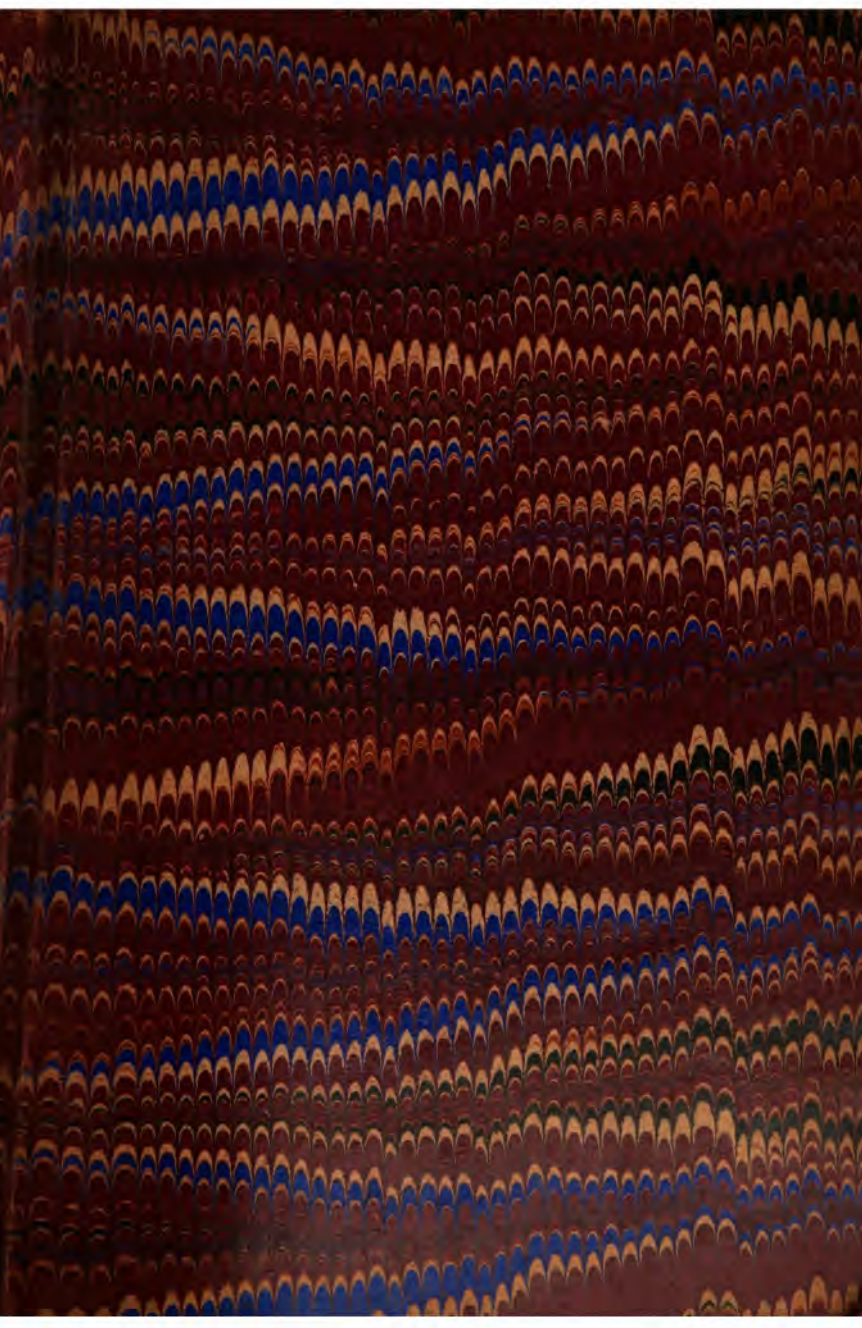

THE GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY

A GUIDE

BY W. FERGUSON
KINMUNDY

By silver streams where purling Don takes rise,
Beneath a mountain tow'ring to the skies,
Where crystal brooks in gentle murmurs glide,
From neighb'ring hills, and swell their sov'reign's tide,
Emptying their urns to aggrandise his pride;
From their first rise down to their mother sea,
As they fall in, shall be described to thee,
With hills and woods and fruit of every tree.

DON: *A poem.* 1655.

EDINBURGH: DAVID DOUGLAS
1881

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1809.

FIRE—LIFE—ANNUITIES.

Resources of the Company as at 31st December 1880:—

I. SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL—

PAID-UP	£500,000
UNCALLED	1,500,000
	£2,000,000

II. FIRE FUND—

RESERVE	£844,577
PREMIUM RESERVE	317,058
BALANCE of Profit and Loss Account	39,608
	£1,201,243

III. LIFE FUND—

ACCUMULATED FUND (Life Branch)	£3,028,834
Do. do. (Annuity Branch)	351,274
	£3,380,108

IV. REVENUE FOR YEAR 1880—

NETT LIFE PREMIUMS and INTEREST	£450,675
ANNUITY PREMIUMS and INTEREST	13,725
	£464,400
NETT FIRE PREMIUMS and INTEREST	1,013,900
	£1,478,300

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

I.—LIFE ASSURANCE BRANCH.

The large proportion of **Nine-tenths** of the **Profits** is divided among the Policyholders on the Participating Scale every Five Years, and is allocated not only on the Sums Assured, but also on the previous Bonus Additions.

The last Division of Profits was made as at 31st December 1880, when there was declared a Bonus of £1 : 7 : 6 per cent per annum on the Sums Assured and previous Bonus Additions. If taken as a percentage on the Original Sums Assured, this Bonus is equivalent to an addition of from £2 : 11 : 4 per cent per annum on the oldest Policies to £1 : 7 : 6 per cent on those now for the first time entitled to participate.

The Premiums are moderate, and Tables have been framed to meet every contingency connected with life.

II.—ANNUITY BRANCH.

ANNUITIES, IMMEDIATE, CONTINGENT, or DEFERRED, are granted on favourable terms.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The COMPANY insures against **Fire** almost every description of Property, at Home or Abroad, at the lowest Rates of Premium corresponding to the Risk.

Every information may be had at the Chief Offices, Branches, or Agencies.

AD. GILLIES-SMITH, *Manager.*

EDINBURGH, *July 1881.* THOMAS M°MURTRIE, *Secretary.*

CHIEF OFFICES.

EDINBURGH, 64 PRINCES STREET. LONDON, 61 THREADNEEDLE STREET.

ABERDEEN BRANCH OFFICE—102 ST. VINCENT STREET

MESSRS. MURRAY & M'COMBIE, *Local Secretaries.*

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NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY

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LONDON . . . HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.
CAMBRIDGE . . MACMILLAN AND CO.
GLASGOW . . JAMES MACLEHOSE.

INTRODUCTION.

"FAR AWAY FOWLS HAVE FAIR FEATHERS," is a proverb that indicates a very common feeling. Distant places are run after for scenery and associations, though places near at hand may be equally interesting or equally beautiful. Because they are near and easily accessible, it does not seem worth while to notice them; or their inspection can be so easily accomplished, that it is put off from day to day. And yet these scenes and associations may be well worthy of attention, and productive of much interest and pleasure, when visited and inquired into.

Probably the general tourist has little idea of the beauty of many parts of the country through which the Great North of Scotland Railway passes. It is off the usual line of travel, and, except to the few who have local connections, it is not generally known. In the hope of attracting more attention to it on the part of the travelling public, these notices of it are put together.

The great North of Scotland Railway, including all that is worked by the Company, is 287½ miles in length. Of this the Deeside Line (43½ miles) is to a certain extent an independent branch, that is, it is separated from the main line and branches, lying through a different district of country from that traversed by it.

Starting from Aberdeen, the main line proper runs north to Keith, 53¼ miles, throwing off five branches, two of which also subdivide.

I. The Formartine and Buchan Section leaves the main line at Dyce, and goes to Peterhead, 38 miles. It subdivides at Maud, and sends a branch to Fraserburgh, 16 miles.

II. The Alford Valley Section leaves at Kintore, and goes up the Don valley to Alford, 16 miles.

III. The Old Meldrum Section leaves at Inverurie, and goes to Old Meldrum, 5¾ miles.

IV. The Macduff and Turriff Section leaves at Inveramsay, and goes by Fyvie and Turriff to Macduff and Banff, 29¾ miles.

V. The Banffshire Section leaves at Grange, and goes to Banff, 16¼ miles, subdividing at Tillynaught, and sending a branch to Portsoy, 2¾ miles.

To the north of Keith the line goes north and west through Glenisla to Craigellachie on the Spey, 14¾ miles, and thence up Speyside to Boat of Garten, 33¼ miles, where it joins the Highland Railway. By the Morayshire Railway, now part of the system, it has a connection from Craigellachie with Elgin, 12¾ miles, and with Lossiemouth, 5½ miles.

The original line was incorporated in 1846, but its formation was not commenced till November 1852. It was opened to Huntly, September 12, 1854, and to Keith, October 11, 1856. The various branches were incorporated as independent lines, but were consolidated in August 1866. The Deeside was added in July 1876, and the Morayshire in October 1880. The length of the entire consolidated line is 287½ miles.

ABERDEEN.

ABERDEEN, in sportive description called "The Granite City," was supposed by Mr. Wordsworth to lie in Ayrshire; the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana* seems to place it on the Forth, for it says under the article "Aberdeen,"—"a capacious stone bridge of a single arch stretches itself across the Forth near Union Street,"—and the *Penny Cyclopedia*, which claimed to be a channel for diffusing useful knowledge, declared that the Dee flowed underneath Union Bridge.

Situated at the extreme south-eastern point of the county of Aberdeen, on the north bank of the Dee, which is there the boundary between the shires of Aberdeen and Kincardine,—the city of Aberdeen is the fourth city in Scotland in point of population and trade. It has by the census of 1881 a population of 105,818. Shipbuilding is perhaps its chief industry, for its clippers are of world-fame. Large and important manufactures also have their seat here—in cotton, as the Banner Mill; in linen, as the Broadford Works; in woollen as the Haddens and Crombies; in paper, Piries, Davidsons, etc.; in jute, The Jute Company; in iron Blaikies, Mackinnons; in polished granite, as Macdonalds, Keiths, etc. etc.; and many other branches of productive industry. Murray says,—Aberdeen "is really a handsome town, built chiefly of granite, the local stone, at the mouth of the Dee, between it and the Don; but its harbour has neither the capacity nor convenience proportioned to its trade, although Smeaton and Telford employed their best engineering abilities, and expended more than £300,000 upon it. New and expensive works were begun in 1871, including a South Breakwater of concreted blocks, 1300 feet long. The diversion of the Dee, by the straightening of its course cutting off a great bend just below the Wellington and Railway Bridges, was achieved in 1872."

The first extant charter in favour of Aberdeen is one of William the Lion in 1178, in which he confirms previous corporate rights, granted by his grandfather David I. In the Reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, Dr. Stuart says,—"While the situation of Aberdeen, near the navigable mouth of the river Dee, must have pointed it out to the early inhabitants as a desirable place of settlement, there can be little doubt that at a period far earlier than that of our burghal institutions a religious settlement had been made near the mouth of

the neighbouring river Don, from which the infant town of Aberdeen drew much of its importance. This was the monastic house founded by St. Machar, one of the followers of St. Columba, at Old Aberdeen, a site on which at later times the Cathedral of the diocese was erected, on the transference of the See from Mortlach by David I. According with the early importance of the burgh of Aberdeen are its records, which are older and more complete than those of any other Scottish burgh. It possesses two Charters of Privilege from William the Lion; one from Alexander II.; two from Alexander III.; many from King Robert Bruce; several from his son, King David II; and others from the succeeding kings of Scotland. Many of these are valuable for their illustrations of the privileges of burghs, and the mutual relation of trading communities to each other."—(*First Report*, 1870, p. 121.)

Some have attempted to identify Aberdeen with the Roman Devana, but it seems now to be very clearly established "that Devana must have stood at a place called Normandikes, in the parish of Peterculter, distant about eight miles from Aberdeen. This is proved by the exact correspondence of the itinerary distances; by the pointed indications of all the trustworthy authorities; and by the existence of undoubted ancient remains."—(*Book of Bon Accord.*) "Indeed" (this writer goes on), "it is not until about a thousand years after that (the time of the Romans) that we find undoubted evidence of the existence of Aberdeen. This occurs in the Heimskringla of Snorro, under the year 1153. Egsteinn, a Norwegian kinglet, set sail on a piratical expedition, and touched first at Orkney." "Thence" (says Snorro in a passage of which I have been favoured with a translation by an eminent northern scholar), "Egsteinn, the king, spread his sails to the south, and, steering along the eastern shores of Scotland, brought his ships to the town of Apardion, where he killed many people, and wasted the city. Thus says Einarr Skulason:—

> "'I heard the overthrow of people,
> The clash of broken arms was loud;
> The king destroyed the peace
> Of the dwellers in Apardion.'"

"Thus 'Apardion' is the earliest form in which we recognise Aberdeen; on the next occasion it is written 'Aberdoen,' and at various times assumes the orthography of 'Abeyrdeyn,' 'Abirden,' 'Abyrden,' 'Abirdene,' 'Habyrdine,' and in Latin, 'Aberdonia,' 'Abredeæ,' and 'Abredonia.' The derivation of the word has afforded ample scope for the vagaries of the etymologists. According to one it is of Gothic origin, and signifies 'the town upon, up, from, or beyond the Dee;' it is Celtic, says another, and means, 'a hill in a marsh;' 'A town between two rivers,' cries a third; a fourth will swear that it denotes 'a town at the mouth of one river;' while a

fifth is as positive that it means 'the dean's building.' It would be singular if none of these conjectures were right."

Near where Gordon's Hospital now stands in the School Hill, Alexander II., on a visit along with one of his sisters, founded a monastery of Dominican, Black, Mendicant, or Preaching Friars; and about the same time the Carmelites or White Friars were established, one on the south side of the Green, near where Carmelite Street now is.

The ancient records speak of a castle belonging to Alexander III., situated on the hill now occupied by the barracks. A windmill is mentioned in 1271. Blind Harry places the scene of one of the exploits of Wallace in Aberdeen, July 1297. The year before that Edward I. of England visited it. The diary of his progress says: "14 July 1296. The Saturday, to the cytie of d'Abberden. A faire castell and a good towne vponn the see, and taryed there v days." In 1306 Bruce, after the battle of Methven, found refuge in the town for a time, until the English troops discovered his retreat and attempted to surprise him. He, however, received timely warning, and, unable to cope with his foes, quitted the city ("The ladys raid rycht by his syd"), and retreated to the mountains.—*Bon Accord.*

In 1306 the town was burned by the English. "It is said that when it was afterwards rebuilt it received the name of NEW ABERDEEN, a title which has frequently led strangers to suppose that the original site of the town was in the burgh, now called Old Aberdeen, but originally named Old Town, or Kirk Town of Seaton."

The city was well represented at the famous battle of Harlaw, of which more further on, when we come to the scene of it. But we may take this about it from *Bon Accord*:—

"In 1411 occurred one of the conflicts in that great war between the Celtic and the Saxon races—between barbarism and civilisation—which, beginning with the Pretender Donalbane, in the 11th century, was only finally ended on the Moor of Culloden in the days of the Pretender Charles, in the 18th century. Donald, Prince of the Isles, landed in Ross-shire, and at the head of vast multitudes of Highland savages, rapidly advanced southward, leaving havoc and desolation behind him, and threatening to glut his undisciplined hordes with the pillage of Aberdeen. The Saxon and Norman chivalry, along with the burghers of the town, marched forth to oppose him. The provost of our city joined their ranks at the head of a body of the inhabitants, and the armies encountered at Harlaw, on the banks of the Ury, distant about 19 miles from the burgh. The Celtic barbarian was routed, but the victory was not purchased without a heavy slaughter. Among the number of the slain was 'gude Sir Robert Davidson, quha provest wes of Aberdene;' and along with him fell many of the burgesses 'in defensione villæ et pro patriæ libertate.'" ("The pro-

vost of Aberdeen was killed," says Sir Walter Scott, "with so many of the citizens as to occasion a municipal regulation that the chief magistrate of that town, acting in that capacity, should go only a certain brief space from the precincts of the liberties." So, Sir Walter; but no trace of this regulation is to be found in the City Records.) The corpse of Sir Robert was brought to the city and interred beside the north wall of St. Nicholas's Church, before the altar of St. Ann, near the great arch of the steeple. On one of the neighbouring pillars of the Old Church was inscribed—"Robert Davidson, provest of Aberdeen, was killed at the battel of Harlaw in the year 1411." More than three centuries afterwards, in 1740, the remains of the body were discovered with a small crimson cap on the skull. The citizens of Aberdeen are justly proud of the part they took in this glorious victory. Mr. James Gordon, who wrote in 1661, mentions that "the verie enseigne which they hade at Harlaw was to be seen in our tyme, and [was] not losed till ther unhappie encounter with Montrose, anno 1644." "The staff of the banner is still preserved, and the armour which their provost was said to have worn is deposited in the City Armoury." It is now set up in the vestibule of the Town-Hall.

Margaret, queen of James the Fourth, visited Aberdeen in May 1511, and was received with great magnificence, as has been celebrated by William Dunbar in his poem entitled "The Quene's Progres at Aberdene," printed for the first time by David Laing in 1834. James V. paid a visit of fifteen days in 1537, and later on his daughter, the beautiful Queen Mary, was there in November 1562.

"In the beginning of 1622, encouraged by the influence of Bishop Patrick Forbes, and of the magistrates, EDWARD RABAN left St. Andrews and established his press on the north side of the Castlegate in a new house belonging to the council, of which the lower part was used as a meal-market. In that year he printed, among other books, a treatise, 'De disciplina Ecclesiastica,' and the tale of 'The Twae Freirs of Berwick.' Raban was not only a printer, but an author, and has left compositions behind him both in prose and verse. 'The Glorie of Man consisting in the Excellence and Perfection of Woman,' published in 1638, was written, he tells us, 'to vindicate and deliver myself from the imputation of Sarcastick, bitter, too loose and liberall speeches agaynst the most noble, worthei and transcendent sexe of Women.' Contemporary with this 'Master Printer,' the first in Aberdeene, was David Melville, perhaps the first bookseller of whom the town can boast. It was probably after his death that Raban opened a shop at the end of the Brodgate, under the quaint style of 'The Laird of Letters.' This Caxton of Aberdeen seems to have died in 1649, and I regret that I cannot point out to the lover of literature the spot where his bones are interred."—*Bon Accord.*

From 1638 onwards Aberdeen was much involved in the struggles

consequent on the Reformation; but the Reformation never had a great hold there. The history of the time is full of the accounts of battles and their sad consequences. At the outset Montrose occupied and held the town for the Covenanters. The principal leader on the other side was the Marquis of Huntly.

In 1640 it was occupied by General Munro for the Covenant, and he and all his officers were presented with burgess tickets, which, in compliance with an ancient custom, still observed, "they put up in their bonnets." Again, in 1644, it fell under the power of the Marquis of Huntly, "who, retaliating on the measures of Munro, commenced a pillage of the houses of the Covenanting gentry in the neighbourhood," and otherwise oppressed the citizens. Once more the royalists were driven out by Lords Burleigh and Elcho—to the joy of one party, and the grievous sorrow of the other. "The ane faction," says Spalding, "croppit the calsey courageously, prydfully, and disdanefully; the other faction wes forced to walk humelie, and to suffer the pryde of thair toun's nightbouris, who rejoiced at thair miserie." These Lords were followed by the Marquis of Argyle, on his way northward.

"Aberdeen was now once more to suffer from the victorious arms of Montrose. Twice had he entered its gates to chastise the citizens for their loyalty, and compel their adherence to the Covenant. He approached it a third time to punish them for their support of the principles which he had constrained them to cherish, and to exact their obedience to a monarch whom he had obliged them to abandon." For by this time he had turned his coat, and he was now the minion of Charles. He overpowered the city, which was given up to plunder, but on the anniversary of his victory at Aberdeen he was utterly defeated at Philiphaugh. The last siege and capture of the town was by Huntly in May 1646, but this success came too late, for a few days before it Charles had delivered himself to the Scottish army at Newark, and Huntly received orders to lay down his arms.

Into the fortunes of his son, and the troubles of the '15 and '45, we need not enter. The annals of Aberdeen have many records of them. We turn rather now to enumerate some of the principal places of attraction to visitors.

UNION STREET is the principal thoroughfare. It is about a mile in length. From the hardness of the stone, the architecture is almost without ornament of any kind, but the general appearance is massive, and the effect is pleasing. The granite is light coloured, a grayish white. The east end of the street terminates in the Castlegate, in the centre of which stands

THE CROSS, a hexagonal building, surmounted by a pillar bearing the Royal Unicorn rampant. The style is Renaissance, and the panels

are ornamented with medallion heads of Scottish monarchs, from James I. to James VII. Its builder was John Montgomery, and its date 1686.

THE STATUE of the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, Marquis of Huntly, and Colonel, first of the 92d, latterly of the 42d Highlanders, stands here also, a little in front of the Cross.

"Cock of the North, my Huntly braw,
Whaur are you wi' the Forty Twa?"

The statue is colossal, and was designed by Mr. Campbell of London.

THE COUNTY AND MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS occupy one side of the Castlegate; they include the Sheriff Court-House, behind which is the prison. The whole pile is "one of the largest and most imposing granite erections in Scotland. The style is a combination of the old Scotch, Belgian, and French; the most striking feature is the tower, which rises to a height of over 200 feet. The cost has been about £100,000. At the east end of the building is a square tower of ancient date, surmounted by a spire 120 feet high. Close to this, on the corner of King Street, are the offices of the North of Scotland Banking Company, a building of dressed granite in the Grecian style. On the opposite side of Castle Street stands the Union Bank, a chaste building. Marischal Street branches off towards the harbour. The Military Barracks occupy a commanding position to the east of Castle Street, on the site of the old castle."—(*Black.*)

In KING STREET, which branches off at right angles from Castle Street, and runs northwards, out towards the Don, and is the commencement of the great road to Fraserburgh and Peterhead, there are some good buildings,—the Record Office, the Medical Hall, the North Church, several banks, and St. Andrew's Episcopal Church. In the last there is a statue by Flaxman of Bishop Skinner, son of the author of "Tullochgorum."

Returning westward by Union Street, we have, near the corner of Nicholas Street, the Town and County Bank Office, and opposite to it the National Bank forms the corner building of Market Street, at the bottom of which is the Post-Office.

A marble statue of the Queen, by the late Alexander Brodie, a native of Aberdeen, is in an open space close by the Town and County Bank.

Here too, a little further west, are the EAST and WEST CHURCHES, standing in the centre of a cemetery, and separated from the street by a handsome Ionic façade, each pillar of one stone and the intervals filled in with massive iron railings. The old West Church, which was erected about the middle of the eighteenth century, was burned down in 1874. The East Church, in modern Gothic, was rebuilt in 1870-75. The two were separated by what was known as Drum's Aisle, from

its being the burying place of the ancient family of Irvine of Drum. It formed the transept of the original Church of St. Nicholas, built in the 12th century. Till 1874 there remained the central tower, containing a fine peal of nine bells, one of which, the great bell Lawrence or Lowry, was 4 feet in diameter at the mouth, 3½ feet high, and very thick, and bore the date 1352. This tower perished in the fire of 1874, which also destroyed the transept and the monuments of the Irvines. The Tower has been rebuilt and a spire added by the city architect, Mr. Smith. The Churchyard contains the remains of many worthies, among them Dr. James Beattie, the author of *The Minstrel.*

Where Union Street is carried over the ravine of the Denburn by a bridge of dressed granite of one arch of 130 feet span, and costing £13,342, stands on the left

THE TRADES' HALL, a fine granite structure, in which there are some interesting portraits by Jamesone and others, also a set of oak carved antique chairs. One of these is called King William's chair. Two other chairs have respectively the years 1564 and 1574 on them. The inscription painted on the shields of the different crafts are very curious.

At the north-west end of the bridge Marochetti's statue of the late Prince Consort is placed. The slopes from Union Terrace to the Denburn (this stream is now covered in) are prettily laid out as pleasure grounds. Further up the street, on the right, are the Music Hall Buildings; the great hall, in which there is a fine organ, is very spacious, and when filled will hold 5000 people. There are also spacious ball, supper, and other rooms. Next to these buildings is the Young Men's Christian Institute, where there is also a very handsome hall, and beyond it again the Royal Northern Club.

Closing the vista of Union Street, at the west-end stands the Free Church College. The fine museum and very valuable library, belonging to the late Mr. Thomson of Banchory, are preserved in it. Its general library is also extensive and valuable.

Beyond the extremity of Union Street, many handsome residential streets branch off. Albyn Place, with its various terraces, Carden Place, and other streets, all contain large houses of considerable architectural importance. Towards the east end of Carden Place, in Skene Street West, stands the new Grammar School, a fine granite building in the early Scotch baronial style.

From the east end of Union Street, by the Town-Hall, opens Broad Street. At No. 64 or 68 in this street lived Lord Byron when a boy, and near by a narrow gateway leads into the quadrangle of Marischal College. This university was founded by George Keith, Earl Marischal, in 1593. The present buildings were completed in 1841, at a cost of £38,000. They form three sides of a square, with a central tower 100

feet high. This tower contains the principal entrance and staircase leading to the Great Hall, the Library, and the Museum. The old Keith motto, taken from the walls of the original building, is preserved in the vestibule, "Thay haif said; Quhat say thay; Lat them say." The hall contains some interesting portraits by Jamesone and others. In the centre of the quadrangle is an obelisk of polished Peterhead red granite, 70 feet in height, erected to the memory of Sir James Macgregor, late director-general of the Army Medical Department, who was educated at Marischal College, and became a benefactor to it. Marischal College and University is now united to King's College, Old Aberdeen, under the style of the University of Aberdeen. The medical classes are taught at Marischal College, and the Arts, Divinity, etc., at King's.

The old Grammar School, at which Byron was educated, stood not far off in the Schoolhill. The classes have been removed to the new buildings in Carden Place or Skene Street West, but the old building still remains. An attempt was lately made to get it converted into a picture gallery and museum, but it has not been carried out as yet.

The Royal Infirmary in Woolmanhill; the Lunatic Asylum on the north-west of the town; Gordon's Hospital in the Schoolhill; Mrs. Emslie's Orphan Hospital in Albyn Place; the Boys' and Girls' Hospital in King Street; the Industrial Schools at Oakbank; and the Old Mill Reformatory, are among the other chief public buildings. There are a number of churches of very handsome and imposing character. In Union Street, besides the East and West Parish Churches already mentioned, there are the Free West on the left, and Free Gilcomston on the right, both fine buildings, with lofty and graceful spires.

Aberdeen has given birth to many men eminent in literature, science, and art. Among artists the most celebrated is JAMESONE, some account of whom may not be unacceptable. George Jamesone, we quote from the book of *Bon Accord*, who has merited the title of "The Vandyke of Scotland," was a native of Aberdeen. His parents were Andrew Jamesone, who on no good grounds is said to have been an architect, and Marjorie Anderson. By the lovers of the marvellous it is related that he was born on the day which saw Queen Mary perish on the scaffold at Fotheringham: but authentic records disprove this pleasing fiction. The precise date of his birth has not been ascertained, but it cannot be placed earlier than the year 1587. He was educated in the schools and college of his native city, and at Antwerp, along with Vandyke, studied painting under Rubens. About 1620 he returned to Scotland, and four years thereafter married a lady of considerable charms named Issobel Tosche, who bore to him many children, of whom only three daughters outlived their father. He prosecuted his art in Aberdeen, living in intimacy with the many eminent men who then adorned its churches and universities, and num-

bering among his friends Arthur Johnstone, David Wedderburn, William Forbes, first (so-called) Bishop of Edinburgh, Robert Baron, Bishop Patrick Forbes, Sir Paul Menzies, Patrick Dun, afterwards Principal of Marischal College, Alexander Jaffray, Andrew Cant, and others. In 1633 he repaired to the Scottish Metropolis to witness the splendid festivities which welcomed the visit of Charles I., when that monarch sat to him for his portrait, and rewarded him with a ring from his own finger. In the same season he proceeded to London, perhaps with the view of cultivating the royal favour, and on this occasion it is probable that he painted the Queen Henrietta. In his latter years he is said to have removed his abode to Edinburgh, but it is more likely that his sojourn there was only temporary; his profession required a migratory life; and we know that his family resided in Aberdeen till within three years of his death. That event occurred at the Scottish capital in 1644. He was buried in the Greyfriars' Kirkyard, and his loss was deplored by his friend Wedderburn in a Latin elegy, but no monument marks his grave. Even in that troubled and narrow-minded age his talents were able to secure wealth, and he bequeathed no inconsiderable property to his daughters. His works are numerous; many of them are preserved in King's and Marischal Colleges; one of the most singular is in Cullen House; not a few are in the possession of private individuals in the city and county; but the greatest collection is that at Taymouth Castle. He painted many of the most eminent individuals of his time, such as, The Marquis of Montrose; David Leslie, Earl of Leven; John, Duke of Rothes; Sir Thomas Hope; William Forbes, Bishop of Edinburgh; Gibson, Lord Durie; Gordon of Straloch; Sir Thomas Nicholson; George Heriot; Arthur Johnston; his brother William; Lord Chancellor Loudoun; Urquhart of Cromarty (Sir Thomas?); Andrew Cant; Bishop Patrick Forbes; James, Marquis of Hamilton; The Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly. "His excellence," says Walpole, "consists in delicacy and softness, with a clear and beautiful colouring, his shades not charged but helped by varnish, with little appearance of the pencil. He had much of Vandyke's second manner; and to Sir Anthony some of his works have been occasionally imputed." This high praise is ratified by Allan Cunningham, who adds: "His outlines are correct, his colouring lucid, and his proportions just; and he was the first native of our island who refused to limit himself to miniatures, and transferred life of the natural dimensions to his canvas. That he stands at the head of the British school of portrait-painting there can therefore be no question; nor had England an artist of her own worthy of being named above him in his own walk before the days of Reynolds." It is related that Jamesone executed a portrait of Charles I., in the expectation that the magistrates of Aberdeen would purchase it for the Town-Hall, but that they offered him a price so unworthy, that he indignantly disposed of it to a stranger. For this story tradition is

the only authority, and there is all reason to believe that it is false. The corporation in that day was no niggard patron of learning or of the arts; the average remuneration which Jamesone received for his portraits was no more than twenty pounds *Scots;* and will it be believed that they would higgle about a sum like this who rewarded an author for inscribing to them a Hebrew Grammar with the sum of four hundred merks? Jamesone was in intimacy and friendship with the members of the council; he himself speaks of the affection which he cherishes for his native city; and his works on more than one occasion bore witness to the truth of his words. He built at his own expense a vault of hewn stone over the Well of Spa; he contributed liberally to the endowment of a clergyman at Footdee; and he laid out at his own expense a garden thus alluded to by Gordon of Rothiemay, "Hard by it (the Well of Spa) there is a four squair feild, which of old served for a theater, since made a gardyne for pleasur by the industrie and expense of George Jamesone, ane ingenious paynter, quho did sett up therin ane timber hous paynted all over with his own hand." Later this spot was known by the title of The Four Nukit Garden. The ground is now covered with mean houses; and the only memorial of its original destination exists in the name of The Garden-nook Well. The well may still be seen in Woolmanhill, to the west of the Infirmary.

One of the edible characteristics of Aberdeen, and a considerable industry there, are Finnan Haddocks. Finnan is a fishing village a few miles south of Aberdeen. "About a mile beyond Cove," says *Bon Accord,* "is situated FINNAN, *magnum et venerabile nomen!* 'To abstract the mind from all local emotions,' says the *Moralist,* 'would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of *Marathon,*' or whose appetite would not grow keener among the huts of *Finnan.* Its unlettered sages will impart wisdom which will be vainly sought in elaborate dissertations on culinary science. 'Finnan haddocks,' says a lady who cooks upon principles of economy, 'are served at breakfast in Scotland, to eat with bread and butter, either *cold* or *just warmed* through, and moistened with one or two *drops of sweet oil!*' This nauseous and abominable libel may be forgiven in an author born on the wrong side of the Tweed; but it is not easy so leniently to overlook the blunders of Mrs. Margaret Dods, of St. Ronans, whose recommendation is that 'Finnans may be taken from the gridiron when just done, and *dipped in hot water if dry or hard,* and wrapped in a cloth to *swell or soften them.*' With becoming diffidence it is surmised that mine hostess of the Cleikum knows as much about Finnans as a barelegged Nereid of Port Lethen knows of Parisian *entremets,* or of the Chinese luxury of edible birds'-nests. Before your

Finnan becometh *dry or hard*, or needeth to be recovered by blankets and hot-baths, you shall nose him as you go upstairs, and may rely that a certain convocation of political worms are e'en at him. Worthy Mrs. Margaret must have mistaken him for a *Pin-the-Widdy*, or other member of the same desiccated family. A similar mistake has led Sir Walter Scott to protest, in the name of his country, against Dr. Johnson's tastes, but the philosopher's 'disgust' was virtuous, for it was expressed against '*Buckie* haddocks.'"

Of late years Aberdeen has become established as a port for the herring-fishing, competing in this with the long-frequented ports of Peterhead and Fraserburgh.

The *Harbour* is worthy of special notice. It has of late years undergone great improvements, and now affords the following accommodation. The wet dock, constructed under the Act 1843, has an area of 29 acres; its lineal quay space is 2150 yards, and it cost with relative works about £145,000. The tidal harbour and basins cover 60 acres, and their lineal quay space is 1133 yards. Around these quays there are 3833 yards of rails.

During the 70 years ending in 1880, under various Acts of Parliament passed at different times, upwards of £875,000 has been expended on these works, including cost of the Acts and purchase-money of the lands and fishings. These works embrace, among others, THE NORTH PIER at the harbour entrance, designed and begun in last century by Smeaton; an extension at a cost of about £66,000 finished in 1876, and a further extension, recently completed under the Act of 1868, costing £46,500, make the pier, as now standing, 2680 feet in length. THE SOUTH BREAKWATER, constructed under the Act 1868, was completed in 1874, and cost £77,500. It is 1050 feet in length.

The Breakwater, as also the recent extension of the North Pier and various works in the interior of the harbour, are built of concrete.

The tonnage of traffic at the port of Aberdeen, exclusive of live stock and imports of fresh fish (of fresh herrings there were in 1880 about 14,600 tons landed), were—

	Imports.	Exports.	Total Tons.
In 1870 . . .	378,333	115,113	493,446
,, 1875 . . .	415,332	135,590	550,922
,, 1880 . . .	507,416	149,500	656,916

The number and tonnage of vessels belonging to the port in various decades are as follows:—

	Sailing.		Steam.		Total.	
1830 . .	204	28,854	5	957	209	29,811
1840 . .	207	34,429	11	2,546	218	36,975
1850 . .	223	45,193	14	4,251	237	49,444
1860 . .	260	72,657	15	3,858	275	76,515
1870 . .	233	96,694	19	5,250	252	101,944
1880 . .	158	92,217	53	25,965	211	118,182

The rates collected were—

In 1840	£1399
1850	4220
1860	5084
1870	5922
1880	9422

The neighbourhood of the city is pretty, and a few short excursions in various directions will well repay the visitor. The banks of the Dee and of the Don are picturesque and lovely, and the drives out the Culter, the Rubislaw, the Stocket, and other roads present much interesting variety of scenery.

SECTION I.

THE MAIN LINE.

ABERDEEN TO KEITH.

THE Aberdeen station belongs to the Caledonian Railway and Great North of Scotland Railway jointly. Leaving it we first reach

1. Kittybrewster.

1½ mile from Aberdeen.

The Company's engine shops are here, and the goods marshalling yards. It is on the outskirts of Aberdeen, and from its immediate neighbourhood are visible the towers of the Cathedral of St. Machar, and those of King's College, now Aberdeen University. This last building is distinguished by a massive square tower surmounted by an open crown in stone. The chapel of the University is a very fine specimen of Gothic architecture.

The University and College of Old Aberdeen were founded by Bishop Elphinston in 1494 by a Bull of Pope Alexander VI. at the request of James IV., who confirmed this Bull on May 22, 1497. The actual foundation, however, did not take place till 1505. It was first known as St. Mary's, but afterwards as the Royal College or King's College of Aberdeen. By a charter dated 8th November 1641, Charles I. incorporated this and Marischal College into one university, which he named King Charles University of Aberdeen. This union was annulled under Charles II., and the two universities remained apart till the middle of the present century, when they were again united as they now continue to be. That union dates from September 15, 1860; the two universities and two colleges forming now "The University of Aberdeen," which, however, among Scottish Universities ranks from the foundation of 1494. The Classes for Arts and Divinity are in King's College, Old Aberdeen, and those for Law and Medicine in Marischal College, Broad Street, Aberdeen.

Of the Cathedral, only the nave and western tower remain. Masses of ruined wall attest the great original extent. It is exceedingly bare and unadorned, bearing sad marks of unsympathising and uneducated repairs. It is used as the parish church of Old Aberdeen, and is a collegiate charge.

The original bishop's seat was at Mortlach, where it was instituted by Malcolm Canmore, A.D. 1010, in commemoration of a victory he had gained over the Danes. It was translated to Aberdeen in A.D. 1137. At that time Old Aberdeen was a small village, and had a little kirk where the Cathedral now stands. The building of the Cathedral seems to have been begun about 1357. Bishop Leighton built St. John's Aisle in 1430, and commenced the steeples. The church was roofed in 1445; the great steeple was finished in 1489 and furnished with a peal of fourteen bells. The smaller steeples were finished and the south aisle built in 1522.

The bishop's palace stood at the end

of the Cathedral, and consisted of a court with a tower on each of the four corners, and contained a great hall. The other officials had suitable residences around. "The lofty steeple on the east end, which in those days was a sea-mark, fell to the ground in the year 1688, and by its fall crushed all the eastern end of the fabric, destroyed many of the sepulchral monuments, and materially injured part of the nave. The height of the steeple, which was surmounted by a globe and a brass weathercock, was about 150 feet; and its fall, according to tradition, was occasioned by part of the stones of the buttresses having been removed and carried off by the English army stationed in Aberdeen during the Protectorate, for the purpose of erecting some works of fortification on the Castle Hill."

The Cathedral is beautifully situated on a rising ground overlooking the rich Haughs that extend from the Auld Brig of Balgownie to Grandholm. Smiles, in his Life of Edward the Naturalist, says:—"Who that has seen the banks and braes of the Don, from the Auld Brig to the Haughs of Grandholm, can ever forget it? Looking down from the heights above the Brig of Balgownie, you see the high, broad arch thrown across the deep and dark winding Don. Beneath you the fishermen are observed hauling to shore their salmon-nets. Westward of the Auld Brig the river meanders amongst the bold, bluff banks, clothed to the summit with thick embowered wood. Two or three miles above are the Haughs, from which a fine view of the Don is obtained, with the high wood-covered bank beyond it. And over all, the summits of the spires of St. Machar, the cathedral church of Old Aberdeen."

The Auld Brig of Balgownie is a very ancient and interesting structure. Byron, who was partly educated at Aberdeen, says of it:—"The Brig of Don, near the 'Auld Toun' of Aberdeen, with its one arch, and its black, deep salmon stream, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight—being an only son, at least by the mother's side—

> "Brig o' Balgownie, wight is thy wa';
> Wi a wife's ae son and a mear's ae foal
> Down thou shalt fa'!"

The prophecy is one of those credited to Thomas the Rhymer.

This bridge consists of one Gothic arch built over the narrowest part of the river, and resting on a rock at each end. It is 66 feet 10 inches wide at the bottom, and 34½ feet high above the surface of the river, which at low tide is 19½ feet deep. Its erection is ascribed variously to King Robert Bruce and Bishop Cheyne. Sir Alexander Hay, one of the Clerks of Session, and afterwards Lord Clerk Register, granted to the Council and Community of Aberdeen, by a charter dated in February 1605, certain annuities amounting to £27 : 8 : 6 Scots, or £2 : 5 : 8 sterling, arising from various crofts of land in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, for defraying the expense of repairing and supporting the bridge. This fund has accumulated so largely that after building the new bridge a little below the Auld Brig, a structure of five lofty arches, and costing £17,000, and making other grants from it, the capital fund amounted in 1876, in addition to the feu-duties, to £25,719, with a gross revenue of £909.

2. Woodside.

¾ mile from Kittybrewster.
2¼ " " Aberdeen.

Immediately below the station, in the valley of the Don, are extensive woollen mills, belonging to the Messrs. Crombie, and further down the stream are several other mills; whilst the opposite bank of the river shows several beautiful villas. Seaton House, belonging to Lord James Hay, is a handsome residence in a large park bounded by the Don. Seaton Cottage (J. F. White, Esq.) is a sweet ivy-covered one-storied cottage on the smooth meadow by the water edge. High up on the wooded bank above is Balgownie Lodge (John Crombie, Esq.) Then Balgownie (H. D. Forbes, Esq.) Fur-

ther up stream, Danestown (John Crombie jun., Esq.); Persleyden (Mrs. Robertson); Woodside House (Dr. Will).

3. Buxburn.

2¼ miles from Woodside.
4½ „ „ Aberdeen.

The station for two large paper-mills, Muggiemoss (Davidson); and Stoneywood (Pirie). To the west of the line are large quarries of granite, the Dancing Cairns and the Sclattie, and a little way north of the station, on the east, handsome boys' and girls' schools, erected and managed by the Messrs. Pirie for the children of the families connected with their works. The works lie down on the river-side, and in the fine woods above them are seen the houses of the proprietors. Buxburn is a considerable village, and has a Free and Established church and Episcopal chapel, the two latter new and handsome buildings.

4. Dyce.

1¾ mile from Buxburn.
6½ „ „ Aberdeen.

The junction for the Buchan and Formartine branch to Peterhead and Fraserburgh. When the railway was opened this place was a bleak moor. It is now a flourishing village, and yearly increasing. The railway has depôts for permanent way stores and creosote works here; and being a central point for country distribution, several important private wood and slate yards, and a manure manufactory, have been established here. The proprietor of the land is John Gordon Cumming Skene, Esq., of Pitlurg and Parkhill. His residence of Parkhill is within 2 miles of Dyce, on the east bank of the Don.

5. Pitmedden.

2 miles from Dyce.
8½ „ „ Aberdeen.

Between Dyce and this is passed first the Free Church of Dyce, and then the Parish Church. We are now running along, at a little distance, the west bank of the Don. The opposite bank is studded with several pretty country houses, the summer homes of wealthy winter residents of Aberdeen Above the station to the west, on an elevated plateau, beautifully adorned with fine trees, is Pitmedden, the residence of George Thompson jun., Esq., an extensive merchant and shipowner. And on the opposite bank of the river, a little further up, is Fintray House, the seat of Sir Wm. Forbes, Bart., of Craigievar and Fintray. Previous to reaching the station there may be observed in the centre of a field, on a rising ground, a monument of red stone. This was erected in memory of Dr. Duncan Liddel, a rather noted mathematician, who flourished in the early part of the 17th century. He founded, in 1613, bursaries in Marischal College, to be paid out of the income of the estate of Pitmedden, of which he was then the proprietor.

6. Kinaldie.

2½ miles from Pitmedden.
10¾ „ „ Aberdeen.

The features of the landscape here are the flat meadow-lands through which the Don winds a devious route, and which are subject to be overflowed to a great extent after heavy rain, the Don and its tributaries draining a very extended country; and often coming down rapidly in great "spates." Kinaldie Cottage (Milne) is close to the station, and this is the nearest point for Kinellar. The Parish Church is on a rising ground on the left. The churchyard has been the site of an ancient Druidical Temple, several of the stones of which, of great size, are yet found in it. Near to Cairnsembling, on the hill of Achonrie, in this parish, there is pointed out a stone where, says local tradition, the "much redoubted laird of Drum" sat and made his will when on his way to Harlaw.

7. Kintore.

2¾ miles from Kinaldie.
13¾ „ „ Aberdeen.

Kintore is a royal burgh, but a very quiet and unassuming little place. It is the junction for the Alford Valley branch. Though small, having only a population of 400 to 500, it owns a great antiquity, claiming to have re-

ceived its original charter from Kenneth II. in the 9th century. This document is not known to exist, but there is extant a charter of confirmation by James IV., granted 3d Feb. 1506. Kintore is the subject of one of Dr. Arthur Johnstone, of Caskieben's, sonnets, thus translated by W. Barclay of Cruden, in a book by him, printed at Musselburgh in 1642:—

"Look to Kintore, nor thou Eleusis shall,
Nor Sicily thereafter fertile call.
Its fields are watered by the river Don,
Than which in Scotland pleasanter there's none:
Herein are fishes in such plenty found,
That it may be called richer than the ground.
* * * *
Here first I sucked the Muses' breasts when young;
It was here first I learned the Latin tongue.
Let Athens by Mæonian songs be raised;
It's fit Kintore be by my verses praised."

Near the station the line passes through the Goosecroft, the possessor of which holds it by a grant got under singular circumstances. "His ancestor, a person of the name of Thain who resided in the same spot, was, some time about the 15th century, visited by a traveller, who, asking him if he knew the family at Hallforest (the Lord Marischal's residence), further inquired if he would carry a message to Geordie Keith! 'Geordie Keith!' was Mr. Thain's rejoinder, 'a better man than you would have called him Lord George Keith.' He went the message, however, but was terrified to learn from the Earl Marischal that the sender was no less a personage than King James II.! Now Mr. Thain made sure that the king, in whose presence he had spoken of 'a better man than he,' would have his revenge. But, as often happens, the gudewife, with more penetration than her husband, had discovered some indications of rank in her visitor; and in her husband's absence at the castle, made the sovereign so comfortable at the ingleside, that instead of harsh looks, the worthy Mr. Thain received valuable gifts from the king, having conferred upon him the piece of ground in Kintore, designated the Goose-croft."

"To the above anecdote, which is well authenticated, as there exists in the burgh records a confimatory document of date 1660, it may be added that there are several small heritors who hold their lands on very old deeds. One possession, says the Statistical Account, has continued in the same family of the name of Hill ever since the days of Robert the Bruce, from whom they received their charter. Another family of the name of Smith still possess a piece of ground given to one of their forefathers by James V."

The ruins of the castle of Hallforest just mentioned are visible from the line before approaching the station, about a mile westward from the royal burgh. Sir Alexander Leith Hay figures it in his "Castles of Aberdeenshire," and says of it that the date of its erection is uncertain. All that remains of a once extensive building is a rectangular structure of considerable height, containing two very lofty arched apartments, one above the other. The higher arch is surmounted by an area of some extent, filled with the superstructure which has fallen in, and from whence some shrubs are growing among the grass and weeds now in undisturbed possession of the hunting tower, according to tradition, of Robert Bruce. The castle formerly rose to the height of four stories, having battlements, besides a cape house, with a movable ladder by which the inmates obtained access to the first floor. Hallforest was granted by Robert Bruce to Robert de Keith, Great Marischal of Scotland, in consideration of his services at Bannockburn.

A conical mound called the Castle Hill had to be removed to make room for the railway station.

"It was a mound about 50 yards long, and on the east end 30 yards wide, narrowing towards the west until the width came to be within 10 yards. About 10 or 12 feet of extraneous matter had been laid over or had accumulated on the original surface, making the height from top to base about 30 feet. What had been the original surface was covered with ashes and charcoal; while there were round and oval-shaped pits, full of these

ashes, towards the east, being covered with fragments of bones. On the east end, about 10 yards in from the surface, there was discovered a crescent-shaped causeway, and on the south end, near where it terminated, were found eleven stones of different dimensions from 6 feet 9 inches to 2 feet. One, from its position alongside the largest stone, seemed to be fitted for a seat. There were two other stones about 5½ by 3 feet which were covered with figures. These figures it is difficult to describe, as they have only a distant resemblance to any common object. There were several figures one would take for elephants: and a very common figure in a kind of crescent or canopy." This very interesting description of what was found on removing the Castle Hill of Kintore, is from the pen of Mr. Watt, Townhead, Kintore, who made the notes at the time, and we are indebted for them to Mr. Ramsay of the *Banffshire Journal*. Other stones with similar sculpturings have been discovered from time to time in this neighbourhood. Engravings of most, if not of all, of them are preserved in the Spalding Club's "Sculptured Stones of Scotland."

8. Port-Elphinstone.

2½ miles from Kintore.
15½ „ „ Aberdeen.

This was the termination of the old Aberdeen and Inverurie Canal. "The canal, now dried up, was projected in 1793, and three years afterwards an Act was obtained authorising its construction and the raising of the necessary funds for the purpose. Some delays occurring in procuring the money, another Act authorising a further creation of stock was obtained. By means of the amount thus secured, and of a sum of £10,000 raised on mortgage, the undertaking was at length completed, and was opened in 1807. Its length was about 18 miles, but its breadth was only 8 yards, and its depth not more than 3 feet 9 inches. Indeed, now that it is dry, one wonders how so small a channel could have borne such a traffic. It is stated that the average annual weight of goods carried on the canal was about 20,000 tons. The original cost of the construction of the canal was £37,000, but in 1834 other £1500 was expended on the construction of a tide-lock connecting the canal with the harbour at Aberdeen, and other items were laid out, which together made the entire cost of formation about £50,000. The revenue during the last years of its existence amounted to about £1500. This return, of course, did not remunerate the original shareholders, who, we believe, got nothing; they were, however, to a considerable extent landholders, and reaped the benefit of the outlay in an indirect form, in the increased value of their lands. The canal was bought up by the Railway Company."

The "port" was named after Sir Robert Elphinstone, Bart., of Logie-Elphinstone, who had given the canal great encouragement and substantial support. In those days the "port" was a busy place; it is now very much the reverse.

Immediately after leaving the station we cross the Don by a very handsome stone and iron viaduct, erected 1878-1880. The piers are of Kemnay granite, and the iron roadway is the work of Messrs. Blackie Brothers. Mr. Barnett, the company's engineer, designed the structure and superintended its erection.

9. Inverurie.

¾ mile from Port-Elphinstone.
16¼ „ „ Aberdeen.

Inverurie is a royal burgh of great antiquity (dating before the year 1200) and considerable size. Here is the junction for the Old Meldrum branch. The burgh is situated between the Don and the Urie, where these two streams unite; the Don here turning more directly west, while the railway pursues the course of the Urie northwards. On the east bank of the Urie stands Keithhall, the seat of the Earls of Kintore. At the point where the two rivers meet, and between them, may be seen a curious conical mound, 50 to 60 feet high, called the Bass of Inverurie. It is named in one of Thomas the

Rhymer's prophetic couplets, preserved in a MS. of Sir James Balfour, Lyon King at Arms in 1660—

"When Dee and Don run both in one,
And Tweed shall run in Tay,
Ye little river o' Ury
Shall bear ye Bass away."

This Bass was probably the fortress of Inverurie in primeval and prehistoric times.

Near to it is the very old churchyard called Polnars, an abbreviation of St. Apollinaris.

In the immediate neighbourhood are many interesting antiquities, such as the remains of Roman camps on the hills of Crichie and Barra, circles, ancient tombs, etc., accounts of which may be read in Dr. Davidson's "Inverurie and the Earldom of the Garioch."

We may note, however, that here in 1308 (or 1306?) did Robert the Bruce win one of his victories, which, though not so noted in history as those over the English, had nevertheless a great influence on the course of events. His adversaries were the great House of Comyn, whose two branches, those of Buchan and Badenoch, were then supreme in the north. The king felt that the reduction of his rivals' power was a necessary preliminary to the final struggle with the English, and for that campaign made his headquarters in the Garioch, where he possessed hereditary estates. Against him from Buchan came Sir John Comyn, Earl of Buchan, and Sir John Moubray, who, resting at Old Meldrum, sent forward "Schyr Davy of Breechyn," who drove in the outposts of the king, then lying sick at Inverurie. Barbour tells how, when the king rose from his sick-bed to go to the field of battle, his followers remonstrated with him, and how he replied that the temporary success of his foes had driven away his illness:—

"Than said sum of his preve men,
What think ye Schyr thus gat to far,
To fecht, and yhat not concevit are?
Yhis, said the King, 'forouten wer,
Thar bost has mad me hale and fer,
For suld na medecin nor sone
Haf concrit me as tha haf done;
Tharfar, sa God Himself me se,
I sall outher haf them, or the me."

So he defeated the Comyns, pursued them into their own realm of Buchan, and, as we shall have occasion to notice in another place, ravaged their possessions and proscribed their name.

Inverurie was also the scene of another battle at a much later day, when Lord Lewis Gordon, who was acting on behalf of Prince Charles Edward in the north, and who displayed the same dash as a former Lord Lewis Gordon, the companion of Montrose, defeated a force of Government forces in 1745. The action was a sharp one, and was remarkable for its inversion of the ordinary circumstances of that struggle. For at the battle of Inverurie King James's troops were mainly Lowland levies, raised by some of the gentlemen of Aberdeenshire, while King George's men were MacLeods and Munros, detached from the Highland army under Lord Loudoun in the north, and the Highlanders were beaten. The contest took place a little to the west of the Bass, and was as decisive as it was short. It did not last half an hour, and ended in the total overthrow of the Royalist troops, who were completely overpowered. The MacLeods were surprised in their quarters in bed, and fought at a great disadvantage, being scattered all about the town of Inverurie, and a portion of them at Ardtannes, some distance off. MacLeod fought in his shirt, having no time to dress. It was thought he had lost his life in the action. But it would appear that he did not, but retreated towards the north, and lived for at least seven or eight years after his unfortunate defeat. "It is recorded of him that one day in the winter, about seven years after the skirmish, MacLeod was passing through Huntly on his way south, when, there being a heavy fall of snow on the ground, he urged the innkeeper to procure him a guide to Inverurie. The host, old John Mellis, well known for his attachment to the Stewarts, said to MacLeod in his own dry way, in allusion to the retreat of the latter, 'I think I recollect a gentleman of your name and appearance once coming through Huntly from Inverurie *without* a guide.'"

The house and grounds of Keithhall are worthy of a visit. The house has been built at various periods, but retains much of the old style. It has been sufficiently modernised to make it a comfortable residence. The grounds, lawns, and gardens are extensive and beautifully laid out.

"The estate of Keithhall, like most of the parish (Keithhall), passed at an early period into the hands of the Keiths, Earls Marischal, from whom both estate and parish received their name. The Kintore family, who now possess it, derive their origin from the Hon. Sir John Keith, fourth son of the sixth Earl Marischal. Sir John is said to have assisted in the secreting and preservation of the Scottish Regalia, when the Castle of Dunottar, to which the royal insignia had been sent for safety, was besieged by General Lambert, one of the officers of Cromwell, who, had he got possession of them, would in all likelihood have converted into hard cash such "baubles." Sir John's share in the transaction does not very clearly appear (for it is well known that the Regalia was conveyed from the castle by night, by Mrs. Grainger, wife of the minister of Kinneff, assisted by her servant, who buried them beneath the pulpit of the church of Kinneff, where they remained till the Restoration), but having gone to France, he was on his return apprehended on a charge of having conveyed them thither, and his admission of this charge was at least the means of staying search for the missing jewels. In consideration of his services, Sir John was at the Restoration in 1660 appointed Knight Marischal of Scotland. In the following year he had a charter of the lands of Caskieben, the ancient name of Keithhall; and in 1677 he was created Earl of Kintore, and Lord Keith of Inverury and Keithhall.

"Dying in 1714, the first Earl was succeeded by his son William, who had two sons and two daughters. The sons were successively third and fourth Earls; but both dying without issue, the estate passed in 1761 to their relative George, tenth Earl Marischal. This nobleman having been attainted and again restored, opposed the insertion in the Act reversing his attainder of any clause empowering him to succeed to titles. The title of the Earldom of Kintore was therefore in abeyance for seventeen years, from the death of the fourth Earl to the death of the tenth Earl Marischal. At the decease of the latter, in 1778, the Kintore titles, as well as the estate, were inherited by Anthony Adrian, eighth Lord Falconer of Halkerton, who was the grandson of Lady Margaret, the second daughter of the second Earl of Kintore. This nobleman, who thus became fifth Earl, was the direct ancestor of the present holder of the title who unites both the Kintore and the Falconer peerages, being (1881) ninth Earl of Kintore and twelfth Lord Falconer. Besides the Keithhall estate there is property belonging to the Earl in the counties of Kincardine and Forfar."

A little to the east of the house of Keithhall is to be seen the site of the old Castle of Caskieben, the ancient name of this estate. The present Caskieben is a modern assumption of the old name. "Previous to its coming into the hands of the Keiths, Caskieben had been a possession of the family of Johnston, of whom one member was the famous Latin poet Dr. Arthur Johnston, to whom reference has been already made. This personage, who has in truth by his latinity created for himself a Horatian monument—every parish in the surrounding district putting in some claim to connection with him either from education or residence—was a man of no little eminence in his day. Born at Caskieben in 1587, he studied medicine on the continent, residing for many years in France, and, returning to this country was named physician to Charles the first. Johnston was a large contributor to the Latin poems issued in 1637 under the title of 'Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum hujus Ævi Illustrium.' He also attempted a competition with Buchanan in a Latin version of the Psalms which he issued in 1637, entitling the production 'Paraphrasis Poetica Psalmorum Davidis.' Johnston's merits

as a poet are of a very high order, though from his use of 'the tongue of the learned,' the admiration of his productions must ever be confined to 'fit audience though few!'"

10. Inveramsay.

4¼ miles from Inveruria.
20¼ „ „ Aberdeen.

Inveramsay is the junction for the Macduff and Turriff branch. Before coming to the station you pass to the east of the railway some quiet-looking cultivated fields. Quiet and still as they are now, they showed a different scene one bright morning in July 1411,—Provost Robert Davidson of Aberdeen, the Laird of Drum, and many more, lying bloody corpses on the hard-fought field of Harlaw, when Donald of the Isles, with more than 10,000 men, was beaten back, though with terrible loss, by a hardy band of about 1000 under the Earl of Mar. "The supremacy of Lowland authority was permanently secured by this terrible trial of strength at Harlaw." The memory of the great fight and the impression it produced are preserved in a ballad which continued to be sung in the Garioch until the present generation.

As I came in by Dunideer,
And down by Netherha',
There were fifty thousan' Hielanmen,
All marching to Harlaw.

Chorus.—Wi' a drie, drie, drie, drie, di dronlie drie.

As I came on and further on,
And down and by Balquhain,
Oh there I met Sir James the Rose,
Wi' him Sir John the Græme.

"Oh came ye frae the Hielans, man,
And cam' ye a' the wye?
Saw ye Macdonal and his men,
Come marching frae the Skye?"

"Yes, she came frae the Hielans, man,
And she came a' the wye,
And she saw Macdonal and his men,
Come marching frae the Skye."

"Oh were ye near and near aneuch?
Did ye their numbers see?
Come tell to me, John Hielanman,
What might their numbers be."

"Yes, she was near and near aneuch,
And she their numbers saw;
There were fifty thousand Hielanmen,
A' marching to Harlaw."

"If that be true," quo' James the Rose,
"We'll no come mickle speed;
We'll cry upon our merry men,
And turn our horses' heids."

"Oh no, oh no," quo' John the Græme,
"That thing maun never be;
The gallant Græmes were never beat,
We'll try what we can dee."

As I cam' on and further on,
And down and by Harlaw,
They fell full close on ilka side,
Sic straiks ye never saw.

They fell full close on ilka side,
Sic straiks ye never saw;
For Hielan swords gaed clash for clash,
At the battle of Harlaw.

The Hielanmen wi' their lang swords,
They laid on us full sair:
And they drave back our merry men,
Three acres breadth or mair.

Brave Forbes did to his brither say—
"Now, brither, dinna ye see,
They beat us back on ilka side,
And we'll be forced to flee!"

"Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
That thing maun never be;
Take ye your gude sword in your hand,
And come your ways with me."

"Oh no, oh no, my brither dear,
The clans they are ower strang;
And they drive back our merry men,
With swords baith sharp and lang."

Brave Forbes unto his men did say,
"Now take your rest awhile,
Until I send to Drumminor,
To fetch my coat of mail."

Brave Forbes's henchman then did ride,
And his horse did not fail!
For in twa hours and a quarter,
He brought the coat of mail.

Then back to back the brithers twa,
Gaed in among the thrang;
And they swept down the Hielanmen,
With swords baith sharp and lang.

Macdonal he was young and stout,
Had on his coat of mail,
And he has gane out thro' them all,
To try his hand himsel'!

The first ae stroke that Forbes strack,
Made the great Macdonal reel,
The second stroke that Forbes strack,
The brave Macdonal fell.

And sic an a pilleucherie,
The like ye never saw,
As was amang the Hielanmen,
When they saw Macdonal fa'.

And when they saw that he was deid,
They turned and ran awa',
And they buried him at Leggat's Den,
A lang mile frae Harlaw.

They rode, they ran, and some did gang,
They were of sma' record,
For Forbes and his merry men
Slew maist all by the road.

On Munonday at morning
The battle it began:
On Saturday at gloaming
Ye'd scarce telt wha had wan.

And sic a weary burying,
The like ye never saw,
As there was the Sunday after that,
On the muir down by Harlaw.

And if Hielan' lasses spier at ye
For them that gaed awa',
Ye may tell them plain, and plain enough,
They're sleeping at Harlaw.

Another version, and there are more than one, gives the closing verse thus:

Gin ony body spier at ye,
For the men ye took awa',
They're sleeping soun' and in their sheen,
I' the howe aneath Harlaw.

Sir Walter Scott has introduced into his tale of *The Antiquary* some imitation of this ancient ballad, and the whole passage is so beautiful that it cannot be out of place to introduce it here. It is this:—

"As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut he was surprised to hear the shrill tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative—

'The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.'

A diligent collector of these legendary scraps of ancient poetry, his foot refused to cross the threshold when his ear was thus arrested, and his hand instinctively took pencil and memorandum-book. From time to time the old woman spoke as if to the children,—'Oh ay, hinnies, whisht! whisht! and I'll begin a bonnier ane than that—

'Now haud your tongues, baith wife and carle,
And listen great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

'The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And doun the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw——

I dinna mind the neist verse weel—my memory's failed, and there's unco thoughts come ower me—God keep us frae temptation!'

"Here her voice sunk in indistinct muttering.

"'It's a historical ballad,' said Oldbuck, eagerly, 'a genuine and undoubted fragment of minstrelsy! Percy would admire its simplicity—Ritson could not impugn its authenticity.'

"'Ay, but it's a sad thing,' said Ochiltree, 'to see human nature sae far o'ertaen as to be skirling at auld sangs on the back of a loss like hers.'

"'Hush! hush!' said the Antiquary, 'she has gotten the thread of the story again.'—And as he spoke she sung—

'They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back'——

"'Chafron!' exclaimed the Antiquary, 'equivalent perhaps to *chevéron;* the word's worth a dollar;' and down it went in his red book.

'They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

'Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
Their pibrochs rang frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

'The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland Host to see;
Now here a knight that's stout and good,
May prove a jeopardie:

'"What wouldst thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne?

'"To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wondrous peril,
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan's Earl?"

Ye maun ken, hinnies, that this Roland Cheyne, for as poor and auld as I sit in the chimney-neuk, was my forbear, and an awfu' man he was that day in the fight, but specially after the Earl had fa'en, for he blamed himself for the counsel he gave, to fight before Mar came up wi' Mearns, and Aberdeen and Angus.'

"Her voice rose and became more animated as she recited the warlike counsel of her ancestor—

'"Were I Glenallan's Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse's side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

'"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

'"My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,
Then ne'er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne."

"'Do you hear that, nephew?' said Oldbuck,—'you observe your Gaelic ancestors were not held in high repute formerly by the Lowland warriors.'

"'I hear,' said Hector, 'a silly old woman sing a silly old song. I am surprised, sir, that you, who will not listen to Ossian's songs of Selma, can be pleased with such trash. I vow I have not seen or heard a worse half-penny ballad; I don't believe you could match it in any pedlar's pack in the country. I should be ashamed to think that the honour of the Highlands could be affected by such doggrel.' And tossing up his head he snuffed the air indignantly.

"Apparently the old woman heard the sound of their voices; for ceasing her song she called out, 'Come in, sirs, come in,—good will never halted at the door stane.'"

And so we have no more of Sir Walter Scott's version of the battle of Harlaw.

Over against the field of Harlaw are the ruins of the old castle of Balquhain mentioned in the ballad,

"And down and by Balquhain."

They lie to the south-east of the Church of Chapel of Garioch. The old castle is a structure of great antiquity and an ancient seat of the Lealies. The court, or quadrangle, is in ruins, but the tower or keep still stands. Hay says, "There is no tradition as to the date of the original building, but the square tower, now extant, was erected about the year 1530 by Sir William Leslie, seventh Baron of Balquhain, to replace the more ancient castle, burned by the Forbeses in 1526." The Leslies received the lands of Balquhain and others from David II. in 1340. Mary Queen of Scots visited the tower on 9th September 1562, previous to the battle of Corrichie, when, having returned from France, she was making her first progress through her kingdom. The New Statistical Account informs us that the Duke of Cumberland ordered Balquhain to be burned in 1746; but there is a local tradition that this calamity was averted by one of the tenants named John Nicoll, who offered to the soldiers sent to set fire to the castle his broad bonnet full of silver pieces, and said to them, "My lads, I'll gi'e ye a' this if ye winna burn the auld place." They took his money, filled the vault with wet straw, and when from the road the Duke beheld the dense smoke which enveloped the castle he was satisfied that his orders had been executed, and proceeded northward on his way to Culloden. The castle is "placed picturesquely on a rocky knoll, which overhangs the Natrick, a mile or more eastward from the older rude Balquhain fastness on the summit of Bennachie." This older Balquhain is a fortress said to have been built by the Earl's "Master of Horse at Harlaw"—Sir Andrew Leslie of Balquhain. It is approached by a rude causeway which leads to it over the marshy ground on its only accessible side. "To that lofty stronghold he carried off young women, whose beauty excited his unbridled passions, and he had himself to take refuge in its fastness from the displeasure of his lord superior, the Earl of Mar, after some lawless proceedings of his family." No doubt this is pure and idle tradition. The remains of the fort on Bennachie are similar to those of other numerous hill-forts in many parts of the country, and are probably attributable to the ancient Celtic inhabitants. It is possible enough, however, that this turbulent "Sir Andro" may have made use of it as a residence in time of need.

A mile or so beyond the station, on the right, is Pitcaple Castle (H. Lumsden, Esq.), beautifully situated in a hollow, and embosomed among fine trees. A portion of the house is very ancient; the date of its erection, however, is not exactly known; a large part probably dates from about the beginning of the 17th century, whilst there are also modern additions.

Queen Mary is said to have visited Pitcaple and spent a night in the house. In memory of this visit she planted a

thorn tree near the house, which still exists, and goes by the name of "Queen Mary's Tree."

Here, too, in 1650 came Montrose as a prisoner captured in Sutherland, and on his way south. He was allowed to rest a night here. The lady of the house, a cousin of his own, offered to aid his escape, and showed him an aperture by which he might do so. He, however, refused to avail himself of the offer, which would doubtless have brought his hostess into difficulties. An apartment in the castle is still shown as the room where he slept, and it goes by his name.

A few weeks after this, "in the month of July 1650, Charles II. landed from Holland at Garmouth, near the mouth of the Spey, in the county of Moray, from whence he proceeded to the Bog of Gight, and on his journey southward sent notice to the laird of Pitcaple that he intended to visit him. This rather astounding intimation was communicated to Mr. Leslie when attending the neighbouring market of 'St. Sair's Fair,' who without delay purchased all the claret in the market, and proceeded homewards to receive his royal visitor. When the royal party came in sight of the fair at some distance, and descried the tents pitched on the ground, they concluded that it must be an encampment of Covenanters. To avoid the hazard of an encounter, they quitted the highroad, and pursued their way through a sequestered valley. When Charles crossed the Ury near the Castle of Pitcaple, he was much struck with the luxuriance of the crops, observing that it reminded him of England. The farm was subsequently called England, which name it still retains. On the occasion of this royal visit a ball took place, the party dancing under, and in the vicinity of, Queen Mary's thorn. On the following morning, when Charles took his departure from Pitcaple, the Duke of Buckingham was on his right hand, and the Duke of Argyll on his left. In the assembled multitude to witness so rare a sight as a royal cortege, was a shrewd old dame, familiarly known as the 'Gudewife of Glack,' who, nothing daunted either by the presence of Majesty or that of Argyll, exclaimed in a shrill voice, 'God bless your Majesty, and send you to your ain; but they are on your left hand that helped to tak aff your father's heid, and if ye tak na care, they will hae aff your's next.' These anecdotes were related by the late Miss Lumsden of Pitcaple, the great-granddaughter of John Leslie, the laird who entertained the king, and afterwards accompanied him to England, where he was in the royal army at the battle of Worcester."

Alexander Jaffray, the Quaker who was provost of Aberdeen, and also one of the Scottish Commissioners to King Charles II., and a member of Cromwell's Parliament, was a prisoner in Pitcaple Castle in 1644, and has left us this quaint account of his imprisonment and release in his Diary:—

"Thereafter the country being so loose and broken I could not safely stay at Aberdeen, so went with sundry other honest families to Dunottar, where we were very kindly received by the Earl Marischall, having house-room from him, and our entertainment from Aberdeen and Stonehaven. One day having gone with Mr. Andrew Cant to Crathes to visit his son Mr. Alexander, on our way back we were encountered by the Laird of Harthill the younger, who was then returning from the battle of Kilsyth, where Montrose had gained the sixth and last battle he had over Scotland. We were by the said Harthill and the Laird of Newton Gordon taken prisoners (Mr. Andrew Cant, my brother Thomas, and I), after very much threatening presently to have killed us—especially I was threatened, as being guilty, they alleged, of Haddo's death, who had been executed for his rebellion against the State. Yet it pleased the Lord to restrain their fury. We were that night kept prisoners at Aberdeen, and the morrow carried to Pitcaple, where we were kept under the custody of one Petrie Leathe, brother to old Harthill. Many things might I remember, that would be too tedious here to insert; only some few I shall point out, wherein the Lord's goodness and his wonderful hand in delivering

us did most eminently appear. . . . One day in the afternoon, all the men except two being abroad, whereof one was an old decrepit body, we resolved to go and shut the gate. Having had advertisement that some of our friends, commanded by Major-General Middelton, were that night at Aberdeen, having come north after the battle of Philliphaugh (which took place on the 13th of the month called September), we were confident that if we could get possession and could maintain the house till the morrow morning, our friends would before that time be at us for our relief. We having gone down (I and my brother Thomas, and a soldier of Middelton's, whom the garrison had taken straggling from his colours), found, by our expectation, two as able men as any in the company standing in the very passage of the door, being about the flaying of an ox which they had lying within the door. I being first, when I saw them began to think of returning, but fearing that they would espy what we were about by the others following me, I resolved to go forward, and was much encouraged by their withdrawing a little without the door to make sharp their knives for the work they were about. Finding them without, though they were close at the door, we went down and offered to make it fast, which at last with much ado we got done. Then, having full possession of the house, we made fast the iron gate, and put ourselves in a posture of defence. The rest, being advertised, came about the house, and so continued until night. By reason of their being there, one of our servants, who had undertaken to give advertisement to our friends at Aberdeen, that they should come for our relief, was forced to lie and hide himself all that day, so that it was the morrow at nine hours before he came to Aberdeen, and then our friends were gone. So our help that way was disappointed; but the Lord provided for us another way.

"The Laird of Leslie the younger, having advertisement from the country people that we had taken the house, gave advertisement to some friends, who came on the morrow by one or two hours in the afternoon—the Lord Frisell, the Laird of Echt, Colonel Forbes, with the number of thirty horse or thereabout, and fifty or sixty foot. This was very observable, that as they came without any advertisement from us so did they come in the most seasonable time, when we were well near spent, having been pursued very sharply from nine hours until then. After we had beat them several times off, and killed one of them, at last they were driving through the wall, at a place where we could get no sight of them; and when they were almost gotten fully through, then our friends came, when we were even fainting and going to give over. We received our friends and entertained them the best we could, and parted that night with them, having set our prison on fire, it not being tenable."

Immediately beyond we come to

11. Pitcaple Station.

42¾ miles from Inveramsay.
21¼ „ „ Aberdeen.

This is a good point for ascending Bennachie. "Though Bennachie presents a nearly perpendicular face to the line, yet from the south-east side the ascent is easy. The peak of what is called the Nether Tap, though not the highest, is the most remarkable in appearance, and the most frequently visited of the six summits of the Bennachie range. The Nether Tap rises to the height of 1440 feet above the level of the sea. The more rounded summit to the south-west, distinguishable by the cairn, is the highest, rising to the height of 1667 feet. It is called the Mother Tap. Professor Nicol says that 'the mass of Bennachie is granite, often a reddish-brown binary compound of quartz and felspar, both, especially the latter, in regular crystals, well seen in drusy cavities, whilst on the northern face it approaches the greenstone or diorite.' The summit has been at one time rudely fortified, and inside the fortifications there is a well."

On the southern slope of the hill is Pittodrie (Knight-Erskine). Dr. Davidson says, "The modern house of

Pittodrie is a fine mountain château, placed amidst avenues of marvellous hollies on the southern slope of one of the high levels of the most accessible shoulder of Bennachie, near the site of Dame Christian Bruce's Chapel of the Blessed Virgin of the Garioch." It is about 500 feet above the sea. MS. notes, which I am permitted to quote, say:—"Pittodrie is a beautiful place, with a very fine old garden, containing some of the finest clipped hedges of holly and yew in Scotland. The estate of Pittodrie, formerly called the Barony of Balhaggardie, has been in the Erskine family for four centuries, the first possessor of that name, a descendant of the house of Mar, having exchanged the estate of Brechin in Forfarshire for these lands. Sir Thomas Erskine of Balhaggardie, a man of eminent talent, was secretary to King James V., and autograph letters from that monarch are among the many curious documents in the possession of the family. In the latter part of the last century the representation of the Erskines rested in an heiress, who married Colonel Henry Knight, and their son, also a colonel in the army, assumed the name of Erskine. Nisbet, in his valuable work on Scottish Heraldry, says that the Erskines of Pittodrie represent the original family of Erskine of Dun."

Leaving the station, we pass on the left the Free Church and Manse of the Chapel of Garioch, and further off the Parish Church. About half-a-mile to the north-west of the church is the Maiden Stone. It measures about ten feet in height, two feet ten inches in breadth, and about one foot in thickness. It is covered with the characteristic figures of the early sculptured stones. Stuart says, "It is doubtful to what its name is to be attributed, but we may safely reject the modern tradition, about a maiden of the house of Balquhain, to whose memory it is said to have been erected, and also the legend which connects it with a maiden who, on her bridal day, when she was engaged in baking a quantity of bread, was inveigled into a wager with a stranger, that she would bake a firlot of meal before he would form a road from the bottom to the top of Bennachie, or if she failed she would become his own. Ere her last bannock was ready the road was made; on seeing which she fled towards the wood of Pittodrie, pursued by the stranger, who was the great foe of mankind in disguise. He was in the act of seizing her, when she was turned into the Maiden Stone, and the part of it which has been broken out of one of the sides disappeared in the grasp of the demon. A paved road which winds in a northerly direction from the fort on the top of the neighbouring hill of Bennachie, is called the Maiden Causeway, and is supposed by some, not very probably, to have been a Roman road. Gordon says this stone is contiguous to a small Danish fort called the Maiden Castle. Near the house of Pittodrie, on the top of a slight eminence, are yet to be seen the remains of the fort referred to. The surrounding mound was lately dug into, when pieces of bones and charred wood were turned up in various places." We have already seen that the Causeway was supposed to be the work of an early Baron of Balquhain, if, indeed, it is not, as well as the fort on the summit, of Celtic origin.

To the right of the line, on the north bank of the Urie, is Logie, the seat of Sir J. D. H. Elphinstone. "The oldest part of the house of Logie Elphinstone was built by Sir James Elphinstone of Logie, about the year 1690. It has been largely added to at different periods since, and is surrounded by extensive grounds and woodlands, the beauty of which render this residence one of the most delightful in the country. The latest additions to the mansion, and the laying out of the grounds, were executed by the late Sir Robert D. H. Elphinstone, Bart., a gentleman who will long be remembered in this district for his high worth and dignity of bearing, as well as for the energy and public spirit with which he supported every measure calculated to benefit his native county. His persevering exertions and those of his elder brother, James D. H. Elphinstone, Esq., contributed in a very important degree to effect the formation

of the first turnpike road from Aberdeen to Huntly, and of the Aberdeen and Inverurie Canal—both improvements of vast importance to the district."

Further on, once more to the left, are the ruins of Harthill Castle, built 1638. At an early date it was a seat of the Abercrombies, one of whom, Humphrey, obtained a charter of the lands from Robert Bruce about the year 1315. It passed from them to the Smiths, and is now the property of Knight Erskine of Pittodrie.

About a mile off, on same side, is the Parish Church of Oyne, which is the next station.

12. Oyne.

8¼ miles from Pitcaple.
24½ „ „ Aberdeen.

On the left is the Free Church; to the right the woods of Westhall. It is a very fine and ancient house, converted now into a comfortable modern mansion. Part of the building is very ancient, the walls being in some places four feet thick, and, according to Buchanan, was the property of the church as early as the 13th century, when it was a diocesan residence. The grounds contain some fine old trees. Westward from Westhall may be seen the modern house of Pitmedden (Horn), much added to during the last few years. It was long a seat of the Horns, and is now the property of Lady Leith.

A little beyond Oyne Station we cross the Gadie, or Gaudie, celebrated in song—

O gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins,
O gin I were where Gadie rins,
By the foot o' Bennachie.

I've roamed by Tweed, I've roamed by Tay,
By Border Nith and Highland Spey;
But dearer far to me than they,
Are the braes o' Bennachie.

When bud and blossom sprout in spring,
And gar the birdies wag their wing,
They blithely bob, and soar and sing,
By the foot o' Bennachie.

When simmer cleeds the varied scene,
Wi' licht o' gowd and leaves o' green
I fain wad be, where aft I've been
At the foot o' Bennachie,

When Autumn's yellow sheaf is shorn,
And barnyards stored in stooks o' corn,
'Tis blithe to toom the clyack horn,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill,
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,
The ingle neuk is gleesome still,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

Though few to welcome me remain,
Though a' I loved be dead and gane,
I'll back, though I should live alane,
To the back o' Bennachie.

Oh! ance mair, ance mair where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins,
Oh! lat me dee where Gadie rins,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

This version was written by John Imlah, who was born in North Street, Aberdeen, in 1799, and died in Jamaica, 9th January 1846.

There are at least two other versions of this song, or rather two other songs set to this favourite tune. In his "Inverurie and Earldom of the Garioch," Dr. Davidson gives both. He says that tradition "has given Dr. Arthur Johnstone of New Leslie, on Gadie side, as the author of a song which is said to have discovered to some Scottish soldiers at the siege of Pondicherry the neighbourhood of a compatriot in captivity, a lady who made known her place of confinement by singing 'O gin I were where Gadie rins.'" One of the songs he transcribes, he says, was written by the Rev. John Park, D.D., of St. Andrews, and the other, he tells us, he has heard sung, and he thinks it may have been part of the song traditionally ascribed to Johnstone. The set of the song attributed by Dr. Davidson to Dr. Park is ascribed by Mr. Ramsay of Banff to the Rev. Mr. Barclay, who was parson of Cruden about two centuries ago. Johnstone's song begins—

O gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins,
Oh gin I were where Gadie rins,
At the back o' Bennachie.

I wad ne'er seek hame again,
Seek hame again, seek hame again,
I wad ne'er seek hame again,
To view my ain countrie.

For it's there the bonnie lassie lives
The lassie lives, the lassie lives,
For it's there the bonnie lassie lives
Wha's promised to be mine.

And it ends with—

An' the bands were tied and the blessin' said,
An' the blessin said, the blessin' said,
An' the bands were tied and the blessin' said,
An' a happier pair than they

You wadna hae seen whar Gadie rins,
Whar Gadie rins, whar Gadie rins,
You wadna hae seen whar Gadie rins,
In a lang, lang summer day.

The Park-Barclay version is short and worth transcribing; we take it from Mr. Ramsay's print, which only slightly varies from Dr. Davidson's—

Oh! an' I were whar Gadie rins,
Mang blooming heaths and yellow whins,
Or brawlin down the bosky lins,
At the back o' Bennachie.

Ance mair to hear the wild bird's sang,
To wander birks and braes amang,
Wi' friends and fav'rites left sae lang,
At the back o' Bennachie.

How mony a day in blythe spring time,
How mony a day in summer's prime,
I've saunterin' wiled awa the time,
On the heights of Bennachie.

Ah! fortune's flowers wi' thorns grow rife,
An' walth is won wi' toil and strife,
As day gie me o' youthful life,
At the back of Bennachie.

Ah, Mary, there on ilka nicht,
When baith our hearts were young and licht,
We've wandered by the clear moonlicht,
Wi' speech baith fond and free.

Oh! ance, ance mair whar Gadie rins,
Whar Gadie rins, whar Gadie rins,
Oh! might I dee whar Gadie rins,
At the back o' Bennachie.

Between Oyne and Insch are the meal mills of Buchanstone. To the left, in a little dale, we pass the Parish Church and the Manse and Kirktown of Premnay. To the right, and far away to the north, are the hills of Foudland, rising to the height of 1500 feet above the level of the sea. They are of slate, and slates from them were much used at one time in Aberdeenshire. Now the Argyleshire, Easdale, and Welsh slates are found to be better and cheaper. The Foudland glens come in in the ballad, too long to quote in full, of the "Duke of Gordon's Daughter." Though her Captain Ogilvie, when she, "bonnie Jeanie," married him, was only a soldier of fortune, and reduced because she married him to a private soldier's rank, he becomes Earl of Northumberland, and then he is acknowledged. But in the poor days she says—

"Woe to the hills and the mountains!
Woe to the frost and the snow!
My feet is sore with going barefoot,
No farther am I able to go.

"Oh if I were at the glen of Foudlan,
Where hunting I have been,
I wou'd find my way to bonny Castle Gordon,
Without either stockings or sheen."

When his good fortune comes to Captain Ogilvie, he hies him to Gordon Castle to look after his wife and children, and now gets a very different reception, and the ballad closes thus:—

"You're welcome, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
Your fortune's advanced, I hear;
No stranger can come unto my gates,
That I do love so dear."

"Sir, the last time I was at your gates,
You would not let me in;
I'm come for my wife and children,
No friendship else I claim."

"Come in, pretty Captain Ogilvie,
And drink of the beer and the wine;
And thou shalt have gold and silver,
To count till the clock strike nine."

"I'll have none of your gold and silver,
Nor none of your white money;
But I'll have bonny Jeannie Gordon,
And she shall go now with me."

Then she came tripping down the stair,
With the tear into her e'e;
One bonnie babe at her foot,
Another upon her knee.

"You're welcome, bonnie Jeannie Gordon,
With my young familie;
Mount and go to Northumberland,
There a Countess thou shalt be!"

13. Insch.

8 miles from Oyne.
27½ „ „ Aberdeen.

The village lies about a mile from the station to the right. The few houses at the station, with the inn and shop, are called Rothney or Drumrossie. To the north, on the summit of a conical hill, is the remarkable fragment of a ruined castle called Dunnideer. Hay says: "The castle of Dunnideer, upon the summit of a conical hill, with an elevation of about 600 feet from the bed of the rivulet (the Gadie) at its base, is a conspicuous and picturesque object from nearly every part of the

district of Garioch. That the extensive fort and the more modern tower within its area are extremely ancient there can be no doubt. All is conjecture as to the history of the former, and nothing beyond very vague tradition leads to a conclusion as to the date when the latter was constructed. The fort has evidently extended over the whole flat oval summit of the cone, its form, a parallelogram, curved at one extremity, and length about 170 feet by 70. From the state of the ruin it is impossible to ascertain the dimensions of the wall; but from existing appearances it must have been of considerable strength. The materials are vitrified, and lower down the hill is distinctly marked a line of circumvallation, similar to that, on a more extensive scale, upon the mountain of Noth in Strathbogie. The appearance of both is identical, and it is probable they were built about the same period, and formed part of a chain of forts constructed as places of refuge and security, when attacked, to the inhabitants of a then barbarous country.

"Fordoun and other historians have recorded that Dunnideer was the residence of Gregory the Great, King of Scotland, and that he died there in 1393.[1] Whether antecedent to the erection of the tower, of which a wall is now standing, or that it comprised part of his residence, is left in perfect obscurity. That it must have been for many centuries an uninhabited ruin, appears to be proved by the fact that, in more recent times, when other castles in its neighbourhood, now also fallen into decay, are mentioned in history as the scenes of many events during the troubles and wars carried on in the North of Scotland, no notice is ever taken of the inmates of Dunnideer, which could not have been the case had it been in the occupation of the proprietor during these times. It has been attempted to trace the erection of the tower to the reign of William the Lion, and to ascribe it to his brother, David, Earl of Huntingdon and Garioch, but this does not appear to be authenticated.

"In a ravine to the westward of the castle formerly stood the 'Wardhouse' of Dunnideer, erected probably for a twofold purpose—that which its name denotes, and also as an outwork on the most assailable point, by which enemies in those days, passing to the Garioch from the north or west, were accustomed to travel. Nothing of the masonry of this fabric now remains, but the locality is strongly marked by the fosse which has surrounded it.

"The only remaining wall of the castle of Dunnideer is composed of the strongest masonry, and is likely for ages to withstand, as it has done, the gales that assail its elevated and perfectly unsheltered position. It is from fifty to sixty feet in height, and, perforated in its centre by the enlarged opening occasioned by ruined windows, it has a picturesque and striking effect."

Dunnideer is the property of Carlos Pedro Gordon, Esq., of Wardhouse and Kildrummie.

In the "View of the Diocese of Aberdeen" there are these notices of this interesting spot—"There is a tradition (which Boetius has taken notice of) that Dundore hill has gold ore under it, because the sheep's teeth that feed upon it turn yellow; he adds that their flesh and wool are also yellow; and that the name of the hill *Doun d'or* signifies *The Golden Mount.* However, it is still pronounced Dunnideer. Dundore Castle (on the top of a hill of that name) was built by King Gregory, who died there A.D. 1393. There is a tradition that this castle was supplied with water from Foudland Hill (three miles distant) by leaden pipes, which being at last cut, the castle was obliged to surrender from want of water, but when this happened it is not known."

There is a legend in the district that Dunnideer and the fort on Tap o' Noth, several miles distant, were inhabited by two giants who amused themselves with pitching rocks at each other. There is a huge boulder on the slope of Tap o' Noth, which tradition points out as one of these love-tokens sent by him of Dunnideer to his brother of Noth.

Dr. Davidson tells us that "whatever degree of historic light belongs to

[1] This seems to be impossible.

the legend of the British King Arthur embraces in its dreamy radiance Dunnideer, the historic capital of the Northern Picts." In Jhon Hardynge's map of Scotland, constructed about 1465, there appeared the "Castells of Strathbolgy, of Rothiemay, of Douy Dowie;" and he says of King Arthur:—

"He held his household and the Round Table,
Sometyme at Edinburgh, sometime at Strivelline;
Of Kynges renowned and most honorabll;
At Carlysle sumwhile, and at Alcluid his citie fine,
Emong all his knights and ladies full feminine;
And in Scotland at Perthe and Dumbrytain,
In Cornwaile also, Dover, and Camelogion,
At Dunbar, Dumfrise, and St. John's Towne—
All of worthy knights moo than a legion;
At Donnydoure also, in Murith region,
And in many other places, both city and toune."

"Facing Dunnideer on the west, and rising with equal abruptness, is the hill of Christ's Kirk. Formerly there was a parish of Christ's Kirk lying round about the hill, which is supposed to have been the scene of the well-known poem, 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' ascribed to James I. of Scotland, but the parish is now joined to Kennethmont."—(Grant.) Some have supposed that King James's poem alludes not to this "Christ's Kirk," but to a parish and hamlet near St. Andrews in Fife.

In a volume, however, entitled "Poetical Remains of James the First, King of Scotland, printed for J. and E. Balfour, Edinburgh, 1783," we find this note: "The scene of action of this poem is traditionally said to have been a village of *this name*, within or near to the parish of *Lesly* in that part of the county of Aberdeen called the *Garrioch*. In its neighbourhood is the hill of *Dunnideer*, which rises like a pyramid in the midst of the plain of the Garrioch, on the top of which are the remains of a castle, said to have been a hunting seat of the Scottish kings. Allan Ramsay seems to have mistaken the above situation for Lesly in the county of Fife."

The poem opens—

"Wes nevir in Scotland hard nor sene
Sic dansing nor deray,
Nowther at Falkland on the grene,
Nor Peblis at the Play;
As wes of wowaris as I wene,
At Christis Kirk on ane day:
Thair came our Kitties weshen clene,
In their new kirtilis of gray,
Full gay
At Christis Kirk of the grene that day."

The poem goes on through twenty-three stanzas to describe very graphically the rough play of a fair. Allan Ramsay has added two cantos, "in which he has, with a great deal of fancy and humour, carried on the story from the end of the fray where the king breaks off, by entering into the humours of a country wedding, with the frolic usual on such occasional festivals. He adopts most of the characters introduced by the king in his poem, and it must be owned that he has carried them through with much mirth and drollery, though often not with decency. His humour, though highly comic and natural, is, however, different from the fine arch vein of pleasantry which flows through the king's poem."

Some have attributed this poem to James V. In Bannatyne's MS. collection of Scottish Poems prior to 1568, the date of the MS., it is inserted as first in point of antiquity, and at the end of it bears this signature, "Quod James I."

14. Wardhouse.

6½ miles from Oyne.
31 „ „ Aberdeen.

A small station, built specially for Mr. Gordon of Wardhouse, whose mansion lies upon the hill to the right, and is seen soon after passing the station embosomed among pines. At the second bridge north of this station is the summit-level of the line. Till now all the waters have been flowing southward into the Gadie—the Gadie into the Ury, the Ury into the Don, the Don into the sea at Old Aberdeen. Henceforth they flow the other way—into the Bogie, the Bogie into the Deveron, the Deveron into the sea at Banff.

The property of Wardhouse extends on both sides of the line at this point. The mansion-house was erected during last century by Charles Gordon, Esq.

15. Kennethmont.

1¾ mile from Wardhouse.
32¾ „ „ Aberdeen.

Before reaching the station the Free Church of Kennethmont lies off to the left, and north-west of it is the Parish Church. This is the station for Drumminor (Mr. Grant), two or three miles west, and for Leithhall (Leith Hay of Rannes), close to the line a little further on upon the right. The village of Kennethmont, a very pretty one, is not visible from the line.

"Leithhall (built about 1650) was, until altered by modern improvement, one of those massive towers flanked by turrets which appears to have been in the close of the 16th, and during the period of the 17th century, the peculiar style of architecture adopted by the lairds of Aberdeenshire. It was in its earlier days defended by a strong wall, having a turret at each angle, and containing an area of about two acres. About half a mile to the westward runs the river Bogie, from whose left bank rises the Hill of Noth, on the summit of which is the most remarkable specimen of a vitrified fort, either as to altitude, extent of area, or preservation, extant in Great Britain.

"From an elongated mass of mountain, rising to the height of 1500 feet above the level of the sea, ascends at its south-western extremity a truncated cone, having a rapid acclivity: rising as it does not from the highest point of the hill, its altitude may be about 400 feet, making the extreme height 1800 feet. On the flat summit of this cone the fortress has been constructed; occupying its whole area, the enclosure is a long parallelogram of about 100 yards by 35, rounded at the angles, and in the centre is an excavation, probably used as a well or tank. At the south-eastern angle is clearly marked the only entrance to this place of strength: this is connected with a causeway which leads up the more steep part of the ground in one only line, but which afterwards diverges and descends the mountain in directions connected with the different parts of the country—towards the valley of the Kirkney, to Rhynie, to Cabrach, etc. It is remarkable that the main road, and that which appears to have been the principal line of access, is that leading to the Cabrach, the wildest and least populously inhabited country of the whole surrounding district. Instead of being covered by vegetation, or obscured to sight, the shape, formation, and altitude of this extraordinary work, are distinctly visible; the blackened mass of vitrified wall, with its superstructure of innumerable small unvitrified stones, contrasts strongly with the verdure of the sward they encircle and shelter. The vitrified wall measures in some places 8 feet from the ground: to this must be added the height lost by the accumulation of soil and rubbish, and the fallen courses of dry masonry which had raised it to its total altitude; the thickness of the wall appears to have been about 20 feet. The vitrifaction must have been produced by extreme heat; and in every part of the rampart portions of the stone are converted into a glazed substance. Lower down the cone, and enclosing an area of about 30 acres, is a line of circumvallation, which is continuous except at the southern face of the mountain, where the steep and inaccessible nature of the ground appears to have been considered a sufficient defence from attack in that immediate direction. This line is composed of a wall of solid masonry, with towers, either for the defence of the roads of access, or placed where hollows in the formation of the ground rendered them important for purposes of observation as well as of defence. In most parts of this extensive rampart the building is either covered with soil and vegetation, or has fallen down, but in several places the masonry is still in a perfect state, and the line of stones is continuous, marking, not only the exact locality of the wall, but the shape and extent of the round towers above noticed. A second line of circumvallation is perceptible at the base of the cone on which the fort stands; it embraces a very extensive area, but from its appearance has never been so perfect a work as that described. History and

tradition are silent as to the origin or purpose of these great works; and in a country where events are traced back either from fact or imagination to the remotest times, not even a surmise exists as to what race of men were the constructors and the occupiers of these most formidable places of defence.

"On a plain of some extent at the north and north-western base of the hill, are still distinctly marked the cairns or tumuli said to have contained the slain in the battle in which Lulach, the son of Macbeth, lost his life in 1057. Upwards of one hundred of these are still to be distinctly recognised, but whether this plain was the great cemetery of the mountain fort, whether the graves are those of the victims of many fights, or whether the above tradition is authentic, it is impossible to determine. It is called Mildewne (the grave of a thousand). The author of this notice opened five of these cairns in different parts of the field. The first, and apparently the most important from its magnitude, contained a stone coffin of very rude construction, but still of such a description as to render doubt with regard to its original purpose out of the question. On removing the stones and earth to the depth of about 3 feet a large flagstone placed upright appeared at the western extremity of the excavation, and at the eastern, at the distance of about six feet, a similar one was discovered of lesser size, but standing in exactly the same position; on the earth being still further cleared, a flat layer of stones was observed; these were placed so close that it appeared to be one entire slab, but on being removed proved to be small portions of a flat stone of the same description and quality in those previously discovered, but differing in shape and consistency from any found in the rest of the cairns opened, and unlike any other, either in the plain or on the mountain. In the four other tumuli inspected on the same occasion nothing whatever was discovered, from which it may be fairly conjectured that in those barbarous times the rights of sepulture were not attended with much ceremony or refinement, and that it was only in the case of a person of superior rank that even the rough and apparently disjoined stone receptacle was provided. The flat stones above mentioned were laid upon a flat clay substance, to which the excavation had at first been made; the earth above appeared mixed, as if thrown in by the hand of man, and covered by the growth of ages."

Beyond the Tap o' Noth, to the westward and south are to be seen the Auchindoir and Cabrach hills. Conspicuous among these is the Buck of the Cabrach, some 2734 feet in height above the level of the sea. It is said that "the summit of the Buck is seen far and wide over the country, and ten leagues at sea, from which it is thirty miles distant." Among these hills rises the river Bogie, a very famous trouting stream, which, winding northwards through Rhynie and Gartly, joins the Deveron in the park of Huntly Lodge, half a mile below Huntly.

"Drumminor," already mentioned, "like most of the property in the district, was an ancient seat of the Cummings, to whom it was granted by Alexander III., but it is known to have been in the possession of the Forbes family as early as 1332. It, indeed, at one time was the principal residence of the latter family, a circumstance which gave it the name of Castle Forbes. The more ancient portion of the existing house was built in 1577 by the Forbeses, and a portion still standing—a fine hall—was once the scene of a notable catastrophe. The Forbeses were long at feud with the Gordons, but a peace having been effected, a party of the latter clan, numbering fifteen, went to Drumminor to an entertainment, at which some conditions were to be arranged. Jealous of treachery, the chief of the Forbeses had instructed his retainers to seat themselves, every man, beside a Gordon, and if they saw him (the chief) stroke his beard, they were to conclude that there was treachery at work, and were to stab each their man. Matters went on smoothly, the two chiefs conversing agreeably together, till the Forbes, raising, and as he afterwards confessed, inadvertently, his hand to his chin, his followers plunged their dirks into the

whole of the fifteen Gordons. The tragical event excited a great sensation in the country."

The same story, or one very similar, is told at Craig Castle, the victims in this case being Forbeses, and a room is shown surrounded by sliding panels, which conceal a secret passage. The story then goes that on Gordon pulling his beard, the sliding panels fell, and every Forbes had a dirk sticking out from below his chair. The sliding panels still exist at Craig.

The present family of Drumminor are Grants, who came from Strathspey, and into whose possession the estate came about the end of last century.

Craig Castle lies at some distance from the line, and is most easily reached from Gartly. It is beautifully situated on the edge of a deep and narrow gorge, called the Den of Craig, through which the Burn of Craig, coming down from the eastern flanks of the Buck of the Cabrach, flows in a series of beautiful cataracts to join the Bogie. The original tower was founded in 1510, by Patrick Gordon, the first of Craig, who fell at Flodden in 1513; it was completed by his son in 1518. It stands on the very verge of the cliff, inaccessible on that side, and it presented almost unpierced walls of immense strength to the only assailable sides. In the lower story is a strongly defended door, and an arched apartment where may still be seen the "cleek" or hook, by which, in the old hard age, victorious Gordons hanged their foes, when they got them into their power. It now serves the more peaceable purpose of hanging the lamp, this old prison being now the servants' hall. From one of the upper floors a narrow dark passage is said to terminate in a well, having an outlet down in the den, and tradition tells that this was a handy way of getting rid of tale-telling bodies of slain men. One room was long observed to be much lower in the roof than the other rooms on the same floor, and the present proprietor, sounding over it, found it sounded hollow over an oriel window. Tearing down the modern plaster, he discovered a trap-door which led to a concealed chamber, and this chamber was largely filled with decaying human remains. What tales, could they give voice to them, would these old "cleeks," and wells, and concealed charnel rooms have to tell! By the gateway are two stones from the old Castle of Lesmore, and these were the heading or "beheading" stones on which Lesmore executed summary punishment on his foes or on his rebellious vassals. The late Mr. Gordon of Craig was the last of his line. His family having all predeceased him, the estate was inherited by the present proprietor James Sherriffs Lumsden Gordon, Esq., son of an old friend of Craig's, under his settlements. He adopts the name of Lumsden in right of his wife, the heiress of Knoussie, and Gordon as heir of Craig. It is an interesting and beautiful spot, and visitors who wish to examine the remains on "Tap o' Noth," could easily extend their ramble to Craig Castle.

16. Gartly.

8 miles from Kennethmont.
35¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

We are now in the famous district of Strathbogie—so called after the name of the stream, the Bogie, that flows through it. The Bogie rises about the base of the Buck of the Cabrach, flows in a deep and beautifully wooded ravine past the fine old and interesting Castle of Craig (John Sherriffs Gordon, Esq.), past the base of the Tap o' Noth, through the parishes of Rhynie and Gartly, and falls into the Deveron, a little below Huntly. Regarding Strathbogie, Grant says—"The district of Strathbogie, which is partly in Aberdeen and partly in Banff, was anciently a Lordship or Thanedom. The first Lords of Strathbogie, of whom I have read, were the Cumyns. In the wars of Scottish independence, the Cumyns sided with the English against Robert the Bruce; and that monarch confiscated the lands of David Cumyn, Lord of Athole and Strathbogie, and bestowed them on Sir Adam Gordon, his valiant and faithful follower. The descendants of this same Sir Adam Gordon subsequently became Lords of Huntly, Marquises of Huntly, and Dukes of Gordon, and were, for many

generations, all-powerful through the upper districts of Aberdeen and Banffshire—

> "'By Bogie, Deveron, Don, and Dee,
> The Gordons haud the guidin' o't.'

"The head of 'the noble house of Huntly,' the chief of 'the gay Gordons,' enjoyed the soubriquet of 'The Cock o' the North,' and was also popularly known as 'The Guidman o' the Bog,' from his stronghold in the Bog of Gight, now known as Gordon Castle. During the great struggles towards the close of the last century, more than one regiment, raised for the service of the Crown, attested the influence still wielded by the Duke of Gordon. The last of these regiments, the 92d (Gordon Highlanders), which was rapidly recruited through the personal exertions of the Duchess of the day (known as the Great Duchess), still remains one of the best known in the British Army, and was, by the late Army Localisation Scheme, linked with the 93d (Sutherland Highlanders), and has its depôt at Aberdeen.

"The Lordship or Thanedom of Strathbogie comprehended about 120 square miles along both sides of the river; but the modern Presbytery of that name is of much greater extent — comprising twelve parishes, situated in Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray shires. The Presbytery of Strathbogie attained much notoriety during 'The Ten Years' Conflict' in the Church of Scotland. Seven of its ministers were suspended by the General Assembly for having inducted a minister at Marnoch in opposition to the wishes of the majority (all except one) of the parishioners, in defiance of an Act of Assembly called the Veto Act. The law-courts exonerated the suspended ministers, and declared the Act of Suspension of the General Assembly null and void—a decision which mainly led to the Disruption of 1843."

Strathbogie is famous for a reel that bears its name, "The Reel of Bogie," and for more than one good song and ballad. One of these, and perhaps the best known, is the "The Three-Gir'd Cog:"—

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And custocks in Strathbogie,
And ilka lad maun hae his lass,
But I maun hae my cogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog
For a' the wives in Bogie.

Johnny Smith has got a wife
Wha scrimps him o' his cogie;
But were she mine, upon my life,
I'd dook her in a Bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog
For a' the wives in Bogie.

Twa-three toddlin' weans they hae,
The pride o' a' Stra'bogie;
Whene'er the totums cry for meat
She curses aye his cogie:
Crying, Wae betide the three-gir'd cog!
Oh, wae betide the cogie!
It does mair skaith than a' the ills
That happen in Stra'bogie.

She fand him ance at Willie Sharp's,
And what the maist did laugh at,
She brak the bicker, spilt the drink,
And tightly gouff'd his haffat:
Crying, Wae betide the three-gir'd cog!
Oh, wae betide the cogie!
It does mair skaith than a' the ills
That happen in Stra'bogie.

Yet here's to every honest soul
Wha'll drink wi' me a cogie;
And for ilk silly, whinging fool,
We'll dook him in a Bogie.
For I maun hae my cogie, sirs,
I canna want my cogie;
I wadna gie my three-gir'd cog
For a' the queans in Bogie.

An answer to this popular lyric was composed by Alexander, fourth Duke of Gordon, and was also pretty popular:—

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strathbogie;
Gin I ha'e but a bonnie lass
Ye're welcome to your cogie.
An' ye may sit up a' the nicht,
And drink till it be braid daylicht;
Gie me a lass baith clean and ticht
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

In cotillions the French excel;
John Bull loves country dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangoes well;
Mynheer an allemande prances;
In foursome reels the Scots delight,
At threesomes they dance wondrous light,
But twasomes ding a' out o' sight,
Danced to the reel o' Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners weel,
Wale each a blythesome rogie;
I'll tak' this lassie to mysel',
She looks sae keen and vogie.
Now, piper lad, bang up the spring;
The country fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's ere we begin
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogie,
And ta'en a fling upon the grass
As they do in Stra'bogie;
But a' the lassies look sae fain
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun hae their come-again
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Now a' the lads ha'e done their best,
Like true men o' Stra'bogie;
We'll stop a while and tak' a rest,
And tipple out a cogie.
Come, now, my lads, and tak' your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass
In wishing health to every lass
To dance the reel o' Bogie.

Of Gartly itself there is nothing particular to be said. The parish is partly in Aberdeenshire and partly in Banffshire. The conical hill opposite the station is called Kirknie, and slates are quarried in it. The country is rich farming land down the vale, till we reach Huntly

17. Huntly.

5 miles from Gartly.
40¾ „ „ Aberdeen.

Huntly is the principal town of Strathbogie, its capital, so to speak. It is a burgh of barony, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon being the feudal superior, and its population with the parish is about 4000. Prettily situated on a ridge of rising ground, it is neatly built with good streets and a spacious market square. "Huntly stands on an angle of land at the juncture of the Deveron and the Bogie, and, being surrounded by rising grounds, has a most comfortable cosy aspect about it. The most favourable view of the town is to be had as we approach per rail from the south, as the eye can not only range all over the town, but take in the finely varied background, conspicuous in which are the ruins of Huntly Castle, Huntly Lodge (the residence for long of the late Dowager Duchess of Gordon), and the wood-clothed Bin Hill of Huntly, rising to the height of 1032 feet above the level of the sea." There are some fine buildings in the town, most prominent of all being the Gordon schools, erected by the Dowager Duchess in memory of her husband George, the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, as the legend on his statue in Castle Street, Aberdeen, sadly tells. They are situated at the entrance of the castle park, the drive to the lodge passing under the arched central tower, and the schools and teachers' houses being placed at each side. "It is indeed," says Grant, "a noble memorial both of the deceased Duke and of the practical and munificent benevolence of the Duchess of Gordon." The front is to the principal street of Huntly, and the back towards the pleasure grounds of Huntly Lodge, which are entered through an archway in the centre of the building. Inscribed over the archway on the outside we read,

"Gordon Schools, erected in Memory of George Fifth Duke of Gordon, by his widow: founded 1839, opened 1841."

Within the arch on the right hand is placed a marble bust of the late Duke, and on the left one of his widow: both by Campbell the sculptor. Over the point of egress is this inscription:—

"These Memorials of George,
Fifth Duke of Gordon, and
his Widow, Elizabeth,
Duchess of Gordon, are
placed here in testimony
of the respect and affection
of an attached tenantry
and a faithful people."

In a description of the castle, which stands beyond within the grounds, we may follow Grant. He says—

"As we are informed that we may enter the grounds and visit the old castle on any lawful day, without any one finding fault with us, if we only observe the polite injunction, 'Please to keep off the grass,' we shall avail ourselves of the privilege. Strolling for about half a mile down an avenue, skirted with ornamental trees and shrubs, we come in front of the magnificent ruins of Huntly Castle, great even in decay; but we must go a little further ere we can obtain possession of the keys. This we do by calling at the next cottage standing on the rocky brink of the Deveron, where the river is spanned by the bridge on the avenue leading to Huntly Lodge. The cottage is not a couple of hundred yards off; but ere we knock at its door and make our request, let us stand for one moment

on the bridge and gaze into the limpid waters as they ripple on their rocky way. This is a sweet romantic spot such as might delight the soul of poet or sentimental maiden who love to wander lone where murmuring waters flow and scented wildwoods spread their sheltering arms. But we have to deal with facts, and not with sentiments, so let me take this opportunity to tell you that the Deveron rises in the Cabrach hills, and, pursuing a winding north-easterly course through Aberdeen and Banff shires, falls into the German Ocean at the town of Banff. Its length may be about 60 miles, and it has a good reputation as a trouting and salmon stream. The scenery along its lower banks is delightful, but its beauties above Huntly are of a sterner aspect. Now we knock at the door of the porter's lodge, receive the keys, and approach the ruin through the surrounding woods. Standing on a rising ground, with the Deveron in its rear, and what must have been a moat in front, with its thick walls and towers of defence in sufficient preservation to indicate its former strength, the ruin carries back the mind to ages when Huntly was 'Cock o' the North.'

"When might was right, possession law,
In donjon keep and castle ha':
When trust was great and fears were small
To him that fought behind a wall.

"The Comyns or Cummings, the first lords of the Castle, as we have previously remarked, forfeited their lands and castles, and Sir Adam Gordon received a grant of this castle and the lands of Strathbogie from Robert the Bruce. Sir Adam's son, Sir Alexander, was the first Gordon who took the title of Lord of Huntly. About the close of the fifteenth century, the Lords of Huntly became Earls; in 1599, Marquesses; and in 1684, Dukes of Gordon. On the death of George, fifth Duke of Gordon, in 1836, the title of Marquess of Huntly devolved on the Earl of Aboyne, and is now held by the son of the same. The Gordon estates were inherited by the late Duke of Richmond, whose mother was the eldest sister of the last Duke of Gordon, and are now the property of his son, the present Duke of Richmond [and Gordon, the Dukedom of Gordon having been conferred on him in 1876.] The Castle of Strathbogie was almost entirely destroyed after the battle of Glenlivet in 1594, and rebuilt in 1602, under the title of Huntly Castle, by George, first Marquess of Huntly, who married Henrietta Stewart, daughter of the first Duke of Lennox. These rudely built vaults and ivy-covered walls, round what appears to have been the court of the Castle, are supposed to be vestiges of the Castle of Strathbogie. The mass of better preserved buildings before us must have been the more recently erected Huntly Castle. On a nearer survey, we observe above what appears to have been the principal inner entry door, a good deal of partially traceable heraldic sculpture, amongst which we can make out the Royal Arms of Scotland, with the inscription—

J R	A R
6	S
(King James the sixth.)	(Queen Anne Stewart.)

And the Huntly arms initialed

G. M. H.	H. S. M. H.
(George, Marquess of Huntly.)	(Henrietta Stewart, Marchioness of Huntly.)

"On the lintel, the date 1602 may with difficulty be traced. Going round to the front, we have two round towers, flanking the building on the east and west, and the principal apartments of the castle between them. Over the upper row of windows in that part of the building between the two towers, runs a broad belting, bearing the inscripions the one over the other—

GEORGE · GORDOVN · FIRST · MARQVS · OF · HV.
HENRIETTA · STEVART · MARQVSSE · OF · HV.

The rest of the inscription—likely *ntlie*, to complete the HV.'s—has been broken down. We shall look into the interior now, but we cannot afford time to speak of the vaulted chambers individually, neither would we willingly descend into the dungeon under the east tower, for the way is steep and pitchy dark, and the smell dank and noisome; but we must climb the spiral staircase of the west tower, and from its top enjoy a brief survey extending over hill and

dale—over Huntly Lodge, and lawn, and forests, stretching west away for miles along the Bin Hill, over the valleys of the Deveron and the Bogie, and the town of Huntly. Fain could we linger here, but time's up, and back we fly to Huntly station.

"How quick is a glance of the mind!
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light."

The third Duke of Gordon's brother was Lord Lewis Gordon of "the Forty-five," and the hero of the popular Scottish ballad—

O send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I daurna name,
Though his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa.

Ohon my Highlandman,
O my bonnie Highlandman!
Weel would I my true love ken
Among ten thousand Highlandmen.

O! to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heeled shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee,
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
Ohon, etc.

This lovely youth of whom I sing,
Is fitted for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star,
You'd tak' him for the god of war.
Ohon, etc.

O! to see this princely one
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear;
Then begins the jub'lee year.
Ohon, etc.

George Macdonald, in his story of "Alec Forbes of Howglen," introduces Huntly old Castle, and the extract may be interesting to visitors. It is as follows:—

"The red light melted away the mist between them, and they walked in it up to the ruined walls. Long grass grew about them, close to the very door, which was locked, that, if Old Time could not be kept out, younger destroyers might. Other walls stood around vitrified by fire—the remnants of an older castle still, about which Iamblichus might have spied the lingering phantoms of many a terrible deed.

"They entered by the door in the great tower, under the spiky remnants of the spiral stair projecting from the huge circular wall. To the right, a steep descent, once a stair, led down to the cellars and the dungeon; a terrible place, the visible negations of which are horrid and need no popular legend, such as Alec had been telling Kate, of a walled-up door and a lost room, to add to their influence. It was no wonder that, when he held out his hand to lead her down into the darkness and through winding ways to the mouth of the far-off Beehive dungeon—it was no wonder, I say, that she should shrink and draw back. A few rays came through the decayed planks of the door, which Alec had pushed to behind him, and fell upon the rubbish of centuries sloping in the brown light and damp air down into the abyss. One larger ray from the key-hole fell upon Kate's face, and showed it blanched with fear and her eyes distended with effort to see through the gloom. . . .

"'Gin ye want to gang up than, I'll lat ye see the easiest road. It's roun' this way.' And she pointed to a narrow ledge between the descent and the circular wall, by which they could cross to where she stood. But Alec, who had no desire for Annie's company, declined her guidance, and took Kate up a nearer though more difficult ascent to the higher level. Here all the floors of the castle lay in dust beneath their feet, mingled with fragments of chimney-piece and battlement. The whole central space lay open to the sky. . . .

"After they had rambled over the lower part of the building, Alec took Kate up a small winding stair, past a succession of empty doorways like eyeless sockets, leading no whither, because the floors had fallen. Kate was so frightened by coming suddenly upon one after another of these defenceless openings, that, by the time she reached the broad platform, which ran all bare of battlement or parapet around the top of the tower, she felt faint; and, when Alec scampered off like a goat to reach the bartizan at the other side, she sank in an agony of fear upon the landing of the stair. . . .

"Seized with a terror she did not understand, Annie darted into the cavern between them, and sped down its steep into the darkness which lay there like a lurking beast. A few

yards down, however, she turned aside, through a low doorway into a vault. B. rushed after her, passed her, and fell over a great stone lying in the middle of the way. Annie heard him fall, sprang forth again, and flying to the upper light found her way out, and left the discourteous knight a safe captive, fallen upon that horrible stair. A horrible stair it was: up and down those steps, then steep and worn, now massed into an incline of beaten earth, had swarmed for months together a multitude of naked children, orphaned and captive by the sword, to and from the trough where they fed like pigs amidst the laughter of the lord of the castle and his guests; while he who passed down there to the dungeons beyond had little chance of ever retracing his steps upwards to the light" (p. 232 *et seq.*)

18. Rothiemay.

45¼ miles from Aberdeen.
4¼ „ „ Huntly.

Leaving Huntly Station, the traveller catches first a sight of the gray ruined tower of the castle we have just been describing, and then a glimpse of the "meeting of the waters" of Bogie and Deveron, and presently he crosses the latter river by a handsome viaduct of five arches and 70 feet in height. He has now quitted Aberdeenshire and entered the county of Banff.

"Banffshire is bounded on the north by that part of the German Ocean called the Moray Firth; on the east and south by Aberdeenshire; and on the west by the counties of Moray and Inverness. Its greatest length from east to west along the shore, from the confines of Aberdeen to the confines of Moray, is reckoned 34 miles; and its greatest length, from the German Ocean, south-east to Ben Macdhui, the loftiest mountain in Great Britain, is about 67 miles. The superficial area of the county is estimated at 412,800 acres, about one-third of which is under cultivation, and the rest occupied by lofty mountain ranges, isolated hills, moors, mosses, and forests. The lands lying in the valleys and along the banks of the Spey, the Deveron, and the Isla, are moderately fertile and pleasant to inhabit, but much of the uplands are thin, cold, and unsheltered. The exposed situation of much of the county, the vast tracts of uncultivated moor, moss, and damp soil, and the lofty mountain ranges, clothed with snow during many months in the year, combine to give the climate of Banffshire the character of being far less genial than the Lowlands of Aberdeenshire or the Laigh of Moray. Banff abounds with limestone; and a number of quarries in various parts of the county are very profitably worked. The principal towns are Banff and Macduff, Cullen and Portsoy, on the coast; and Keith and Dufftown in the interior; all of which have the advantage of railway communication except Cullen. The main line crosses the county at the narrowest part, running from east to west by Keith." Rothiemay is the first station in Banffshire.

James Gordon, "the parson of Rothiemay" in the middle of the 17th century, was a younger son of the celebrated antiquary of that date, Robert Gordon of Straloch, and besides assisting his father in making maps of Scotland, wrote a narrative of the events so well described as "The Trubles." This narrative is known as "Gordon's History of Scots Affairs." He is to be distinguished from Patrick Gordon of Ruthven, who also wrote a history dealing with the same period under the title of "A Short Abridgment of Britaine's Distemper." Aberdeenshire also boasts another historian of the same period—Spalding, the author of "Memorials of the Troubles in Scotland." All of the three wrote from the Royalist standpoint.

There is nothing of interest to be seen from the station. The village lies two miles off to the right. Down the Deveron and on its north bank, but not in sight, are the mansion-houses of Rothiemay (W. J. Taylor, Esq.) and Mayen (Adam Hay Gordon, Esq.) Conspicuous to the east rises the Knock Hill, 1408 feet, and Deskford Hill, 956 feet.

The line now lies up Strathisla,—so called from the river Isla, which, coming from beyond Keith, falls into the Deveron a little below Rothiemay Station.

19. Grange.

48¾ miles from Aberdeen.
8½ „ „ Rothiemay.

Grange is the next station, and is the junction for Portsoy, 13 miles, and Banff, 16¼ miles. To the right of the station, on the face of the brae, is the farm of Braco, interesting as the first possession of a family who now own immense territory on these shores,—the Duffs, Earls of Fife.

To the left the Little and Meikle Balloch Hills rise above the railway; and opposite the Meikle Balloch, on the north bank of the Isla, are the Parish Church and Manse of Grange. "It is said that the greatest part of the parish of Grange belonged in former times to the Abbots of Kinloss; and that the monks, attracted by the beauty of the scenery, built themselves a residence on the site of the present parish church, and lived therein 'richt merrilie.'" The scenery is pretty just about Grange, but becomes bare and bleak as you pass on to Keith, before reaching which the village of New Mills of Keith may be seen on the hill-side to the right. Immediately beyond we reach the terminus of the original main line, Keith.

20. Keith.

53¼ miles from Aberdeen.
4½ „ „ Grange.

The station is five or six minutes' walk from the town, which lies on a gentle acclivity to the south of the railway. Approaching it from the station, you pass first on your right the extensive woollen mills of the Messrs. Kynoch, and a little further on, one on each side of the road, the handsome mansions of the partners. The river Isla forms here a picturesque glen, overhanging which are the ruins of an old castle. There is little of it left, beyond the walls of one tower. The old road wound between the tower and the water, but it now leaves both to the right. The Isla falls over a ledge of rock there, forming a cascade called the Linn. The tower, called Castle Oliphant or Milton Tower, was once a place of some note as a stronghold of certain Lords Oliphant, who obtained it of the Earls of Findlater. "Tradition relates that a part of this edifice projected over the Pool of the Cascade, in which the plate was deposited; the foundation failed and the whole submerged to the bottom. His Lordship brought experienced divers from England, the first of whom having gone down, floated after a considerable time to the surface, his bowels torn out; none of the others had the resolution to make another essay, and the plate was lost."—("Book of Keith," p. 29.) This old tower is now, we believe, in the possession of and within the grounds of Mr. Robert Kynoch-Shand.

Beyond Milton Tower is the extensive distillery of Messrs Longmore and Co.; and a few minutes' further walk brings you to Fife-Keith, one of the suburbs of Keith, built on the high ground to the north of the railway. The old church stood in the hollow below, and the graveyard still remains there. The new parish church is built on a slight eminence to the left, midway between Fife-Keith and the modern or New Keith. Fife-Keith stands on the west bank of the Isla, separated from Old and New Keith by the river and the railway. The road from the station crosses this great turnpike at right angles and runs southward parallel to the Isla, while the turnpike runs east and west through the town; these two roads forming the main streets. This village was founded by the Earl of Fife about 1817. Turning eastward along the great turnpike, we recross the Isla by another stone bridge which crosses the river a few yards below one of those antique structures called "*Bowbrigs*," which could only have served for foot-passengers, and preserved, probably, only as a relic of the past. A little beyond the bridge is the parish school and the Keith Academy, and then the new and very handsome

parish church. Old Keith lies down by the river; New Keith up beyond the church. Old Keith seems to have been of some note even five and a half centuries ago—more so than now—for then it took precedence of all the other towns in the county, and had the power of pot and gallows. The church (not the new one built in 1816, but an old one, the ruins of which may be seen in the old graveyard down by the stream) was then the court-house; the church window, the panel box; and the church tower, the jail. Ordinary malefactors were hanged on a gibbet raised on the Gallow Muir, which is now the site of New Keith; and witches were drowned in a place called Gann's Pool. Stories of battles in the neighbourhood abound. In the 18th century Keith was the site of a great annual fair, called the Summer Eve Fair, frequented by merchants from Glasgow and the south, and from the northern counties and the far Orkneys.

New Keith was founded about 1750 by the Earl of Findlater. It is regularly laid out in three parallel streets, crossed by lanes, with a commodious market square in the centre. There are a number of handsome buildings in the town,—churches, banks, and private dwellings. James Fergusson, the astronomer, was born a few miles from Keith, in the year 1710.—(Abridged from Grant.)

SECTION II.

THE KEITH AND DUFFTOWN AND THE STRATHSPEY RAILWAY.

KEITH was originally the terminus of the Great North of Scotland Railway. The line was continued by the Dufftown Railway, sanctioned in 1857, and opened in 1862, and runs from Keith, 10¾ miles, to Dufftown on the river Fiddich. There the Strathspey Railway joins it, and proceeds to Craigellachie, on the river Spey, and by the south bank of that river to Boat of Garten, where it joins the Highland line. At Craigellachie there is also a junction made with the Morayshire Railway, by which Elgin and Lossiemouth are reached. The Keith and Dufftown Railway and the Strathspey Railway were amalgamated with the Great North Railway in 1866, and now form part of that undertaking. The Morayshire Railway was worked by them on a perpetual lease till 1880, when it also was amalgamated with the Great North of Scotland Railway. The Morayshire Railway has also a branch to Orton, which is at present disused.

21. Earlsmill.

54 miles from Aberdeen.
¾ „ „ Keith.

Leaving Keith, we pass Castle Oliphant, or Milton Tower, and Mr. Longmore's distillery on the left, and reach Earlsmill, only three-quarters of a mile. It is a station and siding for large grain mills close by.

22. Auchindachy.

56¾ miles from Aberdeen.
23¾ „ „ Earlsmill.

Proceeding up the Isla, the country is good farming land. A little above the station, on the left, is the Free Church Manse of Botriphnie, and somewhat further on the church itself, prettily situated in a hollow, opposite the entrance gates to Drummuir House.

23. Drummuir.

59½ miles from Aberdeen.
23¾ „ „ Auchindachy.

At the station, on the right, are the Parish Church and Manse, snugly embosomed among trees. Grant quotes a curious epitaph from a gravestone in this churchyard over the remains of a blacksmith:—

"My sledge and hammer lie declined;
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct; my forge decayed;
My shovel in the dust is laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone;
My nails are drove, my work is done;
My fire-dried corpse here lies at rest;
My soul, smoke-like, soars to the blest."

Near the manse is a locally famous well—St. Fumack's Well. Above the station, on a commanding height, is Drummuir Castle, the seat of Major Duff, of Drummuir and Park. The castle is a very fine modern building, and from its situation, and surrounded as it is with finely grown trees, it forms one of the most imposing views in the neighbourhood.

The following description of it is from the *Banffshire Journal* of February 18, 1802.

"This magnificent castle was erected about 1848 by the late Admiral Duff, from designs furnished by, we believe,

the late Mr. Mackenzie, Elgin. The style is of the Tudor Gothic; and its vast proportions and compact form, and its castellated and embrasured roof, with the banner tower rising high above, give it the look of being possessed of massive strength, and carry the mind back to the period when

> "'Above the gloomy portal arch,
> Timing his footsteps to a march,
> The warder kept his guard!'

"The grand entrance is towards the north, and is protected by a spacious porte-cochère, which is lighted by a magnificent plate glass window set in open freestone work. This porch is also surmounted by an embrasured parapet, uniform with that of the rest of the building. Above the centre of the porch, looking to the east and west, there are two armorial shields, with the motto—

> "'KIND HEART BE TRUE
> AND YOU SHALL NEVER RUE.'

"Passing through the vestibule, which, though small, is most elegant, the roof being arched and highly ornamented, you enter the grand entrance-hall, which, in point of style and magnificence, is perhaps unrivalled in the North. Some faint idea of the grandeur of this superb apartment may be gleaned from the simple fact, that it is the whole height of the building and is lighted by a cupola more than sixty feet from the floor.

"Entering from the hall on the east are, the library, looking towards the north; the breakfast parlour, hung with some very fine tapestry, looking towards the east; the grand drawing-room, looking towards the east and south, and occupying the south-east angle of the building. This last is a truly noble room. The walls are panelled, and the panels hung with French paper. The ornamental work of the cornice and ceiling is very elaborate, and is executed in the French style. The small drawing-room is on a line with the vestibule and entrance-hall, and looks towards the south—the dining-room communicating with it and occupying the south-west corner of the building. The latter is also a superb room. The ceiling is panelled and painted in oak. The chimney-pieces are of Peterhead granite, the colour of which harmonises well with the ceiling and walls. On the west side of the entrance-hall is a corridor, leading to the business-room on the right of the vestibule, and also to the grand staircase, which is lighted by a stained-glass window, looking towards the west. The ceiling is nearly of the same style as that of the dining-room, each of the panels containing an emblazoned shield. The castle was erected at a cost of some £10,000."

Rather more than a mile beyond Drummuir Station we come to a long, narrow sheet of water, called the Loch of Park, more than a mile in length, though only some hundred yards or so in breadth. This loch, with its steep wooded banks, forms a most picturesque feature on the line. It occupies the bottom of a narrow mountain gorge—the sides of which rise abruptly on either hand. They are richly clothed with wood. The railway skirts the southern bank of the loch on the narrow ledge between the water and the steep hill-side. It is fed partly by the Isla Well, at its further end, but chiefly from springs in itself; and from its eastern extremity flows the Isla, here a tiny stream, but gathering as it flows towards the Deveron, which it joins at Rothiemay.

After leaving the Loch of Park, the line, which at the west end of the loch has reached its summit level, proceeds further southwards for a time, until it suddenly sweeps round a sharp curve into the valley of the Fiddoch. This beautiful mountain stream is crossed by a bridge of two arches, each sixty feet span; and on a crag above stand out, bold and eerie, the ruins of old Balvenie Castle. A few hundred yards beyond we reach the old terminus of the original Dufftown Railway, called Dufftown Station, though the town of Dufftown itself is a mile off to the south.

24. Dufftown.

64 miles from Aberdeen.
4½ „ „ Drummuir.

Dufftown, as already said, is a mere

station, distant about a mile from the town or village of that name. Its chief interest to us is its neighbourhood to the two Castles of Balvenie, the old and the new.

The new castle of Balvenie is a spacious mansion of imposing size, standing on a flat lawn between the railway station and the river Fiddoch. It was built by William Duff of Braco, the first Earl of Fife, who was reckoned the richest man of his time, north of the Forth, as having an annual income of about £7000 sterling. The house was never quite finished; it has stood untenanted always, and is sadly dilapidated. There are a fine entrance-hall and a noble suite of public apartments, all panelled in unpainted larch, with elaborate carving. Except on rare occasions of public rejoicings, it is entirely unoccupied. In the basement story there is a well, reached by a flight of stone steps, and sometimes the water of this well rises so high as to overflow the kitchen floor and run out into the court.

The old castle is perhaps half a mile distant, and occupies the flat summit of a steep eminence overhanging the Fiddoch. Grant says of it—

"The situation of the old castle of Balvenie is most picturesque, being on an eminence near the confluence of the Dallan with the Fiddoch, commanding a view of the beautifully-wooded banks and fertile straths of these rivers, and of the lofty mountain ranges which surround them. The origin of the castle is unknown. Some antiquaries say the name Balvenie is a corruption of an Irish word signifying The House of St. Bayne, the first Bishop of Mortlach, and suppose it to have been built for a residence of the bishops of Mortlach. Others maintain that its founder was a Dane, and evince in proof the existence in it of a large parlour called The Dane's Hall. But certain it is that Balvenie belonged at different periods to the Cumyns of Badenoch, to the great House of Douglas, and to the Stewarts of Athole. The motto of the House of Athole—'Fvrth Fortvin and fill thi Fatirs,' may still be read in large letters running across the front of the castle. After these it passed to the Gordons, to the Inneses of Coxton, through whom the Laird of Edingight, Sir James Innes, derives the title of Baron of Balvenie, and lastly to the Earls of Fife, who now possess it. The ruins of the castle are in good preservation, and are well worthy of a visit from the tourist, more especially if he be one who loves

> "'Auld howlet-haunted biggins,
> And kirks deserted by their riggins.'

"Near the Castle of Balvenie Malcolm II. defeated the Danes in the year 1010. These daring adventurers had landed in great force on the coasts of Moray, forced their way up the valley of the Spey, and were advancing upon Mortlach when the valiant King of Scots and his stout followers marched against them. In the first shock of the two armies, the Scots—who had rushed with headlong impetuosity upon the Danes—lost three of their leaders, fell into confusion, and were driven before the enemy as far as the Church of Mortlach, then a chapel dedicated to St. Moloch. Here Malcolm uttered a short fervent prayer to Heaven, the Virgin, and Saint Moloch, and vowed that if he should be enabled to retrieve the fortunes of the day he would add three lengths of his spear to the chapel. His followers, who had gathered round him and heard the prayer and the vow, regained their courage and returned upon the Danes with redoubled fury, and totally discomfited them. Malcolm fulfilled his vow by making an addition to the nave of the chapel, or, according to others, by founding an entirely new cathedral."

The church of Mortlach is a few minutes' walk from the village of Dufftown. It is a building of unknown antiquity. Stuart tells us, in his preface to the Book of Deer, that "Mortlach was probably founded by St. Moloc or Mo-luag, to whom the church was dedicated. This saint, according to our early writers, was the pupil of St. Brandan. He was the founder and patron of Lismore, in Argyle, a county throughout which he laboured as well as in that of Mar. Becoming associated

with St. Boniface, he shared the labours of that saint in the northern regions, and, dying in extreme age, was buried in the church of St. Boniface, Rosemarkie. It is probable that Mortlach was one of the 'chief' monasteries of Alba, while Cloveth (Clova) was one of secondary importance, and subject to Mortlach. There may yet be seen the remains of a ruined church at Cloveth (now Clova), and close to it a well called in the district Simmerlúak (St. Moluak), a name which preserves the connection of Cloveth with the mother church of Mortlach."

"Glen Fiddoch has been classed among the most beautiful in Scotland. It is broad, the hills rise gently all around, and by persevering industry the husbandmen have converted all their lower slopes into cornland. Above and beyond the farms 'brown heath and shaggy wood' meet the sky. There seems to be no escape from the valley but over mountain-tops, the lowest of which seem to be 1000 feet above the bottom of the valley. The Convals on the one side, three dome-shaped hills, with Benrinnes (2750 feet) standing like a giant on their further end, the Hills of Glenfiddoch and Balloch on the other, and Ben Aigan (1582 feet) before us, completely shut in the view, and make us fancy we stand upon a beautiful green oasis surrounded by a desert of heath-clad mountains."—*Elgin Courant.*

From the top of Benrinnes on a clear day you might see the Grampian Hills to the south, the romantic valley and Hills of Glenavon to the west, the mountains of Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness to the north, and many miles along the shores of Moray and Banff. From Ben Aigan, which lies further out into the low country, and nearer the sea, there is also a very fine view.

From Dufftown Station to Craigellachie Junction the length of the line down the Fiddoch side is nearly four miles. We have the river mostly on our right, though we also cross and recross it. Among the many comfortable-looking houses we pass, Kininvie is conspicuous. We look down upon it from the line, which, in front of it, occupies a ledge or platform some 30 feet above the water of the river, and winds along the brae-faces that overhang the stream. A more charming spot than Kininvie could scarcely be conceived. "The house stands on a gently rising ground at no great elevation above the water. It has a castellated appearance, and has been built at various times, one part of it being of great antiquity, as is shown by an antique spiral staircase, built perhaps before the Earl of Athole granted a charter to a John Leslie of Kininvie in 1521. The house was enlarged and improved about the year 1840, but it still retains the appearance of an edifice of the olden time." In spring, when the wild cherry-trees, or *geans*, which surround it, are in full flower, and their rich white blossom shows against the bursting buds of the woods that clothe the hill behind it, the fine old mansion looks most attractive.

Kininvie is said to have been honoured by a visit from that merrie King James who delighted to wander about his dominion in the guise of a "Gaberlunzie man." The story, as handed down, may be shortly told somewhat thus:—

The Beggar of Kininvie.

On a fine morning during the reign of James V., a caravan of tinkers was suddenly brought to a halt on the banks of the Fiddoch, in consequence of their leading donkey making a determined stand in the middle of the stream. Simultaneously a gentleman, well mounted on a beautiful white steed, appeared, making for the same ford, and behind him came a person whose square-built frame and burly appearance might have fitted him for a better and more honourable occupation than begging. Yet beggar he evidently was, down to the unmistakable meal-pock. The bray of the tinker's donkey, and the screams of its owner, frightened the gentleman's horse, which, in spite of all his rider could do to restrain him, turned and began to retrace his steps with rather more speed than he had advanced, and, had not the beggar interfered, would

very soon have landed its owner at Balvenie Castle. The beggar man arrested the steed, and led it past the donkeys to the other side of the stream. The gentleman stopped to reward the beggar, who took the opportunity of giving him some advice as to the management of his horse. This the rider resented, saying, that when Balvenie wanted lessons in horsemanship he would seek them elsewhere than from a beggar. "Well, ye are wrang there, Balvenie though you be," replied the beggar, "for advice shud aye be received according to its quality, an' wantin' ony reference to the position o' the giver o't, futher he be king or beggar." This further advice, however, was thrown away upon Balvenie, who had already ridden off for Alnacroich, whither the beggar and the tinker followed, there being a marriage there that day.

Besides these there were many other beggars there, and all seemed to recognise each other except the sturdy beggar, who was welcomed with no kindly greeting. He seemed, however, to care as little for his companions as they did for him, and returned a bold and haughty stare to the inquiring glances that were turned upon him, and defiantly took up his position in the very centre of them, and joked and chatted as freely as if no indication of bad feeling had been exhibited.

Dinner over, came the "scran" or scrimmage for the broken meat thrown out to the crowd assembled outside. Every one seized what he could, in which process our beggar was so successful that a number of the others set upon him with their cudgels. He defended himself, knocking several of his assailants down, till his staff was broken and he was obliged to save himself further injury by flight. He crossed the Fiddoch, and was proceeding along the haugh below the old castle, on the Kininvie side, when he was overtaken by a heavy shower, which drove him to take shelter under the branches of a wide-spreading tree. Sitting here, he soon saw a cripple, a beggar like himself, running as fast as his limp would let him. "Where are ye gaen at sic a rate, man, in sic a nicht as this?" "To Alnacroich," replied the cripple, "an' I'm feart I'll be ahin the marriage." "O, an' that be it, ye needna be in siccan a hurry; for, gin they dinna be kinder to you than they war to me, ye'll be better to be deeing wi' me till the shower gang o'er, an' I'se gie ye a share o' fat I got, though it cost me sair banes to get it."

The cripple sat down; the beggar handed him one of two fowls he had secured, and they proceeded to eat in silence, till the cripple made a sudden exclamation at seeing a piece of gold in his fowl. This led to an altercation, our beggar claiming it as his. From words to blows, and the cripple got a good thrashing, but was allowed to keep the gold. The cripple went on to the marriage, and our beggar to Kininvie. His personal appearance had not been improved by the two scuffles he had come through, so that when he reached Kininvie House, entered the kitchen, and drawing a chair near to the fire, sat coolly down, it was no wonder that the big fat cook was irritated at his impudence. She shook her spit in his face, and at the top of her masculine voice ordered him, "for an ugly thief, to be gone wi' him, for there was no room for him there." A fierce altercation in words ensued, the beggar having the best of it, till at last the cook went and informed the laird of what was going on. "Tuts," said the laird, "see, here's a penny to him, and take breath, Meggy, and then tell him quietly to gang awa'; the wind, I think, is some doon now."

When Meggy came back to the kitchen she found the beggar seated fairly in front of the fire, with his legs stretched out on either side, so that she could not get near it. This incensed her so much that she broke out worse than before, and the new altercation ended in another appeal to the laird, who this time returned with her to the kitchen. "My housekeeper and you dinna seem to agree, man," said the laird. "Na, awyte wi' dinna that, and I dinna winner at it, for she is the ugliest and warst-tongued hizzie ever I saw. I kenna how ye can pit up wi'

her ava." Inviting the beggar to follow him, the laird led the way to the door, but our friend positively refused to go out in such a night alone.

Now it had so happened that a few months before this time a brother of Gordon of Edinglassie's had committed some crime, but had contrived under cover of his brother's protection to elude justice, and so it occurred to Leslie that the beggar was probably some one in search of the criminal, for he hardly expected a common beggar to conduct himself as he had done, and so, at once altering his demeanour towards him, he said, "Well then, friend, I suppose you will require to come and keep Mrs. Leslie and me in company since you are so determined, for Meggy and you, I see, cannot agree;" and he accordingly led the way to his parlour, where they met with but a surly reception from the lady, who felt insulted by the appearance of her guest. But as the conversation went on, it soon became apparent that, whether he was beggar or not, he possessed far more information and manners than is usually to be found among the class to which he professed to belong; and, as this served to confirm the laird's suspicions, a sumptuous supper was soon provided, and before night the greatest of fun and fellowship existed among them. Early next morning, the beggar appeared in a new character; he was clad in a green hunting dress and all the fashionable equipments of the period, and most politely requested Kininvie to get a letter sent to Gordon of Edinglassie. This, of course, gave force to his former suspicions, and he readily found a messenger, sending his most confidential servant off, with orders to hasten with all possible speed. The messenger arrived before Gordon had got out of bed, and, as he had given orders that he was not to be disturbed before a certain hour, and that hour was not yet come, none of his servants would venture to arouse him, for fear of the halter which he was in the habit of using on very little provocation. At last an old and privileged housekeeper was prevailed upon to enter his bedroom with the despatch, and dreadful were the imprecations and threats with which he assailed her, until he had broken the seal and seen who was his correspondent, when he suddenly sat up and ordered that the bearer should be instantly sent into his presence. Before he had well entered, Gordon demanded "where he had gotten this." "Frae Kininvie, sir." "Aye, you've had strangers last night?" "Na, deil ane had we." "Tuts, man, mind yourself!" "Na, fint ane; for we war a' awa' at Alnacroich at the marriage, except the laird and the lady, and the fat auld gimmer o' a cook." "None of your nonsense with me," roared out Gordon; "whom had you in the house last night? How many were there of them?" "I tell you, Gordon," replied the man, "that we had nae ane but them I've mentioned, unless an auld foul carle o' a beggar that had quarrelled wi' our ill-natured housekeeper, an' had to be ta'en ben wi' the laird an' the leddy, to haud them frae fechtin." "Ay, man! And that's it. I wish that beggar had come and stayed wi' me! But ride you home as fast as horse can carry you, and say to Kininvie I will follow with all possible speed."

Follow he did, and when he arrived at Kininvie, he met Leslie, the beggar or stranger, and his brother, and immediately springing from his saddle, he fell upon his knee, and did homage to his sovereign, the King of Scotland.

Kininvie and the younger Gordon seemed paralysed, and could not utter a word; but the good-natured monarch took each by the hand, and, first addressing Gordon, gave him a free pardon, and good advice to behave more wisely for the future; then, turning to Kininvie, he said, "Leslie of Kin-in-vie —Kind-in-the-way—kind have you been to me, and Kind in the way, or Kininvie you shall be." He then wound a blast of his horn, and presently a troop of horsemen appeared, with a groom leading a spare horse for the monarch. Leslie he permitted to assist him to the saddle, and then, extending his hand, each of the three was privileged to kiss it, after which he rapidly rode off, leaving the trio to remember and bless The Beggar of Kininvie.

A little further on the ruins of the old castle of Gauldwell seem to watch over the egress of the glen. They are on the lowest slope of Ben Aigan and close to the Fiddoch. Formerly this tower was called the Castle of Bucharin (Boharm), and it belonged to the family of De Moravia of Duffus. Its chapel or oratory is mentioned in a charter by William, the son of William Freskyn (De Moravia), between 1203 and 1222. Little of it remains, and that little the trees hide from us as we pass.

"We are now two miles from Dufftown station, and enter upon scenery entirely different from that we are leaving behind us. The Fiddoch, in proceeding along the course at first marked out for her by nature, comes here (at Newton of Boharm) to a spot where the waters must have been checked and a lake formed, covering a part at least of the valley of Mortlach, through which we have been travelling. Ben Aigan was before the Fiddoch; she was hemmed in on the two sides by high ground, and her rising waters at last found a channel in the direction of the Spey. The Fiddoch has cut a gorge two miles long between Newton of Boharm and the Spey. This gorge, with an average depth of perhaps not less than 150 feet, and its banks rising in many places to 200, is not at any spot more than three hundred yards across, while in some nooks it is scarcely as many feet. Through this gorge or ravine the railway had to be made, and a heavy piece of work it was.

"We have just passed a slope on our left hand, rising 110 feet above the line, and now find ourselves standing on a bridge that crosses the Fiddoch at the very entrance of the gorge. This bridge is of three arches, and is built of Elgin freestone. The piers rise about thirty feet above the stream. The descent from Duffown station to Craigellachie is nearly 300 feet. Having crossed the bridge we are on the right bank of the Fiddoch, and looking forward cannot for the life of us see how a railway can be carried through the narrow rock-sided gorge before us. On Speyside there has been some room in most places to go and come upon in the railway works, but here there seems to be none, for deep cuttings through rock at the end of short, high embankments, alternate without a single straight inch of rails. On Speyside the curves are long, here they are so short or sharp that guard rails have been in many places laid down for greater safety. At no spot can we see a hundred yards before us. Everywhere as we proceed the rails are lost within a stone cast or so behind rocks, which they curve round or through in one of the most impracticable places for a railway that fancy can picture. A geologist would say the rocks are primary; a quarrier would call them *whinstone*. Dykes of white quartz are seen in them, and the strata have been crushed to pieces. How narrow and tortuous this gorge is! Down there, some thirty feet beneath us, the Fiddoch murmurs as she moves on through pebbles and boulders, and the low *bass* of the moving water mingles with the song of birds on the steep wooded banks which rise from the top of precipices on the right hand and on the left. The rocks near the level of the stream have been polished by waterborne stones carried down in floods, and the process of erosion carried on for innumerable ages has, as it were, sawn a channel out of the solid rock, leaving the wreck on both sides behind. Who could describe this place? Who could paint it? At every step the scene changes, yet its bold outlines remain the same. We continue to see woods above and rocks below, gray crags here, a green spot there, but the deep pathway for the Fiddoch never getting a yard broader as we walk along. We have reached a high projecting mass of rock, called the Corbie's Crag, and a small corner of a green field belonging to some neighbouring farmer puts us in mind that there is cultivation near. The spot has probably never been under the plough, but it is pasture land. Here the Fiddoch is turned sharply by the Corbie's Crag, the stream forming an elbow, but now a thirty-feet embankment covers the spot where the stream ran, and a new bed has been cut for it. The line is

carved through the very centre of the Corbie's Crag, and on one side the cutting is at least 50 to 60 feet deep. As we move onwards the line presents the same character,—curve after curve comes in view, cuttings through rocks and high earth embankments follow each other, telling us the immense labour that has been spent in making the line."

Passing the Popine Mills, the gorge opens, and a new scene presents itself. "Here we have a bridge for a road thrown over the line, and certainly no building of the kind could have more substantial abutments, for it spans a rock cutting, and on one side the rock stands instead of masonry up to the spring of the arch. A hundred yards brings us to a bridge across the Fiddoch, similar to the one at Newton of Boharm. Another bridge, the old bridge of Fiddoch, is before us, and was no doubt reckoned a great work in its day. It is gray with age, but still pretty, as the stone arch will never lose its beauty, and when weeping birches and wild flowers are to be seen near a single arch crossing a stream, we linger to look both at the one and at the other."

Where the Fiddoch flows into the Spey, the Morayshire line joins the Strathspey, and we are at Craigellachie.

25. Craigellachie.

68 miles from Aberdeen.
4 ,, ,, Dufftown.

This is a mere station, where to the right the Morayshire Railway turns off to cross the Spey, and find its way to Elgin and Lossiemouth. We pursue the main line, which a few yards beyond the station buildings sweeps away to the left toward the village of Craigellachie, where there is a bridge over the Spey.

From the station the traveller should go up to the bridge by which the Boharm road crosses the railway, and from it he will get a view of this part of the valley of the Spey, which he will probably admit to be unsurpassed for beauty anywhere. "The Spey—broad, dark, and deep—carrying a thousand mountain streams in one to the sea, rolls at our feet. On the further side of the river a broad belt of holm land is seen spreading out upon the right hand and extending downwards past Rothes to the Pass of Sourden. Rothes itself lies nestled in the nook of this rich and highly cultivated plain, which has all the appearance of having been the bottom of a lake until the river cut a way for itself through the rocks at Sourden. The broadest part of the haugh is perhaps not less than a mile, and it seems almost completely encircled by hills, whose sides are covered with woods far up, leaving here and there a green spot presenting villas and farms half concealed among trees. We are standing at the southern base of Ben Aigan, around which the Fiddoch, as we have seen, has found her way among broken rocks; and the mountain, 1600 feet in height, with its heath-covered crown where hardy pine will not grow, overlooks the Spey, which has been nibbling at its huge base for ages, and has left tokens of her work in steep, sandy, and rocky banks that appear red in the distance."

In front is Dundaleith (Marshall) on the opposite bank, and a little further down on this side Arndilly (Grant).

Before us are two bridges over the Spey—one of them carrying the Morayshire Railway, to which we shall revert; the other is the bridge for the post road.

Craigellachie Bridge is the oldest and one of the most graceful and romantic iron bridges in Scotland. It is 150 feet in span, and was erected in 1815, at an expense of £8200, after designs by Telford; the contractor being Mr. Simpson of Shrewsbury. It has a round embattled tower at each corner, and is a structure of great elegance. It abuts upon a precipitous rock called the Cone Rock, of upwards of 150 feet in height, along the face of which, on the north or west side of the river, the road is cut. "The rock (Dr. Longmuir) will be found on examination to consist of gneiss, but so much fractured as to present the appearance of a *trouble*,

which has probably been occasioned by the upheaval of the Cone Rock. In the crevices the trees have taken root, and as they ascend one above another, they present a novel and interesting sight. This crag is the lower Craigellachie—the upper is at a distance of 30 miles; and between these is comprehended the country of the Grants. The word is said by some etymologists to mean "The Echoing Crag," and by others, "The Fiery Crag," as that on which an alarm fire might have been kindled. This latter derivation seems to obtain support from the crest of the Grant family, which is a hill with a fire issuing from the top of it; and their slogan or war-cry is, "Stand fast, Craigellachie."

We believe the real Craigellachie is the one higher up. It is a bold projecting highland dividing Badenoch from Strathspey.

Says John Ruskin—"In one of the loveliest districts of Scotland, where the peat cottages are darkest, just at the western foot of the great mass of the Grampians which encircle the sources of the Spey and the Dee, the main road which traverses the chain winds round the foot of a broken rock called Crag or Craig Ellachie. There is nothing remarkable in either its height or form; it is darkened with a few scattered pines and birch trees, and touched along the summit with a flush of heather; but it constitutes a kind of headland or leading promontory in the group of hills to which it belongs—a sort of initial letter of the mountains; and thus stands in the minds of the inhabitants of the district—the Clan Grant—for a type of the country upon themselves. Their sense of this is beautifully indicated in the war-cry of the clan, 'Stand fast, Craigellachie!' You may think long over these few words without exhausting the deep wells of feeling and thought contained in them—the love of the native land and the assurance of faithfulness to it—you could not but have felt if you passed beneath it at the time when so many of England's dearest children were being defended by the strength of heart of men born at its foot; how often among the delicate Indian palaces, whose marble was pallid with horror, and whose vermilion was darkened with blood, the remembrance of its rough gray rocks and purple heaths must have risen before the sight of the Highland soldiers—how often the hailing of the shot and the shrieking of the battle would pass away from his hearing, and leave only the whisper of the old pine branches; 'Stand fast, Craigellachie!'" (Ruskin's *Two Paths*, quoted in Anderson's Guide.)

We are about to ascend the Spey, now on one side of the river, and now on the other. But who shall attempt to describe its ever-varying course; rapid and devious, between cliffs of gravel or of rock, festooned with birch woods, and these again backed by pines, and larch, and Scotch firs, and all held close together by the uncompromising, wild, bare, heath-clad mountains? It is a wonderful valley.

"In point of magnitude (*Elgin Courant*) the Spey stands next the Tay; and for volume of water is therefore the second river in Scotland. But it must be borne in mind that the breadth of the streams of different rivers affords a very imperfect measure of the volume of water they discharge into the sea; and hence, in comparing Spey with other Scottish rivers, allowance must be made for the rapidity of its current, which far surpasses that of the Tay, or any other large river north of the Border. Between Loch Spey and the sea the fall is upwards of 1200 feet, which for a direct course of 90 miles gives more than 13 feet to the mile; or, including the windings of the river, and making the length 120 miles, as has been estimated, Spey falls 10 feet per mile. In some British rivers there are falls and rapids, as in the Clyde, for example; but Spey has no falls, nor anything worth the name of a rapid. She is, in fact, one continuous rapid, from her mountain loch to past Fochabers, within four miles of the sea, where she may be said to slacken her course, after a race from the wilds of Badenoch. The saying is, 'There is no standing water in Spey.' Her descent is along a remarkably uniform inclined plane, and the

declivity gives a swift current in a narrow bed. The breadth of the river when unflooded varies very little. On an average, below Grantown, it is perhaps mostly confined within 70 or 80 yards, with a depth of about 3 feet. This, of course, is speaking generally, for there are fords on Spey which a man may cross on foot when the water is very low, and pots in the river, such as at Sourden and Craigellachie Bridge, nearly 30 feet deep. The rapidity of the Spey is best seen in the velocity of a float of wood going down her. It will go ten miles an hour, and while speeding onward, and nearing rocky elbows in the river, it would be dashed in pieces were it not for the strength and dexterity of the raftsmen upon it.

"The Spey is not only the most rapid, but also the wildest and most capricious among all the large rivers of Scotland. The cause of this is easily explained. The river drains 1300 square miles of mountains, many of whose bases are more than a thousand feet above the level of the sea. The Dulnain, draining the southern part of the Monagh Lea Mountains, runs more than forty miles before entering Spey; and the Avon, with a course as long, brings down the waters of Glenavon, which lies between the most majestic mountains in Britain. Besides these great tributaries, the Spey has the Truim, the Trommie, the Feshie, the Fiddoch, and other affluents, swelling her volume with the rapidly-descending waters of a mountainous country.

"But neither the fall of Spey nor her sudden alternations of 'flood and emptiness' would have formed any serious obstacle to the construction of a railway from Craigellachie to Grantown if her strath or dale had been like that of other large rivers of Scotland. They generally have broad dales varying from a mile to three or four in breadth; but Nature has forced the Spey to thread her course round the bases of mountains, and often, for miles together, she is confined by precipitous banks, which she washes on both sides when she is flooded, and which, in many cases, are so close, tortuous, and steep, that on looking at them a spectator would pronounce a railway along them impossible. This is seen at the tunnel above Craigellachie and between Knockando House and Black's Boat. In fact, the engineering difficulties of the line between Aberlour and Ballindalloch have been great, causing a metal bridge to be thrown across the Spey at Carron, and another at Balnellan beyond the confluence of the Avon. It was at one time proposed, we believe, to carry the line to the eastward of the Drum of Carron, which would have freed it from the windings and banks of the Spey for seven miles or more, but steep gradients prevented this, and the crossing of the broad valley of the Avon stood as a most serious obstacle in the way. There was therefore no help for it but to follow the river's course, upon the right bank (*i.e.* the *east*) up to Carron, then cross the river, and after running six miles or thereby on the left bank re-cross beyond the mouth of the Avon. This deviation, if it may be called so, has occasioned the expense of two metal bridges, and some heavy viaducts across the mouths of burns—very wild ones that descend from the hills of Knockando—and have cut deep ravines in the precipitous banks along which the line has to pass."

Previous to 1815, the year when the elegant iron bridge across the Spey, already referred to, was built, there was hardly a village at Craigellachie. Now it is a central postal station, and, though from the railway invisible, there is a small village.

Passing it, the railway runs along the haugh of Collargreen for about half a mile, on an embankment six or eight feet in height, when a tunnel is reached. "Here the Spey strikes the face of an almost perpendicular rock, which rises some hundred feet above the bed of the river. At this height the Speyside turnpike road has been cut out, and the steep bank continues to rise above it to a still greater elevation. This rock is known on Speyside by the name of Taminurie or 'The Fairies' Crag.' It is a sister crag to the great one that rises over the Bridge of Craigellachie on the other side of the Spey, and

at the feet of both the river has scooped out pools of great depth. Before the tunnel was made it was fearful to stand upon the edge of the turnpike road and look down the rugged face of Taminurie to the rapid, now dashing against the opposing rock, then recoiling as if indignant; foaming, boiling, and whirling in a pool of pitchy blackness sufficient to float a vessel of war (?). The railway works have made the place, if possible, still more terrific, for, at each end of the tunnel, there is now a sheer precipice descending from the very edge of the turnpike road to the line, and the trees, which appeared to afford some hope in the event of an accident, have nearly all disappeared, leaving travellers on the top of Taminurie to pray that neither man nor beast may stumble, as there is nothing but an open, fragile paling between them and eternity."

The tunnel is considerably below the road. It is about sixty-five yards in length. At the upper end the scene is wild in the extreme. "On the left hand the rock has been cut to the height of nearly 100 feet, and rises up in a mural wall to the turnpike road, close to which a tree may be seen here and there, with roots half exposed, and firmly grasping the bare and fractured strata. On the right hand there is a gap in the rocky wall, through which the Spey is seen, and one almost becomes giddy in looking down upon the river, which, at this very spot, strikes a projecting ledge of rock, and breathes her anger in foam, that spreads itself in long streaks over the surface of the agitated pool below—a pool, the excavation of which has been the work of many centuries to the river, that has here torn away thousands of tons of primitive rock and rolled it away in polished pebbles to the sea. The rock is gneiss, the same as that on the opposite side of the Spey at the bridge of Craigellachie, and, strange as the idea may seem, it is possible that these rocks may have been at one time united, and that the material filling the whole space now between them may have been carried down by the action of the river."—*Elgin Courant.*

26. Aberlour.

70¼ miles from Aberdeen.
2¾ ,, ,, Craigellachie.

Proceeding up the Spey, we have, on the right across the river, Easter Elchies, and on the left on this side, Aberlour House, lately the possession of Miss Macpherson Grant of Aberlour. It now belongs to Dr. Proctor. Easter Elchies is the residence of the Hon. George Grant of Grant, brother of the Earl of Seafield. The House, finely shaded by old trees, is about 175 years old. "It was built by one of the Grant family, and was the residence of Lord Elchies, a distinguished judge of the Court of Session, who took his title from this property, which now belongs to the Earl of Seafield. It is a separate barony, and was in the possession of a separate branch of the Seafield family for nearly two centuries. It forms a part of what was once the parish of Macallan, the churchyard of which is only a few stone-casts down the slope from the mansion-house. Within the walls of this old churchyard the ruins of the parish church of Macallan are still to be seen. This parish is now united to Knockando. Close by the 'lone churchyard' is the distillery of Macallan."

Further on, on the same N.W. side of the river, though beyond the station, is the castle of Wester Elchies—"a fine old edifice of Gothic architecture, with wings and battlements, and a high Gothic tower in the centre. Mr. Grant was a great astronomer. Having spent an active life in India, he devoted himself on his return to his native country to astronomical pursuits. The Astronomer-Royal of Scotland said of him:—

"'There also, after noble though peaceful services performed for his country in foreign climes—after no less than forty-four years' continued residence in Bengal—has returned one of the sons of the valley, rich in years and honours, in the peace of a religious and philosophic mind, and the calm of a well-spent life. And no sooner was he returned to the dearly-remembered scene, with official duties no longer harassing him, than he determined

again to prosecute that study of the starry heavens which he had already commenced with much success, though inferior instrumental means, in the brilliant climate of India. At his maturer order, therefore, it was, and to subserve his future and astronomical pursuits on the old patrimonial estate, that that giant telescope, the trophy *now*, it may fairly be claimed, of the Exhibition of 1851, had grown into existence; for, though then hardly known to scientific circles, he understood the majesty of the science he was approaching; and, though all untitled amidst a rich landed, aristocracy, there was no one whose ideas were more thoroughly grand, and worthy of all that one is inclined to respect among the leaders of men.'"

Mr. Grant's observatory, with the famous telescope, stands close to the house. Two sphinxes guard the doorway, and over it is the motto,

"He made the stars also."

Aberlour House looks across the river to the two Elchies. Naturally the spot is lovely, and all that art can add to make it more so has been done. The house is modern, extensive, forming a great quadrangle, and Grecian-Doric in its architecture. "There is in front a magnificent portico, supported on four fluted columns, and the door is guarded by lions couchant, and surmounted by the family arms. The interior is in a style of princely grandeur. Paintings, statuary, furnishings, — everything that art can supply to make a truly splendid mansion is here to be found, showing a richness of embellishment and refinement of taste not surpassed in any mansion-house of its size in Scotland. The garden is in keeping with the house, extensive, and rich in the rarest of plants. The grounds and policies, like the gardens, are worthy of the mansion. All that landscape-gardening can do to give beauty and variety has been brought to bear on this delightful spot. Roads have been cut, bridges and embankments have been made, lodges have been erected, and wherever the stranger turns, among avenues of trees and shrubs, he finds vases of flowers and fine sculpture meeting him at every step, while between the house and the Spey his attention will be arrested by a lofty and beautiful column of polished granite surmounted by a globe marked with the parallels of latitude and longitude."

Aberlour belonged to the late Miss Macpherson Grant, to whose time the above-quoted description applies. There is now no adequate income from the estate to keep up the house and grounds, which were built and maintained from resources other than the estate, which resources at Miss Macpherson Grant's death passed to other possessors, leaving the lands, burdened with this expensive house, to the present owner.

The property formerly belonged to a family of Gordons, "who seem to have been trusty Jacobites and staunch supporters of Prince Charles; for in the old mansion-house, which still stands, a letter was found, dated at Dalnacardoch in August 1745, and addressed to James Gordon, Esq., of Aberlour. Charles addresses his trusty friend in the following style:—

"'My dear Gordon—I am to be at * * * and trust to see you there, with as many men as you can raise, to rally round the Royal Standard.—I am yours faithfully, CHAS. E. STUART.'"

Skirting the park of Aberlour, we reach the village or small town of Charlestown of Aberlour, a long, straggling village, the main street of which is more than half a mile in length. There are some good new buildings in it. It is built on the estate of Wester Elchies. The parish used to be called "Skirdustan," and in the churchyard, by the side of the burn of Ruthrie, may still be seen the ruins of the old church. Near these, a naked stone arch spans the burn, built, it is said, by General Wade, famous in the North for his capacity as a roadmaker—

"If you had seen this road
Before it was made,
You'd thank your stars,
And bless General Wade."

"The arch is narrow, and one wonders, when looking from the present

highway, how a road should have been made where the bridge stands. A short way up the burn there is a cataract about 30 feet in height, called the Linn of Ruthrie, a sight of which is well worth a mile's travel to such as delight to be among wild scenery. The walls of rock down the burn from the linn show the work that a mountain stream can perform in the course of time. The deep gorge is almost hid beneath overhanging trees, under which we hear the ceaseless sound of falling waters. The noise of the linn may at all times be heard a good way off, but when the head springs of the stream are fed by heavy clouds bursting on Benrinnes, the roar of the Linn of Ruthrie is heard far and wide, a great volume of water being precipitated over a precipice, and dashed into foam and spray by projecting rocks before it reaches the caldron below, which

"'Foams and boils in endless torture.'"

Near this station a heart-rending incident occurred in the great flood of 1829:—"Charles Cruickshank had some wood lying on the bank of the river, and seeing the Spey coming down in flood, he was anxious to save it. He and a number of others ran down to the river-side for this purpose; but the rising waters soon alarmed Cruickshank's companions, who ran back to the higher ground for safety. More daring than the rest, and having more at stake, the unfortunate man wrought with his wood until a current broke in between him and the higher ground, and rose unobserved while he was busy, till there was no hope of wading through it. He immediately set about constructing a raft on which to float himself to a place of safety. Being a powerful and active man, he soon succeeded in making a raft, with the eyes of hundreds of anxious spectators fixed upon him, but no one able to render him the least assistance. Pushing away his raft to cross the stream, and using his sting with the dexterity of a floater, all hearts rose with hope that he would soon be in safety. While straining every muscle in wielding his sting to send the raft in the proper direction, the sting was wrenched from his hand by the force of the current, and he was thus left perfectly helpless at the mercy of the stream, which bore the raft rapidly along. It came near a tree that stood like a pillar in the midst of the rolling flood. Cruickshank, with the agility of a cragsman, on losing his rope, sprang from the raft and caught a bough, to which he clung with the desperation of despair. In an instant the raft was whirled into the main body of the Spey, and had not descended many yards when it was dashed into pieces. The crowd of spectators continued to increase in the midst of a terrific storm of wind and rain. A boat was procured and speedily manned. It could only proceed a short way out into the stream, and frequently did so, but every attempt to reach poor Cruickshank was foiled by the terrible current that rolled between the tree and the less rapid waters upon the haugh, where the boat was manageable. From the lifeboat—for we may call it such—frequent attempts were made to throw a rope to the tree, but this also failed, and when night came on there was no alternative but to leave the unfortunate man in his dreadful and perilous condition. His cries were heard rising above the roar of the waters around him, but about eleven o'clock in the evening they ceased, and in the darkness none could tell whether the tree was standing or not. It had been swept away, for when morning dawned it had disappeared—the broad rolling ocean almost leaving it doubtful where it had stood. The body of the drowned man was found upon the Haugh of Dundaleith, three miles down the river; and his watch newly wound up, and standing at a quarter past eleven, showed that he had hope and extraordinary composure of mind till the very moment he was plunged into the angry flood."—*Elgin Courant.*

27. Carron.

73¾ miles from Aberdeen.
3½ „ „ Aberlour.

Leaving Aberlour, we pass along a steep wooded bank, below which some 40 or 50 feet runs the Spey. Then through a cutting 300 or 400 yards

long, and then along the haugh, the river never more than one to two hundred yards distant, and often close to the railway. The comparatively open country and broad river bottom have disappeared, and we are in a narrow strath, with a high wooded bank on the opposite side of the river. This extends in a long serpentine sweep for upwards of two miles to the House of Laggan, which forms a prominent object as we approach Carron. Laggan is a brick building, the colour of which contrasts broadly with the green of the surrounding foliage.

At the Burn of Carron we leave the property of the Earl of Fife and enter upon Carron, "a name which is closely associated in the minds of Strathspey men with traditions and stirring adventures of the district. A little way up this burn may be seen the cave in which the famous James-au-Thuim, or James of the Hill, a Grant of Carron, hid himself when pursued by his enemies, in the days when country lairds decided their feuds by fire and sword. James, it is said, committed a homicide, which was the cause of a deadly feud between him and the Grants of Ballindalloch. Finding Ballindalloch irreconcilable, James became desperate, and went to Pitchaish to burn his enemy out from cover. He reduced the whole place to ashes, as also Tulchan, but the young Laird of Ballindalloch would not come out to fight. The Earl of Moray interfered, and to 'gar ae deevil ding anither,' made a paction with three broken men of the clan Mackintosh, who undertood to bring James Grant of Carron to him dead or alive. They overtook him at Auchnahyle, above Tomintoul, killed four of his men, and wounded him with arrows in eleven parts of his body. He was taken, his six surviving followers were hanged, and he himself was sent to Edinburgh Castle as a prisoner. He remained there two years, at the end of which he made his escape by ropes conveyed to him by his wife in a cask of butter. This occurred in 1632. James returned to Speyside, and did not forget the Laird of Ballindalloch, for he enticed him out of his house one night at Pitchaish, and, seizing him, carried him over moss and muir to a limekiln at Elgin, in which he kept him a prisoner for three weeks, under treatment not quite so liberal and lenient as that which prisoners now-a-days enjoy. Ballindalloch was denied the necessaries of life, but he succeeded in making his escape to Innes House, where he was kindly entertained. James-au-Thuim's caves are said to have been frequented by Macpherson, the famous freebooter, who was a Dick Turpin in his way, passing by the poor and robbing the rich, and generously giving to the needy from his booty. This generosity, however, did not prevent him being hanged at Banff in the year 1700."

Here is Carron Distillery (Mr. M'Kenzie). Carron House, embosomed in woods, is within a few hundred yards of the railway, which, about a quarter of a mile above it, crosses to the north-west bank of the Spey.

The bridge of Carron consists of three arches, the centre one of 150 feet span, and the two side ones of 25 feet each. The centre arch is of iron, and its spring is about 20 feet, and its centre 40 above the bed of the river. The side arches are of brick, with granite rings. The scenery around is both grand and beautiful. The banks are high and wooded. The river deep and swift. The ravine being narrow and sinuous, the river looks as if springing from under the wooded cliffs. On a bright spring day the ground under the trees is carpeted with primroses, violets, and many other early flowers. The bridge carries a public road as well as the railway.

"Here, while looking at romantic scenery, we are reminded of great events. Malcolm III. encamped near this spot before he fought the Danes at Mortlach, between Dell Chapel and Tam-o-Brock. Not far from us a dyke is still to be traced that Malcolm's army is said to have raised in a night. The king and queen slept on a spot of ground called to this day the Queen's Haugh—an old name indeed, when it is more than eight centuries and a half since the Spey here had the honour of being visited by a king and queen of Scotland."

The well-known song, "Roy's wife of Aldivalloch," was written by a Mrs. Grant of Carron. Her own name was Grant. She was born about 1745, near Aberlour—was first married to her cousin, Mr. Grant of Carron, about 1763, then to Dr. Murray, a physician in Bath. She died in Bath in 1814.

A little after crossing to the N.W. side of the river we reach the station. On the opposite side, that which we have left, is an extensive flat plain clothed with wood, called the Muir of Carron, and it is backed by Carron Hill, or the Drum of Carron, well wooded. "Every part of this broad, long muir has been water-washed. It is one mass of water-worn pebbles, mixed with boulders which the river has brought down before she hid herself from her work at the foot of the 'Drum,' which is here covered with wood as far as we can see. We are here perhaps about three miles or so from the turnpike road leading from Craigellachie up Speyside, and no other spot on the railway is nearly so far from it. This is the breadth of the 'Drum' of Carron; its length is perhaps twice three miles, and its greatest elevation above the Spey some six or eight hundred feet. There are some excellent farms on the Benrinnes side of it. On the top there is a great expanse of moss of unknown depth—once a wood, like many other mosses in the district."

To our right, looking up the river, we have a gradually rising slope, with a small farm here and there, until the higher elevation is reached on the Braes of Knockando.

On to the next station of Black's Boat the river pursues a very tortuous course, and the railway is sometimes near it, and sometimes considerably removed from it. At Dalmoonack the traveller looks down forty feet to the Spey, and has a fine view of bold scenery looking up the river. There are quarries of very fine granite on this spot, out of which the stone for the piers of Carron bridge was obtained.

A little beyond we come to Knockando private station, and near this we cross the Ballintomb burn. Knockando House is a neat substantial house, dated above the door 1732, with the motto "Honour and virtue." It stands on the property of Wester Elchies, and was once the mansion-house of Knockando. It is rented by Mr. Cattley, who is lessee of extensive shootings and fishings in the neighbourhood.

"A short way beyond the house of Knockando we enter one of the heaviest cuttings on the Strathspey Railway. Here the river forms a long and deep bend to the westward, as if driven from her course by the Drum of Carron, which Benrinnes seems to have thrown down as a buttress to keep Spey from coming too near her base. The Drum in its turn has apparently thrown the river as far from its base as possible, for she washes the foot of steep banks for miles before us. We find ourselves at the Cardoch burn, which of course, like that of Ballintomb, is crossed by a railway bridge, as all the burns here are before entering Spey. The burn comes down through a closely wooded ravine, weeping birches skirting the side of the streamlet. On our left hand a glimpse is obtained of Spey, and mountains, woods, and cultivated lands diversify the prospect; while behind us are wooded braes and the distant Convals yet seen, close in the background. We enter the cutting, and soon find ourselves forty feet above the Spey, and fifty beneath the top of the bank in the face of which the line has been cut. Here the river is rapid, and the never-failing birches line its banks, contrasting beautifully with the deep green of the pines with which Nature has intermingled them. The cutting is long and the slopes very high, and here and there springs of water may be seen at the depth of forty or fifty feet below the top of the bank, which is in many places fringed with trees, and the bank below the line is so thickly wooded as to prevent the river at many points from being seen."

Sweeping round a bend, we reach Knockando burn. It is not usually more than a streamlet, but in the flood of 1829 it was swollen to the size of a river, and carried away a carding mill and a meal mill, besides several cottages on its banks. About

a mile up its course from the railway, are the church, manse, and schools of Knockando.

A little further on we come to the Rock of Tomdow, a place dreaded of the raftsmen. "It is well seen here from the line, and at first sight one would think that the rocks at the bridge of Carron, and at the tunnel at Craigellachie, would be as formidable to floaters as that dreaded Rock of Tomdow. In this, however, appearances are deceptive, for no craft can pass Tomdow without being double-manned from the neighbouring farm of Dalgarvan close by, and the tenant for this assistance receives a tree or plank from every raft according to established usage. The time was when two planks were given. About the middle of last century, the York Buildings Company that bought the woods of Glenmore, and had ironworks at Abernethy, cut the rock at Tomdow to make the floating of timber less dangerous at the spot. Before that time the raftsmen sailed in a *curragh* before his wood, tied to it, and paddling like an Indian in a hide canoe, resembling in form the lid of a horse-kettle, or the top of a bees' *skep* cut off and set into the water. To a floater, floating in a primitive ship like this, and a clumsily and flimsily put-together raft, a Scylla and Charybdis were dangerous indeed, but the Company improved raft-making to such a degree that the floaters could stand on the wood. The new channel, as it has been called, cut by this Company, obviated only a part of the danger, for on the right bank of the river the rock projects out apparently to more than mid stream, and the whole body of the river, striking on an elbow of rock, makes a kind of whirlpool through which the river dashes wildly among large boulders, roaring and foaming in its impetuous course. The scene at Tomdow, in heavy floods, is terrific. It is there that, as a farmer said to us, 'Spey turns up the white o' her een after she gets a drink in Badenoch!'"

We now cross another promontory formed by a bend of the river, and pass along a heavy earth cutting. "Here the Spey washes the foot of a steep bank of great height that rises in some places with a face of rock close to the water's edge, but is generally of clay, sand, and gravel. There was no help for it but to cut a floor for the line along the face of this precipice for nearly a mile. And here comes in the burn of Alderdar, one of the wildest of the many wild burns that run into the Spey. It has scooped out for itself a wide gully in the otherwise unbroken bank of the river, and across this the line has been carried on a viaduct. The burn is scarcely to be seen. We can step across it; it is almost lost among the stones; but though we have a mere streamlet at our feet, an observing eye at once detects the presence of the dry bed of a sometimes terrible torrent of water. The whole bottom of the gully, and it is not a narrow one, is covered with pebbles and boulders, dry and white, with not a green leaf seen among them, and this mass of water-borne stone projects into the Spey, breaking the line of her bed. Looking up the burn, we see one of the many astonishing effects of the flood of 1829. Before that memorable year in our river history, this burn of Alderdar had a fall down a brae some two or three hundred yards up from the Spey, but in one night it cut out that ravine sixty or eighty feet deep, and twice that number of feet in width at the top. No one could believe it to be possible looking at the burn now, but the fact is beyond dispute. The burn swelled until it was as large as the Spey is usually, and carrying thousands of tons of earth and stones along with it, hurled the mass into the mighty flood passing by. Such as have read Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's 'Moray Floods,' will not pass such burns without look-up to the high red braes that now skirt the burn of Alderdar."

And geologists who claim from an after-glimpse of such effects an immense and incalculable age to produce them in, would do well to note what one flood in one night is capable of effecting.

Over this burn the railway is carried on a bridge or viaduct of three spans,

respectively forty, forty, and fifty feet, and the centre piers are some fifty feet in height. This was a difficult work, for the foundations had to be piled. "Nothing but shingle could be found after digging down sixteen feet, at which depth the contractor drove in piles fifteen feet long, and covering the top of these with a platform of wood, he founded his piers. Certainly sixteen feet of masonry and fifteen feet of pile beneath the surface should give a secure foundation."

Beyond this there is another heavy cutting, perhaps the heaviest on the whole line, and presently we reach Black's Boat Station.

28. Black's Boat.

78¼ miles from Aberdeen.
4¾ „ „ Carron.

This is a station for several farms and small villages which lie back from the railway and river. Since we crossed the Alderdar burn, we have been on the property of Sir George Macpherson Grant, Bart., of Ballindalloch. Leaving the station, we pass to the right the farm of Gortons, and to the left we see a large island formed by a branch of the Spey. This island for long formed a farm of itself, but was almost utterly destroyed by the flood of 1829, and it remains liable to be flooded. On that occasion "the water completely covered the island, and all that appeared above the flood were the tops of the houses and a haystack. James Macpherson, the tenant, saved himself and his people by a boat, and being an expert floater, he rowed with great dexterity to a place of safety. With a daring that astonished every one he returned next day to the island, and relieved his horses and cattle, that had been standing for twenty-four hours up to their backs in water." The island is called Pitchaish.

Presently we cross the burn of Pitchroy, sometimes called also Allionlie. A little above, on the opposite side, the Avon enters the Spey, and among the woods on that side is Ballindalloch Castle, the seat of the Grants of Ballindalloch.

Ballindalloch Castle has been said by antiquarians to be one of the finest specimens of the old Scottish baronial castle. "The original building was a square block, flanked by three circular towers, but large additions have been made to it from time to time, and the castle now shows many towers and turrets, crowstepped gables, and dormer windows, and is a massive and imposing as well as light and commodious structure. The central of the three towers is the largest, and in it are the ancient doorway and a spiral staircase, and it is surmounted by a watch-tower called the Cap-house. Immediately above the entrance there is an aperture through which boiling tar or melted lead might be poured upon any enemy who might come too nigh to break the door. Over the doorway is the Macpherson-Grant arms, cut in freestone; and inscribed on the lintel in Old English, "Ye Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in,' with 'Erected 1546' on one side, and 'Restored 1850' on the other. The door itself is in keeping with the tower to which it enters, and is of oak studded with iron bolts, and opens into a circular lobby, from the roof of which a richly carved pendant hangs; while the ribs of the intersecting arches are supported by corbels on the sides in the shape of wild dragons. From this a double set of doors leads to the vestibule, which here, if not so low, would be one of the finest portions of the building. The roof is supported in the centre by a massive Corinthian pillar, with richly carved base and capital, from which seven broad carved bands radiate to the surrounding walls. A wide staircase flanked with massive oak balustrades leads to the dining-room, which is richly furnished and adorned with family and other paintings. The drawing-room, in the north-west wing of the castle, is lofty, extensive, and decorated with portraits and paintings. Over the chimney-piece of one of the rooms is carved '1546,' the date probably of the oldest portion of the building. The Cap-house is said to have been added to the castle in 1602. Other additions were made about 1700 and later. There is a tradi-

tion about the erection of the castle, which Dr. Longmuir relates thus :—

"Going down the avenue, we cross a rivulet that rushes from the wooded bank on our right hand, and passing under the road, throws itself headlong into the stream of the 'clear-flowing Avon' on our left. Tracing this rivulet—the 'Castle Stripe'—upwards, we reach some old foundations on the summit of the bank, which are not without their legendary history. It is said that when the laird of Ballindalloch resolved to build himself a castle, he fixed on this spot for its site. The masons in due time were set to work, and in a few days the walls had risen by several courses from the ground. Great was the consternation of the workmen, however, when, on returning to their work one morning, they found that the walls had disappeared. Additional hands were set to work, and the walls soon attained their former height, but the following morning saw nothing but the foundations! All this alternate building and demolition was repeated the third time; then, after due consultation, a guard was set on the walls when once more a day's labour had been bestowed upon them. The stilly midnight arrived, and with it a powerful wind from Benrinnes that grew as it advanced. Amid the howling of the blast as it passed over them, they heard frequent plashes in the Avon below; and as the whirlwind was dying away on the mountains on the opposite side of the Spey, an unearthly laugh was heard over their heads. In the morning the terrified guards found the walls again obliterated. The Laird now resolved to watch himself, along with his faithful henchman. In the course of the day the work made rapid progress under the superintendence of Ballindalloch, and the night beheld him and his attendant, after the watchmen took up their post, plant themselves upon the rising walls of the castle. As the 'witching hour' of night approached, the wail of the rising tempest was heard — it was speedily upon them, and in an instant master and man were both whirled through the air, and jammed into the branches of a holly bush, whilst they heard the stones of the building plunging into the river below, and the awful laugh of the preceding night was followed by an eldrich voice which thrice repeated, 'Build on the Cow-haugh!' The site was accordingly abandoned, and the work of course commenced on the beautiful haugh which stretches between the Avon and the Spey, a little below their junction; and certainly the position of the castle at the bottom of a wooded bank, instead of its summit, required some such legend to account for a situation so unlike that which was commonly chosen for a building that should at once furnish an outlook for its possessors, and afford as great an obstacle as possible to its assailants."

The gate to Ballindalloch Castle arrests the attention of all who cross the bridge of Avon. Its architecture is in perfect keeping with that of the castle, to the grounds of which it is the principal entrance. The gate fills the space between the end of the parapet wall of the bridge and a steep rock. It is arched above, the arches springing from two Gothic towers; and over the keystone are the family arms, and the motto, "Touch not the cat bot a glove!" *i.e.* without a glove.

The great floods of 1829 did serious damage at Ballindalloch. "The haugh was exposed to the overflowing of the two rivers, the Spey and Avon. The whole plain from the bridge of Avon to Spey, and from bank to brae on each side, was converted into a lake three feet deep at the castle, whose inmates were prisoners till the flood subsided. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder gives a most graphic description of the scene at Ballindalloch. Avon flowed in a perfect torrent directly towards the castle, tearing up the lawn and uprooting trees, but for a time the garden wall was a protection. At last it gave way, and for twenty-four hours a body of water, twenty-five yards in width, rushed against the ground story of the castle, rushing violently through the vaulted passages of the old mansion. The destruction done by this deluge was ter-

rible. The garden was covered four feet deep with sand; a ravine was cut between the castle and the river bank; the whole shrubbery on the bank was carried away, and one hundred and thirty acres of the finest land dug into holes, or covered with sand and gravel. The flood of 1829 is said to have cost the Laird of Ballindalloch more than £8000."

The present possessor is Sir George Macpherson Grant, M.P. for the counties of Elgin and Nairn, for which he was elected, September 17, 1879. He is the third baronet, and was born in 1839.

The scenery around has been well described by the writer from whom we have already often quoted.

"Nothing in scenery could exceed, we think, the beauty of the situation of the castle before us. The haugh may be compared to a triangle, two sides of which are formed by the Avon and the Spey, and the third by a wooded brae rising high above it. The land is rich; and it is just in such a spot as this that we might expect to find an old baronial mansion, for it was defended, at least in some degree, by a *wet ditch* on two sides. But the situation had charms as well as defence. Near the castle the scene is at once romantic and sylvan — wood, wood, wood, everywhere around—forest and ornamental trees planted by the hands of man; and the four banks of two rivers clad in arboreal beauty by the hand of nature. Many-coloured foliage meets us everywhere; and the song of birds is everywhere to be heard. This is all near at hand, close to the banks of the 'clear-winding Avon;' and when we extend our view, more sombre and grander features in nature meet the eye. South. we see the rugged and partially wooded brow of Cragganmore; eastward is the huge mountain of Cairnocay, linked in close embrace with a twin-brother — Benrinnes. Nature made them one; man gave different names to parts of the same mountain. Benrinnes, taking the Avon as the base of it on one side, is nearly thirty miles in circuit, and, together with the mountains of Cromdale, the long range, cut only by the Avon, may be said to extend from Aberlour to Grantown. On the north of Spey no such giants as these rear their bald heads and white scurrans to the clouds, cold and bare under a summer sun. The Mannoch Hill behind us, and lying between us and the fair land of Moray, may be travelled over for seven miles without a house being seen, but it is, nevertheless, simply a hill. Nor can Braemoray, the highest land in the county of Moray, be for a single moment compared with the mountains in the vast rampart that extends from Ben Aigan to the Braes of Abernethy, unbroken, unless by the Fiddoch and the Avon. This rampart may be regarded as an offshoot from the highest group of the Grampians. It is from one of these,— the king of them, Ben Macdhui—that the head springs of the Avon descend; and the river, after a rapid course of forty miles, here mingles with the Spey. Railway travellers who know the *real* Highlands of Scotland, when looking up the valley of Avon, will be carried in imagination to the dark loch that mirrors the crags and snows of Ben Macdhui and Cairngorm, a loch in the deepest solitude, where nature presents her grandest and most rugged forms. Two thousand feet above the level of that loch, and four thousand feet above the level here, the Avon springs from perpetual snow, and the Dee drinks from the same perennial fountain. The scenery on the upper Dee is grand; but no river in Scotland runs through a valley which, for wild and magnificent scenery, can be compared with what is seen in Glen Avon, a glen flanked by mountains 4000 feet high, which enclose a vast wilderness where, in winter, the climate of the Polar regions reigns, and where, in summer, the wild deer is the only inhabitant."

The railway, after crossing the burn of Allionlie or Allt a' Gheallaidh (Ordnance Survey), passes the farm of Delnaport, and then once more gains the south bank of the Spey by the viaduct of Balnellan. It is somewhat like the one at Craigellachie, only it

has an arch at each end of the great span of 198 feet between the piers. The roadway is about 20 feet above the water. It is a latticed bridge, with upper girders.

At this point we are about twenty-seven miles from the mouth of the Spey at Garmouth, and, by the Ordnance map, 460 feet above the sea-level. A few hundred yards beyond the river is the station of Ballindalloch.

29. Ballindalloch.

80¼ miles from Aberdeen.
1¾ „ „ Black's Boat.

The station is only a mile and three-quarters from Black's Boat, and it is 80¼ miles from Aberdeen. The character of the scenery changes here. We leave the cultivated haughs for wood and moorland. The steep, but comparatively smooth, sides of Ben Aigan and Benrinnes are exchanged for mountains with fragments of rock scattered over their sides and lying in masses, apparently resting in their progress downward to the Spey.

Not far from Ballindalloch Station, on the farm of Lagmore, the ruins of two so-called Druidical temples may be seen in a very entire state; the circles of stones in both cases being very perfect. One of the "sculptured stones" was found, it is said, under the foundation of the old church, and it lies in the churchyard of Inveravon. It is rather more than six feet long, and half as broad. On the upper part is the usual so-called "looking-glass" symbol, below it the figure of a bird, in front of which is a diminutive representation of the "looking-glass and comb."

30. Advie.

83¼ miles from Aberdeen.
3¼ „ „ Ballindalloch.

Advie was once a parish, but was added to Cromdale. It was a barony in the year 1389, in the reign of Robert III. Before that, according to Shaw, it was part of the estate of Macduff, Earl of Fife, and was given away by an Isabel Duff to King Robert, along with the baronies of Cromdale and others in the counties of Aberdeen, Perth, and Banff.

On the opposite side of the Spey the burn of Altquoich joins from the Tulchan Hills, and on its bank is Tulchan Lodge, the seat of Mr. Bass, M.P., the great brewer of Burton, whose guest Mr. John Bright, M.P., often is. Five and a quarter miles beyond Advie we come to Cromdale.

31. Cromdale.

88¾ miles from Aberdeen.
5½ „ „ Advie.

It is stated that "Cromdale" signifies the "crooked plain," and takes its name from the sweep the Spey makes here.

Between the last station, Advie, and this, where the river in one of its bends strikes the base of the hill of Knockfrink, lies the last of the

"Four bonniest haughs on the run of the Spey"—

that of Dalvey, "long a separate property belonging to the family of Ballindalloch, who sold it to James Grant, of Gartenbeg. In 1688 he was created a baronet. He died without issue, and the property ultimately fell into the hands of the Laird of Grant. Dalvey is a pretty spot, the beauty of it being certainly enhanced by the sterile country around it. It is simply a green haugh by the river-side, all within the boundaries of one farm. There is an object here worthy of special notice—the remains of an 'intack' of an old meal mill, the only one perhaps ever built to be driven by the water of the Spey. The bottom of the intack is now several feet above the level of the river, showing that the river has deepened its bed since corn was ground with its waters. To build a mill close by Spey would be something like building a house near the crater of Vesuvius, for miller and mill might both disappear some misty night, and perhaps be found at Garmouth the following morning. There is here also an ancient dovecot with the date 1672, built probably about the time that the property was sold by the Ballindalloch family."

On the south bank of the river, and also to the south of the railway, is the hill of Tominaird. "This hill presented a singular phenomenon during the floods of 1829. At a point about seventy yards above the road, while the late Mr. Grant of Culquoich was passing on the Tuesday of the terrible flood, he was startled by finding a shaking of the ground under his feet. He had scarcely time to be afraid when an immense column of water burst through the face of the hill, 'spouting,' says Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, 'into the air, and tossing round large stones and great quantities of gravel. Sometimes it ceased altogether, and nothing was heard but the rush of a considerable river. Again it would burst forth like a *geyser* with renewed energy, tearing up whole banks of earth, and projecting them to a distance of three hundred yards.' Mr. Grant was soon joined by the late Mr. Gordon of Ballintomb, and thus the prodigy was seen by two eyewitnesses, two of the most influential and intelligent men of the district, who related what they had seen to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, shortly after it occurred. Sir Thomas went to the spot with Mr. Jardine, civil engineer, and found that the ravine opened had given out a quantity of solid matter equal to 7000 cubic yards. A small rill of water was running in the bottom of it, which soon afterwards dried up. Sir Thomas thought it was the bursting of a subterranean reservoir that had become surcharged with the heavy rains upon the hill."

Rounding the base of Tominaird, at a spot called the Craig of Pollowick, the railway enters the Haughs of Cromdale, or the Crooked Plain. On the left is a broad valley bounded by Tominaird and the Cromdale Hills, and away in the angle or neuk formed by them is Lethendry Castle, and on the lands of Lethendry the battle of Cromdale was fought. Before you are the church and manse of Cromdale. Beyond them is Upper Craigellachie—"the bold, wooded hill rising above the rock,—the rock famed among clansmen for many generations, and seen to the present day emblazoned on the banners of Clan Grant, with the motto 'Stand fast!' Upon that rock many a beacon fire has blazed to rouse the men of Strathspey, when their chief, the Laird of Grant, was going forth to feudal war; and the traveller who wishes to obtain the most splendid view of Speyside scenery should not rest satisfied till he goes to the top of the rock of Upper Craigellachie, which separates Strathspey from the wilds of Badenoch. But this is only one hill. Many others are in view. We see to the eastward of Upper Craigellachie, and much nearer, the hill of Craigrevack, wooded to the top, and the fine house and farm of Revack, standing upon the face of it like a lawn in an immense forest. Over the east shoulder of this hill blue mountains are seen in the distance called the Hills of Tulloch, the highest summit in the range in view being Craigowrie. It, however, high though it be, is like a pigmy standing before a giant, for over the Tulloch Hills the snow-spotted crest of Cairngorm rises to the clouds, presenting an everlasting winter in the centre of Scotland. This is the first time, in going up Spey, that a view of Cairngorm is obtained, and the distance from this spot to its summit would perhaps be about twenty miles. Looking from Cromdale, Ben Macdhui, twin brother to Cairngorm, is not seen. This may seem strange, when a man could walk from the top of the one mountain to the top of the other in an hour; but it is explained by the fact that Cairngorm lies exactly in the line of view."

Immediately in front of us, north from the station, is the church of Cromdale. It is embosomed among trees, but there is one outstanding tree, a venerable beech, in the churchyard, which is worthy of notice. Under its shade, thousands of worshippers assemble on Communion occasions, for at such times the church has not accommodation for the multitudes who gather together from great distances. And here the same language is spoken as was in use when the Romans were forming the road we have to cross in

coming from the station to the church, and which lies alongside of the railway for a considerable distance—the road from Cromdale to Forres. "In the track of the *Tenth Iter*, as it runs between *Varis* and *Tuessis*, from Forres to the ford at Cromdale, there has been long known a road of very ancient construction, leading along the course of the *Iter* for several miles through the hills, and pointing to Cromdale, where the Romans must have forded the Spey. The tradition of the country ascribes the construction of this very ancient road to the Comyns of the 13th and 14th centuries; but, as Chalmers well observes, that powerful family were otherwise engaged during times when the making of roads was contrary to the policy of the age.

"There is a portion of a road that may be seen at the Craig of Pollowick, about four miles below the bridge over the Spey, which is regarded as of Roman origin. The oldest men in the neighbourhood state that their grandfathers entertained this opinion. Going back a few generations, the only roads required were bridle-roads, as the mode of transporting merchandise was by creel or curroch slung on each side of the horse; and in more recent times the roads of the district were barely the breadth of a cart. Now the antiquity of this road therefore becomes apparent, when it is found to be eighteen feet broad, which exceeds the breadth of many of our highways of the present day. About half a mile of it, from the Cairn Bruich to the schoolhouse, is entire, but portions of it may be found for two miles, till it meets the public road at the point already indicated. In some parts it is laid with middling-sized undressed stones. There was a stone bridge over the burn of Cromdale at its junction with the Spey, but every vestige of it was swept away by a flood in 1846."—(Longmuir).

The Haughs of Cromdale are locally famous, as giving the title to a well-known ballad of those parts, which celebrates one of the Jacobite fights of 1690. "The Scotch, ever loyal to the Royal Stuarts," stood by the foolish King James VII. to the last. The death of Viscount Dundee in the battle of Killiecrankie, in 1689, was a heavy blow to the Jacobites. A fragment of the 'Rebel Army,' as it was of course called, returned, as historians say, into Lochaber, some months after the battle of Killiecrankie. Sir Ewen Cameron would not yield, and Colonel Buchan, as resolved, collected about 1500 men — Macleans, Macdonalds, Macphersons, Camerons, and Grants of Glenmoriston, and made a raid from the Highlands, plundering Strathspey as he went along. He proceeded towards Strathbogie, burned the house of Edinglassie; and Mr. Gordon, by way of reprisal, took the opportunity of hanging eighteen of his men on trees in his garden. Sir Thomas Livingston, in command of King William's troops, was at Inverness, and lost no time in directing his march to Strathspey. Buchan's troops, hearing of this, returned towards the Highlands, and had reached Cromdale on the 30th April 1690. That night they were sleeping at Lethendie, or as it is now called Lethendry, and had outposts at the Kirk of Cromdale watching to prevent a surprise. During that night or preceding afternoon, Livingston arrived at Derraid, near Castle Grant, and, being made aware where his enemy was encamped, he directed his march down the valley of Auchnarrow, which we now see opposite the church and manse of Cromdale. The rebel scouts saw some of the dragoons near the Kirk of Cromdale, and instantly running back to Lethendry, nearly a mile, gave the alarm. They were followed hard by a powerful body of horsemen, the infantry meanwhile fording the Spey, and advancing in hot haste to support the cavalry. The Highlanders were in bed, and were literally caught napping. They were thrown into utter confusion. They had been discovered by their fires, and Livingston had advanced secretly across Spey close to the spot where they were encamped. It was scarcely a battle: it was rather a rout. It continued only a few minutes, during which time, as Captain Carle-

ton says, the two Highland commanders, Cameron and Balfour, must have fought naked, for they escaped naked up the hill. Buchan's host, originally numbering about 1500, had been reduced to about 1000 men, and were no match for 'a battalion of foot, six troops of dragoons, and two of horse,' before which they ran helter-skelter up the hill of Cromdale, when they were lost in a fog, leaving Livingston in possession of the field of battle. The victory was easily won, but to this day no one can tell the loss on either side, some saying the Highlanders lost 160 of their number—100 killed, and 60 taken prisoners—others saying that about 300 of them were killed out of the 1000 engaged, which favours the idea of a desperate battle having been fought. Livingston is said to have lost about 100 men."

"The Haughs of Cromdale" says—

"Out of twenty thousand Englishmen
Five hundred fled to Aberdeen,
The rest o' them they a' were slain
Upon the Haughs of Cromdale."

But Hogg says in his "Jacobite Relics," that this song jumbled together two fights that were forty-five years apart, namely, the battle of Auldearn, gained by Montrose in 1645, and that on the Haughs of Cromdale in which the opposite party were successful in 1690. The verses applicable to the battle actually fought on the Haughs of Cromdale are these :—

As I came in by Auchindoun,
A little wee bit frae the toun,
When to the Highlands I was boun'
To view the Haughs o' Cromdale,

I met a man in tartan trews,
I speered at him, what was the news:
Quoth he, The Highland army rues
That e'er they came to Cromdale.

"We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us cam;
A bloody battle soon began
Upon the Haughs o' Cromdale.

The English horse—they were so rude,
They bathed their hoofs in Highland blood:
But our brave clans they boldly stood
Upon the Haugh o' Cromdale.

'But, alas! we could no longer stay,
Sae ower the hills we came away;
And sore we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale."

Cromdale was the birthplace of Sir James M'Gregor (born 9th April 1771; died London, 2d April 1868), who presided over the medical department of the army for thirty-six years, and did good service by his medical writings. Sir James was a great favourite with the Duke of Wellington, with whom he went through the Peninsular war from beginning to end. He was several times chosen Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen, by the vote of the students, and a very fine obelisk seventy-two feet in height, of highly polished Peterhead or red granite, has been erected to his memory in the quadrangle of that college. A slab of gray granite in the pedestal records the principal events of fifty-seven years of active service.

32. Grantown.

91¾ miles from Aberdeen.
8 ,, ,, Cromdale.

Soon after leaving Cromdale Station we come in sight of Castle Grant, one of the seats of the Earls of Seafield, looking down on us from the midst of a dense forest on the opposite or north bank of the river. It is about 2 miles in a direct line from the railway, and about the same from the village of Grantown. "The castle, though built on the front of a high terrace, is so concealed amid deep forests of pine, oak, elm, and chestnut, that only the upper part of the tower, and the flag waving from the summit, can be seen by the tourist while passing in the train. The general appearance of the castle, with its forest of windows and crow-stepped gables, is that of a massive quadrangular building. The principal entrance is on the north side; but the south front, rising to the height of four stories, is the most modern part, while the picturesque tower that bears the name of the Comyn is probably the only original part of the building. It was standing there perhaps more than five hundred years ago, when the Grants became Lords of Strathspey, and took the place of the Comyns,

who at one time ruled supreme from Lochaber to Lower Craigellachie.

"The inside of the castle is in keep-with the outside, the relics of far by-gone ages being there treasured up, strangely contrasting with the works of modern times. The entrance-hall of the castle may be called an armoury, for in it are to be seen broadswords and targets wielded by Lairds of Grant, and a musket and bayonet bearing the date 1434, and an inscription showing that the owner was a Sir John Grant, Sheriff Principal of Inverness, the eighth in descent from Gregory de Grant, who was sheriff of the same county in the reign of Alexander III. in the middle of the 13th century. The roof of the hall is adorned by a rosette of spears, not toys or imitations, but the genuine Scottish spear that many a day defied the hosts of England, when,

> "'The stubborn spearmen still made good
> Their dark impenetrable wood,
> Each stepping where his comrade stood
> The moment that he fell.'—Scott.

"This is the kind of spear that ornaments the roof of the entrance-hall of Castle Grant, and well does it become such spears to be there, when Sir John Grant commanded in the right wing of a battalion in the battle of Halidon Hill in 1333, and when his father stood side by side with Wallace, fighting for the independence of his country.

"The paintings in the castle are numerous and valuable. The walls of the dining-room, a large and elegant apartment, are covered with family portraits said to be excellent likenesses of the Lairds of Grant, and of the representatives of various distinguished branches of the clan. Among these is a portrait of Sir Robert Grant of Lurg, surnamed Stachcan, the Stubborn, a fierce white-bearded fellow with bonnet and plaid; and one cannot but smile at the searching glance of the eye, and the *scientific* turn of the hand in drawing his pistol, when we contrast our safety with the coolness with which we feel he could have brought down his man. There are many valuable paintings in the house by Vandyke, Guido, Rubens, Poussin, and others; such as, The Virgin presenting her child; The Aged Simeon; The Marriage of Joseph and Mary; The Adoration of the Wise Men of the East; The Landing of Æneas in Africa, and Dido fleeing with him from the Storm; but The Death of Patroclus by Hamilton is considered the best in the collection.

"Ascending a flight of 144 stone steps, the roof of the castle is reached. The eye glances over some gently sloping enclosures, enlivened by groups of deer, till passing over the wide-spread woods it sweeps with eagle flight across the wide valley of the Spey, and the endless forest of Abernethy, and rests with joy and a feeling of freedom on the blue chain of the Cairngorm mountains, rising vast and huge above those minor dependent hills that are congregated about their base. Everything within and without denotes the habitation of a chieftain, and brings to remembrance those days in which the head of every tribe was surrounded by his own clan. His castle was their fortress; his approbation was their pride; his protection was both their duty and their interest. In his safety their own fate was involved; in his hall stood the board to which they were always welcome; there he sat with all the feelings of a father in the midst of his children; he acted as their general in the day of battle, their judge in the time of peace, and he was at all times their friend."

"The ancient name of Castle Grant was Freuchie, and the present family, ennobled as the Earls of Seafield and Barons of Strathspey, have held rule since the 16th century. They are of Norman or Flemish origin. The present peer is twenty-sixth in descent, and by marriage into the family of Blantyre is connected with the ducal families of Sutherland, Argyll, and Leinster. His only son, Ian Charles, Viscount Reidhaven, Master of Grant, was born 7th October 1851.

"The history of the family is a very curious and interesting one, and full of strange incidents. Take this one: 'In a memoir of the family of Grant, written by Mr. James Chapman, minister of Cromdale, in 1729, and preserved in

the Advocates' Library, there is a curious anecdote dating about 1540, respecting James the Ravager, '*Shemish nan Creach*,' as distinguishing himself in assisting his cousin the Earl of Huntly in revenging the murder of Gordon, Baron of Brackla on Deeside, who was murdered by the countrymen there. The revenge went to such a length that above sixscore orphans were left in the desolate country on Deeside, nobody knowing who their parents were. These miserable orphans were, out of pity and commiseration, carried by the Earl of Huntly into his castle, where they were maintained and fed thus: 'A long trough of wood was made, wherein was put pottage or any other kind of food allowed them. And the young ones, sitting round about the trough, did eat their meat out of it as well as they could. The Laird of Grant visiting the Earl, was, for diversion's sake, brought to see the orphans slabbing at the trough, which comical sight so surprised him that he proposed to carry one-half of them to Balchastle, alleging that having had a hand in destroying their parents he was bound in justice to take a share in their preservation and maintenance. Those of them that were brought to Castle Grant are to this day called *Stioch Narnor*, that is The Posterity of the Trough.' Most of our readers will know how this story has been amplified by the imagination of Sir Walter Scott."

Above Cromdale the railway approaches closely to the river. Passing Congash the valley is narrow, and three miles from Cromdale Station we reach the Bridge of Spey and the Grantown Station. This is not to be confounded with Grantown Station on the Highland Line. There are two Grantown stations, one on the Great North Line, and one on the Highland Line, the village or town of Grantown lying in the angle formed by the two railways, and about equally distant from both, perhaps rather further from the Great North station, from which its direction is north, while from the Highland station it is east or north-east.

The Great North station is close to the south end of the bridge across the Spey. "This bridge was built by General Wade in his road-making tour to open up the Highlands of Scotland and bring them more thoroughly into subjection to the crown. Had there been no mountain-pass at Grantown there would have been no bridge, but immediately behind Grantown the hills are separated naturally, and still more deeply, by a mountain-stream, and this valley or ravine forms a highway from Strathspey into a valley that leads down to Forres, having for many miles the hills of Lochindorb on one side, and the hills of Brae Moray on the other. General Wade quickly saw the value of this pass for road-making, and at a more recent period the engineers of the Inverness and Perth Junction Railway (now part of the Highland Railway) saw the advantages of it for railway-making. The military road-makers in the reign of George II., after the battle of Culloden, constructed a highway from Fort George to Perth, by Erinside (the Findhorn), through the pass at Castle Grant, and bridged the Spey in a substantial form, more than twenty years before one stone had been laid upon another in Grantown. The bridge is built of primitive rock, and is founded upon rock. It consists of three arches, and forms an inclined plane, stretching from the high right to the low left bank of the Spey. The arch next the high right bank is 86 feet span, the centre arch 40 feet, and the low bank arch 20 feet."

We do not see Grantown from the station. It is hid by wooded rising grounds which come in between. The distance from the bridge is about three-quarters of a mile. "It stands upon what may be called a table-land or plateau, with a gentle declivity between it and the Spey on the one side, while, on the other, it is separated from the mountains north of it by a hollow, in which a small burn runs to the westward, entering the Spey above the bridge of Grantown. There could not be a more favourable spot for a Highland village. It is sheltered from northern storms by a rampart of mountains partly under cultivation, partly

under wood, while the view to the south, east, and west, captivates every stranger that visits Grantown. Looking south, the grand feature of the landscape is the Cairngorm Mountains, about twelve or fourteen miles distant in a direct line, while to the right and left the valley of the Spey is seen for many miles with all its varied sylvan and romantic scenery. The soil on which the town is built is perfectly dry, and facilities for drainage are such as would be a blessing to many cities in the kingdom. This dryness of soil, combined with pure mountain air and shelter from heavy storms, makes Grantown perhaps unrivalled in the north for healthfulness and for the longevity of its inhabitants. As a pleasant summer resort nothing could excel it, and tourists and excursionists ought to visit it. There, in the midst of Highland scenery, every convenience of city life may be obtained—even an inn in which the Queen of Great Britain slept a night, and said in the morning that she had been perfectly delighted with her accommodation."

It is a wonder that this valley of the Spey is not already more sought after than it is. "To sportsmen, the far-famed Deeside is not superior to it, and to great denizens of large cities, the pure air, the heath-clad mountains, the vast forests, the green dales, the fertile well-cultivated farms, and the endless variety of river scenery, must ultimately prove much more attractive than many summer residences in the lower countries."

Grantown was commenced in 1766, in which year the first house was built. Since then it has steadily extended. It is built on a regular plan. The town runs parallel with the Spey. In the centre is a spacious square 700 feet by 180, with rows of trees on either side. From each end of the place broad streets extend. The houses are good, nearly all slated, many of them two stories in height, all built of granite. The whole town is clean and neat, and most attractive. "The leases, when given in 1766, were for ten nineteens, or one hundred and ninety years. For the first five years the ground-rent was *nil*, and for some time after that very small. It is now 20s., which is very moderate for feus of such large extent."

There are three churches, several schools, several banks, and various other institutions.

33. Nethy Bridge.

96½ miles from Aberdeen.
4½ „ „ Grantown.

Nethy Bridge is the next station. From Advie to Grantown we were in the county of Inverness. We are now again in Morayshire.

"For three miles above the bridge of Grantown there is a singular uniformity of scenery on the river-banks. The ground rises gradually from the bed of the Spey, on the east side to the foot of Craigmore, famous for its fine natural timber. Few farms are seen from the line on this side, but a country studded with knolls and hillocks, that seem to have been water-washed at some period, though now covered with natural grass and birches. While speeding through these birches the traveller will speedily find himself brought close again to the river-side, and on the opposite bank will see the ruins of the church of Inverallan, standing in the churchyard, which is still used as a place of interment." When this church was built seems to be unknown; but in 1230 it, and probably the lands about it, pertained to Walter Moray, Baron of Petty, and son of William, son of Freskyn of Duffus. On the bank overlooking the old ruin is the house of Inverallan, the residence of the factor for the Earl of Seafield's Strathspey estate, a handsome structure, beautifully situated some 30 or 40 feet above the bed of the Spey.

Onwards we pass through the farm of Achnagonain, and then that of Auchernack. This last is said to have been for 300 years the residence of the chief of the Clan Allan. Three centuries or so ago a James Grant of Auchernack left eight sons, who founded several families that have continued. It is

rather a fine old house, lying hid among birches. Passing it, we thread through a thick forest of pines, and then emerge upon a broad haugh in a state of high cultivation. It is occupied by the farms of Ballifurth and Ballimore, and on the opposite side of the Spey is the farm of Ballintomb, and a distillery known by the same name. Bounding it comes in the river Dulnain from the north-west —a river which, next to the Avon, is the largest tributary of the Spey. "It has a course of 45 miles, and is rapid, as may be easily conceived from the fact of its draining the southern face of the Monagh Lea Mountains, and running the whole length of its course nearly parallel to the Spey, from which it is not at any point more than 6 or 7 miles distant." The range of the Monagh Lea Mountains, now fully in view, forms the watershed between the Dulnain and the Findhorn, both rivers taking their rise in one of the most perfect deserts in the north of Scotland.

The traveller gets a good view of the valley of this river, including, on the brow of the hill, Muckrach Castle, built 1598, now in ruins, the first possession of the Grants of Rothiemurchus.

Proceeding up the Spey, and still on the opposite side of the river from that occupied by our railway, is a long row of cottages called Curr or Skye of Curr, and beyond it another long stretch of holm, which is the Haugh of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum! "a word known from Cornwall to John o' Groats, and over the whole world among Scotchmen. Burns said the song of Tullochgorum was 'the best Scotch song that Scotland ever saw.'"

The author of this song was the Rev. John Skinner, for sixty-five years the Episcopal minister of Longside, and the author also of many other popular Scotch songs. This song is not only beautifully adapted to the time it lauds, but was also well fitted to accomplish the object for which it was written at first—the calming down of a political dispute. "Mr. Skinner had been visiting at the house of a friend in the village of Ellon, where politics had been discussed more keenly than was agreeable, and to get her guests restored to good humour and harmony, the lady of the house, Mrs. Montgomery, suggested that Mr. Skinner should give them a song. The thought was as happy as the result was wonderful. Skinner at once gratified her wishes, and, as Burns says, 'the wishes of every lover of Scotch Song, in this most excellent ballad'—no doubt surprising the political disputants, who were chiefly clergymen, when he sang—

I.

'Come, gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what was done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whig mig morum;
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the nicht wi' mirth and glee
And cheerfu' sing, alang wi' me,
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

II.

'O! Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite
In conscience I abhor him;
For blythe and merry we'll be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we'll be a',
And make a cheerful quorum;
For blythe and merry we'll be a'
As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

III.

'There needs na be sae great a fraise
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them;
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest;
They canna please a Scottish taste
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

IV.

'Let warldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And silly souls themsells distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit,
Like old philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense nor mirth nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit
To the Reel o' Tullochgorum?

v.

'May choicest blessings aye attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' them!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstained by any vicious spot;
And may he never want a groat
That's fond o' Tullochgorum.

VI.

'But for the base unfeeling fool,
That loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him.
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say wae's me for him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be that winna dance
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.'"

As we approach Nethy Station, there is seen an old ruin on the left—the ruins of Castle Roy, once one of the strongholds of the Comyns when they were Lords of Badenoch. No vestiges of windows are to be seen in the massive walls. There appear to have been round turrets at the corners of the castle, which may have been inhabited temporarily, but the area within the walls is evidently too great to make it probable that ever there was a roof above it. Most likely it was a strong place in which retainers could take refuge with their cattle when powerful reivers were expected.

Near Castle Roy is the parish church of Abernethy, and a little beyond it lies the manse. Further on to the right are Coulnakyle and Birchfield, and presently, after passing these, we reach what was the original terminus of the line, the Bridge of Nethy. From the bridge over the Nethy a good view is obtained of the surrounding scenery. The Nethy is not a large stream, but an extensive beach of white water-washed stones on either side of it shows that it is wild and powerful when in flood. These stones have been torn from its banks in its progress downwards from the Cairngorm Mountains, and have been accumulated here on the level haugh until they seem to be higher than the ground on either side. The name of the Nethy signifies "The impetuous washing river." And it certainly is impetuous, for in its course, which is not perhaps more than ten or twelve miles in length, it falls upwards of 2000 feet. Its source is on the east side of Cairngorm, within about half a mile of Loch Avon, but on a considerably higher level. Leaving Loch Avon at a right angle, it falls into one of the wildest and most romantic mountain passes in Scotland, the Garvault, a rocky burn which separates Cairngorm from the Ben Baynacs. To one who delights in alpine scenery of the most rugged form, the sight of the Garvault would be an ample reward for a day's journey. Cairngorm and Ben Baynac seem to have been sawn asunder by the Nethy, leaving sheer precipices on both sides of about a thousand feet in height. Linns of Dee or Ben Nevis burns cannot be compared for a moment with the chasm at the bottom of which the Nethy roars through huge fragments of granite that have fallen from the beetling precipices that rise on both sides of the stream. In tumbling through this terrible pass, the Nethy carries with it the melted snows as well as the springs of Cairngorm. Numberless streamlets rush down the face of the precipices in perpetual foam, like threads of crystal on the moss-covered rocks that overhang the gulf below. Fed by these countless rills, the Nethy emerges from the gorge a considerable burn, and becomes useful to the industry of the district. From Cairngorm to the Spey the Nethy runs through forests, and the rock-bound channel is often so narrow as to admit of the river being easily dammed up until a considerable lake has accumulated. Felled trees are dragged to the streams beneath these dams, which are opened, and the pent-up water carries the wood with it down to the Spey, where it is formed into rafts, and floated to some of the railway stations, or to Garmouth, where it is used for shipbuilding, or transported.

A little below the junction of the Nethy with the Spey is the spot called

still "The Iron Mill Croft," where in the beginning of the last century the York Buildings Company established ironworks. They purchased in 1728 £7000 worth of the forest of Abernethy, and continued to work it till 1737. In the Statistical Account, the Rev. Mr. Grant, the minister of the parish, says of them: "They were the most profuse and profligate set that ever were heard of in this corner. Their extravagance of every kind ruined themselves and corrupted others. Their beginning was great indeed, with 120 working horses, saw-mills, iron-mills, and every kind of implement and apparatus of the best and most expensive sorts. They used to display their vanity by bonfires, tar-barrels, and opening hogsheads of brandy to the common people, by which five of them died in one night. They had a commissary for provisions and forage at a handsome salary, and in the end, went off in debt to the proprietors and the country." Notwithstanding all this, they made roads, introduced saw-mills, and taught the people how to transport wood. They brought iron-ore from the hills of Lecht, near Tomantoul, and smelted it; but after their break-up, all traces of such work seem to have disappeared. The flood of 1829, however, having scooped out a new channel for itself through the Croft, exposed the framework of a gangway across the water, with a platform that seemed to have been the foundation of the mill-house. The deep fertile soil had accumulated to a depth of eight feet, and is now a waste of sand, gravel, and stones, and but for the discovery made by the flood, the exact site of the ironworks would in all probability never have been known.

34. Boat of Garten.

101 miles from Aberdeen.
4¼ ,, ,, Nethy Bridge.

Four miles and three quarters from Nethy Bridge brings us to the end of the Strathspey Railway at its junction with the Highland Railway at Boat of Garten. On leaving Nethy Bridge, the line turns sharply to the north, and once more crosses the Spey, running alongside the Highland Railway for a considerable distance before the junction is reached. There is now a small inn here with three beds. "About a mile from the station, the Queen and the late Prince Consort rested a few minutes at the roadside inn (now closed) of Dunmullie in 1860, where 'mine host' still exhibits the glass out of which the Prince drank mountain dew. In August 1872 the ex-empress of the French alighted at this station at one o'clock on a Sunday morning, expecting, as is surmised, to find suitable quarters. The outlandishness of the spot, and difficulty arising from the absence of any accommodation beyond that of the refreshment-rooms, was related in the newspapers as an amusing scene."—(Murray.) Round Boat of Garten the country is flat and uninteresting, but there is always the background of the wild, snow-patched, cloud-capped, Cairngorm Mountains.

The Great North Railway goes no further in this direction, but from this point you can, by the Highland Railway, go south by Athole, the Pass of Killiecrankie, and Dunkeld, to Perth, or north by Forres to Inverness.

We shall retrace our steps to Craigellachie, and explore the line of the Morayshire Railway to Elgin and Lossiemouth.

SECTION III.

THE MORAYSHIRE RAILWAY.

35. Dundaleith.

½ mile from Craigellachie.
68¼ „ „ Aberdeen.

We have already spoken of the view from Craigellachie, from the bridge above the station buildings. To the left you look up the Spey, spanned by Telford's beautiful iron bridge. To the right you look down the river, spanned here also by another bridge, or viaduct as it is called, carrying the railway to the other side. Looking beyond it, the fine haugh of Dundaleith stretches out to the left, while the grand slope of Ben Aigan to the right is covered with the woods of Arndilly, the mansion-house itself forming a prominent feature in the foreground. But these objects come in beyond the station.

The viaduct is worthy of a passing notice. "The viaduct and the embankment together crossing the haugh from bank to bank is about half a mile in length, and the greater part of the embankment is about eight feet high. The viaduct consists of four openings, three of them fifty-seven feet each. These are on the Morayshire side of the river, and over the water there is one span of two hundred feet, beneath which the whole river flows when unflooded. This gives a clear water-way of three hundred and seventy-one feet, sufficient to allow a flood like that of 1829 to pass through the viaduct, for the girders on which the platform rests are at least twenty feet above the ordinary level of the water. The abutments and piers are of solid ashlar masonry, founded in such a way, one would think, as to make assurance doubly sure. The abutment on the Banffshire side, and also the two piers of the great span, have been founded upon cast-iron cylinders, and the land pier and abutment were founded upon a thick bed of concrete, also at a great depth below the bed of the river. These cylinders are each four feet in diameter, and thirteen feet six inches long. They are in two lengths of six feet nine inches each, and are strongly bolted together. Their lower edges were made sharp, so as to penetrate the ground more readily. The main pier was founded upon eighteen of these, the abutment on the Banffshire side upon fifteen, and the small-water pier upon eleven cylinders. They were all placed as close together as their circular form would admit, and were sunk until their bottom edges were fourteen feet below the lower part of the bed of the river, where they rest in gravel and clay. When the cylinders were sunk to their proper depth, all loose earth and stones were carefully removed from them, and they were filled with concrete, and the open spaces between the tops of them were firmly packed in with strong pitching. The lower foundation course of masonry was then laid upon these cylinders, and consisted of broad blocks of stone two feet in thickness, which were so laid that every stone took hold of two or more cylinders, and this course was followed by one of sixteen inches in thickness, breaking joint with the one beneath it.

"Such is the substantial foundation upon which the piers of the viaduct

were founded. The piers are not perpendicular, but contract towards the top, or have, as a contractor would say, a slight batter, which at once adds to their strength and gives them a light, airy appearance. Each pier has a cutwater facing up the river, and the tops of all the piers and abutments are surmounted with a bold ornamental coping which adds beauty to the masonry. The stones are of various colours and from different quarries, but the whole outside of the piers is built of a strong, dark-coloured freestone from the Middleton quarry near Arbroath, and the interior from Lossiemouth, Spynie, Bishopmill, and other quarries which supplied the rest of the material.

"The bridge consists of malleable-iron girders. Plate girders, five feet deep, are used for the three spans of fifty-seven feet, and are placed at a distance of seventeen feet from centre to centre. Malleable-iron cross girders are riveted at four-feet centres to these principal girders, and longitudinal timber balks bolted down to receive the permanent way. The large framing consists of two malleable-iron lattice girders of two hundred feet clear span. These girders are seventeen feet six inches deep, and are placed seventeen feet apart from centre to centre, the railway being carried upon the lower portion of the girder. The permanent way is supported upon malleable-iron cross girders and longitudinal timber balks, as in the small spans. That portion of the girder immediately over the main pier and abutment is rounded off on the top, both for the purpose of saving material and to improve the general appearance. The top and bottom members of the lattice girders consist of plates and angle irons firmly riveted together, the sizes and sections varying according to the position and relative strain of the several parts. The lattice bars are all formed of angle iron, single or double, of varying thickness, according to the strength required, and securely riveted at the intersections. The spaces or lattice-bar openings are about two feet six inches clear, the lattice-bars being placed at an angle of forty-five degrees. The girders are braced together by means of malleable-iron diaphragms of elliptical form on the internal outline; they are placed fifty feet apart, and brace the lattice girders together at the top, bottom, and sides.

"The fifty-seven feet girders and the large lattice girders are securely riveted together at the main pier, thus forming one continuous girder from end to end of the viaduct. The girders rest direct upon granite saddle-blocks at the main piers, and are bolted down firmly with strong bolts, built ten feet into the solid masonry. This is the only point where the girders are permanently fixed; at the remainder of the piers and abutments the girders simply rest on turned rollers encased in a properly secured malleable-iron frame. This arrangement is to allow freedom of expansion and contraction in the iron-work."

Dundaleith is a very fine farm. Further down is another called Dundurcus, and below that again Dipple. Higher up we have already seen the haugh of Dalvey. There is a rhyme referring to these:—

"Dipple, Dundurcus, Dundaleith, and Dalvey,
Are the four bonniest haughs on the run of the Spey."

36. Rothes.

2½ miles from Dundaleith.
3 ,, ,, Craigellachie.
71 ,, ,, Aberdeen.

Leaving Dundaleith, the Spey bends to the right and comes rapidly back to a point on which is situated Arndilly House, long Grant of Arndilly, now his niece's, Mrs. Kinloch Grant. Arndilly was built on a high mound about the middle of the last century, and it has received considerable additions. It contains some good pictures. One of the "sculptured stones" is to be met with here. It is built into the wall of the mansion-house, and being about 2½ feet on each side it is nearly square. It is figured on plate 15 of vol. i. of "The Sculptured Stones of Scotland." It was taken from the wall of the old church of Artendol, which formerly occupied the site of the mansion, and

must have existed in the neighbourhood previously to the erection of that church, which was given to the See of Moray about the beginning of the 16th century. On the stone is a circular ornament which is regarded as a "mirror," with an unknown hieroglyphic, and a figure like the letter Z ornamented at the ends. A little further on we open the vale of Rothes, a name which some derive from a Gaelic word meaning the "blending of the water," while others trace it to another Gaelic word, meaning the "red water," so called from the red banks of the river.

The village of Rothes lies at the foot of a steep bank rising to our left as we pass towards the sea, while on the right stretches out one of those fertile haughs which are features in Strathspey. This is bounded again a little lower down by the high projecting headland of Aikenway, forming the pass of Sourden. This pass is on the Orton branch of the railway, a branch which, leaving the main line of the Morayshire at Rothes, passes down the west bank of the Spey, and joins the Highland Railway where it crosses the Spey at Boat of Bridge.

At this point of Aikenway the distance from the promontory to the opposite hill is only 237 feet, but through this narrow gorge, the road, the railway, and the river find their way. Here, during the flood of 1829, the river rose twenty feet ten inches above its ordinary level, and fifteen inches above the mark made to record the much-talked-of flood of 1738. The ruins of the ancient castle of Aikenway may still be traced on the top of the rock.

The Glen of Rothes, north from the village, trends away to the north-west, while from this point the Spey keeps to the north-east. Geologists have the idea that this glen at one time formed the bed of the Spey, discharging its waters at Lossiemouth, before the barrier at the pass of Sourden had given way.

We leave the Spey here, our line passing down the Glen of Rothes.

The village lies at the foot of one of those high banks which suggest that they were once washed by an arm of the sea, which probably filled this valley long ago. The town began to be laid out in 1766, on land belonging to the Earl of Seafield. Its principal industry is the Glen Grant Distillery, commenced in 1840 by Messrs. J. and J. Grant, and situated on the side of Glen Grant burn, near the north end of the village. This distillery is capable of turning out 1600 gallons of whisky weekly.

In the immediate vicinity of the village are the ruins of the fortalice of Rothes, one of the most ancient castles in the country, though the period of its erection is uncertain. In 1238, Eva de Mortach, daughter of Muriol de Poloc, was Domina de Rothes, and in that capacity, she in 1263 bestowed the lands of Inverlochtie on the Cathedral of Moray. Rothes Castle stands on the top of a round and precipitous-faced hill on the north-west side of the vale, and the neck of land that connects its site with the fields, had been cut by a ditch, and crossed by a drawbridge. The keep of the castle was several stories high, and vaulted to the top. A number of lower buildings had been connected with it, and the whole enclosed by a lofty wall,—a portion of which is the only remnant now standing of the ancient castle. It was burned down by the country people early in this century to prevent thieves from harbouring in it. From Polocs or Pollocks it descended to Leslies, whose chief had the title at one time of Duke of Rothes; then to Grant of Elchies, Earl of Findlater, and it is now the property of the Earl of Seafield.

"A little to the west rises the Conerock, a considerable hill covered with fir trees. It is principally composed of quartz, variously streaked, and containing angular fragments of other rocks, if they are not sections of crystals of quartz. In the crevices or drusy cavities of loose masses scattered over the hill may be seen numerous small crystals. On climbing to the highest point the labour will be fully recompensed by the splendour of the view. Below lies the village, calmly reposing amid its cultivated fields,

stretching to the side of the river, that steals along the opposite side of the valley, at the foot of the well-wooded Ben Aigan,—now lost behind a clump of trees, now 'shining in the silver beams!' Looking northward, we have a striking view of the Pass of Sourden, and smile at the supposed difficulty of the Spey finding her way through the glen; beyond we can see like a snow-white thread the suspension bridge, uniting the counties of Moray and Banff, close by the railway viaduct (at Boat-o'-Brig), and the diminishing hills closing the distant view. To the west of the Conerock stretches a wild uncultivated moor, that gives rise to the streams that cross the streets of the village. One of these streams has cut its channel so deeply as to give the rugged ravine a gloomy aspect, which bears the name of *Doony*, and in its day has had the honour of being the haunt of fairies."—(Longmuir.)

37. Longmorn.

6¾ miles from Rothes.
9¾ ,, ,, Craigellachie.
77¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

Passing on down the Vale of Rothes, we reach, in six and three-quarter miles, the station of Longmorn; and in three miles more reach Elgin.

38. Elgin.

3 miles from Longmorn.
12¾ ,, ,, Craigellachie.
80¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

We must refer to local guide-books for a particular description of this handsome and flourishing town.

"Elgin was a toon,
A toon to live an' dee in."
W. Hay.

The name is supposed to have been derived from Helgy, a victorious general who overran the country about the year 927, and possibly made a settlement at Elgin. At any rate, the word "Helgyn" is still used in the inscription on the Corporation seal. It was a royal burgh in the reign of David I.; and in the reign of Alexander II. (who granted a royal charter in favour of the burgh, which is still carefully preserved) the Episcopal See was translated from Spynie to Elgin.

The town is built upon a rising ground to the north of the station; the Lossie flowing at a short distance further on. The castle is at the west end of the main street; and the ruins of the cathedral are at the north-east side of the town, or city as it claims to be called. Its population is 7340. The climate being very salubrious, the natural advantages of the situation great, and educational facilities valuable, it has become a great centre for the residence of people of independent means, whose "suburban villas, with their tastefully-kept gardens surrounded by tall poplars or shady beeches, denote the affluence and cultivated taste of the inhabitants."

The great feature, however, of Elgin, is the ruined Cathedral, a description of which we quote in abstract from "Morayshire Described," and from Black's Guide. Elgin Cathedral, the church of the Holy Trinity, was founded in 1224 by Bishop Andrew Murray, on a beautiful spot on the side of the river Lossie, the ground being granted by Alexander II. This was during the popedom of Honorius, and it is said that the site was that of a formerly existing church. It is stated to have been completed in eighteen years, under this bishop's despatch. In the days of its pristine grandeur it was no less the glory of Elgin than the boast of Moray and the pride of the north. Like most buildings of its kind, it suffered both from accident and violence. In 1390 it was burned by the "Wolf of Badenoch," a natural son of Robert II., in revenge for a sentence of excommunication issued against him. The rebuilding was in progress in 1414, and completed some time after, in a style inferior to few buildings of that age, in the form of a Jerusalem Cross, ornamented with five towers, two of which were at the west end, two at the east, and one in the centre. The church remained entire till 1506, when the great steeple fell down. The stately edifice escaped the violence of the mob at the Reformation, only to be dilapidated in a more deliberate manner.

In 1568 the Privy Council, under Regent Murray, at a moment of exigence when the troops were ill paid, resorted to the notable expedient of robbing this Cathedral and that of Aberdeen of their leaden roofs, "appointing the lead to be taken from the Cathedral churches in Elgyne and Aberdeen, sauld and disponit upon, for the sustenation of the men of weir." It is said, however, that the ship containing the sacrilegious cargo was lost on its voyage to Holland. Again, in 1640, a band of local barons and clergy destroyed the paintings and the rood-screen, the last remaining traces of the Cathedral's ancient internal decorations. To crown all, the great central tower and spire, which, after its fall in 1506, had been rebuilt to the height of 198 feet, fell a second time, on Easter Day, 1711; and down to a late date the ruins were made a quarry by the inhabitants, out of which to build houses and dykes; so much so, that almost all between the front towers and east wall of the transepts, and many other parts beyond, have entirely disappeared. It is said that the first person who took any notice of the Cathedral was the late Joseph King, of Newmill, provost of Elgin from 1806 to 1809, who caused it to be enclosed with a stone wall. The late Mr. Isaac Forsyth also got repeated grants from the Exchequer for repairs to the venerable building. At last the Crown claimed it in 1820, and has since kept it in order; and the precincts, with the churchyard around, are well enclosed.

The building, which is generally in the Early English style, was originally 289 feet long; the nave and cloister, 87 feet broad; and the choir and cloister, 79 feet. The principal door is on the west, between two massive towers 84 feet high. The arch of this grand entrance presents some beautiful and delicately chiselled ornaments, in a much earlier style of architecture than that of the recorded date of the foundation—a style also to be found in other parts of the building, and sometimes overtopping, as in the south transept, later work.

The most complete remaining part of the building is the chapter-house, entering from the north side of the choir. It is called the "'Prentice Aisle," and it has a tradition similar to that told of the well-known pillar in Roslin. The chapter-house is octagonal in form: "In the centre a beautiful flowered and clustered pillar sends forth, tree-like, as it approaches the roof, its branches to the different angles, each with its peculiar incrustation of rich decorations and its grotesque corbel!" Upon the pillar is the stone or desk to which the Scriptures were chained in old times; and the capital is decorated with the armorial bearings of the Stewarts (by a bishop of which name the chapter-house is said to have been built) and those of Scotland, together with carvings of the Passion of our Lord, etc. Seven of the sides are lighted by windows; the eighth contains the door opening from the cloister alongside of the choir. Some interesting old monuments are here; also fragments of carved stones, upon one of which, resting upon the moon, is a witch astride a broom! Between the chapter-house and the north cloister are the remains of the vestry and the small sacristy, containing a lavatory, the rim of which is beautifully carved into leaves. It formed the cradle (and no mean one either) of the baby of a poor demented mother, Marjory Gilzean, who took up her home in the ruins, and whose child became the brave General Anderson, the founder of the noble institution in the city that bears his name. Passing from this to the choir we enter the chancel, with its splendid double row of lancet windows, under which stood the high altar and the tomb of the founder. Adjoining is St. Mary's Aisle, the burial-place of the ducal family of Gordon, where, in 1836, George, the fifth and last duke, was interred, as was also his duchess Elizabeth Brodie in 1864. There are several tombs here: the centre one on the east with recumbent figure is that of the first Marquis of Huntly, who defeated the Earl of Crawford at Brechin. It bears date 1470.

In a recess opposite are the tomb

and effigy of Bishop Winchester (1437-58), and upon the arch above it angels are represented, in red outline, with much of the grace and style of the early Italian masters. In the south transept are two other recessed tombs with effigies; also several interesting fragments of statues, one of which, with crozier in hand, is said to represent Bishop Innes (1407-14), the founder of the (now lost) great middle tower. A broken stone coffin is shown as that in which the body of King Duncan was first buried, after his murder by Macbeth, near Duffus. The sculptured stone in a line with the north wall of the nave, embellished with a cross, a hunting scene, and curious symbols, was found while levelling the High Street of Elgin in 1823. It is figured on plate 16, vol. i., of the "Sculptured Stones of Scotland." There are other fragments of statues and recumbent figures in the north transept. Of the great central tower which rose between the transepts only the bases of the four supporting pillars remain. The surrounding graveyard contains many interesting monuments.

These ruins impress you with a sense of desolation. Very different is the effect of those of the ivy festooned Priory of Pluscarden, on the other side of Elgin, about six miles to the south-west. "Protected from the chilling blasts of the Northern Ocean by a long and high ridge of hills, now thickly planted with fir, the Abbey stands at the narrowest point of a valley which expands towards the east and west in a long vista of luxurious fertility. The very perfect remains have been well cared for, and, surrounded as they are by a high wall, enclosing about ten acres, approached by a nicely shaven lawn, neat garden and well pruned trees, convey a vivid impression of mediæval civilisation and monastic repose. The church itself was cruciform, with a square central tower." The priory was founded by Alexander II. in 1230, and dedicated to St. Andrew. The monks were Cistercians of the rule of St. Benedict. They were at first independent, but having become rich they became vicious, and the priory was reformed and made a cell of Dunfermline. "The architecture is chiefly Early Pointed, retaining, as usual, the circular arch in its doorways. The nave is gone, all but a fragment of wall; the choir, of three bays, without aisles, is fifty-six feet long. The chapter-house, about thirty feet square, shows remarkably delicate mouldings, and its roof, like that of Elgin, is supported by a single central pier. The north transept is a fine composition, and had a large round window in the gable. The old groined roof is still standing on the aisles of the transept, and also on a small chapel at the north of the choir. On the north wall of the choir is a credence table, on which two angels are represented as supporting a casket, and with their other hands squeezing a bunch of grapes. A flight of steps leads from the church up to the dormitory, upon which a substantial roof has been set. The kitchen, which is arched, is underneath, and the latter has been fitted up as a church, the old pulpit of Elgin Cathedral being placed in it. In 1783, Dr. James Hay, minister of Elgin, bequeathed to the minister and Kirk-Session of Elgin £100 "for a preacher in Pluscarden." The interest of this mortification was annually paid to a missionary in connection with the Church of Scotland up to 1843; but the then incumbent went out at the Disruption, and no successor has been appointed. The congregation now worshipping in the abbey belongs to the Free Church, but their minister does not enjoy the endowment, which is accumulating in the hands of the Kirk-session of Elgin.

Leaving Elgin, the Morayshire Railway goes on northwards to Lossiemouth.

39. Lossiemouth.

5¼ miles from Elgin.
18¾ „ „ Craigellachie.
86¼ „ „ Aberdeen.

As we leave Elgin, the city and its cathedral are on our left, and we reach, at a distance of a mile and a half, the ruins of the Castle of Spynie, the old residence of the bishop. It is situated

on a loch of the same name, a considerable portion of which has been drained. St. John says of it, Feb. 15, 1847: "Rode to Gordonstoun and shot ducks with Sir Alex. Gordon Cumming, at the Loch of Spynie, which I consider to be about the best loch in the north for wild-fowl shooting." And he adds in another place: "Among the loose stones of the old castle of Spynie, which overlooks it, and where formerly proud ecclesiastics trod, the badger has now taken up his solitary dwelling."

The first erection at Spynie is generally supposed to have taken place soon after the death of Bishop Brecius in 1222, but it must have been a place of some importance before that, as it was made the head-quarters of the see by a papal bull in 1203, in which year also Bishop Richard died and was buried at the Bishop's Palace of Spynie. The building formed a square of nearly forty yards, a high wall surrounded the whole, and a noble gateway formed the entrance to the east. Over the gateway are carved the arms of Bishop John Innes, in whose time (about 1406) it was most probably built. The square tower to the north-west, now forming the principal part of the ruins, was built by Bishop David Stewart between 1461 and 1475. Hence it bears the name of "Davie's Tower." This bishop having a feud with the Earl of Huntly, laid him under ecclesiastical censure, which so provoked the Gordons that they threatened to pull the prelate from his pigeon holes, meaning the small rooms of the old building. The bishop is said to have replied that he would soon build a house out of which the Earl and all his clan should not be able to pull him. So he built him this tower, sixty feet long, thirty-six feet wide, and about sixty feet high. The walls are nine feet thick, and the windows are of ample size. Below were vaulted rooms. Above them four spacious state-apartments and bed-rooms, with vaulted closets. The roof was also vaulted, with cap-house and surrounding battlements. A winding stair led to the top. The arms of Bishop David and Andrew Stewart, and those of Patrick Hepburn, are carved on the south wall of this tower. The other three corners of the quadrangle had also small turrets. In the south side of the area was a spacious tennis court, and parallel to it inside a chapel. On the north side were bedrooms and cellars, and on the east stables. Around the court and precincts were gardens well supplied with fruit trees.

In 1590 the castle and lands were formed into a lordship, and given to Sir Alexander Lindsay with the title of Lord Spynie. He died from the effect of eleven wounds received in a street brawl in Edinburgh. The third Lord of Spynie died in 1670 without issue, and the lands reverted to the Crown. They were afterwards granted to Douglas of Spynie and subsequently passed through several hands until they reached those of the Earl of Fife, the present possessor.

In Smiles's "Life of Edward, the Scottish Naturalist," we have the following reference to the Loch of Spynie:

"The Rev. Dr. Gordon of Birnie, near Elgin, found a kitchen-midden, or refuse-heap of shells, on the old margin of the Loch of Spynie, formerly an arm of the sea. The mound is situated in a small wood on the farm of Brigzes. It had been much diminished by its contents having been carted off from the centre of the heap, as manure or top-dressing for the adjoining fields. The mound must have been of considerable extent. It measured about one hundred yards in length, being thirty in breadth. The most abundant shell found was the periwinkle, or the edible 'buckie.' Next in order was the oyster. The Bay of Spynie was then a productive dredging ground. On the extensive flat around it, wherever a canal or ditch is dug up, the shells of oysters are yet to be met with, seemingly on the spot where they lived. Yet the oyster, as well as the primitive people who fared on it, have long since passed away.

"The third shell in order in this bank of shells is the mussel, and then the cockle, all edible. There is evidence enough in these mussels, says Dr. Gordon, to show that they have been

the work of man, not the effect of any tidal current or any other natural cause. The shell-fish which the remains represent are, with scarcely an exception, edible, and continue to be eaten to this day. In all deposits by the sea there is abundance of species that have ever been rejected as food. The shells are full-grown or adult shells. In collections made by the sea, the young animals are abundant, and often predominate. Now no movement of wind and water could have thus selected the edible and adult, and left behind the noxious and the young. They must have been gathered by man, and for the purpose of supplying his wants. Many other arguments have been brought forward to prove this, so that no doubt is now entertained of the matter. One strong proof is that the oysters and periwinkles are never found living and mingled together in the same part of the sea. The former exists between tide-marks. The cockle delights in sand. The mussel must be moored on a rock or hard bottom. In different parts of the masses of shells at Brigzes, there are to be seen many stones that have been subjected to considerable heat. They probably have been used in this state for cooking, as is known to be the case among people of primitive habits to this day."

A large part of what was the old Loch of Spynie has been drained and converted into farm land. For in old times the Loch of Spynie was an arm of the sea, extending from Burghead on the west, to near the present town or village of Lossiemouth on the east; it was fished, and small ships ascended to near the palace. It is said that not very long ago a German vessel arrived in the Firth, chartered to the port of Spynie, so that it must be still on some old maps. Previous to 1829, attempts had been made for its drainage with more or less success, but in the floods of that year, the Lossie broke into the loch, and undid in a great measure what had been done. In 1861, the proprietors combined, and, at considerable expense, have removed the water from the west side of the railway by a deep canal with a tidal sluice, letting the water out when the tide is low and keeping it back when it is high. On the east side Captain Dunbar Brander has retained a piece of water for duck-shooting and boating. Artists and sportsmen regret the drainage, but much valuable land has been reclaimed; and if the adage is true that whoever adds a grain of corn to the produce of the country is a benefactor, these proprietors who drained the Loch of Spynie must be entitled to praise.

The first cost of the drainage, previous to 1861, was upwards of £12,000. The outlay between 1861 and 1868 was £5750. The canal and sluices cost annually to keep them in working order about £200, exclusive of cost of drains on the individual farms. The amount of land reclaimed has been—

On Pitgarney . . .	148	acres.
Earl of Fife . . .	137	,,
Earl of Seafield . .	85	,,
Sir A. Dunbar . . .	106	,,
Sir Wm. Cumming . .	336	,,
Total .	762	,,

Some of the land, owing to low levels, is only fit for pasturage, while, on the other hand, much land which was arable before has been improved by the drainage of the loch.

The railway terminates at the coast—at the little towns of Lossiemouth on the east and Branderburgh on the west side of the river Lossie. The population of the two conjoined is about 3000. There is a good harbour, formed by the Stotfield and Lossiemouth Harbour Company, a company formed in 1834. The foundation-stone of the new harbour was laid in 1837; it was greatly enlarged in 1860. The harbour now yields a revenue of about £1500 yearly.

At various times attempts have been made, profitably, to mine for silver and lead in the fluor-spar rocks of the Coulart hill, and have been abandoned. These attempts have been again resumed, and it is said with some prospect of success.

The lead is found in a hard siliceous rock, and was visible on the surface. The various attempts to work it were

rather superficial, but now a company has been formed, and they are going on in earnest. About a hundred men are employed ; they have sunk a shaft, and have erected or are erecting crushing and washing machinery. They have come on some rich veins, some of the ore as rich as eighty per cent of lead, while it is said that four per cent of lead will pay. In the meantime the shares are at a premium, and it is to be hoped they may continue so, as being good for all parties, shareholders, miners, and harbour.

Lossiemouth is growing fast. It has not much trade, but is popular as a bathing-place, and many new villas have been erected.

We have now traversed the whole of the Main Line with its northern bifurcations. We proceed next to examine the District Lines which branch off from it, beginning with the Alford Valley Railway.

SECTION IV.

THE ALFORD VALLEY BRANCH.

THIS line branches off the main line at Kintore, 13½ miles from Aberdeen, and pursues a course almost directly westward up the valley of the Don to Alford, 29½ miles from Aberdeen and 16 from Kintore. The line was sanctioned in 1856, and opened in 1859. It was built by a separate company, afterwards leased to the Great North of Scotland Railway Company, and finally amalgamated in the year 1866 in their general system.

Leaving Kintore to our left, we sweep round a curve and pass through not very interesting scenery, a good deal of it moory, and some woodland, till about 3½ miles we reach Paradise Hill, where there is a siding to the Kemnay Granite Quarries, of which Mr. Fife is the lessee. The granite obtained here is of a very fine quality as a building stone, and is a fine gray colour.

Directly west from this, on the other side of the Don, is Fetternear House (Leslie), once the summer residence of the Bishop of Aberdeen. To the north of it is a Roman Catholic chapel, and not very far off, Aquhorties, where was the Roman Catholic college before it was removed to Blair, on Deeside. It is said that this neighbourhood was "the scene of a miraculous conversion effected through the preaching of George Leslie, a Capuchin friar, in the early part of the 17th century. Leslie's life and marvellous adventures were published in Italian by the Archbishop of Fermo, and dramatised at Rome in 1673. He is represented as the son of James, Count Leslie, and Jean Wood his wife, who trained him in the doctrines of the Reformation, but having gone to the Continent he was converted to the Roman Catholic faith and became a Capuchin friar under the assumed name of Archangel. Returning to Scotland a papal emissary, he not only converted his mother and the other members of his family, but having led the people of Monymusk and the surrounding neighbourhood to the adjacent mountains, he created such a powerful sensation by his preaching that in 'half a quarter of an hour, the whole audience shuddered, changed colour, and knelt at his feet.' In eight months he converted four thousand to the Romish faith, and performed numerous miracles and exploits of the most extraordinary character. So at least says his biographer."

40. Kemnay.

4½ miles from Kintore.
17¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

The village and parish church are about half a mile from the station to the south, and close by on the same side of the line is Kemnay House (A. G. Burnett). The next station is Monymusk.

41. Monymusk.

8 miles from Kemnay.
7½ ,, ,, Kintore.
20¾ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

Immediately north from the station is Monymusk Castle (Sir Archibald Grant). "Monymusk, situated in the parish of that name, and not distant from the site of its ancient priory, is one of the finest places in the county. Surrounded by an extensive park, through which flows the river Don, it is sheltered by trees of great age and growth, and the plantations, extending

for miles, are commanded by the picturesque and rocky summit of the mountain of Bennachie. The House or Castle of Monymusk dates from the Reformation, and was erected by Duncan, the son of William Forbes of Corsindae, who having seized upon the monastery, employed the materials of that building in its construction, at the same time founding the family of Forbes of Monymusk. It has been added to by later proprietors, and now forms a spacious baronial residence."—(Sir A. L. Hay.)

Duncan Forbes's charter under the Great Seal is dated 1st December 1554. In 1710 the estate was bought from the Forbeses by Sir Francis Grant, who became one of the Senators of the Court of Session as Lord Cullen. The present proprietor is his representative.

There are some interesting relics preserved in Monymusk House. Among them is a gold coin, dug up in 1832, which is referred to a prince of the Morabilin dynasty of Morocco and to the date 1097. There is also a very interesting reliquary, or shrine for the preservation of relics. It is of copper, and had been plated with silver, and ornamented with precious stones, many of which still remain in their places.

The Parish Church of Monymusk is said to be part of a priory founded by Malcolm Canmore. At the west end is a square tower 50 ft. high, surmounted by a spire of 40 ft.

"Two miles north-west of Monymusk, on the south bank of the Don, at a sudden turn of the river where the rocky and romantic hills rise on both sides to a great height covered with Scotch firs and natural wood, are situated the remains of extensive and picturesque pleasure-grounds, laid out in 1719, and called Paradise. Here there is a number of large spruces, larches, very large fine limes, Spanish chestnuts, oaks, etc., by the river side, upwards of a hundred years old, several of which measure from 10 to 11 ft. in circumference, and about 100 ft. in height."

In the immediate neighbourhood there is a (so-called) Druidical circle, and a field still called Campfield, where Bruce bivouacked on his way to the battle of Inverurie. Here too is the Monymusk stone figured on plate 8 of 'The Sculptured Stones.'" It stands close by the public road at the farm of Nether Mains. About fifty or sixty years ago it was placed in a field about a mile east of Monymusk House, near the river Don, where it had been from time immemorial, and then it was removed to its present site. The ruins of Pitfichie Castle lie a little to the north. It was once the property of General Hurry, hanged in 1650 at Montrose. He began as a Royalist, and then joined the Covenanters, whom he deserted after their defeat at Auldearn.

To the south about three quarters of a mile is Cluny Castle (late Gordon of Cluny, now Lady Cathcart). It is said to have been founded in the 15th century, but it was rebuilt in 1836, and is an imposing structure. South-west are the ruins of Tillycairn Castle, a 16th century house, long the residence of a family of Lumsdens. East from Cluny is Castle Fraser, the ancient name of which was Muchals or Muchil, in Mar. "Castle Fraser, one of the finest specimens of the Flemish style of architecture in Scotland, is a very ancient building, still in perfect repair. There is no record by which the date of its original structure can be ascertained; but, as it is proved by inscriptions extant on the walls of the more modern parts of the building that they were erected in the years 1617 and 1618, it is probable that the square tower to the west, which bears evident marks of greater antiquity, belongs to the 15th century, from its similarity to the square tower or keep, so characteristic of the architecture of that period. The angles of the whole building, with the exception of the round tower, are turreted, and in form and proportion accord admirably with the mass they have been destined to ornament. The superstructure, including the turrets, is connected by and projected upon the lower part of the building, by a continuous corbelled moulding of carved granite, which embraces the great square tower in the centre, the round tower on the south-east, and

the original square tower to the west. The oldest date on the castle is affixed to the Royal Arms of Scotland, and is 1576. The great round tower is a noble feature of the building, 100 feet in height, with a massive balustrade of granite. The walls throughout the edifice have a thickness of from 6 to 10 feet. The whole is built upon arches, and there are keeps in both the square towers, the larger of which is about 40 feet in length, 22 wide exclusive of recesses, and 21 feet high. There are two spiral staircases, the one leading to the upper apartments of the western tower, the other to the battlements of the round tower on the south-eastern angle of the building. The wings, extending to the north, are terminated at their outer extremities by circular turrets; they were added by Lord Fraser in the reign of Charles I. The Frasers originally possessed estates in the county of Stirling, and by charter of James II. of Scotland, dated 25th October 1454, exchanged the lands of Corntoun, near Stirling, their previous property, for Muchil and Stoneywood, in Aberdeenshire."—(Sir A. L. Hay.)

They are still possessed by Fraser of Castle Fraser.

42. Tillyfourie.

3½ miles from Monymusk.
10¼ ,, ,, Kintore.
31½ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

There are more granite quarries here, and some population to the back of the hills to the left. "That huge hill to the left is called the Red Hill of Correnny, height 1578 feet, and that on the right is part of the Menaway range, highest peak 1436 feet." Passing through the defile between them, we enter the Howe,—an amphitheatre of rich country, shut in by hills rising 1000 to 2000 feet all around it. The Don winds through it from east to west, and it is very fertile and highly cultivated. To the left we pass the Church and Manse of Tough, and Tonley House. (P. M. Byres). On the right is Whitehouse (Farquharson), as we reach the station of that name.

43. Whitehouse.

2¼ miles from Tillyfourie.
13 ,, ,, Kintore.
33¾ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

On the north bank of the river is Whitehaugh House (J. Forbes Leith), and on the south bank, Haughton (R. O. Farquharson). About three miles north, on a beautifully wooded eminence, close to the village of Keig, is Castle Forbes, the residence of Lord Forbes. Sir A. Leith Hay thus describes it:—"Castle Forbes, formerly Pritachie, and now the principal residence of the senior Baron of the Scottish Peerage, is situated on the north bank of the river Don, which passes through the grounds on its course to the ocean. The castle is removed but a short distance from the south-west shoulder of the mountain of Bennachie, which there becomes the boundary of the vale of Alford. Rising immediately from the river, and surrounded by extensive plantations, the lawn slopes gradually to its banks, and the view from the house, being uninterrupted, is varied and extensive. The building is modern, in the castellated style of architecture, and forms a striking and picturesque object, from all points of the valley beneath. The late Lord Forbes erected the Castle, and greatly altered and improved the place, changing its name from Pritachie to its present designation."

44. Alford.

3 miles from Whitehouse.
16 ,, ,, Kintore.
36¾ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

Passing on our left the old castle of Balfluig, we reach the terminus of the line at the village of Alford; "a pleasant little village, near which Montrose defeated the Covenanters under Colonel Baillie in 1645; the gallant Lord Gordon, eldest son of the Marquis of Huntly, being killed in the battle, with his hand on General Baillie's shoulder-belt." It was to Lord Gordon's younger brother, Lord Lewis Gordon, who preferred dashing forays on his own account to regular campaigning, that the rhyme referred:—

"If you with Lord Lewis go,
You'll get reif and prey enough;
If you with Montrose go,
You'll get grief and wae enough."

It is a thriving place, having increased much since it became the railway terminus. In its immediate neighbourhood are Kingsford, Breda, Asloon. Further off we have Craigievar, 6 miles, Clova and Kildrummie each about 10 miles, and Castle Newe some 16 miles.

A little to the north-west, in a most sequestered spot, stands the old castle of Dalpersie or Terpersie, "a small fortified house consisting of a quadrilateral building with a round tower (internally octagonal) at the diagonal corners. There are but three stories, with one room in each. On one of the window-sills is the date 1561, also the crest of the Gordons—a boar's head—beautifully cut." Hay says—"It is about a mile removed to the westward of the road leading to Alford, which crosses the Suie hill from Huntly; but intervening high grounds prevent its being observed. Except to those proceeding to the farm, or to the sportsman who looks down from the grouse-shooting grounds in the immediate vicinity, it is never seen by the traveller or the stranger, and is a most sequestered and retired abode. The building," he adds, "is not remarkable either for its architectural importance or its extent; but, situated as above described, in the centre of heath-covered mountains, with some fine old trees and a rapid and clear stream running past, it presents when approached a picturesque and interesting object. . . . After the battle of Culloden, the then laird of Terpersie, who had joined the army of Prince Charles, after continuing for some time a wanderer among the hills near his house, was induced to revisit it. Information having been given, a party of soldiers surrounded the place, and after diligent search captured him in a concealed part of the building, from whence he was withdrawn and speedily executed. His estate was forfeited; and, like many others similarly situated, became in possession of the York Buildings Company. It was subsequently purchased by a descendant of the former family, and is now the property of Sir Henry Gordon, Bart. of Knockespock."

Craigievar Castle is the property of Sir William Forbes, Baronet, whose family purchased it in 1610. "About equidistant from the rivers Dee and Don, it is finely placed on a bank sloping to the east, and terminating in a ravine, through which passes a burn forcing its way to a junction with the rivulet of Leochel. The castle is sheltered from the north and west by rising grounds covered with plantations, and in its immediate vicinity the ash and birch trees seem to be contemporaries of the stately tower they have been destined to ornament; straight avenues of forest trees, while they give formality to the grounds, are at the same time in perfect keeping with the style of the place. There was originally a paved courtyard in front enclosing stables and offices, which was surrounded by a strong and very thick wall, with ramparts flanked with turrets. Only one portion of this barrier now remains, and trees of considerable size, rooted in its masonry, have usurped the station formerly occupied by the defenders of this formidable stronghold. The castle is 7 stories high, and the walls are pierced with shot-holes to the rooms and turrets of the upper story.

"Craigievar has for many years occupied an intermediate position as to preservation amongst the castellated residences of the county, most of which are either consigned to perfect ruin, or have been altered and adapted to the convenience and comfort of more modern times. Within its walls the furniture of former centuries is still extant; and in few places in the kingdom can so accurate a comparison be drawn between the rough garniture of the baronial castles of former times and the comfort combined with elegance of modern decoration. The great hall, with its gigantic fireplace, its stuccoed walls, its ornamental roof, and its partitions of oak to rail off dependants and musicians, is a fine specimen of the banqueting apartment of an ancient baron. The narrow spiral stair-

cases, reaching to the summit of the building, lead to numerous apartments of confined dimensions; while in others of a more spacious description the uplifted arras forms the means of communication from one to the other. The ancient carved bedsteads and oaken cabinets, with high-backed chairs, complete the *beau ideal* interior of a castle of the olden time. The exterior is in the best style of ornamented Flemish castellated architecture; the turrets are formed in shapes of peculiar elegance; the square towers are lofty, and are crowned by bartizans with balustrades and cornices of massive and noble carving. Over the great staircase of the castle is an escutcheon, on which are carved the family arms, with the date 1668 and the initials J. F., encircled by a legend, 'Doe . not . vaiken . sleiping . Dogs.' The initials are those of John Forbes, called 'The Red Sir John,' and are by traditional report characteristic of the man; as also corroborative of the saying, current at the time, 'I'm a Craigievar man; wha daur trouble me?'"

Kildrummie Castle, ten miles from Alford, is well worthy of a visit. The drive to it along the banks of the Don is very fine, and many handsome houses are passed on the way. Sir Andrew Leith Hay tells us that "Kildrummie Castle, situated in the gorge of the extensive valley through which the river Don winds its course to the eastward, and which, expanding to the north, reaches almost uninterruptedly to the base of the Hill of Noth in Strathbogie, is celebrated in Scottish history not only as the palace of kings, but as having been the scene of frequent and sanguinary warfare connected with its internal defence, and as the arena around which frequent battles and skirmishes were fought, the record of which is perpetuated by the tumuli that, notwithstanding modern improvement and the extension of cultivation, still mark the resting-place of the brave. The castle has evidently not only been of great extent, but of much architectural magnificence. Unfortunately some of the finest parts of the building now exist but in their ruined basements; and the 'Snow Tower; at the north-west corner of the quadrangle — by all accounts the most ancient, most important, and noblest portion of the castle—is more than any other dilapidated and fallen. Some idea of its former state may, however, be formed from the masonry of its base, the thickness of its walls, and its extensive area; nor can there exist a doubt that this must have been a conspicuous and highly ornamental feature of the building. The entrance to the castle forms the centre of the southern face of the quadrangle; it has been flanked by towers. The courtyard is very extensive, and five towers, exclusive of those at the entrance, formerly defended the outer wall. Four of these marked the angles of this noble building. The 'Snow Tower' stood out more prominently from the general line of the castle than any of the others; and the fifth tower was constructed near to it, but more in a line with the western face of the fortress. The tower now in the best state of preservation is that to the north-east, and when its extent, height, and proportions are considered, some estimate may be formed of what the Snow Tower must have been, when it greatly surpassed in importance this certainly very fine specimen of the architecture of the time. Kildrummie stands between two ravines called the North and South Glens. A brook issuing from the former washes the base of the eminence on which the building is placed; the ground falling precipitously towards the north gave additional strength and protection to that part of the fabric; while a moat encircling its western, southern, and eastern faces, by being flooded, rendered the approach of assailants more hazardous and difficult. A popular but not well-authenticated impression has prevailed that a subterranean passage existed giving egress from the vaults of the castle. This appears to be a mistake. A footpath excavated in the bank and built up on each side, without being arched, formerly led from the back of the great hall to the burn in the north glen; but the stones fallen from the building

having been removed, and the pathway clearly traced out, no appearance of an entrance to the underground parts of the castle, if any such existed, could be discovered. The great hall in the northern part of the building can still be traced with great accuracy, forming an oblong of 73 feet by 40. The chapel, with its great window to the east, is also distinctly marked, its length being 35 feet and breadth 20. The hall here contained four windows facing to the north; and at its north-east angle are the remains of a spiral staircase. The eastern front, including the towers, extends to the length of 180 feet, the northern to 262. The distance from the chapel window to the nearest wall of the Snow Tower is 200 feet. The Snow Tower is 55 feet in diameter, that to the north-east being in diameter 34 at its base. There appears to be no satisfactory record of the first construction of the castle. The original building was undoubtedly of great antiquity, nor can the additions and alterations made from time to time be authenticated until the reign of Alexander the Second, who having appointed St. Gilbert, Bishop of Caithness, to be his treasurer in the north of Scotland, that prelate, during his tenure of office, made great additions to Kildrummie, comprising the seven towers, of which the ruins are now extant. The history of the castle is full of interest. To it were sent the ladies who had shared the wanderings of Robert the Bruce, Sir James Douglas, and their faithful band, when their fortunes were at the lowest, and after a gallant defence by Nigel Bruce, the king's youngest brother, it was taken by King Edward in 1306, who cruelly put to death its defender. It was the prison of Duncan, Earl of Fife, after the battle of Dupplin. In 1335 it was attacked unsuccessfully by David Comyn, Earl of Atholl, about which time it came from the Bruces by marriage into the possession of the Earls of Mar. In 1731 it was purchased from the then proprietor of the estates of Mar by Gordon of Wardhouse, in which family it now remains.

"At some distance to the south of the castle a cairn conspicuously marks the spot where, in the reign of James the Fifth, Sir James the Rose fell in combat with Sir John Graham." — (Hay.)

A few miles further on are the ruins of Towie Castle, "of which the insignificant keep alone is left. In 1571 it belonged to Alexander Forbes, and in his absence was besieged by Adam Gordon, brother of the Earl of Huntly. On Forbes's wife refusing to surrender, Gordon set fire to the town, and burnt herself, her children, and servants, twenty-seven in all. Upon this tragic incident is founded the ballad of 'Edom o' Gordon.'" This fine old ballad is as follows:—

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

"And whatna hald shall we draw to,
My merry men and me?
We will gae straight to Towie House,
To see that fair ladye."

She had nae sooner buskit hersel',
And putten on her gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner supper set,
Nae sooner said the grace,
Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
Were round about the place.

The ladye ran to her tower-head
As fast as she cou'd hie,
To see if by her fair speeches
She cou'd wi' him agree.

As soon as he saw this ladye fair,
And her yetts a' lockit fast,
He fell into a rage of wrath,
And his heart was all aghast.

"Come down to me, ye ladye gay,
Come down, come down to me;
This nicht ye shall lie within my arms,
The morn my bride shall be."

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

"Gie up your house, ye ladye fair,
Gie up your house to me;
Or I shall burn yoursel' therein,
Bot and your babies three."

"I winna gie up, ye false Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee,
Tho' you should burn mysel' therein,
Bot and my babies three."

"Set fire to the house!" quo' the false Gordon,
"Since better may nae be;
And I will burn hersel' therein,
Bot and her babies three."

"Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man,
I paid you weel your fee;
Why pull ye out the grund-wa stane,
Lets in the reek to me?

"And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man,
I paid ye weel your hire;
Why pull ye out my grund-wa stane,
To me lets in the fire?"

"Ye paid me weel my hire, ladye,
Ye paid me weel my fee;
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
Maun either do or dee."

O out then spake her youngest son,
Sat on the nurse's knee:
Says, "Mither dear, gie o'er this house,
For the reek it smothers me."

"But I winna gie up the house, my dear,
To nae sic traitor as he;
Come weal, come woe, my jewel fair,
Ye maun take share wi' me."

O then out spake her daughter dear,
She was baith jimp and small:
"O row me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me o'er the wall."

They rowed her in a pair of sheets,
And towed her o'er the wall;
But on the point of Gordon's spear
She got a deadly fall.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red bluid dreeps.

Then with his spear he turned her o'er,
Oh, gin her face was wan!
He said, "You are the first that ere
I wished alive again."

He turned her o'er and o'er again,
Oh, gin her skin was white!
"I might hae spared that bonnie face,
To been some man's delight.

"Busk and boun my merry men all,
For ill dooms I do guess;
I canna look on that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the grass!"

"Wha looks to freits, my master dear,
Their freits will follow them;
Let it ne'er be said braw Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted with a dame."

Oh, then he spied her ain dear lord,
As he came o'er the lea;
He saw his castle all in a flame,
As far as he could see.

O sair! O sair! his mind misgave,
And oh, his heart was wae!
"Put on, put on, my wighty men,
As fast as ye can gae.

"Put on, put on, my wighty men,
As fast as ye can drie;
For he that is hindmost o' the thrang
Shall ne'er get gude o' me."

Then some they rade, and some they ran,
Full fast out o'er the bent;
But ere the foremost could come up,
Baith ladie and babes were brent.

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

And mony were the mudie men
Lay gasping on the green;
For of fifty men the Gordon brocht
There were but five gaed hame.

And round and round the walls he went,
Their ashes for to view;
At last into the flames he flew,
And bade the world adieu.

We have proceeded far beyond the point reached by the railway, but the tourist should not leave Alford without driving up the Don, and visiting Craigievar, Kildrummie, and Towie.

We are now done with the Alford Valley Railway. The next branch in order is the Old Meldrum Railway, which branches off to the right at Inverurie.

SECTION V.

THE OLD MELDRUM RAILWAY.

THIS short branch of 5¾ miles from Inverurie to Old Meldrum was originally constructed by a separate company, was opened in 1856, was leased to the Great North Railway in 1858, and amalgamated along with the other branches in 1866. It runs north-east through a very fertile portion of the Garioch. Leaving Inverurie, it crosses the river Urie near Howford, and passes up the vale of the Lochtie Burn to

45. Lethenty.

2¾ miles from Inverurie.
22 „ „ Aberdeen.

To the right of this station lies the Hill of Barra, an isolated eminence rising some 600 feet above the level of the sea. "On its summit are the remains of a circular camp, surrounded by three ditches. It is called 'the Cummins's Camp,' as it is said the Cummins or Cummings, who had joined the Earl of Buchan against Robert the Bruce, entrenched themselves there after the defeat of the earl at Inverurie, but were driven from their entrenchments with great loss by the victorious king. Some antiquaries, however, hold the camp of Barra to be of much remoter origin." The ruins of the Castle of Barra are on the westward slope of the hill; on its eastern is the Manse of Bourtie, in the churchyard of which "there is the rudely cut stone statue of a man, which tradition says was executed in memory of the celebrated Thomas de Longueville, the companion of Wallace and Bruce, who was killed in storming the Cummins's Camp at Barra, and buried at Bourtie."

The owner of Barra Castle gives me these notes. "We do not know when the castle of Barra was built, but the lower range of rooms are all vaulted and loopholed, so it must be very much older than either of the dates on the castle near the roof, which are 1614 and 1618. The estate has been in the possession of my family since 1753 or thereabouts. The north wing was built by my great-grandfather.

"The main historical interest of that part of the parish lies in the battlefield where Robert Bruce beat Cummins's forces. The battlefield is almost traversed by the railway, and lies between the line and the farm-steading of North Mains of Barra.

"The camp on the top of the hill has been described in all local histories, and is worth a visit, while for tradition there is a legend attached to a huge boulder stone on the hill-top, which William Wallace is said to have thrown from the top of Bennachie.

"There are also remains of stone circles in the parish, one of them on the farm of Kirkton of Bourtie, being within sight of the railway."

Lethenty is a station for the important meal mills there belonging to the Cruickshanks, and for the farms in the neighbourhood. In reaching it we have passed the farmhouse of Harlaw to our left, famous for the battle and ballad already referred to.

Three miles more bring us to Old Meldrum.

46. Old Meldrum.

3 miles from Lethenty.
5¾ „ „ Inverurie.
22¼ „ „ Aberdeen.

"Five minutes' walk brings us from the station to the village of Old Mel-

drum, which stands on the slope of an eminence overlooking the Garioch. The town-house, with the market square in front, stands in the centre of the town, and is ornamented with the Meldrum arms and a spiral tower and weathercock. It bears the date of 1712." It is the centre of a large and fertile agricultural district, with markets once or twice a month. A little to the north-west is the mansion of Meldrum House (Urquhart of Meldrum and Byth). "Meldrum House and estates were anciently possessed by the Meldrums of that ilk, and passed by marriage of the heiresses, first to the Setons, and next in 1670 to the Urquharts, who now possess them."

For the following notice, which appeared in the *Free Press* of June 27, 1856, I am indebted to the kindness of the writer, Mr. William Alexander:—

"Old Meldrum is a burgh of barony dating from 1672. The population of the town is about 1100. It is situate in the bend of a range of low hills, running to the south-east and south-west respectively from the town, with a southern exposure. The place has long been one of considerable local trade. A chronicler of the latter part of last century, indeed, tells us that its weekly market for all kinds of provisions was 'the best in the county north of Aberdeen;' and although weekly markets have long since ceased to be held, there are yet fortnightly markets during winter, and others occasionally during summer, which are well attended, and at which a good deal of business is done in grain and cattle; the grain being generally driven to Lethenty Mills and Port Elphinstone, or forwarded from Inverurie direct per Great North of Scotland Railway. Dealers from Aberdeen and elsewhere attend the markets regularly for the purchase of cattle. The town is well located for being the depôt of a rich agricultural district, the farms on every hand being both extensive and valuable, such possessions as those of Balcairn, Ardconnon, Barra, Lochend, Ardfork, etc., in the immediate neighbourhood, being equal to almost any farms of like extent in the north of Scotland. The energies of Old Meldrum have, however, been very much cramped from want of ready means of intercommunication. Its position, 20 miles north of Aberdeen on the Banff turnpike, laid it under a considerable disadvantage compared with Inverurie, where the Aberdeenshire canal terminated, in the transit of heavy goods such as coals, lime, etc. This disadvantage the railway now opened will completely remove, and were it but in affording a ready means of procuring coal alone as fuel, and for the service of the gasworks, distillery, etc., it would confer a great boon on the inhabitants. But this it need hardly be said will be but one item in its benefits, and in addition to the others we doubt not Old Meldrum will attract its share of tourists, for its environs are by no means destitute of fine scenery, as witness the Den of Gowner and the beautiful policies of Meldrum House. One branch of industry, very successfully pursued at Old Meldrum, lends to the vicinity a rather pictorial appearance about the summer season of the year. We allude to the rearing of turnip seed. A great many acres are occupied in ripening those useful plants, and the fields about the town may be seen from far shining in all their yellow glory. The approach to the town by the railway is very picturesque, the view embracing, besides the town and its accessories, the hill of Barra (on the summit of which are the remains of the Cummins's camp, said to have been stormed by King Robert Bruce after the battle of Inverurie), together with the old castle at the foot of the hill on the one hand, and a pleasant and fertile vale stretching out on the other.

"A word more as to the railway. The terminal station is at Strathmeldrum on the south side of the town, and about five minutes' walk from the centre of it. Here a handsome station-house is erected, and other suitable accommodation for the traffic is being provided. For three-quarters of a mile after leaving the station the line is quite straight, passing through rich meadow-land; it then bends to the southward, through one of the deepest

cuttings on the route, which occurs on the estate of Fingask, belonging to John Manson, Esq. The beautiful mansion-house of Fingask lies to the west of the line, and in the immediate neighbourhood are the wool mills of Fingask, where a considerable business is done in carding wool for local consumpt, spinning, and weaving. Further on, and after passing several fine farms, the line runs close by the mill of Lethenty. Here a large trade has been for many years carried on in the manufacture of oatmeal, originally by the late Mr. Glennie, and now by his son. The meal produced at Lethenty mills bears a high character both for local consumption and export. Grain to supply the mills, which are capable of manufacturing 600 to 800 bolls weekly, is drawn from the surrounding districts. There is a station here to accommodate passengers and the traffic to and from the mills. To the west of the line stand the ruins of the old castle of Lethenty, and on the opposite side the mansion-house and handsome farm offices of Collyhill belonging to Mr. Duguid. A little to the westward, too, lies the battlefield of Harlaw. Onward and we cross the 'burn of Lochter,' whose course the railway very much follows, crossing it some five or six times, and pass through another cutting on the part of the farm of Balhaggardy, belonging to James Morison, Esq., of Kingseat. The winding Ury is crossed by an elegant bridge of 50 feet span, with cast-iron girders, and the line joins that of the Great North, parallel with which it runs about a furlong to its terminus at Inverurie."

We abridge the following description of Meldrum House from the "Banffshire Journal" of July 1, 1856, kindly lent us for that purpose by Mr. Ramsay, to whom for other help we are also much indebted :—

About half a mile from the town of Old Meldrum, on the Banff turnpike, the traveller sees upon the right an elegant gateway, in the old English style. Above the entrance are emblazoned the arms of the proprietor (Urquhart of Meldrum and Byth)—*Or* three boars' heads, erased *gules;* the crest a dagger and branch of palm disposed saltire ways, proper; this crest and the motto, "Weigh well," being those of the Byth branch of the family. Supporters, two greyhounds *argent*, collared and leashed *gules;* below the shield the motto, "Mean, speak, and do well;" this sentiment, with another, "*Per Mare et Terras,*" sometimes displayed in the arms, as in the one on the Burgh Town-House, being the mottoes of the Meldrum family.

The drive is about half a mile long, and is enlivened by a sheet of water on either side. The house stands upon a gentle rise looking towards the south; and with its bold projecting wings, the numerous groupings of buttress, turret, and pinnacle, it is an imposing specimen of architecture, and takes rank as amongst the finest residences in Aberdeenshire. It is in the old English style, and was erected some 40 or 50 years ago, after designs by the late Mr. Archibald Simpson of Aberdeen. Though the greater part of the building is modern, yet, as it stands upon the site of the old house, it has incorporated with it on the west side a staircase that formed part of the old mansion, and which, from its antique appearance, has a pleasing effect. A stone from the old house, built into the wall above the western entrance, bears date 1625. The entrance to the new house is from the south, and under a handsome portico surmounted by the Meldrum arms. The hall is large and handsome, with a row of polished granite pillars on either hand. A magnificent staircase leads to the public rooms; the doors and ceilings of these are of oak, richly carved and gilt; the chimney-pieces are of sculptured marble. The dining-room contains numerous family portraits.

The family is a very old one, running back through Urquharts and Setons to the Meldrums, who date from the time of Alexander II. in the 12th century.

SECTION VI.

THE MACDUFF AND TURRIFF SECTION.

THIS branch consists of the original Aberdeen and Turriff Railway, and the Banff Extension; these were promoted by independent companies. The former was sanctioned in 1855 and opened in 1857; the Extension was sanctioned in 1857 and opened in 1860. Both form now part of the Great North system. The branch leaves the main line at Inveramsay, 20¼ miles from Aberdeen, and proceeds northwards through Fyvie and Turriff to Macduff, and Banff 29¾ miles from Inveramsay, and 50¼ from Aberdeen. At nearly a mile from Inveramsay station we cross the Ury, and pass on our left Pitcaple Castle (Lumsden), already mentioned.

47. Wartle.

3¾ miles from Inveramsay.
24¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

On the left, as we approach the station, is Wartle House (Leslie), a handsome modernised turreted building. Beyond the station, on the same side, we pass through the Moss of Leslie, having on the left the Free Church of Rayne and the Episcopal Chapel of Meiklefolla, and further on the House of Kinbroom.

48. Rothie-Norman.

3¾ miles from Wartle.
7¼ ,, ,, Inveramsay.
28 ,, ,, Aberdeen.

To the right, and not far from the station, is Rothie-Norman Castle, the seat of the late Colonel Forbes Leslie of Rothie and Kinbroom. It is a handsome castellated house, beautifully situated in a well-wooded hollow. South-westward is Blackford (J. P. Watson). On the left the village of Gordonstown, and further on, and close to the line, Rothie-Brisbane (late Charles Chalmers).

49. Fyvie.

8¼ miles from Rothie-Norman.
10¾ ,, ,, Inveramsay.
31¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

The station is about a mile from the village, which, with its Parish and Free Church, Post-office, Bank, etc., lies off to the right on a slope overlooking the river Ythan. From Rothie-Norman to Fyvie there extends the beautiful and romantic Den of Rothie—a narrow valley with wood-clothed slopes of great height, and the burn of Rothie meandering through it. Further down the river are the Braes of Gight, with the picturesque remains of Formartine Castle, now the property of the Earl of Aberdeen. "The house stands on the brink of a stupendous rocky eminence, and overlooks a scene of incomparable beauty. The Ythan courses down the heart of the ravine beneath; and compared with the magnificent features of the surrounding scenery, appears like a silver thread. On the right or the Buchan side are the Braes of Gight; on the left the Braes of Formartine, sometimes called the Braes of Haddo or of Blairfowl, both thickly clothed with wood—precipitous cliffs and rugged rocks giving point and character to the scene. The paths through this delicious labyrinth of nature's growth are carried on with the best effect. At one moment we find ourselves on the brow of a steep descent, requiring artificial steps to

guide us down; at another we are buried in a leafy arcade, vistaed by the trunks of gigantic trees, and hemmed in with tangled brushwood, the path bordered with flowers which are strangers to most other parts of Buchan."—(Pratt.)

In 1785, Catherine Gordon of Gight, lineally descended from the Earl of Huntly by the daughter of James II. of Scotland, married the Honourable John Byron, and became the mother of the great poet. But Lord Byron never possessed Gight, the estate having been sold, within two years of his mother's marriage, to Lord Aberdeen, third Earl. His son, Lord Haddo, lived in it for a time. He was unfortunately killed by a fall from his horse, Oct. 2, 1791 His son succeeded his grandfather as fourth Earl, and was from 1828 to 1830, and again from 1841 to 1846, Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and from 1852 to 1855 Prime Minister of Britain.

The castle is a complete ruin, with the exception of two modern rooms which are preserved for the accommodation of parties visiting the glen. Pratt tells us "that the ubiquitous Thomas the Rhymer figures here again, and in this particular instance abounds in rhymes and in prophecies, for we have no less than three touching the future fortunes of the Gordons and the lands of Gight. The first is, perhaps, unrivalled in its quaint obliquity :—

"'Twa men sat down on Ythan brae;
The ane did to the ither say,
'An' what sic men may the Gordons
O' Gight hae been?'"

The next has a more direct application; for as the first may be supposed to give only a sort of diffusive hint that a time would come when the Gordons of Gight shall have become a mere tradition, so the last may be said to point to the more immediate symptoms of their decay :—

"'When the heron leaves the tree,'
The Laird o' Gight shall landless be.'

We should scarcely be doing justice to this last without giving the traditionary fulfilment. It is said that when the Honourable John Byron married the heiress of Gight, the denizens of a heronry, which for centuries had fixed their airy abode among the branches of a magnificent tree in the immediate vicinity of the house, incontinently left their ancient habitation and migrated in a troop to Kelly, where it is certain a family of herons is now domiciled. "The riggs soon followed" is a familiar saying, which aptly enough fills up the tradition, for the estate of Gight is now in the hands of the Earls of Aberdeen.

"The last prophecy is not the least remarkable, since its complete verification has been accomplished within a very recent period :—

"'At Gight three men by sudden death shall dee,
An' after that the land shall lie in lea.'

"In 1791 Lord Haddo met a violent death on the Green of Gight by the fall of his horse; some years after this a servant on the estate met a similar death on the Mains or Home Farm. But two deaths were not sufficient to verify the seer's words. A few years ago the house, preparatory to the farm being turned into *lea*, was being pulled down, when one of the men employed in the work casually remarked on the failure of the Rhymer's prediction. But, as if to vindicate the veracity of the prophet's words, in less than an hour the speaker himself supplied the fated number,—lying crushed to death beneath the crumbling ruins of a fallen wall! We need scarcely add that the local fame of the Rhymer is now more than ever in the ascendant."

Pratt adds :—"We cannot take leave of the gray romantic towers of Gight in language more appropriate than that of the noble bard whose maternal ancestors occupied them for nearly four hundred years :—

"'And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud,
Banners on high, and battles passed below;
And they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those who waved are shredless dust ere now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future blow.'"

FYVIE may be said to be made up of a group of scattered villages, Woodhead, the Kirkton, and the Lewes. The parish church, rebuilt in 1808, contains some interesting and beautiful monuments. "About the middle of the graveyard there is a humble grave, but one possessed of a certain romantic interest—that of the heroine of the pathetic Scotch ballad called 'Tiftie's Bonnie Annie.'" The date upon it is 10th January 1673.

"Near the church, on a meadow between it and the Lewes, stood the Priory of Fyvie, founded either by King William the Lion, or Fergus, Earl of Buchan, or Sir Reginald Cheyne of Ravenscraig. Some of its foundations were traceable in 1793, when the "First Statistical Account" was written, but these had all but disappeared in 1840 when the "New Statistical Account" came out. A handsome cross, erected in 1868 by Colonel and Mrs. Gordon of Fyvie, marks the spot. The cross is erected on a basis of hewn stones placed on a rough circular cairn. On the front is a suitable but brief inscription, from the latter part of which we observe that the cross is partly in memory of James Hay Chalmers, Esq., younger, of Monkshill, whose early death was so deeply deplored."—(Pratt.)

But the point of chief attraction here is Fyvie Castle.

"Fyvie Castle, situated on the north-east bank of the river Ythan, and in the district of Formartine, is alike remarkable for its commanding situation, its antiquity, its connection with interesting events in Scottish history, and as a noble specimen of baronial architecture. There appears no doubt that the present building was preceded by a castle or keep of much greater antiquity, when the domain was a royal chase; but whether the ancient walls were removed, or built upon and enlarged, it is now difficult to determine. Connected with its early history may be stated the fact that in the year 1296 Edward I. of England visited the castle on his progress through the north of Scotland."—(Hay.)

In the reign of Robert the Bruce a royal residence, it has descended through branches of the royal family — Lindsays, 1380; Prestons, 1397; Meldrums, 1596; then by purchase Setons (Earls of Dunfermline), forfeited in 1689—until it reached, by purchase in 1723, William, the second Earl of Aberdeen. His third wife was Lady Anne, daughter of the Duke of Gordon. On her eldest son Earl William settled the castle and domain of Fyvie. That eldest son, General William Gordon, succeeded to it in 1746, and enjoyed it for seventy years. General Gordon was succeeded by his only son in 1816. That son died without heir in 1847, and the castle and estate went to his cousin, Captain Charles Gordon, son of Lord Rockliffe, who was half-brother to General William Gordon. Captain Charles Gordon was succeeded by his son, Colonel William Cosmo Gordon, who died in 1879, and is succeeded by his brother, Captain Alexander Henry Gordon, R.N.

The main features of the castle are a central tower, flanked by other towers at the corners. The oldest part of the present castle is the south-eastern or "Preston Tower." The central tower, in which is the old entrance, is called the "Seton Tower." "The arms of the Setons are cut in freestone over the gate. The old iron door still remains, consisting of huge interlacing bars fastened by immense iron bolts drawn out of the wall on either side, and in the centre of the arch above the doorway a large aperture, called the 'Murder Hole,' speaks plainly of the warm reception unbidden guests had in former times to expect." — (*New Statistical Account.*) The Meldrum Tower is at the south-west angle. The charter-room is in this tower, on the second floor, and underneath it is a closed room. There is no appearance from the outside of either door or window, nor is there any access from the interior. Probably there is a staircase in the thickness of the wall communicating with it from the charter-room. The charter-room is panelled in oak, and, curiously, the fastenings of the door are on the inner side. This would seem to indicate that it was intended for a place of safety and way of escape.

A man taking refuge in it could bar himself in till he had time to open the secret passage to the closed room below, from which it is not improbable that a further secret passage led out to the watergate, or river bank, by which he could escape pursuit.

The fourth tower, the Gordon Tower, built by General William Gordon, forms the northern termination of the west wing, and is said to have been erected on the site of an ancient chapel which had become ruinous.

Access is obtained to the great rooms of the upper floors by a spacious spiral staircase, up which it is hardly an exaggeration to say one might drive a coach, so wide is it, and of such gentle rise are the low broad steps. There are several other narrow spiral stairs in the towers. The dining and morning rooms are in the Gordon Tower. The drawing-rooms, library, etc., are in the Seton Tower.

Fyvie was the subject of one of the Rhymer's prophecies:—

"Fyvyns riggs and towers,
Hapless shall your mesdames be,
When ye shall hae within your methes
Frae harryit Kirk's lands stanes three:
Ane in Preston's tower;
Ane in my ladye's bower;
And ane below the water yett;
And it ye shall never get."

Tradition says that two of the three have been got, but the one beneath the "water yett" is still unknown. "A stone is preserved in the castle and shown as one of the three weird stones. It is called "the dripping stone." It is asserted that this stone at times gives out such a quantity of damp as to half fill the bowl in which it is kept with water, while at other times it absorbs the whole. It is not known how or when this mysterious stone came to occupy the place it now does."—(Pratt.)

It is or was kept in the uppermost room in one of the towers. This present editor saw it on two occasions. On the one occasion the bowl was nearly full of water, and the stains on the floor showed that it sometimes overflowed. On the other occasion the bowl was dry and the stone encrusted with a white salty efflorescence.

The gardens and grounds of Fyvie Castle are very fine and well worth a visit. "At the distance of about half a mile north-east of the castle, and in view of its turrets, is Mill of Tiftie, the home of the damsel who figures as the heroine of the ancient and ever-popular ballad 'Andrew Lammie,' or 'Mill of Tiftie's Annie.' The story is commemorated by a stone figure of her lover, placed on one of the turrets of the castle in the act of blowing his horn towards Tiftie. This figure is called The Trumpeter of Fyvie. The spot might vindicate the romance, even if it had not been founded on fact. It is a highly picturesque ravine, full of wild natural beauty,—waterfalls, rocks, and tangled bushes, and abundant in wild flowers. The mill is a ruin in the bottom of the glen, but poor Annie's home was the farm-house, which stands on higher ground, and which, like many others, takes its name from the vicinity of the mill. The Bridge of Skeugh, where Annie last met her lover Andrew Lammie, was in the hollow between Tiftie and the castle, at a point about a hundred yards above that where the present bridge spans the brook. A circular clump of trees, said to surround the spot where the 'Trysting tree' stood, marks the spot." —(Pratt.)

1.
At Mill of Tifty lived a man,
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie;
He had a lovely daughter fair,
Was called the bonnie Annie.

2.
Her bloom was like the springing flower
That salutes the rosy morning;
With innocence and graceful mien,
Her beauteous form adorning.

3.
Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter,
Whose name was Andrew Lammie,
He had the art to gain the heart
Of Mill o' Tifty's Annie.

4.
Proper he was, baith young and gay,
His like was not in Fyvie;
No one was there who could compare
With this same Andrew Lammie.

5.
Lord Fyvie he rode by the door,
Where lived Tifty's Annie,
His trumpeter rode him before,
Even this same Andrew Lammie

6.
Her mother called her to the door,
"Come here to me, my Annie,
Did you ever see a prettier man
Than the trumpeter of Fyvie?"

7.
She sighed sore, but said no more,
Alas! for bonnie Annie;
She durst not own her heart was won
By the trumpeter of Fyvie.

8.
At night when they went to their beds,
All slept full sound but Annie;
Love so opprest her tender breast,
Thinking on Andrew Lammie.

9.
"Love comes in at my bedside,
And love lies down beyond me;
Love has possessed my tender breast,
And love will waste my body.

10.
"The first time I and my love met,
Was in the woods of Fyvie,
His lovely form and speech so sweet
Soon gained the heart of Annie.

11.
"He called me mistress: I said, No—
I'm Tifty's bonnie Annie:
With apples sweet he did me treat,
And kisses soft and many.

12.
"It's up and down in Tifty's den,
Where the burn runs clear and bonnie,
I've often gone to meet my love,
My bonnie Andrew Lammie."

13.
But now, alas! her father heard
That the trumpeter of Fyvie
Had had the art to gain the heart
Of Tifty's bonnie Annie.

14.
Her father soon a letter wrote,
And sent it on to Fyvie
To tell his daughter was bewitched
By his servant Andrew Lammie.

15.
When Lord Fyvie heard this letter read,
O dear, but he was sorry;
'The bonniest lass in Fyvie's land
Is bewitched by Andrew Lammie.'

16.
Then up the stair his trumpeter,
He called full soon and shortly;
"Pray tell me soon, What's this you've done
To Tifty's bonnie Annie?"

17.
"In wicked art I had no part,
Nor therein am I cannie;
True love alone the heart has won
Of Tifty's bonnie Annie.

18
["But] woe betide Mill o' Tifty's pride,
For it has ruined many;
He'll no hae't said that she should wed
The trumpeter of Fyvie.

19.
"But where shall I find a boy so kind,
That'll carry a letter cannie;
Who will run on to Tifty's town,
Give it to my love Annie?"

20.
"Here you shall find a boy so kind,
Who'll carry a letter canny;
Who will run on to Tifty's town,
And gie't to thy love Annie."

21.
"It's Tifty, he has daughters three,
Who all are wondrous bonnie;
But ye'll ken her o'er all the lave,
Gie that to bonnie Annie."

22.
"It's up and down in Tifty's den,
Where the burn rins clear and bonnie,
There wilt thou come and meet thy love,
Thy bonnie Andrew Lammie."

23.
"When wilt thou come and I'll attend,
My love I long to [greet] thee?"
"Thou mayest come to the Bridge of Skeugh,
And there I'll come and meet thee."

24.
"My love, I go to Edinbro',
And for a while must leave thee."
She sighed sore and said no more,
"But I wish that I were with thee."

25.
"I'll buy to thee a bridal gown,
My love, I'll buy it bonnie."
"But I'll be dead ere ye come back
To see your bonnie Annie!"

26.
"If you'll be true, and constant too,
As my name's Andrew Lammie,
I will thee wed when I come back
To see the lands of Fyvie."

27.
"I will be true, and constant too,
To thee, my Andrew Lammie;
But my bridal bed will ere then be made
In the green churchyard of Fyvie."

28.
"Our time is gone, and now comes on,
My dear, that I must leave thee;
If longer here I should appear,
Mill o' Tifty, he would see me."

29.
"I now for ever bid adieu
To thee, my Andrew Lammie;
Ere ye come back I will be laid
In the green churchyard of Fyvie."

30.

He hied him to the head of the house,
To the house-top of Fyvie;
He blew his trumpet loud and schill,
'Twas heard at Mill o' Tifty.

31.

Her father locked the door at night,
Laid by the keys fu' cannie,
And when he heard the trumpet sound,
Said: "Your cow is lowing, Annie."

32.

"My father dear, I pray forbear,
And reproach no more your Annie:
For I'd rather hear that cow to low,
Than hae all the kine in Fyvie.

33.

"I would not for my braw new gown,
And all your gifts so many,
That it were told in Fyvie's land
How cruel you are to Annie.

34.

"But if ye strike me, I will cry,
And gentlemen will hear me:
Lord Fyvie will be riding by,
And he'll come in and see me."

35.

At the same time, the Lord came in;
He said, "What ails thee, Annie?"
"'Tis all for love now I must die,
For bonnie Andrew Lammie."

36.

"Pray Mill of Tifty, gie consent,
And let your daughter marry."
"It will be with some higher match
Than the Trumpeter of Fyvie."

37.

"If she were come of as high kind,
As she's adorned wi' beauty,
I would take her unto myself,
And make her mine own ladye."

38.

"It's Fyvie's lands are fair and wide,
And they are rich and bonnie;
I would not leave my own true love
For all the lands of Fyvie."

39.

Her father struck her wondrous sore,
As also did her mother;
Her sisters always did her scorn,
But woe be to her brother.

40.

Her brother struck her wondrous sore,
With cruel strokes and many;
He brake her neck in the hall-door
For liking Andrew Lammie.

41.

'Alas! my father and mother dear
Why so cruel to your Annie?
My heart was broken first by love—
My brother has broken my body.

42.

"O mother dear, make ye my bed,
And lay my face to Fyvie,
Thus will I lie, and thus will die,
For my love Andrew Lammie!

43.

"Ye neighbours hear, both far and near,
Ye pity Tifty's Annie;
Who dies for love of one poor lad,
For bonnie Andrew Lammie.

44.

"No kind of vice ere stained my life,
Nor hurt my virgin honor;
My youthful heart was won by love,
But death will me exoner."

45.

Her mother then she made her bed,
And laid her face to Fyvie;
Her tender heart it soon did break,
And ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.

46.

But the word soon went up and down,
Through all the lands of Fyvie,
That she was dead and buried,
Even Tifty's bonnie Annie.

47.

Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,
Said, "Alas! for Tifty's Annie!
The fairest flower's cut down by love,
That ere sprung up in Fyvie.

48.

"Oh! woe betide Mill o' Tifty's pride!
He might have let them marry;
I should hae gien them both to live
Into the lands of Fyvie."

49.

Her father sorely now laments,
The loss of his dear Annie,
And wishes he had gien consent
To wed with Andrew Lammie.

50.

Her mother grieves, both air and late,
Her sisters, cause they'd scorned her;
Surely her brother doth mourn and grieve
For the cruel usage he'd gien her.

51.

But now, alas! it was too late,
For they could not recal her;
Through life unhappy is their fate,
Because they did control her.

52.

When Andrew hame from Edinbro' came,
With meikle grief and sorrow;
"My love has died for me to-day,
I'll die for her to-morrow.

53.

"Now I will on to Tifty's den,
Where the burn rins clear and bonnie;
With tears I'll view the Bridge of Skeugh,
Where I parted last with Annie.

54.

"Then will I speed to the churchyard,
To the green churchyard of Fyvie;
With tears I'll water my love's grave,
Till I follow Tifty's Annie."

55.

Ye parents grave, who children have,
In crushing them be cannie;
Lest when too late you do repent,—
Remember Tifty's Annie.

"The Duke of Cumberland marched through the grounds of Fyvie on his way to the North, previous to the battle of Culloden, Lord Lewis Gordon being then a distinguished officer under the banner of Prince Charles Edward. The Countess of Aberdeen, but a few months a widow, placed herself on the roadside, accompanied by her eldest son, to see the passage of his army. The Duke addressed her, and asked her name; her answer was, 'I am the sister of Lord Lewis Gordon!' a reply characteristic of the firmness, as it was of the loyalty, mistaken or otherwise, of this noble lady."—(Hay.)

On the 24th October 1644 Montrose occupied the castle, and had a skirmish with the forces of the Covenanters under Argyle. He, however, did not think the castle tenable against the superior force of Argyle, and retreated to an eminence a little to the north-eastward, on the right of the gate. "The entrenchments," says the "New Statistical Report," "are still distinctly to be seen, and the ground goes by the name of Montrose's Camp. One of Argyll's encampments also, on the lands of Ardlogie, is still called the Campfold."

"13th Aug. 1875, Fyvie.—There is a beautiful lake, and the gardens are very fine. The situation lovely. On a broad level grassy plateau, washed by the Ythan, which runs within a few feet of the castle wall, rise the massive towers of this huge fortress. Strategically the situation is bad, for it is commanded on all sides by high ground. These steep braes are, however, now covered with noble woods, and make the scene exquisitely beautiful. The main entrance to the north is under a fine towered gateway, covered with ivy."

50. Auchterless.

8¼ miles from Fyvie.
14 ,, ,, Inveramsay.
34½ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

As we approach the station of Auchterless we see on the left the massive square keep of the old castle of Towie Barclay, now the property of the governors of Robert Gordon's Hospital, Aberdeen. The building is very old, and the castle was of great extent and importance. Over the chief entrance is the inscription—

"Sir Alexander Barclay of Tolly, foundator, decessit Anno Domini 1136."

and on other parts these—

"D In tim of valth all men B
Sims frendly—an frind is not
Knowin but in adversity.—1593."

and higher up the building on a scroll,

"Sir Valter Barclay foundit Tollie Mills 1210."

Hay tells us that there were other inscriptions, which are now removed or obliterated. The venerable building, he adds, continued in a tolerably entire state until about the year 1792, when Mr. Irvine, the then tenant, took off the roof, removed the turrets and embrazures, and razed two stories from its height, placing upon the dilapidated castle a vulgar modern roof. He also filled up the fosse, which constituted the only remaining feature of former baronial consequence.

Notwithstanding the destruction to which it has been subjected, the keep of Towie Barclay still presents an imposing appearance; and this although now it forms only the purlieus of a modern farm-house. One of the vaulted rooms of the ground-floor is used as a cellar for paraffin, and another as a milk-house. The lofty hall, with its groined and vaulted ceiling, circular arches, and severe ornaments, is fitted up as a church, and is used for Sabbath evening services by the several ministers of the neighbourhood alternately.

The Barclays, to whom this ancient castle belonged, were a very distinguished family, and stand out prominently in the history of Scotland from the days of Malcolm Canmore till the days of Mary Queen of Scots, whose

side they espoused. About that time they became connected with the Gartly family, and Hay tells us:—"In the reign of Mary both families were warm partisans of that unfortunate princess; they shared in all the plots of the times, and, amongst others, joined heart and hand with the Earls of Huntly and Erroll in their rebellions against the Regent; and Colonel Barclay, who resided in Spain, conducted the negotiations with that Court in what was called The Spanish Plot. In consequence, on the suppression of this imprudent rebellion, their estates were seized, and the males of the race of any consequence were obliged to take refuge in France and Spain. It is to this time that the inscription 'In time of valth,' etc., refers; and not to the erection of the castle, which, from its style, evidently belongs to the 13th or 14th century.

"'Tollie Barclay of the glen,
Happy to the maids, but never to the men,'

is said to have been the weird of Thomas the Rhymer to the lords of this now ruinous stronghold."

This weird "was said to follow the family in the death of the heir-male, who seldom survived his father; and so strong a hold had this in the belief of the people, that it was by them assigned as the reason for the sale of the estate in 1753. It was then purchased by the Earl of Findlater for his second son, who died a few years after, and when little more than of age. His death was considered another verification of the prediction of Thomas the Rhymer; and Lord Findlater, one of the ablest men of his day, was so far from being above the current superstition that ever after on his journeys to and from the South, when arriving upon the estate at either boundary, he closed the blinds of his carriage till he had passed the fated territory, and in the year 1792 he sold the estate to the trustees of Robert Gordon's Hospital, Aberdeen."

About two miles beyond Towie Barclay, on a gentle slope to the right, and embosomed among fine woods, is Hatton Castle. the residence of Garden W. Duff, whose family bought the estate from the Mowatts in 1727. It stands on the site of the ancient castle of Balquholly, and was built about 1814.

Directly west from it, on the left of the railway, is Gask House, once the property of the Forbeses and others, and now belonging to the Earl of Fife.

51. Turriff.

4 miles from Auchterless.
18 ,, ,, Inverarmsay.
38½ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

"Turriff is a burgh of barony, a market town, the seat of Justice of the Peace and Sheriff Small Debt Courts, and a place of historical and ecclesiastical note. It is situated on a rising ground, on the north bank of the burn or water of Turriff, about half a mile from its junction with the Deveron, and has a fine southern exposure; but, being built of red freestone, has a somewhat dingy aspect. The streets of the main body of the town, comprising the old part, are irregular and confined; but in the newer parts are more spacious, and on something like a regular plan. A market cross stands in the principal street; and there are some good shops." There are four banks, two or more inns. Near the town is a brick and tile work, north-west of which are the Free Church and Manse, and Chalmers' Schools; these last built and endowed from a bequest left by Mr. Chalmers, a merchant of the town, for the education of poor children of Turriff. A little north of the town stands the Parish Church, a plain red freestone edifice, and a little beyond the station is the Episcopalian Chapel in the pointed style. To the antiquary the most interesting object in the town is the old Parish Church, standing in the burial-ground at the west end of the principal street. It was dedicated to Congan, now ordinarily pronounced Cowan. "The old church was a building of some note (says Pratt), being 120 feet long by 18 feet wide. The date of its erection is not known, but is supposed to have been in the 11th century and in the time of Malcolm Canmore. From the 'Old Statistical

Account' we learn that 'the east end was formerly divided from the rest of the building by a row of balusters,' by which, no doubt, is meant a chancel screen. The only part of the structure which now remains, as we learn from the 'New Statistical Account,' is 'the eastern part of the building, called the quire and the belfry, which is rather a handsome piece of architecture and contains a fine-toned bell, bearing the date 1557.' On the north wall of the church is a tablet in memory of one of the Barclays of Towie, of date 1636, and in the burying ground are several monuments worthy of notice. In consequence of the dilapidated state of the churchyard wall, a mason was employed in 1861 to repair it, and by way of economy to take the materials from the remains of the old church! Near the spot in the south wall, where the work of demolition was going on, there had been a window, which, along with others, had been built up at some time. One side of this window fell along with the ruin, but the other remained intact, and displayed, to the astonished gaze of the workmen, a fresco painting of a mitred abbot, on the bay of the window. The colours were wonderfully fresh. It represented an Episcopal figure, fully habited, his pastoral staff in his left hand, his right hand being elevated in the act of benediction, with an inscription above, 'S. Ninianus.' A similar fresco was on the opposite splay, which, as we have said, was destroyed in the pulling down of the wall. There is reason to believe that there had been a series of pictures all round the church. From the history of the Abbots of Kinloss by Forrarius, we learn that certain paintings, apparently in oil, were executed for Abbot Robert Reid at Kinloss about the year 1540. The historian adds that the artist also painted the chamber and oratory of the Abbot, 'sed pictura leviore quæ nunc est per Scotiam receptissima.' It is thought that these expressions are descriptive of fresco painting. The fragment of S. Ninian thus discovered is of especial value as a specimen of Scotch ecclesiastical frescoes, of which we know so little." The *Banffshire Journal* of Dec. 24, 1861, thus describes this fresco:—"The ecclesiastical robes of the ancient church were represented in this fresco. The alb, or under dress, over the feet, white; the chasuble, descending from the shoulders, of a leaden colour, but believed to have been black originally; the habit over the chasuble, yellow; the scapular, a kind of apron, Venetian red; the stole, which should be partly seen on either side of the bottom of the chasuble, is not distinguishable in colour from the scapular in the fresco; the amice, over the left arm, white; the crosier, yellow; the mitre, black, with yellow stripes." It has been carefully described by Dr. John Stuart, in the Preface to The Book of Deer, where he has introduced a facsimile of it in coloured lithography.

The Knights Templar seem to have had an establishment in Turriff. There are the Templar's Brae and the Templar's Feu, which are indicative of their existence here at one time.

The Erroll family were superiors of Turriff from 1412 to 1762, three hundred and fifty years. A house still called the Lodging was probably their residence.

"Till about the middle of the last century there were the remains of several towers about the place, one of which still exists in the gateway and vaults of an old and now almost ruinous building, which goes by the name of Castle Rainy. No records remain of their origin or purpose."—(Pratt.)

Immediately to the north-east is Delgaty Castle, formerly a seat of the Hays, now that of Mr. Ainslie. A Sir Wm. Hay of Dalgetty was the intimate of Montrose, and associated with him in his execution, and also in what were termed his "True Funerals," when, after the Restoration, his remains were collected from the various places where they had been exposed, and reburied with circumstances of great pomp in the church of St. Giles at Edinburgh. "The castle stands on the west bank of a valley, the eastern verge of which abruptly rises into a hill, covered with wood. From an inscription on one part of the building, the date of its

erection is 1579; but we can scarcely think that this is the age of the original castle, the style of which is Norman. Some alterations and additions were made by the late Sir Alexander Duff, in good keeping with the earlier parts of the structure. This venerable pile now combines all the grandeur of the baronial mansion of former times with the refinements and elegancies of the present day. It is a regularly castellated building, about 66 feet in height, parts of the walls being at least 7 feet in thickness. Some of the original rooms are groined, having the bosses embellished with the arms of its former occupants, the Hays of Erroll. Immediately adjoining the castle are the remains of the chapel, in which are stones with inscriptions now scarcely legible. The view from the castle battlements is very fine, embracing the immediate grounds and gardens, and commanding an extensive view of the surrounding country."

About three miles to the north of Delgaty is Craigston Castle. It was founded in 1604 and completed in 1607 by John Urquhart, well known in the local history of the time as the Tutor of Cromarty; and it still remains in the possession of his lineal descendants the Pollard-Urquharts. "The building, with the massive walls and vaulted roofs of the lower apartments, and the strength and solidity so invariably characteristic of the Scottish country houses of that period, is distinguished by much florid architectural ornament. The most remarkable part of the edifice is a lofty arch, which connects two wings that project from the main body of the building, so as to form the highest part of the castle into a compact square, whereas it was originally an oblong, with the two wings above mentioned thrown out. The lower part of the vacant space has been, by one of the more recent proprietors, filled up with an entrance-hall, which, at the same time, adds to the comfort and improves the symmetry of the building. The front of this lofty arch is adorned by grotesque effigies, bearing crowns, or grasping warlike or musical instruments, with a richly carved pediment of red sandstone. The inside of the castle is remarkable for a spacious hall, now converted into a handsome drawing-room, containing numerous specimens of curiously carved oak panelling of the same age as the building, and the remains of its original decoration. These present the effigies of a very miscellaneous assemblage of heroes, kings, cardinal virtues, and evangelists. Amongst others one room contains the sovereigns of the Stuart family down to James the Sixth; and another, the carved likeness of Prince Henry, the heir to the Crown when the castle was erected, also of his brother Prince Charles, both being represented as children. Among the pictures in the castle are three by Jamesone; of these one is a portrait of General David Leslie, another that of William Forbes, Bishop of Edinburgh, and the third that of Sir Alexander Fraser of Philorth. There are also portraits of the last four members of the royal family of Stuart, namely, James, Prince of Wales, and his princess, Clementina Sobieski, with their sons, the Prince Charles Edward, and Henry, Cardinal de York. These, with full-length pictures of the last Earl Marischal and of Captain John Urquhart of Cromarty and Craigston, are originals, and painted about the year 1735 by Francesco Trevisani, an eminent portrait-painter of Rome"—(Hay.)

The following extract from a letter of 1746, printed in the 4th vol. of the "Miscellany of the Spalding Club," refers to an interesting feature of this castle. The writer is giving his opinion as to the best means of capturing fugitive Jacobites.

"Craigston has a secret, which hid three men; as ye goe ben the hall, it is in the thickeness of the wall annent your face, att the backe of the end of the table, next the inner chamber door, as ye stand looking out at the window, which window is closs at the chamber door. Its closs at your right hand, it enters from the room above; goe up stair from the inner chamber, as ye enter the chamber at the hall thers a private room, off that room for a chamber box, under which box a pavement lifts up and so if there were a strong

search in the countrey some might be here."

52. Plaidy.

4¼ miles from Turriff.
22¾ „ „ Inveramsay.
42 „ „ Aberdeen.

Leaving Turriff on the right, the line sweeps round the town towards the Deveron, 'on the banks of which is Forglen House, the beautiful residence of Sir Robert Abercromby, Bart. There is nothing of interest on the way to Plaidy. Craigston, just referred to, is about a mile east from the station. The next station is

53. King-Edward.

2¾ miles from Plaidy.
24¾ „ „ Inveramsay.
44¼ „ „ Aberdeen.

A little before reaching the station we pass on the left the ruins of the castle of King-Edward or Kin-Edar, a word which is said to signify the Head of the Valley. Pratt speaks of it as the scanty remains of the once proud residence of the family of the Comyns, Earls of Buchan. A shapeless heap of ruins spread over its extensive substructure is all that remains to testify to its former strength and grandeur; the forlorn remnant of a greatness which could measure itself even with royalty! The castle stood on a bold precipitous rock, on the northern margin of a deep ravine, through which flows the burn of Kinedar, and by which it was protected on the south and west angles, and on the other two sides by a deep fosse. The bold and broken character of the ground in all directions was well calculated to give security to this castle-fortress. There are no records to be gleaned either as to its erection or destruction, but probably it existed in the time of the former Earls of Buchan, and was destroyed in the early part of the 14th century, when the Comyns were expelled the country, and their very name proscribed by King Robert the Bruce.

Whilst the railway was in progress, in a cutting about a mile southward of the ruins of the castle, a bed of lias-clay was come on, full of characteristic organisms, such as ammonites, belemnites, etc.

Beyond the station, and west of the railway, are the ruins of the Castle or House of Eden, on the eastern slope of the valley of the Deveron, and about four and a half miles from Banff. The modern house (Grant Duff) is a little beyond, further north, and nearer Banff. It was once possessed by Meldrums, by whom probably it was built. They were succeeded by Lesleys, and these again by Duffs, the ancestors of the present owners. It is said that there always blows about the old house, even in the warmest and calmest day of summer, a chill air, and this is accounted for by the following incident, related by Spence in his "Ruined Castles in Banff."

"Long ago there was a laird of Eden who had, like others of his class in old times, 'the power of pot and gallows.' On an outlying croft on the estate there lived in a little cothouse a poor widow woman with an only son. This boy was rather wayward; and the mother, after many fruitless endeavours to keep him in order, resolved to apply to the laird for advice and assistance. This she did; and having told her story, requested the laird as a great favour to speak to her son, to reason with him, to threaten him with some dire punishment if he did not mend his ways. The laird readily undertook the task—alas! too readily—and taking the lad by the hand led him to the 'pot' in the Deveron, plunged him in, and held him there till he was drowned. Then returning to the castle he was met by the grateful mother, who thanked him warmly for his great kindness. 'Weel, woman,' said the laird, 'I'se warran' he's never vex ye ony mair; I've ta'en his han' upon't.' A fearful doubt seemed to seize the mother's mind on hearing this speech, and she eagerly asked, 'But far is my bairn?' 'Oh, wifie,' says the laird, 'he's in the pot, an' ye'll fin' him there gin ye gae doon.' Whereupon the wretched mother knelt down on her bare knees and prayed a prayer instantly heard and instantly answered in part—

"'Cauld blaw the win'
About the Hoose o' Edin.'

And so the chill breeze blows there constantly, and the hearth-stone is cold."

54. Banff Bridge.

4¾ miles from King Edward.
29¾ ,, ,, Inveramsay.
49¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

Owing to the difficulties of the ground, the line has not been carried into the town of Banff, which is reached by a station about a mile and a half south-east of it, and on the opposite side of the river from that on which Banff stands. We will treat of Banff when we reach it by the Banffshire Railway from Grange. A quarter of a mile further on we come to the terminus in Macduff. The river Deveron, which separates Banff from Macduff, separates the counties also till close to the two towns, which are both in Banffshire.

55. Macduff.

¼ mile from Banff Bridge.
29¾ ,, ,, Inveramsay.
49¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

Macduff is a thriving seaport town, with a harbour which is said to be more accessible and safer than that of Banff. It stands on the steep slope of the Hill of Doun. It is in the parish of Gamrie, and the parish church is at Gardenston, some miles distant. There is now a second parish church in Macduff, erected on a commanding site on a hill above the town. In the town itself there is a large and commodious Free Church. The Cross of Macduff stands in front of the Parish Church, on a high bank overlooking the town and harbour. It bears this inscription:—"Macduff Cross, rebuilt at Macduff by the Earl of Fife in 1783, when that place was constituted a royal burgh by George III. May it flourish and long increase in numbers and opulence!"

The coast scenery here is very fine, both east and west of Macduff and Banff. Immediately to the east of Macduff is Tarlair, well known to readers of Smiles's "Life of Thomas Edward, the Banff Naturalist," and famous for its "walls," as must be equally familiar to those who have perused "Johnnie Gibb of Gushetneuk." The whole coast-line is full of interest, from its caves, castles, historical associations, and interesting geological features; the latter are specially prominent at Gamrie, and are described with his usual graphic power by Hugh Miller in his "Rambles of a Geologist."

SECTION VII.

THE BANFFSHIRE RAILWAY.

THE Banff, Portsoy, and Strathisla Railway, like most of the other branches of the Great North Railway, was originally constructed by an independent company. Sanctioned in 1857, it was opened in 1859; and though not embraced in the general amalgamation of 1866, it became part of the Great North system in the following year, 1867.

Its length to Banff is 16¼ miles. At Tillynaught, at 10¼ miles from Grange, a branch 2¾ miles long strikes off to Portsoy, a port on the coast between Banff and Cullen.

Leaving Grange Station, and proceeding north-eastward, we reach

56. Knock.

3¼ miles from Grange.
52¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

The only striking feature here is the regularly conical hill, The Knock, 1409 feet to the summit. At a height of about 1000 feet there are some cairns.

There is little of interest to be observed on this part of the line till we reach Banff. The stations are—

57. Glenbarry.

1¼ miles from Knock.
4¾ ,, ,, Grange.
53½ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

58. Cornhill.

3¼ miles from Glenbarry.
8 ,, ,, Grange.
56¾ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

59. Tillynaught.

2½ miles from Cornhill.
10¼ ,, ,, Grange.
59 ,, ,, Aberdeen.

Here, as already stated, the line divides. We keep to the right for Banff, in which direction is

60. Lady's Bridge.

3½ miles from Tillynaught.
13¾ ,, ,, Grange.
62½ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

The course of the line is along the burn of Boyndie, and passing the village of Boyndie Bridge we reach the coast at Boyndie Bay, and keep on to the east along the shore till we reach the terminus at the harbour of Banff. In the neighbourhood of Boyndie interesting fossils of the Lias are found in the clay. In 1848 Hugh Miller gave an account in the "Witness" newspaper of a visit to this locality. He says—"The argillaceous deposit of Blackpots occupies, in the form of a green swelling bank, a promontory rather soft than bold in its contour, that projects far into the sea, and forms, when tipped with its thin column of smoke from the tile kiln, a pleasing feature in the landscape. I had set it down on the previous day, when it first caught my eye from the lofty cliffs of Gamrie Head, at the distance of some 10 or 12 miles, as different in character from all the other features of the prospect. The country generally is moulded on a framework of primary and transition rock, and presents headlands of hard sharp outline to the attrition of the waves; whereas this single headland in the midst—soft-lined, undulatory, and plump—seems suited to remind one of Burns's young Kirk Alloway beauty disporting amid the thin old ladies that joined with her in the dance. And it *is* a greatly younger beauty than the transition and mica-schist protuberances that

encroach on the sea on either side of it. The sheds and kilns of a tile-work occupy the flat terminal point of the promontory; and as the clay is valuable in this tile-draining age for the facility with which it can be moulded into pipe tiles (a purpose which the ordinary clays of the North of Scotland, composed chiefly of re-formations of the Old Red Sandstone, are what is technically termed too *short* to serve), it is gradually retreating inland before the persevering spade and mattock of the labourer. The deposit has already been drawn out into many hundred miles of cylindrical pipes, and is destined to be drawn out into many thousand more; such being one of the strange metamorphoses effected in the geologic formations, now that those curious animals, the bimana, have come upon the stage; and at length it will have no existence in the country save as an immense system of veins and arteries underlying the vegetable mould. Will these veins and arteries, I marvel, form in their turn the *fossils* of another period, when a higher platform than that into which they have been laid will be occupied to the full by plants and animals specifically different from those of the present scene of things—the existences of a happier and more finished creation? My business to-day, however, was with the fossils the deposit now contains, not with those which it may ultimately form."

He names among those found—

Plagiostoma concentrica,
Belemnites elongatus,
Do. longespinus,
Ammonites Konigi,

also specimens of lignite.

61. Banff.

2½ miles from Lady's Bridge.
16¼ ,, ,, Grange.
75 ,, ,, Aberdeen.

The town of Banff is beautifully situated on the west bank of the mouth of the Deveron. A royal burgh, with a population of about 7400, it forms one of the Parliamentary group known as the Elgin Burghs. It is built on a somewhat steep slope, and has some good buildings. On the shoulder of the hill next the sea stood the castle, at times a royal residence, and occupied for a day or two by Edward I. in 1296 and 1298. Mr. Spence tells us that "the plateau known as the Castle Hill, lying between the town and the sea-town of Banff, is believed to be to some extent artificial, especially along its eastern slopes. . . . The ancient royal castle of Banff was in a ruinous condition when Johnstone wrote an epigram on it in 1642, for he says—

"'A warlick fort, its rubbish yet appears,
The rest's consumed by Time, which all things wears.'

But we know," adds Spence, "that part of it was still habitable and inhabited at that time, or that a dwelling-house had been erected among its ruins, from the fact that the celebrated Archbishop Sharpe was born in it in the year 1613. The only vestiges of this 'warlick fort' now remaining are a part of the outer wall and the fosse, the latter extending along the northern and in part along the eastern side of the area anciently occupied by the castle buildings." A modern house has now taken the place of the old castle.

At the end of one of the principal streets of Banff is the entrance-gate to Duff House, the seat of the Earls of Fife. The following description of it is abstracted from the "Statistical Account:"—Duff House was built about the middle of the 18th century by William Lord Braco, after designs by Adams, the first of the celebrated architects of that name, at a cost of about £70,000. The style is Italian. The body of the house (for the wings have never yet been added) is of an oblong shape, and consists of four lofty stories. The first is a rustic basement, over which rise two stories, adorned with fluted pilasters and an entablature of the style of the Temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome. Over this entablature, which goes round the whole structure, there is an attic story surmounted by a balustrade. The four corners of the building have projections resembling towers, which break and vary the outline, and also rise to a greater height than the other

parts of the attic story. These towers are adorned at the angles by an upper range of pilasters, with an entablature of the composite order, and are crowned at top by dome-shaped roofs, on which octagonal pedestal chimneys are placed. Both the entrance and back façade have also central projections surmounted by pediments, on which the family arms are cut in bas-relief, which, with the appended accessories, fill the entire space of the faces of the pediments. The entablature and capitals of the pilasters, as well as the smaller ornaments, are exquisitely carved, though some of these last have been left unfinished. The back and front of the building are precisely alike, except that the basement part of the projection in front is occupied by an outer stair of two circular ascents, with curved stone balustrades. The principal entrance is thus on the second story. From an arcade below the landing-place of the outside stair there is an entrance to the servants' hall.

Duff House contains a fine collection of pictures. Among others Henrietta Maria, a full-length by *Vandyck;* Penelope, Countess Herbert, *same;* Charles I. as Prince of Wales, by *Velasquez;* Lady Mary Coke and Mrs. Abingdon, by *Sir J. Reynolds;* Hawking, by *Wynants;* Sir W. Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons, 1640, by *Mytens;* Infant Saviour, by *Alonzo Cano;* Italian landscape, by *Zuccarelli;* Salvator Mundi, by *Luca Giordano;* Assumption, *Murillo* (?); Duke of Richmond, *Vandyck;* Duchess of Richmond, *same;* Charles I., *Vandyck;* Duchess of Richmond, *Lely;* Prince Henry, *Jansen;* Jane, Duchess of Gordon, *Reynolds;* Princess Elizabeth; three children of James I.; three small heads, *Holbein;* an Ecclesiastic, *J. Van Eyck;* a Philosopher with a skull, *Q. Matsys;* Head of a Girl, *Murillo;* Louis XIV., *Rigaud;* Queen Elizabeth, *Hilliard;* portraits of the English Kings from Henry V. to George II. (including a full-length of Henry VIII. by *Holbein*); the Chevalier, Prince Charles, and Cardinal York, by *G. Hamilton;* and many more. The house contains a handsome library, 70 feet long; and among other things of interest there is a good collection of arms and armour.

In the churchyard of Banff there is a very interesting fragment, ivy-covered, of the chancel of an old Gothic church, and in the Park of Duff House there is a Gothic Mausoleum. The walks and drives in the grounds are beautiful and varied. At a distance of about two miles is the bridge of Alvah over the Deveron, very picturesque. The rocks here rise to the height of 50 feet from the edge of a profound pool said to be as deep as they are high.

Ferguson the astronomer was born in the neighbourhood of Banff, and the museum contains a number of early specimens of the fruit of his mechanical genius.

Not far from Banff, between it and Portsoy, at a place called Fatmacken, in the parish of Boyndie, was born in 1738, in a wayside inn which has long since disappeared, Mrs. Buchan, the founder of the sect of Buchanites. Her father was John Simpson the innkeeper. An old lady still alive remembers that her father used to tell her that Mrs. Buchan when young used to spread out a sheet in the fields to receive the manna she expected to fall at night. From Mr. Train's "History of The Buchanites," we take these opening sentences:—"Few people have acted such an extraordinary part on the stage of life as Mrs. Buchan. She gave herself out to be the Third Person of the Godhead, and pretended to confer immortality on whomsoever she breathed on; and promised, eventually, to translate direct to heaven in a body, without their tasting death, all who put unlimited faith in her divine mission. She also personified the Woman described in the Revelation of St. John as being clothed with the Sun and the Moon, and pretended to have brought forth the Man-child who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron, in the person of the Reverend Hugh White, Minister of the Relief Congregation of Irvine."

Strange and revolting as her doctrines and her practices were, she found many

followers. Those who are curious to follow her history further are referred to "The Buchanites from first to last," by Joseph Train, published by the Messrs. Blackwood in 1846, or to notices in Blackie's "The Scottish Nation," and Chambers's "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen."

Returning to Tillynaught Junction, we pursue the left branch of the Railway to

62. Portsoy.

2¾ miles from Tillynaught.
18 „ „ Grange.
61¼ „ „ Aberdeen.

Portsoy is principally a fishing town, with some sea-going craft, and a population of between 2000 and 3000. The situation is picturesque, on a bluff or headland occupying the inner bend of and projecting into the large bay formed by the promontories of East Head and Redbythe Point.

Between it and Banff, five miles from the latter, is Boyne Bay, and the ruins of Boyne Castle on Craig of Boyne. Boyne was once the property of the Edmondstones and then of the Ogilvies. An older castle stood once upon the sea-shore, of which a few fragments remain. Boyne Castle overlooks a deep ravine which served as a defence to the north-west. On the south is the entrance by a raised causeway across the moat. The gateway is protected by two round towers, and the whole building consisted of a rectangle defended by towers at the angles. The west side, with its hall eighty feet long, was added in the latter part of the 16th century. The ruins are very extensive and exceedingly picturesque. They are well worthy of a visit.

To the west of Portsoy, and about two miles east of Cullen, are the ruins of Findlater Castle, a "miniature Gibraltar." Spence says:—"It is approached by a road leading towards the shore, through the farm-steading of Main of Findlater. Leaving this steading behind us, a few minutes' walk brings us to a narrow strip of pasturage, along the top of the sea braes, and here the first thing that attracts our attention lying right in front of us, and on the level on which we stand, is an entrenched camp well defined with ditch and rampart, forming three sides of an oblong, having for its base or fourth side the very irregular edge of the cliff on which it lies. Passing the fosse by a roadway across its middle, we enter the entrenchment, and find that its length is about 240 feet, and its average width about 140 feet. There are remains also of masonwork. . . . Approaching the brow of the cliff we look down, and the fragments of the ancient stronghold meet our view, scattered here and there over the surface, and down the sides of a peninsula lying before us at a distance of about a hundred yards. Around and beyond this promontory stretches far and wide at present a summer sea studded with fleets of herring boats, interspersed with an occasional sail of larger dimensions; and were it not for the hills of Caithness, 'that dim and distant rise' on the horizon, we should be inclined to say that the name Findlater, if, as has been fancifully said, derived from the French *fin de la terre*, is aptly applied to the rock at our feet. Immediately below us, and occupying the greater part of the space between us and the castle, is an isthmus, in some parts very narrow, along which ran the roadway to the castle. This roadway, we see from our point of vantage, is cut right across in two places, one almost beneath us, and the other near the peninsula; these cuttings were of course crossed by drawbridges. From our elevated position we now descend the precipitous face of the cliff, and with some difficulty reach the cutting of the outer drawbridge, the depth of which is about 10 feet. On clambering to the summit of the isthmus we walk on for about 80 feet, and are there encountered by the second cutting, which is about 10 feet deep and 12 feet wide, with a scarp of mason-work. The eastern face of the isthmus makes a sheer descent of 50 or 60 feet to the sea-level, while the western, which is not so precipitous, is faced up where necessary with a dead wall, based upon the rock below. The Castle Rock now rises close in front of

us, with an elevation considerably above that of the isthmus. On our right we observe indications of two towers, and on our left the vestiges of a tower and rampart. All these commanded the drawbridge, and were, no doubt, the chief inner defences of the castle. The path winds up from the drawbridge, between these towers, and we follow it until we stand in the very centre of the now turf-covered area, on the summit of the rock. The area is of an irregular oval shape, about 180 feet long by 80 feet wide. Standing here and looking seaward, we have in front of us, at the extremity of the promontory, the remains of the outer sea-tower and walls. On our right are several grassy mounds or ridges, marking the sites of towers and chambers along the eastern edge of the rock. But the most unique and interesting part of the structure still remains unnoticed, and we might stand for ever, where we now stand, without discovering it. Take, however, a step or two to the left, and you come upon a hole in the turf, large enough to drop through. You look down and see that there is a chamber below, which, if you wish to enter in a more dignified and less dangerous manner, you have only to move a few paces seaward to another opening. There you will find a stone stair leading down into the bowels of the rock. By this staircase we descend, and find ourselves in a vaulted room of good size, one of a series on the same floor. In one of these we come to another hole, opening into a yet lower story of vaults, hewn to a great extent out of the solid rock, as indeed are also those above. All these rooms are lighted by windows, now ragged, shapeless, and torn, looking to the west, and down the face of the precipice to the sea, which boils and rages in a narrow gorge at its foot. Returning now to upper day, we quit the rock and descend by a winding path to the shore of the inlet at its base. Here we have a very striking view of the western face of the peninsula and isthmus, consisting mainly of rock, but partly of wall, broken here and there with window, loophole, and ruined arch; and while reposing under the shadow of the cliff behind us, can in fancy rebuild its lofty towers, and fill them with 'rugged warriors armed for strife.' Here too, as well as from the entrenchment above, we are forcibly struck with the impregnable character of the fortress. In the olden time it could only have been taken by blockade or surprise, and to accomplish the latter must have been very difficult, if not impossible."

Probably this castle was originally built, along with many others round the northern shores, as defences against the descents of the Scandinavian sea-kings, previous to the end of the 13th century. There is reason to believe that afterwards it fell into their hands. There is a tradition that it was once a pirate stronghold, and the entrenchment on the rocks above seems to indicate that it was once held in an interest inimical to that of the inhabitants of the country.

In 1578 Leslie describes it as "a castle so fortified by the nature of its situation as to seem impregnable;" and Gordon of Straloch calls it, in 1662, 'deserta arx'—a deserted stronghold. The Norman family of St. Clair obtained it by marriage with Johanna of Findlater, in the reign of David II. It afterwards came into possession of the Ogilvies, who were created Earls of Findlater. The last Earl Findlater died in 1811, and the estates passed to the family which the Earl of Seafield now represents.

The seat of the Earls of Seafield is Cullen House, a handsome castellated mansion, close to Cullen, and charmingly situated on the edge of a picturesque wooded glen. The queen of Robert the Bruce died at Cullen. The church of Cullen was founded by Robert the Bruce, and the bowels of his queen were interred in it. It also contains the fine tomb of Ogilvy of Findlater.

We now leave the northern sections of the railway for the eastern branches, running to Peterhead and Fraserburgh.

SECTION VIII.

THE FORMARTINE AND BUCHAN RAILWAY.

THIS branch takes its name from the two districts through which it passes. Aberdeenshire is divided into five districts, representing, perhaps somewhat roughly, the old lordships or earldoms. Dr. Skene Keith says:—"Aberdeenshire at a remote period seems to have composed two distinct counties or earldoms, namely Mar and Buchan; the former comprising the divisions of *Mar* proper, *Garioch*, and *Strathbogie;* the latter including the thanedoms of *Formartine* and *Belhelvie*, which were united in a political connection with the territory and subject to the jurisdiction of the Earls of Buchan. When the feudal system was generally abolished, and when it became expedient to unite several earldoms under the jurisdiction of one sheriff or judge, appointed by the sovereign, all the divisions were included in the general name of the County of Aberdeen. From that period Aberdeenshire has been considered as composed of five divisions, namely Mar, Formartine, Buchan, Garioch, and Strathbogie."

Dr. Pratt tells us that in a MS. in the Advocates' Library, supposed to have been written by the Lady Anne Drummond, daughter of James Earl of Perth, and Countess of John, twelfth Earl of Erroll, about the year 1680, it is said:—"All that country in old time was called Buchan, which lyeth betwixt the rivers Don and Diveron. . . . But now generally what is betwixt Don and Ythan is called Formartine; and that only hath the name of Buchan which is found betwixt Ythan and Diveron."

The whole district comprehended in the two divisions of Formartine and Buchan, and passed through by this branch of the railway, is in a high state of cultivation, and is remarkable for its agricultural character, as well as for many objects of historical and antiquarian interest.

The Formartine and Buchan railway was sanctioned in 1858, and opened to Mintlaw (30 miles) in July 1861, to Peterhead in 1862, and to Fraserburgh in 1865. With the other branches, it was amalgamated with the Great North Railway in August 1866. Its length from Dyce Junction to Peterhead is 38 miles, and the branch from Maud Junction to Fraserburgh is 16 miles, in all 54 miles.

Leaving Dyce, the direction is at first northwards; and after crossing the Don, we reach the first station on the branch at Parkhill.

63. Parkhill.

1¼ miles from Dyce.
7¼ „ „ Aberdeen.

The river Don is crossed just before reaching the station, and here to the left, looking up the valley, on a graceful bend of the river, is Goval (Crombie), and beyond on the south bank the woods of Pitmedden (George Thompson, jun.), and on the north bank those of Fintray (Sir William Forbes, Bart., of Craigievar and Fintray). To the right of the line is Parkhill House, the seat of John Gordon Cumming Skene, of Pitluig and Dyce. There is a fine lake within

the grounds, which are also skirted on the south by the river Don. Immediately to the east of the park is a small loch called Loch Gowle, or the Bishop's Loch, where of yore the Bishop of Aberdeen had a residence. The "Mannour," as it is called, stood on an island in the loch, and is thus referred to in "The View of the Diocese of Aberdeen" :—"The oldest is that in Loch Goul (now the Bishop's Loch), whereof the ruined walls yet remain. It looks rather like a hermit's cell than a bishop's palace, and yet a great man lived and died here; I mean Bishop Benham." The "Old Statistical Account" says:—"There is a beautiful lake called Bishop's Loch, anciently Loch Goul; within it the bishops of Aberdeen had their lodging before the chanonry was erected. Upon a rising ground within the loch the remains of the building are still to be seen. At the west end is part of a ditch, where the drawbridge was by which they passed to and from the lodging. It is said that the loch was compassed about with tall trees, but none of them remain."

Passing on from Parkhill, we have on the left the woods of Elrick, and on the right North Kinmundy, the birthplace of Robert Gordon of Straloch, the famous geographer, antiquary, and historian (born 1560, died 1661).

The line makes a great curve here ascending Summerhill, and even then only with a gradient of 1 in 74. The property of Rammeshill (Geo. Thompson, jun., of Pitmedden) lies to the right; and to the left, in the hollow, the village of Summerhill or New Machar. When opposite the village, the eminence to the right, with farm buildings, is called Kingseat, and a well immediately on the west of the railway is called the Betteral Well.

The "New Statistical Account" gives us this notice of the origin of these names :—"There is a stone in the courtyard of a farm in the parish, on which, tradition says, one of the early kings of Scotland (Malcolm Canmore) seated himself, being in these parts with his army. Weary with marching and overpowered with thirst, he had water brought to him from a well in the immediate neighbourhood, which proved so grateful and refreshing to the exhausted energies of the monarch, that he pronounced nature's beverage to be better than *ale*, or better than *ill ale*. From this circumstance the property on which the farm is, is called Kingseat, and the said well, the Betteral Well, *i.e.* the Better Ale Well, to this day."

64. New Machar.

4 miles from Parkhill.
5½ ,, ,, Dyce.
11½ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

The station is a little way, perhaps half a mile, from the village of Summerhill, immediately to the north of which is the entrance to the grounds of Straloch House (Colonel Ramsay of Barra and Straloch).

From this station there is a very fine view of the Deeside and the Donside hills. Bennachie dominates from all points. West of it is the Milstone Hill, and then Cairn William. Right in front is the conical apex of Morven, steep and sullen-looking; while, far off in the distance, towers the "dark Lochnagar." These are the principal peaks; but many of the other Dee and Don side hills are also visible from this point—making a magnificent background to a richly-wooded and well-cultivated district.

Half a mile beyond the station we enter the deepest and longest cutting on the line through the hill of Strypes. It is nearly a mile long, and in some places from 40 to 50 feet deep. As you emerge from it a very extensive and beautiful stretch of country opens up to view. The lands of Balnakettle, at the north end of the cutting, belong to the University of Aberdeen. To the right, approaching the station, are Tillycorthy (Major Ross) and Tillery (Captain Hunter).

65. Udny.

3 miles from New Machar.
8½ ,, ,, Dyce.
14½ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

This is the station for Udny Castle,

(Udny), Pitmedden (Seton), Haddo House (Lord Aberdeen), etc.

Udny Castle is seen rising above the surrounding trees on the left as you approach the station. Till lately it was a mere keep, and uninhabited, but it has been rebuilt as a commodious modern house, in good keeping with the ancient tower, by the present proprietor, J. H. Udny, of Udny. The "View of the Diocese" says of it:—"It is an old castle, and formerly (though now neglected) the seat of the chief of that name. His arms are two greyhounds, with a stag's head above, all betwixt three *fleurs de lis;* crest, a *fleur de lis;* supporters, two savages; motto, '*All my hope is in God.*'" The building of the original tower is supposed to date from the 13th century. "Story after story was slowly added by each successive laird, until the whole as it stands, with the exception of the present roof, was brought to a close at the same time almost as the finances of the not over-rich lord of the manor." The "Statistical Account" says:—"The walls are thick enough to admit bed-closets within them. The two under stories are vaulted, the upper one of which contains a spacious hall. It is neatly floored, or rather pavemented, with oblong hexagonal granite, very neatly joined. Its height to the top of the arch is about 20 feet." The ceilings are handsomely groined. The height of the tower is upwards of 100 feet. The barony has been long in the possession of the family now represented by J. H. Udny, of Udny. The parish was separated from others in 1597, and named after the proprietor of the barony.

About a mile further on are the very interesting ruins of the Castle of Tolquhon, "a fine specimen of the castellated architecture of the olden time." At one time it belonged to the Prestons, from whom it passed to the Forbeses; ultimately it became, and it now is, the property of the Earls of Aberdeen. "The View of the Diocese," written about 1730, says: "Tolquhon consists of an ancient castle, called the Prestons' Tower, from its first possessors, and of several other buildings (which render it a court), begun, as the inscription on the front shows, by William Forbes of Tolquhon, A.D. 1584, and ended by him A.D. 1589." The inscription is, "Al this warke, excep the auld toor, was begon be William Forbes, 15 Aprile 1584, and endit be him 20 October 1589." The castle is now in a very ruinous condition. The "Statistical Account" says:—"The arched gateway of the court is defended by two towers with loopholes, to enable those within to use firearms or arrows against assailants. Great part of it is now roofless, and its walls are fast sinking into shapeless masses of stones and rubbish. It is nearly surrounded with wood, part of which—especially some fine yews—seems to be coeval with the building itself." One of the inscriptions on the building is, "W. F., 1588; dochter to Lessmore E.G.; and the motto, "Salus per Christum."

Haddo House is a few miles further on in the same direction. This seat of the Earls of Aberdeen stands in a very extensive, varied, and beautiful park. There are two large lakes, a deer park, and some very fine timber. The house is plain but massive. It consists of a square centre with two wings forming a court, and the entrance is in the centre. Two semicircular flights of steps bring you to the level of the second floor, on which are the public rooms. The entrance hall, which is in reality a saloon or morning-room, is graced by a beautiful bust of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, presented by her in memory of her visit to her late Prime Minister in October 1857. The great drawing-room is beyond, and on either side library and dining-room. From the great drawing-room window a noble flight of steps leads down to a large elevated plateau, adorned by beds of flowers. From this, other flights lead down to walks traversing the park in various directions. Straight in front a long avenue lined with noble trees stretches to the upper lake and the gate of the deer park. Beyond the lake it is further seen stretching up the opposite hill, and the long vista, in all a mile, is

terminated on the line of the horizon by a colossal urn. The present Earl has added a very beautiful chapel, and is making considerable alterations on the entrance and internal arrangements.

Leaving Udny station we pass on the right the farms of Monkshill and Orchardston, and on the left that of Cloisterseat. On the left also is the farm of Craig, and others belonging to the trustees of Gordon's Hospital.

66. Logierieve.

1¾ miles from Udny.
10 ,, ,, Dyce.
16¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

This station is placed in a moss, which, however, is fast disappearing under the hands of skilful cultivators. The road which crosses at this point is the main line from the interior of the country to the seaport of Newburgh at the mouth of the Ythan. There is a very good hotel at Newburgh, and the place is much frequented for the sea-trout fishing in the estuary of the Ythan. In the immediate neighbourhood are the ruins of the castle of Knockhall, an ancient residence of the Udnys. It was erected in 1565, and was in the year 1734 accidentally burned, and has since continued in a state of ruin.

67. Esslemont.

1¾ miles from Logierieve.
11¼ ,, ,, Dyce.
17¾ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

About a mile to the north of the station is Esslemont House (H. Wolrige Gordon, Esq.) A little way from the modern house, which was rebuilt by the present proprietor, is the old castle of Esslemont, in a clump of trees not far from the farm-house of Mains of Esslemont. The "View of the Diocese" says, "Esslemont is an old castle, the seat of the Cheynes of Esslemont." It has all the appearance of great age, and must have been of considerable strength, having been surrounded by a moat, the lines of which may be still distinctly traced.

Leaving the station we pass through a very deep cutting through the hill of Woolaw, and cross the Ythan by a bridge of four arches, and fifty feet above the stream. "The bridge across the Ythan at first consisted of three arches, and was completed in the autumn of 1860. On the 10th of the following February, owing to some undue pressure on the piers, it fell with a tremendous crash, which was distinctly heard a mile off. This accident was the cause of several months' delay in the opening of the line. The structure itself was very substantial and handsome, and the accident was entirely attributable to the slipping of the substratum on the south side of the river—a contingency entirely unexpected, and which probably could not have been anticipated."

Crossing the river, we are in Buchan proper, and at Ellon.

Of Buchan some one from the South once remarked, "It's pretty enough, but there's nothing of historical interest about it!"

"Nought of historical interest here!"
Must all history loom large on the annalist's page?
And there only doth matter of interest appear
Where great charter was signed or famed battle did rage?
"Nought of historical interest here!"
Why—Buchan—the name speaketh loud of the past.
The king of broad Scotland its chieftain might fear,
Till in their own earldom they lost it at last.
"Nought of historical interest here!"
Where the soil hath run red with the blood of the Dane,
Where the ruins are gray of the Abbey of Deer,
Of the towers of the Comyn, the Keith, and the Cheyne!
"Nought of historical interest here!"
To yon mystical circle thy footsteps turn.
Who were they that laboured those cairns to uprear,
Whose dead ashes protect yon stone shell and clay urn?
Yes, for him that can read it, each field has its story,
Where axes and arrows the plough has upcast,
Of dead generations, of long vanished glory,
A record revealed of the long buried past.

68. Ellon.

1¾ miles from Esslemont.
13½ ,, ,, Dyce.
19½ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

Ellon is a very central station for a large district of country. It serves

the south part of the parish of Methlic, the east of Tarves, most of Logie-Buchan, Slains, Cruden, and Ellon. A coach runs from the station by the coast to Peterhead in connection with certain trains, as from this point the line runs directly north, leaving the large and important district between Ellon and Peterhead away to the right. Here, therefore, parties have to leave the train for Ellon Castle, Auchmacoy, Collieston, Pitlurg, Aquharnie, Slains, Aldie, etc.

The village of Ellon is about half a mile from the station, and is beautifully situated on the banks of the Ythan. This river, which we have already seen at Gight and Fyvie, has a course of about 31 miles. There is good salmon-fishing in it. "It is celebrated for its mussel pearls (Mya Margaritifera), and one of the jewels of the ancient crown of Scotland is said to have been found here."

"The kirk and kirk-lands of Ellon (*New Statistical Account*) belonged to the Cistercian Abbey of Kinloss in Moray. It is probable they were conferred on this abbey at its foundation in the middle of the 12th century. They certainly belonged to it in the 13th century, as we find that at an early period of the century following, Robert I. confirmed to the Abbey of Kinloss the advocation and donation of the Kirk of Ellon. The Kinloss monks probably acquired Ellon from one of the first Earls of Buchan. The Buchan family seems to have been partial to the Cistercian order."

Pratt tells us, that from a letter of Alexander Comyn, Earl of Buchan, a copy of which is preserved in the charter-room of Slains Castle, of date A. D. 1265, it appears that the said Earl of Buchan received a grant of certain lands of Ellon for himself and his two sons from Gameline, Archbishop of St. Andrews, for which he and his heirs were to pay annually to the archbishop and his successors two silver merks, and also to render certain dues, with which the lands were burdened, the same to revert to the archbishop and church of St. Andrews on the death of the said earl and his two sons.

"Ellon Castle was formerly called Kermucks, and under that name was possessed by Forbes of Waterton, and before him by Kennedy of Kermucks. It has been built anew by the present possessor, Gordon of Ellon (son to a farmer in Bourtie), a merchant in Edinburgh, and once a bailie there, and a rich man; and it is accounted here a very great house, the great halls having two rows of windows, and being 28 feet high. — (Sir Samuel Forbes, *Book of Bon Accord.*)

Almost no part of this "very great house" now remains. In 1752, that Gordon of Ellon sold the property to the Earl of Aberdeen, who, in 1780 built large additions to the house, and made it his principal residence. A later proprietor (a collateral branch of the Aberdeen family, in the possession of whose descendants it still remains) unroofed the house and allowed it to fall into a state of complete dilapidation. The only portion of it now remaining is a fragment of the tower, which, ivy-mantled and hoary, forms a picturesque object on the beautiful terrace of the modern castle built in 1851. The gardens are well worthy of a visit, and contain some venerable yew-trees of very great size and beauty.

"The annals of Ellon," says Dr. Pratt, "could they be recovered from the graves of centuries where they lie buried, would furnish us with a curious episode in our history. Thrice a year, the Thane of Buchan—remember, reader, these were feudal times—accompanied by a proud array of retainers, resorted to Ellon to hold a head court. Here all inferior holders of land, who, in a certain sense, were his vassals, engaged by 'ane band of manrent.' to 'heill his consaill, and gif him the best consaill' they 'cane gif only he askis'—assembled at his bidding, each attended by his own special retainers, all mounted and armed to the teeth. There all cases of importance throughout the thanedom were tried and summarily decided. The place of assembly was the Moat Hill, called in later times the Earl's Hill of Ellon, a spot situated on the left bank of the Ythan, 80 or 90 yards below where the

bridge now crosses the river. It was the place also where the Earls of Buchan were formerly invested with the title; and it is said that its possession continued to be anxiously claimed by the Lords of Buchan, when of all that great inheritance little or nothing remained with them but the name and dignity of Earl." "The Earl's Hill is included in the charter of the earldom, granted in 1574; and in 1615, Mary Douglas was infeft in the earldom of Buchan and Earl's Hill. The slight eminence or mound to which these charters make reference has now disappeared; but persons are still living in Ellon (1841) who remember the time when the Earl's Hill retained both its place and name." (*New Stat. Account.*) A few years after Dr. Robertson wrote the above, the late Alexander Gordon, on succeeding to the property, had this interesting memorial of the past partially restored and protected by a railing; but now the paling is broken down and the mound all but levelled.

From the east lodge of Ellon Castle, there is a private path leading down the river side, past the granaries of Messrs. Mitchell and Rae, and on through the wooded high bank of the river to some remains which are all that are now left of the old house or Castle of Waterton, the ancient seat of the Forbes. "There now remains nothing beyond the mere indications of this once proud mansion. It occupied a prominent situation on a rocky eminence immediately over the river. The building was begun after the Reformation by the Bannermans of Elsick, and finished about the middle of the following century by Forbes, a son of Tolquhon, the first of the name who possessed the estate. Soon after obtaining the lands of Kenmuick he became Constable of Aberdeen, an office heritably attached to those lands. The castle and lands continued in the possession of the Forbes for upwards of a century, when they became, by purchase (1770), the property of the Earl of Aberdeen." Waterton and Kenmuick now belong to Ellon. On the fragment of the castle, J. H. Forbes, of Merry Oaks, Southampton, the grandson of Thomas, the last laird of Waterton, has placed a stone tablet, on which is cut the coat of arms of Forbes of Waterton, and the following inscription: "This stone marks the site of the ancient seat of the family of Forbeses, Lairds of Waterton, A.D. 1630-1770." "The footpath (says Pratt) is continued downwards, along the brink of the stream, and leads to a view of by far the finest reach in the river. The scenery here is singularly beautiful. The broad expanse of the stream with its rocky islets; the crags along both banks of the river—especially those on the left brink—bold and precipitous, often rising to the height of 100 feet and upwards; birch, mountain ash, and other trees clothing the steep, wherever sufficient soil for their support is to be found; the wild rose and the honeysuckle, interspersed with furze (whins), and 'the lang yellow broom,' the foxglove, and other wild flowers, combine to give a character to this secluded spot, which takes the visitor, introduced to it for the first time, quite by surprise. The footpath extends for upwards of a mile from the meadow to the remains of a small ruin pointed out as the Abbot's Hill. This is in the vicinity of what is known as the Abbot's Haugh, and a little below the Abbot's Well. The dimensions of the foundations externally, from east to west, are about 30 feet, and from north to south about 15. Some vestiges of the Abbot's Garden, on the rock above the ruin, in a north-easterly direction, are also pointed out to the visitor. These interesting objects lie directly between the farmhouse of Mains of Waterton and the river."

Passing up through the garden of the Mains of Waterton, half a mile or so brings you to Auchmacoy, two miles from Ellon.

Auchmacoy House is modern, and was built by the late James Buchan, of Auchmacoy, which property is now in the possession of his daughter and only surviving child. The remains of the old house are in the wood, at a short distance from the new house, which is admirably situated. It was begun in 1832, and took two years to

build. The style is Elizabethan. "The ground to the westward slopes gradually to the margin of a little stream, and forms a beautiful lawn, embellished with clumps of trees and shrubs; and to the north rises to a gentle eminence, richly clothed with wood. On the south and east the house overlooks a steep glen, tastefully laid out and cut into walks. Beyond this is seen the noble sweep formed by the Ythan, with the sea in the distance. A finer situation can hardly be imagined." So says Dr. Pratt, and the present editor entirely agrees with him. From the oriel window of the library, which is on the second floor, the view is unrivalled. To the right the rich cultivated country landscape is shut in by the noble outline of Bennachie. In front you look down the wooded hollow to the river. To the left the view comprises the broad reach of the Ythan, spanned by a graceful bridge of great length, for the river here is a broad tidal estuary, while the warehouses of Newburgh, and the masts of the vessels lying at its quay, loom large in the haze that melts in the distance into the ocean.

The "View of the Diocese of Aberdeen," written about 1730, says, "This family has possessed Auchmacoy these four hundred years; the first of them having been a son of Cummin, Earl of Buchan (whence Auchmacoy still bears the coat of Cummin, Earl of Buchan, with a mollet for difference), who had got this small estate from his father, and did, notwithstanding the almost general rebellion of his clan against King Robert the First, adhere so faithfully to that prince that he was allowed to retain his estate (when the other Cummins were forfeited) upon the condition of his taking a new name; whereupon he chose that of Buchan. Those of this family have been frequently bailies to the Bishop of Aberdeen."

The "New Statistical Account," written by the late Rev. Dr. Robertson, then (1841) minister of Ellon, says: "It appears from Robertson's 'Index of scarce Charters' that the Buchans of Auchmacoy were proprietors of that estate so far back as the year 1318, holding it of the Earls of Buchan until the forfeiture of the too powerful Cummins, in the reign of King Robert Bruce. In 1508 James IV. gave Andrew Buchan of Auchmacoy a new charter, and erected his lands into a free barony, which has been inherited by his lineal male descendants ever since."

An eminent member of this family was Major-General Thomas Buchan, who adhered to the Stewarts after the Revolution. He was the third son of James Buchan of Auchmacoy, by Margaret Seton, daughter of Alexander Seton of Pitmedden. He died at Ardlogy in Fyvie, and was buried in Logie-Buchan A.D. 1720. After the battles of Killiecrankie and Dunkeld he became commander-in-chief for James in Scotland. "There can be little doubt that General Buchan, though not in command, was present with the Marquis of Huntly's troops at the battle of Sheriffmuir on the 13th November 1715."—*New Statistical Account.*

To any one desirous of exploring the singular sand-covered parish of Forvie, Ellon is the nearest point. He should drive to Waterside, on the north bank of the Ythan, and walk from that point to Collieston. "Leaving the road at Waterside (Pratt), and turning a little to the right, we find a footpath leading through the very centre of the Sands of Forvie. This remarkable waste lies along the north bank of the Ythan, and extends to the village of Collieston, a distance of nearly four miles. Not far from the centre of the sands, and at some distance on the right of the footpath, are the foundations and part of the walls of what is said to have been the parish church. The ruin is on the margin of a tiny streamlet. . . . The period at which the parish was overblown, and the cause by which the catastrophe was brought about are not very well authenticated. It is said that the calamity happened in the year 1688, and that it was the result of a furious storm from the east, of nine days' duration. . . . But when authentic history fails, popular tradition—aided, probably, by a love of the marvellous—comes to our assistance. The traditionary tale of the

Sands of Forvie is, that about four hundred years ago the proprietor to whom the parish then belonged died, leaving his lands to his three daughters. In that lawless age the helpless orphans were, through fraud and violence, despoiled of their inheritance. Being thrown upon the world, they, in the bitterness of their grief, prayed to heaven to avenge their wrongs, and to make the fair fields of which they had been so unjustly defrauded worthless to the ravager and his posterity. An old rhyme embodies the malediction of the fair sufferers—

> "If ever maiden's malison,
> Did licht upon dry land,
> Let nocht be fund in Forvie's glebes,
> Bot thistle, bent, and sand."

Time passed on, but still the prayer was unheard; but at length a furious storm arose, which raged without intermission for nine days. The maidens' *weird* was accomplished. Such is the tradition; the fact is certain — the parish is a sandy desert." It was probably overblown, at least in great part, before 1688; and a well-authenticated storm which commenced on 10th August 1413, and continued for many days, may have been the first instrument of the destruction. There is a wild weirdness and loneliness about these sands—and their great variety of character and general interest make them always fresh, however often a visit to them is repeated. The rocks of Collieston, with their numerous caves, are also great attractions to this part of the coast.

69. Arnage.

3¼ miles from Ellon.
13½ " " Dyce.
23 " " Aberdeen

Leaving Ellon, we pass on the left Auchterellon, and farther on, on the right, Turnerhall (Turner of Turnerhall) and Hilton of Turnerhall, a farmsteading where once the thrashing-machine was driven by a windmill, the tower of which only now remains, and which, far and near, is a conspicuous object in the landscape, dividing attention with the monument to the memory of "Athenian Aberdeen," on the hill of Yssie, on the opposite bank of the Ythan. There is a heavy cutting through what is called the Gallowhill. To the left, on the brow of the hill, is a clump of trees marking the spot where the gallows stood in the old days when lairds had the power of "pit and gallows"—drowning and hanging. A little beyond, on the opposite side of the Ebrie, and on the verge of the hill, is the Stone of Drumwhindle. This is a huge monolith, some 12 or 14 feet high. There is no certain information as to its origin. The present editor has heard that it formed one of a line of similar stones stretching across the country from the sea on the east to the Moray Firth, and that they were ancient landmarks of divisions of provinces in the days when the land was inhabited by various septs or tribes. It is an impressive object in the landscape from its vastness and from the mysteriousness of its origin and history.

On the right of the station is Arnage (Ross). The house is not visible from the railway, the tops of the towers only may be seen for an instant in passing, overtopping the trees. It is beautifully situated, and surrounded by fine thriving woods.

"Arnage, of old the seat of the Cheynes of Arnage, since bought by Rose, a merchant of Aberdeen."—(*View of the Diocese.*) The Rosses are said to be descended from the Roses of Kilravock. "Arnage House is a sort of castellated building, of small size, but originally it had been a place of considerable strength. The walls in the lower story are six or seven feet thick, and pierced with loopholes. It was of old the seat of the Cheynes of Arnage, cadets of the Cheynes of Esslemont, and descendants of the old barons of the Craig of Inverugie. The oldest part of the house was probably built by the Cheynes." "It has lately," says Dr. Pratt, "had some important additions made to it from the designs of Mr. Matthews, Aberdeen, consisting of an entrance-hall and staircase, two drawing-rooms connected by folding doors, and opening into a handsome conservatory, ladies' boudoir, etc. Over the entrance door, which

has been changed to the east side of the building, the family arms are beautifully carved, and in the gable above is a monogram formed of the initial letters of the proprietor's name. The gable is flanked by corbelled round turrets, two stories in height, terminated with finials. Other parts of the building are decorated by round and square turrets, string courses, and dormer window-heads, the whole of the new building being in perfect harmony with the old."

Some little way to the east of Arnage is Tillydesk. "In the year 1847, as some workmen were forming a road which passes the parochial school at Tillydesk, they discovered, in a rocky knoll some forty yards from the south-east corner, eleven urns containing calcined bones. The whole was found within a space of eight or ten yards square. The soil lay upon loose and scattered fragments of gneiss, forming a thin covering of light black mould. The urns were sunk little more than their own depth into this shingle. Though apparently tolerably complete as they stood in the ground, yet on being moved they were found to be so cracked, and the crevices formed in them so penetrated by roots and fibres, that none of them could be removed entire. They were of the usual form and size, composed of coarsely-baked clay, with little or nothing in the way of ornamentation. On uncovering the mouths of those least injured a thin layer of charcoal was found, the particles of which were as bright and pure as if newly buried. Underneath were the bones, partly in a pulverised state and partly in small fragments. Some of the latter were of a size to indicate to what part of the body they belonged. Altogether about a bushel of dust, bones, and charcoal was collected."—(Pratt.)

Similar urns with charcoal and calcined bones have been found from time to time all over this part of Buchan. They seem to be the remains of extensive sepulture, probably after the battles with the Danes, about the beginning of the 11th century.

From Arnage station the line passes on through a country of little general interest. Presently, on the left, is seen the parish church of Savoch of Deer; and a little farther on, upon the line of the horizon, the United Presbyterian Church of Savoch. Substantial farm-houses dot the landscape till we reach Auchnagatt.

70. Auchnagatt.

4 miles from Arnage.
20¼ „ „ Dyce.
27 „ „ Aberdeen.

A meal mill and a wayside inn constituted Auchnagatt before the railway was opened. Now there is the nucleus of a small village of substantial stone and slated houses, this being a central station for a wide, populous, and thriving district. The land to the left belongs to the Aberdeen estates; that to the right to one of the charitable trusts of the city of Aberdeen.

A mile from the station, on the left, is the mansion-house of Nethermuir, formerly the property of the Gordons of Nethermuir, and lately acquired by the late chairman of the railway, William Leslie. The Ebrie, along the banks of which we have been coming from Arnage, flows through the grounds of Nethermuir, and skirts the garden. On the opposite side of the line there are extensive lime quarries, now almost entirely disused, but at one time largely resorted to for limestone for burning, both for land dressing and for building. They are known as the quarries of Barrack, Annochie, and Cairncummer. "This vein, interspersed with dykes and blocks of gneiss, and containing a mixture of magnesian earth, traverses the whole district, making its first appearance at Fraserburgh, then at Auchiries in the parish of Rathen, again at Hythie, and at Annochie, and other places in the neighbourhood. It thence proceeds down the western side of the valley of the Ebrie till it passes into the district of Formartine at Auchedlie."—(Pratt.)

Passing the woods of Nethermuir on the left, we see beyond them the rising grounds of Knaven and Auchmaleedie, the village of New Deer with its tall church tower, and the hill of Culsh,

crowned by a monument to the late William Dingwall Fordyce of Brucklay, for a time M.P., first for Aberdeenshire, and, on the division of the county, for East Aberdeenshire. We then enter a wild and picturesque ravine under the farm of Altmaud. Some large and aged ash-trees indicate that this spot has been a residence of some antiquity; and it has been supposed, not without reason, to have been the site of the residence of the Mormaers of Buchan.

71. Maud Junction.

4¼ miles from Auchnagatt.
25 „ „ Dyce.
31¼ „ „ Aberdeen.

Here the railway bifurcates, the branch to the left going to Fraserburgh, that to the right to Peterhead. The station has been variously named Banks, Bruckley, and Maud, but the latter name has now been finally adopted. The name of the village itself is Bank. That portion of it on the right of the line is in the parish of Old Deer, the other portion is in New Deer. The school and the church, which is a Chapel of Ease to Old Deer, are in the parish of Old Deer. When the line was opened in 1861 there were only one or two thatched cottages here, now there is a considerable village of substantial houses. The Buchan Combination Poorhouse is here, and being very central, the various Presbyteries of the churches, the meetings of Road Trustees and other public bodies are held at Maud. The junction itself is on the property of Old Maud, and the houses to the south are on the estate of Clackriah, both belonging to the John Gordon of Murtle Trustees, for charitable purposes. Bank proper is the property of Colonel Ferguson of Pitfour.

Proceeding on the Peterhead branch, we pass on our right the farm-house of Clackriah, up on the hill, in the yard of which are the ruins of the old castle of that name, as to which very little is known. Dr. Pratt quotes from "Gossip about Old Deer" the following notes regarding it:—

"About a mile to the west of the abbey the ruins of the old castle of Clackriah are apt to arrest the attention and become an object of some interest to the passing traveller. A very erroneous impression exists among the people of this neighbourhood that they are the remains of a Pictish stronghold; a visit to them, however, is calculated to dispel all such ideas in those who are in the slightest degree acquainted with the architectural antiquities of our country. The castle of Clackriah stands upon a slight eminence in the centre of the farm of that name. It is a quadrilangular building having a projecting wing, and its only title to the name of a castle is the fact that it has possessed a turreted staircase and arched doorway and windows, one of the latter having been secured by iron stanchions, portions of which still remain firmly fixed in the walls. With the utilitarian taste so particularly characteristic of our agricultural friends, advantage has been taken of the walls of this building that are yet entire to form a part of a series of cowhouses and stables which have been built around it, and do not appear to be by any means calculated to add to the imposing nature of its appearance. Of course, the idea of its ever having been a Pictish tower is simply absurd, as neither in the thickness of the walls nor in the extent of the building does it much exceed the dimensions of many farm-houses of a very modern date."

Farther on, upon the left, is Bruxie. This was once the seat of the Keiths of Bruxie, cadets of the Marischal family. It now forms part of the Pitfour estate.

Leaving Bruxie, the partly bare and party planted brae face on our right is Aiky Brae, and above it is the Hill of Parkhouse, with its fine Druidical circle.

"Aiky or Yackie Brae is a name derived, according to some opinions, from the oaks with which it was once clad; others, with better reason, believe it to owe its name to Achaiacus or Yochoch, a king of the Picts, and brother to Drostane, the patron saint of the parish. The removal of the relics of this saint from Aberdour to Deer is still commemorated by a fair—long famous, but now of less note—known as Aiky Fair,

and held on the third Wednesday of July. The locality is the traditionary scene of two remarkable incidents belonging respectively to the times of Alexander III. and Robert I. Says 'The View;'—'On Aiky Brae here (that is the Hill of Oaks) are certain stones called THE CUMMINS CRAIGE [the *Craige* is gone and some quarry pits near the market-place are said to mark the place where it lay], where 'tis said one of the Cummins, Earl of Buchan, by a fall from his horse at hunting, dashed out his brains. The prediction goes that the Earl (quho lived under Alexander III.) had called Thomas the Rhymer by the name of Thomas the Lyar, to show how much he slighted his predictions, whereupon that famous fortune-teller denounced his impending fate to him in these words, which, 'tis added, were all fulfilled literally:—

"'Though Thomas the Lyar thou callest me,
A sooth tale I shall tell to thee:
By Aiky side thy horse shall ride,
He shall stumble and thou shalt fa',
Thy neck bane shall break in twa,
And maugre all thy kin and thee,
Thy own belt thy bier shall be."

"In the time of King Robert Bruce, according to tradition, Aiky Brae witnessed the final defeat of the Comyns. After the battle of Inverury in 1308, Edward, Robert's brother, who had the command of the army during the king's illness, pursued Comyn first to Fyvie and afterwards into the lower district of Buchan. He is reported to have encamped on a hill about a mile and a half to the west of the village of New Deer, which has ever since been known as the 'Bruce Hill.' From this he marched in pursuit of his foe to a place near the village of Old Deer, called Aiky Brae. This is partly corroborated by John Major, who says (*De Gest. Scot.*, lib. 5, fol. 83) that Edward there gave battle. Tytler, in his "History of Scotland," says: 'Into Buchan, the territory of Comyn, his mortal enemy Bruce now marched, and took ample revenge for all the injuries he had sustained, wasting it with fire, and delivering it over to unbridled military execution. Barbour informs us that for fifty years after men spoke with terror of the *harrying of Buchan*, and it is singular that at this day the oaks which are turned up in the mosses bear upon their trunks the marks of being scathed with fire.' Here, then, in the very centre of its own domain, was the power of the noble and warlike, though turbulent and designing house of Comyn completely broken, its estates confiscated, and its name proscribed; and they who had acted so conspicuous a part in the history of the kingdom, and been able almost to cope with royalty itself, were driven from the stage, or rather perished in the last act of their own domestic tragedy."—Pratt.

"There are," says the "New Statistical Account," "visible proofs still remaining that this parish was formerly the scene of warfare, occasioned by family feuds, civil strife, or the invasion of the country by foreigners. On the top of the Hill of Bruxie, and at Den of Howie, near Fetterangus, there are traces of fortifications and encampments; and near the foot of Aiky Brae there is a cluster of tumuli, pointing out the graves of warriors who fell in a bloody contest reported to have taken place between Edward, the brother of King Robert Bruce, and Cumming, the Earl of Buchan, with their followers and clansmen." Dr. Pratt says, in a note on this extract—"On the north-western brow of the *Windhill*, about a mile southwards of the Hill of Park-house, there is a cairn, the original boundary of which may still be traced. It had been an exact circle of about 24 yards in diameter. The cairn had covered several cists; one of these, laid open in 1856, of which only one of the side slabs remains, had been about 3 feet long and about 2 feet deep. In 1863, the tenant farmer, in removing some stones from its western boundary, came upon a cist of similar size, which, he states, was filled with 'black fatty earth.' Stones to the height of 5 or 6 feet were piled over this cist. In the summer of the same year the cairn was again examined, and about 12 feet from the northern point of the circumference another cist was discovered, chiefly remarkable for its exiguity, the length

being only 13 inches, the width 10, and the depth about 9. It was also full of black unctuous earth. It would seem as if the cist had been placed upon the surface of the ground, and the stones heaped up over it. This cairn was only one of a great number with which the district, till a comparatively recent period, was thickly studded. There are now (1870) few remaining [1880 still fewer.—ED.], and these few will, for utilitarian purposes, probably soon share the fate of so many others. It is to be regretted that these vestiges of a prehistoric age should wholly disappear from the face of the country. Were they to be enclosed, and planted with a few trees, these relics might be preserved, and the features of the country at the same time greatly improved."

At the bottom of the slope to the north of the hill of Aiky Brae there was at one time a very interesting relic. The present Editor has heard his father describe this memorial of an olden time, but he can only now reproduce Dr. Pratt's account of it. Dr. Pratt says—"At the distance of a quarter of a mile [from the Druidical circle to be presently referred to] on the northern declivity of the same hill, there were, about the middle of the last century, the remains of a village commonly called by the country people the *Picts* or *Pechts* houses. The village then consisted of between 60 and 70 small huts, from 6 to 12 feet square, irregularly huddled together; the walls were built of small stones cemented with clay, the floors were paved with stones, and a number of small yards or gardens enclosed with dykes of the same material were to be seen around it. As late as 1821 about a dozen of the huts were still standing; but now every vestige of this prehistoric village has been obliterated by the ploughshare."

Ascend the steepish face of Aiky Brae, trend a little to the left towards a clump of wood on an eminence that rises a little even from this high ground; enter the wood—it is thick, stunted, difficult to penetrate, but persevere—and all at once you are on a spot that awes you with its silent solemnity. You behold a little plot of ground, grass-grown, but otherwise open, and all around it stand giant stones, as if grimly guarding a sacred spot. To this Editor it is sacred. It first burst on his juvenile eye in 1838, and he preserves still a rude map of it as it then appeared.

Here is what that careful antiquary Dr. Pratt says about it:—

"Crossing the stream (the Ugie) by the 'Abbey Brig,' a little above the ruin [of the Abbey, which we shall reach presently], and ascending the opposite hill of Aiky Brae, and at about a mile to the south-west of the Abbey, we reach the Hill of Parkhouse, where there is a Druidical circle. A circle of great blocks of stone, some standing, some fallen down, irregular, and of unequal height, are the general features of these monuments of antiquity. It would appear that when entire there was generally an outer and an inner ditch, with a sort of intervening embankment carried round the circle, and at some considerable distance from it. To the east or north-east these ditches or embankments were turned off so as to form a sort of avenue by which the circle was approached. In this avenue, and consequently outside the ring, a single stone commonly stood, bending forward, as if to note the attitude of supplication. Within the stone circle is the altar stone, always large, and lying flat, and not unfrequently, as is the case at Parkhouse, considerably to the south of the centre of the circle. It is often the case that the stones composing the circle, and especially the altar stone, are of a different kind from that found in the neighbourhood. The space within is called *The Temple.* Some later writers have laboured hard to throw doubts on the Druidical claims of these circles, maintaining that they are of Scandinavian origin—the temples of Iber, on the altar stones of which deity human victims were immolated. Others, again, are of opinion that although they may have been adopted by the Scandinavian worshippers, the circles are unquestionably of Druidical or Buddhist origin, having been spread over the world from the far east, at a period long anterior to all written re-

cord. They were essentially religious structures; but as the Druids, and afterwards the priests of Iber, were at once the ministers of religion, and the legislature, and judges among the people, the circles were probably in many instances what the Icelandic writers term 'doom rings,' or 'circles of judgment.' That these places have been used for sepulchral purposes need not be disputed; but to argue that because the area of our old churches were places of sepulture the buildings themselves were not places of worship, would scarcely be admissible; and to assert that the marks of sepulture found in connection with stone circles are sufficient to exclude the possibility of their having been temples, seems to be equally gratuitous."

The present editor was present during a long summer day, some years ago along with the late Colonel Forbes Leslie of Rothienorman; Charles Elphinstone Dalrymple, Esq.; James Russel, Esq., of Aden; James George Ferguson Russel, younger of Aden; and Thomas Ferguson, Esq., of Kinmundy—when the circle at Parkhouse was thoroughly and carefully examined for traces of sepulture. The central space was excavated to a depth of 6 or 8 feet, without a trace of evidence that the soil had ever before been disturbed. Numerous small cairns which looked like sepulchral monuments, and which surrounded the circle, were also thoroughly examined, and the day closed without any trace of graves.

Dr. Pratt says of this circle:—"The diameter of the space enclosed by the inner circle is 48 feet. Only four of the upright stones now (1870) remain, and are from 14 to 17 feet apart. The principal or altar stone, placed on the south side of the circle, and lying east and west, is 14 feet 6 inches long, 5 feet 6 inches broad, and 4 feet 6 inches deep, and calculated to weigh upwards of 21 tons. This stone is of primitive trap."

There are ten large stones in the circle. Calling the large altar stone No. 1, and going round by the north, No. 2 is a flat stone; No. 3 is a standing stone of red granite, 6 feet high; No. 4 is also a standing stone of red granite, 6 feet high; No. 5 is a similar stone; Nos. 6, 7, and 8 are stones lying flat; No. 9 is a stone 9 feet long, of trap, which has evidently been standing, but which has fallen over; No. 10 is a stone of red granite, 7 feet 9 inches high. This was standing in 1838, but now it also (1880) has fallen or been thrown down; so that there are now only three of the stones remaining upright. Excavations showed that the circle is completed by a low stone wall, some 6 inches high, carefully built of loose stones, and connecting the pillar stones.

A little farther on, and on the left side of the line, we pass the ruins of the Abbey of Deer, in what are now the gardens of Pitfour. The situation of the abbey had been chosen with great care. It is in a sheltered hollow on the banks of the Ugie, and protected from the north and east by the hill of Saplin Brae, which rises steeply immediately behind it. There are the remains of older ecclesiastical buildings at the village of Deer, about a mile further down the stream. The abbey belonged to the Cistercians, and was founded by William Comyn, Earl of Buchan, in 1218. "The church was built in the form of a cross, and consisted of a nave with a north aisle, transepts, and chancel, the total length of the nave and chancel being about 150 feet. The nave was divided into five bays, the chancel not extending beyond the line of pillars which divided the aisle from the nave. The bases of the pillars might, till 1834, be traced along the nave. Those forming the angles of the transepts with the nave were of greater diameter. In all probability they had supported a central tower, and perhaps a spire. From the few mouldings and top arches of windows which, till lately, were to be found amidst the heaps of ruins, it is evident that the church was built in the style peculiar to the age—namely, the First Pointed or Early English. The arches were lancet-shaped, and the mouldings deeply cut in red sandstone, which is said to have been brought from a quarry at Byth, a distance of

12 miles. The church formed the north-west portion of the abbey buildings. The monastery and other houses round it for the accommodation of the monks and secular servants were very plain, most of the doors and windows having circular arches, and without any ornament. The church stood east and west, and from the fragments which, till lately, remained, we are able to form a tolerably accurate idea of its design and proportions. Standing at the western entrance, we may fancy a building long, lofty, and with no great profusion of architectural ornament, yet chaste and graceful in all its parts. Slender pillars, a high pitched roof, long lancet-shaped windows of narrow lights; the font near the door; the high altar in the far east —all meant to shadow forth some article of the Christian faith."—(Pratt.)

"The founder, with the consent of the Countess Marjory, his wife, endowed the abbey with broad if not very rich lands, and granted to it numerous valuable perquisites. He died in the year 1233, and is said to have been buried, according to his own request, within the consecrated walls of the church. Between the year 1290 and 1308 the abbey obtained from John, Earl of Buchan, the grandson of the founder, a grant of the patronage of the church of *Kinedar*, now *King Edward*. This, it is said, was the last gift which the brethren of S. Mary's were fated to receive from his race or lineage. In the memorable revolution which placed the Earl of Carrick on the Scottish throne, the illustrious family of Comyn was so utterly overthrown, that, says a chronicle of the age, 'of a name which numbered at one time three earls and more than thirty belted knights, there remained no memorial in the land save the orisons of the monks of Deer.'"

It is of the wasting of the lands of Comyn that Barbour in his "The Brus," says,

"Now ga we to the King agane
That of his victor was richt fane,
And gert his men brin all Bouchane
Fra end till end, and sperrit nane,
And heryit them on sic maner
That efter that wele fifty yher
Men menit the herschip of Bouchane."

King Robert I., however, continued to support the abbey. His rolls mention three charters granted to it. Robert Keith, a brother of William, fourth Earl Marischal, seems to have been the last Abbot of Deer. He died in 1551, and was succeeded by his nephew, Robert, the second son of the fourth Earl Marischal, known in history as the Commendator of Deer. He obtained the erection of the abbey and abbey lands into a temporal lordship, "to be callit in all tyme cuming The Lordschip of Altrie."

On the death of the Commendator, some time previous to 1590, the estate and titles descended to his nephew, George, Earl Marischal, but he was not allowed to enjoy them in peace. His own brother, Robert Keith of Benholm, seized on the abbey and kept forcible possession of it for several months. Even with substantial aid from the northern shires and burghs the earl had difficulty in dislodging his belligerent brother; but he did succeed at last, and Robert then betook himself to Fedderat. After a three days' siege, they made a truce, and we hear no more of their quarrel.

Patrick Gordon of Ruthven, in "A short Abridgement of Britane's Distemper, from the yeares of God 1639 to 1649," gives the "relacion of a wonderfull vision" which, according to popular belief, foretold that the ancient house of the Marischal of Scotland was to date its slow decay and assured overthrow from the day of its "sacrilegious meddling with the Abisie of Deer."

"This was a fearfull presaige of the fattall punishment which did hing over the head of that noble familie by a terrible vission to his grandmother, efter the sacraledgious annexing of the Abacee of Deir to the house of Marshall, which I think not unworthie the remembirance, were it bot to adwise other noblemen therby to bewar of medling with the rents of the church, for in the first fundation therof they wer given out with a curse pronounced in their charector, or evident of the first electione, in those terms:—*Cursed be those that taketh this away from the holy use*

wherunto it is now dedicat; and I wish from my heart that this curse follow not this ancient and noble familie, who hath to their praise and never deeing honor contemned ther greatness, maintained ther honor, and both piously and constantly hes followed forth the way of virtue, from that tym that the valoure, worth, and happie fortoun of ther first predecessore planted them; and ever since the currage of his heart, strength of his arme, and love of his country, made him happily to resist the cruel Danes. George, Earle Marshell, a learned, wise and upright good man, got the Abbacie of Deir in recompence from James the Sixt, for the honerable chairge he did bear in that ambassage he had into Denmerk, and the wyse and worthie accompt he gave of it at his returne, by the conclusion of that matche wherof the royall stock of Britane's monarchie is descended.

"This Earle George, his first wyfe dochter to the Lord Hom, and grandmother to this present earle, being a woman both of a high spirit and of a tender conscience, forbids her husband to leave such a consuming mock in his house as was the sacraledgious medling with the abisie of Deir; but fourtein scoir chalderis of meill and beir was a sore tentatione, and he could not weele indure the randering back of such a morsell. Upon his absolut refusall of her demand, she had this vission the night following:—

"In her sleepe she saw a great number of religious men in thir habit cum forth of that Abbey to the stronge craige of Dunnotture, which is the principall residence of that familie. She saw them also sett themselves round about the rock to git it down and demolishe it; having no instruments nor toiles wherwith to perform this work, but only pen-knyves wherwith they follishly (as it seemed to her) begane to pyk at the craige. She smyled to sie them intende so fruitles an enterpryse, and went to call her husband to scuffe and geyre them out of it. When she had fund him, and brought him to see these sillie religious monckes at ther foolish work, behold the wholl craige, with all his stronge and stately buildinges, was by ther penknyves undermynded and fallen in the sea, so as ther remained nothing but the wracke of ther rich furniture and stuffe flotting on the waves of a raging and tempestuous sea.

"Som of the wiser sort, divining upon this vission, attrebute to the pen-knyves the lenth of tym before this should com to pass, and it hath been observed by sindrie that the earles of that hous befor wer the richest in the kingdom, having treasure and store besyde them, but ever since the addittion of this so great a revenue, they have lessed the stock by heavie burdens of debt and ingagment."

Dr. Pratt says, "It is thought to have been in reference to this legend, or to some reproaches of a similar nature which were heaped on the Marischal family at the time, in consequence of their sacrilegious appropriation of the Abbey and its possessions, that they inscribed the unavailing defiance—

THEY SAY,
QUHAT SAY THEY?
THEY HAIF SAID,
LET THAME SAY.

on several of the buildings which they erected. On Marischal College, Aberdeen, which the earl founded in 1593, and endowed with a portion of the doomed spoil, the inscription in large letters remained on the buildings till 1836, when they were taken down to make room for the present structure.

"Within seventy years of the time that Patrick Gordon wrote, the whole of the Marischal estates were confiscated, and an additional half-century witnessed the extinction of the family. The Commendator, who took his title from Altrie, one of the estates of the Abbey lying between Bruxie and Brucklay Castle, left no child to inherit his honours; and so utterly has the name perished, that, instead of being 'called in all tyme cuming the Lordschip of Altrie,' the name scarcely remains even as a tradition!

"'Meddle nae wi haly things,
For gin ye dee,
A weird I rede in some shape
Shall follow thee.'

Altrie is now called *Overtown* and *Newtown of Bruxie.*"

There is no trace of the Abbey having been inhabited later than the end of the 16th century. It then fell into decay. Pains were taken in 1809 by the then Ferguson of Pitfour to preserve the ruins. A later proprietor did not continue the care, and the ruins were permitted to be used as a quarry by any one who wanted stones. More recently the late Admiral Ferguson erected a mausoleum in what was the south transept of the church. "In clearing the ground for this building, the remaining walls of the Church, and the bases of the pillars, were, by the directions of Admiral Ferguson, removed even to their foundations; the ground where the church had stood was lowered nearly three feet; a vast number of skulls and other human bones were dug up, as were also several stone coffins, a leaden shell, and other reliquiæ of the dead. Three of these coffins were near the high altar, and probably contained the ashes of the noble founder, and the remains of abbots who had ruled over the monastery."

One of the "Sculptured Stones" known as "The Stone at Deer," used to stand here. Fortunately a drawing of it is preserved in "The Sculptured Stones of Scotland," vol. i., plate xi. It was of whinstone, and had a rude cross incised on one side, and on the other several of the undeciphered emblems. It has long disappeared. The present editor once asked the late gardener, Mr. Smith, if he knew anything about it. His reply was that he knew very well about it. When the Admiral was making additions to the house at Sapplin Brae, he told the masons to take what stones they required from the Abbey, and the auld written stone, he added, is built into the walls of the new dining-room!

But, as already indicated, by far the older ecclesiastical structure is to be found at the village of Deer. It is stated that the original church, a remnant of which is still existing to the east of the present parish church, and forming the burying-ground of the Kinmundy and Pitfour families, was built long before the Abbey. The early history of the Abbey is told in a MS. of the Gospels, now well known as the "Book of Deir." This book, which unquestionably belonged to the monastery of Deer, has no history till towards the end of the 17th century. In 1697 it formed part of the collection of MSS. belonging to Bishop Moore of Norwich. In 1715 it came into the possession of the University of Cambridge, where it now is, and where it lay unnoticed and unknown till not very long ago. The late Mr. Russel of Aden told the present editor that on one occasion an English gentleman was visiting him, and was struck with the name of the parish. He asked if there were any traditions of an abbey, and being told of the ruins, he said he had been examining some MSS. at Cambridge, and thought he recollected one with a similar name in it. Mr. Russel believed that this incident led the gentleman further to examine the book, and hence the interesting discovery of the "Book of Deir," now well known, first through the researches of Mr. Bradshaw, and popularly through the *facsimile* of it produced by the Spalding Club, under the careful editorship of the late Dr. John Stuart. Its account of the first foundation of the old and original church, translated from the Gaelic (which is written on blank pages or margins of the MS. of the Gospels) is this:—

"Columcille, and Drostan son of Cosgrach, his pupil, came from Hi, as God had shown to them, unto Abbordoboir [Aberdour], and Bede the Pict was Mormaer of Buchan before them, and it was he that gave them that town in freedom for ever from mormaer and toisech. They came after that to the other town, and it was pleasing to Columcille, because it was full of God's grace, and he asked of the mormaer, to wit Bede, that he should give it to him; and he did not give it, and a son of his took an illness

after (or in consequence of) refusing the clerics, and he was nearly dead (lit. he was dead but if it were a little). After this the mormaer went to entreat the clerics that they should make prayer for the son, that health should come to him; and he gave in offering to them from Cloch in tiprat to Cloch pette mic Garnait. They made the prayer, and health came to him. After that Columcille gave to Drostan that town, and blessed it, and left as (his) word, 'Whosoever should come against it, let him not be many-yeared [or] victorious.' Drostan's tears came on parting with Columcille. Said Columcill, 'Let DEAR [deara = tears] be its name henceforward.'"

But this church or monastery of Deer was long before the foundation of the abbey, whose story we have already traced. The 6th century has been named as the probable date of Columcille's visit; and it is extremely likely that Deer, if not the first, was at any rate one of the first places in the wide neighbourhood of Buchan where a Christian Church was planted. Columcille's monastery was most likely a small collection of wattle and mud huts. At what period the church, the ruins of which still remain, was erected, there is no evidence to show. But there used to be a tradition that this was not the spot originally selected, but was pointed out by superhuman means. It is said that Biffie was the spot where the church was attempted to be built, but that what was built during the day was always thrown down during the night. At last the place was watched, and in the eerie hours a voice was heard saying:—

"It is not here, it is not here,
That ye sall big the kirk o' Deer,
But on the tap o' Tillery,
There many a corpse sall efter lie."

These rude verses tell this old tale—

Once on a time the folk of Deer
Thought they a kirk did need,
So to erect a handsome one,
They set about with speed.

Near to the village rose a hill,
Which most convenient stood,
This hill in these our later days
Derives its name from wood.

Upon this hill then they began
To build their church amain,
But, much to their astonishment,
They found their work was vain.

For what with toil and labour great
During the day they reared,
Between the evening and the morn
As quickly disappeared

Still perseveringly they wrought,
But still they always found
That what they built the previous day
Was levelled with the ground.

Resolved the cause of this to find
They watch the place one night,
When on their ears a voice was borne
That struck them dumb with fright.

No mortal voice was that I ween,
No human voice so shrill
Was ever heard as that whose tones
Now echo round the hill.

It fell upon the awe-struck ears
Of those that watched that night,
The words none could misunderstand,
'Twas thus that spoke the Sprite—

It is not here, it is not here,
But on the tap o' Tillerie,
That ye shall build the kirk o' Deer,
There many a corpse shall after lie.

It said and ceased, and all again
Was quieted and still;
Nought but the soughing wind is heard
Moaning around the hill.

Obedient to commands received
Thus at unearthly hands,
They change the first-sought site for that
Where now the braw kirk stands.

There built they then their kirk in peace,
And now, opposed by none,
Quickly and well they finished it;
And so my tale is done.

The parish church of Deer as it now stands was built in 1788. It was re-edified in 1880, at the cost of the heritors, and a handsome tower and spire added by the parishioners and their friends, under the vigorous superintendence of the Rev. James Peter, the parish minister.

In the immediate neighbourhood of the village is the house of Aden, the residence of James George Ferguson Russel, of H.M. Diplomatic Service. The property formed part of the Kinmundy estates, and was sold to the present possessor's grandfather about the beginning of the century.

Near by, towards the north, are the mansion-house and magnificent park of Pitfour, belonging to Lieut.-Colonel George Arthur Ferguson. "The house

and grounds are on a large scale, the former having from time to time received large additions. The grounds are strikingly fine, containing a lake of forty or fifty acres in extent, shrubberies, ornamental flower gardens, carriage drives, and winding footpaths, several jets d'eau, and a miniature model of the temple of Theseus. These, with the fine old timber, thriving young plantations, and occasional distant views of the country, altogether make Pitfour one of the most distinguished residences in the district."—(Pratt.)

James Ferguson of Pitfour was a Member of Parliament, and a great friend of William Pitt. He erected at his principal entrance a massive monument to the memory of Pitt and Henry Dundas, of great granite slabs. Originally it was supported in front by two magnificent circular pillars, each a monolith, with a connecting stone, but these have been removed, and there remains only the wall with this inscription :—

Memoriae
Gulielmi Pitt
et
Henrici Dundas
Vicecomitis Melville
Priscae virtutis virorum
Ex indigenis marmoribus durissimis
at quibus illorum fama perennior
donum dedit
Jacobus Ferguson
de Pitfour.
Anno salutis M.D.C.C.C.XVI.

Lord Sidmouth tells this story of old Pitfour :—"One day Ferguson with several other members was dining in the coffee-room of the House of Commons, when some one ran in to tell them that Mr. Pitt was on his legs. Every one prepared to leave the table except Ferguson, who remained quietly seated. 'What!' said they; 'won't you go to hear Mr. Pitt?' 'No!' he replied; 'why should I? Do you think Mr. Pitt would go to hear me?' 'But indeed I would,' said Mr. Pitt, when the circumstance was told to him." It is said that Ferguson, though sitting in the House for thirty years, only made one speech, and that was to move that a window behind where he sat should be mended.

Four miles to the south is Kinmundy (W. Ferguson), built in 1734. It is interesting as a specimen of the house of that period, being formed by a centre to the south and two wings to the north, connected by a curtain wall, and so forming a court, from which originally the main entrance was gained. The centre house was widened in 1820, and the entrance thrown out to the south. The courtyard, however, retains all its original features, which are carefully preserved by the present proprietor. Among the old papers preserved here are certain returns of the killed and wounded at the battle of Blenheim, when the founder of this branch of the family commanded as brigadier-general under Lord Cults.

A mile from Deer we reach the station of "Mintlaw and Old Deer."

72. Mintlaw.

4 miles from Maud.
29 ,, ,, Dyce.
35½ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

Half a mile east of the station is the village of Mintlaw, a small country village, situated at the crossing of the Aberdeen and Fraserburgh turnpike with that from Peterhead to Banff. About a mile to the north is another village called Fetterangus, where, in a small singularly solitary-looking graveyard, are the ruins of another old parish church. This church had been of very diminutive size, 33 by 12 feet inside. An old description of Deer, 1723, says —"To the north-east of the church one mile and a half stand the ruines of ane old chapell called Fether Angus, which was a free chappelrie and independent on the Church of Deer (though it seems it did on St. Fergus), but had a distinct parish of its own, which is now annexed to this parish, but to this day continues to be within the jurisdiction of the shire of Banff, though surrounded on all sides by the shire of Aberdeen. The chappell has its own place of burying adjacent to it, and it is very remarkable that, before the death of any old inhabitant within that

parish there is a bell heard to ring in the churchyard, though no such thing is to be seen there. This I heard from ear-witnesses."—(Willox.)

From Mintlaw to Longside the line passes through a succession of small farms or crofts. As we approach Longside we skirt on our left the woods of the Ardlawhill, and close to the line a prettily-situated house, the residence of Dr. Lawrence. It is called Bridgend of Auchlee.

73. Longside.

3¼ miles from Mintlaw.
29¼ ,, ,, Dyce.
38¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen

The village lies about half a mile to the right of the station. The latter is on the north bank of the Ugie, while the village is on the south bank. It is well situated on a rising ground, the central point being occupied by the parish church, a huge square ungainly building. The old parish church, now disused, stands beside it. The belfry of red sandstone on the old church is well worth looking at. There is an interesting porch at the entrance to the churchyard opposite the west door of the old church. It is arched in stone, and corresponds to the Lychgate of English churches. Here they used to rest the coffin at funerals before entering the graveyard. On a knoll to the north stands the Free Church, with a modest tower and spire. On the east of the village is the Episcopal Chapel, an imitation of early Scottish architecture. Skinner, the author of "Tullochgorum," was Episcopal minister at Longside, and lived at Linshart close by. He is buried in the parish churchyard, close to the grave of the Rev. John Brown, who was his contemporary as parish minister. "I would like to be buried," said Skinner, "beside old John Brown; we were good neighbours in this world, and I don't want a better companion in the next."

Mr. Skinner was the author of many popular poems. We have already enriched our pages with his "Tullochgorum," and we venture to extract the following allusions to him from John Skelton's "Crookit Meg, a Tale of the Year One":—

"A sweet and venerable man was old John Skinner, genial and easy-tempered, as a singer of songs should be, yet with a quiet tenacity of purpose and conviction that could have nerved him to die, had it been required of him, for what he deemed to be the truth of God. The evil persecuting days, when he had been dragged from his bed to jail for venturing to minister to the scattered remnant, had passed away like a bad dream; and now, loved and honoured by gentle and simple, he saw his children's children at his knee, and peace in Israel. He had been a poet of the people before Robert Burns was born; and now 'puir Robbie' was dead, and the old man mourned for him as for a brother.

. . . . . .

"'The Doctor tells me, John Skinner, that ye are leavin' us for gude and a'. That maunna be; the bishop's a worthy man and a gude son: but it wud be a sin to tak' you from your auld freens.'

"'Indeed, Miss Sherry, I'm beginning to break, and the lasses are a' forisfamiliate, and in spite of the gude book and a bit sang at times, the house feels lonely, tho' Kirsty is a cantie and couthie lass.'

"'And the Pharos o' Linshart,' said the Doctor, 'will be darkened! Have you considered how the Longside lads will wun thro' the Longgate bogs on mirk nights?'

"'We are unaccountable beings,' replied the old man softly. 'Will you believe me, Miss Sherry, that I canna thole the notion o' extinguishin' that poor little Pharos, as our reverend freen ca's it? It has burned there for fifty years as steady as the polar star. I was tellin' the laird that he maun execute a mortification on its behalf; but he says that in that case the auld man maun bide to see that it burns fairly. Indeed, Pitfour has a kind heart, and I sent him a bit rhyming letter o' thanks for a' the gude he has dune to me and mine.'

"'You maun gie me a copy, John Skinner,' says Miss Sherry. 'I dearly love your verses—yours and Robbie's, tho' the Doctor there is a' for Pop, and Swift, and Addison — feckless

bodies wi' their fushionless English trashtrie. But you see he has nae ear for music, puir man!'

"'Come, come, Miss Sherry, that's not fair. I could ance dance Tullochgorum wi' the best of you; and I agree with Rob that there's a wild happiness o' thocht and expression—that's what he wrote you, Skinner, if I remember richtly — about the 'Ewie wi' the crookit horn,' which makes it one of the best o' Scotch sangs. But, my dear freen, do let us hear a verse or two of the epistle to Pitfour.'

"'My memory is no what it used to be, tho', indeed, to this day I can repeat the maist part o' 'Chryste Kirk o' the Green.' But there's twa three lines that—wud you believe it?—brocht the tears into my auld een as I penned them,' and the old man repeated in a low voice a few simple lines somewhat to this effect:—

'Now in my eightieth year, my thread near spun,
My race through poverty and labour run;
Wishing to be by all my flock beloved,
And for long service by my Judge approved;
Death at my door and heaven in my eye,—
From rich or great what comfort now need I?'

"There was a shadow of a tear in Miss Sherry's keen eyes as he concluded, and the Doctor exclaimed somewhat testily, 'Hoots, hoots, my freen, this will never do. You'll set us greetin', and what wud Mrs. Mark say to weet eyes at her ploy?'

. . . . . .

"'Mr. Skinner,' Mark shouts from the bottom of the table, 'I hear Sandy Scott tunin' his fiddle. They'll be waitin' for us in the barn. But we maunna part till you sing us the Ewie.'

"'Mark,' said the old man, 'I've never sung the Ewie since my dear Grisel left me. But there's a wheen verses to the tune o' 'Auld Langsyne' that might not come amiss at this time.'

"And then he sang in a remarkably pure and clear voice for a man of eighty, to the air that goes direct to every Scotsman's heart, a verse or two from the 'Auld Minister's Sang.'

'Sae well's I min' upo' the days
That we in youthful pride,
Had used to ramble up the braes
On bonny Boggie's side.
Nae fairies on the haunted green,
Where moonbeams twinkling shine,
Mair blythely frisk aroun' their queen
Than we did Langsyne.

'Though ye live on the banks o' Doon,
And me besouth the Tay;
Ye well might ride to Faulkland town,
Some bonny simmer's day.
And at that place where Scotland's king
Aft birl'd the beer and wine;
Let's drink an' dance an' laugh an' sing,
An' crack o' auld Langsyne.'"

We cannot resist the temptation to add "The Ewie wi' the crookit horn."

O were I able to rehearse,
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce,
As ever piper's drone could blaw.
My ewie wi' the crookit horn!
A' that kenned her wad hae sworn
Sic a ewie ne'er was born
Hereabouts or far awa.

She neither needed tar nor keel,
To mark her upon hip or heel;
Her crookit hornie did as weel,
To ken her by amang them a'.

She never threatened scab nor rot,
But keepit aye her ain jogtrot;
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweir to lead nor ca'.

A better nor a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man need e'er hae wished;
For, silly thing, she never missed
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I gaed to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock;
And now the laddie has a flock
Of mair than thretty head and twa.

The neist I gae to Jean; and now
The bairn's sae braw, has faulds sae fu',
That lads sae thick come her to woo,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.

Cauld and hunger never dang her,
Wind nor rain could never wrang her;
Ance she lay an ouk and langer
Forth aneath a wreath o' snaw.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never played the like,
But teesed about the barn wa'.

I lookit aye at even for her,
Lest mischanter should come ower her,
Or the fumart micht devour her,
Gin the beastie bade awa'.

Yet, last ouk, for a' my keeping,
Wha can tell o't without greeting?
A villain cam, when I was sleeping,
Stow my ewie, horn and a'.

I socht her sair upon the morn,
And down aneath a bush o' thorn,
There I fand her crookit horn,
But my ewie was awa'.

But gin I had the loon that did it,
I hae sworn as weel as said it
Although the laird himsell forbid it
I sall gie his neck a thraw.

I never met wi' sic a turn;
At e'en I had baith ewe and horn,
Safe steekit up; but gin the morn
Baith ewe and horn were stown awa'.

A' the claes that we hae worn,
Frae her and hers sae aft were shorn;
The loss o' her we could hae borne,
Had fair-strae death ta'en her awa.

O had she dee'd o' croup or cauld,
As ewies dee when they grow auld,
It hadna been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to ane an' a'.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life,
Beneath a bluidy villain's knife;
In troth, I fear that our guidwife
Will never get abune't ava'.

O all ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
Call up your Muses, let them mourn
Our ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Frae us stown, and fell'd and a'.

From W. Anderson's "Howes o' Buchan" we extract the following notice of a once locally celebrated character:—

"In connection with the churchyard we have to notice Jamie Fleeman, 'the Laird of Udny's fool.' Jamie was born at Braeside of Ludquharn in 1713. His father appears to have been a farm-servant, or to have followed some labouring employment there; and in the registration books of Longside we have fished out the following registry of his baptism:—'Fleming, James, son to James Fleming in Ludquharn. 7th April 1713.' Of his father but little is known; but his mother, it is said, drowned herself in the Burn of Cairngall, at the spot known as Fleming's Pot. Jamie's many adventures are as patent to the world, in their own way, as those of much more pretentious men. Indeed, if one half of the *bon-mots*, etc., ascribed to Jamie be true, it would take a very clever man to make another of the laird of Udny's fool!

"After many weary wanderings, Jamie at last succumbed to the King of Terrors, in his sister's house at Kinmundy in 1778, in the 65th year of his age. When he was about his last, some friends of his sister's were around the bed reasoning together on the propriety of speaking to him on the subject of the future state. Some one of them had remarked: 'Oh, he's a fool; what can he know of such things?' when Jamie, looking him in the face, said that he 'never heard that God sought what He did not give.' Then, looking at another who stood near, he uttered his last words: 'I'm a Christian, dinna bury me like a beast.' Jamie was buried in the churchyard, near the north wall, adjoining the new church. As near as is known to his grave, a handsome polished granite obelisk has been erected, bearing the following inscription: 'ERECTED IN 1861, TO INDICATE THE GRAVE OF JAMIE FLEEMAN, IN ANSWER TO HIS PRAYER, 'DINNA BURY ME LIKE A BEAST.'"

Dr. Pratt tells us, "The village of Longside belongs to the present century. Previous to 1801, the farm-house of Kirkton, which stood nearly opposite 'the kirk-style,' and the 'alehouse' of Sandhole, close to the north wall of the churchyard, were the only dwellings on the site of the village. In that year, Mr. Ferguson of Pitfour, the proprietor of the estate, cut off about 100 acres from the farm of Longside. These, with the 'rigs of Kirkton,' were laid off as feu crofts, and leases of fifty-seven years' duration were granted to those who chose to build. In the first quarter of the century the village increased rapidly; since that time, till lately, under the encouraging auspices of Mr. Bruce, the present proprietor, it was all but stationary. It is built on an eminence gently sloping on all sides." The houses are rather irregularly put down, but this adds to the quaint and picturesque appearance of the village.

Inverquhomery, the residence of the proprietor, is about two miles to the west.

The small but comfortable-looking house on the rising ground to the south is the mansion-house of Cairngall (Hutchison).

A little beyond the station the two branches of the Ugie unite.

"Muckle Ugie said to little Ugie
'When shall we twa meet?'
'Doon i' the Haughs o' Rora,
When a' men are asleep.'"

The north Ugie rises in the Den of Glasslaw, Aberdour, there known as the Gonar. It flows into the water of Strichen and becomes the North Ugie or Blackwater. The South Ugie rises in Bonnykelly, New Deer. It passes Brucklay Castle, Old Deer, etc., receiving many little streams. Both are good trout streams, and below Longside there is good salmon and sea-trout fishing.

A little beyond the station we pass Milbank, and looking to the left "we get a passing glimpse of the ruins of the once eminent cloth manufactory at Milbank, on the brink of the north fork of the Ugie. This manufactory was celebrated for the quality of the cloth made at it. It was erected by the Messrs. Kilgour, but owing to adverse circumstances it was stopped in 1828. A great many hands found remunerative work at it, and we believe its erection was, to a certain extent, the primary cause of the extension of the village of Longside. The once broad, but now almost dried, Loch of Auchlee is between Milbank and the farm of Auchlee. Near Milbank the two Ugies meet and mingle."

The river is crossed a little below this by a skew girder bridge of three spans of 31 feet each.

74. Newseat.

2¼ miles from Longside.
36¾ ,, ,, Dyce.
40¾ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

Newseat is a mere platform for passengers. The country round it is dotted over with farm-houses—the Buthlaws, Faichfield, Thunderton, Cadgerhill, and Willowbank, the summer residence of Mr. Kidd, Peterhead. These are on the right. On the left we have Newseat, Glendaveny, Torterston, etc. Torterston is the property of the Merchant Maiden Hospital, Edinburgh.

Beyond Torterston we are near the ruins of Ravenscraig Castle, though they are not seen from the line. "The Castle of Ravenscraig, says Sir A. H. Hay, stands on a rocky eminence immediately on the southern bank of the river Ugie, and tradition dates its original construction as far back as the 13th century; whether this is correct or not, it is undoubtedly a building of great antiquity, and must have been an important stronghold. It was originally the property and residence of the Cheynes, a family of Anglo-Norman descent that settled in Scotland in the earlier part of the 13th century." The last male representative died about 1350, leaving two daughters who inherited the estates. Mariot, the senior, married Sir John Douglas, by whom she had no family; and secondly John de Keith, the second son of Edward de Keith, the Marischal of Scotland, by whom she had a son Andrew, who succeeded to her estates, which thus passed into the family of Keith. Mary, the other daughter, married Nicol, the second son of Kenneth Earl of Sutherland, who obtained with her the barony of Duffus (which had come to the Cheynes by marriage with Mary, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Freskyn de Moray); from this marriage is descended the family of Sutherland, Lord Duffus. Thus ended the male line of the chief family of the Cheynes of Ravenscraig—the castle and estates now becoming, by female descent, the property of the Keiths.

All that remains of the castle is the first story, a square keep. The river flows close to the northern base of the rock on which it is built, and there are traces of a moat by which a branch of the stream had been carried round the south. The walls are of runwork and extremely thick. It had been a place of great strength. It forms now a most picturesque and impressive ruin.

Around it and Inverugie there are a number of charming residences. A local poet has thus celebrated this lovely spot—

O Ugie, tho' nae classic stream,
Nae far-famed poet's chosen theme,
Thou art the licht o' mony a dream
O'er lan' an' sea,
In hearts aft lichted by a gleam
At thocht o' thee

Wha lives that paddled in thy flood,
Or crap amang thy stinted wood,
When life and hope were baith in bud,
But lo'es thee still?
Gin there be sic, nae generous blood
Those heart strings thrill.

When thou hast on thy summer dress,
Wi' life an' form in ilka trace,
When up an doun the wild flowers grace
Baith knap an' lea;
Wha is there looks on thy sweet face
An' lo'es na thee?

I've seen thee in the fadin' licht
Frae aff Mount Pleasant's bonny hicht,
Half yieldin' to the shades o' nicht
Wi' cot an' ha',
An' felt a rapture at the sicht
That's nae awa'.

Thy aul' gray brig—the steppin' stanes—
The Craig and Castle, towers that ance
Could boast their Marischals and their
Cheynes,
Noo still an' 'wae,
A' these an' mair, are treasured scenes
Till life's last day.

Rin on, thou bonny wimplin tide,
Tho' thou hast nane to gar thee glide,
Amang the rivers, sung wi' pride,
To classic ear.
Thy sterling beauties winna hide,
They sparkle here.

A. H. L.

75. Inverugie.

1½ miles from Newseat.
36 ,, ,, Dyce.
42¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

Inverugie is the last station before reaching Peterhead, from which it is distant 2 miles. It is the station for a number of suburban villas. The chief interest it has for the tourist is the ruined castle of Inverugie, with its Gallowhill on the rising ground behind. The ruins are situated about a quarter of a mile above the turnpike road bridge on the north bank of the river, which winds round the castle on three sides. According to historians it was founded in 1380 by Sir John de Keith, who married Mariot Cheyne. It is clear, however, that portions of it are of an earlier date. One portion is called The Cheynes' Tower, and that part was probably built at the later date; the greater part of what now exists is supposed to have been erected about the close of the 16th century by George, Earl Marischal, the founder of Marischal College, Aberdeen. There are many curiously sculptured stones still to be seen about the ruins and garden walls. Next to Dunnottar, Inverugie was a principal seat of the Keiths. Thomas the Rhymer had his say about it; he is said to have visited it and uttered his prophecy from a stone in the neighbourhood. "This stone was removed to build the Church of St. Fergus in 1763; but the field in which it lay is still called 'Tammas' Stane.'" The prophecy ran :—

"As lang's this stane stands on this craft,
The name o' Keith shall be alaft;
But when this stane begins to fa',
The name o' Keith shall wear awa'."

The stone was removed in 1763; the last Earl Marischal sold the lands in 1766, and died in 1788.

There is another prophecy, Anderson tells us, by the same bard about Inverugie Castle; but it is a mistake to suppose that it was uttered with regard to this Inverugie. It refers to an old castle—all traces of which have now almost disappeared—near the mouth of the river Ugie, which had been inhabited by the Cheynes; the prophecy runs thus :—

"Ugie, Ugie, by the sea,
Lairdless shall thy lands be;
And beneath thy ha' hearth stane,
The tod shall bring her bairns hame."

"There is another Inverugie prophecy (one which refers to the present Inverugie), that a white hind should come from afar and give three roars at the gate, when the keystone should fall from its socket and break the threshold in three. Whether or not the white hind ever appeared, we are not informed; but one thing is certain, that the threshold was broken in three, and that the keystone has been out of its place."

Of this family, which dates from 1005, Hervei, who took the surname of Keith, held the office of Marischal of Scotland under Malcolm IV. and William the Lion. They had then extensive estates in East Lothian and elsewhere. They were one of the foremost families in Scotland; they closed their career of greatness after the memorable struggle of 1715, when the estates were forfeited to the Crown. They were partly repurchased by the last Earl in 1761. This Earl resided for some time

at Keith Hall, which he had inherited from a collateral branch; but he grew tired of life in his native land. "Taking a northward journey, he resolved to visit Inverugie, and formally take possession. He proceeded no further than the Bridge of Ugie, however, being completely overcome by the sight of his home in ruins. He was moved to tears, it is said, at the sad spectacle; and grieved by this, as well as harassed by the fact that he could not manage to pay up the full price of his estate, he sold the lands in 1766 to James Ferguson of Pitfour, and returned to Prussia. He was a great favourite at the Court of Berlin, where he remained till his death in 1788."—(Anderson.)

76. Peterhead.

2 miles from Inverugie.
38 ,, ,, Dyce.
44¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

Peterhead, the terminus of this branch, stands upon a peninsula projecting into the German Ocean, and is the most easterly point of Scotland. Dr. Pratt tells us that there are various opinions with regard to the derivation of the name. The author of "The View of the Diocese of Aberdeen" says —"Peterhead was of old called *Peterugie*, because the Ugie here falls into the sea, and the church is dedicated to St. Peter." Mr. Arbuthnot, in his "Historical Account of Peterhead," says—"The Greek word *Petros*, and the French word *Pierre*, each signifying *a rock*, and the town having that for its foundation, either of them may have given rise to the name." This author also mentions other conjectures as to its derivation. In the "History of Peterhead," drawn up by Roderick Gray, Esq., for "The New Statistical Account of Scotland," we find that "the ancient name of the parish was Peterugie, arising, perhaps, from the rocky headland or promontory near the mouth of the Ugie." In old charters the name is *Petri Promontorium*, and in some Dutch maps it is called *Peterspol*. Mr. Peter Buchanan, in his "Annals of Peterhead," dismisses the subject in these terms—"As the derivation of the name has been already disputed, I shall not enter the list of combatants, but leave it to the deliberate consideration of those better versed in etymology, the able historian and the learned antiquarian; suffice it to say, it has been called Peterhead for upwards of 200 years."

The eastmost part of the town is called the Keith Inch, and is divided from the main part by the north and south harbours. These used to be quite separate, but they are now connected by a canal. Before this canal was made, the narrow neck of land which gave access to the Keith Inch was called the Queenzie, or Queenie, a word which is said to signify a neck of land.

In 1560 Peterhead was only a small fishing village, and with the adjoining lands belonged to the Abbey of Deer, from which it passed into the possession of the Commendator. In 1593 the town was erected into a burgh of barony by George, Earl Marischal. It continued part of the Marischal estate until the attainder of the last Earl after 1715, when the estates were confiscated to the Crown. Soon after, this portion of them was bought by the York Buildings Company, and they, in 1728, sold the town and adjoining lands to the governors of the Merchant Maiden Company, Edinburgh, for the sum of £3000 sterling. The Valuation Roll of 1880 returns the Merchant Maiden Hospital property in Peterhead as of the annual value of £2941 : 13 : 8.

It has been calculated that in 1593 the number of inhabitants was about 56. "The feuars, to whom the charter was granted, were only 14; the ground feued out about 3 acres. The original feuars appear to have been fishers, for each of them was permitted to have 'ane boat for whyte fishing, of the whiche the said Earl and his forsaids shall have the tynd fishing, the said Earl and his forsaids giving to the fishers reasonable fishing lands and reasonable duty; and sic as happen to pass to farr fishings, the said Earl and his forsaids sall have sic tynd y'rof as the inhabitants of Anstruther pays.'"

Some of these original houses still remain, with their quaint inscriptions still partially legible. One in Port

Henry Lane bears the date 1600, and "Micah vi. 7" in old characters. On a building called Lord Marischal's house, of date 1599, there is "Feir the Lord." Buchan mentions one in Wood's Wynd :—

> "Feir the Lord, flie from syn ;
> Mak' for lyf everlastin' ;
> No this lyf is but vanity."

The Marischal motto may still be seen on at least one house in Peterhead —"They have sayd ; Qhat sayd they ? Lat them say." On one now taken down it ran thus :—

> "They saye—they saye
> What saye they
> Do you well, and lat them saye, saye."

Another house which has also disappeared had this :—

"SVEAR NOTE."

Where the Coastguard buildings now are, on the Keith Inch, stood the old Marischal Castle, built in the beginning of the 17th century, after the model of the palace of the King of Denmark. It was demolished in the early part of this century.

The town is built of the red granite, and has of course a town-house, various churches, good banks, and many substantial private dwellings. The present parish church occupies a prominent position near the centre of the town, but an older one stood to the south on a rising ground still outside the town, although it is being now rapidly surrounded by villas. Around its ruins lies the old parish graveyard with some interesting monuments. A tower still remains, containing a very fine-toned bell. Tradition says this was the ship bell of one of the Spanish Armada wrecked off Peterhead, but the bell itself exhibits this legend on it, "Soli Deo Gloria, Michael Bvrgenhvys. Me fecit 1647."

The town possesses a museum, the bequest to it of the late Adam Arbuthnot, Esq. It was his private collection, and is from time to time being enriched by gifts from loyal sons of the town. "It contains numerous specimens interesting to the antiquarian, the naturalist, the mineralogist, and the geologist. There is scarcely a country in the known world, from the torrid to the frigid zone —from China to Mexico—that is not here represented. The collection of coins is very extensive. The English department embraces the whole period from Edgar to Victoria ; the Scotch from William the Lion to James VI ; the Grecian comprehends those of Philip of Macedon, Alexander the Great, and most of the principal petty states ; the Roman those of the Emperors and Consuls."—(Pratt.)

On the platform in front of the town-hall there is a statue of Field-Marshal Keith, a copy of the one erected to his memory by Frederick the Great. This original statue was, we believe, somewhat disregarded, and the Town-Council of Peterhead coming to know this, petitioned the King of Prussia to allow them to remove it and erect it at Peterhead. Attention having been thus called to the memory of the Field-Marshal, his statue was restored to an honourable position, and a copy in bronze graciously made and presented to Peterhead by the King, who communicated his intentions in very gracious terms in an autograph letter.

Several brass guns taken out of the "St. Michael," one of the Spanish Armada wrecked in the vicinity, were at one time mounted on two batteries which commanded the north and south harbours. The town having taken the side of the Pretender in 1715, the Government removed these guns to London. That Prince landed at Peterhead on Dec. 25, 1715, and resided for a time in a house at the south end of the Longgate before proceeding to Aberdeen.

"Peterhead was long noted for its mineral springs, one of which, the *Wine Well*, was greatly celebrated for its medicinal qualities. There is another mineral well at the Gaidle Braes said to be of equal efficacy. About the beginning of the present century Peterhead was a fashionable watering-place." It had commodious hot and cold baths for ladies and gentlemen. It does not retain its reputation in this respect.

Peterhead was some years ago a great port for whaling ships, and a few still

go from it to the seal and whale fishing. Its chief trade is the herring fishing, some 600 to 700 boats being engaged in this every season. There are extensive sawmills and an important woollen manufactory in this town. The harbours are now extensive and commodious. They have been at various times repaired and remodelled—by Smeaton in 1773, by Rennie in 1807, by Telford in 1822, and again in 1878 by Coyne. The revenue from them was £4326 in 1856, £6928 in 1879, and £9512 in 1880.

This part of the coast is subject to storms of great violence. The following account of that of January 10, 1849, by Mr. W. Boyd, Solicitor, Peterhead, will be read with interest.

"This part of the coast was visited yesterday with one of those severe easterly gales which often in the winter season prove disastrous in their consequences, but never more so than in the present instance, when much property and many lives have been lost—adding in a fearful degree to the vast sacrifice of life which within the last twelve months has fallen to the lot of this town. The gale in August last, in which so many fishermen perished in the frail barks in which they were engaged, was as nothing compared with the irresistible fury of this tempest, in which at least five vessels have been totally wrecked. The gale commenced with a heavy rain about midnight, and increased in violence from east by south till daylight. At that time very heavy seas were rolling on shore, and as the morning advanced, more than one vessel was seen in the offing struggling with the tempest to get round the heads. As the day advanced it was seen that, owing to the violence of the storm and the flood-tide one of them at least was driving fast to leeward. By the arrival of the mail, intelligence was received that a brig had been driven ashore in the morning close by Slains Castle, and that all her crew had perished; and that another brig was seen by the Boddam fishermen to founder quite close to the shore. All the crew perished. Soon after 1 P.M. the schooner that was falling to leeward was observed to be running for the south bay. That she could gain the harbour no one deemed possible. The vessel ran swiftly on before the wind, and was signalled on shore about halfway west of the harbour mouth as the safest place. The Coastguard were on the spot with Manby's apparatus before the ship struck, and after some unsuccessful attempts, threw a line over the ship and the cradle was speedily alongside. One of the crew got in, and had all but reached the top of the bulwark opposite, when the rope on which the cradle hung broke, and he fell into the raging surf. Fortunately this happened within a few yards of the shore, where many a willing seaman was ready to give assistance, and several, regardless of their own safety, jumped into the surf and succeeded in getting the man safely on shore. The vessel continued to drive up on the rocks, and the safety of the rest of the crew appeared to depend on allowing them to remain, and they were all safely landed when the tide receded. Another schooner was now observed to round the Buchanness, and to be running for the south bay, in a more manageable state than the former; but when near to the entrance, owing to the wind and the sea, she lost way, and was in a moment driven among the rocks at The Baths, where in the course of ten minutes she became a total wreck, and, we are sorry to add, two of the crew perished. The saving of the others was truly miraculous, as in a few minutes the vessel that was so shortly before seen bounding over the fiercest billows was—mast, rigging, and hull—one mass of wreck. Under Providence, the safety of the survivors was owing to the fearless exertions of some who threw themselves into the raging sea, crossed the Baths, reached the rocks on which the vessel had turned over, and got ropes around the crew, who were then dragged over the high protecting walls adjoining.

"While this was occurring in the south bay, the sea, which was rolling very heavily at the back of the north harbour, threw down about 186 yards of the enclosing wall which bounds it on the east, and swept away the new

herring-curing yards in that quarter, including Mr. Methven's yard, in which most of the buildings and storehouses are thrown down. Heavy masses of water were running through the breach into the harbour, throwing to some distance disengaged masses of masonry of several tons' weight—parts of the enclosing wall—and scattering over the roadway and quay, and hurling into the harbour, an immense quantity of stones of which the wall and buildings had been erected. Several of the whale ships lying there broke from their moorings owing to the weight of water thrown in by the breach. In consequence of this it became necessary, when the tide had somewhat receded, to prepare for securing, if possible, those vessels before next high water, and for their further safety to get part, at least, of the loose stones which had been thrown on the roadway and quay opposite to them removed. For this purpose Messrs. Pyper and Stuart, masons, were employed with their workmen and a number of labourers to clear away the loose stones. Before these arrangements were made, it was about two hours past high water. No water to any considerable depth had been thrown through the breach for some time, and people had been passing and repassing to the dock and the shipping, not apprehending any danger till the return of the next tide. The seamen, at the same time, were busy on the same quay preparing new moorings for the shipping. All this went on without interruption for about an hour, when at nearly five o'clock, about half-tide, a tremendous wave dashed through the breach, spreading over the quay to a great depth. The poor men on the quay were seen by those on board the ships,—some running, and others, who perceived that they had no such means of escape, grasping the stones among which they were employed. Before this wave left them, it was followed by another still more awful, supposed to be from 14 to 15 feet in depth—in the words of a spectator 'like as if the whole North Sea was bursting through the breach,'—covered the men many feet deep, washed them into the harbour, which was now a boiling flood, and throwing with them an immense mass of stones (one solid mass of masonry torn from the enclosing wall, calculated to weigh 50 tons, was moved bodily for several feet), the brick of the buildings, etc. In an instant ropes were thrown from the ships and boats, and by these and other means many were saved; but we lament to add, no fewer than fifteen persons perished. All the bodies were recovered, with the exception of that of Captain Hogg of the *Resolution*.

"The wave which caused so great a loss of life, from the accounts given of it, was like as if some dreadful convulsion of nature had rolled the ocean over the land, and the scattered masses of stones, and the general devastation within its influence, alone speak of its irresistible fury. The day will long have a place of sadness in the memory of many, and a general gloom has been cast over the inhabitants of Peterhead by the melancholy event which marked its close."

Dr. Pratt adds:—"The following is an excerpt from a letter we have been favoured with from a gentleman of Peterhead:—'With reference to the account of the storms described by you, it will not be uninteresting if I mention, on the authority of Mr. John Murdoch, a respectable man, still alive, that a similar upheaving of the sea took place about fifty years before, also at *half-tide*, to which he was a witness; on which occasion, some sheep that were browsing on the green hill (about the same locality as the sad catastrophe you describe) were swept off and their carcases washed ashore at a short distance south of the Canteen.'"

Excursions along the Coast from Peterhead.

Tourists who reach Peterhead should not omit to visit Slains Castle and the Bullers of Buchan. They are about 6 miles south from Peterhead, and the drive round the Bay, past Boddam, or Buchanness with its lighthouse, and along the top of the cliffs, will well repay the day, which it will just de-

lightfully fill up. If time serves, the drive might be extended by the beautiful sands called the Ward of Cruden, by Finnyfold, past the Castle of Old Slains, to Collieston, on the border of the sand-blown parish of Forvie. The following account of this coast from Collieston to Peterhead is from a paper read by the present Editor to the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, in April 1849, and printed in their Proceedings, and elsewhere:—

"Collieston is a hamlet of fishermen's cottages, where advantage has been taken of a ravine, which affords a comparatively easy access to the water. Part of the village is built on the water-edge, and part on the cliff 200 feet above. A very deep deposit of dark red clay covers the cliffs, curling over the rocks, if I may so express it, and presenting a steep grassy slope leading to the rocks themselves. In some places the clay comes down very close to the water, but there is always an outlier of rock shielding it from the action of the waves. In one spot I observed that the overflow of a small stream had washed out a chasm in the clay at least 30 or 40 feet deep, showing that the deposit is of very considerable thickness.

We pass the village of Collieston and keep on northwards, and find the same high precipitous coast-line for several miles, but so indented by creeks and narrow tortuous ravines as to render the walk along the cliffs a very long one. We discover a good many caves, some of them of great extent. Numbers of these enter from the sea, and require a boat to reach them. Others are far above the sea-level, indicating an upheaval of the land. One of these latter I explored on one occasion. The following account of it, from notes made at the time, may not be uninteresting. Turning round a grassy hillock on the brae face, the mouth of the cavern lay before us, not as we expected in the cliff, but in the green side of the brae. A good deal of *débris* and clay had been washed into it, but this made it the more accessible, and we had no difficulty in entering. When we had descended the mound of rubbish accumulated in the mouth, we found ourselves in a cave of large dimensions, and very lofty in the roof. At first we felt as if the darkness was very great, but we soon became accustomed to the gloom. We penetrated a good way, till the sides approached so near as merely to allow us to pass, though there seemed still little or no diminution in the height of the roof. By the time we had got to the narrow part of the cave it was quite dark, for we were not provided with torches, and we took the precaution of holding on to each other (there were two of us), and feeling our way before we ventured to put down our feet. It was well we did so, for, after surmounting a lump of table-rock, we could find no further footing. I set myself against the rock, so as to hold my companion more firmly. He reached over and stretched down his foot, but could find no landing; we got stones and threw them over, not without a slight quickening of the pulse, when we heard them bound from side to side, and dash with a hollow sound on the floor far below. Here there was a forcible termination to our advance. When we turned to retrace our steps, a fine sight presented itself to our gaze. Our eyes, now accustomed to the gloom, could see the whole of that portion of the cavern we had just traversed, lit up as it was by rays from the entrance. The entrance being upwards, and not sheer out, we could not see out to the sea, but the opening admitted light enough to show the proportions of the cave. I measured from the brink of the cavern to the entrance, and found it to be about 45 yards. Water was percolating from above, and dropping in all directions. The floor and sides were covered with a coating of fine red clay, but no calcareous incrustation appeared; from which it would seem that lime is absent from the rocks here. In the Statistical Account of this parish I find this remark, in reference to the caves: "One of these, called Hell-lum, is upwards of 200 feet in length, and the pitch of the arch within rises to more than 30 feet." Probably my friend and myself had narrowly escaped exploring, both

faster and further than desirable, this Hadean chimney.

"On a high rock jutting out into the sea stand the ruins of the old Castle of Slains. North of it is a fine bay, with a beautiful sandy beach; but within a few yards of the shore of this beach numerous sunken reefs and rocks, just raising their ridges above the surface of the water, render the navigation of the coast very dangerous.

"Here I was rather disagreeably made acquainted with a peculiar feature, often met with on this coast. Looking from the castle towards the little bay, the dry white sand of whose shore was glittering in the sun, you see first of all a pretty steep grassy descent, ridged diagonally and horizontally with the tracks made by sheep and cattle grazing. Beneath this, rather more than two-thirds down the slope, stretches out a broad grassy platform, level, and greener than the rest. Beyond, again, the slope descends as before till it meets the beach. I had lingered at the castle to sketch, and my friend was far in advance. Seeing such an apparently smooth field before me, and expecting to have the impetus of my first descent checked by the broad green patch before I had to make the second descent to the water, I began to run down the slope, bounding over the cattle paths, and acquiring considerable speed, when all at once, as I reached the middle ground, I found I had plunged into a deep morass. I got out with all haste, and no detriment beyond being well covered with mud about the legs, but had to make a considerable detour before I reached the beach. The clay had formed a ridge by the beating up of the sea. This ridge had accumulated water from the numerous springs which abound in the rocks above, and also the *débris* of vegetable matter, till soil was formed; so that at last there was a natural water-meadow hanging midway down this steep brae face. These occur frequently, almost wherever there is a beach, and are carefully preserved by the people. A very little labour with the spade would drain any one of them; but as they afford the richest pasture to be met with near their extension is fostered, rather than prevented.

"Not far from this point, still northward, is a very extensive cave, called the Dripping Cave. It differs from the last I mentioned in that it occurs in limestone, and is filled with stalactites and stalagmite. At one time some of the stalactites were continuous from roof to floor, and were very beautiful. I am sorry to say, however, that the most of them have been taken away and used for lime. I searched in vain for this cave. It seems that the overhanging clay, which is continuous all along the cliffs, had fallen in mass over the entrance and closed it. I examined all the brae, and climbed down to the sea-line and examined the rocks below. Much did I see that was interesting, but not the cave. A stream of water strongly charged with calcareous matter was falling over the cliffs, and covering the rocks with a limy incrustation. The water was actually percolating through the cave; but so completely was it at that time closed, that though, as I afterwards learned, I must have passed and repassed the spot where it was, it yet remained undiscovered. I am informed that it is again accessible, and I hope in the course of the ensuing summer to examine it. In this neighbourhood, where the clay reaches the edge of the cliffs, it is fringed with tall grass. When the culms have withered and fallen over the cliff, the water from the high ground runs along them, dropping from their points, and, such is the vertical character of the cliffs, it falls 100 to 150 feet into the water below.

"As I have already stated, the principal rocks met with on this part of the coast are gneiss and mica slate.—To these may be added various porphyritic combinations, and basalt.

"The next parish, Cruden, carries on the coast-line seven miles further. The gneiss and mica slate extend part of this way, after which there is a broad sandy beach, called the Ward of Cruden. The south end of this beach is marked by a remarkable reef of sunken rocks running far out into the sea, called the Scars of Cruden, and many a gallant

ship has been wrecked upon them. Northward the bay is terminated by precipitous cliffs of red granite, which extend from this point onward beyond Peterhead.

"There is little to be told of this part of the coast beyond a few descriptive remarks to exemplify how it has been disrupted and torn, and heaved into the most rugged and frowning coast-line exhibited almost anywhere,—indicating a '*turgidum mare*,' and forcibly reminding us of Horace's '*infames scopulos acroceraunia*.'

"On the first granite headland after passing the Ward of Cruden stands the modern Slains Castle, the seat of the Earls of Erroll. It is almost insulated, a strip of sea running round to the north, and trending so far west as to leave only a narrow isthmus by which to obtain access to the castle. This arm of the sea is called the Langhaven, and is quite narrow; it is, in fact, a mere rent or fissure on a large scale. It contains deep water, and its sides are so perpendicular and so high that, in looking up from below, the eye does not perceive a much greater breadth of sky than, looking down, it perceives breadth of water. Seaward the cliffs are equally high and equally precipitous. It is said that from the library or drawing-room windows a stone dropped falls directly into the water. A carriage-way formerly ran round the castle, but this has now disappeared, owing to the fall of a large portion of rock. Looking from these windows, nothing is to be seen but sea and sky.

"Not far from the castle there is a cave of peculiar construction. It opens to the sea below water-mark, runs horizontally for a considerable distance into the rock, and then rises till it comes to the surface in a field some way from the edge of the cliff. From the rolling of the waves into the cavern below, an atmospheric current is created sufficiently strong to blow into the air any light article thrown into the upper aperture of the cave; and when there is a gale from the east a column of spray rises continuously from it. This cave, as well as the one formerly noticed, has received the name of 'Hell-lum;'[1] indeed every cave of similar form obtains this designation all over this coast.

"Many insulated rocks, of nearly equal altitude with the main line of coast, are scattered all along at various distances from the shore. One of the most famous of these is called the Dun Buy. Although Dr. Johnson, in his 'Tour to the Hebrides,' says of it, in reference to the urgent request of Lady Erroll that he should not leave Slains without seeing the Dun Buy, that there is nothing about it to detain attention, it is nevertheless to those who see it a very striking object, standing isolated and bare, majestic and unmoved, amid the buffetings of northern storms. Description can convey no idea of the peculiar feelings of awe and wonder created by the sight of such effects of forces, with whose operations we are now unacquainted. This rock has, moreover, been rendered classical by Sir Walter Scott's introduction of it into his story of 'The Antiquary.' 'Are ye mad?' said the mendicant; 'Francie o' Fowl's-heugh, and he was the best craigsman that ever speeled a heugh (mair by token, he brak his neck on the Dun Buy of Slains), wad na hae ventured upon the Halkethead craigs after sundown.'

"My favourite rock is one which the oftener I see it strikes me the more. It is some two or three hundred yards in length, surrounded by the sea, but lying in the mouth of one of these rifled fissures with vertical sides. On the side towards the land it presents a smooth surface of red granite, apparently as smooth as if dressed with a chisel, and in the centre it is perforated with a triangular hole of gigantic dimensions. The upper surface is covered with grass and sea flowers, *Galium vernum*, *Statice armeria* (thrift), *Silene maritima* (catchfly), saxifrages, etc. etc., and it is the secure breeding-place of thousands of sea-fowl. When the sun shines brilliantly on this rock, lighting up its reflection in deep emerald water, it is a sight to gaze at for hours together.

[1] "lum," Scottice for chimney.

"The famous open cave called the Bullers of Buchan, or in the local dialect Birs Buchan, is in this locality. On the north side of a little creek, presenting the usual perpendicular walls of immense height, the rocks jut out some way into the sea. In this promontory, a huge circular pot has been scooped out. Its sides present perpendicular walls of rock, and towards the sea they are of inconsiderable thickness, at one point, on the upper edge, not more than one or two yards, narrowing even to less for a very little way. It is reckoned a feat to walk round, and a story is told of a man who, in a drunken fit, took a wager that he would gallop round on horseback. He accomplished the feat, but, on becoming sober, was so startled by the risk he had run that he died of fright. The sea flows in by a natural arch. In stormy weather, with an easterly wind, the dashing of the waves through this narrow aperture, and the recoil they make against the sides of the chasm, resemble the boiling of a huge caldron; and hence the name. I visited it once (among many visits) on a beautifully calm day. Taking boat, we rowed round the point, and found the entrance not much wider than admitted an ordinary-sized four-oared fishing boat. Even in the smoothest weather there is inside a peculiar roll in the water; and as the rock is caverned out in all directions, and to great depths, there is a hollow roar, which adds greatly to the impressiveness of the strange scene. In the pompous language of Dr. Johnson, which is, however, well adapted for such a description as this, 'We found ourselves in a place which, though we could not think ourselves in danger, we could scarcely survey without some recoil of the mind. The basin in which we floated was nearly circular, perhaps thirty yards in diameter. We were enclosed by a natural wall, rising steep on every side to a height which produced the idea of insurmountable confinement. The interception of all lateral light caused a dismal gloom. Round us was a perpendicular rock, above us the distant sky, and below us an unknown profundity of water.' He adds, with a *naïveté* perhaps still more descriptive of the characteristic 'awesomeness' of the place, 'If I had any malice against a walking spirit, instead of laying him in the Red Sea, I would condemn him to reside in the Buller Buchan.'

"Beyond Cruden, the coast-line extends about five miles through the parish of Peterhead, commencing a little to the south of the point of Buchan-ness, and reaching beyond the town of Peterhead, to the mouth of the river Ugie. 'Between the parish of Cruden,'—I quote from the Statistical Report,—'and the fishing village of Boddam, in this parish, the sea is bounded by high cliffs of granite and other primary rock, forming mural precipices: and this part of the coast is indented with many chasms, fissures, and caves, and these in some cases divide the granite from the trap rock. From Boddam to the Bay of Sandford the coast is low and rocky. The Bay of Sandford, extending some distance inland, is bounded by a flat sandy shore, intermixed with pebbles.' Between the point of Salt House Head and Keith-point, on which the town of Peterhead is built, the Bay of Peterhead extends about a mile inland. Its shores are flat and rocky, terminating in sand and pebbles at its innermost bound. All this coast, from Boddam to Peterhead, although low towards the sea, the rocks scarcely appearing above high water, except where the heads run out, and a flat sandy beach extending most of the way, is nevertheless abutted upon by cliffs of clay of considerable height, so that the general outline of the coast appears high. From Keith-point, which is the most easterly nook of Scotland, the coast recedes till the mouth of the Ugie is reached, preserving the same character of a rock bottom, a sandy beach, and steep diluvial cliffs abutting on the sands.

"'The whole of the parish of Peterhead' (I quote again from the Statistical Report) 'is upon primitive rock. In the Stirling Hill, Black Hill, and Hill of Cowsrieve, the granite or

syenite rises to the surface. Along the coast, and in other parts of the parish, it is covered with clay, supposed to be diluvial, and other matters, to a greater or less depth. Upon the Stirling Hill the granite rises to the surface, or nearly so, over an extent of from 100 to 150 acres. In every place where the syenite or granite is laid bare, embedded masses, veins, or dikes of primitive trap, gneiss, quartz, and compact felspar alternate with and run through it. In some cases one-half of a block is granite and the other primitive trap, in complete cohesion, and often passing into each other. At the old Castle of Boddam the rock is separated by a fissure or chasm, one side of which is granite and the other primitive trap. This chasm runs east and west, the granite being on the south and the trap on the north, with a considerable angle to the horizon. Near the Buchan-ness Lighthouse there is a pretty extensive bed of hornstone porphyry. The rock along the coast, from Buchan-ness to the mouth of the Ugie, may be seen at low-water mark, and consists of granite, primitive trap, syenite, gneiss, compact felspar, felspar porphyry, and quartz, variously associated with each other. The Meet-hill is covered with a deep mass of diluvial clay. At the Brickwork, which is about fifty yards from the beach, and where the clay has been cut to the depth of from thirty to forty feet, it exhibits various strata, which appear to have been deposited at different times, from their differences in quality and colour: some of the deposits are not above an inch in depth, while others are several feet. The skeleton of a bird was (in 1837) dug out of the clay here, at the depth of twenty-five feet from the surface, and about fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the sea.' This clay, mixed in some places with rounded pebbles, covers a very considerable part of the parish."

The neighbourhood of the Ward of Cruden was in the year 1012 the site of a bloody and final battle, in which the Danes were totally defeated by the Scots. At the north end of the bay a lofty headland, called the Hawklaw, commands a magnificent view of the German Ocean, and of the coast from the Girdleness on the south point of the Bay of Aberdeen, to Buchan-ness Lighthouse, a sweep of some 30 miles. It looks down on the beautiful sands of the Ward, the thriving village of Port Erroll, with its commodious harbour, just (1880) completed at great cost by the most enterprising and noble owner, the Earl of Erroll, whose castle of Slains, towering over the cliffs, is a prominent object in the sea-view. In the immediate vicinity of the Hawklaw are the remains of a vitrified wall, and there are similar remains on two other eminences close by. Near these among the sandhills is a well, known as St. Olave's Well—a very copious spring bubbling strongly up from among the sand, and so famous once as to have been a point of pilgrimage. It did not escape the notice of the famous Rhymer :—

> "St. Olave's Well, low by the sea,
> Where pest nor plague shall ever be."

Forsyth, in his "Beauties of Scotland," mentions the ruins of a castle near this place. Speaking of the battle already referred to, he says,—"The armies met about a mile to the west of the present Slains Castle, upon a plain in the bottom of the bay of Ardendraught, near which the Danes then had a castle, the ruins of which are still to be seen." There are no traces of any ruins now, except the vitrified remains just mentioned. But that a town had been there once is proved, for the old charters say:—"Totas et Integras Terras de Ardendraught, cum Turre et Fortalicio earundem."

The great battle of Cruden seems to have extended over some four miles, and relics in the shape of battle-axes, mortuary urns, neck chains, jet beads, etc. etc., have been collected over all that space. Dr. Abercromby (quoted by Pratt) gives the following account of this engagement:—"Sueno was heartily vexed at the repeated losses he had sustained in Scotland; but his great spirit was not to be curbed by adversity. He once more resolved to

fit out a powerful fleet and to raise a new army, in order to the prosecution of the Scottish war; and to show he was in earnest he gave the command of both to his own son Canute, that afterwards mighty king of England, Denmark, Norway, and part of Swedland,—a king so fortunate and so great that his flatterers styled him 'Lord of the earth and seas.' This same Canute landed at the head of his formidable army in Buchan, whither King Malcolm, to prevent the ordinary devastations committed by the barbarous enemy, marched with all imaginable expedition, but thought it not fit, with his newly-raised forces, to hazard a decisive battle. He contented himself to harass the invaders by brisk and frequent skirmishes, and to intercept the means of their subsistence, hoping thereby to fatigue and starve them into a necessity of returning to their ships. But this did not content the minds of his impetuous subjects. They were like to mutiny against him, and swore they would fight of themselves, unless he would instantly lead them on to death or victory. Thus the king, though contrary to his first design, was willingly constrained to humour the ardour of his men. He sought out, and found the enemy as desirous, because of the scarcity of provisions, to fight as himself. The battle was as the former ones, most terrible—most of the nobility and officers on both sides being killed. The Scots had the victory; but it was such as occasioned more grief than joy in the camp. They did not pursue the flying Danes for two reasons: the first, they could not for lassitude and weariness, their spirits being spent in the heat of action: the second, because so few of the vanquished survived that it was scarcely worth while to overtake the remainder. The night succeeding the battle, both parties—for they could no longer be called armies, their numbers being so vastly diminished—lay sad and melancholy at some distance from one another, and the next day's light presented them with the most dismal spectacle their eyes had ever beheld—the confused carcases of almost all their numbers. This blunted the edge of their resentment, and their inclinations turned in an instant from war to peace. By this time many of the Danes and Norwegians had become Christians, among these Canute himself; so that the priests and religious, whom, by reason of their character, both nations respected, had an opportunity of mediating a peace; which being so necessary was soon concluded on the following terms:—1st, That the Danes and Norwegians should withdraw their persons and effects from Scotland, and within a set time evacuate those places they had in Murray and Buchan. 2d, That during the lives of both kings, Malcolm and Sueno, neither of the nations should attempt hostility against the other, nor be assisting to such as would. 3d, That the field of battle should be consecrated after the rites then in use, and made a cemetery or burying-place for the dead. 4th, That the Danes, as well as Scots, should be decently and honourably interred.

"Malcolm and Canute swore to the observation of these articles, and both performed their respective obligations. Canute, with all his countrymen, left Scotland; and Malcolm not only caused to bury the dead bodies of the Danes with honour and decency, but also commanded a chapel to be built on the spot, which, to perpetuate the memory of the thing, he dedicated to Olaus, the tutelar saint or patron both of Denmark and of Norway. Some vestiges of that old chapel were to be seen in the days of Boethius; but it being in a great measure overlaid and drowned by the sands, which on that coast the winds frequently raise, and are blown in a tempestuous manner over houses and fields, another was erected in a more convenient place, and is still to be seen; as are also the huge and almost gigantic bones of those who fell in the battle of Croju-Dane, or Crudane (for so is the village near to which it was fought called to this very day), that is, *the death or slaughter of the Danes.*"

Take the following from Uncle Ned on the Danes and the Spanish Armada in "*The Crookit Meg:*"—

"There's a leam fishing in St. Catherine's Dub," he would say, pointing to a deep gash in the rocks. "Lang syne, Eppie, a great Spanish barque—the *St. Catherine* by name—struck upon that reef. It was a ship of the great Armada, and it carried the admiral's flag. It went to the bottom wi' every sowl on board. They say that a great store o' gowd lies at the bottom o' the Dub—that was the clash of the country-side when I was a wean. But lang or ever the Armada sailed the Danes kent ilka landing-place alang the Heughs. They were wild folk, fearin' neither God nor man. Mony a farm-house they harried, and they burned the kirks, and spared neither mither nor maiden. But in the end a great battle was fought at the Ward,—it began in the dawnin' and lasted far on thro' the nicht,—and the saut-water thieves were forced back to their ships. It was a grand deliverance, and the Yerl built a kirk on the battlefield, for it was said that mair than mortal men took part in the fecht. That's an auld wife's story it may be; but that the battle was won wi' God's help we may richtly beleeve. The kirk stood for a thousand years, and may be standin' yet; for ae wild winter nicht a mighty wind arose and blew for a week, so that no man could stand against it. When it ceased the kirk was gone—it had been owercassen by the sand; and indeed the sandbank itsel' may be seen to this day at the water o' Slains."

Some three or four miles from this spot, at the southern extremity of the parish of Longside, and about five miles to the south-west of Peterhead, is Cairn Catto, or The Battle Cairn. It was at one time of great extent, but has been greatly demolished by the use of the stones for dykes. It is a series of cists or stone tombs, many of which the present editor has seen open. Dr. Pratt thinks that the cairn is doubtless on some great battlefield, which seems to have been chosen with considerable skill. Taking the cairn, which is on a piece of level ground, with a gentle rise in the centre, as the *point d'appui*, the right towards the north is flanked by an extensive morass; the front to the left is traversed by a narrow ravine called the Leaca Howe, extending to the left for several miles, which at that time must have been nearly impassable. The ground in front slopes gradually towards this ravine, becoming steep as it approaches its margin.

The south-western declivity is, or was,—for the plough has unsanctimoniously invaded this ancient battlefield,—covered with small mounds of stone and earth and circular rings, which evidently were the sites of the camp fires. Graves abound in all directions. A bleak hill rising beyond the glen is called Dun-a-cluach. In the hollow between is a huge block of granite, calculated to weigh from 60 to 70 tons. It is raised a little from the ground on a platform of supporting blocks. The editor was told by an old man in the neighbourhood that in his young days it was a Laggan or moving stone. It has, however, long since ceased to respond to any power that has attempted to prove its capacity in that respect. Our old friend said some herd laddies had jammed it with stones. At any rate it is not now a Laggan stone, but it is a splendid specimen of a boulder of red granite.

All around there are Camp faulds, Camp pits, Camp wells, a King's grave, a Silver cairn, Picts' houses, a subterranean vault, celts, flint arrowheads, etc. etc. "The Leaca Howe (Leaca=lech or leac, a stone; probably so named from the great stone in it, just referred to), having the hills of Cairn Catto and Dun-a-Cluach on its eastern margin, and the hills of Aldie on its western, had at a remote period been well stocked with trees, the trunks of which are still to be found at the bottom of the hollow. Extending northwards, this ravine had terminated in an extensive wood, now a bleak and barren waste, known as 'The Moss of Savoch of Longside.' Both sides of the ravine were, till a comparatively late date, covered with the vestiges of the terrible conflict which had taken place in its vicinity. The number of flint arrow and spear heads that have been picked up and the endless recur-

rence of tumuli, may be looked upon as the unwritten records of the battle, its remote date, and sanguinary character. Till very lately the mounds on the slopes of the hills to the east of the Howe might be counted by the hundred. They were of different sizes, varying from 6 to upwards of 20 feet in diameter, and were generally elevated above the surface of the field from 8 inches to a foot. Eighteen or twenty of these, in a south-westerly direction from the cairn, were apparently formed with great care, being accurately circular, flat on the top, 7 or 8 feet in diameter, and raised 6 or 8 inches above the surface. They were altogether of a different character from the ordinary mounds in the vicinity. For what purpose these were constructed it is difficult to imagine."

The nine clear springs near by, known as the "Morris Wells," now supply the town of Peterhead with water. These strange mystical unknown memorials of the past, mingle with the most practical utilitarianism of the present; and the modern march of improvement will ere long abolish these relics of an unknown story.

Perhaps,—who knows?

"That old camp's deserted round,
Sir knight, you well might mark the round;
The Pictish race,
The trench long since in blood did trace:
The moor around is brown and bare;
The space within is green and fair
The spot our village children know,
For there the earliest wild flowers grow;
But woe betide the wandering wight,
That treads its circle in the night."

The whole of this part of the district of Buchan is covered with the relics and unwritten records of past ages. Lake villages, semi-fossil oaks of gigantic size, celts or battle-axes, flint knives, arrow-heads, lancets, the horns of animals long extinct, abound. A few points of interest have been indicated. There is much behind to attract the historical and the antiquarian explorer.

Returning from Peterhead to Maud, we now pursue

THE FRASERBURGH BRANCH.

This branch leaves the Aberdeen and Peterhead line at Maud Junction, and runs first north then east, skirting the south side of Mormond, and so again north to Fraserburgh—in all 16 miles.

The first station is

77. Brucklay.

1¾ miles from Maud.
33 „ „ Aberdeen.

"Brucklay Castle (Fordyce) is built on the north bank of the Ugie, the ground rising gently from the stream to the site. It is not known by whom or at what time the original portion of the castle was built. Though very plain and simple, it had a considerable degree of that beauty and character which most of the houses erected in Scotland during the last half of the 17th century possessed, arising chiefly from their loftiness and broken skyline, relieved by turrets and crow-steps on highly-pitched gables. A lofty central round tower containing the staircase was the principal feature of this castle. Considerable alterations and additions have been made at different times. In 1765 Mr. William Dingwall, and again in 1814 Mr. John Dingwall, enlarged the building, the latter adding two good-sized rooms and an entrance-hall on the eastern side, but without any regard to the style of the old castle. Again in 1849 Captain Dingwall Fordyce carried up the two new rooms (under the superintendence of Mr. Matthews of Aberdeen) to the height of three stories, and had the front broken by extending the entrance-hall, and projecting a *porte cochere*. The old circular staircase was removed and a new one erected in a square tower, carried up to the height of 75 feet, and terminated by a sort of keep on the top. The original style of the building was restored, and somewhat elaborated by the introduction of corbel turrets and dormer window heads." Further additions have more recently been made at the south-west corner and a handsome granite terrace added,

with steps leading to the flower-garden. The grounds are tastefully laid out, and enriched by a considerable sheet of water.

About a mile to the west are the ruins of the castle of Fedderat (Brydges). "The earliest notice," says Dr. Pratt, "we can trace of Fedderat is in a charter given by Fergus, Earl of Buchan, to John, son of Uthred, who, at the beginning of the 13th century, seems to have been the proprietor of Cruden and Slains. Some time between the years 1203 and 1214, Fergus gave to him in exchange for these lands the three Dauchs of Fedreth, namely, "Eister Aucheoch, Auchetherb, Auchethas, and Conwilter, together with the land of Ardindrach."

The Old Statistical Account says, "About two miles north from the church (New Deer) stands an old castle Fedderat, which appears to have been a place of considerable strength. It is surrounded partly by a fosse and partly by a morass, so that there could have been no access to it but by a causeway, which is still visible, and a drawbridge. Water, it seems, had been conveyed to it by means of pipes; for pieces of them have at different times been torn up by the plough."

The walls are of immense thickness, and the castle was probably six or seven stories high. It was long used as a quarry for building-stones, and some years ago a great part of it was secretly blown up with gunpowder, as Dr. Pratt says, "to the lasting disgrace of the sordid perpetrator."

There is a tradition attached to the castle, that Fedderat should never be taken till the Wood of Fyvie came to the siege; and it is said that the soldiers who dislodged the Stuarts from Fyvie Castle, knowing that they had come on to Fedderat, cut down the wood at Fyvie and carried it with them, to aid them in the siege of the place.

78. Strichen

4 miles from Brucklay.
5½ " " Maud.
37 " " Aberdeen.

is a village prettily situated on the banks of the North Ugie or Blackwater, at the western foot of Mormond. Mormond is a heather-clad hill rising at its highest point to 769 feet. On the south-western brow of this hill there is the figure of a horse cut out in the turf, occupying a space of nearly half-an-acre, and filled in with white quartz, of which the hill is composed. On the corresponding south-eastern slope is the figure of a stag similarly cut out. Above the white horse, on the apex of the western brow, are the ruins of a hunting lodge. "An epigraph still legible on a stone in the building is indicative, as every Aberdonian will understand, of the 'stark love and kindness' with which the builder, a former laird of Strichen, was wont to entertain his brother sportsmen in this moorland mansion.

"In this Hunter's Lodge
Rob Gib commands."
MDCCLXXIX

It appears that Rob Gib was jester to Charles II; that once the king asked, "What serve you me for?" to which he replied, "For stark love and kindness." In troublous times Aberdonians who adhered to the exiled family adopted "Rob Gib" as the equivalent of "loyal and true." Now it is simply a toast of friendship, and means —

"Glad to meet, sorry to part,
Glad to meet again."

Before Strichen had a parish church of its own the people had to cross the hill of Mormond to Rathen, and the footpath is still traceable. There is a cairn still called "the resting cairn," where on the occasion of funerals they rested the coffin before climbing the hill. It lies between Duncalzie and the Hunt Stone.

Strichen House (Baird) was built by Lord Lovat in 1821. It is of modern Greek architecture. Within the grounds north-west of the house are or were the remains of a so-called Druid circle. Between two upright stones lies a large boulder, said to have been once a *rocking stone*. It rocks no more.

A very remarkable waterspout occurred on Mormond in July 1789. "It happened," says Dr. Pratt, "about five o'clock in the morning. The farmers

of Techmuiry, Hatton and Forrest, on their way to the Corbie Hill near Kirkton of Philorth for sea sand, found on their return the bridges swept away, and the brooks converted into raging torrents which they were unable to cross. My informant, who was then a lad of fourteen, had the curiosity, along with multitudes far and near, to inspect the cavities in the hill, some of which were 18 or 20 feet deep. Peats were cut not only in the haughs of Rora, but at Inverugie, from immense solid masses of moss carried down by the torrent."

A local poet says :—

"It took the peats to Peterhead,
The people there had muckle need.'

Strichen House and the greater part of the parish was the ancient possession of the Frasers of Strichen, now represented by Lord Lovat. Not long ago the lands were sold to George Baird, one of the partners of the Gartsherrie Ironworks, in whose family they still remain.

Leaving Strichen, the line skirts the south base of Mormond.

79. Mormond

2¼ miles from Strichen.
8¼ ,, ,, Maud.
39¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

is a mere local station. Any one desirous to ascend the hill will do it most conveniently from Strichen, but the east point may be reached more shortly from this.

80. Lonmay.

2½ miles from Mormond.
10¾ ,, ,, Maud.
42 ,, ,, Aberdeen.

This is the station for several important Houses. Craigellie (Milne) is near the station. Further to the east is Crimonmogate (Bannerman). Finely situated on a wooded hill facing the south is Cairness (Gordon), an extensive and magnificent Grecian mansion built by General Gordon from designs by Playfair, and said to have cost £25,000.

Between the station and the sea lies the Loch of Strabeg, a sheet of water covering some 550 acres. At its east end there is a small circular hill called the Castle Hill. It was once the sito of a castle of the Comyns. The New Statistical Account says : — "The famous Cummine, Earl of Buchan, had a seat here ; but after his defeat at Inverurie by King Robert Bruce this castle fell into ruins. By the blowing of the light sand in the neighbourhood, which happens during every gale of wind, it is now covered with a deep soil and produces crops of grain and grass. In Fordoun's Chronicle, after mention of this defeat, it is narrated that 'Brúce pursued Cummine to Turriff and afterwards destroyed by fire his whole earldom of Buchan,' which may in some measure account for the marks of fire frequently discernible on the large trees dug out of the moss."

The Loch of Strabeg has no apparent outlet to the sea. It is to a large extent formed by the sand which has drifted across the mouth of the burn, through which there is a constant filtering of the water ; and it is said that in 1817 the water was four feet higher than in 1840. Previous to 1720 vessels of small burden could enter the loch. But about that time the opening was silted up by a gale blowing a neighbouring hill of sand into it. Attempts were made towards the close of the last century to drain the loch, but without success ; and it is doubtful how far, even if the scheme had succeeded, it would have repaid the cost. The loch abounds with trout, both red and yellow, with perch, fresh-water flounders, and also eels of immense size.

The Parish Church of Lonmay used to be at the village of St. Combs (St. Columba). In 1608 it was removed to the more central spot it now occupies near the south-east entrance to Cairness. Close beside it there is an Episcopalian Chapel.

There is a Druidical circle at Newark in Crimonmogate.

81. Rathen.

2¼ miles from Lonmay.
13¼ ,, ,, Maud.
44½ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

From this station the ruins of the Castle of Inverallochy may be seen to the eastward. They are somewhat ex-

tensive, but bare and desolate. It belonged to the Comyns. There is no date to the building and no reliable information about it. It is said that in the latter end of the last century a stone was discovered in the vicinity, which had obviously been placed over the entrance to the castle. It bore the sculptured arms of the Comyns, with the following legend :—

"I, Jurdan Comyn, indwaller here,
Gat this hous and lands for biggin'
The Abbey o' Deer."

82. Philorth

1¼ miles from Rathen.
14¼ „ „ Maud.
45¼ „ „ Aberdeen.

is a private station for the use of Lord Saltoun and his visitors at Philorth.

To Lord Saltoun the present editor is greatly indebted for the following interesting notes.

After passing Rathen Station the line crosses a small burn, the Water of Philorth, and on the right hand is seen a picturesque ruin, "Cairnbulg Castle," anciently called "The Manor-House of Philorth." The square tower or keep is very old ; there is no record of its being built extant, but it was probably erected by the Comyns, Earls of Buchan, about the beginning of the 13th century. The lower part of the castle was built by Alexander Fraser, laird of Philorth, during the earlier half of the 16th century.

It is situated on a knoll on the right bank of the stream, and there are traces of a moat having surrounded it. Before the general use of cannon it must have been a very strong place, for the ground is flat on every side except the south, and of old must have formed extensive marshes ; while the hill on the south is not near enough to allow any of the engines then used in warfare to command it.

The castle continued to be the manor-house of Philorth until 1570, when Sir Alexander Fraser of Philorth, the grandson of the laird above mentioned, built the castle and founded the town of Fraserburgh, and, transferring his residence to that place, in 1613 sold the lands of Cairnbulg and others, with the old manor-house, which then became known as Cairnbulg Castle ; and having passed through many hands, it is now the property of Wm. Duthie, Esq.

About half a mile to the left of the line, but concealed by woods, lies the present house of Philorth. The older portion was built in 1666 by Alexander Fraser, afterwards tenth Lord Saltoun, the grandson of the founder of Fraserburgh, and some additions have been recently made in 1873 by the present Lord Saltoun. It is in the old Scottish style, without much pretension to architectural beauty.

The barony of Philorth, anciently of very much greater extent, and including lands in various parts of Aberdeenshire, formed in the earliest historical times part of the earldom of Buchan, and as such was held by the great Comyn family, Earls of Buchan, during the 13th century. Upon the overthrow of that great race by Robert Bruce in 1307-8 one-half of the earldom of Buchan was granted to John, brother of Hugh, Earl of Ross, on his marriage with Margaret Comyn, daughter of the Earl of Buchan, and the barony of Philorth was a part of that half. They had no children, but the Earls of Ross seem to have retained the half earldom until 1370, when David II. forced William, then Earl of Ross, and his brother Hugh (to whom the Earl had given a portion of the lands, and among them Philorth) to resign it ; and upon this resignation the king granted the lands composing it to his favourite, Sir Walter de Leslie, a younger son of the famous Sir Andrew de Leslie by his wife Mary de Abernethy, who had married Euphemia, elder daughter of William, Earl of Ross, against her father's will.

In 1375 Sir Alexander Fraser of Cowie and Durris, grandson of Sir Alexander Fraser, the friend and brother-in-law of King Robert I., and chamberlain of Scotland 1319-26, married Johanna, younger daughter of William, Earl of Ross, and in obedience to the charter of the earldom of Ross from David II., which forbade partition between the sisters, received

from Sir Walter de Leslie and Euphemia Philorth and other lands belonging to the half earldom of Buchan as Johanna's portion.

Philorth has continued in the possession of his descendants to the present day.

83. Fraserburgh.

1½ miles from Philorth.
16 ,, ,, Maud.
47¼ ,, ,, Aberdeen.

This is the terminus of the line. Continuing Lord Saltoun's notes :—

About a mile beyond Philorth station lies Fraserburgh, the terminus of this branch of the line. The site of the town and some adjacent lands were of old called Faithlie, and were a part of the half earldom of Buchan already mentioned, and as such were given by David II. to Sir Walter de Leslie and Euphemia, Countess of Ross, his wife, who, upon a resignation of them by a family of the name of Menzers or Menzies, granted them to Andrew Mercer in 1381, and his descendant, Sir Henry Mercer, sold them to Sir William Fraser of Philorth in 1504.

The bold and rocky promontory of Kinnaird Head ("Ceann ard," the high land), said to be the Promontorium Taixatium of Ptolemy, is situated at the north-east angle of Aberdeenshire, the coast trending directly westward in one direction and towards the south-east in the other ; it forms the northern boundary of a bay anciently called the Bay of Philorth, facing the north-east, and terminated at its other extremity by a reef of rocks projecting in that direction from Cairnbulg Point.

In the north-western corner of the bay, close under Kinnaird Head, the small village or town of Faithlie grew up, which in 1546 was erected into a free burgh of barony by royal charter, with the usual privileges to the burgesses and authority to hold markets and to practise various trades, etc.

This highly offended the citizens of Aberdeen, and in the Council Register of that city there is an entry of date 1564 that "The haill toune being warnit . . . grantit and consentit to pursew to the final end, the action and cause movit and pursuivit be thame against Alexander Fraser of Philorth anent the privilege usurpit bi him of ane fre burght in the toune of Faithly, contrar the libertie and privileges of this burght, presently dependan before the Lords of Council."

In the year 1570 Alexander Fraser, the grandson and successor of the Alexander above mentioned, began to build a castle on Kinnaird Head, and to found a new town on the site of Faithlie, which operations he continued for several years ; and in 1576, on the 9th of March, he laid the first stone of a new harbour, "In nomine Patris Filii et Spiritus Sancti." He received from King James VI. different charters in 1588, 1592, and 1601, by which the new town was erected into a burgh of regality and a free port, and ordained to be called the Burgh and Port of Fraser, and empowering him among other privileges to found an university, with colleges, etc., which should have as ample rights, privileges, and immunities as those of any other university in the kingdom, which authority for founding an university was confirmed by Act of Parliament on Dec. 16, 1597, Sir Alexander Fraser and his heirs being authorised to appoint and dismiss the masters, teachers, and officials of the university, and to make such rules and regulations as they might see fit ; but, although a college was built and some progress made, the grand design of an university was far beyond the powers of a single family to accomplish. On one occasion (I forget the date), during a pestilence in Aberdeen, the scholars at King's College were transferred to the college at Fraserburgh.

The provost, bailies, and community of Aberdeen were as indignant at the rise of Fraserburgh as they had been at that of Faithlie, and carried on a long but unavailing litigation from 1573 till 1616, when it seems to have dropped. It is curious, however, from a claim put forward on the part of the Aberdonians, that the privileges of trade, etc., granted by former monarchs to Aberdeen included the whole sheriffdom or county of Aberdeen, and that therefore the ricoeten of Fraserburgh, or any other

burgh of regality and free port within those limits was illegal. They were certainly not free traders in those days.

Fraserburgh, like most of the small towns in the north of Scotland, continued to vegetate after a fashion down to the present century, but of late a great improvement has taken place.

In the year 1800 the revenue of the harbour was about £40 to £50; this year (1880) it is between £10,000 and £11,000. It has become the greatest herring fishing station on the coast of Scotland, about 800 boats fishing from it.

At the census of 1881 the population was 6543. There is a good principal hotel, the Saltoun Hotel, and several others; there are two Established Churches, a Free Church, an Episcopal Chapel, and several other denominational places of worship.

The Town Hall is ornamented with a marble statue of the late Lieut.-General Lord Saltoun, K.T., K.C.B., G.C.H., and Knight of Maria Theresa of Austria and St. George of Russia, honours which he gained by long and gallant service in the 1st or Grenadier Guards during the great war, having been present at many actions in the Peninsula, and having defended the orchard of Hougoumont at the battle of Waterloo, and commanded the third battalion of the 1st Guards in the repulse and defeat of the grenadiers of Napoleon's Old Imperial Guard, which decided that great victory.

Very great improvements are being carried out in the harbour of Fraserburgh. A breakwater, towards the south-east, is in the course of construction, and nearly completed, at a cost of £60,000; and various other operations are in contemplation which will have the effect of rendering it a deep-sea harbour, and one of the most commodious upon the coast.

To the above notes of Lord Saltoun's may be added the following from Dr. Pratt:—

The castle of Kinnaird's Head is built in the form of a parallelogram, 39 feet by 27. The tower, which is the only remaining portion of the castle, is now converted into a lighthouse; it is built on an eminence, and has four stories besides the lantern chamber, added for the reception of the lantern apparatus. It was let on lease in 1787 to the Northern Lighthouse Commissioners, and fitted up by them for that purpose. The castle commands an extensive view. Looking westward, the eye traverses the whole expanse of the Moray Firth, resting on the far-off hills of Caithness, which, at the distance of 60 miles, melt into the soft haze of the dipping clouds. The small craft of the coast may occasionally be seen issuing in shoals from the numerous creeks along the Firth; sailing vessels idly loitering, as it were, on the grassy plain; while a steamer or two, their long dense trail of smoke resting lazily in mid-air, hurry by, regardless, it would seem, of all but the business in hand. The huge crags of Pennan and Troup Head give character to the centre of the picture; while in the near distance are seen the villages of Pittullie, Sandhaven, and Broadsea, nestling along the shore. Looking eastward, we see the fine bay of Faithlie, with its curving beach embracing a 3 miles circuit, bounded at the further extremity by the fishing villages of Cairnbulg and Inverallochy, and having the harbour of Fraserburgh, the Baths, the rugged rocks, and the Old Wine Tower, in the foreground. All this forms a picture as varied and interesting as the eye could wish to dwell upon.

The Wine Tower is an old quadrangular building rising from a rock which overhangs the sea, about 50 yards east of the castle. It is carried to the height of 3 stories. There was till of late no visible entrance except a sort of doorway in the third story, from which an aperture in the floor admitted to the chambers beneath; there is no vestige of a staircase either within or without. Under the tower is a cave running into the rock, said to be 70 feet in extent. The present Lord Saltoun suggests that the tower derives its name from a winding pathway from the castle called The Wynd; this may be so, but the history of this remarkable building, could it be recovered, might suggest a different derivation.

The Tower has been put in repair, and is now used as a depôt for the arms and stores of the Rifle Volunteers. It is made available by a wooden stair leading to the doorway in the third story. On clearing away the rubbish from the south wall a doorway was discovered leading to the ground-floor. The sides as well as the lintel are formed of three entire blocks of hard white freestone. The nearest known quarry of this description of stone is in Morayshire. The Tower is 25 feet 3 inches by 21 feet at the base, and about 25 feet high on the land side, but much higher seaward. No history of this singular structure seems to be extant. Its legend, of course, it has; and we should not be using it well if we passed it over in silence.

Legend of the Wine Tower.

Love wove a chaplet passing fair,
Within Kinnaird's proud Tower;
Where joyous youth and beauty rare,
Lay captive to his power.

But woe is me!—alack the day!
Pride spurned the simple wreath;
And scattering all those blooms away,
He doomed sweet Love to death.

No bridal wreath, O maiden fair!
Thy brow shall e'er adorn;
A father's stern behest is there,
Of pride and avarice born.

What boot to him thy vows, thy tears?
What boots thy plighted troth?
One rich in pelf, and hoar in years,
Is deemed of seemlier worth

Than he who with but love to guide
Keeps tryst in yonder bower;
Where ruffians,—hired by ruffian pride,—
His stalwart limbs secure.

* * * *

Where rolls old ocean's surging tide
The Wine Tower beetling stands,
Right o'er a cavern, deep and wide,
No work of mortal hands.

Dark as the dark expanse of hell
That cavern's dreary space;
Whence never captive came to tell
The secrets of the place.

There, bound in cruel fetters, lies
The lover fond and true;
No more to glad the maiden's eyes,
No more to bless her view.

No pitying hand relieves his want,
No loving eye his woe;
A hapless prey to hunger gaunt,
He dies in torments slow.

* * * *

Thus slept the youth in death's embrace;—
Darkly the tyrant smiled;
The corse then dragged from that dread place,
And bore it to his child.

"Ay, say," he cried, "what meets thy view;
Canst trace these whilome charms?
Henceforth a fitter mate shall woo
And win thee to his arms.

"Didst think that these, my brave broad lands,
His love would well repay?
No, minion, no; far other hands,
Shall bear the prize away."

These direful words the maid arrest,
A marble hue she bore,
Then sinking on that clay-cold breast,
"We part," she cried, "no more!

"No more shall man his will oppose,
Nor man the wrong abet;
Our virgin love in fealty rose,
In fealty it shall set."

Then clasping close that shrouded form,
Which erst her love inspired,
Fearless she breasted cliff and storm,
By love and frenzy fired.

"Farewell, O ruthless sire!" she cried;
"Farewell, earth's all of good;
Our bridal waits below the tide,"—
Then plunged beneath the flood.

Excursion along the Coast.

It will well repay the tourist to continue his ramble along the coast from Fraserburgh to Banff, and this will be most conveniently done by hiring a conveyance, and taking it leisurely.

Some four or five miles from Fraserburgh are the ruins of the old castle of Pittullie. Probably built by the Saltoun family whose arms remain on the building, it seems to have been enlarged by the Cumines, in whose possession it remained for many years. "The castle, which is within half a mile of the sea, faces the south, and is an irregular building with a front about 60 feet in length. Turrets spring from the corners at about 12 feet from the ground, the corbelled bases of which are still remaining. At the north-west angle there is a square tower, with small angular corbelled turrets on the two corners next the sea, pierced by windows lighting what is popularly called 'The Laird's Room.' The tower seems to be of a more recent period than the other parts of the structure; the respective dates of these older portions, as recorded on the walls, being 1651, 1674, and 1727.

The rooms though small had been well proportioned, and what appear to have been the sleeping apartments must have been more comfortable than was common in some of the castles of that date. The kitchen and store-rooms were of good size, and provided with an abundant supply of water. They were connected with the main building by a covered passage. It is said that the stone on which the family arms of Le Chien were cut was placed in a niche above the principal entrance. If this be true, it would lead to the conjecture that the laird who built this part of the house had married a lady of the family of Cheyne. The stone may now be seen built into the wall of the farmer's byre."

PITSLIGO CASTLE. — About three quarters of a mile further west are the ruins of the Castle of Pitsligo, on a rising ground above the fishing village of Rosehearty. It is thought to have been built in the early part of the 15th century by the founder of the family, Sir William Forbes, son of Sir John Forbes of Druminnor, who under James I. came into possession of Pitsligo, Boyndlie, etc., by marriage with the only daughter of Sir William Fraser of Philorth. Patrick Cook, in his "Description of the Parish of Pitsligo," 1723, says: "To show the simplicity and rudeness of these times, the old tower of Pitsligo was built about 300 years ago, 80 foot long and 36 foot broad, the walls 9 foot thick. It was about 114 foot high, divided into three stories, of which two are yet standing. The whole house consisted of three rooms, the lowest was the kitchen, and is 12 foot high; the second was the eating-room and is 25 foot high; the third, which was taken down about 20 years ago, was the sleeping-room for the whole family, and had in it 24 beds. Both the lower rooms were vaulted."

The tower, Dr. Pratt tells us, was the oldest part of the building, and was erected in 1424. A stone above the gateway bears the legend—

A L P
Haec corpus
SYDERA
Mentem.

Another stone bears the Scottish lion and

I R
1517.

Above the entrance into the inner court are engraved the arms and initials, and the date 1663; and a stone on the north side of the same court bears the arms and coronet and the same date.

The old tower is now a complete ruin. Some of the other buildings which still remain form now a farm-house. When the present editor was there in 1839, the vaulted eating-room was doing duty as a corn-loft. When entire, the castle formed an oblong hollow square, erected on a sort of table-land, on the northern slope of a hill about half-a-mile from the sea, its height over the sea being about 100 feet.

Alexander, fourth Lord Pitsligo, and twelfth in descent from Sir William Forbes, the first laird, was the last of the ancient and honourable race who inhabited Pitsligo Castle. This account of him is abridged from a sketch by Sir Walter Scott:—

Lord Pitsligo was born in 1678, and succeeded to the title and estates in 1691. He was for some time resident in France, where he was admitted to the friendship of the celebrated Fenelon, whose warm and enthusiastic religious doctrines he cordially embraced. His religious principles, however, as a member of the Scottish Episcopal Church, remained unaltered, notwithstanding his intimacy with Fenelon and his predilection for the somewhat mystical divinity of that excellent prelate. He formed his taste and habits of society upon the best models which Paris then afforded. He espoused the cause of the exiled house of Stuart, the primary cause of all his subsequent misfortunes.

When he returned from France he took his seat in Parliament in 1700. He resisted the proposal for a national union, and regarding the Acts of Settlement and Abjuration as unlawful, he discontinued attendance on Parliament and retired to his house in the country. Upon the death of Queen Anne, he joined himself in arms with the High-

landers and Jacobites, headed by his friend and relation the Earl of Mar. On the failure of this movement at Sheriffmuir the confederacy was broken, and the nobles concerned in it were obliged to take refuge in flight. Lord Pitsligo was among the exiles, and spent five or six years abroad—partly at the Court of St. Germains. Disgusted with the petty feuds and crooked intrigues of that miserable Court, Lord Pitsligo returned to Scotland, having, as it is supposed, obtained some assurance that his past conduct would not be challenged. After this he seems to have resided chiefly at Pitsligo Castle, struggling with the difficulties of a small fortune and embarrassed estate, but distinguished for hospitality and kindness towards his neighbours, by charity and benevolence to the poor, and by goodwill to every one.

Lord Pitsligo was past the age of active exertion, being sixty-seven years old, and afflicted with asthma, when, in the autumn of 1745, the young Chevalier landed in the West Highlands on his daring and romantic enterprise. The north of Scotland, Aberdeenshire in particular, abounded with high-spirited cavaliers bred in Jacobite principles; a leader was all they wanted. In this crisis Lord Pitsligo's determination was looked for by all who adhered to the Jacobite cause, he being equally esteemed and beloved by his neighbours. "So when he, who was so wise and prudent, declared his purpose of joining Charles, most of the gentlemen in that part of the country who favoured the Pretender's cause put themselves under his command, thinking they could not follow a better or safer guide."

Lord Pitsligo has left his own testimony that he took a step of this important nature upon the most mature consideration, unblinded either by ambition or enthusiasm, and with eyes open to the perils in which such a step involved him. The die was, however, cast, and Lord Pitsligo went to meet his friends at the rendezvous they had appointed at Aberdeen. They formed a body of well-armed cavalry, gentlemen and their servants, amounting to the number of a hundred men. When they were drawn up in readiness to commence their expedition, their venerable leader moved to the front, lifted his hat, and looking up to heaven, pronounced, with a solemn voice, the awful appeal: "O Lord, Thou knowest that our cause is just!" and then added the signal of departure,—"March, gentlemen!"

Their arrival at the royal quarters in Edinburgh was hailed with enthusiasm, not only on account of the timely reinforcement, but more especially from the high character of their leader. "It seemed," said Hamilton of Bangour, "as if Religion, Virtue, and Justice were entering the camp under the appearance of this venerable old man; and what would have given sanction to a cause of the most dubious right could not fail to render sacred the very best."

When all was lost at Culloden Lord Pitsligo was reduced to the condition of an outlaw and fugitive. The aged peer did not fail to find among the common people of Scotland the same intrepid presence of mind and resolute fidelity which formed the protection of many an adherent of the Jacobite cause. Although the country was exhausted by the exactions of both armies, the half-starved inhabitants never hesitated to share their coarse and scanty meal with the unknown fugitive. Lord Pitsligo's food was often reduced to water brose; and once, when he observed that the addition of a little salt would be an improvement, he was answered,—"Ay, man; but *saut's touchy*."

It was about this time that the venerable nobleman was under the necessity of making the arch of the old bridge at Craigmaud an occasional place of concealment, or of taking refuge in the obscure cave of Ironhill, which now goes by his name.

As his castle was not yet occupied by Government, Lord Pitsligo took occasion to see it as often as possible. His lady, who still found refuge there, used afterwards to tell how her maid and she provided for the honoured fugitive the dress of a common mendicant. He

sat by them while they made the bags, which in those days were a special part of a gaberlunzie man's equipment, and his lady long related with wonder how cheerful he was while superintending a work which betokened the ruin of his fortune and his state of personal danger. The disguise, though it did not deceive his friends and tenants, saved them from the danger of receiving him as his own person, and served as a protection against soldiers and officers of justice, who were desirous of seizing him for the sake of the price set upon his head. On one occasion he was overtaken by his asthma, just as a patrol of soldiers were coming up behind him. Having no other expedient, he sat down by the roadside, and anxiously awaiting their approach, begged alms of the party, and actually received them from a good-natured fellow, who condoled with him at the same time on the severity of his asthma.

On another occasion, surprised in the house of a cobbler, Lord Pitsligo was for a moment compelled to assume the dress and tools of St. Crispin. And once, rumours having reached those in power that the proscribed nobleman occasionally concealed himself in a cave on the sea-shore, they sent a party in search of him who applied at the farm-house for a guide to the place of concealment. The gudewife told them she had no one to send with them "unless that travelling man would take the trouble." A beggar, who was the traveller, rose up and offered to show the road. He conducted them to the cave, but they found no Lord Pitsligo. He was not, far distant, however, being the very person who had guided them to the place.

On another occasion, when sleeping in the barn of a tenant, he was made, after undergoing a strict personal search, to carry a lantern to assist a party of dragoons who were in quest of him in their further investigation of the premises, and actually received a shilling for his trouble.

But, perhaps, the narrowest escape ever made was when, disguised as usual, he had gone into a house where he met with a fool called Sandy Annand. The poor creature, recognising his lordship, could not be restrained from his demonstrations of respect and affection. At that moment a party entered the house in search of him. They immediately asked the fool who it was he was thus lamenting. The moment was one of intense anxiety, as nothing but betrayal was expected from the answer of the poor creature. Sandy, however, with that shrewdness which men of his intellect often exhibit on the most trying occasions, said:—"He kent him ance a muckle farmer, but his sheep a' dee'd in the forty."

Lord Pitsligo was attainted of high treason, and in 1748 his estate was seized upon by the Crown. In this desolate situation, proscribed, penniless, deprived of rank, name, and almost the means of existence, except from the charity of the poorest of the peasantry, his life at the mercy of every informer, Lord Pitsligo maintained a resignation and patience equally superior to the feebleness of mind which sinks beneath human calamity and the affected stoicism which pretends to rise above its feelings.

"The *naive* dignity of the following passage," says Sir Walter Scott, "rises above all Greek, all Roman praise. It is the philosophy which can be taught by the Christian religion alone. 'This disposition did by no means raise me in my own opinion. I could not but own that I have ate and drank and laughed enough, everything beyond the rules of temperance; so I could not complain, but had reason to be thankful, to find myself put under restraint for the future.'"

By degrees the heat of civil rancour ceased, and Lord Pitsligo was suffered to remain at his son's residence of Auchiries, unmolested during the last years of an existence protracted to the extreme verge of human life. He died with a hope full of immortality on the 21st of December 1762, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He was the author of several literary works, of which the principal is "Thoughts concerning Man's Duties and Hopes."

The baronetcy is still extant in the person of Sir William Forbes, but most of the estates passed with Sir John Stuart Forbes's daughter and only child to the present Lord Clinton, to whom she was married in 1858.

The parish church of Pitsligo is worthy of a passing notice. It is surmounted by a belfry of beautifully carved stone, very striking in appearance, and seemingly a mixture of Italian and Dutch art. It consists of an open-arched square of four pillars, within which is suspended the church bell. This rare piece of stone carving is said to have been imported from Holland; and although the belfry was not erected till 1635, it bears the same date as the oldest portion of the church, 1632. The first minister was a very famous man, Andrew Cant, born 1584. The interior contains some fine specimens of carved woodwork.

The coast from Fraserburgh to this point is sandy, rising into considerable hills, and at low water presenting low flat rocks beyond the beach. Onwards from Rosehearty towards Aberdour it is very different, rising the whole way in an almost uninterrupted mural line of blackened and rifted precipices.

The present editor stayed two days in the summer of 1839 at Braco Park, about a mile west from Rosehearty. To while away a forenoon we went to fish from the rocks. The house was about a quarter of a mile from the sea. A single field lay between. To within a hundred yards of the edge of the cliff this field presented a steep descent. At that point a little marshy hollow was carpeted with *Anagallis tenella*, or the pale bog pimpernel, and starred with the beautiful *Parnassia palustris*. Vaulting a three-foot wall of loose stones, five or six yards more took us to the cliffs. These are so precipitous that there are but one or two places where it is possible to descend them. In descending, we passed a fissure going down plumb to the water, quite narrow, with equidistant sides perfectly vertical, in which the swell was roaring far into the earth with a hollow sound. This and numerous other fissures run further into the cliffs than the most adventurous have ever yet penetrated. Of this particular one it is related that in it a too curious explorer lost his life. He took with him the national musical instrument — the bagpipes — that he might indicate by their strains to his friends *on* the earth how far he had penetrated *into* it. It requires too great credulity to believe all that is told as to the length of time his music was heard, or the distance inland at which the decreasing sounds were audible; one thing is certain,—they ceased at last, nor did he ever return to tell how he had fared.

About half-way down the rocks a broad platform expanded, from which, by various perilous ways, it was possible to reach *near* the water, but at no point to attain it. Seated here on a jutting crag, with our legs hanging over the deep green water, nought was to be seen but the wide expanse of ocean before us, unscaleable walls on either hand, and behind the rugged precipices, our line of descent adown their faces scarcely discernible. Westward, like a dim haze, rose into mid-air the old red sandstone cliffs of Troup Head, the long roll of the Moray Firth every now and then sending a cloud of spray far up their rugged sides, while they stood out as if in bold defiance or proud contempt of its buffetings. The features of solitude are periodically changed during the season of the herring fishing; at least for an hour or two every evening, when the boats from Fraserburgh may be seen shooting out in crescent form from east to north-west, and those of Rosehearty stretching away to join them in an inner segment. It is a lovely sight to watch them from these rocks on a July or August evening, as the line of boats attenuates, and they gradually grow indistinct and dim in the distance, till the scene which was but now instinct with life, and that a life full of the excitement of the deep and its perils, is again resigned to the wild solitude and undisputed sovereignty of ocean. Such is a rude picture from this rock-bound coast.

On the afternoon of the same day we

rode along the cliffs as far as Aberdour. The same stupendous cliffs are witnessed; but the colour of the rocks changes from the grays and blacks of the gneiss and the mica slates to the reds and browns of the old red. All along this coast deep glens run into the interior, so narrow and so steep in their declivities that it is necessary to make the roads zigzag down their sides, and so up again. In these dens, as they are called, such as the Den of Aberdour, the Den of Auchmedden, the Den of Dardar, the climate is so mild that stations for many of the rarer plants of our country are found in them. I only specify the rare and beautiful *Trientalis europæa.* Caves abound in the sea-cliffs, several of which derive a deep local interest from their having afforded hiding-places, after the battle of Culloden, to Lord Pitsligo, the Jacobite lord of all that land. There is also to be seen at Pitjossie a stupendous natural arch, through which the tide flows at high water, and said in grandeur and magnificence to equal, if not surpass, the Bullers of Buchan. But the astonishing feature of the latter spot is not the arch, but the basin into which the waters flow.

About two miles from Rosehearty, in a bay formed by the projecting point called Quarryhead, is the Cave of Cowshaven, generally called Lord Pitsligo's cave, from his having used it as a place of refuge. "It is on the farm of Ironhill, in the parish of Aberdour. The cave is almost inaccessible, being about midway down the face of the rock. The entrance is narrow. After passing through two smaller cavities we come into a large vaulted chamber, with a spring of water issuing from a crevice in the rock, and falling into a cistern cut out by the hands of Lord Pitsligo, who was frequently compelled to resort to this place of concealment, and, by employing himself in hewing out this little reservoir, relieved the tedium of the many long hours he was obliged to spend in this cheerless retreat." In the projecting headland there are other caves well worthy of being visited. One of these is only reached at low water, and then by passing down an open basin with an outlet only to the sea, on reaching which and turning to the left, you can enter a very lofty and beautiful cave, called the Otters' Cave, from otters sometimes frequenting it. When this editor was there the prints of otters' feet were sharply stamped on the fine sand which covers the floor. We did not penetrate to the further end.

About a mile beyond the cave are the ruins of the Castle of Dundarg, or the Red Castle, a chief stronghold of the Comyns before the time of Robert Bruce. "Buchanan mentions that in the early part of the 14th century the castle of Dundarg was garrisoned by Henry Beaumont, who had married a daughter of John Mowbray, to whose ancestor Edward I. of England had given lands in Scotland. Later on the Regent Murray besieged Beaumont in Dundarg, and compelled him to surrender. Afterwards this castle was in the possession of the Cheynes of Esslemont. Then about the beginning of last century it was purchased by Lord Pitsligo. It now forms part of the Brucklay estates."

Dundarg is built on a high peninsular rock. Vestiges of a large court and buildings may still be traced; but the only part remaining at all entire is a strong arched gateway which had guarded the entrance. Near the neck which joins the rock to the mainland, there are a triple ditch and ramparts of considerable extent. The Old Statistical Account gives this description of it:—

"About half a mile English east from the church (of Aberdour) is the site and remains of the ancient castle of Dundargue, upon a rock of red freestone (Old Red Sandstone) 64 feet high from the beach immediately below, 261 ft. in length, 38 ft. mean breadth, making an area of nearly 21 falls surrounded by the sea when the tide flows, except a narrow neck of rock and earth, which joins the castle rock to the land, but decreases gradually till it reaches the entry of the castle, where it is only about 4 feet wide. Here the rock has been cut; but in place of the drawbridge, which (it is probable) had for-

merly given access to the castle, the narrow rock is made up with earth in order to enable the tenant's cattle to get at the fine grass which grows on the rock. The only part of the castle now standing is the entry. The whole breadth of the front is only 12 feet; the door is 4 feet 2 inches wide, 6 feet high, and is arched; the height of the walls 12 feet 7 inches; the length of the side walls, still standing, is 10 feet 6 inches; there are no other remains of the walls except the inside of the foundation, the outside having fallen down owing to the mouldering away of the rock on which it was built. There is a fine level green where the outworks have been, which has been secured on the land side by a wall (the foundation of which still remains) of the same kind of stone with the castle rock, cemented with lime after the manner of what is commonly called *run* lime, as the remains of the castle have also been, and which renders the wall so firm that you may more easily break the stone than separate it from the lime. On the outside of this wall or rampart is a dry ditch 296 feet long, and still 30 feet wide, and 6 feet deep. Running parallel to this are two other ditches of the same length with it. The first of these is 12 feet wide and 10 feet deep; the mound or the distance between it and the dry ditch or moat last mentioned is 40 feet. It must have been a very strong place; and could have received supplies of men and provisions by sea, as at full tide a small vessel could have lain to at the very foot of the castle rock. The garrison, however, might have been starved for want of water by cutting the pipes which conveyed the water to the castle from a spring about 200 paces distant, some remains of which pipes have been found of late years by the tenants in digging the ground between the castle and the spring." Dr. Pratt adds to this—"The wall on each side of the gateway is perforated with small round portholes; and the ditches are more filled up than they were sixty years ago."

This interesting old gateway exists no more. It was thrown down by a thunderstorm. Reference is made to Dundarg in "The Buik of the Croniclis of Scotland, or a Metrical Version of the History of Hector Boece: by William Stewart." From the edition of the Rolls Series published in 1858, we extract these notices:—

"Henrie Quhitlaw that same tyme also,
Onto Dundarg with greit power did go,
Into Buchane, ane strang castell of stane,
Quhair he remanit than with mony ane
Of bernis bald, that stalwart war and stout,
And all the land subdewit him about,
To tak his part and at his bandoun be,
Of theme he had sic superioritie."
Vol. iii. p. 314, ll. 52,907—52,914.

"This gouernour, gude Andro of Murra,
And Alexander also of Mowbra,
Thir tua Dundarg, that strang castell of stone,
Be strenth and force that samin tyme hes tone,
And to the captane, Henrie of Quhitlaw,
Licence tha gaif, as my author did schaw,
Intill Ingland to King Edward but lane,
Than for to pas and neuir to cum agane."
Vol. iii. p. 315, ll. 52,935—52,942

"This beand done, the governour is gone
Onto Dundarg, that strang castell of stone,
Within litill travell syne the hous did wyn.
Henrie Quhitlaw that tyme that wes thairin,
To King David was ennimy and fo,
That samin tyme tha leuit him till go
In Ingland, thair still for to remane,
And neuir in Scotland for to cum agane.
The Inglismen ilk ane, baith mair and myn,
Tha slew thame all that castell wes within
To Lochindork, ane strang castell of stane,
The nerrest way syne efter is he gane,
Quhair that the wyfe of David Cumingla,
And all his barnis at that samin da."
Vol. iii. p. 334, ll. 53,591—53,604.

The Rev. Walter Gregor, the parish minister of Pitsligo (to whose erudition I am indebted for the above extracts), has sent me the following tradition, which he got lately in Aberdour:—

"HOW TO FIND WATER.

"One mode of finding out where water was to be found was to keep a mare having a foal from water, tether her on the place where it was wished to dig for water. The mare, in her desire to quench her thirst, pawed over the spot under which the spring lay. If she did not paw, there was no spring within the circuit of her tether. She was removed to another place, and watched. This process of shifting the

animal from place to place was continued till the desired sign was given. Here is a tradition. The Castle of Dundargue, which was built on a headland in the parish of Aberdour, was at one time besieged. The first work of the besiegers was to cut off the water which ran to the castle from a well in an adjoining field, and to efface all trace of it. When water had to be again supplied to the castle, to prevent all fruitless digging, a mare having a foal, after being deprived of water for a time, was tethered near the place where the well was known to be. In due course the thirsty animal pawed the ground right above the well."

About half a mile beyond Dundarg we reach the old church and hamlet of Old Aberdour, "standing" (we quote Dr. Pratt) "on the brink of a wild and romantic gorge studded here and there with a few cottages, and topped by the manse and some farm-steadings. The church is a ruin, and stands on a sort of ledge or table-land on the north-western acclivity of the hill, and within 150 yards of the shore of the Moray Firth. A deep glen or ravine skirts the churchyard on the west." The Daur or Dour (*Dour*, Gaelic for *Otter; Aber*, the *Mouth; Aberdour*, the Mouth of the Otterburn), a small clear stream, sweeps down the glen, in which there are a mill and cottages prettily situated on ledges of the precipitous bank. The stream is spanned by a rude wooden bridge for foot-passengers. To the west of this brook, along the base of the brae of Auchmedden, which here rises abruptly, a small mill-lade may be traced which conducted the water to the "Waulkmill of Auchmedden." Of this place we read that "On the night of the 8th March 1784, at Waulkmill of Auchmedden, a large piece of brae slipped down and overturned the house of Thomas Torry, dyer, and killed his wife, one of his sons, and his servant-maid." Huge rugged rocks of red sandstone rise abruptly from the pebbled beach, while the clear blue sea fills up the distance in this lovely picture. There are two noted springs in this immediate neighbourhood—"St. Drostane's Well" and "Mess John's Well." St. Drostane's is about 150 yards along the beach, eastward from the point where the burn of Aberdour joins the sea. It is a copious spring of the purest water, bubbling up from a rocky bottom at the mouth of Durstane's Glen, or Durstane's Slack. Drostane was a disciple and companion of Columba of Iona, and it is made clear by the Book of Deir, lately discovered, that he brought the knowledge of Christ to the shores of the Moray Firth as early as the 6th century. Although his name had long been venerated as the patron saint of the parish of Aberdour, it would not appear to have been generally known that his ministrations were exercised at so early a date, nor that his visit to the place was anterior to the acknowledgment of the Pope's authority by the Scottish Church, for in a "Description of the Parish of Aberdour" by Auchmedden, A.D. 1724 (in MS.) we have the following:—"Near the sea-bank there is a fine spring below the church called St. Durstan's Well, from a bishop of that name who lived thereabouts in the times of Popery; and the well is still reckoned sacred by the country people. In the New Statistical Account of the parish by the late Rev. George Gardiner, the history of the other well is thus recorded:—"There are mineral springs in almost every corner of the parish, but one more remarkable and more frequented than the rest, called *Mess John's Well*, issues from a rock about 200 yards west of the burn of Aberdour. It is a strong chalybeate, and famed for its medicinal qualities. A small basin in the shape of a cup for the reception of the water, which trickles down the rock, is said to have been cut by a John White, laird of Ardlawhill, at the time that Presbytery and Prelacy contended for the mastery. Neither of the parties during the heat of the contest had regular worship at the parish church; but John attended every Sunday, prayed, sung, and read a chapter from the precentor's desk, then prayed again, and concluded the service by singing another psalm. This he continued to do till Presbyterianism was fairly estab-

lished, and hence he was designated *Mess John* by the people, and his well *Mess John's Well.*

"Under the pulpit at the old church of Aberdour a gravestone was discovered with this epitaph carved round the outer edges, 'Heir lies Johne Quhyt sum tym in Ardlahill quha decessit ye xi of Oc. 1590.'

"The church, now in ruins, is one of the oldest in the north of Scotland. 'Aberdour Church is dedicated to Saint Durstan. He was of the royal blood of Scotland; and being dedicated to religion from his childhood, was sent over to be bred under St. Colm in Ireland, quhare be became Abbot of Dalquhougle; but leaving that country, he became a hermit, and returning home he built the church of Glenesk. His bones were kept in a stone chest at Aberdour, where they were conceived to work several cures.'

"The west gable of the church is still standing, in which there is a semicircular-headed window. Great part of the north and a small part of the south wall remain. A south aisle is also entire, but the roof is fast falling to decay. In the east wall there had been a narrow window, but whether circular-headed, pointed, or otherwise it is difficult to say. The font, which is octagonal, and in a tolerably good state of preservation, lies at the west end of the church, outside. The dimensions of the building externally had been about 69 feet by 21. The manse is close by. The new parish church is built about a mile distant from the old, at the top of the hill and near the village of New Aberdour," where there is also a very neat and elegant Free Church.

In the words of Dr. Stuart, "Amid the darkness which enshrouds those missionaries who imparted to the heathen tribes of Alba the blessings of the Christian faith, the form of St. Columba stands out with exceptional clearness; and the popular instinct has not erred which ascribes to him the largest share in the great work, and traces to his mission the most enduring results.

"The almost contemporary pages of his biographer, St. Adamnan, enable us to realise to ourselves the system adopted by the great missionary in his enterprise. When he first took possession for Christ of the little island of Hy, which, under the name of Iona, was to become illustrious for all time from its association with him, he founded upon it a monastery, in conformity with the system that then prevailed, not only in the country of the Scots from which he came, but throughout Europe.

"Every fresh settlement which the saint effected as he pushed his Christian conquests, whether in the islands of the Hebrides or in the mainland countries of the northern Picts, consisted of a monastery for a body of clerics, from which they might disperse themselves in circuits among the surrounding tribes, returning to their home for shelter and mutual support.

"One of these monastic settlements was that of Deer in Buchan [already referred to], a district of Aberdeenshire projecting into the German Ocean from the most easterly point of Scotland; and the legend in the Book of the Gospels of this house preserves in traditional detail the circumstances which marked the infancy of the establishment.

"It represents the arrival at Aberdour, a sheltered bay on the rocky shores of Buchan, of St. Columba, accompanied by his pupil Drostan; but we are left to conjecture whether the strangers arrived by sea in one of the frail coracles so much in use by the saint and his followers, or were on a landward circuit through the northern districts.

"The mormaer or ruler of the district of Buchan, who seems to have been on the spot, made an offering to the clerics of the 'city' of Aberdour, with freedom from mormaer and toisech.

"There are reasons for believing that a considerable population was gathered in the country around the rocky coast of Aberdour and the red Dun (Dundarg), which overlooked its southern side; and as we are frequently able to trace the progress of the Roman armies through places of dense popula-

tion, when their 'Ways' were led amid the raths and abodes of the Britons, so we may infer from the numerous churches dedicated to Celtic saints throughout Scotland in sites of early settlement that the missionaries were attracted in their Christian warfare to these by the denseness of the neighbouring population. St. Columba, on his first mission to Pictland, sought out at once the royal seat of Brude, near Inverness, and he may have been led to the verge of Buchan by the presence of the chief and his followers at one of his places of residence.

"It is probable that the clerics tarried at Aberdour for a time and founded a monastery on the land which had been granted to them."—(*Book of Deir*, Preface.)

In this extract Dr. Stuart refers to the fact that there are reasons for believing that a considerable population was gathered around the rocky coast of Aberdour; and in support of this he mentions in a note that "in the country, about a mile inland from the bay, numerous hut foundations have been discovered, some of them under a great depth of moss. In some parts of the moss, trees and roots have frequently been turned up, apparently the remains of an early forest."

Regarding these huts Dr. Findlater has written:—"Beginning about a mile inland, there is a tract of undulating moorland, and there are, or rather were until recently, numerous remains of hut foundations, called by the inhabitants to this day 'Pechts' Houses.' These Pechts are thought of as beings of another race, having something of the supernatural about them. In one place we remember whole rows of foundations; and on one side of the group a mound or dyke might be traced for some way, as if the settlement had been surrounded with a rampart. All the foundations were of the same shape and size — circular, and 32 feet in diameter, with the door to the south-east. The walls had been of smallish surface stones, mixed with earth or clay. The ruins were mostly overgrown with heather, but there was always a green spot in the middle, which, when dug into, showed traces of having been the hearth. The only way we can conceive the huts to have been roofed would be by poles resting on the low walls and converging towards an upright post in the middle; but the aspect of the country suggests the difficulty—Whence came the timber? There is not at present within sight of the place anything nearer a tree than, perhaps, a bourtree bush in the corner of a kailyard. But bleak and bare as the region is now, there is evidence that parts of it at least were at one time well wooded. The Pict village we are describing stood on a low terrace, and at the foot of the slope to the south of it begins a level peat-moss of considerable extent. The moss is from four to ten or more feet deep, and the lower stratum of it consists in many parts of decayed wood so soft and compact as to cut into peats—'stickly' peats giving twice the light and heat of the ordinary kind. As a proof that this is not a case of drift-wood, but that it grew where it now rots, we distinctly remember an oak stump of considerable diameter, still *in situ;* it protruded some inches above the surface, just where the brae dipped into the moss, and had its roots spreading all round. When our Pictish settlement, then, was a scene of life, the bottom ground below it was a well-wooded valley; and if the heroic Apostle himself visited it, which it is pleasing to think not improbable, he might see stately oaks—in which we are told he delighted—where nothing now raises its head higher than a bush of heather or rushes.

"About a quarter of a mile from the spot we have been speaking of, and at a rather higher elevation, an isolated Pecht's house was 60 years ago (1820-1830) laid bare in casting peats, where the moss was 6 feet deep. We were quite familiar with this relic at one time, when the peat-bank had receded from it some 30 yards; but we do not recollect that the sight of it excited any wonder or speculation as to how or when it came there. A few years ago (previous to 1870) we revisited the spot: the peat bank was gone, and the whole flat

hill-top was a tilled field that had just been laid down in grass; yet the circular mound was still traceable, 11 paces wide, and with the door to the south-east, like the rest.

"Did the Teutonic invasions of the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries desolate this once well-peopled tract, and leave it to become a moor?"

The present editor visited this spot. All traces of the huts have disappeared, with one exception. The late William Dingwall Fordyce, Esq., of Brucklay, the proprietor of Aberdour, caused one of the hut-foundations to be enclosed and preserved; the enclosure was planted with trees, which is most erroneously supposed to be the best way of securing preservation. The trees had so overgrown the ancient relic that it was left almost entirely to imagination to conceive what or where it was; it was there among the trees, that was all.

Beyond Aberdour comes, first, Pennan, with its Red Head, then Troup, and again beyond it Gamrie, or Mohr Head, a series of magnificent cliffs, the examination of which is full of interest. The Red Head rises to the height of some 300 feet. The Tor of Troup is one of the most noted places in Buchan. "It is a rugged mass of broken hills, forming a cluster of remarkably wild glens, rich to exuberance in plants and flowers—a very garden of delights to the botanist. Tangled brushwood and magnificent trees are the alternating features; the former with its underwood twisted into the most grotesque and unimaginable forms. This group of glens forms altogether a scene of inconceivable beauty, well worthy of a pilgrimage. . . . Between the house and the sea the ground rises high. Here is the Battery Green, in the vicinity of which is Hell's Lum, a ghastly opening on the slope of the hill of about 60 feet by 40, and of a depth of about 40 or 50 feet. From this hole to the sea there is a subterranean passage nearly a hundred yards in length, along which, on the occasion of a storm, the spray is forced with great fury till it finds its escape by the *lum* (chimney) in the shape of dense smoke. *Facilis descensus* —the crater may easily be descended, and the view along the passage to the sea will well repay the labour."

This extraordinary ravine afforded a night's shelter on one occasion to Edward, the Banff naturalist. "His sleeping place was a very wild one; it was no other than Hell's Lum. He knew the place well; he had entered it both from the sea side and from the land side. He had been in it in storm and calm, in clouds and sunshine; and now he was about to spend the night in it. The weather was, however, calm; the sea was like a sheet of glass, so that he had little fear of getting a wetting during his few hours' stay. While in the Lum he was at the back of the cliffs, and in close proximity with the breeding-places of myriads of sea-fowl. It was now the busiest part of the season. The birds had been very clamorous during the day, but as night came on their clamour ceased; with the exception of a few screams—while, perhaps, the birds were being displaced in their nests—the night was silent, though Edward kept awake and listened for nearly the whole time.

"But with the first glimmerings of daylight, and just as he was beginning to move and to creep out of the pit, Edward thought that he heard some of the birds beginning to whimper and yawn as if ready for another day's work; and by the time he had rounded Crovie Head he beheld the cliffs alive, and the multitude of sea-birds again in full operation."—(Smiles.)

Not far from Hell's Lum there is another subterranean passage called *The Needle Eye*. It runs quite through the head, and is about 150 yards long, but so narrow that it is with difficulty that a person can make his way through it. At the north end it opens into a cave of about 150 feet long, 30 broad, and 20 high; the whole of this cavern is supported by huge columns of rock, forming a very impressive scene as you emerge into it from the narrow passage.

All along this coast there is a succession of wild lofty rocks to seaward, and deep ravines, or dens, as they are called here, running inland. One of these, of great depth and narrowness, is Braco Den, and as we skirt the hill to the

westward of it we descend by a winding path to the village of Gardenstone, or Gamrie, built on the margin of the Moray Firth at the base of a steep hill. The winding road is little short of a mile, though the direct distance is probably not more than one-sixth of that length. We descend from terrace to terrace, and look down almost into the very chimneys of the houses below. The whole scene is remarkably striking. The houses are built on ledges, and in recesses of the cliff. The lower and older part of the village is close upon the sea.

Dr. Pratt says:—"What a scene presented itself from the windows (of the Ironsides Inn). Perched on a sort of plateau some 10 or 12 feet above the sea-level, we had a full view of the broad expanse of the Moray Firth; a little to the left the Mohr Head, a stupendous cliff rising abruptly from the sea, and casting its deep shadow across the sleeping waters of the rock-bound bay. On the near shoulder of this bluff headland, and in the 'glack' of the hill half-way up its rugged sides, the old church of Gamrie stands, where it has stood for eight centuries and a half in desolate objectiveness. Such a sight as this is neither to be seen with indifference nor easily forgotten."

"The view," says Smiles, "from the heights of Gamrie on a summer evening is exceedingly fine. The sea ripples beneath you. Far away it is as smooth as glass. During the herring season the fishing boats shoot out from the rocky cliffs in which the harbours are formed. Underneath are the fishing boats of Gardenstone, to the right those of Crovie. Eastward you observe the immense fleet of Fraserburgh vessels, about a thousand in number, creeping out to sea. Westward are the fishing boats of Macduff, of Banff, Whitehills, Portsoy, Cullen, Sandend, Findochtie, and the Buckies, all making their appearance by degrees. The whole horizon becomes covered with fleets of fishing boats. Across the Moray Firth in the far distance the Caithness Mountains are relieved against the evening sky. The hills of Morven and the Maiden's Pap are distinctly visible. The sun as it descends throws a gleam of molten gold across the bosom of the Firth. A few minutes more and the sun goes down, leaving the toilers of the sea to pursue their labours amidst the darkness of the night.

"Gamrie Head is locally called Mohr Head (*i.e.* Big Head). The bay of Gamrie is a picturesque indentation of the coast, effected by the long operation of water upon rocks of unequal solidity. The hills, which descend to the coast, are composed of hard grauwacke, in which is deeply inlaid a detached strip of mouldering old red sandstone. The waves of the German Ocean, by perpetual lashing against the coast, have washed out the sandstone and left the little bay of Gamrie, the solid grauwacke standing out in bold promontories—Mohr Head on the one side and Crovie Head on the other...

"Eastward of Troup Head the scenery continues of the same character. The fishing village of Pennan, like Gardenstone, lies at the foot of a ledge of precipitous rocks, and is enclosed by a little creek or bay. From the summit of the Red Head of Pennan the indentations of the coast are seen to Kinnaird's Head in the east, and to the Bin Hill of Cullen in the west."

Between the village of Gardenstone and the old church of Gamrie, on the Mohr Head, there intervenes a deep glen, the steep sides of which rise to a height of 150 or 200 feet. After crossing the mouth of this gorge, we pass along its western verge for a time and then bend to the right "through a mazy confusion of wild roses and other flowering shrubs," and so reach the old church, standing on a sort of plateau or shelf of the hill, overlooking the bay and the village far below. On a lintel of a walled-up arch in the west gable is this inscription:—"This church was built in 1004"—211 years before Magna Charta.

The length of the church (Pratt) is about 90 feet; the chancel, which possibly formed the whole length of the original church, is about 24 feet The walls of this part of the church have been raised to the height of those of the nave, having been originally

about four feet lower. The nave swells out about half a foot on each side, making the whole width a foot greater than the chancel. The entrance to the church is by a low doorway with a very depressed arch on the south side. In the east wall, to the north of where the altar once stood, there is an aumbry; and in the north wall the credence. South of the altar place in the east wall, and nearly on a level with the aumbry, is a small tablet in good preservation placed by "Honorabilis Vir, Patricius Barclay, Dux de Tolly, &c. Ann. D.M.M.° qui°, quadrage septimo." Above this tablet is a niche, in which there had probably been an effigy, but it is no longer there. In the north wall of the nave are three holes, formerly filled with human skulls. They are no longer there, but the present editor's father told him they remained in his day, and he had seen them. They were said to have been the skulls of Danes killed in battle here. In Macfarlane's MS. Geographical Collections, mention is made of a battle with the Danes at this place: "In Gamry was a battle of Danes upon a very high promontory called *The Bloody Pots* to this day." The Statistical Account says:—"On the precipice or brow of the hill above the Kirk of Gamrie, at the east end of one of the most level and extensive plains in Buchan, are a number of vestiges of encampments, which at this day are called by the name of *The Bleedy Pots* or *Bloody Pits*."

Abercromby, in his "Martial Atchievements," says—"After the battle of Aberlemmo, where the Scots were victorious, of those that remained of the Danes . . . some few found means to get to the sea-side and regain their ships, with design to sail about to the coast of Murray, where they were sure of being made welcome by their friends, as yet in possession of that country; but a tempest arising, they were miserably tost to and fro for several days, and at length cast upon the coasts of Buchan, where they durst not venture to make a descent, and yet could not, by reason of the contrary winds, put forward as they designed. They chose to ly at anchor till the wind should alter. But they lay so long that their provisions being exhausted, and famine pressing hard upon them, about 500 of the most daring resolved to land, and either to die bravely or to purchase the necessaries of life. They did both; for, in the first place, they found out and mastered large herds of cattle, but as they drove them to the sea the Thane of Buchan, one Mernane, with a multitude of the country people, got betwixt them and their ships, and so cut off their retreat. Upon this they withdrew to a little but exceeding steep hill near Gemry, and from the top of it threw down stones upon the foremost that offered to dislodge them; and by this means defended themselves for a long time, like men in despair, with that resolution that allayed the heat of the assailants. But Mernan reassured the drooping courage of his men, and they at length got up to the enemy, and without mercy put every one of them to the sword: and Danish bones are still to be seen here, as at Barry in Angus."

The legend of this "old old" church has been thus told by Professor Geddes of King's College, Aberdeen University.

THE OLD CHURCH OF GAMRIE.

"Hast seen the old lone churchyard,
The churchyard by the sea,
High on the edge of a wind-swept ledge,
And it looks o'er Gamerie?"

"I've seen the old lone churchyard,
The churchyard by the sea,
And oh for a voice and a tongue to tell
The thoughts that it raises in me!
No sweeter scene among all the sights
That dwell in my memory.

"Half up the ribs of a bold giant hill,
That washes his feet in the sea,
And looks like a king o'er the watery world,
Lo! a patch of greenery.
Westward and northward the crags rise high,
To shield it from injury,
And there looking down on the beautiful bay,
Is the churchyard of Gamerie:
Oh! well do I love the sweet, sweet slopes,
Where it sleepeth solemnly.

"How it thrills me to stand by the mossèd tombstones,
And gaze on the billows below,
As its silvery ripple rolls on the sand,
Or breaks on the rocks with its murmuring snow;
And then to look up to the sea of air,
Peopled with cloudlets floating fair—
Oh who would not feel that a God is there!

"So felt the men of the simple days,
The grand old men of long ago,
When they chose this place as a place of prayer,
And bade their artless praises flow,
From the midst of God's glories here below,
Up to the glory that excelleth,
To where the dear Redeemer dwelleth.

"But alas for the men of these selfish days!
They are dead to the pride of the past:
In the old churchyard is a sight of shame
That maketh me stand aghast.
Alas that I should live to see
Such a dire indignity!"

"And what hast thou seen in the old churchyard
To move thy spirit so?
Sure something sad, by that clouded brow,
Doth make thine anger glow?"

"Sad, most sad,
Yea, it maketh me mad,
So sore a sight to see;
An old, old church, the pride of the place,
The pride of the north countree:
So old—it fadeth from memory—
And now it perisheth beggarly,
Sinking, sinking day by day,
Inch by inch to hopeless decay.
Left to the care of the rotting rain,
The ruffian blast from the gusty main;
And the rude, rude hands of the plundering swain,
Till crash—it sinks to a heap of stones,
Amid mourning nature's moans!
Oh, a mischievous malison cling to their bones!

"Rouse thee, village of Gamerie, rouse thee,
Fishermen, husbandmen, villagers all;
Swear to protect every slate, every stone,—
Sweeter ye'll sleep 'neath her sheltering wall.
Let her sit like a queen by your rock-girdled bay,
Prouder the place than a baron's hall.

"It was old and gray with years
When Elgin and Roslin were young;
It had numbered full many an age
When Father Dante sung:—
Ere Conrad of Hochstettin
'Built his noble heart in stone;'
Ere Bernard, the crusader,
Made the Moslem Empire groan—
Or the Norman Duke, with his battle brand,
Strode in blood on the Sussex strand,
Your moss-mantled church in peacefulness rose
A light to our northern land.

"Through your fairy dells and dingles,
Where the breezes love to play,
Tradition's echo tingles,
Telling of a fearful fray,
Telling of a dreadful day;
A nation with a nation mingles,
Hand to hand in fierce array.

"Over brine, over faem,
Through flood, through flame,
The ravenous hordes of the Norsemen came
To ravage our Fatherland:
Over rock, over rill,
Over dale, over hill,
On the wings of the wind flew our sires to fill
Every perch on the bold headland.
Like a thunderstorm they fell on their foes,
Hewing around them with death-dealing blows.
The war I ween had a speedy close,
And the 'Bloody Pits' to this day can tell
How the ravens were glutted with gore,
And the church was garnished with trophies fell
'Jesu Maria, shield us well!'

"Three grim skulls of three Norse kings,
Grinning a grin of despair,
Each looking out from his stony cell—
They stared with a stony stare.
Did their spirits hear how the old church fell
They'd grin a ghastlier smile in hell!
Oh! it would please them passing well.

"Rouse thee, village of Gamerie, rouse thee,
Husbandmen, fishermen, villagers all;
Let her sit like a queen by your beautiful bay,
Prouder the place than Holyrood-Hall;
Swear to protect every slate, every stone;
Sweet be your sleep 'neath her sheltering wall."

The battlefield is on the summit of the cliff, 300 feet above the sea. There may still be seen there the vestiges of the old encampments, and the "bloody pots," surviving to tell the sad story of sanguinary conflict, where even historic records are dim and doubtful.

As you pass on some vitrified ruins bear the traditional name of *Wallace Castle*, then the Hill of Donn, mentioned in a charter of James V. 1528, then *Castle of Cullen-of-Buchan*, then *Auldhaven*, curious for remains of fortification-mounds, and quantities of flint arrow-heads found around, then Tarlair, Macduff, Banff.

SECTION IX.

THE DEESIDE RAILWAY.

ALREADY it has been stated that this line, though forming part of the Great North of Scotland system, lies quite apart from all the rest of its routes, and traverses quite a different country. It extends from Aberdeen at the embouchure of the Dee, to Ballater on the upper reaches of that river, and is in length 43¼ miles. From Ballater to Braemar, which is the point all tourists should reach, the distance is 18 miles, and coaches run thither in connection with the railway. The route is along the valley of the Dee. The scenery here differs very materially from that of the Don and some of the other districts opened up by the other portions of the Great North Railway, and has been graphically differentiated in two separate distichs current in the locality. One of these tells us that

> "Ae rood o' Don's worth twa o' Dee,
> Unless it be for fish or tree."

And the other runs

> "The river Dee for fish and tree,
> The river Don for horse and corn."

The whole course of the river is about 90 miles. The Dee is generally considered as commencing with five springs of limpid water issuing from amongst granite detritus on a declivity not far from the summit of a mountain called Braeriach, which is next neighbour to Ben-na-muic-Dhui and Cairntoul — the three forming the most elevated portion of the mountain land of Scotland, although but very slightly exceeding some other parts of it. The stream formed by these springs, two of which only are persistent, the rest being sometimes dried when there has been protracted drought, proceeds towards the brink of a corrie more than 1000 feet deep, over the crags of which it descends in a stripe conspicuous by its whiteness from afar.

"The groove or narrow valley in which the Dee flows is, although a little tortuous, directed almost uniformly from the junction of the two principal sources, the Dee and the Geaullie, from west to east, and occupies nearly the middle line of the space of which it receives the waters. The tributary streams enter this groove very seldom at right angles, but generally in a direction considerably inclined eastward, and thus some of them, as the Gearn, the Muic, the Tanar, and the Feugh, have a course of from 10 to 20 miles.

"The streams that come from the granitic tracts to the north of the Dee, from Cairntoul to Morven, are all remarkable for their clearness and agreeable taste. Those from the southern side are usually more or less, sometimes conspicuously, tinged with brown. Still the river is remarkably limpid in its whole course, which may be estimated at about 90 miles. It descends from an elevation of 4000 feet, in a course of about 12 miles, to that of 1294 feet, in about 30 miles further to 780 feet, and in about 45 miles more to the sea. According to a statement given in the Statistical Account of Glen Muic Parish, its mean annual breadth there is estimated at about 210 feet, its mean depth at about 4 feet, its mean velocity at about 3 miles an hour, and its mean temperature at 40° to 42° Fahr."

These particulars are from an un-

published book by the late Dr. William Macgillivray, printed for private circulation by the Queen. Before proceeding to details of the route, let us hear what the late Dr. Joseph Robertson has said on Deeside.

"Those who hold that all the pleasure which scenery imparts to the beholder is derivable from associations, will at once admit the claims of Deeside to beauty, sublimity, and picturesqueness. But barring associations altogether, we are willing to stand up in defence of the Dee, and having seen most of the Scottish rivers, to maintain that it is superior to them all. Lest suspicion should hang over our evidence, we shall adduce the testimony of a gentleman who has seen perhaps more of the Highlands than any man alive—Dr. Macculloch—and who pronounces the following just, because high eulogium. 'The infant Dee [he never saw it] is a low and wild torrent without interest. It is not till near Mar Lodge [beyond which the Doctor never travelled], at the rapids, commonly called the Linn of Dee, that it begins to assume any beauty; but hence, as far as at least Banchory, it amply compensates for all former wants [it has none], being rivalled by none of our rivers, while it resembles few. While the structure of the landscape is marked by its magnificence of design, it is no less distinguished by its peculiarity. It is like nothing else. Neither the Tay nor the Spey offer the least resemblance to it. Yet the Dee,' says the quizzical Doctor, 'is unknown, except to the citizens of Aberdeen, who come here,' says he, 'to wash off the rust of the counter and the smoke of the shop.' Having spoken thus generally, the Doctor adverts to particularities. Of Braemar he says, 'Before reaching Castletown from the west, the valley presents many splendid landscapes. Whatever of richness the Straths formerly described (viz., the Straths of the Spey, the Tay, the Teith, the Forth, the Tummel, the Lyon, the Tilt, etc. etc.) may show, no one of them displays anywhere that wildly alpine boundary, at once distant and lofty, which characterises the vale scenery of the Dee. The river also winding through green meadows is everywhere skirted by trees of various kinds which, whether solitary or in groups, cover the plain. As they rise from the steep acclivities of the hills, the oak and the ash give way to birch and fir, which continue upward to the very limit of vegetation in all the wildness of nature, succeeded by precipices and rocks, where a few stragglers are still seen adding ornament to their gray faces and deep hollows, and lightening the outline of the sky.' Invercauld he speaks of in terms of great rapture. 'At Invercauld the views are exceedingly fine. Among many which might be named, those on which Lochnagar on the one hand, and Beny-Bourd on the other, form the extreme distances, are perhaps the most striking. Finer mountain outlines cannot be imagined than those in which the former hill is implicated; so graceful in its pyramidal shape, and so beautifully contrasted and varied are all the lines and forms of the mountains out of which it rises king of all, while they seem to cluster round it as the monarch of all the surrounding country. In the middle ground are the rich valley and the windings of the Dee; its dark fir woods sweeping along the sides of the hills, while the rocks and torrents and precipices and trees that surround us on all hands, vary the landscape till we are almost weary of pursuing it. At one point, where the two-arched bridge of Dee becomes a main feature in the middle ground, the pictures are peculiarly complete and fine.' The Doctor proceeds to say that 'Abergeldie is peculiarly interesting, as are the vale and hill of Ballater. Aboyne yields to few places in the Highlands for magnificence and splendour.' In supplement to the Doctor's evidence we might call in the testimony of Lord Byron. The impressions which the highlands of Mar left on his wayward mind were singularly strong and never obliterated. Wherever he wandered his heart was in the Highlands. 'In Albania,' he says, 'the Albanese struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland; their dialect and their

hardy habits all carried me back to Morven.' Elsewhere he says to the same effect, on the plain of Troy Ida only reminded him of Culbleen and Lochnagar. Hear James Hogg upon Glen Avon. 'There are many scenes among the Grampian deserts which amaze the traveller who ventures to explore them; and in the most pathless wastes the most striking landscapes are often concealed. Glen Avon exceeds them all in what may be termed stern and sullen grandeur. It is indeed a sublime solitude, in which the principal feature is deformity; yet that deformity is mixed with lines of wild beauty, such as an extensive lake with its islets and bays, the straggling trees and the spots of shaded green, and altogether it is such a scene as man has rarely looked upon. I spent a summer day in visiting it. The hills were clear of mist, yet the heavens were extremely dark—the effect upon the scene exceeded all description. My mind, during the whole day, experienced the same sort of sensation as if I had been in a dream, and on returning from the excursion, I did not wonder at the superstition of the neighbouring inhabitants, who believe it to be the summer haunt of innumerable tribes of fairies and many other spirits, some of whom seem to be the most fantastic, and to behave in the most eccentric manner of any I ever heard of. Though the glen is upwards of 20 miles in length, and of prodigious extent, it contains no human habitation. It lies in the west corner of Banffshire, in the very middle of the Grampian Hills.' From the many articles, both in prose and verse, in which Christopher North has expressed his admiration of the Dee, take the following:—

" 'Hail to thy waters! softly flowing Dee!
Hail to their shaded pure transparency!
Hail to the royal oak and mountain pine,
With whose reflected pride thy waters shine.'

And this farewell to Braemar.

" 'Farewell then ye mountains in mystery piled,
Where the birthplace and home of the tempest is found;
Farewell ye red torrents all foaming and wild,
Farewell to your dreamy and desolate sound.
Tho' o'er flood, field, and mountain my wanderings be wide,
Back, still back, to Braemar faithful fancy shall flee.
And the beauty of Kelvin—the grandeur of Clyde,
Shall but deepen my sigh for the banks of the Dee.'

And that other glorious song beginning,

" 'Look, oh look, from the bower!—'tis the beautiful hour,
When the sunbeams are broad ere they sink in the sea;
Look, oh look, from the bower!—for an amethyst shower,
Of glory and grandeur is gemming the Dee!'

"We think everybody must be by this time satisfied that the Dee is the first of all Scottish rivers, and that the Deeside Highlands are the finest of all the Highlands. If there be any yet sceptical, here are Pennant, Cordiner, Sutherland, Taylor, Mrs. Grant, Robson, Skene Keith, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, and a whole string of et ceteras, not to mention tourists and gazetteers without number, from all of whom we could go on quoting to the last page of our number. *Sed ohe jam satis.* Another point, moreover, upon which we suppose everybody has now made up his mind, is that the Deeside hills are the highest in Britain—that Ben Nevis is several feet lower than Ben Mac-Dhui, and that Cairngorm, Benna-Bourd, Ben Avon, and Braeriach outtop Ben Lomond, Ben Arthur, Schihallion, and Snowdon by the head and shoulders. This is a mere matter of figures and admits of easy probation, and so referring the reader to the table of heights and mountains in the Trigonometrical Survey, we leave it."

Proceeding now to an examination of the line. the first station we come to is

84. Ruthrieston.

2 miles from Aberdeen.

Ruthrieston is still in the suburbs of Aberdeen. Down below is the bridge over the Dee of seven arches, begun by Bishop Elphinstone about the year 1500, and finished by his successor Bishop

Gavin Dunbar. Directly south from the station and on the opposite side of the river is Banchory House, where, on the occasion of the visit of the British Association to Aberdeen in 1859, John Thomson, Esq., the then owner, received Prince Albert. A fine residence and a beautiful spot, it is now the property of John Stewart, Esq.

This was the scene in 1589 of the rebellion of one of James VI.'s turbulent nobles, and half a century later (1639) Montrose rested here before he entered Aberdeen and gave it up to plunder. Near it was once the castle of Pitfoddels, on the brink of the river, of which no remains now exist. On this property many neat villas have been lately built, such as Morkeu, Woodbank, Wellwood, Balnergarth, Norwood Hall, Drumgarth, Inchgarth, etc.

85. Cults.

2 miles from Ruthrieston.
4 „ „ Aberdeen.

Around this station a village of suburban residences is springing up. A foot-bridge across the Dee at this point, leading to Banchory-Devenick, was built by Dr. Morrison, a late minister of the parish, who also left a sum of money to keep it in repair. Near Cults House (late G. Sherra Gibb, Esq.) are three cairns of considerable size. Not far from them, in the centre of a stone circle of some 18 feet diameter, were found two stone coffins containing bones.

86. Murtle.

1½ miles from Cults.
5½ „ „ Aberdeen.

Between these two stations we see on the opposite side of the river Ardo (A. M. Ogston, Esq.), ; Heathcot, a hydropathic establishment ; Shannaburn (John Reid, Esq.), and next to it the Roman Catholic College of Blairs. It was endowed by the late Mr. Menzies of Pitfoddels, and was opened in 1829. It contains a valuable library, and remarkable portraits of Queen Mary and Cardinal Beaton. On this side of the river is Edgehill (John Webster, Esq., M.P.) and other residences, and Murtle House on a prominent bluff, around the foot of which the river makes a graceful sweep. It commands a splendid view. The den of Murtle lies to the north of the station.

87. Milltimber.

1 mile from Murtle.
6½ „ „ Aberdeen.

Opposite this station, on the south bank of the river, is Kingcausie, once the property of the Irvines of Drum, and latterly that of John Irvine Boswell, Esq., now belonging to Arthur Irvine Fortescue, Esq. In the grounds is the Corbie Linn, rich in rare botanic plants. "The Corbie Den in Maryculter, which is a little picturesque rent in the rock, with a brook, a cascade, and a deep pool, is remarkable for containing Paris quadrifolia, Asperula odorata, Sanicula europæa, Epilobium angustifolium, Ranunculus auricomus, Trollius europæus, Pyrola minor, Mylampyrum pratense, Geranium sylvaticum, Rubus saxatilis, Brachypodium sylvaticum, Aspidium lobatum, Polypodium Dryopteris, P. Phægopteris, Hookeria lucens, and many other plants."

88. Culter.

1¾ miles from Milltimber.
7¼ „ „ Aberdeen.

Between Milltimber and Culter, and between the railway and the river, is Camphill, and to the north of the railway Culter House, which is said to have been "built by one Sir Alexander Cumming in Queen Mary's days, a very extravagant and haughty man, and who, as report goes, had his horse shod at the Queen's marriage with silver shoes, and so lightly fastened on, that when he made the beast to caracole the shoes fell off and were picked up by the mob. The coat of arms of this haughty knight is now to be seen in the front of the house, but much defaced, and not easily to be deciphered." At the station the railway crosses the Den of Culter, a little way up which are paper mills. They are situated in a very romantic glen. To the south and on the south side of the river is the Roman camp of Norman Dikes, held by

some to be the Roman Devana. "The traces of the camp are as plainly to be seen as any dyke that had been built but yesterday, and yet it is at least 1700 years since the Romans threw it up. It is a most spacious camp, and would have held many thousand men. The prospect is very fine, and has few matches; and it is to be supposed that many a day in these very old times did the Roman soldier, ere he looked forth from it and saw nothing around him but mighty forests of black pine trees, nothing above him but a grim and scowling sky, think with sorrowful heart upon the smiling plains of his own dear native Italy, with its green fields and its marble palaces and bright blue sky, and his own home, under the porch whereof, all hung around with vine trees, sat his wife with his children playing around her."

Near the camp to the east is Maryculter House, on the south side of the river. And opposite it on the north side is the old kirk of Drumoak, or as pronounced locally Dalmaik. The parish is called Peterculter.

89. Drum.

2½ miles from Culter.
10 „ „ Aberdeen.

A little to the north-west of the station is Drum Castle, the seat of Alexander Forbes Irvine, Esq., of Drum. The editor has been favoured with the following account of the castle by the present proprietor:—"It is certain that the forest and park of Drum, with numerous other lands on Deeside, were in possession of the Crown in 1247, and in 1318 the enclosure round the park was still maintained.

"In 1324, 4th October, the King Robert Bruce granted a charter of the forest of Drum to William of IREWYN, which will be found in facsimile in Part II., page 28, of "The National Manuscripts of Scotland," published under direction of the Lord Clerk Register, 1867-72.

"The form and construction of the tower, which forms the oldest part of the castle of Drum, its internal arrangements, its situation and materials, as well as other circumstances local and historical, all point to an early period, and give support to the tradition that it was erected by King William the Lion in the end of the 12th or beginning of the 13th century.

"Its architecture is of the oldest and simplest description. The well in the dungeon, the thickness of the walls, the vaulted roofs, the windows few, small, and far from the ground, no entrance lower than the first floor, which was only reached by steps originally removable in times of danger, all show that it was built for security and defence; whilst its position, commanded on the north and west by a contiguous range of rising ground, proves that its strong walls were not intended to withstand cannon.

"The rounded corners of this otherwise square tower, like the round towers at the corner of the curtain walls of more extensive castles and places of defence in the olden time, afforded no salient points for the battering engines to act upon. These are all reasons why this tower may be of so early a date; and one of the arguments against its being of a later era is the useless expense from the great strength of its construction and the inconvenience from so little light being admitted; whilst after the use of cannon, its position rendered it entirely indefensible against ordnance, which, from the adjoining eminence, might fire point-blank on the summit of the tower.

"In form it is an oblong with rounded corners, the north and south sides 50 feet 6 inches, the east and west 38 feet 6 inches in length. It is without turrets, but surrounded by high battlements rising from a simple and slightly projecting corbel-moulding. The whole height is 60 feet 4 inches. The interior consists of four vaulted chambers, each of which occupies an entire story. A small recess formed in the wall of each of the two highest compartments is the only attempt at any further separate accommodation provided in the original masonry, although it seems probable that wooden platforms, forming addi-

tional floors, were supported on the corbel-tables, which project immediately beneath the spring of the arches of the two uppermost stories. One of these floors, in fact, still remained until nearly forty years ago, when the middle story was made into the present library. The lowest and highest compartments are still untouched as when they left the hands of the builders centuries ago.

"The following is the description of Drum as it existed about 1654, when Robert Gordon of Straloch wrote his 'Praefacturarum Aberdonensium Nova Descriptio' for Blaeu's 'Theatrum Orbis Terrarum:'—'Drum arx ad miliare unum a flumine, loco aspero et saxoso at ædificiis et novtis egregie instructa; Alexandrum Irvinum Baronem antiqua et illustris pro sapia dominum habet.'—(*Collect. for His. of Shires, etc.*, Spalding Club, p. 25.)

"The remark made in a book published in 1782 with regard to the Tower of Drum is equally applicable to its present state. 'There is neither crack nor crevice in the walls, nor is an inch of it out of plumb.' The same writer also notices that the house makes two sides of a square, and is well sheltered from the north and north-east by a natural wood of pines, oak, and birch. The modern part of it was built in the year 1619, as appears from the date above the windows, but the tower is thought to be some hundreds of years older.—(Douglas's *Description of the East Coast of Scotland*, p. 255.)

"Besides the date here mentioned are the initials A. I. and M. D., the latter those of Lady Maria Douglas, a daughter of the Earl of Buchan, also a devout legend, as was the custom of these pious times, 'MY TRUST IS IN GOD.' The later portion of the castle is of the style of architecture now familiarly known as the Scottish Baronial, no doubt originally either Flemish or French, of which a remarkable cluster of examples, the work, probably, of the same body of master masons, are found in Aberdeenshire and neighbouring counties.

"The Tower of Drum, after having long remained unscathed by time, and unharmed during the private feuds of earlier ages, was in imminent danger of destruction when besieged by General Munro during the Civil War in 1640. Its surrender then, after two of the besieging force had been killed, but before the four mortars and the mining tools were brought into play, saved it at that time; and its convenient position for a garrison, with the great strength of its masonry, afterwards preserved it from the demolition to which it was consigned by the Scottish Parliament."—(Large edition *Scottish Acts of Parliament*, vol. vi., pt. 2, p. 176b.)

"From destruction by fire, either through the carelessness or malice of its intrusive inmates—garrisons of the Covenanter forces—the tower was guaranteed by the absence of timber in its construction, and thus it remains in perfect preservation to afford a theme for discussion as to the probable period of its erection, for there is no notice in the family papers which can assist in fixing the date when it was built."

A history of the various scenes in which the successive owners of this hoary keep were engaged would be a narrative of no ordinary interest. The vaulted hall in the second story has been converted into a handsome library, the groined ceiling of which is adorned with armorial bearings, and the walls with portraits and some fine pictures by the distinguished artist, the brother of the late proprietor.

To the south of the river is Durris House (J. Young, Esq.), and beyond "is a small tower, built in 1825 on a knoll. This tower was built by the Duke of Gordon to commemorate his coming into possession of the estate of Durris, as heir of entail to the Earl of Peterborough, after a protracted litigation with John Innes, Esq. of Laithers. Some will have it that the tower was built to mark the spot in the river where tradition says that a young man of the Earl Marischal family was drowned in an attempt to swim to the south side to escape from the Irvines of Drum. The story goes, that though

the Keiths and the Irvines were at feud, yet a lad Keith fell in love with a lady of the Irvine race, and had his love reciprocated; and as would naturally happen in such cases, stolen interviews were indulged in; but unfortunately the Irvines discovered the young man, and gave chase. The youth plunged into the stream and swam for his life; but, getting tired, availed himself of a rock in the middle of the river, to which he clung, and on which he was shot by his relentless pursuers. The rock is still there *as a proof of the whole story*, and still bears the name of the Keith Stone, and the deep water all round it is still called the Keith Pot. The above-mentioned tower looks down upon this rock. The mound called the Castle Hill is about a mile up the river from the Keith Pot, or Kincluny Tower, and upon that hill, now covered with tall firs, once stood the castle of Durris." James Young, LL.D., of the Paraffin Works, is the present proprietor of Durris, having bought it from A. W. Mactear, Esq. Durris is a good locality for some of the rarer plants.

90. Park.

1 mile from Drum.
11 „ „ Aberdeen.

A little beyond the station—a mile or so—on the river bank, is Park House (Kinloch), the grounds around which are very beautiful. There is a bridge over the Dee here. To the north of the railway, but not in sight, are the Lochs of Park and Drum.

8 miles north is Echt, and near is the Barmekyne, or Barmkin, of Echt, of which Francis Douglas, in his "Description of the East Coast of Scotland," published in 1782, says:—"I crossed the skirt of a high round hill, on the summit of which are the remains of a Pictish camp, over which, if tradition may be believed, many armies were seen, many drums heard, and many an aerial bloodless battle fought, before the troubles in Charles the First's time." It is a conical hill covered with fir-trees, and there are upon it five concentric lines of fortification, of which two are still of some height; these ramparts are built with great regularity, and are not mere heaps of stones. Probably this is one of the most perfect ancient forts in the North of Scotland. There are several stone circles in the neighbourhood. Dunecht, the seat of Lord Crawford and Balcarres, is near by, and a little further on the old castle of Midmar or Ballogy. "A little south," says Douglas, "of Midmar, in a glen or deep opening between two hills, was fought the battle of Corrichie in the year 1562, in the reign of Queen Mary, between Murray's troops and the Earl of Huntly, where the last was killed. His son, Sir John Gordon, a gallant and very promising youth, was a day or two afterwards beheaded at Aberdeen, where the Queen and Murray then were in their return from Inverness." The old ballad, "The Battle of Corrichie," was first printed in the "Scots Weekly Magazine" for July 1772, and is said to have been written "by one Forbes, schoolmaster at Maryculter, upon Deeside."

The ballad is as follows:—

Murn, ye Heighlands, and murn, ye Laighlands,
I trow ye hae meikle need;
For the bonnie burn o' Corichie
His run this day wi' bleid.

Thi hopefu' Laird o' Finliter,
Erle Huntley's gallant son,
For thi love hi bare our beautious quine,
His gar't fair Scotland mone.

Hi has broken his ward in Abirdene,
Thru' dreid o' the fause Murry;
And has gather't the gentle Gordone clan,
An' his father, auld Huntley.

Fain wid hi tak' our bonny guide quine,
An' beare her awa' wi' him;
But Murry's slee wyles spoilt a' the sport,
And reft him o' life and lim'.

Murry gart rayse thi tardy Merns men,
An' Angus, an' mony ane mair;
Erle Morton an' the Byres Lord Linsay,
And campit at the Hill o' Fare.

Erle Huntley cam' wi' Haddo Gordone,
An' countit ane thousan' men;
But Murry had abien twal hunder,
Wi' sax score horsemen and ten.

They soundit the bougils an' trumpits,
An' marchit on in brave array;
Till the spiers and the axis forgatherit,
An' than did begin the fray.

The Gordones sae fercely did fecht it,
Withouten terrer or dreid,
That mony o' Murry's men lay gaspin',
And dyit the grund wi' theire bleid.

Then fause Murry feignit to flee them,
An' they pursuit at his backe;
When the half o' the Gordones desertit,
An' turnit wi' Murry in a crack.

Wi hether in thir bonnets they turnit,
The traitor Haddo o' thir heid;
An' slaid their brithers an' thir fatheris,
An' spoilit an' left them for deid.

Then Murry cried to tak' the auld Gordone,
An' mony ane ran wi' speid;
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him stickit,
An' out gushit the fat lurdane's bleid.

Then they tuke his twa sons, quick an' hale,
An' bare them awa' to Abirdene;
But sair did our guide quine lament
Thi waefu' chance that they were tane.

Erle Murry lost mony a gallant stout man,
The hopefu' Laird o' Thornitune,
Pillara's sons, and Eglis far-fearit laird,
An' mair to me unkend, fell doune.

Erle Huntley mist ten score o' his bra' men,
Sum o' heigh an' sum o' laigh degree;
Skeenis' young son, the pride o' a' thi clan,
Was ther fun deid—he widna flee.

This bluidy fecht wis fercely faucht,
Octobri's aught and twenty day;
Christ's fyfteen hunder threscore year
An' twa, will merk the deidlie fray.

But now the day maist waefu cam',
That day the quine did greet hir fill;
For Huntley's gallant stalwart son
Wis headit on the Heidin hill.

Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were,
Upon thi samen fatal playne;
Cruel Murry gart the waefu' quine luke out
An' see her lover an' liges slayne.

I wis our quine had better frinds,
I wis our countrie better peice;
I wis our lords wid na discord,
I wis our weirs at hame may ceise!

91. Crathes.

3 miles from Park.
14 „ „ Aberdeen.

The neighbourhood of this station is laid out for building, and bids fair to become soon a favourite site.

Of Crathes Castle (Sir Robert Burnett, Bart. of Leys), on the slope of a wooded height to the right, Robertson says:—"This is a very stately building, and well decorated with turrets, bartizans, weathercocks, and sculpture. It is a very ancient building, and is said by one of its lairds to have been built in the time of the Picts by one of their architects, whose effigies, with a gold-laced coat, a three-cornered cocked hat on his head, and a Spanish rapier by his side, was carved on the top of the castle. But some think that there were neither gold-laced coats nor three-cornered cocked hats nor Spanish rapiers among the Picts, who were a very uncivil, shamefaced, and uncultivated people." The original portion of the castle is the old square tower with turrets, to which various additions have been made from time to time. It has the usual Flemish characteristics of turrets and dormer windows, while the lower stories, for safety's sake, are plain and dark.

Gilbert Burnett, Bishop of Sarum, and author of a History of his Own Times, was a cadet of this family.

On the south side of the river, and about two miles off, is Tilquhillie Castle (J. Sholto Douglas, Esq.) It is a very interesting specimen of the semi-fortified smaller houses of the gentry. It is backed by mountains, of which the most conspicuous is Clochnaben, 1906 feet in height.

92. Banchory-Ternan.

3 miles from Crathes.
17 „ „ Aberdeen.

Banchory is a long and rather straggling village, or rather two villages—Arbeadie and Banchory, on the banks of the Dee. It is a favourite summer resort, being beautifully situated and possessing a fine climate. It is increasing rapidly. The Burnett Arms Hotel and many private houses and lodgings afford comfortable accommodation for the numerous summer visitors.

The river Feugh, called higher up the Water of Dye, joins the Dee from the Kincardineshire side at Banchory. "The Bridge of Feugh (Robertson) is also considered a great curiosity, and a sight well worth seeing—the water here tumbling and toiling among the rocks in a very extraordinary manner. The best sight of it may be had from a foghouse, built on a rock, a little way down the water-side, on the north side of the Bridge."

Immediately beyond the station, which is on the east side of the village, is Banchory Lodge (Burnett-Ramsay); and on the south side of the river Blackhall (Campbell), and between the line and the stream Inchmarlo (D. Davidson, Esq.)

After passing Banchory, the line of railway leaves the Dee, and sweeps in a more northerly direction, by Glassel and Torphins, to Lumphanan, where it turns almost directly south again, till it reaches Aboyne, and once more strikes the Dee, whose course it follows to the terminus at Ballater.

93. Glassel.

4½ miles from Banchory.
21½ „ „ Aberdeen.

To the right of the station is Glassel House, and further on, upon the south slope of the Hill of Fare, Campfield (Miss Scott). Half-way between this station and the next is Craigmyle House (Gordon).

94. Torphins.

2½ miles from Glassel.
24 „ „ Aberdeen.

Between the station of Glassel and Torphins the line runs through a very level meadow alongside the Burn of Beltie. This burn drains an extensive country, and though usually small, in rains it floods violently, often overflowing and causing great damage to the railway. It has recently been improved at very considerable expense, so as to render the occurrence of overflow less likely.

Torphins is becoming a considerable village. It is the property of Colonel Innes of Learney, whose house of Learney lies directly north of the station, on the line of level of 700 feet above the sea.

As already said, the Railway here has left for a long way the course of the Dee and the line of the old road, and so we are out of sight of the Bridge of Potarch, and the village of Kincardine O'Neil, but they are worth a visit. There is a good inn at each place. South from the Bridge of Potarch diverge two roads, the westmost going to Ballogie (Dyce Nicol), Balfour (Cochran), and to Birse, also by Cutties hillock across the Cairn O'Month, by Fettercain to Brechin; the other or eastmost going to Mid-Strath and Finzean. A few yards above the Bridge the river Dee is much narrower than in any other part of its course between Aberdeen and the Linn, being here at one part no more than 15 to 20 feet broad; the water-line is 17 feet deep. Immediately above is one of the finest prospects on the Dee. "Below you is the longest reach of the river, in a straight line of equal breadth; on the right and left the rising hills, rich with various plantations; immediately in front the house of Desswood (Alex. Davidson, Esq.) stands in beauty fronting the morning sun; and in the background the summits of the distant mountains."

From Torphins, still keeping northwards, we pass Pitmurchie on the left and Findrack and Glenmillan on the right, and reach Lumphanan, where we turn to the south again.

95. Lumphanan.

3 miles from Torphins,
27 „ „ Aberdeen.

A pretty little village picturesquely situated on a wood-covered slope, from among the trees of which the Free Church and Manse look quietly down on the houses below. A little to the north, on the brow of the hill, is a cairn called Macbeth's Cairn, "where, as is said, Macbeth was killed in the year 1056. There is a very particular account of this given in Wyntoun's chronicle, of how—

"'O'er the Mounth they chased him there
Intil the wood of Lumphanan,
* * * *
This Macbeth slew they there
Into the wood of Lumphanan.'

"The King Malcolm Canmore remained at Kincardine O'Neil, while they thus chased Macbeth till they came up with him where Macbeth's Cairn now is, when they slew him outright, and having cut off his head, carried it to King Malcolm at Kincardine. The rest of the body was buried under the cairn, which—such is the lamentable disposition of some people—has been greatly dilapidated, having been carried away to build park-dykes, byres, stables, and the like (pitiful to see such acts done in a civilised country), but is now enclosed by a fence."

Close to the railway on the right, half a mile from the station, is Macbeth's Well; and a quarter of a mile further on, also on the right, is a very interesting earth-work called the "Peel Ring" or "Peel Bog." "This is undoubtedly one of the most perfect examples which time has left us of the fortifications of the 13th or 14th century. The circular earthen mound, rising nearly 15 feet above the adjoining level, and about 40 yards in diameter, is surrounded at a distance of upwards of 20 feet by an earthen dyke about 6 feet in height, and 10 or 12 in thickness. The object of the outer circumvallation was evidently to retain the water of the fosse or ditch which encircled the mound whereon the castle was raised. This fosse was supplied from the burn of Lumphanan, and the course for the water may still be traced." The ditch has been planted, and as the trees are now pretty high, the works are not so well seen. On the farm of Cairnbathy, a little to the south-west, is the brae of Strettan, where Macbeth, according to tradition, was wounded; and "Macbeth's Stone" remains to commemorate the event.

From Lumphanan the line goes southward.

96. Dess.

2½ miles from Lumphanan.
29½ „ „ Aberdeen.

Desswood House, the residence of Alexander Davidson, Esq., lies on the other side of the finely-wooded hill seen from the railway, and overlooks the Dee. The road to it passes the Slog of Dess, a waterfall "thought by many to be well worth seeing." The house commands "perhaps the most extensive and varied view of mountain, wood, and water, which is to be seen from any place on the banks of Dee."

A little beyond the station, the railway skirts the Loch of Aboyne, and to the north-west may be seen the turrets of Aboyne Castle (Marquis of Huntly) just peeping from among the trees. No other view of it is obtained from the railway.

97. Aboyne.

3 miles from Dess.
32½ „ „ Aberdeen.

The village of Charlestown of Aboyne is a favourite resort of summer visitors. It is beautifully situated amidst woods of fir and other trees, which give it a little shelter and pretty appearance. It has grown much of late. Aboyne Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Huntly, dates back to the 11th century. Restored in 1671, it has been much added to since then. The present marquis is a descendant of the old chiefs of the Gordons through a younger son of the Marquis of Huntly, who was executed during the troubles of 1649. The title of Marquis of Huntly, though merged in that of Duke of Gordon till 1836, reverted, on the death of the last duke, to the descendants of the second son of the executed marquis, who had been created Earl of Aboyne in his own right. The title of Duke of Gordon has been recreated in the person of the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the heir-female of the old Dukes of Gordon.

"In an oak plantation near the castle stands a very curious stone, shaped like a coffin, and having a cross carved upon it. The supposed history of this stone is as follows:—At one time bargains were not considered valid unless completed under the market cross, and this stone is supposed to have served the purpose of a market cross to an annual fair held near the Loch of Kinnord. In the heat of the Reformation, however, this cross was taken down and thrown into the loch, from whence in after years it was extricated and set up near the loch. Nobody taking any particular notice of it, a Donside laird had it conveyed to Donside, on hearing which the Earl of Aboyne immediately caused it to be returned, and afterwards, during the night time, had it transferred to its present situation. This gave rise to the supposition among the superstitious folk of those days that it had come there through the instrumentality of ghosts."

West of the village stands Huntly

Lodge, a good modern house, belonging to the Aboyne estate; and there are the other usual buildings of a small local town—such as churches, banks, and a public hall, with a reading-room, library, and billiard-room. To the north of the loch, which is about a mile to the east of the village, rises the hill of Mortlach, on the top of which is a monument to the late Marquis of Huntly.

There is a fine suspension bridge over the Dee at Aboyne, and here, running south-west, the Glen of the Tanar branches off from the valley of the Dee. It is a highly picturesque and lovely glen, and will well repay a visit. "Several years ago the forest of Glentanner was let to William Cunliffe Brooks, Esq., M.P. for East Cheshire, a gentleman of great enterprise and of a most benevolent disposition; and since Mr. Brooks has come to reside in the glen, a wonderful transformation has taken place on the district. To fully describe all the improvements which have been made by this gentleman, a whole volume would be required. They begin at the very entrance of the glen, near Aboyne suspension bridge, and are carried on all through the glen. But upon and around the House of Glentanner the greatest improvements have taken place. The grounds are laid out with excellent taste, several lovely lakes have been formed, while comfortable houses have been erected for the accommodation of the servants, stables for the horses, and other cattle houses. If one of the old smugglers were to get a peep at the scene of his exploits of fifty years ago, he would fail to identify the present bonny glen with that of his day. The value of this estate has been considerably increased by the system of drainage which has been so extensively introduced; and, indeed, it has been found by this extension of pasturage the far-famed venison of Glentanner has by no means deteriorated in quality, though the deer are now debarred from a favourite food of theirs,—the turnips of the surrounding farmers,—by the erection of substantial wire fencing, which effectually checks their predatory habits. After passing Glentanner House, the road is private." At the head of the deer forest of Glentanner is Mount Keen, 3077 feet in height.

From Aboyne is one of the roads into the district of Cromar, in which lies the village of Tarland, belonging to the Earl of Aberdeen, and where he has a lodge. "Donside may be reached in this direction, either by Castle of Corse to Alford, or by Migvie to Colquhonny. One of the finest views of the Deeside hills is that which bursts unexpectedly on the vision of the traveller from Alford to Tarland, at the Slack of Terrylodge, near Corse. At the church of Migvie there is a remarkable sculptural stone monument, and near it a Pict's House or *Weem*. There are good inns at Tarland and Alford, and at Colquhonny and Lonach in Strathdon. The fine residences, Newe Castle (Sir C. Forbes, Bart.), Inverarnan (General Forbes), etc., are near Colquhonny." The highest summit in the neighbourhood of Tarland is Morven, 2880 feet, round, and somewhat flat in outline, but commanding a fine view. The Queen in her "Leaves," September 19, 1859, says: "The view is more magnificent than can be described, so large, and yet so near everything seemed, and such seas of mountains with blue lights, and the colour so wonderfully beautiful."

Morven lies north-west of Dinnet and between it and us is Culbleen.

98. Dinnet.

4¼ miles from Aboyne.
37 „ „ Aberdeen.

From Aboyne to Dinnet the railway runs through a flat heathy muir, called the Muir of Dinnet, which stretches away to Culbleen on the north, with Morven rising behind it. These Culbleen slopes were the scene of a battle in 1335 between David Bruce and the Earl of Athole, and the cairns in the neighbourhood, which are numerous, are said to cover the slain. In the face of the mountain is a small gully, at the entrance to which (a short distance from the road) is a very singular hollow or caldron, scooped out by the action of torrents stirring round stones

and pebbles. It is called the Burn of the Vat. Says M'Gillivray (private volume)—"In this place the rocks are about 60 feet high on one side, lower on the other. A mass of rock blocks up the fissure, leaving on one side a small passage for the brook, and on the other a small aperture from 2½ to 4 feet broad, and about 9 feet high. The water, in floods, is thus impeded, and accumulates in the fissure, where by its swirl it has scooped out the lower part of the rock on either side in the form of a concavity like half the top of a dome. The breadth is 24 yards below, but only 16 above. On the floor of one side is a greensward, including daisies and some other common plants, with a few tufts of ferns. On the rocks are a few trees, a considerable quantity of Epilobium angustifolium, Aspidium Filix-mas, Athyrium Filix-femina, Polypodium dryopteris, and Cystopteris fragilis" (p. 40).

"On the north-west of the Moor of Dinnet (Robertson) lies Loch Kinnord, betwixt two hills called Muckle Kinnord and Little Kinnord. It is said that King Malcolm Canmore had on the westermost island of the loch a castle, palace, or seat, and in the eastermost a prison; and further, that these islands were artificially built, of which there can be little doubt, the various piles whereon they are built being visible to this day. It is said also that there is a causeway joining one of the islands to the land, but that the water of the loch, having risen since these times, now covers this causeway. Whether Malcolm Canmore had in reality his castle here or not, I cannot say, but one thing is clear from George Buchanan's Scottish History, as well as from Andrew Wyntoun's Chronicles, that here a castle there was when the great battle of Culbleen was fought near this same loch in King David Bruce's time. At the end of the causeway there was, as is said, on the land a chapel, in or near which was found the stone [St. Macbricha's Cross, of the Ordnance Survey] removed to the neighbourhood of Aboyne Castle. Near Loch Kinnord (to the north) is another smaller loch called Loch Dawain or Davan. It is probable that Kinnord is a corruption of Canmore." It is called by M'Gillivray Loch Ceannor, who says of it that it is "a rather beautiful small lake, fringed with natural wood, and having in it a little round green island tufted with some trees, and a smaller bare island. It produces an abundant vegetation of aquatic plants, including several of botanical interest, and is surrounded with heathy ground, continuous with the Moor of Dinnet" (page 41).

Loch Kinnord is famous for its richness in prehistoric relics. The following account of some of these is from the last edition (1878) of Brown's "New Deeside Guide," a little work which was really written by the late Dr. Joseph Robertson, of the Register House, Edinburgh, himself referred to in the quotation:—

"From the middle of the last century, down to a very recent date, few localities on Deeside, or even in the North of Scotland, have yielded to the researches of antiquaries so many and so varied relics of prehistoric man as the district around Loch Kinnord. The last finds of this nature obtained from the lake occurred in 1857, when, among other relics, a large canoe was recovered. It measured 22½ feet in length, hewn out of a single log of oak. This canoe was exhibited at the meeting of the British Association held in Aberdeen in 1859, and attracted considerable attention. The late Dr. Joseph Robertson then read a paper before the archæological section, descriptive of ancient Scottish canoes, and the localities in which they were generally found. The substance of this and other papers on kindred subjects by Dr. Robertson was afterwards published, with much additional information, by Dr. Stuart [now too, alas! the late] in the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries (vol. iv.), where a very full account of Scottish crannogs and all that pertained to them may be found. Among these ancient lake dwellings Loch Kinnord occupies a prominent place. Indeed, with the exception of Dowalton Loch, in Wig-

townshire, Dr. Stuart seems to consider Loch Kinnord as the best specimen of such habitations to be found in this country.

"From a careful examination of the various articles found in crannogs, both he and Dr. Robertson had come to the conclusion that canoes might confidently be looked for in lakes containing artificial islands. When, therefore, the canoe above referred to was found in Loch Kinnord, it was considered a very satisfactory confirmation of the conclusion at which they had arrived; but it was thought that the antiquarian treasures of the place had been nearly exhausted by the search then (1857) made. Later, however, some unlooked-for relics were obtained from the bottom of the lake. This excited further investigation, and a young man, Mr. John Simpson, of Mickle Kinnord, detected among the mud what he believed to be another canoe. He took means to mark the spot, and to acquaint the Marquis of Huntly with the nature of the discovery he had made. The season was then too far advanced for attempting to recover it from its watery bed, but Lord Huntly embraced the earliest opportunity that presented itself to arrange for the recovery of this curious relic of early times.

"Accordingly, on Tuesday, the 10th of August 1875, a large number of his servants and tenants met by appointment of his Lordship on the shores of the loch, all intent and eager to enter on the work of exploration. The presence also of Lady Huntly, who accompanied the Marquis, did much to inspire ardour into the party, as well as to grace the occasion. The weather was all that could be desired, warm and calm, with now and then a light breeze, just sufficient to fill the sails of his Lordship's yacht, which, under the management of Mr. John Milne, showed her sailing powers to great advantage.

"After fixing the hauling gear to the canoe, the position of which had previously been marked, some of the party in sailing about discovered what turned out to be a second canoe. A rope was likewise attached to this other, with the view of dragging it also ashore. Lord Huntly now took the direction of operations, and with such skill and care that both canoes were brought to land without the slightest damage. This is the more remarkable, because they were both deeply embedded in the mud, and the strain on the ropes was frequently as much as half-a-dozen strong men could exert through a powerful windlass. One of these canoes measures 30 feet 2 inches in length, and 3 feet 6 inches in breadth near the middle; the other is rather broader, but scarcely so long. As relics of our prehistoric age, perhaps nothing of more interest and importance has been brought to light for many a day on Deeside; and it is only just to Lord Huntly to mention that, while he deserves well of archæological science for the trouble and care he has taken to recover these interesting remains of a long-forgotten period, he merits also the thanks of the numerous parties who visit this pleasant spot in allowing the canoes to remain for some time on the shores of the lake over which, many long ages ago, they served the purposes of industry or warfare, or perhaps both. It is to be hoped that no one will abuse his Lordship's kindness by injuring them in any way. The timber is, owing to its great age, very brittle; and visitors should be careful not to handle any portion of it roughly, and by no means to attempt to strike it with any weapon. We have reason to believe that Lord Huntly intends to have the canoes photographed, that an accurate representation of them as they were brought ashore may be obtained and preserved; but this should not prevent the Society of Antiquaries from immediately requesting his Lordship to allow them to send an artist to have them sketched and lithographed.

"To conclude the operations of the day, and as expression of the honour done to the occasion by the interest taken in the proceedings by Lady Huntly, Mr. Duthie, who happened to be present, came forward and in name of the company said,—'It is customary when a vessel is launched to bestow upon it, with due ceremony, a suitable

name. It is quite as proper on this occasion to do so when the vessel is brought to land. I hope the noble lady who has done us the honour to countenance the bringing ashore of this ancient craft will forgive me if I take the liberty of naming it after her!'

"Later in the evening two immense oak beams were recovered from the site of the old drawbridge which connected the Castle Island with the land. One of these measures 37 feet in length by 15½ inches broad, and 12½ inches deep. Two other similar beams were hauled ashore next evening."

Directly south from Loch Kinnord, and on the opposite side of the river on a knoll, are the ruins of Dee Castle, a seat of the Gordons in old times, when it was called Candecaill, or "Head of the Wood." The only portion of the old castle remaining is part of a wall, which now forms the gable of a modern house, the lower part of which is used as a Romish chapel, and the upper as a dwelling-house.

Leaving Dinnet, we have Culbleen and Morven on the right, both mentioned by Lord Byron in the following beautiful poem; he lived, when a youth at the Grammar School of Aberdeen, at Ballatrich, on the opposite side of the river:—

When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath,
And climbed thy steep summit, O Morven of snow!
To gaze on the torrents that thundered beneath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gathered below,
Untutored by science, a stranger to fear,
And rude as the rocks where my infancy grew,
No feeling save one to my bosom was dear;
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred in you?

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the name;
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same,
As I felt when a boy, on the crag-covered wild;
One image alone on my bosom impressed,
I loved my bleak regions, nor panted for new;
And few were my wants, for my wishes were blessed,
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn, with my dog and my guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded along;
I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
And heard at the distance the Highlander's song:
At eve, on my heath-covered couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to my view;
And warm to the skies my devotion arose,
For the first of my prayers was a blessing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are gone,
The mountains are vanished, my youth is no more;
As the last of my race I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witnessed before:
Ah! splendour has raised, but embittered my lot;
More dear were the scenes which my infancy knew:
Though my hopes may have failed, yet they are not forgot;
Though cold is my heart, yet it lingers with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to the sky,
I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Culbleen;
When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking eye,
I think of those eyes that endeared the rude scene;
When haply some light waving locks I behold,
That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold,
The locks that were sacred to beauty, and you.

Yet the day shall arrive when the mountains once more
Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of snow:
But while these soar above me, unchanged as before,
Will Mary be there to receive me—ah, no!
Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood was bred!
Thou swift flowing Dee, to thy waters adieu!
No home in the forest shall shelter my head,—
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine but with you?

99. Cambus O'May.

2½ miles from Dinnet.
39½ „ „ Aberdeen.

Here it may be said that the Dee emerges from the Highlands by a narrow pass. The hills on the north side of the line from Culbleen to Cambus O'May and along the northern side of the plain of Ballater to Craigendarroch are granitic, and immediately above the station important quarries have been opened, where blocks of large size are obtained. The stone here is of a

fine pinkish red. At the Hill of Fare it is of a very dark blood red. A little above the line is a commodious shooting lodge, built by the gentleman who rents the shootings from the Marquis of Huntly.

Leaving the station we glide on through the plain of Ballater, past the ruins of the old church of the old parish of Tullich, near which is an obelisk, erected to the memory of Farquharson of Monaltrie, across the Burn of Tullich, and past (on the right) Monaltrie or Ballater House, the property of Farquharson of Invercauld. The house is of no pretension, but it is beautifully situated on a spacious and smooth lawn just at the foot of Craigendarroch and the entrance to the Pass of Ballater. On the opposite side of the river are the Pannanich Wells, once very celebrated for their mineral qualities, and still frequented. They have recently been acquired from Invercauld by Mr. J. T. Mackenzie of Glen Muick and Kintail.

From this point of the railway the view of the upper Deeside mountains is very fine. Hills rise above hills, with Lochnagar crowning them all. Craigendarroch occupies the foreground, with Monaltrie at its base. On the right is the narrow gorge called the Pass of Ballater, to the left the valley of the Dee, along which the new road winds round the Craig, meeting the road through the pass at Gairn on the other side. The opening to the left, in the throat of which lies the village of Ballater, is Glen Muick, and shadowing it in the far distance, rises the mural-like precipices of dark Lochnagar. On a summer evening before sunset this view is surpassingly beautiful.

100. Ballater.

4 miles from Cambus O'May.
43½ ,, ,, Aberdeen.
Hotel: The Invercauld Arms.

Ballater is a very favourite resort of summer visitors. It is beautifully situated among the hills at a height of about 660 feet above the sea, an elevation which gives it the inestimable advantage of fine bracing healthy air. It is the centre of almost innumerable excursions which may be made from it.

"Among the more recent improvements at Ballater are the new barracks for the Queen's body-guard while she resides at Balmoral. The number of men is about fifty during the summer. There are two new churches. The Established, which was finished in 1875 from a design by Mr. Russell Mackenzie of Aberdeen at a cost of £4000; it was built by subscription, the handsome sum of £1400 having been contributed by Mr. Alexander Gordon of London, a native of the parish. The Free Church is a very pretty building, with a beautiful stone spire. The Albert Memorial Hall, lately erected at the south side of the square, is opposite the railway station, and was erected solely at the cost of the same Mr. Gordon. It contains the Post-Office, a billiard-room, library, reading-rooms, etc. The management is entrusted to trustees named by Mr. Gordon. The cost of the building was about £2600. The supply of water lately introduced into the village was the gift of Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld. The drainage of the village is now complete, and cost about £2000."

There is a fine bridge across the Dee at Ballater. The first one was swept away in the floods of 1829. When the present editor first visited Ballater five years after that event, the bridge had not been replaced, and the daily journey to Pannanich Wells could only be accomplished by being ferried across the rapid stream in a boat, which the ferryman pulled across by means of a rope stretched from side to side. A wooden bridge was afterwards erected, and that is now replaced by a substantial and handsome one of stone.

The great flood of 1829 has been thus described:—"For some time previous there had been more than a common downfall of rain, and in especial the day before the rain had been pouring down in one incessant torrent; but the rise in the river was nothing to speak of. Up among the glens too there had been heard the rumblings of many fierce thunderclaps, but this at that season of the year was nothing unusual. No-

wise alarmed, therefore, and dreading nothing, the people of Ballater went to their beds as usual, and laid them down to sleep without fear or suspicion. But at the dead hour of midnight they were awakened from their sleep by the terrible roaring of the river, which roared louder than any thunder; and before they got their heads well raised from their pillows, and while they were yet terrified by that awful and uncouth din, and, perfectly astounded, knew not what to do, the rush of the waters was heard near at hand; in a hand-clap in it swept with a furious swirl and a swell, dashing everything before it, and breaking in waves over the very beds, where the people lay quaking and panting with fear at this strange and unaccountable calamity. Many, heedless of the awful roaring of the river, lay dead asleep, and peacefully slept on till the cold plash of the water on their faces startled them wide awake. Then began such a terrible commotion, such a hurrying to and fro, and such a perplexity and confusion on all hands, as never man saw in Ballater before. People awakened from their sleep by the cold water plashing about them, suddenly started up and scarcely knowing what they did, rushed out from their houses naked and unclothed, shouting and lamenting, when they beheld on all sides of them nothing but a sea of troubled waters, upon which they saw floating sheep, hayricks, great trees torn up by the roots, chairs, tables, eight-day clocks, and all sorts and manner of things; while always the river was roaring on like thunder. Such a running about as was then to be seen! Such a sound of wailing and of woe as was then to be heard! For all the world like the ants in any of the ant hillocks on Craigendarroch when you tear a piece of it down, did the people of Ballater run about, to and fro, hither and thither, on that awful night. Pitiful to behold! There were some hurrying about with their goods in their arms; others labouring like anything, trying to catch their furniture as it was floating out at their doors; some running with their bairns in their bosoms away from that terrible flood; others with their wives or mothers upon their shoulders, wading breast deep through the water, and sometimes stumbling and falling, disappearing wholly out of sight for a minute, then tottering up again, while the women set up their screamings again more desperately than ever; here a whole family rushing out helter skelter, plashing across the square like as many geese in a burn; there some bonny young lady visitor, with a blanket about her, wading to where she saw dry land, and picking her steps, poor thing, as well as she could, while always she gave the other scream and shudder, as she plumped into any pool above the knees; and all these people little better than naked—some with nothing but their shirts on—others with a blanket about them—some with petticoats—some with trousers;—in short, as you may conceive, it was a scene just altogether indescribable. Meantime the river continued to rise higher and higher still; great lots of trees, bushes, and other wood began to gather about the arches of the bridge; and as they were still blocking up the water-course, it became an evident thing to all the sorrowful people of Ballater that down their brave bridge must go; not that some did not still entertain hopes, and always as the stately structure held out, their hopes grew the stronger. Many began to think that the water was beginning to abate, and vainly thought that the substantial workmanship of the bridge, as it had so long held together, would surely withstand against the raging water, now that the worst, as they thought, was over. But always the water rose higher upon the bridge, and another tree was still dashing against the piers, making the whole structure to tremble. At last the waters were so dammed up that no power on earth could withstand them, and the first sign that the bridge was falling was a loud crack which it was heard to give, as loud as the report of a musket. Then the solid masonry of the bridge was seen to bend like a bow of fir, till, with a noise like that of the loudest thunder, it flew from each other into a thousand bits, and was

hurled with a plash into the river, to be seen no more. The fall of the bridge shook the ground near it like an earthquake; and such was the force of the river, that as it furiously rushed over the fallen bridge, it made the spray of its waters flee over the roof of the inn. Thus perished the stately bridge of Ballater."

A little above Ballater the river Muick joins the Dee from the south-west. Here Mr. Mackenzie has erected a large and commodious residence. Brackley or Braicklie is about a mile to the south of Ballater, on the Muick, and is the scene of the old ballad, "The Barrone of Brackley"—

Inverey came down Deeside whistlin' and playin',
He was at brave Brackley's yetts ere it was dawin';

He rappit fu' loudlie and wi' a great roar,
Cried "Come down now, Brackley, and open the door!

"Are you sleeping, Barrone, or are ye waukin?
There's sharp swords at your yett will gar your blood spin!"

Out spake the brave Barrone, ower the castle wa'
"Are you come to harry and spulzie my ha'?

"O gin ye be gentlemen, licht and come in,
Gin ye drink o' my wine, ye'll nae gar my blood spin;

"Gin ye be hired wuddifus, ye may gang by—
Gang down to the Lowlands and steal their fat kye;

"There spulzie like reivers of wild Kalivan clan,
And harry unsparing baith houses and lan'!

"But gin ye be gentlemen, licht and come in,
There's meat and drink in my ha' for ilka man."

Out spak his lady, at his back where she lay,
"Get up, get up, Brackley, and face Inverey.

"Get up, get up, Brackley, and turn back your kye,
Or they'll hae them to the Highlands, and you they'll defy."

"Now hand your tongue Catherine, and still my young son,
For yon same hired wuddifus will prove themselves men."

'There's four and twenty milkwhite nowt' twal o' them kye,
In the woods of Glentanar it's there that they lie.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At the head of Raneaton the battle began,
At little Acholzie they killed the first man.

They killed William Gordon and James of the Knock,
And brave Alexander, the flower of Glenmuick.

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

Wi' swords and wi' daggers they did them surroun',
And they pierced bonny Brackley wi' mony a woun'.

Then up cam' Craigievar and a party wi' him,
Had he come one hour sooner Brackley hadna' been slain.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thro' Birse and Aboyne," she said, "fly and out o'er
A' the hills o' Glentanar ye'll skip in an hour!"

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

There's dool in the kitchen, and mirth in the ha';
The Barrone o' Brackley is dead and awa'.
What sichin' and sobbin' was heard in the glen,
For the Baronne o' Brackley wha basely was slain.
Frae the head o' the Dee to the banks o' the Spey,
The Gordons may mourn him and ban Inverey.

"This transaction took place in the year of grace 1592. The Baron of Brackley was a Gordon, and related to the Earl of Huntly, who, to get revenge for this cruel slaughter of his kinsman, made a foray upon the lands of the Clan Chattan (to which Farquharson of Inverey belonged), laid waste their grounds, harried their towns, and burnt their corn-yards; and having met some of them in conflict, left three-score of them dead on the ground, so that this murder, as you see, went not unpunished. The castle of Brackley is now nearly altogether demolished, nothing thereof remaining but one or two small fragments. A hollow is still pointed out between two small knolls where the Farquharsons fell upon him. Knock Castle, now in ruins, stands on a beautiful eminence a little above the mouth of the Muick. It has been once a very stately castle, though now in ruins."

Excursus to Lochnagar.

Lochnagar is distant 13 miles from Ballater, and may be approached by Glen Muick, for which excursion guides will always be found at Ballater. The following account of a visit to it is from M'Gillivray's "Deeside," privately printed by her Majesty:—

"The mountain of Lochnagar, which rises majestically above all the hills on the south side of the Dee, being in many aspects one of the most interesting objects that daily meets the view of the sojourner in this part of the country, I left Abergairn at eight in the morning with the intention of visiting it. We started from Ballater at nine [driving up Glen Muick]. Woods of birch, alder, pine, and other trees, natural and planted, ornamented the valley, in which gleamed here and there a farm-steading, scattered huts, and at least one house of some pretension—that of Birkhall. In what seems the upper part of the glen, about 5 miles distant from Ballater, is a very beautiful cascade, not unjustly considered one of the more remarkable natural curiosities of the district. The rock appeared to be gneiss, in nearly vertical strata, running north-east and south-west. Carduus heterophyllus, Trollius Europæus, Saxifraga aizoides, Alchemilla alpina, Melica cærulea, and many other plants ornamented the rocky shelves. But our object at present is not to describe Glen Muick, or any part of it. When you emerge from the wood at the cascade you enter the upper glen, bare and scarcely showing any traces of habitation. Proceeding as far as a place called Inchnabobart, the etymology of which is impracticable, we left our vehicle and commenced walking. Ascending directly to a hollow between the southern shoulder of the mountain and a less elevated conical mass, we found upon the blocks, as well as upon the ground, a great variety of highly developed lichens, of which Cetraria nivalis, C. Islandica, Cladonia turgida, Cl. uncialis, Lecidea icmadophila, Gyrophora densta, G. cylindracea, G. polyphylla, Lecanora parella, Parmelia saxatilis, P. omphalodes, Cornicularia tristis, C. lanata, Sphærophoron coralloides, and Lecidea ventosa, most interested us. The ascent, somewhat fatiguing, was rendered very agreeable by the occurrence of these and many other plants, of which may be mentioned Azalea procumbens, Gnaphalium supinum, Alchemilla apina, Luzula spicata, and Epilobium alpinum. On attaining the most elevated part of the hollow we had before us the magnificent corry, a semicircular range of rifted and shattered precipices from 3 to 500 feet

high, with a slope of detritus at its base, streaked by rills, and in the bottom a lake of very dark water. You might imagine it a volcanic crater; and many persons not particular as to facts, or unable to perceive their indications, have so called it. Ascending over blocks of all sizes to the south-eastern edge of the corry, we obtained a more complete view of it, and proceeding along its margin collected specimens of the few plants that occurred, including Salix herbacea, Juncus trifidus, Carex rigida, and Agaricus nivalis. Stopping now and then to look down the fissures we gazed with wonder, sometimes with awe, upon the huge masses of rock, shattered or partially decomposed so as to resemble piles of giant masonry—the granite being divided into tabular and cuboidal compartments, the separating seams of which may have resulted from the original structure of the mass rendering certain parts more liable to disintegration, or from the rapid cooling which it may have undergone on emerging from the interior of the earth,—if such was its origin.

"Two points of the summit appear to be nearly equal in height. On one of them is an artificial cairn, erected by the trigonometrical surveying people, in the vicinity of which we saw three snow buntings (Plectrophanes nivalis). The other point is somewhat isolated, and forms a small peak at the north-eastern extremity of the crags. This is the part chiefly resorted to by visitors; and from it, as well as from some other parts of the summit, is obtained a most extensive view of the country around, as far as the Lothians, Stirlingshire, the southern Grampians, many of the Perthshire mountains, those of the upper extremity of Aberdeenshire; beyond them, some of the great prominences of the counties of Argyle and Inverness; ridges and hills even beyond the Moray Firth, as well as the lower eastern tracts, extending from thence to Aberdeen, and onward to the Lammermuirs. The mountains of the adjoining part of Forfarshire were much lower, less rugged, and more verdant. The Grampians from Aberdeen to Dunkeld appeared to form a continuous range, broader to the west of Lochnagar, and not affected by the apparently insignificant valley of the Dee, beyond which it extends into the lofty mountains of Ben A'an, Bennabuird, Ben-na-muic-dhui, Ben Vrotan, and Cairntoul. Viewed from this peak the greater part of the country seems mountainous; and as the glens are concealed, and the distant plains not clearly discerned, or partly mingled with the hilly ground, the uncultivated land seems greatly to predominate over that which has been subjected to the plough. With respect to the nearer tract intervening between the mountain and the Dee, it is seen that the land descends irregularly but rapidly; that Glen Muic separated from Glen Tanar by a long ridge, passing far beyond Ballater, is separated by a short ridge of about five miles from Glen Girnac, and this from Glen Gilder by a more irregular ridge; that from a large hill to the eastward, commencing at Glen Muic, a ridge runs obliquely to Balmoral, and that various hills and depressions decline towards the termination of the higher ridge which separates the hollow of the Beallach-Buie Forest from Glen Clunie. The whole tract appears almost desolate, a very few scattered farm-houses only being seen.

"My companions being merrily disposed, I had no opportunity of becoming melancholy and cynical. We quenched our thirst from a shallow pool formed by recent rains on a flattish mass of granite, and subsequently with better water from the spring near the summit. From near the most projecting promontory of the precipice we descended by the north-eastern slope, which is covered with blocks, over which we scrambled to the margin of the lake. The aspect of the precipice viewed from the base of its talus is singular and most imposing, the rock being fissured by perpendicular chasms, and partly formed into rude pyramids and prisms. Skirting the lake we reached its southern side, and passing over a vast accumulation of enormous blocks, at length gained

the mouth of the Corry, whence we quickly descended to 'The Hut,' and presently after reached Inchnabobart. Our progress to Ballater does not require a narrative, and about eight o'clock we were at Abergairn.

"About 40 alpine flowering plants and 20 cryptogamous plants were collected. Very few vertebrated animals were met with. Not a single quadruped or fish was seen; only one reptile, the common Lizard (Zootoca vivipara), which we caught, and about a dozen species of birds; the Rook (Corvus frugelegus), the Cuckoo (Cuculus canorus), the Dipper (Cindus aquaticus), the Coal tit (Parus ater), the Chaffinch (Fringilla cœlebs), the Kestrel (Falco trununculus), the Buzzard (Buteo vulgaris), the Sparrow-hawk (Accipiter nisus), all in Glen Muic; and on the mountain the brown Ptarmigan (Lagopus scolicus), the Gray Ptarmigan (Lagopus cinereus), the Snow Bunting (Plectrophanes nivalis), the Ring Ousel (Turdus torquatus), the meadow Pipit (Anthus pratensis), everywhere up to the summit."

Excursus to Braemar.

From Ballater to Braemar you can proceed by either bank of the Dee. That on the north side is the coach road, and, as far as the road is concerned, is the better of the two. Starting from Ballater, we pass round the base of Craigendarroch, leaving it on the right. On the left, as you leave the town, is the Free Church. At a mile and a half is the Bridge of Gairn over the water of Gairn, which joins the Dee just below. There is very fine scenery up the valley, Glen Gairn, through which it flows. About a mile further the Girnock joins the Dee from the south side, coming down a vale known as Strath Girnock. Then comes Coille-erich, or Coil-a-creich, where there is a small inn, and a mile beyond is Micras, lying a little to the north of the road. M'Gillivray says of this little clachan—"More characteristic specimens of Highland huts than those you see occupying very picturesque stations on the hillside at Micras one seldom meets with. Yet they are very different from Irish cabins, for they contain abundance of good things, and their inhabitants, Gaelic-speaking Celts, have very little moral affinity with the Celts of the 'sister isle.'"

About a mile further on, but on the opposite or south side of the river, is Abergeldie Castle. It is beautifully situated in the bosom of a fine valley; extensive woods clothe the lofty hills to the south-east, and the summits of Lochnagar in the distance close in this grand Highland landscape. It belonged once to Mowats, and passed from them to Gordons. It is at present part of the royal demesnes. Birkhall, already mentioned in the excursus to Lochnagar, along with the estate and castle of Knock, is also royal property, having been purchased from Mr. Gordon of Abergeldie in 1848, and these estates are now the property of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. Its birches have been celebrated in an old Scottish song—

"THE BIRKS OF ABERGELDIE.

"Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go;
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the Birks o' Abergeldie?
Ye shall get a gown o' silk,
A gown o' silk, a gown o' silk;
Ye shall get a gown o' silk
And a coat o' callemankie."

"Na, kind sir, I daurna gang,
I daurna gang, I daurna gang;
Na, kind sir, I daurna gang,
My minnie will be angry;
Sair, sair, wad she flyte,
Wad she flyte, wad she flyte;
Sair, sair, wad she flyte,
And sair wad she ban me."

Says M'Gillivray—"Having passed a little bit of low moor, sprinkled with very pretty bushes of birch, we come, a little beyond the 48th milestone (from Aberdeen), to the church of Crathie, with the schoolhouse on an eminence, from which, as from many others, is obtained an extensive view of mountain slope, tufted wood, and winding river. But more than this; there, on that slightly elevated plain, bounded by a curve of the Dee, and covered with birch trees, rises Balmoral Castle, the autumnal residence of the royal family.

This first view of it excites the most pleasing emotions. Were it on a bog or on a sandbank, it would be in one sense just as interesting. Extended and improved as it has recently been, it is a beautiful object in itself, and receives from the birch forest that stretches far around it an increase of beauty. Whether this be one of the finest sites on the Dee or not, it is yet by far the most interesting, and perhaps ever will be."

Sir Alex. Leith Hay tells us that the castle, which is situated on the south bank of the Dee, is itself a modern building, erected by the late Sir Robert Gordon, who, having obtained a lease from Lord Fife, with great taste availed himself of the natural beauties of the place, and formed at the same time a wild and ornamented residence. It formerly belonged to the Farquharsons, descendants of the family of Inverey. In 1848 the reversion of the lease was bought from the trustees of the late Sir Robert Gordon by H.R.H. the late Prince Albert; and later the estate was purchased by him from the Fife Trustees for £31,500. The Prince bequeathed it to her Majesty, who has since added very largely to the extent of the estate, besides erecting a spacious palace and greatly beautifying the grounds. The three estates of Birkhall, Abergeldie, and Balmoral comprise upwards of 35,000 acres. Ballochbuie Forest has recently been added to it by purchase from Colonel Farquharson of Invercauld.

The Queen arrived on her first visit to Balmoral on Friday, September 8, 1848. She thus describes it:—"It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is wood down to the Dee; and the hills rise all around.

"There is a nice little hall, with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Upstairs (ascending by a good broad staircase), immediately to the right and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room (formerly the drawing-room), a fine large room, next to which is our bedroom, opening into a little dressing-room, which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Miss Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen upstairs.

"At half-past four we walked out and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house, is charming. To the left you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding Lochnagar, and to the right towards Ballater, to the glen or valley, along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thuringerwald. It was so calm and so solitary it did one good as one gazed around, and the pure mountain air was so refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and all its sad turmoils.

"The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate; and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Laggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the Dee, a beautiful rapid stream, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills towards Invercauld is exceedingly fine."—(*Leaves.*)

A little beyond the 49th milestone a road strikes off to the north. It was a military road, formed after 1745, to communicate between Perth and Corgarff and Fort-George. Near this stood the old house of Monaltrie, burned down in 1745. It was re-erected near Ballater. The village, a mile or so on in the valley down by the water-side, is still called The Street of Monaltrie. Near it are the remains of some standing-stones, or so-called Druidical temple. Beyond the village is a cairn called Cairn-na-cuimhne, or Cairn-a-quheen. This was the slogan or watchword of the country, and this cairn was the rendezvous.

On the south side of the river is the burn of Gelder and the farm-house of Invergelder. The hill on the north side of the valley is Craignortie. Opposite, and at the distance of about 6 miles due south, is Lochnagar.

A little beyond Cairn-a-quheen is the burn and inn of Inver, and then the Invercauld Arms Inn about a mile and a half from Balmoral Castle. The road now goes over a plain and level haugh till you reach the bridge of Invercauld.

Says M'Gillivray—"At length we stand on the lofty mid-arch of Invercauld Bridge. Before we pass on, let us pause once more—not because we are weary of travel or of the world. Here the bed of the Dee is obliquely intersected by a broken ridge of slaty rock, passing from south-west to north-east. The stream is broken by it into a succession of little falls and rapids, and then glides away over its stony bed to wind afar amid pine-clad hills. Beautiful scene! I almost weep when I look upon thee; for tears flow from the pure fountain of happiness as well as from the troubled springs of sorrow. How unlike in thy quiet loveliness to the fierce rudeness of human nature. Not a living creature is to be seen but a lad whipping the water. The western sun shines in full splendour in a sky unobscured, although scattered flakes of white vapour glide slowly eastward in its upper region. Long shadows are projected from the tall pines, while the hill-tops, purpled with flowering heath, or gray with lichen-crusted stones, are lighted with the blaze. Far away up the wooded glens is still seen the scarred ridge of Lochnagar. Not a breath stirs the tiny leaf of the birch, nor a sound is heard but from the waters. Ought not he to whom Providence has allotted all this to be happy? The scene is mine and thine; but happiness comes not from without. Yet, oh Invercauld! thou hast a patrimony of beauty. May it long be enjoyed by thee and thine! I see nothing wanting but scattered homes of happy tenants, and little patches of yellow corn, and cows feeding by the river and sheep on the hills.

"Between the bridge and the Castletown, is a most beautiful tract, overhung on the southern side by craggy hills and abrupt rocks, profusely wooded along their bases, and even on their summits. It is still a region of woods; but green pastures and cornfields stretch along the river, and on a beautiful green terrace, backed by plantations of pine and other trees, stands Invercauld House on the north side. At length we reach Braemar Castle, and—one more effort—walking as smartly as if nothing were the matter, we arrive at the capital of Braemar."

Before reaching the Bridge of Invercauld, the steep pine-covered mountain on the left and on the south of the river is the Forest of Ballochbuie. It is said that it was given to the Farquharsons by the Earl of Mar for a tartan plaid. It is now the property of her Majesty.

Through the forest there runs into the Dee the stream of the Garrawalt, the falls of which are considered to be the finest on Deeside. "The water comes foaming and raging and toiling down over and through the rocks, in a manner almost impossible to be described." Its name, "Garbh-allt," rough brook, well characterises it. M'Gillivray says of it—"Wandering on, we are led by the sound of waters to the Garvalt, which we find rushing and foaming down a rocky cleft, and then hurrying over the blocks and stones which form its path and rise on either side into ridges."

Above the bridge is an immense stone, called Erskine's Stane, or the Muckle Stane o' the Clunie; it was formerly one of the march-stones between the lands of Erskine of Clunie and Farquharson of Invercauld. Clunie House is a little beyond, on the north side of the road.

"You will have observed sometime before this, on the south side of the road, a most stately and awful rock rising nobly up from the bottom of the glen, as straight almost as an arrow. This is Craig-Clunie; and as you now go along the road at the foot of it, it presents a most awful appearance—its great rocks rising one above another, up almost to the clouds, and hanging gloomily over as if they were ready to fall down and crush you into powder. A more noble rock than this is nowhere to be seen. It is sometimes called the Charter Chest, because there the Laird of Clunie, in times of danger and tribulation, used to hide his charter chest.

After the battle of Culloden, in the year 1746, Colonel Farquharson of Clunie hid himself in a cave far up this rock for the space of ten months; and it is said that, when lying there in the silence of the night, he heard the sounds of merriment which King George's soldiers were making in his house."

The great rock on the south side is called the Lion's Face, and opposite to it on a broad plateau swept round by the Dee stands Invercauld House (Col. Farquharson). "The Farquharsons, of whom Invercauld is the chief, are the descendants of the Clan Chattan. Having settled on the banks of the Dee in 1371, they became a numerous, powerful, and warlike sept, taking part in most of the battles and skirmishes that for centuries depopulated the north. Farquhar, from whom they derive their name, was made Baillie and Chamberlain of Mar by Robert the Second."

A little further on, at the fifty-seventh milestone, is the Castle of Braemar, belonging to Colonel Farquharson, and sometimes used as a garrison. It is modern, having been built shortly after 1715. Half a mile further is the village of Castletown of Braemar, where it is said Malcolm Canmore had a hunting seat. At that time it was called Kindroghet. The old Castle of Braemar, on the east bank of the Water of Clunie, close by the bridge, is reputed to have been his lodge or hunting-seat. On a knoll a few yards east of the Invercauld Arms Inn, now removed for new buildings, John Erskine, the thirty-ninth Earl of Mar, on the 6th September 1715, raised his standard in support of the Chevalier de St. George, whom he had previously, at Glenlivat, proclaimed king under the title of James VIII.

The Standard on the Braes o' Mar
Is up and streaming rarely;
The gathering pipe on Lochnagar
Is sounding lang and sairly.
The Highlandmen
Frae hill and glen,
In marshal hue,
With bonnets blue,
With belted plaids
And burnished blades,
Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry,
MacGregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Panmure and gallant Harry?
Macdonald's men,
Clan Ranald's men,
Mackenzie's men,
Macgillivray's men,
Strathallan's men,
The Lowlan' men,
Of Callander and Airly.

Fy, Donald, up, and let's awa,
We canna langer parley,
When Jamie's back is at the wa',
The lad we loe sae dearly.
We'll go,—we'll go,
And meet the foe,
And fling the plaid
And swing the blaide,
And forward dash,
And hack and slash—
And fleg the German Carlie.

ALEX. LAING *of Brechin.*

From Castletown of Braemar the road up Glen Clunie leads to Perth by the Spittal of Glenshee. From here, too, excursions may be made to Glentilt, to the Wells of Dee, Ben Muick-dhui, Cairngorm, Loch Avon, and the Spey.

About two miles above the Castletown is the Carr, with its Linn, and half a mile further on the Linn of Corrymulzie, near which the Earl of Fife has a summer residence. A mile further on the opposite bank of the river is Mar Lodge, a princely seat of the Earl of Fife. It was greatly damaged by the flood of August 1829. Onwards you pass the clachans of Muckle and Little Inverey, and the ruins of the old Castle of Inverey. Glens join the river valley on both sides, and every glen has its waterfalls. There is no end almost to the variety of scenes of interest which may be explored here.

A mile and a-half beyond Inverey is the Linn of Dee. Robertson says of it that it is by all allowed to be a most singular curiosity. The whole water of the Dee rushes through so narrow a channel in the rocks that a boy of five years old might leap across it. The force of the river is, as you may suppose, most tremendous; and the pool into which the water falls, after escaping from its toilings among the rocks, is said by the ignorant to be so deep that it has no bottom. M'Gillivray says, "Many people who visit it in expectation of a splendid sight are disap-

pointed, and become vituperative; others, finding it a very curious place, are well pleased. I visited it in 1816, 1819, and 1830. My opinion of it in one of these years was this. It is by no means interesting, consisting merely of a pretty large stream dashing between rocks of no great height. At one place the breadth of the chasm is not more than four feet; and here a person may leap over, though there is some danger in returning, because one side is higher than the other. The leap is trifling; but the fury of the torrent boiling below makes it appear hazardous. I stepped over without disengaging myself from my knapsack or shoes; and not caring to leap up again with my baggage, I clambered up the rock and continued my journey. When I came to it in 1850, I found my opinions quite altered; it seemed very interesting, and I felt no desire to step over it."

The Linn is sixty-four miles from Aberdeen, and here the carriage-road up the river ends. The tourist can proceed a few miles further on horseback, and with good Highland ponies it is possible, though with difficulty, to ride nearly to the source. There are only two houses higher up than the Linn, and these are about a mile from it, and no more trace of habitation is to be found till you cross over to Badenoch, where here and there may be seen a lonely shepherd's shealing.

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THE END.

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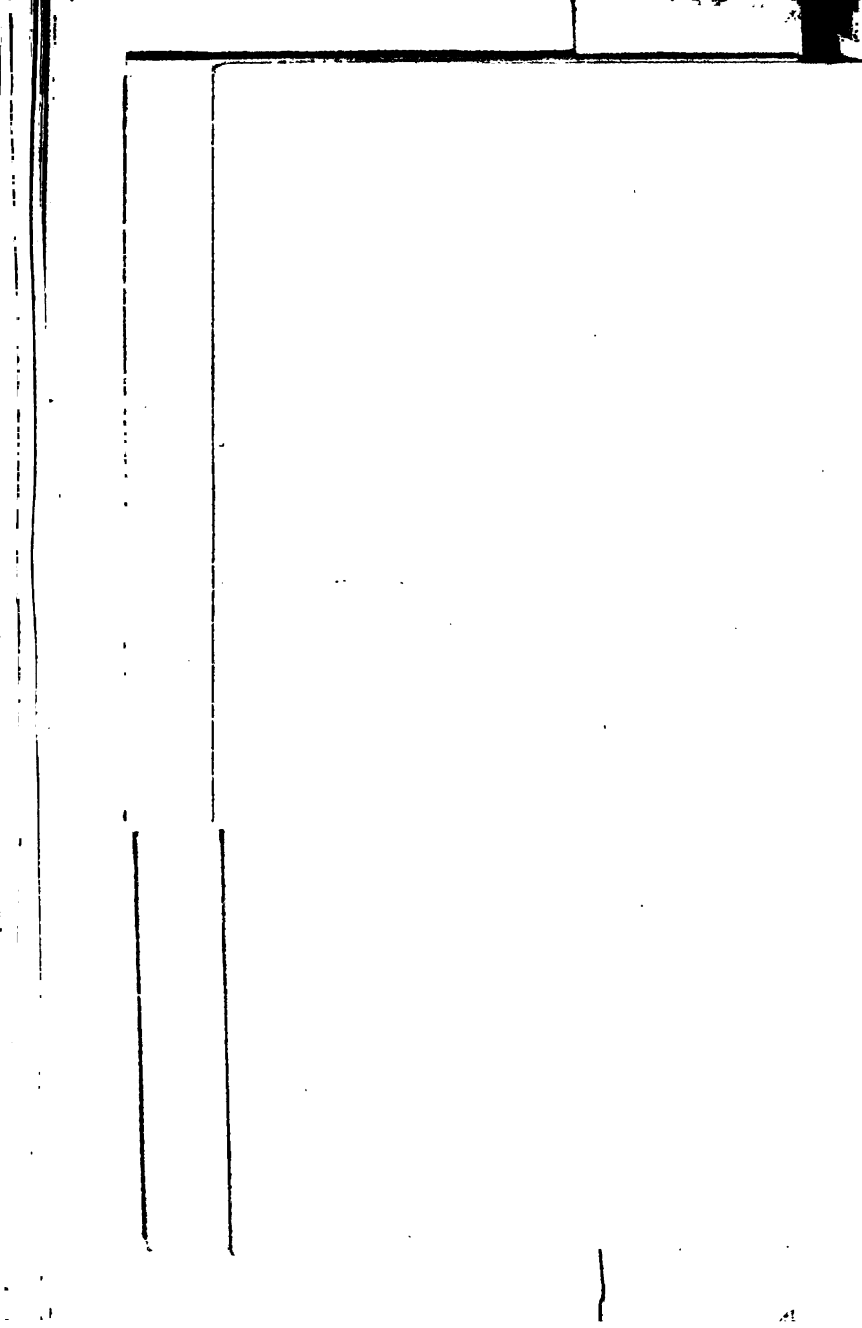

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