic minister who was permitted to hold a parochial charge in Scotland after the Revolution.

In 1770, the Duke of Montrose presented Archibald Bruce to the parish. He was ignorant of Gaelic; and when the Presbytery met at Aberfoyle to moderate in a call to him, the parishioners mobbed them, and prevented them from proceeding. They would not have a minister who could not

speak to them except in an unknown tongue. The General Assembly sustained their objection to Bruce.

Patrick Graham (afterwards D.D), whose name is familiar in these parts as the author of the delightful small volume entitled "Sketches of Perthshire," was appointed minister of Aberfoyle in 1787, and died in 1835, in the forty-eighth year of his ministry. "He was eminent for the variety and extent of his literary acquirements, a profound scholar, an able divine, and elegant writer, and published several works of well-known merit. He was, besides, long engaged, as a member of the Committee of the General Assembly, in revising the new edition of the Gaelic Scriptures."

CALLANDER.

For the oldest Historic Scene in this parish we must mount some 3000 feet, to the top of Ben Ledi, The Hill of God. So the name signifies, and the hill was so named because, in Pagan times, it was a great seat of Druid worship. On the top of it is a considerable level, with a long walk covered with the smoothest turf, manifestly laid by the hand of man. There is no stone, or circle of stones, on the sacred space, nor any other monument of the superstitions practised on it. The sun, the god fire of the Druids, the Bel or Baal of Oriental idolatry, was worshipped here. His festival began on the first day of May, which was hence called Beltan or Bal-tein. The solemnity lasted for three days and three nights, during which the inhabitants of the adjacent country crowded the summit of Ben Ledi, kindled the sacred fire to their great idol, and performed many other rites in which they paid him sacred honours. The observances of Beltan had not become quite obsolete in Callander so lately as towards the close of the last century, when the Old Statistical Account of the parish was published. The writer of that account says:—

"The people of this district have two customs, which are fast wearing out, not only here, but all over the Highlands, and therefore ought to be taken notice of while they remain. Upon the first day of May, which is called Beltan or Bal-tein day, all the boys in a township or hamlet meet on the moors. They cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by casting a trench in the ground of such circumference as to hold the whole company. They kindle a fire, and dress a repast of eggs and milk in the consistence of a custard. They knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up they divide the cake into so many portions, as similar as possible to one another in size and shape as there are persons in the company. They daub one of these portions all over with charcoal until it be perfectly black. They put all the bits of the cake into a bonnet. Every one, blindfold, draws out a portion. He who holds the bonnet is entitled to the last bit. Whoever draws the black bit is the *devoted* person who is to be sacrificed to Baal, whose favour they mean to implore in rendering the year productive of the sustenance of man and beast. There is little doubt of these inhuman sacrifices having been once offered in this country, as well as in the East, although they now pass from the act of sacrificing, and only compel the *devoted* person to leap three times through the flames, with which the ceremonies of the festival are closed. The other custom is, that on All Saints Even they set up bonfires in every village. When the bonfire is consumed the ashes are carefully collected in the form of a circle. There is a stone put in, near the circumference, for every person of the several families interested in the bonfire; and whatever stone is moved out of its place, or injured before next morning, the person represented by that stone is devoted, or *fey*; and is supposed not to live twelve months from that day. The people received the consecrated fire from the Druid priests next morning, the virtues of which were supposed to continue for a year."

There is another Historic Scene on Ben Ledi, to which, though not nearly so ancient as Druid times, we may advert before descending from the mountain. It is the small loch upon it called Lochan-nan-corp, which is, by interpretation, The Small Loch of the Dead Bodies. It received its name from a very melancholy occurrence. A funeral party from Glenfinlas were passing over the mountain to the churchyard of St Bride, where they were to bury a corpse which they carried. It was a time of hard frost, and snow covered the ground. They pursued their course across the loch, either betrayed by the snow, or imagining that the frozen surface was strong enough to bear them. The ice gave way under their feet; and the whole company, numbering, it is said, two hundred persons, perished in the loch.

It was at one time pretty generally thought that there had been a Roman encampment on the plain of Bochastle, by the side of the Teith. Certain lines on that plain were supposed to be vestiges of the walls or ramparts by which the camp was enclosed

and defended. The torrent which "breaks in silver from" Loch Vennachar,

> "Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
> On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
> Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
> Of yore her eagle wings unfurled."

Before Scott thus sang, these "mouldering lines" had been otherwise interpreted. Dr Robertson, minister of the parish, had said in the Statistical Account of it, that on the site of the supposed encampment, "there is nothing which resembles such a work of the Romans. The Roman camps were drawn with straight lines and right angles. There is neither the one nor the other here; no ditch or fosse. The bank itself has a great deal more earth than any mound that surrounds any Roman camp in this part of the world, and therefore altogether unnecessary for resisting any mode of attack which was practised at the time the Romans paid their visit to this country." And since Scott so sang, Dr Graham wrote thus:—"Near the east end of the village (Callander) the Roman Camp, a neat and elegant seat on the property of the Hon. Mr Burrell, is passed upon the left; it has obtained its name from a beautiful *lusus naturæ*, somewhat resembling the lines of a Roman encampment, which is to be seen there, formed unquestionably by the workings of the river before it had found its bed."

There are in this quarter the remains of several old buildings, marking spots more or less historic. One of these is the conical artificial mound at the north west corner of the parish cemetery. Here stood the old church of the parish, dedicated to St Kessaig (*alias* Kessog, Mac-Kessog, Mechesseock, &c.), who was much honoured in Callander. Hence the name of the mound, Tom-ma-Kessaig, that is, The Mount of St Kessog. His day was on the 10th of March, old style; and his memory is preserved in the name of the principal fair at Callander, which is called Feill-ma-chessaig, that is, The Festival of St Kessog. The church of Auchterarder, as we noted when there, was also dedicated to him. But Lennox was the province in Scotland that was most blessed with his presence and work.

St Kessog, we may state, was Irish by birth, and was of the race of the most illustrious kings of Ireland. The power of working miracles was conferred on him in his childhood. We are told that his father, on one occasion, invited the princes who were of the same race with him to a banquet; that having gone too near a pool with Kessog, who was still a child, they all fell in; that Kessog alone returned to his father to tell what had happened; but that, after a night of prayer, he restored his drowned companions to life. He performed many like signs and wonders in Scotland, which we do not detail. Dying at length in Luss, one tradition bears that his body, embalmed in sweet herbs, was carried to Cashel, his native place, for interment; that the herbs, which were called "luss" in Gaelic, germinated; and that this gave its name to the parish of Luss. Robert the Bruce granted a charter to John of Luss (1292-1333), "for the reverance and honour of our patron, the most holy man, the blessed Kessog;" and, in 1333, he granted to the church of Luss—to God and the blessed Kessog—a sanctuary-girth of three miles. The charter is preserved in Buchanan House. The holy bell of St Kessog was held in reverence in Lennox as lately as the seventeenth century.

Another of the remains to which we are now pointing is a circular rampart on the farm of Achinlaich, and which had been surrounded by a single ditch and a mound of earth. There is a third on the top of the Dun above Bochastle, and which had been protected by three tiers of ditches and mounds. And there is a fourth oval rampart on a ridge of rising ground near the bridge of Bracklinn, and which had also been defended by a single ditch.

Opinions as to these forts are very various and uncertain. Were they Caledonian, Roman, or Danish? Looking at their circular form, we are inclined to think that they were Caledonian; but successful invaders, whether southern or northern, would of course occupy them, and make use of them for their own ends. What purposes were they originally intended to serve? They were intended, we may believe, to serve the threefold purpose of watchtowers, signal posts, and places of refuge in times of danger. Fires lighted on them would be seen at great distances; and, lighted on like heights, they would in a few minutes give an alarm over a very wide extent of territory.

The old Castle of Callander was close by where the parish manse stands. It was a square tower of considerable height, constructed more with a view to strength than elegance. Out of the materials of it a mill and a dam-dyke were built in 1737; and from what remained of it the manse was built in 1733. The first known owners of the Castle and barony were the Callanders, who, as was usual in their times, took their name from their lands. The family was a very old one, and comes into view in the thirteenth century. Patrick de Callander of that Ilk espoused the cause of Edward Baliol, for which he was forfeited by David II. In 1347, his estates were conferred on Sir William Livingston, ancestor of the Earls of Linlithgow and Callander; and he made his title to them doubly sure, by marrying Christian Callander, daughter and heiress

of the said Patrick. His descendant, Alexander, seventh Lord Livingston, was created Earl of Linlithgow in 1600, and his third son was created Earl of Callander in 1641. He rebuilt or repaired the Castle of Callander, as is testified by a stone from its ruins, built into the front wall of the manse. The stone bears his initials, A. L., and those of his lady, E. H., that is, Eleanor Hay, who was the only daughter of the seventh Earl of Errol. The Livingstons parted with the barony of Callander about 1630, when it was purchased by the noble House of Perth, in whose possession it still remains. It was forfeited, with the rest of the Perth estates, for the share which the family had in the Rebellion of 1745. When restored to them in 1784, there was great rejoicing in the whole district; and the event was celebrated by a splendid bonfire on the ground on which the old Castle had stood. The late Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby, the parents of the present Baroness Willoughby de Eresby, did much to improve the aspect and comfort of the village of Callander; and to add to the attractions of the whole district.

Kilmahog, the second village in the parish, has some claim to be reckoned an Historic Scene. The name signifies the cell of St Chug. We presume that this must have been a somewhat obscure saint. We, at least, have not found his name in any Calendar of the saints which we have by us. We have no knowledge of him, and therefore cannot commemorate the sanctity that adorned him, and the miracles that he wrought; both which were necessary to raise him to a place in the Calendar. But our library, we are ashamed to confess, is very scantily supplied with saint lore. Contiguous to Kilmahog is a small enclosed burying ground with a number of modern tombstones. Here, it is said, stood the church of St Chug, from whom the village took its name.

At a comparatively recent date, Bracklin Bridge was the scene of a very tragic event. The bridge is made of rough planks covered with turf, is only three feet wide, and spans a chasm where the Keltie falls from a height of above fifty feet. In the fourth decade of this century "a marriage party from Stirling that had been visiting Callander walked to the bridge to enjoy the romantic grandeur which it exhibited. When one of the bride's maidens was crossing the gangway, which then vibrated by the tread, another of the party, a male, by way of giving her a harmless fright, suddenly grasped her gown, when the alarmed maiden, losing self-confidence, stumbled, and painful to relate, was forthwith precipitated into the abyss beneath. Her unwitting companion, seeing the fearful consequences of his rash act, had tried to prevent her fall, and in the attempt was likewise plunged into the water. They shared the same fate, having both perished."

The Lochearnhead Road, leading by Leny House, the elegant seat of John Buchanan Hamilton, Esq., and through the Pass of Leny, so much admired for the rare combination it presents of the beautiful, the romantic, and the sublime, conducts us to some of our Scenes. North of the Pass, at the lower end of Strathyre, and on a small romantic knoll, stood the chapel of St Bride, with its burying ground, to which the funeral party who were drowned in Lochan-nan-corp, were carrying their dead. St Bride, Bridget, or Brigida, is the third saint whom we have had to mention as much honoured in Callander, a pleasing proof of the singular piety of the parish. We met with her at Abernethy, and to the little we then said of her we may here add two or three specimens of her miracles. They will make up somewhat for our lack of information about St Chug.

To balk the cherished designs of her parents, who were bent on giving her in marriage, Bridget prayed the Lord to send her some deformity. The petition was granted. One of her eyes burst and melted in her head. When she took the veil, as she made her vow of chastity in the presence of a most holy bishop, she touched with her hand the wooden pillar on which the altar rested. The wood henceforth remained as if it had been green, or as if it had not been cut and stripped of its bark, flourished in its roots, and healed many impotent people. Out of one barrel Bridget supplied beer to eighteen churches, which lasted from Maundy Thursday to the end of Easter. A leprous woman asked for milk when there was none at hand. Bridget gave her cold water instead, which turned into milk, and when the woman drank it her leprosy was cleansed. About the same time she cured another leper, and gave sight to ten blind men. Journeying on an urgent errand, she slipped and fell at a ford, and her head was cut. With the blood which flowed from the wound she gave two dumb women their speech. In a great council a certain female affiliated her child on a bishop. He denied the paternity. Bridget settled the question. Having signed the mother with the sign of the cross, who shook, as this was being done, from head to foot, she asked the little infant, "Who is thy father?" and he at once answered, "The bishop is not my father; but a certain man at the foot of the table, base and vile." In a time of famine, Bridget went to Bishop Ybarns to beg fruits from him. It was Lent, and he had no other bread; so he placed before her a hard stone with lard, which she and the

bishop ate. Two of her maidens, wishing to eat flesh, hid it, and it was straightway turned into two serpents. Bridget severely rebuked them in the presence of the bishop, and on their repentance, after prayer, the serpents were turned into bread. The collector of these precious memorials piously concludes thus :—"After many such wonderful miracles Bridget migrated to the Lord."

On the left bank of Loch Lubnaig, and about the middle of the Loch, is Ardchullerie, which has one interesting historic association. It was the property of James Bruce of Kinnaird, the celebrated Eastern traveller; whose credit for accuracy and sagacity in observing and fidelity in reporting recent travellers, who have followed him in his track, have done much to raise. Ardchullerie was for years the favourite residence of Bruce, when he was engaged in preparing his Travels in Abyssinia for the press. They appeared in 1790, in five large quarto volumes, embellished with plates and charts, and dedicated to his Majesty.

On the summit of one of the heights of Bochastle is a large block of rock, which is called Samson's Stone. We see it stated that it is not known why it got this name, or how it was placed in such a position. But it were easy to conjecture. We found the Chief of Zorah on a tour at Comrie, and playing at the putting-stone there. It is hardly to be supposed that he would be so near Callander and the Trosachs without paying them a visit; and what more likely than that he would show his strength and skill at the same game here as at Comrie, and that, having done so, he would throw up his stone on the peak where it has since rested?

West of Bochastle is Carchonzie—the Enclosure of Lamentation; so called because of a bloody battle, much lamented, that was fought here between two hostile clans. West of it is Coilantogle Ford, in the neighbourhood of which the combat took place between Roderick Dhu and Fitz-James. We say so in the hope that, on ground which "The Lady of the Lake" has made enchanted as well as classic, our readers will allow us to mingle a few Scenes of Romance with our Scenes of History—

> "Then each at once his falchion drew,
> Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
> Each looked to sun, and stream and plain,
> As what they ne'er might see again;
> Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
> In dubious strife they darkly closed.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> They tug, they strain! down, down they go,
> The Gael above, Fitz-James below
> The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
> His knee was planted in his breast;
> His clotted locks he backward threw,
> Across his brow his hand he drew,
> From blood and mist to clear his sight,
> Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
> —But hate and fury ill supplied
> The stream of life's exhausted tide,
> And all too late the advantage came,
> To turn the odds of deadly game;
> For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
> Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
> Down came the blow, but in the heath
> The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
> The struggling foe may now unclasp
> The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
> Unwounded from the dreadful close,
> But breathless all, Fitz-James arose."

On the northern shore of Loch Vennachar is Coill-a-chroin—the Wood of Lamentation; so called because of a very horrid tragedy which the Kelpie once performed at this place. This Spirit of the Waters, as Dr Jamieson has observed, is vulgarly believed to give previous intimation of the destruction of those who perish within his jurisdiction, by preternatural lights and noises, and even to assist in drowning them. A number of children were one day playing here on the bank of Loch Vennachar. The Kelpie issued from the Loch in the form of a very beautiful horse, which attracted and charmed the youngsters. "Such was its apparent gentleness that one of the children, after having long admired its beauty, ventured to mount it; another, and another, followed his example, till the whole of them had mounted, the creature gradually lengthening his back to admit their numbers as they advanced; he then instantly plunged into the deep, and devoured them all in his watery cave, except one, who, by a singular fortune, escaped to tell the tale."

On the southern shore of Loch Vennachar is Invertrossachs, now the seat of George Addison Cox, Esq. Invertrossachs House would have some excuse though it were the proudest mansion in the whole country here. Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, greatly honoured it in 1869. On the first of September that year she arrived at Callander, on a visit to the Trosachs; and during her sojourn she occupied Invertrossachs House, then the property of Stewart MacNaughton, Esq.

At the western extremity of the Loch, and on the north side of it, is Lanrick Mead, the muster place of Clan Alpine, as Roderick Dhu said to his henchman, Malise :—

> "'Speed, Malise, speed!' he said, and gave
> The crosslet to his henchman brave.
> 'The muster place be Lanrick mead—
> Instant the time—speed, Malise, speed.'"

Here it was that, on the signal given by the

Chieftain, the clan started up from the hill on the right, making the life-blood of Fitz-James "thrill to his heart," brave as he was :—

> "He whistled shrill,
> And he was answered from the hill;
> Wild as the scream of the curlew
> From crag to crag the signal flew.
> Instant, through copse and heath, arose
> Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
> On right, on left, above, below,
> Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
> From shingles grey their lances start,
> The rushes and the willow-wand
> Are bristling into axe and brand,
> And every tuft of broom gives life
> To plaided warrior armed for strife."

West of Lanrick Mead is Duncraggan. Malise reached it with the Fiery Cross on the day of Duncan's burial, and

> "Before the dead man's bier he stood,
> Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood,
> 'The muster place is Lanrick Mead,
> Speed forth the signal, clansmen, speed.'"

And leaving babes and women to mourn the dead,

> "Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
> Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign."

A little further west is Bridge of Turk, where, according to Highland tradition, a wild boar, which had done much mischief in the district, was killed in days of yore. Here Fitz-James, in the chase, lost sight of all his followers.

> "Few were the stragglers, following far,
> That reached the lake of Vennachar,
> And when the Bridge of Turk was won,
> The headmost horseman rode alone."

From Bridge of Turk a road leads northwards, through a deep and rugged gorge. There, under a rock, over which the water of Turk precipitates itself in a "thundering cascade," an outlaw had his hiding place in former times, a woman supplying him with provisions, which she lowered down from the precipice, and he drawing up water for himself from the black pool below with a flagon, let down by a string. It was here, too, that Brian performed the *Taghairm*, in order to learn the fate of Roderick Dhu's warlike expedition. "Duncraggan's milk-white bull

> "Was slain; his reeking hide
> They stretched the cataract beside,
> Whose waters their white tumult toss
> Adown the black and craggy boss
> Of that huge cliff whose ample verge
> Tradition calls the Hero's Targe."

Sir Walter thus explains in a Note this superstitious method of inquiring into the future, and lifting the veil off it. "The Highlanders, like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futurity. One of the most noted was the *Taghairm*, mentioned in the text. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly-slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed, and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination, passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits, who haunt these desolate recesses."

The road through this defile leads into Glenfinlas, once a royal deer forest, in which the Kings of Scotland were wont to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. Scott made it the scene of one of his early ballads, which he entitled "Glenfinlas, or Lord Ronald's Coronach." In a short Preface he gives this account of the theme of the ballad :—"The tradition, upon which the following stanzas are founded, runs thus :—While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bathy* (a hut, built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish, that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the syren, who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut; but the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend, into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women."

The song is too long for quotation; but for the sake of our readers who have not seen it, and to entice them to possess themselves of the Poetical Works of its author, which they may now do for the marvellously small sum of sixpence, we shall transcribe the last four stanzas of it.

> "Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
> Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
> There never son of Albin's hills
> Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!
>
> "E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
> At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
> Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
> The wayward Ladies of the Glen.
>
> "And we—behind the chieftain's shield,
> No more shall we in safety dwell;

None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

"O hone a rie! O hone a rie!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fallen Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!"

Strathgartney, embracing a large tract of the parish, lies on the west of Glenfinlas; and it is stated in the Old Statistical Account, that it "seems to have borrowed its name from Gartnach or Gretney, the second Earl of Mar, who possessed this tract of land in the year 1114. It was afterwards exchanged by the eleventh Earl of Mar for the estate of Alloa, which was then in the possession of the Crown, having been forfeited by Baliol, the unsuccessful competitor for the royalty."

A short distance west of Bridge of Turk is "lovely Loch Achray"—The Loch of the Field of Devotion: so some Gaelic scholars interpret the name; derived, it is supposed, from a Druid temple, which stood on what is now the farm of Achray, on the south-west shore of the loch.

"Immediately upon leaving Loch Achray, you enter the magnificent amphitheatre which forms the first opening of the Trosachs"—the famous Trosachs; the bristled territory; for so the name signifies. The scenery of the territory is unique aad ravishing. We shall make no attempt to describe it. Scenery is not our theme; and though it were, that of the Trosachs, as Dr Graham truly said, "baffles all description." There are many word-pictures of it, in both prose and verse, from the pens of master-painters. These it were easy for us to present, but we shall not; they totally fail to give any adequate idea of their subject. To be known, the Trosachs must be visited; and the visitor should take with him an eye to see, and a taste to appreciate the wild, the lovely, and the grand; if he is not to be like the natives in the neighbourhood, in Dr Graham's day, who "perceived no beauty in such scenery as the Trosachs exhibited, and frequently expressed their surprise at the concourse of admiring strangers who repair thither every season;" or like the Cockney who fell into a rather ludicrous mistake: after travelling all the way from London to see the Trosachs, his idea on reaching it was that he was looking on a piece of painted scenery, or an artificial curiosity *got up* by the natives. Taken by mine host of Ardcheanochrochan into the very heart of the charming amphitheatre, he expressed his Cockney admiration of it in these terms, the loftiest and the most emphatic that he could command:—"D—sh clever! Very well got up, indeed! As neat an article as e'er I saw! Beats Drury Lane quite to sticks!"

The Trosachs furnishes us with one Historic Scene. In the time of the Commonwealth, a detachment of Cromwell's soldiers passed through one of the gorges of it; that which led down to Loch Katrine, about half-way between Ben An and the Loch, by the track called Yea-chailleach, or the Old Wife's Bog. The native Highlanders hung on the rear of the soldiers, and greatly annoyed them. One of Cromwell's men was shot, and was buried in the gorge, at the spot called to this day Beal'-an-Duine—the Pass of the Man.

Sir Walter Scott has made this gorge the scene of a bloody encounter between the Gael and the Saxon, which he calls the battle of Beal'-an-Duine, and which his muse has sung in high martial strains. We give a few specimen lines:—

"At last there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell;
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their plight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear."

It was in this gorge, we may note, that Fitz-James's "gallant grey" finished his course, perishing of exhaustion:

—"Stumbling on the rugged hill,
The gallant horse exhausted fell,
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein;
For the good steed, his labours o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs to rise no more,
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrow'd o'er the expiring horse.'

A narrow pass of about half a mile in length conducts to Loch Katrine, the queen in some respects of our Scottish Lochs. It is ten miles long, and attains in some places a breadth of two miles; and is encircled by lofty mountains, two of them standing, one on either side, "like giants, to sentinel the enchanted land."

"High on the south, huge Ben-venue,
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare."

The beautiful isle in the east end of the Loch was a place of retreat and refuge in times of danger.

Cromwell's soldiers were on their way to it, when they passed through the defile in the Trosachs, and had the skirmish with the natives of which we have already written. To secure their wives and children, and their most valuable effects, from the rapacity of those Southrons, the people of the surrounding country had secreted them in this isle. The Republican troops, having smelled the place of their concealment, resolved to attack the island, and to plunder it. "One of the party, more expert than the rest, swam to the island, to fetch the boat to his comrades, which had carried the women to their asylum, and lay moored in one of the creeks. His companions stood on the shore of the mainland, in full view of all that was to pass, waiting anxiously for his return with the boat. But, just as the swimmer had got to the nearest point of the island, and was laying hold of a black rock to get on shore, a heroine, who stood on the very point where he meant to land, hastily snatching a dagger from below her apron, with one stroke severed his head from his body. His party, seeing the disaster, and relinquishing all future hope of revenge or conquest, made the best of their way out of their perilous situation. The Amazon's great grandson lives (1806) at Bridge of Turk, who, besides others, attests the anecdote."

This heroine was Helen Stewart. She gave her name to this isle; it is after her that it is called "Ellen's Isle," and, which is more, she suggested the name of the Lady of the Lake for the romance, in which the magician has made the whole country "seem the scenery of a fairy dream."

On this isle Fitz-James passed the night after he lost his good steed in the Trosachs, spending it in "Ellen's bower," which the poet has described with such admirable felicity.

> "It was a lodge of ample size,
> But strange of structure and device;
> Of such materials as around
> The workman's hand had readiest found;
> Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
> And by the hatchet rudely squared,
> To give the walls their destined height,
> The sturdy oak and ash unite;
> While moss and clay and leaves combined
> To fence each crevice from the wind,
> The lighter pine trees overhead
> Their slender length for rafters spread,
> And withered heath and rushes dry
> Supplied a russet canopy.
> Due westward, fronting to the green,
> A rural portico was seen,
> Aloft on native pillars borne,
> Of mountain fir, with bark unshorn,
> Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
> The ivy and Idæan vine,
> The clematis, the favoured flower,
> Which boasts the name of virgin bower,
> And every hardy plant could bear
> Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
> An instant in this port she staid,
> And gaily to the stranger said,
> 'On heaven and on thy lady call,
> And enter the enchanted hall!'"

The late Lord and Lady Willoughby erected a grotto on the spot indicated; copying as closely as they could the poet's description of "Ellen's bower;" but it is deeply to be regretted that it was burned down, either by accident, or by being set on fire by the hand of some miscreant.

On the north shoulder of Ben-venue is Coir-nan-Uriskin, or, The Cave of the Goblins. We wrote of it as given to the Menteith fairies, when they left that quarter, after being beat to make a rope of sand. It would seem that those supernaturals were of the class of "drudging goblins," resembling, if not identical with, the Scottish Brownies, who, in the happy times that are gone, did so much of the servile work of the land; one of them, for example, thrashing in one night with his shadowy flail as much corn as ten men would have thrashed in a day. For such service they were dispersed over the country; and their Dell here was chiefly for the solemn conventions which they statedly held about the common affairs of their order.

It was a wild and dismal recess, surrounded with stupendous rocks, and shaded with trees, through the dense foliage of which a ray of light could scarcely pierce. Noontide was twilight in it; and when the sun sunk behind the Grampians, the darkness of it might be felt. Yet here Douglas and his daughter Ellen hid for a night from Roderick Dhu.

> "Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
> Seemed nodding o'er the cavern grey.
> From such a den the wolf had sprung,
> In such the wild-cat leaves her young;
> Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
> Sought for a space their safety there.
> Grey Superstition's whisper dread
> Debarred the spot to vulgar tread:
> For there, she said, did fays resort,
> And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
> By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
> And blast the rash beholder's gaze."

Towards the west end of Loch Katrine there are three islets resting on its placid bosom. On one of these the Macgregors had a stronghold in olden days, some traces of which are yet to be seen. It must have been a very secure residence; impregnable, indeed, when artillery was unknown. It was on another of these islets that Rob Roy detained for several days Graham of Killearn, factor of the Duke

of Montrose, after easing him of the rents which he had just collected at Chapel Erroch, as has been already narrated by us.

On the whole shore of Loch Katrine the eye of the poet has descried objects which have "raptured and amazed" many besides Fitz-James.

> "On this bold brow a lordly tower,
> In that soft vale a lady's bower,
> On yonder meadow far away
> The turrets of a cloister grey."

The eye of the historian is not quite so discerning as that of the poet. It cannot fail, however, to note with interest, on the western shore of the Loch, Glengyle, in the heart of the country of the Macgregors, and long the seat of that branch of them to which, as we told before, Rob Roy belonged. He was the younger son of Donald Macgregor of Glengyle, and on the death of his brother, the laird, he was tutor to his nephew, Gregor Macgregor of Glengyle. The family were well located for their occupation. The fastnesses of the country afforded them excellent facilities for stowing the booty with which they returned from their predatory incursions into the Lowlands.

We must not quit Loch Katrine without saying that Queen Victoria visited it on a memorable occasion. In 1859 the Corporation of Glasgow completed the works for conveying from the Loch a supply of water for their city. The water, it may be observed, is first conducted through a mountain by a tunnel 6975 feet long, and then by aqueducts, pipes, and tunnels, for a distance of twenty-five miles, to Mugdock, a reservoir about eight miles from the city. The supply amounts to over 32,000,000 of gallons a day; and the works are so constructed as to be capable of supplying a considerably larger quantity. The undertaking was a gigantic one. The execution of it extended over a period of three years, and cost upwards of a million and a half of money. Her Majesty was requested to open the works, which she graciously did on the 14th of October, 1859, in the presence of a vast concourse of people, who made the welkin ring with their jubilant acclamations.

Callander has had several sons of some eminence. The most distinguished of these seems to have been Dr Francis Buchanan, third son of Thomas Buchanan of Spittal, by his wife, Elizabeth Hamilton, heiress of Bardowie, in the county of Lanark. Francis was born at Branziet in 1762. The Old Statistical Account says of him:—"The most learned person, who is known to have belonged to this parish, is Dr Francis Buchanan, at present in the East Indies. In classical and medical knowledge he has few equals, and is well acquainted with the whole system of nature." He studied medicine in the University of Edinburgh, taking his degree in 1783. His first engagement was that of an assistant surgeon on board a man-of-war, which ill-health compelled him to resign. After that, some time before 1791, he went to India, where he remained continuously for twenty-four years. He held high appointments, professional and other, both from the East India Company, and from the Governor General, the Marquis Wellesley. In fulfilling these he had occasion to sojourn in various parts of India; and while performing faithfully the services intrusted to him, he was ever pursuing more or less his favourite studies in natural history. He returned home in 1815, and spent the remaining years of his life at Leny. His eldest brother, who was a military man and rose to the rank of Colonel, had, on his inheriting his mother's property of Bardowie, assumed the name of Hamilton. Dr Francis did the same, on his succeeding to the family estates at the Colonel's death; and in 1821 he established his claim to be regarded as the Chief of the Buchanan Clan. His death took place in 1829, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He made Leny a gem among the seats of the Perthshire gentry. He was a member of several learned societies, and a fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh. Besides being a frequent contributor to several of the scientific journals of his day, he enriched our literature with the following works:—"A Journey from Madras through the countries of the Mysore, Canara, and Malabar, performed under the orders of Marquis Wellesley, for the express purpose of investigating the state of Agriculture, Arts, and Commerce; the Religion, Manners, and Customs; the History, natural and civil, and Antiquities, in the dominions of the Rajah of Mysore, and the countries acquired by the Hon. East India Company, in the late and former wars, from Tippoo Sultaun"; "Account of Nepaul and the Territories annexed to it by the House of Goorkha"; "A Genealogy of the Hindoo Gods"; and "An Account of the Fishes of the Ganges."

James Menzies, minister of Callander at the Revolution, was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for his Jacobitism, but, notwithstanding this sentence, he managed to intrude himself on the parish, and to continue in the charge till 1716.

CULROSS DISTRICT.

This is the smallest of the Districts into which Perthshire is divided. It comprehends only the parishes of Culross and Tulliallan.

CULROSS.

The oldest Historic Scene in this parish is the Culdee cell or church. According to Winton it was founded about A.D. 700 by Bridei, who stands as the twenty-fifth in the Chronological Table of the Pictish Kings, first printed by Innes from an ancient MS. in the Colbertine Library, which had once belonged to Lord Burleigh. The cell which Bridei erected was close to the Forth, at the east end of the town of Culross, and on the spot where latterly a chapel stood, dedicated to St Mungo or Kentigern, some remains of which were visible at no distant date.

The whole of this district was evangelized by St Serf, who has already come under our notice. He was the first apostle of Christianity to it. Winton says that he resided many years at Culross before he went to Loch Leven, with which his name is so much associated; and that he returned to Culross, and died at it in a good old age, and was buried in the church of it. Gordon, in his Monasticon, states that his death took place about the year 540; and that this is one of the few points in his history that seem to be authentic. His residence at Culross was called the Hermitage, and it stood on the ground where the Abbey was reared from six to seven centuries afterwards, when Romanism supplanted Culdeeism. It had the germs of what Culdee establishments developed more fully in subsequent times. While the abode of St Serf, it was a church in which he presided in all the chief offices of religion performed in it. It was a college as well as a church; "a school of the prophets," in which pious young men were educated for the ministry, and more especially for mission work, that they might streak with some rays of gospel light the gross darkness that covered the land; and St Serf was their tutor. Joceline expressly says of him that, while living at Culross, he "trained up many boys in sacred learning."

One of his pupils was the above named St Mungo, the famous patron Saint of Glasgow. He was born at Culross; and the circumstances of his birth were very singular. He is said to have been the son of Eugenius III., King of the Scots, by Thametis, a daughter of Lothus, King of the Picts. Lothus was still a heathen. Thametis was a convert to Christianity, but not yet baptised. Conceiving a passion to emulate the "Blessed Virgin," she was by and by gratified. Her condition she could not explain; she could only protest that there had been no sin on her part to account for it. Not being believed, her punishment was to be put into a boat at Aberlady; to be conducted out into the open sea, beyond the Isle of May; and to be there abandoned to the mercy of the waves. The tide drifted her to the sandy beach near Culross. Landing, and dragging herself to a place where the embers of a fire some shepherds had kindled still smouldered, she succeeded in rekindling them, and there she brought forth her son, "angels standing around her," says the Aberdeen Breviary, and singing praises to God. St Serf was in his cell, engaged in saying his morning prayers, when the melody of the heavenly worshippers fell on his ears. Rapt into ectasy, he joined his lauds with theirs. Meantime the shepherds found the mother and the child; cherished them with warmth and food; and brought them to the Saint. He received them joyfully, to be inmates of his establishment; and as the child grew, he trained him up in knowledge, piety, and virtue. His pupil had "a docile heart, an apt intelligence, a tenacious memory, and a beautiful face." And preternatural intimations of his high destiny were not wanting. The Breviary of Aberdeen assures us that, while yet a youth, he was signalized by miracles. By prayer and the sign of the cross, he resuscitated St Serf's robin redbreast; with a branch which he ignited with a word, he rekindled the light of the church when some enemy had extinguished it; and he restored to life the cook of the establishment, who had taken ill and died.

The church of Culross was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and also to St Serf, who was the tutelar Saint of the parish. His festival was originally kept on the 1st of July; but in the worldliness and profaneness of these latter days, it was transferred to the 4th of June, the birthday of George III., to reduce the number of holidays, which a degenerate age felt too many to be borne. It is a noteworthy proof, however, of the power of old customs that, so late as the reign of George III., the Culrossites observed the day with much ceremony; "parading the streets and environs of the town early in the morning, with large branches of birch and other trees, accompanied with drums and other musical instruments, and adorning the Cross, and another public place called the Tron, with a profusion of flowers formed into different devices."

There are in the parish traces of two camps, which are generally regarded as Danish. The one

was in the north-west of the parish, at Burrowan, and the other a good way farther south. For nearly two centuries the Northmen made many piratical incursions into Scotland, and pillaged our coasts, and in some of these, it is believed, they threw up the camps to which we are now pointing. Boece says, and Holinshed and others follow him, that on the intervening ground between those camps our unhappy King Duncan and the King of Norway had a bloody conflict, in which Gib, Norway's son, fell, for which reason the ground goes to this day by the name of Gib's Croft.

Dunimarle, which is by interpretation The Castle by the Sea, we may take as our next Scene. It was one of the strongholds of the great Macduff. The house of Castle Hill now occupies the site of it. It has been thought by some that Dunimarle, not Kilconquhar, was the castle at which Macduff made a hasty call, and took the last embrace of his family, on his way from Dunsinane to England, as he was fleeing from the wrath of the vengeful Macbeth, a flight which the dramatist has made so perplexing to his lady.

"*Lady Macd.*—What hath he done, to make him fly the land?

"*Rosse*—You must have patience, madam.

"*Lady Macd.*— He hath none;
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

"*Rosse*— You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

"*Lady Macd.*—Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansions, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly?"

Were we to take this view, then we should have to say that Dunimarle was the scene of the murder of Lady Macduff and her children, according to Macbeth's savage resolve:—

"The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace his line."

The Abbey has, of course, a prominent place in the annals of Culross. It was founded by Malcolm, Thane of Fife, in 1217, and was planted with monks of the Cistertian order. Its founder died in 1229, and was buried at Culross in the Church of St Serf. The chapel of the Abbey was on the north side of the holy house, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and to St Serf. The middle part of it is to this day the church of the parish. Modern repairs have made it quite suitable for this purpose; and it has the advantage of being graced by the fine old tower of the chapel of the Monastery. The pastoral charge is a collegiate one. In Popish times the parish church was about a quarter of a mile west of the Abbey, and it, with the grounds around it, is still used as a place of burial. At the Reformation the revenues of the Abbey amounted to—Money, £768 16s 7d Scotch; wheat, 3 chalders, 3 bolls; barley, 14 chalders, 10 bolls, and 2 firlots; oats, 13 chalders, 12 bolls, 3 firlots, and 3½ pecks; salt, 1 chalder, and 2 bolls; wedders, 10; lambs, 22; capons, 7 dozen; poultry, 28½ dozen; butter, 7½ stones; cheese, 79½ stones; and straw, 8 trusses. The monks in the establishment then numbered nine; and it is pleasing to know that they were tolerably provided for.

The last Abbot or Commendator of Culross was Alexander Colville, second son of Sir James Colville of Easter Wemyss. He was a man of much note in his time; being a Lord of Session, a Privy Councillor, a Lord of the Articles, and a member of several most important commissions. He was an author also; he collected and published the Decisions of the Court of Session from 1570 to 1584. His brother, Sir James Colville of Easter Wemyss, was ennobled; and Culross supplied his title of nobility. He was created Lord Colville of Culross. He had been engaged in the Raid of Ruthven, and had fled to France; but he returned home in 1582, and was pardoned, and restored to favour. Next year he had a charter granted him of the manor of Culross, and others, which were erected into the barony of Culross; and to these were added in 1604, when Sir James was raised to the peerage, the lands of the Abbey, erected into a temporal lordship.

Since those days Culross has been in the possession of several historic families. From the Colvilles it passed to the Bruces, a branch of the Royal stock of the Bruces of Clackmannan, and the ancestors of the present noble house of Elgin. Edward Bruce, a celebrated lawyer and statesman, created first Lord Bruce of Kinloss, was the great-grandson of Sir David Bruce, sixth Baron of Clackmannan. The second Lord Bruce of Kinloss, also Edward, built the mansion on the barony of Culross, chiefly from a design by Sir William Bruce of Kinross, the Christopher Wren of his time as an architect. The house was reared contiguous on the east to the old convent, and was named after it the Abbey of Culross. It was a highly magnificent and elegant structure, superbly situated, and commanding one of the finest views in Scotland. His Lordship had the honour of K.B. conferred on him when Prince Henry was created Prince of Wales; and he was one of the Gentlemen of the Prince's Bedchamber. He was killed in a duel with Sir Edward Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, fought in 1614, near Bergen-op-Zoom, in Flanders. He had requested that, in the event of his falling in the duel, his

heart should be embalmed, brought home, and laid in his tomb in the Abbey Church. His request was sacredly honoured. Early in this century the tomb was opened, and there was found in it a leaden box, which enclosed a large silver heart, within which was the heart of Lord Bruce preserved in spirits. The family arms, the words "Edward Lord Bruce," and a leafless tree with the appearance of clouds were engraved on the silver, and were perfectly distinct. They were all carefully replaced and entombed as they had been before.

King James VI. visited Scotland in 1617, and had a ludicrous adventure at Culross. Hunting on a day in the neighbourhood of Dunfermline, he invited the company attending him to dine with him "at a collier's house." He meant the Abbey of Culross. It then belonged to Sir George Bruce, who worked an extensive coal mine, which stretched about the distance of a mile under the Forth, and was reckoned one of the greatest wonders of its day. The coal digged from it was shipped at a moat, which communicated with the mine, and which was within sea-mark at high water. The King expressing a desire to see the works, Sir George was proud to gratify him. They entered them on the land, at low water, when the moat was quite dry. Having inspected them for a while, they returned, and ascended by the moat, which by this time was surrounded with water. Looking around him, His Majesty was at once seized with apprehensions of some plot against his liberty, if not against his life, and shouted "Treason! Treason!" Sir George Bruce quieted his fears, assuring him that none but friends surrounded him, and that he was in perfect safety. Pointing to an elegant pinnace made fast to the moat, he desired to know whether His Majesty would be conveyed by it to land, or would walk by the underground road by which he had entered the pit. He preferred the former; and was brought to the beach in the pinnace, expressing boundless admiration of the sight he had seen. Dinner followed in the Abbey, and was a most sumptuous entertainment. Some of the glasses used at it are still preserved by the Bruces, and the room in which it took place is called The King's Room.

It is the tomb of this Sir George Bruce that adorns the family burial aisle adjoining the north wall of the parish church. "In a recess opposite the doorway, Sir George Bruce, who entertained James VI., is represented in beautiful white marble, lying beside his lady. Along a low settle are arranged their seven children in kneeling postures, all in the same species of marble, but somewhat more mutilated. The curiosity of the objects is much heightened by their faithful and most distinct representations of costume."

From the Bruces Culross passed by marriage to the noble House of Dundonald. William, eldest son of the first Earl of Dundonald, married Lady Mary Bruce, sister and heiress of Alexander, third Earl of Kincardine. Their son Thomas became eighth Earl of Dundonald; and Culross fell to him in right of his mother. He was the father of Admiral Sir Alexander Forrester Inglis Cochrane, K.B.; and the Admiral's eldest son, was Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas John Cochrane, K.C.B.; both of them famous in our naval annals. Earl Thomas began the plantations on Culross, which greatly embellished the estate, and enhanced its value; and these were extended by his son and successor to eight hundred acres. This was Archibald, ninth Earl of Dundonald, who devoted himself to scientific pursuits, and lived much at the Abbey. He took out a patent for extracting tar and other substances from coal, to protect vessels at sea from the ravages of worms. He embarked not a little of his fortune in erecting works for making the extract, both at Culross and at Newcastle. The money was lost, through copper-sheathing of vessels being adopted for the purpose which his tar-coating was meant to serve. He took out other kindred patents; and addressed the public in the following tracts and pamphlets on his favourite subjects of study:—"The present state of the Manufacture of Salt explained, and a new mode suggested for refining British Salt, so as to render it equal or superior to Foreign Salt;" "Account of the qualities and uses of Coal Tar, and Coal Varnish;" "Memorial and Petition to the Court of Directors of the East India Company;" "A Treatise, showing the intimate Connexion that subsists between Agriculture and Chemistry; addressed to the Cultivators of the Soil; to the Proprietors of Fens and Mosses in Great Britain and Ireland; and to the Proprietors of West India Estates;" and "The Principles of Chemistry applied to the improvement of the practice of Agriculture." As has often happened with pioneers, the immediate effect of his speculations and experiments was to involve him in embarrassments, which compelled him to part with his estates. We may note that his son Thomas, tenth Earl of Dundonald, was born at the Abbey; and that his name is as illustrious in the annals of our navy, as are those of his uncles to whom we have just been referring.

His opposition to the Tory Ministry drew down their vengeance on him. In 1814 a false report was spread that Napoleon had fallen. He was accused of originating and propagating the report for stock-

jobbing purposes. In vain did he deny the charge. He was found guilty, and was sentenced to pay a fine of £500, to be imprisoned for twelve months, and to stand once in the pillory! The last part of the sentence was remitted; but he was farther branded by the House of Commons expelling him. His name was also erased from the list of the Knights of the Bath. It was emphatically significant of the opinion which the public entertained of his prosecution, that the electors of Westminster returned him again as their representative in Parliament; and, breaking out of prison, the hero showed at once his courage and his consciousness of innocence by forthwith appearing in the House of Commons. When the Whigs came into power, in 1830, they redressed the wrongs of which they considered him to have been the victim; restored him to his rank in the navy, and advanced him to higher honours. He became Vice-Admiral of the Red in 1847. He was Commander-in-Chief on the North American and West Indian station from 1840 to 1851. He was made Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom in 1854, and Admiral of the Red in 1858.

Soon after the beginning of this century Culross was purchased by Sir Robert Preston of Valleyfield, in which family it still continues. After acquiring the property Sir Robert allowed The Abbey to fall much into decay, but he afterwards rebuilt it.

Valleyfield, in the east of the parish, has been long the seat of the Prestons, another historic family. The first of them on record was Leolphus de Preston, who flourished in the days of William the Lion. The Prestons bought Craigmillar, near Edinburgh, in 1374; and their armorial bearings are yet to be seen on the magnificent ruins of the Castle. They kept possession of Craigmillar for nearly three centuries, during which they were often at the head of the magistracy of Edinburgh. Sir Simon Preston of Craigmillar was Lord Provost of the city when James VI. conveyed to it for behoof of the poor Trinity Hospital, with its church and revenues. In 1544, the Prestons acquired from William, Commendator of Culross, the lands and barony of Valleyfield, from which the family henceforth took their designation. In 1637, George Preston, sixth baron of Valleyfield, was created a baronet of Nova Scotia. His second son, also George, was a General in the army. He was Governor of Edinburgh Castle in 1745, and afterwards Commander-in-Chief in Scotland. When some of the fugitives from Prestonpans, where the Government troops were so shamefully beaten, sought admission into the Castle, the General ordered them to be gone, or he would open his guns on them as cowards and deserters. When Prince Charlie intimated to him that Valleyfield would be destroyed, if he ventured to fire on the city, the gallant veteran received the threat with scorn, and declared that if Valleyfield was injured, the English vessels of war in the Firth would burn down Wemyss Castle, the property of the Earl of Wemyss, whose son, Lord Elcho, was in the Jacobite camp.

As we said when at Crieff, the wife of Sir David Baird was of this family; and on the death of her grandfather, Sir George, fourth baronet, she succeeded him. She was Ann, Lady Baird of Valleyfield and Ferntower. Sir Charles Preston, fifth baronet, was a distinguished officer in the army, and latterly M.P. for the Kirkcaldy Burghs. Sir Robert, sixth baronet, was for some time M.P. for Dover; and with him the Ministerial White Bait Dinner is said to have originated. It was he who purchased Culross from the Earl of Dundonald. The most interesting notice of him we have seen is what Sir Walter Scott says in this entry in his Diary, under date June 19th, 1830:—"After breakfast to Culross (from Blair-Adam, being then on a visit there), where the veteran, Sir Robert Preston, showed us his curiosities. Life has done as much for him as most people. In his 92d year, he has an ample fortune, a sound understanding, not the least decay of eyes, ears, or taste, is as big as two men, and eats like three. Sir Robert amuses himself with repairing the old House of Culross, built by the Lord Bruce. What it is destined for is not very evident. It is too near his own mansion of Valleyfield to be useful as a residence." His successor, also Sir Robert, seventh baronet, was of the collateral line, who had the lands of Preston, in Mid Lothian, acquired as far back as 1342. This branch of the Prestons had likewise some men of note. Sir Robert's father, George, was a General in the army, and Colonel of the Scots Greys. His grandfather, William, was a Major in the army. His great grandfather, Robert, was of the legal profession, and was raised to the bench in 1672, when he took the title of Lord Preston.

Blair Castle is another historic seat. The old Castle is said to have been built by John Hamilton, the last Popish Archbishop of St Andrews, and Primate of all Scotland, who, as we have already told, was hanged on Stirling Bridge. His connection with Blair does not honour his memory. It belonged to Mrs Grizzle Semple, daughter of Lord Semple, and wife of James Hamilton of Stanehouse. Hence she was sometimes called "Lady Blair." After the death of her husband (so, with Gordon, we charitably suppose), she became the paramour of the Archbishop. They lived together in open concubinage, and had several children. We read of

two of their bastard sons being legitimated. His Grace had liked Blair for a residence, and hence the Castle he built at it. It was not every place, indeed, that would bear their presence : so infamous had their shameless wickedness made the highest dignitary of the Romish Church in the land. The archbishop had a residence in Edinburgh ; but the Records of the Town Council bear that, on November 26th, 1561, the Provost and other members of the Council ordained "Acts to be set forth, charging Grizzell Sempill, Lady Stanehouse, *Adulterer*, to remove herself forth of the Town betwixt and Mononday next, under the pains contained in the Proclamation set forth against Adulterers."

In the second decade of the last century, the estate of Blair Castle came into the possession of one of the many branches of the great Dundas stock. It was acquired in 1720 by William Dundas, third laird of Kincavel in Linlithgowshire. He married Jean Bruce, granddaughter and heiress of Sir John Bruce of Airth, and assumed the name of Bruce. His participation in the Rebellion of 1715 obliged him to sell Airth. But in the year named he bought Blair. The late Robert Bruce Dundas, Esq., of Blair, was his grandson.

James VI. raised the town of Culross to the dignity of a royal burgh, and it joins with Dunfermline, Inverkeithing, South Queensferry, and Stirling, in returning a member to Parliament. At one time the trade of the place was considerable, and consisted mainly in coal and salt. Its salt-pans numbered about fifty, and produced weekly about a hundred tons of salt. Prior to the Union with England, as many as a hundred and seventy foreign vessels might sometimes be seen in the Roads, loading with coal and salt. For a season, too, the attempts of the Earl of Dundonald to work his patent for extracting tar, naphtha, and volatile salt from coal, stirred the deadness of the town and neighbourhood, and increased work and wages ; but, on the failure of these attempts, the normal dulness resumed its reign. From an early period Culross had enjoyed a monopoly of one business. James IV. conferred on it the exclusive privilege of making girdles, for firing or toasting Scotch bannocks and cakes ; and Charles II. renewed and confirmed the grant. But the Court of Session, though above suspicion of being tainted with Free Trade proclivities, found, in 1727, that no royal burgh could have a privilege of this kind to the prejudice of other royal burghs ; and under the influence of this decision, coupled with the invention of ovens, the trade of girdle-making speedily disappeared from its original seat.

Culross has had several benefactors, who well deserve to be commemorated.

Dr Bill, who was a native of the parish, and a physician in London, and died in 1738, mortified £1000 ; the interest of which is employed in aiding four decayed tradesmen, and two tradesmen's widows ; in educating and apprenticing some young persons of the town and parish ; and in furnishing a bursary for a student for four years at any of our Scottish Universities.

Sir George Bruce of Carnock built and endowed, in 1639, a hospital in the west end of the town for the maintenance of six poor and aged women, widows of colliers or salters, or, failing these, of six other poor and aged women in the parish. The house long ago became a ruin, but the rent of its site and garden, with twenty-four bolls of meal, are still fulfilling the benevolent design of the founder. The beneficiaries are now eight instead of six widows ; they were so, at least, at the date of the last Statistical Account.

Sir Robert Preston, seventh baronet of Valleyfield, and his lady instituted another meritorious charity in Culross. To six aged men and six aged women of good character, and who have lived ten years in the parish, it yields a weekly allowance of meal and money in their own houses, with something additional for clothing and rent. In a building connected with this charity soup is given out on two days a week, and for three winter months, to a number of families in this parish and in Torryburn, and in the building is a large room in which a Sabbath school is kept, the teacher of which has a salary of £12 from the funds of the charity.

Patrick Geddes, Esq., made the educational provision for Culross ample by a school which he founded and endowed. The teacher of it had a salary of £36, and he taught twenty poor scholars gratuitously and kept a Sabbath school. Mr Geddes farther made provision, after the death of certain annuitants, for a University bursary to a student and for a small yearly pension to five indigent persons.

Miss Halkerston of Carskerdo, Fife, bequeathed to Culross a sum of money, which she directed to be invested in land, for the relief of industrious persons who have fallen into destitution, but do not rank as parish paupers. The trustees are the ministers and elders of the parish and the proprietor of West Grange for the time being.

Robert Wright was minister of the first charge of Culross at the Revolution, and Alexander Young was minister of the second charge. They were both deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for their Jacobitism.

Wright was succeeded in the first charge by a highly historic person. He was James Fraser of

Brae, son of Sir James Fraser of Brae, and whose sufferings for conscience sake form one of the darkest chapters in the annals of the last persecution of the Stuarts. In 1675 he was inter-communed; the effect of which was that any person harbouring, entertaining, or conversing with him, was to be held habit and repute guilty of his crimes, and to be prosecuted accordingly. His crimes were nonconformity to established Prelacy, and conventicle-holding. After lying under this sentence two years and a half, he was seized in Edinburgh when at family worship, by the town-major, and lodged in prison. Archbishop Sharp was delighted, gave the major so much money, and promised him more. Next day Fraser was brought before a Committee of the Council, and, after witnessing a good confession, was sent back to prison. On the day following he was conveyed to the Bass, where he remained for the space of two years and a half, and was subjected to great and manifold hardships; sometimes in winter and spring "having nothing but snow-water, sprinkled upon some oatmeal, to drink, and a little hard fish to eat." He was released in 1679, on giving security under a money bond, that he would not rise in arms against the King, or any one authorised by him; Sir Hugh Campbell of Calder being his cautioner.

In 1681 Fraser was again brought before the Council, charged with preaching in the fields, and without authority, and with venting pernicious, seditious, and rebellious doctrines and principles, intending to alienate the minds of his Majesty's subjects from his Government, and concluding, that upon all these accounts he ought to be severely punished to the terror of others. He defended himself so conclusively, that the Council would have liberated him but for the bishops, who insisted that he was a most dangerous person, and must be made an example of. The framing of the sentence on him was left to the bishops and the clerk; and it was this: "That he be sent to Blackness prison, there to continue till he paid his fine of 5000 merks, and give surety either to preach no more, or to go off the kingdom." The fine was remitted on the petition of a brother-in-law; but he was required to leave the country. He went to London in 1682. There he was apprehended, examined before the King, and remitted by him to the Lord Mayor, who was ordered to put to him the Oxford oath, and the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. The latter two he might have taken with certain explanations, but the Oxford oath he positively refused; since by swearing it, he would have bound himself never to seek any alteration in the Government either of Church or of State. The result was that he was committed to Newgate, where he lay a prisoner for six months. He returned to Scotland in 1687; and, the Revolution having taken place, he was ordained to the first charge of Culross in 1689. He died in 1699.

Since those days Culross enjoyed for a season the pastoral care of two very distinguished men. The one was Alexander Webster, D.D., ordained minister of Culross in 1733, and translated to the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, in 1737. He was one of the most popular preachers in the metropolis; and was the author of the scheme of a perpetual fund for the relief of the widows and children of the ministers of the Kirk of Scotland. The other was John Erskine, D.D., translated from Kirkintulloch to Culross in 1754; thence to New Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, in 1758; and thence to Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, in 1767. He was long a burning and a shining light in the capital, and the leader of the Evangelical party in the Kirk.

TULLIALLAN.

Traces of the Romans have been found in Tulliallan, in some urns in which they had deposited the ashes of their dead before laying them to sleep in the dust of the earth.

The chief Historic Scene in the parish is the old Castle of Tulliallan, the ruins of which yet indicate its strength, and the defences that surrounded and secured it. It was long the seat of the Blackadders, another of our historic families. Their original seat was Blackadder, in Berwickshire, from which they took their name. It was given by James II., in 1415, to their common ancestor, Cuthbert, called "The Chieftain of the South," in reward of important military service which he had rendered to his Majesty. Cuthbert, and his seven sons, styled from their dark complexion, "The Black band of the Blackadders," figure much in the Border feuds with the English. They took part in the wars of York and Lancaster, fighting on the side of the latter; and the father and three of his sons fell on the bloody field of Bosworth; on which the Earl of Richmond won the decisive victory, which led to his being forthwith crowned as Henry VII. Andrew, the eldest of the surviving sons, succeeded to the barony of Blackadder. He had two sons, Robert and Patrick. Robert married into the noble family of Angus; followed the standard of the Douglases; and fell at Flodden,

leaving a widow and two daughters, both of them in childhood.

The Homes of Wedderburn had cast a covetous eye on the lands of Blackadder; and they thought that the time for appropriating them had now come. They accordingly set about putting out of the way those who were likely to oppose them. They assassinated Robert Blackadder, the prior of Coldingham, and Patrick Blackadder, the dean of Dunblane, uncles of the young heiresses. The Castle of Blackadder, in which they and their mother resided, they assaulted. Sir David Home then forced a marriage between himself and the widow, and contracts of marriage between two of his brothers and her two daughters; and then confined the latter in their Castle till they should be of age. Of these grievous wrongs the Blackadders made several attempts to obtain redress, but they failed; and their inheritance, thus outrageously wrested from them, remained in the Home family.

The first Blackadder of Tulliallan was Patrick, referred to above as the younger son of Andrew of that Ilk in Berwickshire. He acquired it by marrying Elizabeth, elder daughter and coheiress of Sir James Edmonstone of Edmonstone, to whom Tulliallan then belonged. Only one half of the property was hers; the other was her sister's; but Sir Walter Ogilvie, the sister's husband, excambed his wife's half with his brother-in-law for the thanedom of Boyne.

The whole of Tulliallan thus came to the Blackadders, and it continued with them for five generations. The second Blackadder of Tulliallan was John. He adhered to the unfortunate Queen Mary, who reposed much confidence in him, and in 1565 wrote him a holograph letter asking his help and guidance. His son, Captain William Blackadder, commanded in Mary's army at Langside, and was taken and executed. He was held to have been accessory to Darnley's murder, and he and three others were drawn backward on a cart to the Cross of Edinburgh and were there hanged and quartered in June, 1567. The fifth Blackadder of Tulliallan was Sir John, created a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1626. He so dilapidated the family fortunes by his extravagance that none of his posterity assumed the title. The sixth Blackadder of Tulliallan was the Rev. John of Troqueer. He was of the younger collateral branch of the family, which possessed Blairhall, in Culross. He was the father of Dr William Blackadder, who, at the Revolution, was appointed Physician to King William, and of Lieutenant-Colonel John Blackadder of the Cameronian Regiment, who did exploits in the battle of Dunkeld, served with distinction under Marlborough in the wars of Queen Anne, and died Deputy-Governor of Stirling Castle in 1729.

The minister of Troqueer is much the most conspicuous of the Blackadders, at least in our ecclesiastical annals. Ordained in Troqueer in 1652, when Prelacy was established at the Restoration he "entered his dissent in heaven" against it, as he himself phrased it. That might have been overlooked, had he not inveighed against it on earth. He was "outed," of course; and one of his sons thus relates the manner of his ejection:—"A party of the King's guard of horse, called Blue-benders, came from Dumfries to Troqueer, to search for and apprehend my father, but found him not; for what occasion I know not. So soon as the party entered the close, and came into the house with cursing and swearing, we that were children were frightened out of our little wits, and ran upstairs, and I among them; who, when I heard them all roaring in the room below, like so many breathing devils, I had the childish curiosity to get down upon my belly, and peep through a hole in the floor above them, for to see what monsters of creatures they were; and it seems they were monsters indeed for cruelty; for one of them perceiving what I was doing, immediately drew his sword, and thrust it up where I was peeping, so that the mark of the point was scarce an inch from the hole, though no thanks to the murdering ruffian, who designed to run it up through my eye. Immediately after, we were forced to pack up, bag and baggage, and remove to Glencairn, ten miles from Troqueer. We who were children were put into cadger's creels, where one of us cried out, coming through the Bridge-end of Dumfries, 'I'm bannisht, I'm bannisht!' One happened to ask, 'Who has banished you, my bairn?' He answered, 'Bite-the-sheep has bannisht me.'"

No edicts and threatenings could deter Blackadder from exercising his ministry as opportunity offered. He had therefore soon to leave Glencairn, and to lead a wandering life for several years; in the course of which he visited "almost every county south of the Tay," and "there was scarcely a hill, a moor, or a glen in the southern and western districts of Scotland where he did not hold a conventicle, or dispense the sacrament." He preached at Kinkell, near St Andrews, braving the power and the wrath of Archbishop Sharp; and the people, notwithstanding the injunctions of the Primate, flocked to hear him. It is said that Sharp applied to the Provost to send out the militia to disperse the congregation; but was answered that it was impossible, the militia having gone to Kinkell already as worshippers. He took a leading part on other two occasions, the accounts of which are among the most thrilling narratives, that

have come down to us, of the days when our fathers sought the food of their souls at the peril of their lives. We refer to the great conventicle on Beath Hill, near Dunfermline; and to the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the green haugh at East Nisbet, in the Merse, when about three thousand and two hundred communicated, at a succession of sixteen tables.

He was outlawed in 1674, and a reward of 1000 merks was offered for his apprehension. At length, in 1681, he was arrested in his own house at Edinburgh, and conveyed to the Bass Rock, where he lay for upwards of four years. His health failing through the dampness and closeness of his place of confinement, application was made for his release. It was ultimately granted, on condition of his residing in Edinburgh, and giving a bond for 5000 merks. But so much delay took place, and so much progress did infirmity and disease make, that liberation by man was anticipated by a better deliverance. He died in his State prison in December, 1685, in the 70th year of his age, and was buried in North Berwick churchyard. His cell in the Bass is one of the most touching sights shown to visitors. The inscription on the tombstone in the churchyard also attracts much notice. It is in these words:—

Blest John, for Jesus sake, in Patmos bound,
His prison Bethel, Patmos Pisgah found;
Lo! the bless'd John, on yonder rock confined—
His body suffered but no chains could bind
His heaven-aspiring soul; while day by day,
As from Mount Pisgah's top, he did survey
The promised land, and received the crown by faith
Laid up for those who faithful are till death.
Grace formed him in the Christian Hero's mould—
Meek in his own concerns—in's Master's bold;
Passions to reason chain'd, prudence did lead—
Zeal warmed his breast, and reason cool'd his head.
Five years on the lone rock, yet sweet abode,
He, Enoch-like enjoyed and walked with God;
Till, by long living on this heavenly food,
His soul by love grew up too great, too good
To be confined to jail, or flesh and blood.
Death broke his fetters off, then swift he fled
From sin and sorrow; and, by angels led,
Entered the mansions of eternal joy;
Blest soul, thy warfare's done, praise, love, enjoy.
His dust here rests till Jesus come again—
Even so, blest Jesus, come—come, Lord—Amen."

Tulliallan was for some time in the possession of the noble house of Kincardine. In the valuation of the county, taken by Act of the Estates of Parliament in 1649, the Earl of Kincardine is entered as the proprietor of it; the sum at which it was valued being £1244 16s 4d. It was afterwards acquired by the Mercers of Aldie and Meikleour, who made it one of their seats. The modern Castle stands on a small rising ground about half a mile from the Forth, and is a delightful residence. The old church at Overtown is the family burial place. Admiral Viscount Keith made a noteworthy addition to the estate. He enlarged it by 152 acres, reclaimed from the Forth on the west side of the town of Kincardine. The embankment by which this was effected was begun in 1821, and finished in 1823. It is 2020 yards long, and 11½ feet high above the level of the river; and cost altogether the sum of £6104 0s 7d. His Lordship's Trustees followed his example, making a like encroachment on the waters of the Forth to the east of the town of Kincardine. The work was begun in 1829, and completed in 1839. The embankment is 3040 yards long, and averages 16 feet in height. It cost nearly £14,000; and the land reclaimed by it measures about 214 acres of the finest alluvial soil, deposited tide after tide as the embankment was being executed. The Castle and lands of Tulliallan are now the property of Lady William Osborne, daughter of Admiral Viscount Keith by his second marriage to Hester Maria, eldest daughter and coheiress of Henry Thrale, Esq., of Streatham, Surrey.

Kincardine is a burgh of barony, under the government of several bailies. It was at one time called West Pans; the manufacture of salt being then a staple of its trade, as it was of that of Culross at the same period. It has a good quay, and an excellent roadstead, with twenty-one feet of water, and where a hundred vessels might ride in safety. But the Statistical Account says of its Trade and Commerce generally, and we are not aware that a materially different report of them could now be made:—"These are decidedly on the decline in this parish. The extensive distilleries, collieries, and salt works, which formerly employed many workmen, are totally extinct. The shipping interest is also on the decline. Formerly many vessels were to be seen here, and during the winter nearly 100 were to be seen in the roadstead. In 1786, there were nine on the stocks at one time; in 1842, there are only three." . . . Of the fisheries of the parish the Account adds:—"These were once numerous and successful in this part of the river, but there are now only a few cruisers or baskets employed for this purpose, which catch a few small fish in autumn, and a few salmon are taken with nets in July and August. The large quantity of moss floating down the river is supposed to have injured the fishings."

The quarry at Longannat, in the east of the parish, used to be in high repute, its freestone being of fine texture, hard and durable, beautifully white in colour, and taking on an exquisite polish. Many of the best houses in the adjacent district of country

were built of it. So were the more ornate parts of the Royal Exchange, the Infirmary, and the Register House, Edinburgh. It is said that the Stadt House of Holland was built of stone from this quarry; and at the village of Longannat "are some slight vestiges of a pier, reported to have been built by a Dutch company to facilitate the exportation of the stone."

John Forrest, minister of Tulliallan at the Restoration, was ejected in 1662 for not conforming to Prelacy. He lived to see the Revolution; was recalled to the parish in 1690; and was translated to Falkland in 1691. Alexander Williamson, minister at the Revolution, was deprived by the Privy Council in 1689 for his Jacobitism. It is a rather remarkable circumstance that both the Erskines, Ralph and Ebenezer, fathers of the Secession Church, were called to the pastorate of Tulliallan.

WEEM DISTRICT.

This is the only District of the shire which we have now to traverse. It comprehends the parishes of Weem, Dull, Kenmore, Fortingall, Killin, that part of Logierait in Rannoch and Strathtay, and Grandtully, Sketewan, and Ballintaggart in the parish of Dull.

WEEM.

The Gaelic of a cave is *namh*, or *namha*, and it can hardly be doubted that it was from this word that the parish of Weem took its name. Of the cave in which the name originated nothing is now known. Every memorial of it has perished so utterly, that even garrulous tradition has not more to say of it than might be said of almost any old cave, that it frequently afforded shelter to the lawless and the oppressed; the former hiding in it that they might elude the justice which pursued them, or that from it they might pounce on their prey; and the latter hiding in it as a refuge from those who hunted for their liberty or their life.

The Rock of Weem, rising six hundred feet above the level of the vale, is a very picturesque object in the landscape. It had about the middle of it one of those Holy Wells which we have had occasion to notice so often. St David endowed the Well with its preternatural healing virtues. These, as the priests took care to instruct the people, were the more likely to be effectual, if the favour of the saint was conciliated by suitable offerings cast into the Well. And when it was cleaned out, some half century ago, coins of various values were found in it, which had escaped the ecclesiastics when they searched it for the oblations of devotees. The Statistical Account says:—"Tradition relates of this guardian saint, that he was one of the lairds of the place who had turned monk, and that he had a chapel on a shelf of the rock, still called *Craig-an-t'sheapail*, or the chapel rock." There are traces of a St David on the opposite side of the Tay. St David's fair *(Feill Dàidh)* used to be held there before it was transferred to Kenmore, and there was a burying place which also bore his name *(Cill Dàidh)*. "No tradition exists concerning this guardian saint;" concerning him, namely, of whom we have these traces on the south of the river. So avers the Statistical Account. But may not the St David on both sides of the Tay here have been one and the same person? And may they not have been a much more important person than "one of the lairds of the place?" May they not have been King David I. of Scotland? His liberality to the Church well entitled him to be canonized; and the late Bishop Forbes assigns him a place in his "Kalendar of Scottish Saints;" giving an outline of the panegyric pronounced on him at his death by St Aelred; and which, among other things, bears, that he communicated and confessed weekly; said the divine office seven times a day; relieved the poor with his own hands; made his will in expectation of his decease; and lived as a monk as well as a king.

Castle Menzies, or Weem Castle, as it is yet often called, stands beautifully and proudly on the lawn in front of Weem Rock, and is a somewhat marked Historic Scene. The Menzieses, whose seat it is, are a very old family; and several of them have a conspicuous and honoured place in our annals. The name was in olden times variously spelled; Mengues, Mengies, Maynoers, Meyners, Menyesses. It has been supposed that the family was of Norman extraction, and came to England with William the Conqueror. The first of them on record in Scotland was Anketillus de Maynoers. He flourished in the reign of William the Lion, and his seat was Durrisdeer, in Nithsdale. Robert de Menyers, Knight, probably the son of Anketillus, was one of the magnates of the country. In 1249 he was appointed Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland, and was often sent on embassies to the English Court, which he executed with much credit to himself, and satisfaction to his employers.

In the War of Independence the Menzieses were devoted patriots; and for their fidelity, zeal, and bravery, Robert the Bruce rewarded Sir Alexander,

the Chamberlain's son, with Weem and Aberfeldy in Athole, and Glendochart in Breadalbane. Sir Alexander's wife was Egidia, daughter of James, Lord High Steward of Scotland. He was succeeded in his estates by his eldest son, Sir Robert, to whom, in his father's lifetime, King Robert Bruce gave several grants of land in this neighbourhood. Thomas, his second son, obtained the land of Fortingall. It is from the former of these that the present family is descended; the Menzieses of Fortingall having become extinct in the third generation, and their lands having been carried to the Stewarts, by the marriage of the heiress of them to James Stewart, a natural son of the Wolf of Badenoch.

Robert de Meyners, the sixth on the family roll, must have been a great favourite with King Robert II.; he enriched him with charters of land in the shires of Dumfries, Edinburgh, Lanark, and Fife. His son, Sir David de Meyners, was one of the hostages for the ransom of James I.; was repeatedly Ambassador to the Court of Denmark; and in 1423, was appointed Governor of Orkney and Shetland, "under the most clement Lord and Lady, Eric and Philippa, King and Queen of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway."

The first residence of the family in this quarter was Comrie Castle, on the side of the Lyon. Destroyed by fire in 1487, Sir Robert de Menyrs, Knight, built by license the old Castle of Weem, which henceforth became the baronial mansion; and Comrie Castle was repaired, and given to his second son. Sir Robert had at the same time from his sovereign a new grant of his whole lands, which were erected into a free barony, under the name of the barony of Menzies. In 1502, the old Castle was burned by their relative, Neil Stewart of Fortingall, in consequence of a family quarrel about the lands of Rannoch. The new Castle succeeded; and is still, with many modern improvements and enlargements, the principal seat of the family.

Sir Alexander Menzies, the fifteenth on the family roll, was created a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1665. His son, Robert, married the eldest granddaughter of Viscount Canada; and their offspring were said to be the heirs of the territorial possession of the first Earl of Stirling, and of the hereditary lieutenantship of Nova Scotia.

In the Civil War of the seventeenth century, the Menzieses took the side of the Parliament and the people. In 1644, when the Marquis of Montrose began his march from Athole into the Lowlands, he sent a trumpeter before him with a friendly message to the Menzieses, that he intended to pass through their lands. The messenger was ill-treated; and the Menzieses gathered, hung on the rear of the rebels, and harassed them. The Marquis took his revenge by plundering their country, destroying their crops, and giving their houses to the flames.

On the morning of the day after his defeat at Killiecrankie, General Mackay was at Castle Menzies. In that bloody encounter Sir Alexander Menzies's son had, at the head of a body of his retainers, fought on the side of the General. In his flight from the battlefield, Mackay resolved to strike across the hills into Strathtay and thence to Stirling. Proceeding westward for two miles along the bank of the Garry and then by the edge of a rivulet that falls into it, he arrived at a hut where he fortunately obtained some information for his guidance. Acting on it, early in the morning he reached Castle Menzies, where he and his men obtained refreshments, which they greatly needed. They were equally in need of rest, and after a brief repose they resumed their march, and reached Drummond Castle late at night and Stirling next day.

In the Rebellion of the next century many of the Menzieses proved Jacobites. Several of them were taken prisoners at Sheriffmuir. For his share in the Rising of '15, Menzies of Culdares was pardoned. This restrained him from going out in '45. But he sent Prince Charlie the present of a splendid horse. The servant who had charge of the animal was apprehended, and, with a fidelity and self-denial which all must admire, suffered death rather than reveal his master. The Baronet of Weem was chief of the clan, and had the wisdom to remain at home; but Menzies of Shian led the clan out in behalf of the Pretender. It was then three hundred strong.

The present baronet, Sir Robert, is the twenty-first in the list of the family who have inherited Weem. His father, the late Sir Neil, was one of the most public-spirited gentlemen of the county. He had a foremost place among the agricultural improvers of his day, and was chosen Honorary Secretary of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland.

For the magnificence of its wood, the lawn of Castle Menzies ranks as a scene in the Natural History of the parish and the shire. At the date of the last Statistical Account (1840), several of its arboreous specimens had reached enormous dimensions. Of three planes, the solid contents of the first were 1132¼ feet; those of the second, 957 feet; and those of the third, 810 feet. The girth of the first was 23 feet at the ground; that of the second, four feet above the ground, 18½ feet; and that of the third, at the same height, 20½ feet. Of three Spanish chestnuts, the solid contents of the first were 618¾ feet; those of the second, 522¾ feet; and those of the third, 450 feet. The girth of the first

at the ground was 21 feet; that of the second, 18½ feet; and that of the third, 16 feet. Of a silver fir, the solid contents were 312¾ feet; its girth at the ground, 14¾ feet; and its height, 96½ feet. Of a spruce fir, the solid contents were 216¼ feet; its girth at the ground, 13 feet; and its height, 93 feet. Of a Scotch fir, the solid contents were 183¾ feet; and its girth at the ground, 13½ feet. A larch was 13 feet in girth at the ground; an oak was 15 feet; other two oaks were 14 feet 2 inches; an elm was 15 feet 11 inches; another elm was 15 feet 3 inches; an ash was 16 feet 4 inches; another ash was 16 feet; a beech was 19 feet; and another beech was 17 feet 2 inches.

"Many other trees in the same place nearly equal these dimensions; and an ash was blown down two years ago of the girth at base of 20 feet. There is a remarkable beech that separates near the ground into two branches, which again unite about four feet above the point of separation, and have an opening between them through which a person of ordinary size might pass.

"There are also many large old trees, chiefly of oak, both at Auchmore and Newhall."

The soil and climate, not only of this parish, but of the whole district, are particularly favourable to the growth of timber.

On the north-east shoulder of Drummond Hill, in this parish, are the remains of a large and strong fortress. It had been a parallelogram in form. Its walls were of prodigious thickness, and had been constructed without lime or mortar; but the stones had been regularly coursed and banded. The precipitousness of the lofty rock on which it stood made it all but inaccessible on the south and east sides, the walls of which were built on the edge of the rock; and on the north and west sides, it had been defended by trenches and other outworks, which may yet be traced. It is said to have been erected and occupied by Mac Tual, son of Tuathal, abbot of Dunkeld, who, according to the annals of Ulster, died in A.D. 865. This Mac Tual's name is of frequent occurrence in Celtic legend and song; but of his works, the only memorial of him that survives is this ruined fort.

We may give Weem the credit of Ben Lawers. The greater part of the south side of the mountain is in Crannich, which is one of the scattered districts of Weem, while all the north side of it is in Glenlyon. Ben Lawers is the loftiest of our Perthshire Bens, being 3984 feet high. A collection of the reflections indulged and the sayings uttered by tourists on the top of it, would make it one of the most interesting scenes in Scotland. Most of these have passed into oblivion, and cannot be recalled. But some few specimens have been preserved, to one of which we shall here give a place. The Rev. James Playfair of Newtyle, afterwards Principal of the United College, St Andrews, when on a tour in these parts must climb Ben Lawers to enjoy the glorious prospect from it. His friend, the incumbent of Weem, was his cicerone. The baronet of Weem gave the minister the hint, that he should conduct Playfair to the mountain top by the most difficult passes consistent with their safety. He did so; and the ascent taxed the mettle of the tourist to the uttermost. On reaching the summit, and looking back on the rocks which he had climbed, he exclaimed, "Has there ever been a living creature here before?" His guide's answer was, "Oh yes, goats and eagles."

The village, or rather hamlet, of Lawers, with its mission church and inn, is at the base of the mountain, finely ensconced in a bay of Loch Tay. It looks the picture of the loveliest rural retreat; much to be preferred, as we think, to Cowper's

> ——"Lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade,
> Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
> Of unsuccessful or successful war,
> Might never reach me more."

The estate of Lawers was long possessed by the Campbell family, of whom we wrote when at Monivaird. They exchanged it with the Campbells of Glenurchy, of whom they were a branch, for Fordel, in Strathearn, to which they gave the name of their original seat, calling it Lawers. According to tradition, before the family left the side of Loch Tay there was a lady of it who was gifted with the spirit of prophecy. Among other unveilings of the future, she foretold that a tree would grow out of her grave in the churchyard of Lawers, and that when it should be as high as the gable of the old church (now in ruins), such evil times would overtake the house of Breadalbane as would threaten its extinction, and that the greatest and most perplexing doubts would arise as to its rightful heir. We have not learned whether the prediction is regarded as having been already fulfilled, or whether the fulfilment of it is yet looked forward to with fearful expectation.

Auchmore is another of the isolated districts of Weem parish; and Auchmore House is one of the seats of the Breadalbane family. It is an old mansion splendidly situated, and carefully kept. In recent times it was considered suitable and sufficient for the accommodation of the heir of the Earldom. It was for a series of years the residence of John, fifth Earl and second Marquis of Breadalbane, before his succession to the titles and estates.

Auchmore House has since then been honoured with the presence of Royalty, on an ever memorable occasion. On Saturday, 10th September, 1842, Her Majesty the Queen and her Royal Consort Prince Albert left Taymouth for Drummond Castle. A few minutes past eleven o'clock they embarked in their Royal Barge on the Tay, a little to the east of Kenmore Bridge. The Duchess of Norfolk and the Marquis of Breadalbane were seated with them in the Barge. As they passed upwards under the Bridge, and entered Loch Tay, crowds of spectators greeted them with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty that Royalty ever received. They sailed westward the whole length of the Loch, which is from fifteen to sixteen miles. Other barges followed them; containing, among others, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Earls of Liverpool and Morton, Lords Aberdeen, Belhaven, and Kinnaird, Sir Robert Peel, and Mr Fox Maule. Two gigs were in their wake; the one having the band of the Sixty-Sixth Regiment, the other a number of pipers; who, at starting, struck up the National Anthem with an effect which is to be imagined rather than described. The Royal party steered for Auchmore; and as they disembarked on its shore, they were received by a guard of Highlanders, and a salute of artillery. They lunched in Auchmore House, whither the Marchioness of Breadalbane, accompanied by Viscount Duncan, had driven in a carriage. Lunch being finished, Her Majesty and the Prince took a most loving leave of the Marchioness, entered their carriage, and drove on for their destination; the Marquis accompanying the *cortege* on horseback to the boundary of his property on Loch Earn, where his Royal guests bade him also a most affectionate adieu.

DULL.

There are vestiges of not a few Druid circles scattered over this extensive parish. The most notable of these is in the park at Croftmovaig, on the right hand of the road from Kenmore to Aberfeldy, and a little to the east of the principal entrance to Taymouth Castle. It is a fair inference from the number of these circles, that the parish was populous in Druid times; and that its inhabitants were distinguished for their zealous observance of the rites of their religion, pagan as it was, and very revolting as some of these rites were. A certain authority would have said of them, as he said of the men of Athens, "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."

The remains of old circular forts also abound in the parish. In a single district there were no fewer than fifteen of these. The district took its name from them. It is Fincastle, or, in the Gaelic, Fonnchaisteal;" that is, the Land of Castles. We do not know any good reason to doubt that these were Caledonian forts; many of them built, perhaps, when the terror of Roman invasion overspread the land. They were towers, from which the natives might watch the motions of the invader, should he force his way as far north. They were strengths from which they might sally forth to do their best to check and repel him. And they were refuges in which they might shelter and defend themselves if they were at any time worsted in their encounters with the enemy. "The most remarkable of these buildings in the parish is in the wood above Moness House, and is called the *Dùn*. It measures upwards of fifty yards in diameter within walls, and appears to have been defended on all sides save the north-east, where the hill is very rugged and steep, with two concentric ramparts. On the south-west side, and close to the outer rampart or dike, there was a large artificial pond or well, which is now almost filled up with debris. The walls of the fort, which measured about six yards in thickness, and were built without either lime or mortar of any kind, were carried away several years ago; and appropriated to the building of a fence around the plantation with which the hill is covered, so that nothing beyond the vestiges of the foundation can now be traced of this ancient fortress."

Sepulchral monuments are also common in the parish, though we are not able to read with certainty much of the history inscribed on them. At Caoilt-tullich there is a large tumulus which has been often partially opened, and has yielded undoubted evidence of its being a mound of earth thrown up to cover heaps of the slain. In all probability, some bloody battle was fought here, of which we have no other memorial than the relics of the dead which this mound entombs. Tradition deepens our interest in the spot, and seeks admission for it within the pale of the historic. It says that it is the resting-place of Coilte, one of the Fingalian bards and heroes whom Ossian sings, and who is also often commemorated in the Gaelic Poems collected by Sir James MacGregor, Dean of Lismore. He finished his course here, and here his dust was committed to the earth; and hence the name which the place bears—Coilt-tullich, the grave of Coilte.

Derculich is a similar memorial name, and signal-

izes a like spot. It is Dearg-thulich, slightly euphemised. And what is the interpretation of the word? Dearg is Dargo, another of the warriors whom Ossian sings, as "Dargo of ships," and "the high King of blue spears." He died and was buried here; and hence the name of the place. To the latest generation Derculich will be as it were a finger-post, pointing them to Dargo's grave. In one of his notes to "The Tay, A Poem," the late David Millar says:—"A few years ago, on removing a hillock that stood in the way of an improvement, a rude stone coffin, if rough unchiselled slabs deserve the name, containing human bones, was disentombed, and credited as a confirmation of the tradition. The warrior's remains were gathered with great care, and again interred at a little distance from their previous resting-place, where they were fenced in by a stone wall, to secure them against future molestation."

About the Pass of Keltnie, sepulchral remains distinctly indicate another old battlefield. Close by the bridge which spans this stream, and on the south side of it, there is a mound which has all the appearance of being a tumulus. In the immediate neighbourhood, between Coshieville Inn and the Lyon, stood a cairn, in which, when opened in 1836, were found ten or twelve stone coffins. Their sides and ends were formed of rough slabs, and a like slab covered each above. "On the lid being removed, there were found in some of them urns of unglazed argillaceous substance containing black ashes, while the others contained ashes and pieces of bone, without any urns. In the contiguous field, there are three or four large barrows, but differently shaped from the former, being of an oblong form resembling the inverted hull of a ship." This was written in 1842; and if those barrows have been examined since, they have yielded, we have no doubt, ample relics of the dead. How came those relics to be here? Tradition answers, and some of our early chronicles have written the answer, that a great battle was fought here between the Fingalians and the Picts, in which the former were vanquished. Bravely and fiercely did they dispute the Pass with the Picts; but in vain. They were forced to yield; and shortly afterwards the victor's sword drank the blood of the last of the Fingal race.

It appears to us that there is ground for thinking that Dull was one of the seats of the Culdees. It was by them that the northern Picts were first evangelized. St Columba himself, the founder of the Culdee fraternity, and the "Apostle of the Highlands," laboured in these parts long and zealously, and with very signal success. Through the blessing from on high, our benighted and rude ancestors listened to him with profound respect, and the message which he brought them came home to their hearts and consciences with thrilling effect. We know that he resided for some time at Dunkeld, where his remains were finally interred; and we may reasonably suppose that Dull was often blessed with his presence and ministry. There was, tradition says, a Culdee college at Dull; one of those religious establishments, which, as we have repeatedly explained, were both churches and seminaries; places of worship, and "schools of the prophets," in which young men were trained for evangelistic and missionary work. This college, tradition farther says, was eventually transferred to St Andrews; the meaning of which may be, that it was superseded by the St Andrews institution. Fragments of history, too, seem to give some countenance to these traditions. They indicate some close and peculiar connection between Dull and St Andrews. Hugh, Bishop of Dunkeld, gave the religious establishment of Dull to the Priory of St Andrews, on condition of the priory paying a sum of money, in lieu of what was due to him and his clergy from Dull. And part of the present stipend of the minister of Dull is reported to be "eighteen bolls of black oats out of the teinds of the Priory of St Andrews."

When we put all these things together, we are inclined to give Dull a place among the three hundred cells or churches which Columba and his companions set up in our land.

In the eleventh century clearer light about Dull begins to spring up. Its Religious House had by that time developed into an Abbey; an Abbey which the arts and efforts of the partizans of Popery had so far Romanized. Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, and husband of Beatrice, daughter of Malcolm II., who gave a long line of kings to Scotland, was Abthane of Dull. His brother, Grim, Thane of Strathearn, was bailie of the Abthanery of Dull; and was killed fighting against the Danes at the Battle of Mortlach in A.D. 1010. There were then three Abthanedums in Scotland, all holding of the Crown: Dull, Kirkmichael, and Madderty. All the three King Edgar gave to his youngest brother, Ethelred, who was Abbot of Dunkeld; and on his death they reverted to the Crown. The researches of archæologists have not enlightened us greatly about those Abthanedums; but we may safely presume that they brought much honour, power, and wealth to the dignitaries on whom they were bestowed.

The Abbey of Dull Rome planted with monks of the Tironensian Order; so called from their first Abbey, Tyronium, in Picardy. They followed the

Rule of St Bernard; practising the common handicrafts, that they might be preserved from the corrupting influence of idleness, and that they might provide by useful industry for the maintenance of the community. They consisted of painters, carvers, carpenters, smiths, masons, &c., under the superintendence of one who was called Elder, and the profits of their work were applied to the common use. Such were the monks of the monastery of Dull; and there are yet memorials of them in the names of localities in and about the village; such as "Straid nan Gaibhnean," *i.e.* Smith's Street, and "Straid nan Clachainean," *i.e.* Masons' Street.

In the field below Dull are the ruins of an old building. Some have supposed these to be the ruins of the Abbey church; but this seems doubtful. The field in which they lie is called the "Tolbooth Field;" and it is as likely that they are the ruins of the tolbooth, which, when feudal times passed away, was no longer needed in Dull, and was allowed to decay and fall. We may add here, that at the same epoch the Mote-hill of Dull fell from its high estate. It is supposed to be indicated by the three contiguous conical mounds, which attract the notice of the wayfarer westward in the vale of Appin, about half-a-mile from the confluence of the Lyon and the Tay. The courts of justiciary for the district had been long held on it. Many a trembling pannel had been brought to it to undergo trial for his alleged crimes; and many a miserable convict had been led from it to the gallows. This purpose it henceforth no more served; and eventually the denizens of the forest got possession of the knolls which the judges had occupied, performing their high and dread functions.

The Cross, a tall, time-worn stone pillar, fixed in a large round socket, still stands in the centre of the village. It used to have a high privilege associated with it. It was a sort of "Holy-rood"—a sanctuary to which debtors and other offenders had only to flee, and they were safe from arrest. We have not met with any lore explaining under what influence, and by what sovereign authority, this privilege was bestowed on Dull, but it conspires with other things to show the ancient importance of the place. The privilege extended to half-a-mile around the Cross. To that extent its precincts were inviolable; and they were pointed out by three crosses of a smaller size—a larger and two smaller ones—running in a direct line from south-west to north-east. These, it is to be regretted, have disappeared. "The largest of these crosses was erected in the intermediate space betwixt the other two, and the place where it was situated is still called 'Druimdiamhain,' which is evidently a corruption of 'Druim an dion,' 'the centre of defence or safety.' These ancient landmarks were, not many years ago, sacrilegiously removed, and, with a Goth-and-Vandal-like taste, erected to grace a neighbouring gateway; and now the only evidence of the Abbey's fallen greatness is 'the Cross of Dull.'"

In Popish times the benefice of Dull was fat; and at the Reformation the vicar, whose name was David Guthrie, made a good thing of it. As "coming events cast their shadows before," he sold many of the lands and immunities belonging to the living, and pocketed the proceeds. It is said that the vicar's house was on the same site as the first house of Dull, with its gable to the road, as one enters the village from the south-west; and we observe an old writ quoted, which bears that in A.D. 1244, "the prior of St Andrews (John White) held his court at Dull, in Atholl, near a large stone on the west side of the vicar's house, on which day Colin, son of Angus, and Bridin, his son, and Gylis, his brother, rendered to him their homage as his liege men"—another historic fragment, by the way, which shows the early and intimate connection between Dull and St Andrews.

The Parish Church, which was thoroughly repaired in 1840, is a very old fabric, so old that its age is unknown. Some time ago a stone slab, covered with sculpture, was digged up in the eastern division of it, where it had lain for ages. The slab is in the Museum of the Antiquarian Society, Edinburgh. We have not learned whether the wisdom of the antiquaries has succeeded in discovering any accepted reading of the symbols sculptured on it.

We must not leave the village of Dull without pointing to St Ninian's Well. It is at the back of the village. The saint made it a sanatorium; and, age after age, crowds of the valetudinarian and the diseased resorted to it for health and cure. Its waters seem to have been a panacea—a remedy for all the maladies which flesh is heir to: at least we have not met with any notice of their being a specific for one of these more than another. They lost their virtue at the "Deformatiom," as Archbishop Laud, of blessed memory, termed it; or rather, they lost their virtue in consequence of the "Deformation;" for as, under its baleful influence, the true faith perished from off the land, the miracles by which that faith had been sealed ceased.

St Ninian, we may state, was the tutelar saint of the parish, to whom its church was dedicated, and after whom it was named. He was a Scot, the son of a Christian Prince, born at Whithorn in Galloway, and flourished in the century preceding that of St Columba. In early life he went to Rome,

where he remained for many years, increasing in knowledge and grace; and, having received Episcopal consecration, returned to his native country to evangelize the heathen in it, and to restore those already Christianised who were beginning to err from the truth. On his way he visited the great St Martin of Tours, and borrowed from him masons, to construct a church in Scotland after the Roman model. He was well received in Galloway; converted the southern Picts; and built Candida Casa at Whithorn, often said to have been the first church of stone in Britain. He dedicated the holy house to St Martin; was buried in it when he had finished his course; and to his tomb the faithful from all parts of the country made pilgrimages, and received there wonderful cures. His life had been signalised by miracles; such as giving sight to a neighbouring king, who, for opposing him in his evangelistic labours, had been judicially smitten with blindness; such as making a bed of leeks grow up into monstrous size with something like the rapidity of Jonah's gourd; and such as raising to life a robber whom a bull had gored.

In one of his Notes to Waverley, Sir Walter Scott says he has been informed that Tully-veolan, the Castle of Baron Bradwardine, resembles Grandtully Castle more than Warrender House or Old Ravelston, or any other of our old Scottish seats. From this we may assume that Grandtully Castle furnished him with the picture he draws of Tully-veolan, as a specimen of "a Scottish Manor House Sixty Years Since;" and this is it, or at least part of it:—The "avenue" by which Waverley approached it, after passing through "the upper gate," battlemented and adorned with masses of mutilated sculpture, "was straight, and of moderate length, running between a double row of very ancient horse-chestnuts, planted alternatively with sycamores, which rose to such huge height, and flourished so luxuriantly, that their boughs completely overarched the broad road beneath. Beyond these venerable ranks, and running parallel to them, were two walls, of apparently the like antiquity, overgrown with ivy, honeysuckle, and other climbing plants. This avenue seemed very little trodden, and chiefly by footpassengers; so that being very broad, and enjoying a constant shade, it was clothed with grass of a deep and rich verdure, excepting where a footpath, worn by occasional passengers, tracked with a natural sweep the way from the upper to the lower gate. This nether portal, like the former, opened in front of a wall ornamented with some rude sculpture, with battlements on the top, over which were seen half-hidden by the trees of the avenue, the high steep roofs and narrow gables of the mansion, with lines indented into steps, and corners decorated with small turrets.

"The house, which seemed to consist of two or three high, narrow, and steep-roofed buildings, projecting from each other at right angles, formed one side of the enclosure. It had been built at a period when Castles were no longer necessary, and when the Scottish architects had not acquired the art of designing a domestic residence. The windows were numberless, but very small; the roof had some nondescript kind of projections, called bartizans, and displayed at each frequent angle, a small turret, rather resembling a pepper-box than a Gothic watch-tower. Neither did the front indicate absolute security from danger. There were loopholes for musketry, and iron stanchions on the lower windows, probably to repel any roving band of gipsies, or resist a predatory visit from the Caterans of the neighbouring Highlands. Stables and other offices occupied another side of the square. The former were low vaults, with narrow slits instead of windows, resembling, as Edward's groom observed, 'rather a prison for murderers and larceners, and such like as are tried at 'sizes, than a place for any Christian cattle.' Above these dungeon-looking stables, were granaries, called girnels, and other offices, to which there was access by outside stairs of heavy masonry. Two battlemented walls, one of which faced the avenue, and the other divided the court from the garden, completed the enclosure."

But our chief object, in tarrying for a little at Grandtully, was to say that it is an Historic Scene as being the old seat of the historic family of the Stewarts, of whom we gave some account when at Little Dunkeld.

Bonskeid House is the seat of George F. Barbour, Esq.; and there are two or three things, falling within our scope, which we may jot concerning it. John Stewart, proprietor of Bonskeid, was a minor in 1715. He was fifteen years old; but he must honour the political principles which he had inherited. So must his cousin, Stewart of Fincastle, who was of the same age. Both resolved to join the Jacobites at Perth; and they were on their way to do so, when their tenantry happily intercepted them, and persuaded them to return home. This John Stewart came at length to a violent death, by the hand of his relative, Stewart of Shierglass. Meeting one day in the market of Pitlochry, they quarrelled; and Shierglass stabbed his kinsman to the heart.

"According to a Highland superstition, the murderer who could contrive to see daylight under the body of his victim, was sure to escape. Before the retainers of the murdered man could convey his

body four miles, and bear it slowly up the hill, the adversary was hidden securely among the copse of the wayside. With his ear to the ground, his eye caught daylight under the plaid that enfolded the body of his victim. The murderer now betook himself to flight; he resided some time abroad, but ultimatately returned home, and was permitted unmolested to settle on his estate."

John Stewart left two children, a son and a daughter; and another tragedy soon followed in the family experience. On a Sabbath, when the children and most of the household were absent, attending worship at Blair Athole, Bonskeid House took fire, and was burned to the ground. As the dairymaid, who was one of the party at church, put it in her expressive Doric:—"Fifteen bonny kebbucks I left in the dairy. When on our return home we got to the hill-top, the house was in flames, and all my kebbucks were black as coals." This disaster could not be repaired till the family exchequer improved. The children found a home with their relations at Fincastle. The boy, Alexander, was educated for the medical profession, and obtained an appointment on the medical staff of the Scottish Brigade in Holland. On returning to Scotland he practised in Dunkeld, and married Miss Bisset, who bore him three children, who were all taken away from them, and whom their mother soon followed to the grave. The father left Dunkeld, which death had so desolated to him, and settled in Perth, where he had a large practice for many years.

Dr Stewart married a second time; and his second wife was Marjory Anne Mary Oliphant, eldest sister of Caroline Oliphant, Baroness Nairn. About ten years after their marriage, the mansion of Bonskeid was replaced in a singular way. The Countess of Bath, travelling in Scotland with her husband, Sir James Pulteney, conceived a fancy for Bonskeid, took a lease of it, and set about building a house on it. Taking up her abode in a tent, that she might enjoy the enchanting scenery, and superintend the work, she had hardly begun operations when she died. Her husband so far executed her plans, contenting himself, however, with a smaller residence than she had designed. He sent down elegant furniture for it from London, directing that it should not be unpacked till he himself arrived. And now came a third tragedy in the annals of Bonskeid. Sir James's last purchase had been a new firelock. In making trial of it, he mortally injured himself; and thus a new "mansion, ready furnished, was found by Dr Stewart in the birch-wood of Bonskeid in place of that which, thirty years before, perished in the flames."

The fruit of the Doctor's second marriage was an only daughter, Margaret, who married Glas Sandeman, Esq. of Springland, by Perth; and one of the fruits of this marriage was a daughter, who, marrying Mr Barbour, of Manchester, became Mrs Barbour of Bonskeid. She has shed lustre on her lineage by the honoured name which she has acquired in the Christian literature of the country. The "Recollections" of her grand aunt, Lady Nairn, furnished Dr Rogers with not a little of the material of which he has made such good use in the Memoir of her Ladyship. To her own prolific and graceful pen we owe "The Way Home: and How the Little Children Reached it by a Railway Accident;" "The Child of the Kingdom;" "The Soul-Gatherer;" "The Irish Orphan;" "The Tear on the Cheek of the Dead;" "Little James Macartney," &c., &c. Her writings have deservedly met with great acceptance. The copy we have before us of one of them, which we have named, is of the seventeenth thousand; that of another is of the twenty-second thousand; and another had, years ago, reached a circulation of upwards of a hundred thousand.

The "Railway Accident" which was "the Little Children's Way Home" was a most heart-rending family affliction. On a Friday morning in March, 1853, the Barbours left Perth for Manchester by railway. The party consisted of Mr and Mrs Barbour, their sons Freddy and Georgy, aged respectively five and four years, their infant daughter, Margaret, and two female servants. All went well in their journey till they were within ten minutes of their destination, when the train went off the rails, and a terrible crash ensued. The life of Mr and Mrs Barbour trembled in the balance from the shock, and from other injuries which they sustained; Georgy was killed instantaneously; Freddy survived about thirty-six hours; the infant was saved, but her nurse soon sank of her wounds in the Manchester Infirmary.

Shall we give our readers a glimpse or two of the dire catastrophe from Mrs Barbour's own account of it? Those who have not seen that account will, we think, not only excuse but thank us.

As the train approached Manchester, "the speed, which had been violent, now became tremendous, and the motion grating, as if over pebble-stones. In a second we were off the rails. Looking around, the boys had slid from the one seat on which they were together, and stood in mute amazement with their eyes on their papa's, which did not lose sight of them till the carriage went to pieces. The solemn expression of their faces is fixed on our memories never to be forgotten.

"The carriages dashed on and struck. For an instant the danger seemed past, when a noise of an engine rumbled as if beneath us. With closed eyes and a firm grasp we sought to commit all to God, as our carriage broke upon the engine which had fallen across the line—the flooring gave way—and the back fell in. There was only time to realize that God was with us—*safety* therefore—and a sense of it."

A mass of fragments covered them. Consciousness forsook them. When it returned engines were whistling and blazing. The servants lay alongside, as motionless as if they had been dead. "No one else was visible but a man and a boy, who, unaided, had lifted all of us from the broken fragments, and slowly carried us one by one to the fresh air."

"I dared not lift my head or the earth reeled; nor move my limbs—as the head of a wounded man rested on my knee, drops of his blood trickled over my dress, and he screamed in agony when I stirred. The spasmodic pains were aggravat d by the intense cold; and though a parcel of our cloaks lay in sight a few yards off, those who were begged to bring them were so confused by the scene, that they forgot. The left arm was powerless, from the collar-bone being broken at the shoulder, and I could not turn on it so as to set the right arm free. Both limbs were also injured and icy cold. A blow on the chest made respiration very laboured and painful. It was getting dark. A message had come from a collier's house that the infant was there, but not expected to live. Previously, when asking for a plaid as a covering, the reply was, 'There is a child in that plaid;' and on saying, 'Bring them, for both child and plaid are mine,' the reply was, 'The child is not as you could see it.'"

Nearly an hour after, Freddy was brought to his mother. "When I tried to make room for him in my arms, the wounded man who leaned on me cried, 'For God's sake don't move; so just when I longed most to get a sight of Freddy, he had to be laid at my back. No word was spoken by either of us, and it was not a time for tears. The patient creature lay perfectly still on the same broken carriage door, and under the same shawl with me; fondly patting my shoulder when anything painful occurred, and especially when he heard me speak to Betsy Macartney, begging her to be composed. She cried out in her agony most of the evening, 'My foot! my side! O Lord! have mercy on my soul! Where's my child? Where's Margaret?' 'Is it *your* child?' the passer-by would say, thinking she referred to Georgy, whom they knew to be gone. 'Yes, it's *my* child; I'm it's nurse, and there's my mistress.'" . . . .

Four long hours after the "Accident," they were couched in the house of the relatives in Manchester whom they had gone south to visit. The parents were yet in suspense about Georgy's fate. But more than once they had whispered his name to one another. "At last his papa said, 'Poor Georgy!' The face of the kind friend who watched by our bedside grew pale. There was silence. *The Lord gave*, I said; his papa added, *and the Lord hath taken away;* and then we repeated that wondrous conclusion of Job when *all* was gone, *Blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

About five o'clock on the Sabbath morning, Freddy was carried into their room, and laid at their feet; "so little changed from that last look on the railway bank—lovelier than he had almost looked before, that we could not believe he was unconscious. It was only when the physicians had raised us in bed to kiss him, and taking his hand, we asked him if he did not know us, that we saw he was already deaf to all earthly voices, and that his time was counted by seconds. His papa prayed for him, and gave him up to God. 'O Lord, thou hast heard his earnest cries for a new heart, and to be washed in the blood of Jesus, and taken to heaven when he died. Answer them all, and take him to Thyself.'

"He was carried away again, and expired in a few moments." . . . . .

Say, reader, how mighty to support under the heaviest visitations of His providence are "the everlasting arms!" And how do the faith and the hope of the gospel gild the darkest sky; give songs in the night of deepest trouble; and turn the shadow of death into the morning!

Near the principal Fall of the Tummel is a cave which we must notice. It is on the north-east of the Fall, and the mouth of it is high up in the face of the cliff which walls the river on that side. The cave was a place of refuge to the Macgregors when they were proscribed, and hunted like partridges on the mountains. On one memorable occasion on which they took shelter in it, their pursuers discovered their hiding-place by the help of their bloodhounds. They attacked the cave. The Macgregors defended themselves with their characteristic bravery, but were soon overpowered by numbers. The few of them that remained darted through their assailants out of the cave, "and, with amazing agility, sprung into a tree which overhung the lofty and giddy precipice. Thither their enraged persecutors had not the courage to follow them, but they instantly commenced to cut down the tree with their heavy claymores, and never ceased until they hurled

both it and the unfortunate Macgregors into the gulf below."

In Loch Tummel, towards the north-west end of it, is a small artificial island covered with wood. That island had once a castle on it, the ruins of which are still visible. That castle was one of the fastnesses of the Robertsons of Strowan, the chiefs of the Clan Donnachie. We have told how it was from Grandtully Castle that Sir Walter Scott took his photograph of the Castle of Tully-Veolan; and it is Alexander Robertson, Esq. of Strowan, who succeeded his father in 1688, that is supposed to have been the prototype of Sir Walter's Baron of Bradwardine. He was distinguished by more than the usual virtues and accomplishments of the Jacobite chiefs. He was a man of letters, and a favourite of the Muses. Soon after his death, which took place in 1749, a volume of poems by him was given to the world; and when it was reprinted in 1785, there was added to it a prose composition of his, under the title of "The History and Martial Achievements of the Robertsons of Strowan."

This chief figures prominently in the Jacobite insurrections. He joined Dundee in 1688; and though he does not appear to have been at Killiecrankie, he was attainted in 1690, and his estates were forfeited to the crown. He joined Mar in 1715, at the head of five hundred of his clan. He was taken prisoner at Sheriffmuir; but, as he was being conducted to Edinburgh, he contrived to make his escape by the aid of a sister, and took refuge in France. He once more "marshalled his clan" in the cause of the Stuarts in 1745; but age and infirmity kept himself at home, and he thus happily escaped proscription. Dr Browne, in his "History of the Highlands and of the 'Highland Clans,'" pronounces this high eulogy on him:—

"The exploits of Alexander Robertson of Strowan, in the insurrection of 1715, the eccentricity of his habits, his poetical genius, so rare in a Highland chief, and the chivalrous heroism and simplicity of his character, have rendered his name familiar to every one. He was indeed a fine specimen of the dauntless, devoted, and high-bred cavalier; a stranger alike to fear and to reproach; brave, learned, and loyal; a hero in the field, but distinguished alike for his generosity, kindness, and humanity, as well as for his wit and his peculiarities in the ordinary relations of life. Celebrated in the history of the times when he lived, he has been adopted by tradition, which delights to rehearse his achievements; and, last of all, romance has adorned one of its most magnificent galleries with a full length portraiture of this fine old Scotch chief and cavalier. *(Waverley.)* His family, however, paid dear for their devotion to the cause of the exiled royal family; but although their estates were three times forfeited, and their name was associated with every attempt made in Scotland to raise the standard of the ill-fated Stuart, yet a descendant of the ancient house of Strowan still holds part of the original possessions of the clan, and with them inherits the patronymic of his race."

We may add that while the Castle in Loch Tummel was one of the fortresses of the Robertsons of Strowan, t eir principal seat was formerly the Castle of Invervack, but is now Mount Alexander in Rannoch.

Returning to Strathtay, we cross to the south side of the river by Taybridge. It is a strong and not inelegant structure, built by General Wade in 1733, in conducting his great military road from Stirling to Inverness. It was of immediate and inestimable benefit to the public for travel and traffic; and it was soon in requisition for military purposes. In 1745, Sir John Cope, at the head of some fourteen hundred Government troops, passed over it, to measure swords with Prince Charlie and his adherents, who, a few weeks before had raised the standard of rebellion in Glenfinnan. Cope and his men rested at the Bridge on the night of the 24th August, 1745.

South a little of the Bridge is a field which is a marked Historic Scene. Here, in 1739, were embodied as a regiment of the line the famous *Freiceadan Dubh*, or Black Watch. They were so called from the dark colour of their tartan uniform, which distinguished them from the regular troops, who were called *Saighdearn Dearg*, or Red Soldiers, from the colour of their uniform. As far back as 1730, six companies of the Black Watch had been raised, three of them a hundred men each, and other three seventy. But nine years after, four more companies were added to these, raising them to an aggregate of over a thousand men; and in May, 1740, the ten companies were embodied into a regiment of the line on the field where we now are, and they remained in quarters on it for nearly eighteen months. They were numbered the 43d Regiment; but on the reduction of the 42d in 1749, they became the Royal 42d Highlanders, or, as they were commonly called, the Black Watch. General Stewart, in his "Sketches of the Highlands and the Highlanders," says:—"Many of the men who composed these companies were of a higher station in society than that from which soldiers in general are raised; cadets of gentlemen's families, sons of gentlemen farmers, and tacksmen, either immediately or distantly descended from gentle men's families,—men who felt themselves respo

sible for their conduct to high-minded and honourable families, as well as to a country for which they cherished a devoted affection. In addition to the advantages derived from their superior rank in life, they possessed, in an eminent degree, that of a commanding external deportment, special care being taken in selecting men of full height, well-proportioned, and of handsome appearance."

Their "uniform," the same writer says, "was a scarlet jacket and waistcoat, with buff facings and white lace—tartan plaid of twelve yards plaited round the middle of the body, the upper part being fixed on the left shoulder ready to be thrown loose, and wrapped over both shoulders and firelock in rainy weather. At night the plaid served the purpose of a blanket, and was a sufficient covering for the Highlander. These were called belted plaids from being kept tight to the body by a belt, and were worn on guards, reviews, and on all occasions when the men were in full dress. On this belt hung the pistols and dirk when worn. In the barracks, and when not on duty, the little kilt or philibeg was worn, a blue bonnet with a border of white, red, and green, arranged in small squares to resemble, as is said, the *fess cheque* in the arms of the different branches of the Stewart family, and a tuft of feathers, or sometimes, from economy or necessity, a small piece of black bearskin. The arms were a musket, a bayonet, and a large basket-hilted broadsword. These were furnished by Government. Such of the men as chose to supply themselves with pistols and dirks were allowed to carry them, and some had targets after the fashion of their country. The sword belt was of black leather, and the cartouch box was carried in front, supported by a narrow belt round the middle."

The history of the Black Watch, the exploits they performed in many lands, and the renown they acquired, are beyond our scope. They returned to their native land in the spring of 1816 after the Peninsular war, and after a length of service extending from their embodiment over a period of seventy-five years; and their reception in Edinburgh shows how highly they were appreciated and honoured. Immense multitudes met them with their welcome several miles out of the metropolis. They entered at the foot of the Canongate; and so great was the crowd that the pipers and band were obliged to put up their instruments for want of room to play, and little of the soldiers was seen but their bonnets and feathers. Equally dense was the crowd in the High Street; and the houses on both sides and many of the house-tops were filled with spectators. So slow was the progress of the procession, that the heroes took an hour and a quarter to march from Holyrood to the gate of the Castle; and there they had the utmost difficulty to disengage themselves from the masses of people who pressed on them. The city bells rang their merriest peals, and the spectators rent the air with their acclamations. The regiment was afterwards entertained to dinner in the Assembly Rooms, George Street; Sir Walter Scott and other eminent citizens superintending, and raising the enthusiasm of the evening to the highest pitch by their eloquence. Each soldier was also presented with a ticket of admission to the theatre for one night.

Most of the cleanly, cheerful, thriving village of Aberfeldy is in this parish. The mountain stream, which runs through it to the Tay, is the Moness. In the neighbourhood to the south, besides the circular fort above Moness House already noticed by us, are vestiges of some old entrenchments, which are supposed to mark the site of a Roman camp. There is likewise one of the rocking-stones, which Druid mechanical skill poised so marvellously on their bases; and of which, as we before explained, Druid priestcraft made such good use in practising on the credulity of its dupes.

But the great object of interest here is the Falls of Moness. They are three in number; the nearest being about a mile from the village of Aberfeldy, and the farthest about a mile and a half. For a description of them, and of the enchanting scenery with which they are surrounded, we must refer our readers to the Guide Books for Tourists; contenting ourselves with re-quoting the oft-quoted words of Pennant, that the Falls of Moness "are an epitome of everything that can be admired in the curiosity of water-falls." Our National Poet visited these Falls in 1787, in the third tour which he made to the north that year; and he celebrated them in one of his most admired songs—"The Birks of Aberfeldy." The local tradition seems to be, that he composed the song, seated on a rustic bench in the neighbourhood of the second Fall, and to which the attention of visitors is of course duly directed. But according to Allan Cunningham, Burns himself says that he wrote it "standing under the Falls." It is said that Her Majesty repeated the song to Prince Albert as they drove through Aberfeldy in 1842, almost under the shadow of the Birks; and we may well believe that, repeated by the Queen in such circumstances, it would have a charm to the exquisite taste of the Prince which it never had before. Well known as the song is, we must give a place to it.

"*Chorus.*
"Bonnie lassie, will ye go.
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the Birks of Aberfeldy?

I.

"Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

II.

"The little birdies blithely sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

III.

"The braes ascend like lofty wa's.
The foamy stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

IV.

"The hoary cliffs are crowned wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

V.

"Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

"Bonnie lassie, will ye go," &c.

There is an outlying, isolated portion of this parish in Glenquaich. There is the hamlet of Amulree on the Bran, which had just been the Quaich, an excellent trouting stream. There are also in the vicinity several tempting Lochs to the lovers of the piscatory art. A short way west of the hamlet is Loch Freuchie, which used to be a good fishing Loch. The late Professor Gillespie of St Andrews was an enthusiastic angler, and Amulree was a great favourite with him. At his second visit to it, he thus apostrophised it:—

"Oh, Amulree! lone Amulree!
Dear are thy solitudes to me
Thy mountain rocks that prop the sky,
While down their sides the shadows lie;
Loch Freuchie, with its margin gray,
Where sunbeams and where lambkins play;
Again the mossy Braan I see,
And live one day in Amulree."

There is a legend of thrilling interest associated with Loch Freuchie, which we must not withhold from our readers. Albin and the Daughter of Mey loved one another, and plighted their troth that they would be one in the bonds of holy wedlock. Albin with the flowing hair was the pride of the country, "a blameless hero, blooming, young, and fair."

"A thousand graces did the maid adorn:
Her looks were charming, and her heart was kind;
Her eyes were like the windows of the morn,
And wisdom's habitation was her mind.
A hundred heroes tried her love to gain;
She pitied them, yet did their suits deny:
Young Albin only courted not in vain,
Albin alone was lovely in her eye:
Love filled their bosoms with a muthal flame;
Their birth was equal, and their age the same."

Mey, the maid's mother, conceived a guilty passion for Albin. Proof against all her fascinations, nothing but his death would satisfy the vengeful fury of the fiendish woman. On an islet in Loch Freuchie grew a tree, whose fruit was an infallible remedy for every disease. But the tree was guarded by a terrible, venomous dragon, that could not be approached without imminent peril, or encountered without certain destruction. Feigning to be stricken with some dire malady, Mey called Albin, and commanded him to prove his courage by bringing her of the fruit of this wondrous all-heall tree. He obeyed; swimmed to the islet; found the dragon asleep; plucked some of the precious fruit; and returning in safety, placed it in Mey's hand. Bitterly disappointed, she commanded him to go again to the islet, and to pull up the tree itself by the roots. He again obeyed; tore up the tree; and was returning with it, when the monster, aroused from its sleep, followed him with a hideous roar, seized him, and gnawed him with its fierce teeth. His beloved, wearying for his return, and betaking herself to the Loch, beheld the deadly struggle, and

"Though pale with fear, she plunges in the wave,
And to the hero's hand a dagger gave!"

It was too late. Albin indeed dragged the dragon to the land, and dispatched him with the dagger; but the creature's venom, bounding through his veins, soon laid him a corpse on the shore. The maid poured out her woe in words of agony; and after a panegyric on her Albin, which bereaved love alone could have pronounced, she concluded thus:—

"But now he's gone! and nought remains but woe
For wretched me; with him my joys are fled,
Around his tomb my tears shall ever flow,
The rock my dwelling, and the clay my bed!
Ye maids, and matrons, from your hills descend,
To join my moan, and answer tear for tear;
With me here to his grave attend,
And sing the songs of mourning round his bier.
Through his own grave his praise we will proclaim,
And bid the place for ever bear his name."

This legend is the theme of a fine old Gaelic song, translated by Jerome Stone, schoolmaster, of Dunkeld; and it is from his beautiful translation that we have quoted the above lines.

The most noteworthy thing in the ecclesiastical annals of Dull seems to be, that it was at one time a model-parish for the strictness of its discipline. Its Session Records contain very ample evidence of

this. Duncan M'Lea, ordained to the charge in 1717, appears to have exceeded all who preceded and followed him in the sternness and rigour with which he handled delinquents. Duncan Dewar, late minister of the parish, says in a foot-note to his Statistical Account of it, written in 1842:—"Rigid in matters of discipline as Mr M'Kerchar certainly was, one of his successors in office, Mr M'Lea, was still a greater disciplinarian. It appears from the register of discipline, that during the latter's incumbency, offenders often appeared in sackcloth before the congregation for twenty-four consecutive Sabbaths ere they were absolved; and, at one period, no less than three of the heritors made their compearance in a body, and were publicly and frequently reproved by the moderator for violating the seventh commandment of the decalogue."

KENMORE.

In this, as in neighbouring parishes, are traces of scenes which had been sacred in pagan times to the rites of Druid worship. There are also in the parish traces of the Romans. Roman coins have been digged up in it, brought to it no doubt by the legions of the mistress of the world, when they visited this district, and encamped, as we shall see, in a neighbouring parish. "In the year 1755, in making a road across the hill from Taymouth to Glenquaich, there were found, near the crest of the hill, twelve Roman coins, about three inches under the surface of the ground, in what seemed like a bed of charcoal. They appear to be of silver, of the circumference of a sixpenny piece, but much thicker. The dies and inscriptions of most of them are distinct and legible. They are of the Antonines and their Empresses. They are at Taymouth."

Kenmore was not far distant from Dunkeld and Dull, both of which, as we have seen, were seats of the Culdees. It is natural to suppose that it shared early in the evangelising labours of the devoted missionaries in both those places. It has been thought, indeed, that it had a Culdee establishment of its own; which was situated in the Isle of Loch Tay, and with which St Aidan, a companion of St Columba, and a fellow-labourer with him, was somehow closely connected. And there are considerations which seem to give countenance to this opinion. The Isle of Loch Tay was anciently called Aidan's Isle. Prior to the Reformation, there was, about a mile eastward, on the left bank of the Tay, a place of worship served by a vicar, and which was named Inchaidan; that is, being interpreted, the Isle of Aidan. It was not on an island; but we can readily believe that it had taken its name from the site of the old Culdee cell, which St Aidan may have erected. Moreover, as far back as Aidan's day, the sovereigns of Scotland occasionally sojourned about Kenmore; and it is hard to imagine where they could be accommodated, if it was not in the premises, humble as they were, which the Culdees had set up. King Donald IV., for example, who was contemporary with Aidan, and his friend and patron, was at Kenmore, and was enjoying the pastime of fishing on Loch Tay, when he found in it a watery grave. Holinshed thus narrates the tragic occurrence:—"His death (the death of Oswald King of Northumberland) chanced in the third yeare of Donwald the Scottish King, who sore lamented the same, as of that prince whome he loved right entirelie. Neither lived the said King Donwald anie long time after the death of his deere friend; for in the fifteenth yeare of his reign, being got into a bote to fish in the water, called Lochtaie, for his recreation, his chance was to be drowned, by reason the bote sanke under him; certeine daies after, his bodie being found and taken up, was buried amongst his ancestors in Colmekill, in the yeare of our Lord 647."

When the land was Romanized in its religion, a Priory was erected on the Isle of Loch Tay. It was founded by King Alexander I. in A.D. 1122. If the spot had been previously hallowed by a Culdee establishment, he removed it, and substituted for it the buildings necessary for the more pretentious institution of a popish Priory; and the Priory he granted to the Abbey of Scone. The deed making the grant was in these terms:—"Alexander, by the grace of God, King of the Scots, to the Bishops and Earls, and to all the faithful of the whole of Scotland, health. I make it known to you that, for the honour of God, and S. Mary, and all the saints, I have given for myself, and for the soul of Queen Sibylla, the Island of Loch Tay, in perpetual possession, with all the rights pertaining to the same Island, to Holy Trinity of Scoon, and to the Brotherhood serving God there by Monastic Rule, so that a church of God be built there for me; and for the soul of the Queen there deceased, and that they serve God there in the religious habit. And this I grant to them for the present, until I shall have given them some other augmentation, so that that place may be renowned for its service of God. Herbert, Chancellor, Witness. At Stirling."

Alexander's Queen, Sibylla, was one of the illegiti-

mate daughters of Henry I. of England (Beauclerk). As they were sojourning in the Isle of Loch Tay, in A.D. 1122, she fell sick and died, and was buried in it; and this, doubtless, had its own influence in moving the widowed King to the pious work of founding and endowing the Priory. Alexander himself survived his Queen for only two years, and was buried in the Abbey of Dunfermline, of which also he was the founder.

This little Isle, elliptical in form, and measuring about an acre and a quarter of ground, is associated with some other events, more or less memorable, and which may be adverted to. The "Black Book of Taymouth" says:—"Sir Duncan Campbell, of Glenurquhay, who succeeded Sir Colin in 1480, bigget ye great Hall, Chapel, and Chalmeris, in the Isle of Loch Tay." The meaning must be, that he rebuilt, and probably enlarged and decorated, these parts of the Priory, which had already existed for three centuries and a half. A Manuscript in the Library of Taymouth Castle, of the nature of a Diary, written by an ecclesiastic, probably a vicar of Inchaidan, says:—"The Island of Lochthay was burned through the negligence of servants on Palm Sunday, being the last day of March, A.D. 1509." The same authority also says:—"Mariote Stewart, Dame of Glenurquhay, died at the Island of Lochthay on the 26th July, and was buried in Finlarig, A.D. 1524." The "Black Book of Taymouth" has this further entry:—"Sir John Campbell, 5th Laird of Glenurquhay, deceissit in the Isle of Loch Tay, in 1550."

We add, even at the risk of some readers disputing the historic authority of the addition, that, in "The Fair Maid of Perth," Sir Walter Scott makes the Isle of Loch Tay the first burial place of Gilchrist MacIan, Captain of the clan Quhele, who died just before the battle of the Clans on the North Inch of Perth. "The magnificent bosom of the lake itself (Loch Tay) was a scene to gaze on with delight. Its noble breadth, with its termination in a full and beautiful run, was rendered yet more picturesque by one of those islets which are often happily situated in the Scottish lakes. The ruins upon that isle, now almost shapeless, being overgrown with wood, rose, at the time we speak of, into the towers and pinnacles of a priory, where slumbered the remains of Sibilla, daughter of Henry I. of England, and consort of Alexander the First of Scotland. This holy place had been deemed of dignity sufficient to be the deposit of the remains of the Captain of the Clan Quhele, at least till times when the removal of the danger, now so imminently pressing, should permit of his body being conveyed to a distinguished convent in the north, where he was destined ultimately to repose with all his ancestry."

Our knowledge of the Priory in Loch Tay is very scanty. No details of its history have been handed down to us. According to some it was ultimately turned into a nunnery. Whether it was so or not, certain it is that the last residents in it were three nuns, who, however, may have found in it an asylum, after being turned out of the house in some other quarter to which they had belonged. It is recorded of them, that they never left their seclusion but once a year. This was at one of the Kenmore fairs, at which they compensated themselves for the restraints and the ennui of the rest of the year. When they "did emerge into society," says Sir Walter Scott, "they seemed determined to enjoy it in its most complicated and noisy state; for they came out only once a year, and that to a market at Kenmore. Hence that fair is still called 'Feill nam ban naomha,' the market of the Holy Women." This must have been after 1565, in which year the market in question was transferred from Inchaidan to Kenmore. So the MS. Diary in the Library of Taymouth expressly says:—"Ye yer of God MVLXV. ye margat was haldin and begun at the Kenmor at the end of Lochthay, and there was na margat nor fayr haldyn at Inchadan quhar it was wynt to be haldin: al this don be Collyn Campbell of Glenurquhay."

The last use that was made of the Priory was military. In 1644, a number of the Campbells fortified themselves amidst its ruins, seeking safety from Montrose and the savage hordes who had gathered around his standard. They did this in vain. Montrose drove them out, and garrisoned the place with a band of Royalists, who kept possession of it for many years, to the terror and annoyance of the whole neighbourhood. General Monk retook it in 1654.

"Shapeless" as the ruins of the Priory are now, they will repay a visit. The side walls of the edifice had measured about 140 feet, and the end gable about 24 feet. Three cross-walls had divided the interior into four apartments of unequal sizes. The ruins are surrounded and almost hid by a thick belt of fine old sycamores and ashes, to which there are, on the north shore of the Loch, corresponding trees, some of them fruit trees, of like hoary age, remnants, we may believe, of the Priory Gardens.

While we are on Loch Tay we may notice a singular phenomenon which it has occasionally exhibited. Its waters have been strangely and strongly agitated. This has occurred in the calmest weather, and without any visible local cause whatsoever; the presumption, therefore,

being, that the phenomenon is to be ascribed to some commotion deep down in the bowels of the earth. The most violent of the agitations to which we refer took place on the 12th September, 1784, beginning about nine o'clock in the morning. On the south side of the village of Kenmore is a bay of the Loch, 460 yards long, and 200 broad, and averaging from two to three feet in depth. The water of that bay suddenly retired about five yards from its ordinary boundary, and in four or five minutes flowed out again. For a quarter of an hour it thus ebbed and flowed three or four times. Then, all at once, the water left from ninety to a hundred yards of the bottom of the bay dry, and rushed northwards, raised by conflicting currents into a wave five or six feet high. This wave, on reaching the depth of the Loch, rolled westward, gradually subsiding till in about five minutes it disappeared, and the whole expanse of the water returned to its ordinary level. "During this time, the river, which leaves the lake on the north side of the village, was observed to flow backwards; the weeds at the bottom which before pointed in the usual direction of the stream, were turned the contrary way; and the channel of the river was left dry for about twelve feet on each side. Under the bridge, which is about seventy yards from the lake, the stream completely failed in places where there previously had been a depth of eighteen inches of water. Nothing particular was observed in the state of the atmosphere at this time. The weather was perfectly calm; and it could barely be perceived that the motion of the clouds was from the north-east. Nor could it be ascertained that any sensible motion of the earth was felt in the neighbourhood, or that the agitation of the water occurred anywhere else but near the village of Kenmore. On the five succeeding days an ebbing and flowing was observed, about the same time in the morning, and of nearly the same duration, but by no means to the same extent as on the first day."

The great Historic Scene in this parish is Taymouth Castle, the seat of the noble family of Breadalbane. Its former name was Balloch, which signifies the mouth or outlet of a lake or glen. Both Balloch and Taymouth describe the situation of the mansion, which is by the mouth of Loch Tay; being on the right bank of the river, about a mile east of the point where it flows out of the Loch. The first known proprietors of Balloch were the clan MacGregor; and the vestiges of their residence may yet be traced a little to the east on the same bank. The present Castle occupies the site of the old one, built by the Campbells in 1580, and has preserved a small portion of it. It is one of the most admired seats of our Scottish nobility—

> "—— Glad with all that nature gives
> In happiest mood, while art has strewn
> Her wonders with a skill that lives
> In double being."

Taymouth Castle is truly a magnificent pile, four storeys high, with circular towers on its corners, and a lofty quadrangular tower in the centre, carrying up a superb staircase, which has been pronounced the most striking feature of the edifice. In its whole finish and furnishings, the interior is unique in beauty, riches, and splendour. The paintings with which the walls are hung, are many of them by such masters as Titian, Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Caracci, Teniers, and Vandyke; and form one of the finest collections in Scotland. The Library is large and elegant, and has some rare works; among which are a copy of the famous debate between John Knox and Quintin Kennedy, Abbot of Crossraguel. The Castle was rebuilt by the first Marquis of Breadalbane, and enlarged and embellished by the second.

The environs of the Castle are as magnificent as itself. They lack no element of beauty and grandeur; nothing that could tend to make them a region of enchantment. "The vale is not spacious enough to admit of that apparently boundless contiguity of park which constitutes such a charm around the baronial residences of England; but the very hills which confine it may be said to present a still superior charm. These hills are abrupt, luxuriantly wooded, and broken into every sort of picturesque and varied outline; while the level alluvial space below is as green as the gown of Spring herself, and at the same time adorned in the richest manner by fine old trees."

The Campbells of Breadalbane are of the Argyle stock, being descended from Duncan, first Lord Campbell of Lochow, and ancestor of the Dukes of Argyle. Duncan's wife was Marjory Stewart, daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, Regent of Scotland, and brother of King Robert II.; so that their posterity had royal blood in their veins. The list of the heads of the House of Breadalbane is a long one; embracing six Knights, four Baronets, seven Earls, and two Marquises. Even of the more historic of these we can afford to give but a few glimpses.

The first Knight was Sir Colin, third son of Duncan, Lord of Lochow. His father settled Glenorchy on him. It had belonged to the MacGregors; but it had come by marriage into the Campbell family. For his activity and zeal in pursuing the murderers of James I., and bringing two of them to justice, James III. bestowed on Sir Colin the barony of Lawers. In 1440, he built the Castle

of Kilchurn; or rather, perhaps, his lady built it when he was at Rome, where he was "three sundrie tymes." When there, as a long accepted legend bears, he had a strange and ominous dream, which a monk interpreted as portending some grievous domestic calamity, which nothing but his presence at his Castle could prevent. He hastened home, taking Succoth on his way; where was an old woman who had nursed him, and from whom he craved lodgings for the night. Though disguised as a beggar, his nurse recognized him by a scar on his arm. From her he learned that no tidings had been received from him for a length of time; that it had been reported and believed that he had fallen in battle in the Holy Land; that a neighbouring baron, named MacCorquadale, had paid his addresses to his supposed widow; and that their marriage was fixed for to-morrow. Sir Colin at once suspected that this baron had intercepted the intelligence which he had frequently sent home; and so he had, waylaying the messengers who bore it, and murdering them. Early next morning, and still disguised as a beggar, he set out for Kilchurn, and by and by appeared in the courtyard of the Castle. To the servants asking him what he wanted, his reply was, "To have my hunger satisfied, and my thirst quenched." They supplied him with food and drink. He ate; but he would not drink except from the hand of the lady herself. Being informed of this, she came out, and handed to him a cup of wine. He drank to her health, and, dropping a ring into the cup, returned it to her. She immediately recognised the ring as one that she had given to her husband; and rushing towards him, she threw herself into his arms. The villain MacCorquadale was allowed to slink away that day in safety; but it is comforting to know that vengeance overtook him, and that the Campbells got hold of his Castle and lands.

Sir Duncan, the second Knight, was made hereditary bailie of the King's lands of Discher, Foyer, and Glenlyon. He got charters, too, of the King's lands of port of Loch Tay, of Glenlyon, of Finlarig, and of others in Perthshire. He fell on the bloody field of Flodden.

Sir Colin, the third Knight, figures in our national annals for the strenuous exertions he made to obtain for his cousin, Gavin Douglas, possession of the See of Dunkeld; and in the family annals, for having "bigget the chapel of Finlarig to be ane burial for himself and his posteritie."

Sir Colin had three sons, Sir Duncan, Sir John, and Sir Colin; all of whom succeeded him in the estates. Sir Colin was an early Reformer; sat in the Parliament of 1560, which abolished Popery and established Protestantism in the land; and had a share in subsequent efforts for settling the government of the Kirk. "The Black Book of Taymouth" says, that he was "ane great justiciar all his tyme;" and imputes to this the "deadly feid" of the MacGregors against him. They had too much occasion for their "feid," if the justiciar prostituted his high office to aid in grabbing the lands of that Clan, which the Campbells were intent on doing. Be this as it may, the same Book records, that "besides executing to the death many notable lymarris, he behiddit the laird of MacGregor himself at Kandmoir, in presence of the Erle of Athol, Justice-Clerk, and sundrie other nobilmen." It was this Sir Colin that built the old Castle of Balloch, now Taymouth, in 1580. It was near the eastern boundary of his lands; and being asked why he placed it there, he replied, "We'll birze yont;" meaning that he intended the mansion would yet stand in the middle of the Breadalbane territories. The family have "birzed yont," but it has been in the opposite direction. Their possessions now extend from Aberfeldy to the Atlantic Ocean, a distance of upwards of a hundred miles, and are said to be the longest in Britain. Sir Colin likewise built the Castle of Edinample on the side of Loch Earn, another seat of the family.

Sir Colin's eldest son, Sir Duncan, was the first Baronet of the family. He was a favourite of both James VI. and Charles I. James honoured him to be one of the barons who assisted at the coronation of his Queen, Anne of Denmark, and conferred on him the hereditary office of Keeper of several of his Royal forests. Charles made him Sheriff of Perthshire for life; and created him a Baronet of Nova Scotia. He began planting on his estates, and made praiseworthy efforts to civilize the people upon them, and to teach them the rudiments of the art of agriculture. One of the laws which he enacted with a view to social and moral improvement among them was, "that no man shall in any publichouse drink more than a chopin of ale with his neighbour's wife, in the absence of her husband, under the penalty of ten pounds, and sitting twenty-four hours in the stocks, toties quoties." His second son, Robert, in his father's lifetime, dispatched a number of the proscribed and troublesome MacGregors. At Bentoish, he, "persewing ane great number of them through the countrie, in end overtuik them in Ranefray, in the Brae of Glenurchy; quhair he slew Duncan Abrok Makgregor, with his son Gregor in Ardchyllie, Dougal Makgregor M'Coulchier in Glengyle, with his son Duncan, Charles Makgregor M'Cane in Bracklie, wha was principallis in that land; and twenty utheris of their compleises slain

in the chaiss." In 1611, he besieged a garrison of the Clan Gregor on a small island near the west end of Loch Katrine; but a snow storm obliged him to raise the siege. The persecutors of this devoted race were very successful next year in drawing down on them the vengeance of the laws; and one in reading such notices of them, wonders that they were not altogether extirpated. "In July, 1612, several of the Clan Gregor were hanged at the Borough-muir of Edinburgh for the slaughter of a bowman of the laird of Glenurchy and eight other persons, and several other crimes, consisting of fire-raising, theft, and intercommuning with their proscribed clansmen."

Sir Colin, the second Baronet, was much in advance of all his predecessors in respect of culture and taste. The Fine Arts owed not a little to his patronage. He was a devoted friend of George Jamesone, the celebrated portrait painter, deservedly called the Vandyke of Scotland. Sir Colin employed him to execute the portraits of Kings Robert and David Bruce; Charles I.; Henrietta his Queen, and nine other Queens of Scotland; the Lady of the Knight of Lochow; the first Countess of Argyle; six of the Ladies of Glenorchy; Sir Colin himself; and the family tree of the House of Glenorchy; all which adorn the Castle of Taymouth.

Sir Robert, the third Baronet, is best remembered for what he suffered for his resolute adherence to the religion and liberties of Scotland in the Covenanting era. "In the year of God 1644 and 1645, the laird of Glenurquhay, his whole land and esteat, betwixt the foord of Lyon and point of Lismoir, were burnt and destroyit be James Graham, sometime Erle of Montrose, and Alexander M'Donald, son to Col. M'Donald in Colesne, with their associattis. The tenants their whole cattle were taken away be their enemies; and their cornes, houses, plenishing, and whole insight weir burnt; and the said Sir Robert pressing to get the inhabitants repairit, wairit £48 Scots upon the bigging of every cuple in his lands, and als warit said cornes, upon his own charges, to the most his inhabitants. The occasion of this malice against Sir Robert, and his friends and countrie people, was, because the said Sir Robert joinit in Covenant with the Kirk and Kingdom of Scotland, in maintaining the trew religion, the King's majestie, his authoritie, and laws, and libertie of the Kingdom of Scotland; and because the said Sir Robert altogether refusit to assist the said James Graham and Alex. M'Donald their malicious doings in the Kingdam of Scotland. So that the laird of Glenurquhay and his countrie people, their loss within Perthshire and within Argyleshire, exceeds the soume of 1,200,000 merks."

Sir John, the fourth Baronet, married Lady Mary Graham, daughter of William, Earl of Strathearn, Menteith, and Airth. They had an only son, also Sir John, born about 1635, and in him the family was ennobled. A principal creditor of George, sixth Earl of Caithness, Sir John undertook to pay his debts, said to have exceeded a million of merks, the Earl disposing to him his estates, jurisdictions, and honours; only reserving his life-rent of the title of Earl of Caithness, and an annuity of 12,000 merks to him and his Countess, and to the survivor of them. Of the title of Earl of Caithness he was deprived, after it had been patented to him; the heir male of the late Earl being found entitled to it. But the loss was soon compensated by Sir John's being created Earl of Breadalbane and Holland, Viscount of Tay and Pentland, Lord Glenorchy, Benderaloch, Ormelie, and Weik.

The name of the first Earl of Breadalbane is not fragrant in the historic page. A contemporary photographed him thus:—"It is odds if he live long enough, but he is a Duke. He is of a fair complexion, and has the gravity of a Spaniard, is as cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent, and slippery as an eel." A living historian has characterised him as "at once cruel, treacherous, and venal," and as "one of the most unprincipled Scottish Statesmen of that day." Though he had been a Privy Councillor of James VII., he judged it for his interest to adhere to the Revolution. He was intrusted with the distribution of the money, variously stated at from twelve to twenty thousand pounds, given by William's Government to conciliate the Jacobite chiefs, and to pacify the Highlands; and it was believed that he appropriated the lion's share of it. When Lord Nottingham asked him to account for it, he answered, "The Highlands are quiet, the money is spent, and that is the best way of accounting among friends." His memory bears a large share of the infamy attaching to all who had any hand in the massacre of Glencoe. When the Rebellion broke out in 1715, he and his second son Lord Glenorchy, being among the suspected, were summoned to appear at Edinburgh and give bail for their appearance. The Earl was now fourscore and his answer to the summons, certified by a physician, and by the parish minister, was, that beside the infirmities of age, he was so "much troubled with coughs, rheums, defluctions, and other maladies," that he was totally unfit for travelling to the metropolis. Yet, so amazingly did he rally in the course of the night, that he was able to make his appearance at the camp of Mar next day; and five hundred of his clan joined the standard of the Pretender.

The Earl married Lady Mary Rich, daughter of Henry, first Earl of Holland, who lost his head in 1649 for his devotion to Charles I. The story of the home-bringing of his bride is worth telling, if it were only to show how the times have changed since then, and how all classes of society have changed with them. We give it in the words of Robert Chambers. "A singular story has reached us regarding the Earl of Breadalbane, who lived during the Commonwealth. Having been in London when a young man, he fell in love with Lady Mary Rich, daughter to the Earl of Holland, a young lady, who, having ten thousand pounds at her own disposal, was judged the greatest fortune in England of her time. The Earl laid siege to this damsel's heart, and soon proved the happy man out of innumerable suitors. After he had married her, he proposed to retreat to his fastness in Scotland; and this was his singular mode of journeying. Upon one of the two Highland ponies which he had brought with him to London, he himself mounted, with his lady behind him: upon the other he disposed his ten thousand pounds, which was all in gold, and at each side of that precious horse-load he disposed a full-armed Highland gillie, who ran beside it, as a guard. The strange cavalcade arrived safe in all its parts at Balloch; and a small room used to be shown in that old castle, which for some time formed the parlour and bedroom of the happy pair, after their arrival. The truth of this curious legend seems to be confirmed by the ordinary books of the British peerage."

John, Lord Glenorchy, succeeded his father as second Earl Breadalbane. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Perthshire; and was once and again chosen as one of the sixteen representatives of the Scottish peerage.

His son, John, succeeded him as third Earl. It shows the early and high promise which he gave that in 1718 at the age of twenty-two, he was sent as ambassador to the Court of Denmark. In 1725 he was made a Knight of the Bath, and was Master of the Horse to the eldest three Princesses. He represented Saltash, in Cornwall, in the Parliaments of 1724 and 1734; and Orford, in Oxford, in the Parliament of 1741. He was afterwards Master of the Jewel Office, Lord Chief Justice in Eyre of his Majesty's forests south of the Trent, Lord Privy Seal of Scotland, and Vice-Admiral of Scotland.

His Lordship's second son, Lord Glenorchy, died in his father's lifetime, leaving as his widow, Wilhelmina, Lady Glenorchy, so much and so justly celebrated for her deeds of piety and charity. It was after her marriage, and through the intercourse she had with the family of Sir Rowland Hill at Hawkstone, Staffordshire, when she and her husband resided on his estate of Sugnal in that neighbourhood, that she first came under serious impressions. These deepened and ripened under the discipline of a fever which seized her at Taymouth Castle, in 1765. Her husband, selling Sugden, purchased Barnton, near Edinburgh, to which they came to reside; and she now entered on that career in the highest walks of usefulness which closed only with her life. Lady Glenorchy's Church, Edinburgh, and several chapels and schools in the district of Breadalbane, are monuments of her Christian zeal and liberality. Two licensed preachers she employed at her own expense to itinerate as missionaries in the Highlands. She likewise bought Presbyterian chapels in Exmouth, Carlisle, and Matloch; and built one at Workington, in Cumberland, and another in Bristol; her friend and companion in her latter years, Lady Henrietta Hope, aiding her in the last of those good works by a bequest of £2500.

John, the eldest son of Colin Campbell of Carwhin, succeeded as fourth Earl of Breadalbane. From 1784 to 1806 he was a Scotch representative peer. In the latter year he was made a peer of the United Kingdom, by the title of Baron Breadalbane of Taymouth, in the county of Perth. His Lordship raised the Breadalbane Fencibles: and when a battalion of these was enrolled as the 116th Regiment in the regular service, he was appointed its Colonel. In 1809 he was raised to the rank of Major-General in the army. At the coronation of William IV., in 1831, he was created a Marquis, by the title of Marquis of Breadalbane and Earl of Ormelie. He was more distinguished as an improving landlord, than as a statesman or a soldier. He enriched and beautified his estates by extensive plantations, for which he received in 1805 the gold medal of the Society of Arts; and his "magnificent improvements" on the Castle and Park of Taymouth, bear witness at once to his fine taste, and to his princely expenditure in gratifying it.

We may note that, in 1819, Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, visited Taymouth; and was received by no fewer than two thousand Highlanders, "all plaided and plumed in their tartan array," and drawn up on the lawn in front of the Castle. They played before him several of the national games, with which His Royal Highness was much delighted. In 1822, when George IV. visited Edinburgh, a body of Breadalbane Highlanders, sent up by the Marquis to swell the grace and pomp of the occasion, attracted marked attention. Their soldierly physique, their dress, their arms, their whole appearance, were greatly admired.

The second Marquis of Breadalbane, the only son of the first, was yet another John. He succeeded

his father in 1834; and was altogether the most illustrious man whom the family has produced. On the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832, he contested Perthshire with Sir George Murray, and won it by a majority of 574 votes. In 1838 he was made a Knight of the Thistle. In 1831 he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. He was President of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. He was also Lord Lieutenant and High Sheriff of Argyleshire; Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household; and a Privy Councillor. His Marchioness was Eliza, daughter of George Baillie, Esq. of Jerviswoode. They had no issue.

In 1842 Her Majesty and Prince Albert honoured Taymouth with a visit. They arrived at the Castle on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 7th September, and left it on the morning of Saturday, the 10th. On the diary of those three ever memorable days at Taymouth we must not draw. Any abstract of it it is impossible to compress within our limits. We restrict ourselves to the reception of the Royal visitors; and we shall give our readers two glimpses of it. The one we take from Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's account of it, in his 'Memorial of the Royal Progress," as a friend of ours has epitomised that account.

"The reception of the Queen at Taymouth, on the occasion of her visit in 1842, was considered by Her Majesty to be the finest thing she had seen in Scotland. On that festive occasion the majestic features of the surrounding landscape were aided by all the resources of human art and the animation of human life. Her Majesty arrived on Wednesday, the 7th September, at six in the evening. Her arrival was awaited by a gathering of the powerful Clan Campbell, and by thousands besides both Celts and Sassenachs, who had crowded to the spot from all quarters of the country. As the evening advanced, a brilliant illumination gradually spread its lustre over the scene, realizing the fabled splendours of the Arabian Tales. The trunks of the trees were converted into picturesque and irregular columns of fire, and their branches became covered with clusters of sparkling rubies, emeralds, topazes, and diamonds, like the fairy fruit in the ideal gardens of the genii. The variegated lamps, hung along the wire-fence of the deer park in beautiful festoons, presented the appearance of an unsupported and aerial barrier of living fire. The fort among the woods above the Castle blazed with golden light from 40,000 coloured lamps, and ever and anon the flash of a gun gave additional momentary splendour to the woods, and the boom of its report reverberated in sublime echoes through the valley. Soaring above all, the lofty summits of the northern hills were crowned with immense bonfires, in countless numbers, so that the rugged outlines of the most distant mountains in the background were rendered visible by their own volcanic-looking flames. To all these blazing and sparkling wonders, the intense darkness of the night gave additional effect. At ten o'clock, a salute from the battery announced the commencement of the fireworks, which were produced in the highest style of pyrotechnical art. Their display took place on the sloping lawn that hangs towards the base of the hill, directly across the park in front of the house. There were many honest citizens of London present, who had seen the glories of Vauxhall, and who declared that they were all utterly extinguished by those of this single night at Taymouth. The dancing took place on two platforms in front of the Castle, the manly forms and energetic actions of the Highlanders being exhibited to striking advantage by a blaze of torch light."

The other glimpse is from Her Majesty's own pen, in "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands."

"At a quarter to six we reached Taymouth. At the gate a guard of Highlanders, Lord Breadalbane's men, met us. Taymouth lies in a valley surrounded by very high wooded hills; it is most beautiful. The house is a kind of castle, built of granite. The *coup d'œil* was indescribable. There were a number of Lord Breadalbane's Highlanders, all in the Campbell tartan, drawn up in front of the house, with Lord Breadalbane himself in a Highland dress, at their head; a few of Sir Neil Menzies' men (in the Menzies red and white tartan), a number of pipers playing, and a company of the 93d Highlanders, also in kilts. The firing of guns, the cheering of the great crowd, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the beauty of the surrounding country, with its background of wooded hills, altogether formed one of the finest scenes imaginable. It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times was receiving his Sovereign. It was princely and romantic. Lord and Lady Breadalbane took us up stairs, the hall and stairs being lined with Highlanders.

"The Gothic staircase is of stone and very fine; the whole of the house is newly and exquisitely furnished. The drawingroom especially is splendid. Thence you go into a passage and a library, which adjoins our private apartment. They showed us two sets of apartments, and we chose those which are on the right hand of the corridor or ante-room to the library. At eight we dined. Staying at the house besides ourselves, are the Buccleuchs and the two Munsters, the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, the Abercorns, Roxburghes, Kinnoulls, Lord Lauderdale, Sir Anthony

Maitland, Lord Lorne, the Fox Maules, Belhavens, Mr and Mrs William Russell, Sir J. and Lady Elizabeth and the Misses Pringle, and the two Messrs Baillie, brothers of Lady Breadalbane. The dining-room is a fine room in the Gothic style, and has never been dined in till this day. Our apartments are also inhabited for the first time. After dinner the grounds were most splendidly illuminated—a whole chain of lamps along the railings, and on the ground was written in lamps, 'Welcome Victoria—Albert.'

"A small fort, which was up in the woods, was illuminated, and bonfires were burning on the tops of the hills. I never saw anything so fairy-like. There were some pretty fireworks, and the whole ended by the Highlanders dancing reels, which they do to perfection, to the sound of the pipes, by torch-light, in front of the house. It had a wild and very gay effect."

The Marquis died in 1862, when the titles of Baron Breadalbane of Taymouth Castle and Marquis of Breadalbane and Earl of Ormelie, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, became extinct. Two Earls have since succeeded; the one John Alexander Campbell, Esq. of Glenfallach; and the other his son, Gavin Campbell, the present Earl.

"The village of Kenmore, at the end of Loch Tay, consists of an inn, and fifteen or sixteen small houses (a few of them bedecked in front with ivy, honeysuckle, virgin's bower, and sweet-briar), occupying in a wide double row the slope of a small peninsula, formed between the river and the creek, or prolongation of the lake, and surmounted by a church (it is now surmounted by two churches), with a neat square white washed spire." So wrote the Andersons in their "Guide to the Highlands," published in 1834; and they devoted pages to "the features of the landscape" surrounding the village. But prose might have been pardoned though it had shrunk from this task, after the Muse of our National Poet had executed it with such inimitable felicity, in the impromptu which he left in pencil, in 1787, over the chimney-piece of the Inn of Kenmore.

"Admiring nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
'Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wide scattered, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay, meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace, rising on its verdant side;
The lawns, wood fring'd in Nature's native taste;
The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village, glittering in the noontide beam—
* * * *
Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell;
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—
* * * *
Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,
And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd
Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;
And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to soothe her bitter-rankling wounds;
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man."

We have already mentioned the vault at Finlarig, in which rests the dust of many generations of the Breadalbane family. But Finlarig is an Historic Scene for other reasons. It was the property of Sir John Drummond, of Stobhall, in A.D. 1400. About the end of that century it passed from the Drummonds to the Campbells of Glenorchy. Sir Duncan Campbell, the first Baronet of the line, rebuilt the Castle of Finlarig; a narrow, three-storeyed structure, with a square tower on one corner, delightfully situated on the brink of a broad low mound, on the north bank of Loch Tay, and towards the west end of it. The castle was long the residence of the Breadalbane family, and their first residence in Perthshire, and is now a most picturesque ruin, embosomed in the finest wood, in which are many gigantic sycamores.

In 1552 Duncan Ladassoch MacGregor, and his two sons, Gregor and Malcolm Roy, were executed at Finlarig, as "deadlie enemies" of the Campbells, and as "our Soverane Ladie's rebels." They suffered death by decapitation. Their estates came of course to the Campbells. Before the end of the year, Glenorchy received "a gift of the escheat of movables and unmovables of unquhile—MacGregor *alias* Ladassach, Gregor his son . . . convict of certain crimes . . . and justyfeit to the death."

Finlarig stands associated with another tragedy at what would seem to have been a subsequent period, when it was the residence of only the heir-apparent of the House of Breadalbane. "On the occasion of a marriage festival at Finlairg, in years gone by, when occupied by the heir-apparent, intelligence was given to the company, which comprised the principal youth of the clan, that a party of the Macdonalds of Keppoch, who had just passed with a drove of *lifted* cattle, had refused the accustomed

road collop. Flushed with revelry, the guests indignantly sallied out, and attacked the Macdonalds on the adjoining hill of Stronoclachan; but from their irregular impetuosity, they were repulsed with loss. Tidings of the affair were conveyed to Taymouth; and a reinforcement arriving, the visitors were overtaken in Glenorchy, and routed, and their leader slain."

We must for a few moments revisit Glenquaich. In the portion of it which belongs to this parish is Shian. It was in former days the property of "Muckle John Menzies," a devoted Jacobite. In '45 he joined Prince Charlie at the head of two hundred of his sept; for which his estate was confiscated. He is understood to have been the prototype of another of the characters in "Waverley"—"Vich Ian Vohr of Glennaquoich, in the county of Perth, and kingdom of Scotland." When Captain Waverley visited his castle, it was "a high, rude-looking square tower, with the addition of a *lofted* house, that is, a building of two storeys." And its surroundings were bleak and desolate enough. "An inclosure or two, divided by dry-stone walls, were the only part of the domain that was fenced; as to the rest, the narrow slips of level ground which lay by the side of the brook exhibited a scanty crop of barley, liable to constant depredation from the herds of wild ponies and black cattle that grazed upon the adjacent hills. These ever and anon made an incursion upon the arable ground, which was repelled by the loud, uncouth, and dissonant shouts of half-a-dozen Highland swains, all running as if they had been mad, and every one hallooing a half-starved dog to the rescue of the forage."

We must not leave Kenmore without pointing to another locality in it which has some interesting historic associations. From Loch Tay side a road leads across between the hills to Fortingall. On Friday, the 9th September, 1842, Her Majesty drove some way along this road. The small rude cottages skirting it greatly excited her curiosity. Nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, the impression which they had produced on her was vivid; and she noted it thus in "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands":—"We took a most beautiful drive, first of all along part of the lake and between the hills—such thorough mountain scenery—and with little huts, so low, so full of peat smoke, that one could hardly see any thing for smoke."

Drumacharry, one of the hamlets which Her Majesty passed in that drive, could boast of having seen Prince Charlie more than two centuries before. One of its smoky huts was the home of MacGregor, the Prince's chief piper; and here, shortly before Culloden, the Prince visited him. The pipes which he played at Culloden, and throughout Charlie's ill-starred adventure, are still preserved. They are in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Athole.

We devoted a paragraph to the splendid wood of Weem; and it is only just to say that Kenmore, and Dull also, vie with Weem in their timber. In the Statistical Account of the former there is a larch 14 feet in girth; an oak, 12 feet 3 inches; a Scotch fir, 14 feet; a beech, 22 feet; a lime, 13 feet 6 inches; a sycamore, 13 feet 8 inches; an ash, 18 feet; an elm, 15 feet; a Spanish chestnut, 14 feet 8 inches; and an alder, 12 feet 8 inches.

FORTINGALL.

This is an extensive parish. Its area is nearly 450,000 imperial acres; its extreme length being about 40 miles; its extreme breadth about 30; and its circumference about 130. It is naturally divided into three districts; Fortingall (proper), Glenlyon, and Rannoch; besides a detached portion, called Bolfracks, which lies on the south of the Tay.

The parish is rich in Historic Scenes.

The most ancient place of worship for the inhabitants was not far from where the modern one now is. A large Druid temple stood in the middle of a field adjacent to the Kirkton. The stones forming it made its site conspicuous till no distant date, when one after another of these was carried away, or was buried in the earth, to make way for the plough.

At the west end of the Vale of Fortingall are distinct traces of what is believed to have been a Roman camp. Tradition says that it was formed by Agricola, who conducted his legions thus far north in this quarter; and that he had here a battle with the Caledonians, who attempted to arrest his progress. The camp had occupied an area of upwards of eighty acres. A rude obelisk, six feet high, still stands in the area; (it did so at least at the date of the last Statistical Account;) and another, eight feet long, lies on the ground, having been undermined and overturned some century ago. There are marks of a deep fosse which surrounded the spot where the General's tent is supposed to have stood. "The rampart of the camp is in many places broken down, and the ditch filled up with the plough; but the prætorium is still complete." It is thought that in those days the river Lyon flowed on the north side of the camp, though its course is

now on the south ; and that it supplied water to fill the trench with which the camp was encompassed. On the north-west side is a mound nearly sixty feet long, eighteen broad, and about seven high. The mound has all the appearance of a tumulus. It is very likely that it is so ; and that it contains the dust of those who fell in the battle which Agricola is said to have fought here with the natives.

These conjectures, should any so call them, are confirmed by Roman remains which have been found in and about the site of this camp. One of these is a Roman Standard, the shaft of which encloses a five-fluted spear. It is preserved in Troup House. Another is a vase made of a mixed metal, and resembling a coffee-pot. It was found about 1733, in the prætorium of the camp, and is preserved in Taymouth Castle. A third is three urns, which later digging operations brought to light. We know no good reason for doubting that these and the vase are Roman.

There is another tradition which tends to exalt Fortingall among our Historic Scenes. It will, we think, be new and startling to not a few of our readers ; and they may be disposed to regard it at first with a smile of incredulity. But we give it to them as we have found it ; and they will judge for themselves of the verisimilitude of the tradition. It is that Fortingall was the birthplace of Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea in the days of our Saviour ! It is said that, a short time before our Saviour's birth, Cæsar Augustus sent an embassy to Scotland, as he did to other countries, with the view of carrying into effect a project of universal peace which he had formed ; that his ambassadors found Metellanus, the Scottish King, in this Grampian region ; that one of those ambassadors was the father of Pontius Pilate, whose famous son was born as he and his associates sojourned here fulfilling their mission ; and that it was at Fortingall that the son first saw the light. On the height north-east of the Kirkton are vestiges of an old strong fort called "Dun Geal"—the White Fort ; from which, according to some, Fortingall took its name. The name in its full Celtic form was "Feart-an-dun-ghil," signifying the green field or plain of the White Fort. Be this as it may, in "Dun Geal" Metellanus held his court when the ambassadors from Rome arrived ; and it is said that the embassy with its large and imposing escort encamped in the green vale below, where the village stands.

Certain it is that Pilate was born somewhere. Certain it is, too, that about the time of his birth Augustus was meditating the noble design which we have indicated ; and that in furtherance of it, he did send ambassadors to the Court of Scotland, as he did to most other Courts of the then known world. His "ambassadors," Holinshed writes, "went also unto Metellanus the King of the Scottishmen, exhorting him to acknowledge a superioritie in the Romane Emperour, unto whom the people inhabiting in the furthest parts of the east had sent their ambassadors with rich jewels to present his person with all. Wherewith, Metellanus being partlie mooved to have a freendlie amitie with the Romans, he sent unto Rome certain rich presents to the Emperour, and to the gods in the capitoll, in signe of honor, by which means he obteined an amitie with the Romans, which continued betwixt them and his Kingdome for a long time after."

The wonderful Yew Tree in the churchyard of Fortingall excites the interest of the most incurious visitor. Pennant states in his Tour that, in 1769, it was fifty-two feet in circumference. Since then it has undergone considerable change ; partly through the influence of time, and partly through the injury it suffered from the boys of the village being unhappily allowed to kindle their Beltane fires at the root of it. At that date it shewed no sign of the decays of age. Now, it confesses that, like Macbeth in his "way of life," it is getting into "the sear, the yellow leaf." At that date, the two stems composing its trunk were so close to one another that a schoolboy could hardly press himself through between them. Now, they are so far apart that "a coach and four might pass between them." Still, the larger stem, which is hollow, is over thirty-two feet in circumference.

The age of this venerable Yew has been the subject of not a little speculation. It has been closely examined by *savans* in natural science, more especially in the physiology of trees ; and more than one of them have come to the conclusion that it has seen from 2400 to 2500 years. A writer in a Gazetteer lying before us sapiently says, "This tree is probably the only remnant of these little groves of yew-trees which a very ancient Act of Parliament ordered to be planted in the burying grounds of the Kingdom, to furnish material for bows." Tush ! If the *savans* referred to are to be believed, the Fortingall Yew must have flourished many an age before Scottish Parliaments were in existence to pass acts about bows or anything else. It must have been six hundred years old when the ambassadors of Augustus were received by Metellanus in Dun Geal, and when Pontius Pilate was born ! It must have been a goodly sapling when Nebuchadnezzar had his dwelling with the beasts of the field, and was eating grass as oxen, and was wet with the dew of heaven !

On the eastern boundary of the parish are vestiges

of an old castle, which occupied a very strong position on a rocky promontory, inaccessible on all sides but one, and that one defended by a deep ditch and a drawbridge. This was one of the strongholds of Alexander, son of Robert II., and Earl of Buchan, commonly called, from his ferocity, The Wolf of Badenoch. It was occasionally the residence of that turbulent, lawless savage, who was the terror and the scourge of every place cursed with his presence. From him, it may be stated, sprang most of the Stewarts of Athole, through his natural son James, who got a footing in Athole by marrying the daughter and heiress of Menzies of Fortingall.

Garth Castle, now a ruin, is a prominent object in this section of the parish. It was once for a season a State prison, and had a notable prisoner. When Robert II. was obliged to lay his son, the Wolf of Badenoch, under arrest for his deeds of outrage and violence, it was in Garth that he confined him. This Castle has some prominence also in the military annals of the country. The family of Stewarts, who long possessed it, was the chief family of the Stewarts of Athole; and the most illustrious member of the family was Major-General David Stewart. He was born at Garth in 1772. He entered the army in 1789 as an ensign in the 42d Regiment, and served in it with the highest distinction, rising step by step in his profession, till he retired in 1814 with the rank of Colonel. He succeeded to Garth in 1822, on the death of his father and his elder brother. In 1825, he was promoted to be Major-General; and soon after he was appointed Governor of St Lucia, where he died of fever in 1829. He was the author of the well known "Sketches of the Character, Manners, and Present State of the Highlanders of Scotland, with details of the Military Service of the Highland Regiments," from which we have repeatedly quoted; "a most interesting work," as has been justly said, and "which added greatly to his reputation."

With the death of the General, the Stewart family of Garth became extinct in the direct line. But the estate came by and by into the hands of another of our military heroes—Sir Archibald Campbell of Ava, Bart., G.C.B. The son of a lieutenant in the army, he followed his father's profession; and, after much active and honourable service, was, in 1824, selected to take command of the expedition against the Burmese; and Burmah became the chief field of his glory. For his conduct of the Burmese war, Sir Archibald received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament; of the Governor-General of India, and of the Court of Directors of the Honourable the East India Company; with a pension from the latter of £4000 a year, and a handsome gold medal. Marrying Helen, daughter of Macdonald of Garth, he became Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell of Garth. In 1831, he was appointed Governor of New Brunswick, where he remained for nearly six years. He died in 1843.

Garth belonged till lately to Colonel W. M. Macdonald Macdonald, of St Martins and Rossie. It is now the property of Thomas Duff, Esq.

The original name, at least the oldest known name, of Glenlyon was "Crom-ghleann-nan-clach," that is, The Crooked Glen of the Stones. It was so called from the old circular forts which abounded in it, and of which we said something when at Kenmore. There were twenty or twenty-one of these scattered over the parish, and it is said that a dozen of them were in this Glen. It is a favourite opinion with believers in Ossian, that these forts were the Castles of Fingal's heroes. One of them is called "Caisteal an Deirg," the Castle of Darg, one of those heroes, whose grave we came to at Derculich. Their antiquity is attested by their having been built of dry stones without mortar or cement of any kind; and they must have been strong fortresses. Their walls were generally eight feet thick; and they were built of stones, many of which it would tax all our mechanical appliances to move and lay. The diameter of some of them within walls was sixty feet.

At the foot of Glenlyon are the remains of an old castle, which vied in size and strength with that of the Wolf of Badenoch in the east end of the parish. Its last proprietary resident, about the middle of the sixteenth century, was Duncan Campbell of Glenlyon; who was so distinguished for a very beneficent and amiable virtue, that his soubriquet was "Donnacha ruagh na feileachd," that is, Red Duncan of Hospitality.

Glenlyon has been the scene of many a skirmish; but in the latter half of the fourteenth century a great battle was fought in it. The bone of contention was the proprietorship of the Glen. The combatants were the Wolf of Badenoch with his adherents on the one side, and the MacIvors on the other; the latter being a sept of the Campbells, descended from Ivor, son of Duncan Campbell, lord of Lochow, in the days of Malcolm IV. The MacIvors were utterly routed, and the few of them who survived were expelled from the district. The Lyon ran red with the blood of the slain; and the Stewarts, on their return from the pursuit, washed their arms in it. Hence one of its names, "Gleann-leamhuinn," that is the tinged river. "Various places in the Glen take their names from circumstances connected with the battle fought on this occasion,

viz., 'Laggan-a-Chatha'—the hollow of the battle; 'Leachd-nan-cuaran,' the stone of the sandals, it being customary for each man, preparatory to the engagement, to cast off one of his buskins—so that, on their return, the number amissing might be easily ascertained."

The Campbells of Glenlyon were of the Glenorchy stock. The memory of the best known of them rots, for the share he had in the massacre of Glencoe. He was captain of the band of military who perpetrated that horrid deed. Pretending to come to the Glen with the most friendly intents, he was the more readily believed, because his niece, a sister of Rob Roy, was married to a son of Mac Ian, the chief of the doomed Macdonalds. For twelve days the perfidious villain courted the confidence of his victims, and enjoyed their hospitality. On the evening of the twelfth day, he supped and played cards with Mac Ian's sons, and engaged to dine next day with the chief himself. At five o'clock next morning the work of murder began. Lieutenant Lindsay and a band of soldiers called at that hour at the chief's house in the guise of friends. They were admitted. The chief rose, and gave orders for refreshments to them. He was shot dead by his bedside. His aged wife started, and dressed. The soldiers stripped her naked, and tore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. She died next day. Other two men found in the house were killed, and a third wounded. At Glenlyon's quarters his landlord was shot by his orders. Other nine men there were bound, and shot one by one. At a third place nine men found at the festive board at which they had spent the night, were butchered. Thirty-eight persons in all were massacred; and not a few of those who fled to the mountains perished by fatigue, hunger, and cold. Six hours after the slaughter, Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton reached the scene of it with a reinforcement of four hundred men; the severe snowstorm having impeded them in their march. "The only Macdonald whom he found alive in Glencoe was an infirm man of eighty, and though, from his age, he was not included in the orders issued for the massacre, Hamilton wantonly ordered him to be murdered in cold blood. The deserted hovels were then burned to ashes, and the soldiers, having destroyed whatever could not be removed, collected the property of their victims, consisting of nine hundred cattle and two hundred ponies, besides sheep and goats, and drove them to Fort William, where they were divided among the officers of the garrison."

Glenlyon, the chief actor in this bloody tragedy, had ever after a remorseful consciousness of his villany. He felt that "the curse of Glencoe" was upon him. "Having some years afterwards to superintend a military execution of a soldier, for whom a reprieve had arrived, he, at the time for producing it, inadvertently instead dropped his handkerchief, the fatal signal to fire. Horror-struck, he exclaimed that the curse of Glencoe hung about him, and in deep despondency he immediately retired from the service."

Much of Glenlyon belonged at one time to the MacGregors. Their chief seat in it was Roro, at the head of the Glen. Tradition tells a melancholy tale of one of the proscribed race, who had lands in the Glen, and resided on the farm of Invervar. Campbell of Lawers hunted after him to destroy him. He hid in a cave which was in the face of a hill on the farm on which he lived. The wife of his bosom basely betrayed him. She plotted with his pursuers that, on a given night, they would watch the face of the hill; and that in the morning, at sunrise, she would come out of the hiding-place, and would walk several times backward and forward in front of it. She did so; her husband noticing her and remonstrating with her on the danger of showing herself, and she answering that there was nobody in the Glen at that early hour to see her, or at least to do them any injury. Resuming her place beside him in the bed on which they lay, MacGregor by and by raised himself on his elbow, and, looking out, saw his enemies approaching. He instantly started up, and, upbraiding his wife for her treachery, fled, and was never more heard of. What was his fate is to this day a mystery.

In the latter half of this century, Peter Garden, of Troup, Banffshire, and of Dalgetty, Aberdeenshire, married the heiress of Glenlyon. He thus acquired the estate; on which he assumed the additional name, with the arms, of Campbell of Glenlyon. The present Francis William Garden Campbell, Esq. of Troup and Glenlyon, is the fourth in descent from him. The Gardens are an old historic family. They gave a member to the embassy that went to Denmark, in 1589, to conclude the marriage treaty between James VI. and the Princess Anne. They supplied the army of Charles I. with a Major, who went to Sweden with the troops sent to assist Gustavus Adolphus; fought at Lutzen, where Gustavus fell; and was in high favour in the Court of Queen Christina. They adorned the bench with Lord Gardenstone; and they gave a member of Parliament for many years to Aberdeenshire, in his Lordship's brother, Alexander Garden, who was considered the wealthiest commoner in the north of Scotland.

Glenlyon House had once an invaluable talisman. It was a stone possessed of such virtue, that water,

in which it had been dipped, made those on whom it was sprinkled invulnerable in battle! "The last time this stone was called into use was on a Sunday in 1746, when several stalwart men from the vicinity assembled to be duly sprinkled with this unfailing charm. All were sprinkled but one man, a tailor, who declared his conviction that the whole affair was a piece of sinful presumption, and superstitious credulity. The band set out down the valley, passing the church with banners flying and pipes playing, while the congregation were at worship, and all engaged in the battle of Culloden, from which every one returned unharmed except the courageous tailor, who was killed at the first onset. This, of course, added to the reputation of the stone, but, fortunately, happier times prevented its virtues from being tested since that memorable occasion."

Duneaves, Culdares, and Chesthill all lie in this Glen; and their connection with highly historic families is shown in the following Note of Fergusson to the "Queen's Visit." "Duneaves, with the lands of Culdares, formed part of the possessions of Sir Alexander Menzies, the friend and strenuous supporter of King Robert Bruce. His marriage with the sister of Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland, the husband of Marjory, daughter to King Robert, brought him into close alliance with his sovereigns, and added greatly to his honour and consequence. One of his successors gave a grant of Duneaves (Tenaiffs) and Culdares to Moncrieff of that Ilk, in whose family these lands remained for several centuries. In 1587 they were held by William Moncrieff of that Ilk, who afterwards sold them to Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy. His son, Robert Campbell, gave these lands as a marriage portion with his daughter to —— Campbell, of the family of Glenlyon, his relative, and they remained in that family till they passed to the late John Stewart Menzies, Esq., of Chesthill, in right of his mother, the heiress of that family; and they were by him sold to John, the second and last Marquis of Breadalbane. The daughter of Sir Robert Campbell, above mentioned, after the death of her first husband, Campbell of Duneaves, married Patrick Macgregor of Ardchoill, and became the mother of Lieutenant-Colonel Donald Macgregor, of His Majesty's army, (afterwards Glengyle), and of the celebrated Rob Roy Macgregor.

The district of Rannoch is our Ultima Thule. It formed in olden times the south-west section of the great Caledonian Forest, which extended from Glencoe to Braemar, and from Glenlyon to the Spey in Inverness-shire, covering a tract of upwards of 2100 square miles. The remnants of it still survive in hoary pines which have weathered the storms of countless winters, and are scattered at wide intervals over the region; as also in patches of native Rannoch fir, and in a good deal of birch. And there is more of such remnants than meets the eye. Under ground are yet trunks of oak similar to those which have been raised from their beds, and many roots of fir keeping possession of their old seats, after all that have been digged up and used for fire and light.

On the southern border of the parish Schiehallion towers to the height of 3547 feet, and stretches out its base to a circumference of fifteen miles. Some Celtic scholars tell us that its original and proper name was Sith-chaillin—the hill of the fairies. It was so called from its being regarded as "the place of resort of the *maiden* or *queen* of the fairies." And with this agrees another etymological interpretation of its name given by other Celtic scholars, which makes it signify the Maiden's Breast. The wonderful cave in Schiehallion was, we suppose, the place to which the fairies resorted, and in which they held their convocations. The mouth of the cave is in the south-west angle of the mountain. "Some miles to the east there is an opening in the face of a rock, which is believed to be the termination thereof. Several stories are told and believed by the credulous relating to this cave; that the inside thereof is full of chambers or separate apartments, and that, as soon as a person advances a few yards, he comes to a door, which, the moment he enters, closes, as it opened, of its own accord, and prevents his returning." For the truth of such stories we cannot vouch. We have not tried the cave; and although we had, the door may, with the departure of the fairies, have lost its magic powers.

On the north side of Schiehallion is a Castle, in which King Robert Bruce and his Queen took refuge in 1306. This was at a period of Bruce's life when his adventures, and the privations and perils which he and his adherents encountered, read, as has been said, liker the incidents of a romance than the details of history. In the beginning of the year named he had slain the Red Comyn at Dumfries. From the disastrous battle of Methven he escaped, with only some four hundred followers, into the wilds of Athole. He proceeded thence to Aberdeen, on learning that his Queen and his brother Nigel had reached it. Closely pursued by the English, he left Aberdeen, taking his Queen and his brother Nigel with him, and sought safety in the fastnesses of Breadalbane. It seems to have been then, and just before his encounter with the Lord of Lorn, that he sheltered for a time in the old fortress on the north side of Schiehallion.

In later times, Schiehallion figures in the history of British science. It was on it that Dr Maskelyne, Astronomer Royal, made those observations and experiments by which he ascertained the power of rocky masses in attracting the pendulum, and determined from the result the mean density of the earth. He began his laborious undertaking in the summer of 1744; set up an observatory, first on the north side and then on the south side of the mountain; and made no fewer than 337 observations. For his account of these the Royal Society rewarded him with the Copley medal; and the paper was published in the Philosophical Transactions. Maskelyne was afterwards followed by Professor Playfair, and his calculations so far corrected, in a complete mineralogical survey of Schiehallion.

Concerning Loch Errochd, which is in the north-west of the parish, and stretches into Laggan, Inverness-shire, there is a curious tradition. It bears that the space which the loch covers was once dry land, and formed a parish called Feadail; that in a single night the parish subsided many feet in consequence of some terrible subterranean convulsion; and that the whole population, with their cattle, houses, and fields, were engulfed in the lake which was thus created. It farther bears that for a long period the church of Feadail and other like remarkable objects might be seen, on a clear summer day, at the bottom of the lake. However this may have been, it is certain that, after Culloden, Prince Charlie hid for a time on the banks of Loch Errochd.

There is a battlefield on the side of the river Errochd, about two miles above the point where it falls into Loch Rannoch. The battle was part of the War of Independence, and was fought between Donnacha Reamhar, ancestor of the Robertsons of Strowan, and Alexander MacDougall, chief of Lorn. Donnacha was a Bruceite. MacDougall was son-in-law of the Red Comyn, whom Bruce slew in the Dominican church at Dumfries. This made him and his family mortal enemies of Bruce, and zealous partisans of the English faction. With the view of joining a band of the English who had found their way to Rannoch, the MacDougalls came as far into the district as the Errochd. Donnacha Reamhar collected his followers, and lay concealed by the side of the river, to oppose the invaders, and to drive them back. Anxious to learn their number and strength, he disguised himself as a beggar, and ventured into their camp. Having gained his object he left; but by that time the Lorn men suspected their visitor to be a spy, if not Donnacha himself, and pursued him. He distanced all of them but one, on whom he turned and despatched him. Resuming his run, he came to the Errochd at a place where rocks confined it to a breadth of sixteen feet. He cleared the chasm with a bound, at a point which is known to this day as Donnacha Reamhar's Leap. After this he recrossed the river with his followers; came upon the Lorn men almost unawares; vanquished them in a fierce and bloody battle; and took their chief a captive.

We came to one of King Robert Bruce's refuges in the south of the parish. He was once and again in the north of it also. On one occasion he fought with the English and the renegade Scots at Dalchosnie, and gained a notable victory over them. There is a number of names of places memorial of this battle. The Glen by which the English came down to the scene of conflict is called Glen Sassan, that is, the Englishman's Glen; the ground where they and the patriot Scots met in mortal combat is called Innerchadden, that is, the point where the battle began; and the spot where the fate of the day was decided, is called Dalchosnie, that is, the field of victory. On another occasion King Robert was a fugitive in Rannoch. This was after his defeat at Dalree. He there concealed himself in a large wood about two miles east of Dalchosnie. There are several names of places memorial of the presence of the Royal fugitive in these parts at that time. The Gaelic name of the hut in which he lodged is Seomar-an-righ, that is, the King's Hall. The ford on the Tummel is called the King's Ford; and the eminence above it is called the King's Watch Tower.

Before this, the feet of the immortal Wallace had trodden the soil of Rannoch. He passed through it in returning to the low country, from the expedition into the West Highlands. On the farm of Innerchadden is an old ruin called Sheomar-na-Stainge, the Ditch Hall. If we may judge from Blind Harry's description of it, it had been constructed of earth and turf. "Here Wallace, coming from Argyle, attended by a few faithful adherents, rested with his men for some days. And the Rannoch men, glad of such an opportunity, immediately joined the hero's standard, and marched to attack the English at Dunkeld and Perth."

There is another battlefield in this quarter. It is on the farm of Dunan, by the side of the river Gamhair. The combatants were the Stewarts of Appin and a Rannoch tribe called Clann Iain Bhuidhe, that is, the Children of John of the Yellow Hair. The quarrel originated in violence done by some of these children to two pedlars of the Stewarts of Appin, as they were returning home through Rannoch from Perth, with goods which they had purchased there. They were set upon and robbed, if not murdered. Appin, at the head of his clan, set

out immediately to avenge the outrage. They rested the first night on the borders of Rannoch. Within their view was a homestead which belonged to a Macgregor, one of the Macgregors of Roro Glenlyon, whom his relatives had, for some offence he had given them, banished from their district. Appin applied to him for some refreshments. Macgregor answered by sending him his servant with a good fat cow. Struck with such generous hospitality, Appin asked him to join in the fray of the morrow; promising him that, should they be successful in extirpating the race of John of the Yellow Hair, he should have their lands. Macgregor cordially complied, and they were successful to-morrow. "In the battle which ensued, most of the Clann Iain Bhuidhe were slain; the rest were hemmed in by the victors, and obliged to swim the river, and the few that escaped fled to other districts. A small rill, called by the old people Caochan-ma-Fola (the Rill of Blood), points out to this day the place where the action was fought. The chief of Appin, having now had his full revenge, quickly retraced his steps to Argyleshire, after bidding adieu to his new ally, and wishing him joy of his newly acquired possessions. Macgregor had now as much land as his chieftain of Roro; and the family of Dunan for many generations was among the most respectable of the Clan Gregor in these districts."

The parish abounds in caves; and many of them claim to be historic. In one of these, Gillebride, who was of the race of Somerled, King of the Isles, hid for some time. He did so, after being defeated in an attempt to recover his patrimonial dominions; and was hence often called Bredus of the Cave. "His cave," says the Statistical Account, "was no other than the north side of Loch Rannoch, where he principally took shelter; and a farm there got its name from the circumstance, *Aulich, i.e., Uamh-phalaich*, the hiding-place or cave. There is on the face of the hill above the farm a remarkable well . . . called Bredus's well. . . . Gillebride's Cairn is not far distant; and other places in the neighbourhood are still called after him."

Several of the caves take their name from Ranald Og, one of the most zealous of Montrose's lieutenants. After the overthrow of the Royalists at Philiphaugh, and the capture of Dunaverty Castle, Kintyre, by General Leslie, who put the garrison, consisting of three hundred Irish and Highlanders, to the sword, Ranald sought safety for a time in the wilds of Rannoch, and sheltered in its caves.

We point to only one more of these caves, which proved an asylum to a somewhat noted Jacobite of the next century. In a rocky precipice on the north side of the hill of Glencomrie, is a cavern called Leaba Dhonnacha Dhuibh-a-mhonaidh, that is, The Bed of Black Duncan of the Mountain. Duncan was a Cameron of the district; and after the battle of Culloden, he made this cavern his hiding-place. Government soldiers, sent to search the district in quest of him, often passed at the foot of the rock within twenty yards of him, but never discovered their prey.

There are two islets in Loch Rannoch, the one natural and the other artificial. We have already told how a Robertson of Strowan made the latter the prison of his wife; and how the former was the site of an old stronghold of his clan. We now add that Donnacha Reamhar made the former island the prison of the chief of the MacDougalls, when he took him captive in the battle fought by the Errochd. And the story of the chief's escape is too good to be omitted. To cheer him in his confinement, two Lorn men came with a sack of apples for him. They wished to be allowed to visit him in his prison. This Donnacha Reamhar refused. But he sent the apples to his prisoner by two of his own followers. Having landed at the islet, and fastened their boat to a rock on the edge of it, they carried the sack to MacDougall. He unloosed it, and threw handfuls of apples on the floor, which he bade them pick up. As they were scrambling for the apples, he bolted by the open door of his prison; was in a few moments in the boat on the beach; rowed with all his might to the opposite shore; landed at a point which still bears his name; and took to the mountains. The Donnachie men were now the prisoners. By the time another boat reached the islet to take them ashore, pursuit was vain; and the Lord of the Isles was soon in safety in his own territories, and among his own clan.

About a mile west of the head of Loch Rannoch is The Barracks, the property of Robertson of Strowan. It bears a memorial name. The building was erected by the Government after the Rebellion of '45, to accommodate a garrison which was to be placed in it, for the purpose of preserving the peace in this portion of the Highlands. How needful this was is very apparent from what we read in the Old Statistical Account. "Before the year 1745, Rannoch was in an uncivilised, barbarous state, under no check or restraint of laws. As an evidence of this, one of the principal proprietors never could be compelled to pay his debts. Two messengers were sent from Perth to give him a charge of poinding. He ordered a dozen of his retainers to bind them across two hand barrows, and carry them in this state to the bridge of Cainachan, at nine miles distance. This property

in particular was a nest of thieves. They laid the whole country from Stirling to Coupar Angus under contribution, obliging the inhabitants to pay them black mail, as it is called, to save their property from being plundered. This was the centre of this kind of traffic. In the months of September and October they gathered to the number of about three hundred, built temporary huts, drank whisky all the time, settled accounts for stolen cattle, and received balances. Every man then bore arms. It would have required a regiment to have brought a thief from the country. But Government having sent a party of soldiers to reside among them, and a thief having been hung at their doors, they soon felt the necessity of reformation, and they are now as honest and strict a set of people in these matters as any in the kingdom."

Rannoch Barracks was the prison of the infamous Sergeant Mor, from his capture to his being taken to Perth, where he was tried and executed. Sir Walter Scott mentions him, in picturing the disorderly state of the Highlands, for ten years at least, after the insurrection of '45. "Tradition," he says, "delights to enumerate, among the sons of vulgar rapine, the names of Sergeant Mor Cameron and others, depredators of milder mood, and whose fame might rank with that of Robin Hood and his merry archers, as friends and benefactors to the poor, though plunderers of the rich. The sword of justice was employed in weeding them out; and if frequent examples of punishment did not correct the old depredators, it warned the young from following their footsteps. But the race of *Forty-five* men, as they were called, who supplied this generation with heroes, became in time old and accustomed to peaceful habits."

General Stewart has also this notice of Mor in his "Sketches":—"This man had been a sergeant in the French service, and came over to Scotland in the year 1745. From his large size he was called Sergeant Mor. Having no settled abode, and dreading the consequence of his service in France, and his after engagement in the rebellion, he formed a party of outlaws among the mountains between the counties of Perth, Inverness, and Argyle. While he plundered the cattle of those considered his enemies, he protected the property of his friends, and frequently made people on the Lowland borders purchase his forbearance by the payment of *black mail*. Many stories are told of him. On one occasion he met with an officer from the garrison on the mountains of Lochaber. The officer told him that he suspected he had lost his way, and with a large sum of money, and much afraid of falling in with Sergeant Mor, requested the stranger would accompany him on his road. The other agreed, and as they walked on they talked much of the sergeant and his feats, the officer using much freedom with his name, calling him robber, murderer—— 'Stop there,' interrupted his companion. 'He does indeed take the cattle of the Whigs and Sassenachs, but neither he nor his cearnachs ever shed innocent blood, except once,' added he, 'that I was unfortunate at Braemar, when a man was killed, but I immediately ordered the creach (the spoil) to be abandoned, and left to the owners, retreating as fast as we could, after such a misfortune.' 'You!' says the officer, 'what had you to do with the affair?' 'I am John Du Cameron—I am the Sergeant Mor; there is the road to Inverness; you and your money are safe. Tell your governor to send in future a more wary messenger. Tell him also, that though an outlaw, and forced to live upon the public, I am a soldier as well as himself, and would despise taking his gold from a defenceless man who confided in me.' The officer never forgot the adventure, which he frequently related. Cameron was afterwards betrayed by a treacherous friend to a party under the command of Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Hector) Munro, and executed at Perth in 1753. According to Highland prediction, in all such cases, the fortunes of the betrayer ever afterwards held a backward course."

Rannoch Lodge is in this quarter, the hunting seat of Sir Robert Menzies of Menzies, on a valuable estate measuring upwards of 80,000 acres.

In the western division of the parish is Rannoch Moor, stretching from sixteen to twenty miles in length, and nearly as much in breadth. It is the largest moor in Scotland, and the dreariest. Its aspect is the picture of utter desolation. "A great level," says M'Culloch, . . . "bounded by mountains so distant as scarcely to form an apprehensible boundary; open, silent, solitary; an ocean of blackness and bogs, a world before chaos; not so good as chaos, since its elements are only rocks and bogs, with a few pools of water, bogs of Styx and waters of Cocytus, with one great, long, sinuous, flat, dreary, black, Acheron-like lake, Loch Lydoch, near which arose three fir trees, just enough to remind one of the vacuity of all the rest. Not a sheep nor a cow; even the crow shunned it, and wheeled his croaking flight far off to better regions. If there was a blade of grass anywhere, it was concealed by the dark stems of the black, black muddy sedges, and by the yellow, melancholy rush of the bogs."

A square of four miles of this dismal region belongs to the Strowan property. In several hundred acres of this square are lines of ditches, digged to carry off the water in which they were soaked. These

ditches are traces of an experiment worthy of being noted. When, after the Rebellion of '45, the Strowan estate was in the hands of the Commissioners on Forfeited Estates, they began operations with the view of making arable land of the desert, and covering it over with corn. But, as in other departments, "old Adam has proved too strong for young Melancthon," so this experiment, in spite of all the skill, and capital, and energy with which it was aided, proved a signal failure; and it remains to some modern Mechi to turn the Moor of Rannoch into a fruitful field.

Fortingall has produced some distinguished sons who have not yet been noticed by us. Such was Allan Stewart of Innerchadden, a contemporary of Robertson of Strowan, the poet, and who is said to have been an equal favourite with the Muses. And he was not behind Strowan in his devotion to Prince Charlie, or in what he suffered for it. His house was burned down, and his property pillaged and forfeited. Such was Robert MacAra, a son of the manse, his father being minister of the parish. He entered the army in his youth, proved a gallant soldier, and shared in the exploits of the 92d Highlanders, which have made them so famous. He was wounded in the bloody battle of Toulouse, and fell at Quatre Bras, on the 16th June, 1815; holding the military rank and the knightly honour of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Robert MacAra. Such was the late Robertson of Strowan, who followed the profession of arms, and rose in it to the rank of General. And such is the present proprietor of Dalchosnie and Kinloch-Rannoch, who belongs to the same profession, and holds the same rank. He is General John M'Donald of Dalchosnie and Kinloch Rannoch; and his name is adorned with the honorary distinction of C.B.

The most noteworthy thing which Dr Hew Scott has in his "Fasti" concerning the ministers of Fortingall is, the deposition of Alexander Robertson, in 1716, for his Jacobitism. He "read traitorous papers issued by the rebels;" and altogether took such a part in the Rising of his day as cost him his office.

KILLIN.

Vestiges of Druid circles, one of them at Kinnell, mark the oldest Historic Scenes in this parish.

Next to these in point of antiquity is Fingal's grave, indicated by a small eminence, with a stone about two feet high, immediately to the north of the village of Killin. Tradition says that this is the resting-place of the famous Fin Mac Coul, or Fionghal, Prince of Morven, whom his son Ossian has immortalized. The eminence was perforated nearly a century ago; but no sepulchral remains were brought to light. The writer of the Old Statistical Account of the parish mentions this as discrediting the tradition that this is Fingal's grave. But the writer of the New Statistical Account was of a different opinion. According to our derivation of the name, Killin signifies "the burying-place of the Pool;" and it is alleged that it was so named because the old church and churchyard were on the bank of the Lochay, with one of the deepest pools in the river immediately behind them. But according to another derivation of the name, Killin signifies "the burying-place of Fingal." The Rev. Alexander Stewart, M.A., late minister of the parish, preferred the latter etymology. After mentioning both, he says, in the New Statistical Account:—

"There are considerations, however, which lead the writer to adopt the latter. One of these is, hat the church and churchyard of the parish were near the site of Fin al's grave, and, therefore, at a considerable distance from the pool. Another circumstance deserves to be mentioned. The course of the Lochay seems to have been at one time considerably distant even from the present churchyard, and still more from the old one referred to. There is additional strength given to the traditionary derivation, by the fact, that the ancient seat of the Breadalbane family, which is situated near Killin, is called Finlarig, or the field or plain of Fingal. That the tradition has been occasioned by the name of the parish, as the writer of the former Account seemed to believe, and not the name by the tradition, is by no means probable, and indeed can scarcely be entertained for a moment."

Strathfillan took its name from the famous St Fillan. The Strath was the scene of his residence and his labours in the latter part of his life. We wrote of him when at Comrie, and told of his wonderful Well at Dunfillan. Here was a pool, called the Holy Pool, which the Saint had endowed with like miraculous healing powers. Among other wonders ascribed to it, it cured madness. The insane were dipped in it. The proper season for dipping was the first day of the quarter of the year, old style, after sunset, and before sunrise next morning. The patients were directed to bring up three stones from the bottom of the Pool. On the bank of the Pool were three cairns. Around each of these the patients walked three times, and put a stone on each cairn. They were then taken to the ruins of St Fillan's Chapel, and in a corner of it,

called St Fillan's Bed, they were laid on their back, and left tied for the residue of the night. If they were found loose in the morning, the cure was perfect, and thanks were duly returned to the Saint. We read in the New Statistical Account, written as lately as 1843 :—"The Pool is still visited, not by parishioners, for they have no faith in its virtue, but by people from other and distant localities. We have not heard of any being cured ; but the prospect of the ceremony, especially in a cold winter evening, might be a good test for persons pretending insanity."

Of the wonderful bell belonging to St Fillan's Chapel, this statist says that it was stolen by an English antiquarian about the beginning of this century, and carried to England ; and that it has not come back, either because it has lost its marvellous power of returning home, ringing all the way, or because it preferred England as a more congenial home to the wilds of Breadalbane. He adds :—" At the mill of Killin there was long kept a stone called Fillan's Chair, and several small round stones that had been consecrated by the saint, and endowed with the power of curing diseases. Each of them had its peculiar merit. They got a fresh bed every Christmas eve from the straw and weeds cast ashore by the river. Five of them are still preserved at the mill, where they may be examined by the curious."

The first Chapel here was built by King Robert Bruce in honour of St Fillan, to whose patronage and intercession he attributed the victory of Bannockburn ; and in the tenth year of his reign, he gave the Chapel to the Abbey of Inchaffray, on condition that one of the canons of Inchaffray should regularly officiate in it. It will be remembered that Maurice, Abbot of Inchaffray, carried with him the arm of St Fillan to that battlefield, on which Bruce vindicated so gloriously the freedom and independence of Scotland. In after times the Chapel rose to the dignity of a Priory. Its ruins are still to be seen, measuring 120 feet long, and 22 broad. At the dissolution of the Religious Houses at the Reformation, this Priory, with its revenues and superiorities, was given to Campbell of Glenorchy, ancestor of the Earl of Breadalbane, in whose possession it still remains. Near its ruins is the Presbyterian Chapel raised by the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, and which now forms the church of the *quoad sacra* parish of Strathfillan, erected in 1836.

Westwards, between Crianlarich and Tyndrum, is the battlefield of Dalree, or the King's Field. Bruce had been crowned at Scone in March, 1306. He had been disastrously defeated at Methven in the June following. He had been for some time hiding in the wilds of Athole and Breadalbane ; and was on his way across the country to Kintyre, with the view of taking refuge in Ireland. His followers were greatly dispirited, and reduced in numbers. Most of the more considerable of them had been either captured or executed by the English, or had been obliged to embrace the interests of the invader, for the safety of their lives and fortunes. Those now attending Bruce did not amount to more than three hundred. At Dalree he was attacked by Alexander MacDougall, Lord of Lorn, at the head of a thousand men. MacDougall, as we before explained, was married to the aunt of the Red Comyn, and cherished an implacable hatred of Bruce for the slaughter of his wife's nephew. Bruce and his patriot band fought with their usual bravery, but were soon overpowered by numbers. They were forced to retreat, fighting, however, all the way. Bruce himself brought up the rear of his men, often turning and driving back the more advanced of their pursuers, and not seldom striking them down to rise no more. At length, when he was in a narrow and difficult pass, between Loch Dochart and an adjacent precipice, three of the strongest and most dexterous of the Lorn men, named MacKeoch, got close up to him. There was hardly room for Bruce to turn his horse. The three men sprang upon him at once. One seized his bridle, but, with a single blow, Bruce struck off his arm. Another grasped Bruce by the leg, thinking to dismount him ; but spurring his horse, he trode him down, and despatched him, cleaving his head in two with his sword. The third leaped up behind him on his horse ; but Bruce dashed him to the ground, and with the pommel of his sword, or, as some say, with the iron hammer which hung at his saddle-bow, knocked out his brains. Sir Walter Scott adds :—

"The story seems romantic, but this was the age of romantic exploit, and it must be remembered that Bruce was armed cap-a-pie, and the assailants were half-clad mountaineers. Barbour adds the following circumstance, highly characteristic of the sentiments of chivalry. MacNaughton, a Baron of Cowal, pointed out to the Lord of Lorn the deeds of valour which Bruce performed in this memorable retreat, with the highest expressions of admiration. 'It seems to give thee pleasure,' said Lorn, 'that he makes such havoc among our friends.' 'Not so, by my faith,' replied MacNaughton, 'but be he friend or foe who achieves high deeds of chivalry, men should bear faithful witness to his valour ; and never have I heard of one who by his knightly feats has extricated himself from such dangers as have this day surrounded Bruce.'"

Bruce left his three assailants dead in the pass; but he left them with his mantle, which one of the MacKeochs had seized and kept hold of with his dying grasp, and which had in it the brooch that had fastened it across his breast. This was the famous Brooch of Lorn, a trophy which the MacDougalls preserved with pious care and honest pride. The story of it is variously told. One version of it says that the Brooch was lost in a fire which consumed the house in which the MacDougalls were temporarily residing. According to another version, the worst that befell the Brooch was that it was carried off during the Civil War of the seventeenth century, but was afterwards restored to the family. And the latter must be true, if at Taymouth, on the occasion of the Queen's visit in 1842, the Brooch adorned the person of Captain MacDougall of Dunolly, R.N., the chief of the clan, as it is said to have done. And that it did so the Queen seems to have had no doubt. MacDougall steered the barge in which the Royal party sailed to Auchmore on the day they left Breadalbane; and, in "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," Her Majesty says—"Captain MacDougall, who steered, and who is the head of the MacDougalls, showed us the real 'Brooch of Lorne,' which was taken by his ancestor from Robert Bruce in a battle."

Have our readers taken our counsel to possess themselves of Scott's Poetical Works? Lest some of them should not, we here insert Scott's song of "The Brooch of Lorn."

"Whence the brooch of burning gold
That clasps the Chieftain's mantle fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartans beaming,
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Fainter now, now seen afar,
Fitful shines the northern star?

"Gem! ne'er wrought on Highland mountain,
Did the fairy of the fountain,
Or the mermaid of the wave,
Frame thee in some coral cave?
Did, in Iceland's darksome mine,
Dwarfs' swart hands thy metal twine?
Or, mortal moulded, comest thou here,
From England's love, or France's fear?

"No! thy splendours nothing tell,
Foreign art or fairy spell.
Moulded thou for monarch's use,
By the overweening Bruce,
When the royal robe he tied
O'er a heart of wrath and pride;
Thence in triumph wert thou torn,
By the victor hand of Lorn!

"When the gem was won and lost,
Wildly was the war-cry tossed!
Rung aloud Bendourish fell,
Answer'd Douchart's sounding dell,
Fled the deer from wild Teyndrum,
When the homicide o'ercome,
Hardly 'scaped with scathe and scorn,
Left the pledge with conquering Lorn!

"Vain was then the Douglas brand,
Vain the Campbell's vaunted hand,
Vain Kirkpatrick's bloody dirk,
Making sure of murder's work;
Barendown fled fast away,
Fled the fiery De la Haye,
When this brooch, triumphant borne,
Beam'd upon the breast of Lorn.

"Farthest fled its former lord
Left his mess to brand and cord,
Bloody brand of Highland steel,
English gibbet, axe, and wheel,
Let him fly from coast to coast,
Dogg'd by Comyn's vengeful ghost,
While his spoils, in triumph worn
Long shall grace victorious Lorn!"

In his retreat from Dalree, Bruce passed through Balquhidder. Thither, as we might have stated when there, some of the Lorn men pursued him. On a rock in Loch Voil, on the north shore, and near the west end of it, Bruce took his stand, and dealt death to all who dared to assail him. He then followed his men, who had in the meantime taken refuge in the fastnesses of what has ever since been known by the name of Craig-ree, that is, The King's Rock. He remained there for days, sheltering in a cave which is still pointed out to tourists; his friends in the district, the chief of whom was the laird of MacGregor, bringing him and his adherents the needful supplies.

The small islet of Innis-Buie in the Dochart, just before it falls into Loch Tay, is an Historic Scene. It is the ancient burying place of the MacNabs; and the only bit of ground now owned by them in their native country. They make a conspicuous mark in the annals of the Highlands. Their chief seat was Kinnell, on the banks of the Dochart. The descent of the clan has been commonly traced to an Abbot of Glendochart. They were Mac—Nabs, that is, the sons of the Abbe or Abbot. If such a dignitary ever existed in Glendochart, the Glen must have once had an Abbey; and if it ever had one, we can only say that history has preserved no memorial of it. But another explanation of the patronymic has been offered. The prefix *mac* is held by some to be a contraction for *magnus*, great; *nab* is, they allege, a familiar designation in topography for a round-headed height, a cone. This analysis of the name

of the MacNabs makes it territorial. They derived it from their landed possessions. They were Mac—Nabs, that is, the great cones; and they were so called from a very striking feature of their territories. These included the huge Ben More, whose summit is conical, and towers to the height of 3843 feet.

The MacNabs appear in our annals as early as the reign of David I. (1124-1153). They fought with the MacDougalls at Dalree, in attacking King Robert Bruce; and when he was established on the throne, and was able to reckon with his enemies, their lands were ravaged, their houses burned, and their family writs destroyed. After the severe chastisement inflicted on them, only the barony of Bovain, in Glendochart, remained to them. In 1336, Gilbert MacNab got from David II. a charter of that barony; and, in the list of the heads of the House, he stands as the first MacNab of that Ilk. His son Finlay, the second in the list, is said to have been a poet, and to have been the author of one of the poems which Macpherson ascribes to Ossian. The fourth laird, also Finlay, got from James III. a charter of the lands of Ardchyle and Wester Duinish; and from James IV., a charter of the lands of Ewir and Leiragan. The sixth laird, another Finlay, mortgaged a great part of his estates to Colin Campbell of Glenorchy. The seventh laird, yet another Finlay, flourished in the reign of James VI. It was he who was at such deadly feud with the Neishes, whom his sons massacred in their Castle on Loch Earn, as we related when at Comrie. "Smooth John," the eighth laird, was a noted partisan of Charles I. He joined Montrose after the battle of Alford, and contributed much to the overthrow of the Covenanters at Kilsyth. He and his clan afterwards garrisoned Montrose's Castle of Kincardine, and held it till it was besieged by General Leslie, and the provisions of the garrison, amounting to three hundred men, were quite exhausted. They then, under cloud of night, marched out, sword in hand. All escaped except MacNab himself and one man. They were conveyed to Edinburgh and brought to trial. Condemned to die the death of a traitor, the Chief made his escape from prison on the night before the day fixed for his execution. He rejoined his friends, and fell in the battle of Worcester in 1651. In the time of the Commonwealth, his Castle of Eilan Rowan was given to the flames, his estates pillaged and confiscated, and the family papers again destroyed. The covetous Campbells of Glenorchy now managed to get possession of his lands.

Alexander, the ninth laird, was four years old when his father fell at Worcester. His mother, a daughter of Campbell of Glenlyon, applied to General Monk for the restitution of the family property. The General made a favourable report on the application, and then wrote Captain Gascoigne, Governor of Finlarig:—"I do hereby declare that it was not intended by my order for repairing the laird of Glenurchy's losses by the MacNabs out of their estates, that the same should extend to the molesting or intermeddling with the estates of any of the MacNabs who live peaceably. And forasmuch as I understand that the widow of the laird of MacNab hath lived peaceably, you are hereby authorized, and I desire, in case any vexation be offered to the outing or dispossessing of the said widow and her children of the said lands, or anything that belongs to them, under colour of the said order, to preserve the rights that to them belong, as if the said order had never been made, and to enter and receive them in their lands; and this favour also is to be extended to the laird of Aucharne. Given under my hand and seal at Dalkeith, 18th January, 1654. (Signed) S. S. George Monk." This had no effect; but soon after the Restoration a considerable part of the family estates was restored.

The tenth laird was Robert, who married Lady Anne Campbell, sister of the Earl of Breadalbane. They had two sons, John and Archibald, who both entered the army. John held a commission in the Black Watch, was taken prisoner at the battle of Prestonpans, and was confined in Doune Castle, where he lay till after Culloden. Though their chief was thus a prisoner for the Hanoverian interest, most of the clan were zealous adherents of the Stuarts; and were led by MacNab of Inchewen, and MacNab of Acharne. Archibald the youngest son, had likewise a commission in the same regiment; and served with distinction in its campaigns, both on the Continent and in America. At the close of the American war he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General, and was made Colonel of the 41st Welsh Regiment. He died in Edinburgh in 1791, and his dust rests at Killin. The twelfth laird was Francis, a very eccentric person. His stature was gigantic, and his manners were formed to sustain and exhibit the peerless dignity of a Highland chief. As usually happens in such cases, the respect with which he was regarded was not either very pure or very profound. He died a bachelor, but left a numerous offspring. His portrait, in which he appears in the uniform of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Breadalbane Volunteers, is in the Taymouth collection.

The thirteenth laird was Archibald. By his day the estates were grievously encumbered with debt.

It is suspected that the family bottle, which long graced the table at Kinnell, and was known by the name of the Bachelor, had some connection with this state of matters. Its capacity was nine gallons! In 1842 it was in the keeping of Mr Sinclair, tenant of Inverchaggernie. Whether it is still preserved, in these perilous times to such Jeroboams, as an old friend of ours was accustomed justly and happily to name them, we have not learned. Mr Sinclair, we may add, had also in his possession two precious relics of Rob Roy; the one his gold brooch, said to have been very handsome, which used to adorn Rob's shoulder, and the other his powder horn, elegantly mounted in silver. In his financial embarrassments, Archibald MacNab sold his patrimony for behoof of his creditors, and, in 1821, emigrated to Canada, whither many of his clan had gone before him. The MacNabs have prospered much in the New World, and some of them have risen to great distinction. Sir Allan Napier MacNab was of the Dundurn branch of the family. He was Colonel of Militia in Upper Canada; member, and some time Speaker, of the Legislative Assembly in Upper and Lower Canada; and Premier of that province. He was knighted in 1838, for his efforts in suppressing the rebellion that had broken out in the colony; and, in 1858, he was created Baronet of Dundurn Castle, Canada West.

Another branch of the stock was the MacNabs of Inchewen; of one of whom an anecdote is told which illustrates both the man and his times. In 1745, a party of the Argyle Militia were sent from Finlarig Castle, where they were then stationed, to burn the House of Coire Chaorach, near Ben More. MacNab of Inchewen watched them in their march. After setting fire to the mansion, they observed, as they were returning to Finlarig, that the fire had gone out. One of them went back to rekindle it. MacNab from his ambush shot him down. The rest of the party seeing the fate of their companion, rushed down to the river; but ere they reached it, three of them bit the dust. MacNab then took to the rocks, and, firing thence, killed other three of the redcoats; and the remainder, thinking discretion the better part of valour, fled for their life. The implement with which MacNab did such deadly work was a rifle, four feet long, and having in its stock a recess for holding a supply of bullets. In 1843 the rifle was in the possession of Mr Sinclair of Inverchaggernie.

It is not uninteresting to add, that this old piece had at one time been used by an historic person very worthy of being commemorated. We mean Duncan MacIntyre, the Glenorchy bard; a prodigy, who never attended school, and never learned to read, but who composed exquisite Gaelic poetry. In one of his poems, entitled "Beinn-Dòrain," he sings the praises of this rifle. The song was greatly admired, and spread the fame of MacIntyre throughout the Highlands. Travelling in a district where he was a stranger, seeking purchasers for his little volume of poetry, a person suspecting him to be no other than the minstrel himself, asked him, "Was it you that made Beinn-Dòrain?"—to which he answered, "Tut! tut! my good fellow; Beinn-Dòrain was made along with the other mountains, long before you or I was born; but I made a poem in praise of Beinn-Dòrain." It will perhaps gratify some of our Celtic readers, if we give a few of the opening lines of it:—

"MOLADH BEINN-DORAIN.

Air Fonn—Piobaireachd.

URLAR.

An t-urram thar gach beinn
Aig Beinn-dòrain,
Na chunnaic mi fo'n ghréin,
'S i bu bhòidhche leam;
Monadh fada, réidh,
Cuile 'm faighte féigh,
Soilleireachd an t-sléibh
Bha mi sònrachadh;

Doireachan nan geug,
Coill' anns am bi feur,
'S foineasach an spréidh,
Bhios a chòmnaidh ann.
Greidhean bu gheal céir,
Faoghaid air an déigh,
'S laghach leam an sreud,
A bha sròineiseach."

These lines have been thus Englished:—

Yestreen I stood on Ben Dorain, and paced its dark grey path;
Was there a hill I did not know? or glen or grassy strath?
Oh! gladly in the times of old I trode that glorious ground,
And the white dawn melted in the sun, and the red deer cried around.

How finely swept the noble deer across the morning hill,
While fearless played the fawn and doe beside the running rill;
I heard the black and red cock crow, and the bellowing of the deer—
I think those are the sweetest sounds that man at dawn may hear.

There are two small islands in Loch Dochart. On one of these are the ruins of an old edifice, said to have been a Castle of the Campbells of Loch Awe, and to have been one of the seven family fortresses which Sir Duncan Campbell built. A little port on the shore seems to have been their landing place. The MacGregors once sacked this Castle when the Campbells were residing in it. It was winter; the

Loch was frozen over; and, stealthily approaching the Castle on the ice, the MacGregors surprised the inmates, put them to the sword, and pillaged their dwelling. The other island is a great curiosity. It is what is called a floating isle, and is fifty-one feet long, and twenty-nine broad. It has been formed gradually by the interweaving of the roots and stems of the water-plants in the Loch, and the intermixture with these of the sediments contained in the water. This process must have occupied a long period of time, small as the islet is. The wind moves it; and a person pushing with a pole may steer it in any direction he pleases. When cattle venture to swim in to it, tempted by the sight of its fine green grass, they sometimes get a great surprise. They are treated to a sail on the Loch; a style of locomotion of which they have no experience on the shore, and which any little science they have quite fails to explain to them.

The Grampians abound in various species of minerals; but these have been very little worked. There is one exception, which may be adverted to. It is at Clifton, near Tyndrum, in the western extremity of this parish. On the top of a hill here there is a lead mine. When first opened it did not prove remunerative. At least, after being worked for several years, it was abandoned. But, in 1839, it was reopened by the Marquis of Breadalbane, and a hundred workmen employed in it, under the guidance of experienced German miners. A copper mine was subsequently opened in the neighbourhood. On the death of the Marquis, which occurred in 1862, the works were again abandoned, and they have never since been resumed. This is much to be regretted for the sake of the population in the district, to whom employment in such works would have been a great boon. It was with a view to their benefit mainly that the Marquis began his mining operations, which were to him a very expensive experiment. He laid out on them, it is said, not less than £50,000; and his returns were very small.

Glenlochay has its Historic Scenes. Manlorn was in ancient times a Royal Forest, and was often trodden by the feet of our Scottish Sovereigns when pursuing the pleasures of the chase. Bruce's Cave may also be pointed to; so called because King Robert was fain to lurk in it, in the season when adverse fortune made him a fugitive and an outlaw in these parts. And if Burns's muse has made the places which he sung historic, and if we accord to the muse of Duncan MacIntyre the same power, to the Forest and the Cave in this Glen we must add Coire-cheathaich or Misty Glen, which MacIntyre has celebrated in an ode, extending to nearly five pages.

The village of Killin is on the peninsula formed by the confluence of the "furious Dochart" and the "gentle Lochay." Both it and the landscape seen from it are charmingly beautiful and picturesque. They threw MacCulloch into rapture. "Killin," says he, "is the most extraordinary collection of extraordinary scenery in Scotland,—unlike everything else in the country, and perhaps on earth, and a perfect picture gallery in itself, since you cannot move three yards without meeting a new landscape. A busy artist might here draw a month and not exhaust it. . . . Fir trees, rocks, torrents, mills, bridges, houses, these produce the great bulk of the middle landscape, under endless combinations; while the distances more constantly are found in the surrounding hills, in their varied woods, in the bright expanse of the lake, and the minute ornaments of the distant valley, in the rocks and bold summit of Craig-Culliach, and the lofty vision of Ben Lawers, which towers like a huge giant in the clouds,—the monarch of the scene."

Killin vies with Kenmore, Weem, and Dull in the magnificence of its wood. The last Statistical Account gives the following measurement of the girth of trees three feet above the ground:—Five ashes, 17 feet; four chestnuts, 15 feet 10 inches; three beeches, 14 feet; one horse chestnut, 14 feet; four oaks, 14 feet; three planes, 17 feet; three elms, 10 feet; two silver firs, 12 feet; one holly, 12 feet; three Scotch firs, 12 feet 5 inches; one walnut, 12 feet 5 inches.

Patrick Campbell, minister of the parish at the Reformation, was deprived in 1662 for his Presbyterianism. He was one of the three hundred and fifty Scotch clergy, who nobly submitted to be driven from their parishes, rather than do violence to conscience by conforming to Prelacy, and receiving ordination anew from the hands of Charles's bishops.

James Stewart, ordained to the pastorate of Killin in 1737, deserves to be specially commemorated. He translated the New Testament into Gaelic, and began the translation of the Old; which his son, Dr Stewart, minister of Luss, continued, and, with the assistance of Dr Smith, completed. This was a work of priceless importance, opening, as it did, the Word of Life to the Gaelic-speaking population of the country and of the world. Of this version of the Bible, Horne, in his "Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Scriptures," thus writes:—

"The Society in Scotland for Propagating Christian Knowledge has the honour of giving to the inhabitants of the Highlands the Holy Scriptures in

their vernacular dialect. The New Testament was translated by the late Rev. James Stewart, minister of Killin, and printed at their expense in 1765. It bears a high character for fidelity and accuracy. The several books of the Old Testament were translated and published in detached portions or volumes, at different times, as the Society's funds would permit, viz., the prophetical books, by the Rev. Dr Smith, in 1783, and the remaining books by the Rev. Dr John Stewart, minister of Luss (son of the translator of the New Testament), in three parts, which appeared successively in the years 1783, 1787, and 1801. In 1796, the first edition of the New Testament being exhausted, the Society published another, consisting of *twenty thousand* copies. And, as some of the first printed volumes of the Old Testament were so much reduced in number in 1802 as to be insufficient to supply the urgent demands of the Highlands in general, and of the Society's own schools in particular, a new edition of twenty thousand copies was printed. Three parts out of four, into which this portion of the Bible had been divided, were rendered from the Hebrew with great simplicity, and with as literal an adherence to the original text as the idiom of the respective languages would admit. As the style of the fourth part (containing the prophetical books), had receded from this simplicity, it was revised and corrected with the utmost care. From this corrected text (a copy of which was furnished by the Society in Scotland as soon as it was finished), the British and Foreign Bible Society executed their stereotype editions in 1807, which (as the Scottish Society was unable to supply the urgent and very numerous demands for the sacred writings) were purchased at reduced prices by the poor Highlanders, with the liveliest expressions of gratitude. In 1816, this Gaelic version of the Bible received the approbation of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The quarto edition, printed at Edinburgh, may be considered as the standard edition of the Gaelic Bible. It was revised by a committee of clergymen well skilled in the Gaelic language, who were appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to superintend the work. This edition, with a revised Gaelic metrical version of the psalms and paraphrases on certain portions of Scripture subjoined to it, was completed in the year 1826. It was then submitted to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, who were pleased to approve of it, and to authorise its exclusive use in the churches and chapels within their bounds, in which public worship is conducted in the Gaelic language."

The church of Killin is in possession of a copy of another version of the Scriptures which it may well regard as a treasure. Mr A. Stewart, minister of the parish prior to the Disruption, gives this account of it:—"There is in the possession of the minister a copy of Bishop Beddell's Bible in the Irish Gaelic, with this inscription, '1688. The donation of the honorable, pious, and lairn'd Rob. Boyle, Esquire, a principal Member of the Royal Society, bestowed on the church of Killin, to continue there as a church-Bible for the use of the present minister and his successors, ministers of that parish."

We have now accomplished the task which we proposed to ourselves, and which was begun in the *Weekly News* on the 5th of August, 1876. We have made a tour of Perthshire, in quest of Historic Scenes in it. Places which might have been included among our Scenes have been overlooked. So have not a few historic associations of those places which we have visited. As these omissions were detected by ourselves, or were pointed out by kind correspondents, we for a while intended to supply them in an Appendix. But our papers have swelled to a bulk so very much beyond what we originally contemplated, that we feel constrained to forego this design.

We therefore close, thanking our readers for accompanying us so patiently in a survey that has occupied so much time; and frankly acknowledging that we have not by any means exhausted the historic lore, which gives to Perthshire so peculiar an interest, and turns many eyes to it, more perhaps than to any other part of old Scotia, when we sing:—

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Scenes as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill."