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REMINISCENCES

OF

A CLACHNACUDDIN

NONAGENARIAN

Maclean
BY THE EDITOR OF THE "INVERNESS HERALD."

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INVERNESS:
DONALD MACDONALD.

1886.

J. S. Melan

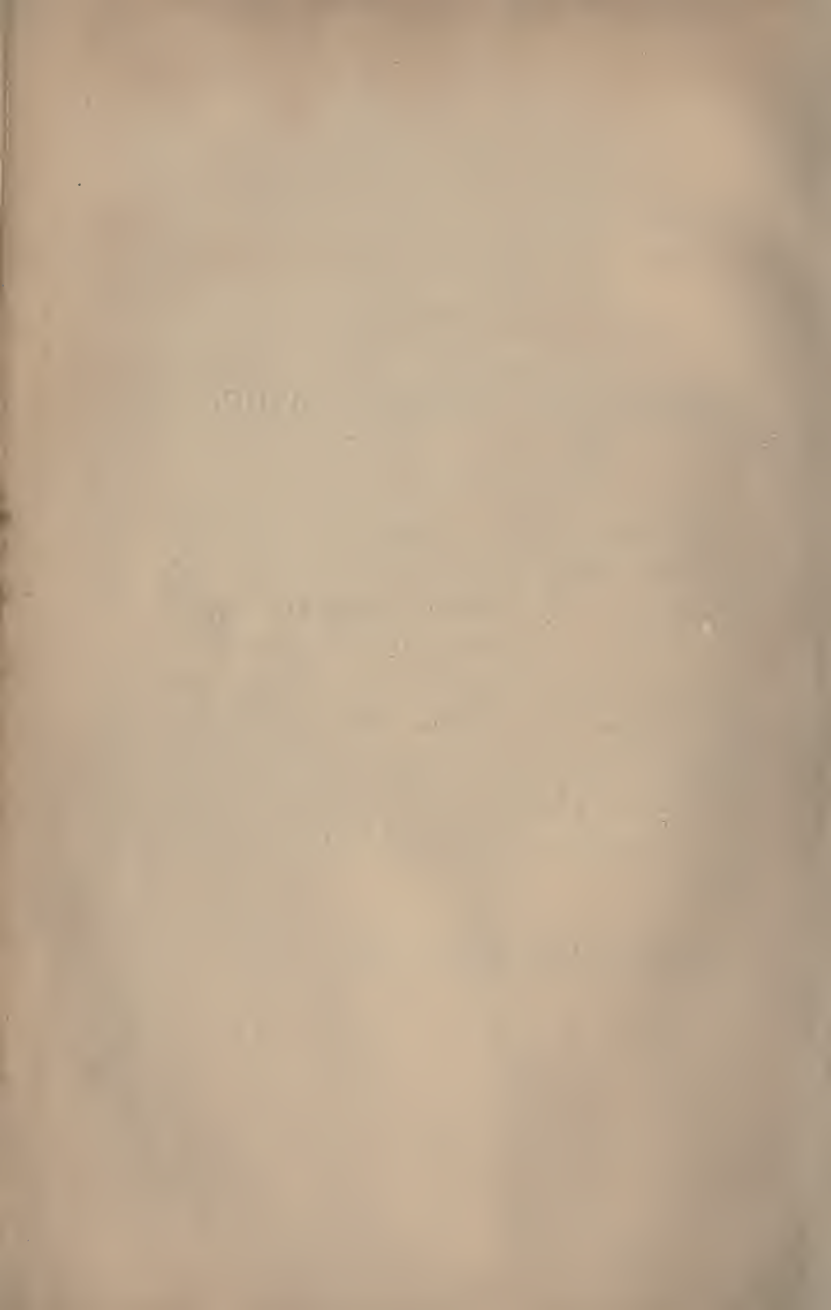
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PREFACE TO PRESENT EDITION.

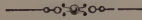


The Reminiscences of Maclean, the Nonagenarian, were issued in 1842, and copies are now extremely rare. The following pages are a reprint of the work as it came from the "Herald" Office. During the forty-four years that have since elapsed many changes have occurred. The Nonagenarian sets before us the town as it was within his recollection, and those who now read his pages will see what immense progress has been made during the present century.

Inverness, 21st December 1886.



REMINISCENCES OF A CLACHNACUDDIN NONAGENARIAN.



INTRODUCTION.

There are some readers who dislike a "Preface," for our own parts we cannot place ourselves among the number, as we generally look to the preface, not only to get some hint respecting the author, but also in expectation of obtaining an outline of the plan of the work itself; and even though the preface begin with "Gentle Reader," the polite way in which the writers of the two last centuries were wont to introduce themselves, we have so much reverence for the olden time, that we are never offended, provided the preface itself be tolerably brief. We doubt not our sentiments on this subject prevail among our readers, and that some Clachnacuddins may be anxious so far to remove the incognito from our nonagenarian as to be satisfied at least of his individuality. Now, whether such Clachnacuddins are denizens in the northern metropolis itself; in the great city of the South; in the back woods of America; amid the sands of Africa, or under the burning sun of Asia; whether employed in teaching civility at Pekin *à la mode barbare*, or whether among our subscribers in the 78th Highlanders, who have gallantly gone to "the rescue" in Affghanistan of their fair captive countrywomen, and of their unsuccessful comrades in arms; we feel that we shall contribute to the interest which the reminiscences of our Nonagenarian

may excite, by assuring such, that he is no ideal creation of our own; that although the snows of ninety winter's rest upon his head, and his frame, is not unscathed from the warfare of time, yet were the Clachnacuddin reader to catch but a sight of his time-worn person and features, even in the outlandish regions to which we have alluded, he would at once recognise a Highlander. Unlike many of his countrymen, who tear themselves from "the land of the mountain and the flood," to push their fortunes in the south, he has passed through the periods of infancy and manhood, without ever quitting his native scenes, and shortly expects his mortal coil itself must there mingle "with the clods of the valley." His mind, however, not only maintains its empire, but endures with all the retentiveness and vivacity of youth. The *bothy* in which he has lived from infancy to old age, and in which he has passed many days of humble and domestic happiness, is now comparatively silent, save when those whose prattle once enlivened it, snatch a short period from the engrossing claims of their occupation, to administer to his wants; or when *their* offspring are deputed to perform duties at once peculiarly grateful to old age, and which present youth in its most engaging and attractive features. Some time too an occasional acquaintance or visitor seeks our Nonagenarian's residence, to hear of times and persons long departed, and in return for the gratification they experience, they help in some measure to minister to the necessities or comforts of his departing days. We must, however, give a description of the *bothy* itself, and when we state that it is supposed to have stood for 200 years, some readers may imagine it to be built of the most durable kind of stone; such, however, it is not. Large posts (locally termed, couple-trees), of black oak, which probably belonged to some substantial building of still more

remote days, springing from the ground meet at an apex at the top, and serve for supports to the rafters and thatch, the sides and ends of the cottage being formed chiefly of time hardened clay. Though of humble materials and dimensions, the *bothy* is a standing proof, that even under these circumstances, cleanliness, neatness, and order, may be successfully maintained. Internally it is divided into a sitting room in the centre, with dormitories to the right and left; the clean whitewash upon the walls reflecting as much light as the small loop hole windows will admit; of which, however, the Highland *bothy* is comparatively independent, owing to the light and air generally being unsparingly admitted by the wide opened door. Having this intimated sufficient, we trust to convince the most sceptical of the individuality of our nonagenarian, we shall, without further delay, introduce his

TALE OF THE BRIDGE.

Nearly 90 years ago, I was deprived when a child of my father, which loss, though a serious one, was, however, ameliorated by the kindness of my grandfather, then an old man of about 70 years of age, who did what he could to supply the place of my parent, during the remainder of his life, which was extended to the age of 97 years. In my youthful days, to say nothing of those of my grandfather, which united, now reach through a period of 155 years, the Highlands were very different from what they now are, in a variety of ways. Some of the alterations, however, that strike me most forcibly, consist in the facilities of travelling communication, and in the means of conveying information. When a boy, I knew not only every inhabitant of Inverness, but even their very dogs; then houses were few, new books that made their way so far north, were rarities; and those comparatively modern vehicles

of public information, newspapers, were scarce in Scotland, and had no existence in the metropolis of the north; where the first was not commenced till 1808. The absence of the press as a means of recording events, necessarily induced the aged to treasure up more minutely in their memories, the particulars of events that transpired, and carefully to transmit them to posterity. From my grandfather I, in this manner, derived information on a variety of subjects, and in making allusion to events, previously to my own time, this will be born in mind, and considered a sufficient explanation. There are comparatively few buildings now in Inverness of which I have not beheld the origin, and those which form the exceptions, seem on that account to recommend themselves more strongly to the affections of an old man, as mementoes of former times and friends, bringing back to my memory the events of infancy and youth, with a vividness not unalloyed by feelings of pain, at beholding myself left, as it were, like the lone and shattered pine of the forest, and separated from the companions of my early days. I have reason, however, to be thankful, that while acquaintance and friend after friend has been removed from my side, others have been springing up around me, and, in order to dissipate all repining thoughts, I will attempt to amuse my hearer, and to gratify fondly cherished recollections, by detailing what I have heard, and what I personally remember, of one of my earliest infantine and yet standing acquaintances—The Bridge.

Previously to the erection of the present stone bridge, there existed one of oak, which stood a little below it, and which was used until the following accident occurred. An old wife was passing over the bridge, which was unprotected with railings, one wintry night, with a load of heather on her back, when a blast, sweeping down the glen, took effect

upon the heather, and hurled the poor creature into the flood, in which she perished. On account of this the bridge was condemned, and in 1685, the present stone bridge of seven arches was erected, partly at the expense of the town, and partly at the expense of Macleod of Macleod, the hon. Lord Lovat, Forbes of Culloden, and Inshes. Some of the stone employed was procured from a demolished fort, which was erected by Oliver Cromwell, when his troops were stationed in Inverness. On account of Macleod of Macleod and the other lairds contributing very largely to the expense of erecting the bridge, their clans were exempted for ever from payment of the toll, which was established to defray expense incurred by the town. Some years after, however, Lord Lovat sold his privilege to the burgh, and his tenants had consequently to pay. The toll was a *bodle*, or the 6th part of a penny, and it is on record that a short time previously to the era of 1745-6, it was a common sight to see a poor *woman* wading across the river with one of "the lords of creation" on her back, in order for him to escape the toll. Another expedient for relieving themselves of the tax was adopted by a number of persons residing in the country west of the river. On Sabbath forenoon, instead of paying the toll, and going to the kirk, a numerous party assembled on the spot known as the bleaching green, and played a game of Cammack. The minister, with the congregation, on coming from worship, were grieved at so unusual and unseemly a sight, and finding that the Sheltly players alleged their inability or unwillingness to pay toll, as the cause of their absenting themselves from kirk, the town authorities were applied to, who very considerately ordered the toll ever after to be discontinued on the Sabbath. The bridge had originally a gateway of stone at each end, the principle one being the eastern, which was embattled, and over one side of the archway were

placed the town arms, since removed to the front of the town hall, and in honour of the liberal contribution of Macleod towards the erection of the bridge, his coat of arms was also placed over the gateway, opposite to those of the town, and many a time have I passed beneath them, through the wee door in the massive gates, bristled on the top with spikes. The Macleod arms were some years ago placed over the south front of the centre arch, where they now remain. The gateway, however, it has been hitherto slighted by historians, had something memorable connected with it, and the following circumstance forms indeed by far the most eventful occurrence in the bygone events connected with the bridge, and which frequently rises in my imagination, when passing over its now peaceful surface.

On the day of the memorable 16th of April 1746, a party of Argyleshire Militia, disguised in the garb of the Prince's followers, and anticipating that which resulted at Culloden, marched into the town, then generally deserted by the inhabitants, who for the most part, were partakers in the fray, and took possession of the eastern approach to the bridge, the gates of which they locked, and around which they mustered with drawn claymores. Before the sun of that eventful day sunk behind the mountains of Strathglass, the event which the Argyleshire spies anticipated occurred, and as they could scarcely render a greater service to the King's party, than by impeding the retreat of the Prince's forces, they obstructed and defended the gateway of the bridge. Detached parties retreated from the moor in different directions; some also grasping hands, forded the river, which happened to be low, on the south side of the bridge, a circumstance which accounts for the massive silver buckles and coin found within a few years, opposite to Dunain, now known as Ness House. The main body, however, came by High

Street and Bridge Street, now very different from what they were, as almost every house was then approached by turnpike stairs, formed of wood or stone, the entrance being above the ground flat; these stairs contracted the roadway of the street very much, and foot paths are altogether of modern invention. In order, however, to give a better idea of the scene, it is necessary to describe the appearance of the west end of Bridge Street within my own time. The roads now running north and south from the east foot of the bridge, were effected by the direction of Provost Robertson, who also in the most public spirited manner, widened at his own expense, the west end of Bridge Street, by removing the turnpike stairs on the streets in front of his property, and setting back the house, which he rebuilt. Having watched the course of improvements through many years, I see that those effected by Provost Robertson and his coadjutors, demand above all, the grateful remembrance of posterity, for their obvious utility as well as for their number and extent. The gateway occupied the site of the present immediate approaches to the bridge, and reached to the houses right and left at the foot of the street, thereby forming not only a *gorge*, but one of very contracted dimensions. The street narrows considerably where the premises now occupied in the wine trade, by Provost Ferguson, are; and which tradition states, on account of their superiority in former days, to have been the residence of the beautiful Mary, on the occasion of her visiting the Highland capital. From its renovated external appearance, this building might not be supposed to be of such antiquity, but this was substantiated by the internal evidence, of a gorgeously sculptured fire place, and extensive vaults, one of which is supposed, from the direction it took, to have communicated with the Castle on the Hill. West of this building, known as the

Queen's house, is an ancient structure, with elaborately carved coats of arms in the stone work, to the attic windows, and bearing at the gable ends the date of 1678. This building in 1715 was occupied as a town residence by Forbes of Culloden; it is now divided into several domiciles, being occupied by a saddler, a grocer, and a vintner. Although the stone turnpike stairs were removed, as has been stated, by Provost Robertson, the present proprietor, the house now projects so far in the line of the street, as to allow of no pavement or footpath whatever before it, and when the ancient pile of buildings on the opposite side, known formerly as the town residence of the Robertson's of Inshes, and which also contested the claim of having had Queen Mary as a visitor under its roof, projected to the same extent on the street, and when to this is super-added the still greater projection of the stone stairs belonging to these venerable buildings, the reader will conceive the lane like appearance which the neighbourhood of the bridge presented in my early days. This then was the line of retreat for large bodies of the Prince's troops, and although the archway leading south towards the Haugh, admitted perhaps of some egress, yet the street quickly became choked up with retreating troops, which poured down in wave like succession, and hemmed up every avenue. A Dr Fraser, of the family of Relig, who had fought on the Prince's side, on reaching the spot, and beholding the cause and consequence of the obstruction, exclaimed, "my G—, men will you stand here and be butchered? Do you not hear the bugles of the King's troopers at the other end of the town," and rushing on, claymore in hand, and followed by others, the Argyleshire men were cut down, trampled over, the gates of the bridge forced, and a retreat secured to the mountainous district of Craig Phadric, Dunain, and

Strathglass, a description of country which it was the gallantry, but certainly not the wisdom, of the Prince and his followers to slight in their choice of ground for coping with long disciplined troops.

The general reader is satisfied with the historian when he accurately recounts the grand and leading events of which he professes to treat; when he notices the causes which led to the rise and fall of nations; the disposition of armies that conflicted; the general character of the country which was the theatre of the contest; and touches even briefly upon the character of renowned leaders, who distinguished themselves by their achievements. In like manner the writer of general statistics satisfies his ordinary readers, if he barely notices the antiquity of provinces or towns, alludes to the main improvements which have been effected in agriculture, in manufactures, buildings, or commerce; states correctly the amount of population and houses, and gives some account of the prevailing features of the districts about which he writes. In such cases, the general reader is satisfied; there are, however, others who covet more minute information; who desire such graphic descriptions of localities and events, that they may be unconsciously led, by their author, to place themselves in imagination among the varied scenes he describes, whether it be amid the band of immortal defenders of the pass of Thermopylæ, or other renowned scenes of antiquity; in the fore front of the British lines in their final and triumphant charge at Waterloo, or on the surge swept deck of the stranded vessel. These remarks are peculiarly applicable to *local* descriptions, and to the feelings of readers connected with the localities which are treated of, especially when the descriptions, though common-place in manner, and humble in kind, recall to mind of some advanced in years, the scenes

“In life’s morning march,
When the bosom was young.”

or conjures up, as it were, before the eye of some wanderer, in "far away" climes, the magic realities of fatherland, of youth, of home. While the mere "sight seeing" votaries canter over the world to *lionize* objects of universal renown, and to be enabled to deliver themselves in this manner, "Oh! I admit the building is a venerable one, the scenery is grand, and the circumstances striking; but after having supped in the salt mines of Cracow, breakfasted on the top of Chimborazzo, slept in the cave of Elephantia, thrown stones into Vesuvius, scratched our names on the nose of the Sphinx, danced a gallope on the top of Pompey's pillar, &c., &c., &c.," you will easily conceive that what you have been pointing out, can but slightly impress us;—while, we repeat, the mere sight-seeing world may slight the *minutia* of local description, the reader previously alluded to, will not only hail with pleasure a homely notice of

"The tell tale echo, and the babbling brook,
Time out of mind the haunt of love."

but will regard even an old house, a jutting crag, or a venerable tree, "as household gods," if associated with infancy and a parent's roof. Now we have felt these premises necessary, just to intimate to *our* "gentle reader," that he or she (while we follow the rule, we blush for the egotism and want of gallantry in grammarians, in assigning priority and "more worthiness" to the "he") may bear in mind, that we do not intend to imitate the redoubtable Falstaff in slaying the slain, by writing a formal history of the Battle of Culloden, of which there have been many versions—no, all we intend to do, is to allude to facts, some well known, others perhaps only traditional, and of which our Nonagenarian has a long budget, connected with the era of Culloden, just so far as he stumbles against them in his perambulations with us through the "guid auld toon," and having traced the history of the bridge from the period of

its erection, to that of the retreat of the Prince's forces, he will have pleasure in resuming and concluding the subject.

“Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day,”

was the superhuman warning needed, and vainly bestowed, when it remained with the chieftain himself to decide whether the banner of the Stuarts (that combustible generation of blunders, *hair-breadths*, and misfortunes) should, or should not, again float on the breeze; and if Nonagenarian is not prepared with “the when and the where,” of similar supernatural discouragements, required and bestowed to check the enthusiasm which, heedless of consequences, enlisted numbers of all ranks and ages around the standard of the Prince, he could tell of many stratagems which were devised by females, and others to keep fiery old lairds at home and out of harm's way, such as scalding their legs and other *gentle* means of placing them honourably on the sick list. War, under any circumstances, is to be deplored and avoided by all lawful means, but of all wars civil ones are the most dreadful, and many are the painful tales which the final conflict for the British crown have left on record. Time and death have, however, obliterated wounds and scenes, which, when recent, were too painful to be contemplated; and, as some compensation for such events, posterity regard the bold relief afforded to deeds of blood and violence, by the heroic, daring, and devoted attachment to the cause of the Stuarts by Flora Macdonald (whose portrait graces the town hall), and the immortal honour gained by one who, though opposed to the claims of the Pretender, yet when refuge was sought under his roof by princely misfortune, was proof against the tempting bribe of £40,000, to betray Charles into the power of those who would have secured the country against any future attempt of his to excite rebellion among the inhabitants. The

worst feature of the civil war was the division which it necessarily caused in families by some members assuming one side and some another. In this part of the Highlands, the Prince's party was decidedly the popular one; there were, however, many individual exceptions, and the Presbyterian ministers as a body were generally loyal to the House of Hanover—and now I must mention that this was particularly the case with the Rev. Mr Macbean, the minister of Inverness, at the period of the rebellion. Here, however, was a local instance of the divided opinion to which I have referred. The Rev. Mr Macbean's son was a Colonel of Artillery, and fought on the King's side at Culloden; his daughter, however, Miss Macbean, was so enthusiastically devoted to the Prince's cause that she could scarcely by force be restrained from placing the bonnet with the white cockade over a brow that might have vied with the ribbon for whiteness, from girding the claymore to her waist and marching to "the muir," either with the regular clans, "all plaided and plumed in their tartan array," and preceded by the pibroch, or with the more peaceable inhabitants who also generally deserted the town on the occasion, to be "spectators of the fight," but who, in multitudes of instances, either voluntarily joined in the fray, or became included in the conflict and casualties of the retreat, which eye witnesses describe as more fatal than the engagement—the roads from the muir to the town itself being at intervals strewed with the slain. But how shall I depict the anxiety of those whose domestic or other duties confined them to their houses or the town, to ascertain the state of the conflict, or the probable results of the day. The death knells of relatives, of clansmen, or at least of countrymen, were continually reaching them from the reports of musketry, and the heavier peal of artillery, reverberated by the amphitheatre of adjacent mountains. Many a female

heart fluttered on that eventful day, to learn how it fared with children, husbands, brethren, or lovers—and often times I heard my mother speak of the anxiety *she* felt—how she strained her eyes from the door of the *bothy* where I *now* dwell, and which *then* commanded a view of the road. At length a rumour of the battle going against, and of a retreat of the Prince's forces arrived, quickly followed by undeniable evidence of the fact, by soldiers fording the river, in order to secure a retreat to the Aird—to apprise, perhaps, their families, partners, or their aged kindred, to retire to inaccessible districts and escape the fearful excesses of the King's troops, flushed with success and maddened by actual losses. Exhausted with fatigue, as clansmen passed the *bothy*, they exclaimed to my mother, “a bhean, a bhean, thoir dhuinn deoch”—woman, woman, give us a drink—and unfeminine, indeed, must the heart have been which refused to friend or foe in such circumstances a cup of cold water. My mother busily employed herself in handing basins of water to the men from the *bothy*; her anxiety to catch some information respecting the battle may be more easily imagined than described, when it is stated that her *own* two *brothers* were both fighting on the Prince's side. At length she had the joy of seeing them arrive, of supplying them also with water, and viewing them safely on their way to the Aird, where they eluded detection. Having now finished this part of my subject, I shall notice

THE DUNGEON

constructed in the bridge, and still in existence. It having been recently opened, the public are pretty well acquainted with its existing features, which may be thus briefly described. A dismal abode of about 12 feet is constructed in the masonry of the third arch from the eastern end of the bridge.

Light sufficient to render darkness visible is admitted by an iron grating in the southern face of the pier. The approach, now covered over, is on the surface of the bridge, by a flight of stairs leading to a door formed of massive iron bars. As far as I have learned, this place was generally used as a sort of lock-up house, or temporary cage, but I well remember the following circumstances connected with it being much spoken of. In 1718 a notorious cattle lifter being confined therein, thought to "give each inquietude the slip"—

By flying to ills he knew not of—

and terminated his existence by hanging himself with a piece of birch to the iron door of his dungeon, where he was found next morning. The circumstance of a person having been there eaten by rats is a poetic fiction of very modern date, had it been *vice versa*, or a rat eaten by a prisoner, a contradiction might have been more difficult. I perfectly remember the last inmate of this dreary abode, which happened about 55 years ago. One Allan Cameron, a man from Lochaber, imprisoned for robbery, was kept there a very considerable time, on account of the old jail having been pulled down, and the present one being in course of erection. Allan was reputed an idiot, whether this was assumed or not is a question. He, however, appears to have had some bright ideas occasionally. Often have I seen the lads and lassies letting down bread to his grating over the parapet of the bridge, with a piece of string, and to their infinite amusement beholding him bobbing after the oft-plied bait. At last, like other amusements of older children, when once fairly in fashion, it became quite the rage; Allan was baited from dawn till eve, and bobbed so successfully in the main, that he became perfectly dainty, and would bawl to the youngsters, "I will na tak the oat, nane

but the white bannack," meaning loaf bread. At length the new jail was completed, and Allan not only quitted his amphibious kind of abode, but was soon after introduced in his new one to a party of Ross-shire rioters, who had been committed for preventing the introduction of sheep. These wild Highlanders did not at all enjoy themselves in durance vile, and thinking Allan a complete idiot, arranged a plan of escape in his presence. They took advantage in the day time of unfastening a door that led to the steeple, which at night they opened, and having descended, succeeded in opening the present south gate in the tower of the jail. Allan was not so great an idiot, but that he listened to all their plans; silently and unobservedly followed their steps, and with them so effectually escaped detection, as never to be again heard of. Having brought the history of the bridge down to the present, I must not conclude without briefly alluding to its future fate, which, according to an old tradition or prophecy is, that many lives will be lost at its fall, and that this will take place when there are seven females on the bridge in a state poetically described as that

"In which ladies wish to be,
Who love their lords."

Let us hope, that at worst the extent of the threatened calamity is necessarily involved in the latter adjunct of the prophecy, and in the words of an old writer, I will only add—

"Cavete posteritas."

A WALK THROUGH INVERNESS NINETY YEARS AGO.

Having concluded my notice of the Bridge, I now beg the gentle reader to accompany me in a walk through Inverness in my boyish days, and there is

less difficulty in this, inasmuch as at that period the town was of very limited dimensions compared with its present state. Starting from my own bothy, I remember the time, when including it, there were only fifteen smokes and only eight small windows (with the exception of Phopachy House) to be seen between the Blue House, now occupied by Aberarder, and Kessock Ferry. The oldest building on the west side of the river is a kiln and granary, the property of Mr Duff of Muirtown, which was built by Lord Lovat at the time the troops of Cromwell were stationed here, and has ever since been employed for the same purpose. Behind the inn, a little beyond this spot, the Frasers were encamped the night before the battle of Culloden, the officers being quartered at this inn. I have often heard my mother speak with emotion of the dawn of that eventful morning. Captain Fraser of Inchberry, before marching, harangued his men; he had been nearly choked when taking a hasty breakfast, and had a presentiment that he would fall in the battle, he exhorted them, however, whether deprived of his services or not, to stand firm. Never, perhaps, were two armies more unfitted to march, the Royal troops had the previous night celebrated the birth-day of their leader, the Duke of Cumberland, at Nairn, and shivered with cold as they got under arms, the Prince's forces were but scantily supplied, and in marching to the east encountered a storm of sleet, which blowing in their faces, was construed by them as an ill omen. Captain Fraser's presentiment was verified, as he was one of the first that fell. The Blue House, previously alluded to, being a large and commodious building, was used as an hospital for the wounded of the Royal troops, the walls, however, are now all that remain of the original building, it having been gutted, new roofed, and converted into a first-rate residence. Just behind the West Church,

are the ruins of a spacious building, known as the house of Fairfield. The only circumstance worth relating of this, is that of the proprietor having shortly after its erection, hoarded up a quantity of money in a safe attic: to this, however, a son who was an idiot, gained access very early one morning, and, procuring a sack, he took as much as he could carry in it, and proceeded through the town, probably with a view of seeing the world, as he had supplied himself with "the needful." He, however, literally fulfilled the words of the prophet, by putting "money into a bag that had holes," and in his progress through the town, he actually sowed it with coin. Those who were early about that morning experienced a lucrative illustration of the old adage, "the early bird has the worm," and a comparatively small sum found its way back to the hoard in the attic. Having already described the bridge and the approaches, let me give you a bird's-eye view of the town ninety years ago from the Castle Hill, for which purpose we will ascend by the Castle Wynd. Here we now meet, as the old entrance to the hall of Napier's Hotel, with "the last of the turnpike stairs," in the form of a wee round tower projecting beyond the line of building, and conducting by a spiral flight of stone stairs to the apartments above. A little beyond this, in a building still standing, and of more humble elevation than the front of the hotel, was the "beggars opera" of the northern capital. An elaborately carved attic gable, will point out the domicile to the curious. From the summit of the old Castle, which I shall afterwards describe, we obtained, ninety years ago, an excellent view of the town and vicinity; the former then consisted almost entirely of Castle Street, High and Bridge Streets, and Church Street, running at right angles to each other. Then, there was great variety in the height of the different houses, but even those of

two and three stories high, were in many instances thatched with straw or heather. At the Shore, nothing in the shape of buildings was to be seen, except the old fort, a few sheds, and the houses of Bailie Alves and Mr Pitketlie, which are still standing. The site of the Royal Academy and New Street was a quagmire; at the draining of which, the skeleton of a soldier, who was murdered some years previously by some smugglers, was discovered, and cleared up long doubts as to the cause of his mysterious disappearance from his quarters. The land extending east, from the present Academy, along the valley as far as Millburn, was cultivated land in my early days, but, with some exceptions, spots now covered with luxuriant crops, and in the highest state of agricultural improvement, such as Bught, were 90 years ago under whins and heather. Bught was much frequented as a drying ground, and the inhabitants without molestation or injury tethered their cows or fed their sheep on the waste as far as Holm. On the hill extending from the Castle, now adorned with villas and hanging gardens that might vie for beauty and luxuriance with those of ancient Babylon, was a spot known as the Gallows Muir, where the extreme punishment of hanging and gibbetting was carried into effect whenever an occasion in the Highlands required, and too frequently on occasions which would now be deemed unworthy of extreme penal infliction. One, however, who well merited his doom, was Shearfield, an Irishman in the Duke's army, who barbarously murdered his wife in the Castle Wynd. As a proof of the scarcity of *Brogain Sasgunnach* in the Highlands at that period, a Highlander from a neighbouring parish endeavoured a day or two after the execution to obtain the culprit's shoes, but being unable to pull them off, he actually cut the feet off with them at the ankles. I well remember having seen the bones and the

habiliments of Shearfield when a boy hanging in the gibbet, and dreary was the sound of the wind at night as it whistled through his skeleton. Among others who suffered was *Mac Ian Ruaidh*, the Black Isle freebooter, who was gibbeted at this spot; also, one known by the appellation of "Jock among the corn," a half-witted lad, who robbed the post in Morayshire, and whose fate, on account of his mental weakness, long after excited commiseration in the north. *Archie Bui*, also a notorious outlaw, suffered here. There were in Inverness at that, as well as at the present, time, the followers of fun and folly, and Jock Rose, a son of Bailie Rose, agreed with a number of his confederates to take the body of *Mac Ian Ruadh* down from the gibbet a night or two after his execution. They not only effected this, but as they had a little grudge against the Provost, they carried the corpse and deposited it at his door, where it was found by the inmates in the morning. A fine noise was, of course, made in the Council, and the offence was brought home to the Bailie's son, but civil proceedings against him were waived on the Bailie promising to the Council to administer a severe thrashing that night to his son when he would be in bed. Jock's mother, however, heard what was in store for her son, and mother-like, gave some hint of what he had to expect—information which was not thrown away, as Jock adroitly placed a log of timber in his bed, and covered it over as naturally as he could with the bed clothes, in order to imitate

"The human form divine,"

and then ensconced himself beneath the framework of the bedstead itself. The Bailie, very probably nerved himself to the duty of inflicting a sound punishment upon Jock, by taking an extra potion of home-brewed ale, the beverage that was generally prevalent in the Highlands, until superseded by the

stronger claims of whisky. When he had wound up his nerves to the proper pitch of indignation at his troublesome son, he provided himself with a good stick, and began to belabour, as he supposed, the person of his son, in right earnest style, till the groans which he had heard at first having ceased, he became alarmed, and descending to the sitting-room, said to his wife, "Woman, I fear yon foolish lad is no more." Nor did his fear subside until Mrs Rose came down, and reported that their son was not *seriously injured*. Having briefly adverted to the general appearance of the town and vicinity, I shall proceed, in my walk, to notice some of the more remarkable buildings, but must defer till my next a description of the old Castle of Inverness.

THE CASTLE.

Previously to describing what I myself remember of the old Castle of Inverness, the subject is of such importance and interest that a brief glance at its earlier history will naturally be expected, and it will be understood that I derive information antecedent to the last ninety years from a few choice books, or from early tradition. That Inverness was a place of note previously to the Christian era appears to rest on good authority; independently of which, its admirable position at the mouth of the great glen of Scotland, and its easy distance from the north sea, at once rendering it a desirable station for trade, and safe from invasion compared with places lying directly on the coast; these would naturally recommend it as the site of a town at a very early period. The existing remains of a vitrified British Fort on Craig Phadrick, with a very perfect Druidical circle at Leys, a little south of the town, demonstrate that its geographical advantages had not been overlooked by the ancient inhabitants of the

country. It is, however, subsequent to the defeat of the Danes under Sweyn, by Malcolm the 2nd, that mention is so frequently made in history of the Castle of Inverness, which appears to have been the principal "King's house," or stronghold in the north, from that period to a comparatively recent one. The original castle is supposed to have occupied the site of the Crown, where the *plateau* of table land, extending on the east from Millburn to Castle Street on the west, terminates with an abrupt ridge above the town. I remember, some years ago, the massive foundations of old buildings, and a quantity of human bones were discovered, in making some excavations for the present house of Abertarff. At a much earlier period I remember seeing, at Maryfield, a little south of Abertarff's house, an enormous stone-slab, twice the size of a mill-stone, with a hole in the centre, in which the public cross of the town was said to have stood, and contiguous to which the town itself was built. This spot contests with one or two other localities the notoriety of being the scene of King Duncan's murder by Macbeth. That the hilly platform alluded to was easily capable of defence from an attack on the seaward or northern side is sufficiently obvious, but owing to the level character of the land on the south side, it would appear to have been easily approachable from that direction, unless we are to suppose that it was flanked on the east by the valley of Millburn, then an impassible morass, by the River Ness on the west washing the base of the Castle Hill, and a dense forest covering the land to the south. Malcolm the 3rd is said to have razed this original castle in detestation of his father's murder, and to have built another on the site occupied by the present. The steep descent from the hill into Petty Street probably assumed its present width through the wear and traffic of ages operating on a

loose gravelly soil, but I have heard it stated, as a very old tradition, that the little valley in which Castle Street is situated was an artificial cutting made to protect the fortress on the west. It is probable that experience had taught parties the inexpediency of having very extensive lines to defend; and that the present Castle Hill, in contradistinction to the previous one, of which I believe it to have formed the western extremity, was chosen and fortified as a place of greater safety and defence. Shaw Macduff, a son of the sixth Earl of Fife, was rewarded by Malcolm 4th with the hereditary Governorship of the Castle, for assisting him to quell an insurrection of the inhabitants of Moray, on which occasion he assumed the name of Mackintosh. In 1245, Sir John Bisset of Lovat was imprisoned in the Castle for his supposed participation in the murder of the Earl of Athole, and for his acknowledging the Lord of the Isles as a Sovereign Prince. Some time after, the Cummings of Badenoch seized the fortress and retained possession of it until 1303, when it was captured by Edward the 1st of England, from whom it was retaken for Robert Bruce a few years after. James the 1st, in 1429, held a court in the Castle, a few months previously to which he ordered it to be repaired and enlarged. In 1429, it was besieged by Alexander, Lord of the Isles, in revenge for having been confined a prisoner in it the previous year by the King. Malcolm, Chief of the Clan Chattan, successfully defended it, and the ravages of Alexander were confined to the town, which he destroyed by fire. He was soon after defeated by the King's army in Lochaber, and obliged to beg his life on his knees before the Court at Holyrood. In 1562, the Earl of Huntly's Lieutenant-Governor refused an entrance to Queen Mary, who visited Inverness in company with the Regent, Earl of Moray. The Queen, thereupon, took up her residence

in the house (previously described) in Bridge Street. Her forces, however, being shortly after augmented by the Mackintosh, Munro, and Fraser Clans, the Castle was taken, and the Lieutenant-Governor hanged. During the civil wars, the Castle experienced the vicissitudes of those troublous times, and in 1649 its fortifications were nearly demolished by Mackenzie of Pluscardine, Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, and a party opposed to the Parliament. In 1715, the Castle, by the manœuvres of the magistrates, was opened to the adherents of the Pretender under Sir James Mackenzie, but, by a bold effort of Rose of Kilravock, at the head of a small party, it was shortly afterwards recovered for the King. In the year 1718, however, the Castle and fortifications were repaired; barracks for 800 Hanoverian troops were fitted up in the more ancient parts; a Governor's house, a magazine, and a chapel, were also erected, the two latter being placed a little to the south of the present edifice. A party of brickmakers were brought from England, and good clay being found on the estate of Muirtown, immense quantities of bricks were manufactured for the repair of the fortress, and the locality where they were made has retained the name of Claypots to this day. Prince Charles Stuart entered Inverness in the Autumn, 1745, and although attended by numerous adherents from the west coast, he was but indifferently supplied with artillery, which was entirely under the management of his French auxiliaries. The King's troops, under the Earl of Loudon and Governor Grant, kept themselves close within the Castle, the principal entrance to which was on the north side, the keep and main buildings being surrounded by strong walls.

FRENCH GUNNERY IN 1745.

A French gunner, whose largely developed organ of ingenuity was probably not counteracted by a similar protuberance in the seat of judgment, thought that, by discharging his gun up the castle-sewer, which then ran from Castlehill at about the same spot as the present, it would put the garrison at once to the rout. He accordingly pointed his gun up the sewer, but whether he had overcharged it, or the mouth of the piece became choked with the soil or not, it is difficult to say; but he had no sooner applied the match than the cannon burst, blowing him and a black dog which stood near him across the river, on to the Little Green or present bleaching ground, where his remains presented a shockingly black and mutilated appearance. Of the truth of this fact I am perfectly persuaded, as my aunt was on the bridge at the time the casualty happened. This species of subterraneous attack reminds us of an enthusiastic Frenchman we once met with at a *table d'hote* on the Continent, who expressed a still richer idea, and assured us that he had some years previously submitted to Napoleon a plan for avoiding the wooden walls of old England, and attacking her to advantage, by excavating a tunnel under the British Channel, which he publicly asserted was as practicable as the construction of one under the Thames, just commenced. Shortly after the accident alluded to, the few pieces of artillery which the Prince possessed were planted at the Barnhill, just behind the Herald Printing Office, and a demand having been sent the Governor to surrender the Castle to the Prince, the former, without firing a shot, sent over the keys; a circumstance which was much censured by the loyalists, and inspired the Stuart party with joy at finding their first attempt successful. Unwilling to leave a fort-

ress in the north capable of harbouring a part of the King's troops, which might, in the absence of a garrison, gain possession of it, the Prince's party, previously to setting out for the south, blew up the principal walls and fortifications; and what the soldiers did not destroy, a neighbouring proprietor carried away. After the battle of Culloden the Duke of Cumberland was desirous of repairing the fortress, but was dissuaded from so doing by his officers on account of its being commanded by heights in the immediate vicinity. The keep, however, with other parts, remained in tolerable preservation long after my birth; the walls of the former were composed of an ancient and very durable concrete, and it was much higher than the towers of the present Castle. In the spacious and lofty rooms of the old one I have had many a game of play, and, like most old buildings in a decayed and uninhabited state, even when no deeds of darkness or of blood can at all be identified with them, the Castle had in my days the reputation of being haunted, and now I suppose, from the mere mention of this, I am fairly committed for

A GHOST STORY,

which I will briefly give. Although many of the doors were down, the castle yet contained some good apartments, decorated with fine mouldings and cornices. One Alister Beag, *alias* Little Sandy, a wright, residing at the Haugh, thought one of the desolate chambers of the castle would "do fine" for a workshop, he accordingly introduced his kit and bench by degrees, and as none of his earthly contemporaries objected to his occupying the apartment as a workshop, he little thought that any other molestation would arise. In this, however, he was deceived, for as soon as winter, with its dark and dreary nights, drew on, his industry prompted him to work in the

castle by the light of a lamp. The hollow sound of the wind as it entered through the shattered casements, and rushed along the spacious and dilapidated chambers, he in vain endeavoured to drown with the oft and needless heavy raps of his hammer, while—

“He whistled aloud to keep his courage up.”

Suddenly the tall figure of an officer, with golden epaulets, cocked hat, and armed with a naked sword in his hand, deliberately and silently entered the room in which Sandy was at work. Here was a “pretty fix,” as Brother Jonathan would say; retreat he could not, and although a double rip-saw is a formidable instrument in the hand of a powerful man, Little Sandy by no means felt willing to provoke a contest with an intruder, whom at one glance, he perceived to be no equal match for flesh and blood, even of a greater aggregate amount than Alister could boast of. He, therefore, continued his work, and left the officer undisturbed to perambulate the scene of his former troubles, the cause of which he did not condescend to communicate to the wright. The noise of this adventure was soon abroad, and the *temerity* of Little Sandy in continuing to work in the castle late at night, when he solemnly averred that his room was regularly visited by his military acquaintance, was the subject of general observation and astonishment. On his being expostulated with on the daring folly of his conduct by his superstitious neighbours, and queried why he never asked the officer what was bringing him there, he used to make this reply:—“He was minding his own business and I was minding mine.” Should any timid readers ever come in contact with such a customer, let them remember our heroic Little Sandy and mind their “*own business*.”

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

I cannot conclude these reminiscences of the Castle without stating a remarkable providence which I experienced at this locality. About seventy-one years ago, I was standing at five o'clock, one summer's morning, leaning against the western wall of the Castle viewing and admiring the beautiful scenery around me, and had not left my position scarcely a minute when the wall against which I had just been leaning fell with a tremendous crash, portions of it rolling into the river. Nonagenarian would have passed the days and years of his pilgrimage hitherto utterly in vain, if he could attribute his escape to luck, or fortune, or chance, instead of the merciful interposition of a Divine Providence, without which, "not a sparrow falls to the ground."

THE OLD JAIL, &c.

Having described the old Castle of Inverness as it was ninety years ago, we now come to the Old Jail, occupying the site of a part of the present one, and which it so far resembled as that it consisted of a tower with a wing to the west of it, built of stone, the approach was by a broad flight of stairs leading into the tower, above which was a room set apart for convicted felons. On the left of the landing was the Court-room, and beyond that, an apartment called the "Thieves' Chamber"; at this end of the building a spiral or turnpike staircase led into the Guildry room above. It is stated that the town records were kept in an oak chest in this room, and that they were destroyed by fire. The lower flat was occupied by two merchants as shops. The structure was of very ancient date, indeed, so ancient that no record as to the precise period of its

erection has been preserved. In 1690 a stone spire was built upon the tower, on the battlements of which the spikes for affixing the heads of criminals were placed, and existed long after my day, and I remember seeing part of a skull upon one of the spikes. As beheading was the original form of execution in the North, the place now known by the name of Barnhill was the locality in which such sentences used anciently to be put in execution, and in my youthful days it was even then called *Tomnan-ceann*, or the hill of heads. In 1737 the upper part of the present town-hall was appropriated to the Guildry, previously to which, it was occupied as a spinning school for the young ladies of the town and parish. Subsequently the school became of a more common description, and the females were annually examined in spinning by the ladies of the vicinity before the Town Council, when several spinning wheels were bestowed as prizes. Lady Glenmoriston long patronised this useful institution. We are decidedly opposed to the Jack Sheppard *slangmania* of the day, believing its tendency to be as injurious to public morals, as it is inimical to the interests of sterling literature, we shall, therefore, avoid detailing the deeds and sayings of the inmates of the Old Jail, unless illustrative of by-gone times, and in connection with the history of the building itself. The Old Jail although miserably deficient in the requisites of modern places of confinement, in so much that its inmates were fortunate if they could obtain an armful of straw to place between the bare stones and their bodies; yet was replete with all the *requisites* of an old-fashioned jail; such as a thumbkin, bootkin, brangus, cocksteel, stocks, and pillory. The last two are sufficiently known, but the other kinds of jail apparatus require, perhaps, some explanation. The thumbkins consisted of orrifices in a wooden frame, into which the thumbs of the

offender were thrust, and in that state wedged up in order to extort confession of crime. The kind of torture is the same as, though of a more primitive description than that devised for the English by their kind friends the Spaniards, when the Pope obligingly delivered the former over to the tender mercies of the latter, and consecrating a banner, denominated the *Armada* "invincible," in which, however, as in many other instances the *infallibility* of the Pope was proved by subsequent events to be egregiously at fault. The bootkins were wooden cases in which the legs were thrust, and torture caused by wedging them tightly therein. The brangus, or iron collar, an instrument placed round the necks of offenders, is still to be seen attached by a chain to an old tree at the entrance to Culloden Castle, and was common to all jails and most churches, as affording a summary mode of taking care of troublesome customers. The cocksteel was an iron cage, in which offenders were sometimes obliged to stand, on which occasion, it was brought out and placed contiguous to the market cross. In 1681 Munro of Foulis and his son and other gentlemen in this neighbourhood were imprisoned in the jail for refusing to sign the Test Act. One of the most celebrated characters, however, that took up his quarters in the old jail, was Samuel Cameron, with whose grandson I was personally acquainted. The history of this Cameron affords one of the boldest specimens of

A HIGHLAND OUTLAW

that can be imagined. He was one of those *worthies* who considered might was right, and that his ability and daring in cattle lifting, afforded him a title to pursue that avocation with impunity. By the light of Lochiel's lantern,* he long successfully followed a

* The moon.

line of livelihood, which, at that period was more practicable on account of police regulations being in a very primitive state. At the era of the Outlaw the power of life and death was confided to the sheriffs, and he who was the principal Sheriff in the North at this time, was a Mr Mackenzie of the family of Kilcoy, residing at Kilmuir Wester, and was better known on account of his severity by the *soubriquet* of *Shirra Dhu*. This official had long desired to have Samuel in his clutches, and he at length succeeded. Conviction and sentence of death followed as a necessary consequence of his being in the grasp of the Sheriff, but just previously to the time fixed for execution, the Cattle Lifter applied his herculean powers with such success as to break out of the jail, and rendered still more desperate by this circumstance, became a greater terror than ever to the surrounding country; which he placed under tribute, sometimes appearing in one part and at other times at a different one, but carefully and successfully avoiding apprehension; and being well armed the officers of justice although they knew his ordinary retreat, were convinced, that to attack him there would prove fatal to numbers of them, as he could with his pistols and gun defend himself successfully against a host of invaders. A Cave in the Red Craig, near Abriachan, on the mountain side above Loch Ness was his place of *rendezvous*.

“It was a strange and wild retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet,
The cleft upon the mountain's crest,
Yawn'd like a gash upon a warrior's breast.”

From this elevated spot, inaccessible to any but the hardy mountaineer, the outlaw could command an extensive view of the Loch, and, to the east, of the county of Inverness, while no one could pass along the narrow path at the foot of the

mountain without coming under the inspection of its tenant. It happened, on one occasion, that *Shirra Dhu* was led by the chase, along the side of Loch-Ness, immediately below the domicile of the outlaw, who perched, eagle-like aloft betwixt earth and sky, and with a glance well nigh as keen, watched the approach of a horseman, in whom he quickly recognised the person of the relentless *Shirra Dhu*. With the delight of the vulture hovering over its devoted prey, and with the agility of the tiger advancing to spring upon his lair, the person of the outlawed Highlander, with a visage so overgrown with hair as to resemble the shaggy goats that alone shared with him the empire of the mountains, might have been seen rapidly descending the face of the cliff, or screening himself behind the stunted pine and birch trees which skirted the base until the *Shirra Dhu* came fairly abreast of the place where he was ensconced. Then springing forward, the outlaw, with one hand, grasped with an iron clutch the neck of the Sheriff, while with the other he presented a pistol at his breast, exclaiming "*Shirra Dhu*, I have you now in my power. I am hunted as a beast from the earth; if I attempt to meet my family, I do it at the peril of being shot by any one that may please. I cannot be worse off, and now, unless you will solemnly swear to reverse my sentence, and declare me a free man at the cross of Inverness, on Friday first, I will instantly shoot you." The Sheriff perceived he was entirely at the mercy of the Outlaw, in whose haggard countenance and eye, he plainly read that desperation would assuredly lead him to fulfil his threatening, he therefore religiously promised compliance with the demand of Cameron, who thereupon permitting him to depart, retreated to his cave. *Shirra Dhu* on his part assembled on the following Friday (being a market day) the officials of the town and neighbourhood, and publicly at the

cross proclaimed the reversal of the sentence and Cameron a free man. This act of mercy was not misplaced, as Cameron, who had before been a pest to the wealthy proprietors, though to them only, ever after abandoned his predatory habits, and lived highly respected the remainder of his life at the Muir of Bunchrew, where he trained up a large family.

Another prisoner, of the name of *Domhul Scholar*, also a notorious Cattle Lifter, was less fortunate in his attempt to escape from the room in the tower of the jail. He attempted the night before his execution to descend by means of a rope, but in consequence of its being too short, he fell with such violence on the street that he was killed on the spot. In my own days, a merchant of Inverness, named Chisholm, managed affairs better. He was on slight evidence convicted of receiving a few stolen handkerchiefs, and thereupon sentenced to death. The laws were then enforced with great severity, and every one sympathised with their neighbour doomed to die for so trifling a crime. Probably this had something to do with his escape; however this may be, he was confined in the "Thieves' Chamber," and perhaps out of respect or under pretence of illness, was allowed to hang sheets around the bare stone walls. A friend supplied him with some instruments, and with these he busily employed himself, when safe from intrusion, by loosening the stones of the wall, behind the sheets which were hung up a distance from the wall, and the bottom of which, lying upon the floor, prevented the mortar and rubbish from being seen by the keepers, who, we must suppose, were anything but anxious to be over officious in their surveillance. The night before the day fixed upon for his execution, he removed sufficient of the stone work to enable him to pass his body through the aperture, using his sheets

as ropes by which he descended to the street, and effected a safe retreat, passing the first night after his escape in a peat stack at Dores, and from thence taking refuge among his clansmen in the wilds of Strathglass. Search having been given up, he emigrated to America, and soon after he was joined by his family, where, on account of his exemplary conduct, he rose eventually to affluence and distinction; his son, who attained the high office of a Judge, died only a few years ago in that country, upon which occasion the gentlemen of the bar went into mourning for six weeks. Another merchant of the name of Tolmie, involved in the same charge, was sentenced to be whipped through Inverness, his ears to be cut off at the cross, and then banished. I well remember he was a fine lad, and general sympathy was also felt for him. By stratagem he contrived to banish himself before the other part of the sentence was carried into effect.

The diet of the prisoners were as bad as the jail accommodation was wretched, and penal inflictions unnecessarily severe. The prison discipline, however, was lax, and those who had friends were not only allowed to see them, but to partake of any supplies which they may bring. I know, on one occasion, the debtors were visited by some friends, and one of the former being a good hand at the fiddle, a dance was agreed upon, which was kept up with plenty of good cheer until morning, and it is a fact that the officers on being invited partook both of the refreshment and joined in the dance. I was one of the *guests* who was invited to this *jail ball*. These things were winked at in those times. The destitute criminals, however, used to have bags attached to strings, which they let down from their places of confinement, and in these, friends or charitable persons put in either money or provisions they might happen to have; and market days were, on account

of extra supplies, gala days to the prisoners. One celebrated character, Peggy Raff, used to keep a stall, just opposite the jail, so that parties disposed to give the incarcerated provisions, were at no loss to procure them. Peggy had always plenty of good oatmeal bannocks, cheese, and in season, boiled salmon, the latter she sold at a 1d. per lb., and the other *et ceteras* proportionably cheap. Many a respectable farmer and country gentleman have I seen buy of Peggy, and retreat to an inn where they would get the best beer for 3d. a Scotch pint, whisky being then hardly known and less cared for.

THE PRINCIPAL INN.

The advances made during the last century in arts, and improvements, are the general subject of remark throughout the empire and the world itself; but in no quarter, hardly, do these improvements and advances strike the beholder so forcibly as in the Highlands, and the very important item to travellers and tourists, of hotel accommodation, is one great feature that excites my surprise, in contrasting the present with the past. The accommodation afforded now by the splendid hotels of Inverness, equal to any in the South, is widely different from what the town could boast of in my youthful days. Then, the principal inn of Inverness, was "The Horns," situated nearly opposite to the jail. The house has had a new front, but is otherwise substantially the same as it was in 1746. Carts and carriages were previously to that period, rarities in the Highlands, and, when one happened to arrive, it was placed on Bridge Street in front of the inn. My grandfather well remembered the appearance of the first carriage in Inverness, which so "astonished the natives," that, thinking the coachman or driver of such a marvellous vehicle must be a distinguished personage, they very reverently doffed their bonnets to him as he drove by. I myself re-

member the introduction of the first carriage into the parish of Inverness by a resident, and this was the great-grandfather of the present Mr Duff of Muirtown. In addition to a close carriage he also had a gig, with a head, which was here called *Sculan Dubh*, or the black basket; this was the vehicle used on ordinary occasions, the carriage being reserved for more important ones. The sound of the wheels of this carriage and of the *Sculan Dubh* was sufficient to draw a host of admirers, myself among the number, from our most engrossing occupations, not even excepting the breakfast and dinner tables. I cannot allude to this without remarking upon the high character for benevolence which this worthy gentleman maintained throughout his life. He was equally looked up to and esteemed by his equals in society throughout the country. His square-toed shoes, his grey wig, reaching half down his back, and his imposing appearance on horseback, with a pair of pistols in the holsters, carried more out of deference to the customs of the olden times than for utility in a district where he was beloved by every one, are still fresh and warmly cherished in my memory. The first chaise kept for hire in Inverness was about 1760, and belonged to Duncan Robertson, farmer and drover at Beaully side. His stable was situated behind the West Church, in an ancient barn called *Soubhal dairich*, or the oak barn, which tradition states to have been built in one night by the *fairies* of Tomnahurich, and was, I remember, a prohibited spot after night fall.

THE LORD JUSTICES *in re* GOOD LIVING.

Although the Horns was the principal inn, the Lords of Session, or the nobility, when they chanced to be in Inverness, were accustomed to stop at a private lodging-house, occupying the site of the Northern Meeting Rooms. Although the Lords of Session

were willing to fulfil their legal duties, by occasionally visiting these out-landish parts, they were by no means willing to leave good living behind them, accordingly they were accustomed to bring their cook with them from the South. The town records, for many years, minutely specify the annual expense of entertainment at the Islands in the Ness to the Lords of Justiciary when on circuit; it would appear, however, that the style and kind of diet to which their Lordships accustomed themselves in modern Athens was of such an artificial and epicurean character, that their *gourmand* palates could not relish the simple fish, flesh, and fowl of the Highlands without enlisting the aid of a professed cook, who accompanied them in their itineraries. We should have imagined that a *fête champêtre* in such a lovely locality as the Islands of the Ness, with salmon served up, which a few minutes before had been sporting in its pelucid waters, would have been relished by the most dainty appetite; but certain it is, the Lords Justices could not dispense with the services of a travelling man cook. About the year 1779, when they were staying here, the lodging-house took fire, and the unfortunate cook who attended them was burned to death; he appeared to have taken refuge in a chest, to avoid the flames at once reaching him, as he was discovered therein, and I myself saw the chest brought out. The judges, Lord Gardenston, was rescued by an assistant cook, a woman belonging to Inverness, who rushed into his room, and rolling him up in his blankets, carried him through the flames into the street. This happened on a Saturday, and, as a work of necessity, the tailor was employed on the Sabbath to make a suit for the Judge to appear in, not having a garment left from the flames. His Lordship, in gratitude to the female, bestowed a pension upon her during life. Donald Cameron, my

next door neighbour, who died an old man, and who long acted as postman to Lord Lovat, by conveying letters to the different Highland Lairds, to excite them in behalf of the Pretender, among other information, gave me the following particulars connected with "The Horns." On the entry of the King's troops into Inverness on the evening of the Battle of Culloden, this being the principal Inn, the officers held their "mess" in it. While partaking of their supper in the evening, they recounted the adventures of the day, and vowed vengeance to the Prince if they could succeed in taking him. At this juncture information was brought to them from a trustworthy source, that Charles had, on quitting the field, retired to Moyhall, and might there be captured. Accordingly, it was immediately resolved to muster an adequate force, and take him by surprise. This was not determined upon so secretly and suddenly, but that the lassie who was waiting upon the officers, became cognizant of it, and this led to another instance of

DEVOTED ATTACHMENT TO THE PRINCE.

Among the many anxious enquiries of that eventful eve, the safety of the fugitive was one of frequent and anxious recurrence. The lassie at the Horns had listened with horror to the threatenings she had heard the officers launch forth respecting the Prince, and when his retreat was discovered, and troops were ordered to proceed forthwith and secure him, the romantic attachment to "bonnie Prince Charlie," which had animated the bosom of many of the distinguished fair, led the heroine of the Inn to forget all personal considerations of difficulty and of danger; and finding no one at hand whom she could entrust with such a mission, she ran with the speed of the wild deer of her native mountains, towards Moy, a distance of about twelve or thirteen

miles, by the nearest route across the country, in order to apprise him of his danger.

The Mackintosh himself, with a portion of his clan, fought on the side of the Royalists; his lady, however, was a staunch adherent of the Prince's. When his standard was raised, she not only mounted the white cockade, but habited in the male Highland costume, she publicly enlisted troops in his service. We must suppose the Mackintosh, during this stirring period, to have been chiefly from home, assisting the King's troops,

The heath—his bed,
His lullaby the warder's tread.

as with such a difference of opinion between him and his "better half," it was likely Moyhall would have been too hot to hold the partizans of two masters, of such diametrically opposite interests. In some instances, however, there was more policy than accident in these family divisions, as while the result of the Pretender's attempt was still doubtful, it was of advantage for families to have "two strings to their bow." Whether this was the case here, we are unable to state; however, this lady, ever after, went by the title of Colonel Ann. We must, however, follow the humble admirer of the Prince in her benevolent flight. On reaching the hill of Daviot, the lassie hastily entered the cottage of a smith, upon whose fidelity to the Prince she could depend. Hastily narrating the danger to which the object of their general attachment was exposed, she begged of the smith to do what he could to delay and impede the progress of the soldiers who had been dispatched to arrest the Prince, while she hurried forward to Moyhall. The smith required no arguments to induce him to co-operate; accordingly, loading his musket, he sallied forth, the night being very dark, which enabled him successfully to accomplish

A SKILLFUL RUSE,

which suggested itself to his mind. No sooner did the tramping of the King's troops, as they approached the hill of Daviot, reach his ear, than, first on one side of the road, then on the other, in a loud tone, he affected to order the different clans known to be on the Pretender's side. Darkness prevented the royal troops from perceiving that the enemy were not mustered in force, which they naturally imagined from hearing the well-known military orders given on both sides of the steep hill they had to ascend. A ball, apparently from a picquet, but in reality from the blacksmith's musket, at this juncture struck down a piper who was in the van of the King's party, and rendered the delusion complete on their side, and the ruse successful on Vulcan's. Considering the Pretender's forces were too strongly posted to be dislodged in the disadvantage of night, the "right about face" was sounded, the troops retreated to their quarters at Inverness, and the safety of the Prince on that occasion was secured, by the united chivalry and knight errantry of his *fair* friend, the lassie of "the Horns," and his *dark* adherent of the Daviot smithy. Apprised of his danger at Moyhall, the Prince rode, with a few faithful followers, to Stratherrick, and they were accommodated for that night at the house of Gorthleg, where they arrived, much exhausted, at twelve o'clock.

From the vicinity of what was once the principal inn, we will now pass by the river side where there is nothing of much consequence to detain us, to the extremity of our walk to the northward, viz., to

CROMWELL'S FORT.

That the principles of the Parliamentarians were sufficiently detested by the loyal town of Inverness is evident, from the fact of the Town Council having

in 1649, according to a MS. "ordered a company of able-bodied men to be raised and sent to the army in this time of exigency, when it is the duty of every well-disposed Christian to bestir himself, when religion, the King's interest, and the liberties of this ancient kingdom, are all lying at the stake, and threatened most proudly to be ruined by that perfidious army of sectaries, now lying in the bowels of this kingdom, under the command of that wicked tyrant, Oliver Cromwell." Some troops, however, of Cromwell's army were stationed at Inverness, and commenced the erection of a large fort to the north of the town, at the *embouchure* of the Ness. It is said to have cost £80,000 sterling, and to have been five years in erecting. Messrs Anderson, in their new edition of their Guide, a work which I conceive is compiled with great care and accuracy, says:—"It was a regular pentagon, surrounded at full tide with water sufficient to float a small bark. The breastwork was three stories high, all of hewn stone, and lined with brick inside. The sally port lay towards the town. The principal gateway to the north, where was a strong drawbridge of oak and a stately structure over it, with this motto, '*Togam tuentur arma.*' From this bridge the citadel was approached by a vault seventy feet long, with seats on each side. In the centre of the fort stood a large square building three stories high, called the English Building, because built by English masons, and opposite it a similar one, erected by Scottish architects. The accommodations altogether would lodge 1000 men." England is said to have supplied the oak planks and beams, Glenstrathfarar the fir, a good deal of Tomnahurich oak was also used, for at this time, and for many years afterwards, it is said in respect to durability and beauty to have equaled any in either Eng-

land or Scotland. As the Independents and Presbyterians of the times had little sympathy with consecrated buildings, the Abbey of Kinloss, the Priory of Beaully, the Bishop's Castle of Chanonry, and other religious buildings in Inverness, were resorted to for stone. It is, however, on tradition, that the second boat-load of stones from Beaully was lost by the boat swamping off Redcastle, which was regarded as an ill-omen, and deterred the constructors from going thither again on a similar errand, perhaps, thinking that the patron-saint had not quite abandoned the Priory.

Although the sojourn of Cromwell's troops was anything but agreeable to the Invernessians at the time, as mutual distrust existed between them, which we shall illustrate in our next chapter; posterity have referred with satisfaction to the period, on account of the improvements which were introduced, *malgre* the wishes of the inhabitants.

The introduction of kail and the art of St Crispin into the Highlands by the English, are already on record; the improvement of the town appears also to have been one of their objects, as it is said that it was first paved under their direction. Previously to their arrival, a very cruel and inefficient mode of slaughtering was adopted, they set apart a place near Clachnaharry, on the estate of Muirtown, as a general *abattoir*, and which is to this day called *Knock na-gur*, and it is also a remarkable fact, that their slaughtermen or fleshers not only ages after retained the appellation of *cloinn mhic an t-Shassunnich*, or children of the son of the Englishman, but that persons of the same name have carried on the business, from the era of Cromwell to the present time, forming a remarkable instance of the perpetuity of occupation. Another instance of the same kind is connected with the blacksmith trade, as there is a descendant of the

man who wrought the iron-work for the stone bridge in 1685, and who, with his descendants, on account thereof, was for ever exempted from payment of toll. The smithy stood on the site of that commodious house, on Bridge Street, now occupied by Bailie Innes. The fort itself and the position in which it was placed, are strong marks of the rapid march of improvement which took place about the time of the Commonwealth. The mountain crest was now forsaken, for a nook of low lying land, commanding, however, the entrance to the harbour, and confidence was placed rather in well-constructed earthworks than in stone and elevation. More recently, the introduction of heavier battering train, brought the fort under the command of the hills above the town, and rendered it only useful as a defence from a naval attack. The immense impulse given to commerce and marine enterprise by the English fleet being every where triumphant on the ocean, seems to have reached this distant locality, and to have led the garrison to devise means for

THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE HARBOUR.

Although this circumstance has escaped the observation of local historians, Nonagenarian not only heard it stated as a fact that the English commenced the cutting of a new channel, or entrance to the harbour, but it is still plainly discernible when the tide recedes; extending from the river a little northward of the fort in an easterly direction, thereby intended to cut off the long tortuous channel of the river forming the approach to the town. The explication of the laws which produce the phenomena resulting from the action of the sea and rivers upon the land, is a subject to which we have for some years devoted our attention, and our views having stood the ordeal of publicity in the Civil Engineer and Architect's

Journal, we could not contemplate the admirable adaptation of Inverness for maritime commerce, and contrast her natural capabilities with the existing inefficiency of her port, without endeavouring, by the application of the views we have imbibed, to suggest a remedy. The prevailing winds being from the S.W., vessels would have greater difficulty in running into the harbour if its mouth were altered from the north to the east, as apparently contemplated by the direction of the channel began by Cromwell's troops. The idea of a cutting, or canal, is, to a certain extent, a good one, but we conceive that nature has done so much in bestowing such a mighty cleansing power or backwater, as is afforded by the Ness, that little more is required than to assist nature herself, in order to obtain a deep harbour available for large steamers and craft at all states of the tide. The main principle upon which this should be commenced, is that of conducting the river in a right line from the new quay to the northward, and preventing its momentum being expended or decreased in the descent of its flood to the Firth, by interposing headlands, occasioned by the zig-zag course of the present channel. Gold, however, may be too dearly purchased, and it may be objected that a deep and straight channel to the town, though desirable in itself, is perhaps only to be obtained at an enormous expense. On the contrary, we are persuaded that the immense power which nature has placed at the disposal of the locality, may be employed to effect *the work*, with little assistance, in such a manner as not only to defray the expense of the improvement itself, but by the formation of very valuable land on each side of the river, to create a source of wealth which would recruit the exhausted coffers of the burgh, and enable it to effect improvements to an indefinite extent. The simultaneous and gentle con-

traction of the channel of the river, from the northern extremity of the wharf at the new quay, and on the opposite side from the wooden bridge, by the deposit of *debris* as a core, with a more durable outward face of rock work, in the form of a break-water slope, is all that is required. Large and rough stone thrown together promiscuously would doubtless effect the desired end; ranged, however, with some regard to proper courses, would doubtless be advantageous. The present direction of the river impinged upon by deposits made with the view of giving it a lineal direction, would inevitably cause it to deepen its channel; nothing would be easier than to continue contracting the stream in the required direction within proper bounds, leaving the mighty and untiring agent, the natural momentum of the descending waters, gradually to excavate a channel, and to disperse, what was dislodged, where it would be innocuous. The prevailing current being from the ocean, or eastward, it might be advisable slightly to extend the eastern breakwater beyond the western one; but the former being carried out to an adequate distance, there would be little fear of any bar occurring in any contiguous part of the Firth. These are only rough ideas of the easy principles upon which an excellent harbour may be secured to Inverness, the value and extent of the property to be recovered from the waters, over which they now injuriously disperse themselves, would, of course, depend upon the extent of the embankment, especially in the direction of the Longman, and upon the stability of the breakwaters. The mortgage, upon fair terms, of the harbour dues to a company empowered to improve the channel of the river, and appropriate to building or useful purposes the waste lands on each side of it, would, we believe, be equally advantageous to the town and to such a company, provided the

former has not spirit or funds to render the harbour efficient without such intervention. Certainly the natural advantages bestowed by nature upon Inverness, have not yet been fully developed, and we know not that we could in its present exigencies confer a greater service than by pointing out a course of easy improvement, which would obviate the necessity of the inhabitants disposing of an inch of their forefathers' lands.

We return to Cromwell's Fort, by observing, that in compliance with the wishes of the Highland Chiefs, deemed to have been loyal to Charles the First and his exiled son, it was at the Restoration destroyed by Royal permission, its materials being employed in the construction of the bridge and houses in the town and neighbourhood.

In 1765, Mr Baillie of Dochfour, and a Mr Dyer of London, procured the site of the Fort for the erection of a

ROPE AND COARSE CLOTH MANUFACTORY,

A range of wooden buildings which was first erected, having been burnt down, when the present extensive factories of stone were erected. At one time, hemp was cultivated in this neighbourhood, especially at Bunchrew and the Aird; it was, however, abandoned on account of parties finding they would derive more advantage from importing the commodity. This manufactory was always regarded as the principal branch of industry in the town, and when others were failing on all sides, it maintained its credit and usefulness. Sail cloth of the best description is manufactured, and the improvement of the harbour, and especially of the Caledonian Canal, by augmenting commerce must inevitably promote the success of this useful branch of manufacturing industry, and thereby afford additional employment to the inhabitants of the town. Non-

genarian has another ghost story connected with this locality; but as it is not equal to that of *Alister Beag* and the officer in the Castle, he will not recount it. Demands upon our space oblige us to postpone the Chapel-yard, Monastery, &c., till our next.

TRADE OF INVERNESS.

The New Quay, adjoining the south-western side of the Fort, naturally leads us *en passant* to make a few observations on the subject of shipping and trade. It appears, from Boethus and Buchanan, quoted in the Statistical Account, published in 1791, that of the limited trade formerly carried on in Scotland, Inverness enjoyed a much larger proportion, compared with other ports, than it now does, of the extensive trade of the country, but contrasting that amount with the present, there is perhaps, a tenfold balance in favour of the latter. The new quay was built in 1738, at an expense of £2700; the old one in 1675, and cost £300. A few years previously to the latter period, viz., in 1656, the whole shipping of Scotland was estimated at 93 vessels, making together 2726 tons, whereas the number of ships belonging to Inverness now (1842) amounts to 203, and their tonnage about 10,631. Mathew Paris, the historian, mentions that in 1249, a period with which he was contemporary, a large ship was built at Inverness by the Count St Paul, a French nobleman; a circumstance for which we cannot account, unless on the ground of Inverness possessing at that early period the chief maritime trade of Scotland. There are two reasons why this should have been the case; first, although cities in the south possessed equal advantages of marine communication, yet the principal export trade of the country, then consisting of

furs and skins, Inverness naturally presented the most convenient mart for their exchange; and, secondly, the advantage of timber for ship-building, as appears from an ancient charter granted by William the Lion, conferring on the burgh of Inverness the Royal Forests which at that time surrounded the town. The roots of immense trees have been discovered in modern times in the vicinity, and Nonagenarian always heard it stated by old men, as a well-known fact, that Tomnahurich was at one period covered with black oak, a material of which the principal timbers of his bothy, as before stated, are composed. The constant consumption of this valuable timber for shipping and other purposes, and the neglect of planting to insure a future supply is the only apparent reason for losing all traces of it in the neighbourhood. Mr Ross of Pitkerie, at one time proprietor of the estate of Kinmylies, was the first in this neighbourhood to enter upon that useful mode of improving Highland property by planting, which he did at Leachkin, Tomnahurich, and the surrounding lands. Mr Baillie of Dochfour, who subsequently bought this estate, has carried on these improvements to such a pitch, as has excited my surprise when contrasting his estate in its present sylvan beauty with what I once remember it. Before quitting the quay, the site of Fishertown may be pointed out as a row of cottages fronting the south-eastern face of the fort. The original purlieus of the Inverness Billingsgate were situated at the bottom of Chapel Street. Of all sections of society, we have found the fishing classes wherever we have met them, as much distinguished for fecundity as for originality of habits and simplicity of manners; how it happened therefore that their numbers so diminished in Inverness, as that in 1761 the Town Council found it necessary to import a company of fishermen from Avoch, we

know not. Nonagenarian, however, informs us, that they were at first located in cottages built at the Longman, but finding the situation inconvenient owing to the distance from the river, whence they fetched their fresh water, they were removed to the row of buildings opposite the south-east face of the fort. Fishermen, however, seem not only to be indigenous to peculiar localities, but the difficulty of successfully transplanting any of the genus, as great as that of choice exotics, and of this, the attempt of the Town Council in the manner referred to affords an instance—the general fishing soon becoming extinct. Peggy Jack and Peggy Patience, *alias* Colonel, were the last remains of the importation referred to, and being excellent hands at all kinds of net-making, were employed, especially the latter during life, by Bailie Mackintosh of the Citadel, and her fishing nets were widely celebrated over the Highlands. Colonel was her father's *soubriquet*, without which an east coast fisher can hardly be discovered. A few years ago, I heard a woman at Clachnaharry call her son home to breakfast, and, as he took no notice, a man who stood by told her to call him by his nickname, to which he immediately answered. Whereupon his mother exclaimed, "Pity the parents that reared and kept you up to baptism, and gave you a name before God and man." A whole book might be written upon the fishing genus, and in this instance they are identical on the south coast of England, where, at an inquest, we have heard witnesses depose to a deceased under his *soubriquet* instead of his real name. When Nonagenarian was a boy the salmon fishing was very successfully carried on in the river, the principal export trade then consisted of the produce of the River Ness, which was so abundant that the fishermen carried their implements with them, as their nets were almost sure to be

broken every haul, with the number and size of the fish, and it thereby became necessary promptly to repair them upon the spot. The fish when taken, were deposited alive in the wells of fishing smacks, which, when supplied with sufficient cargo, sailed for London. At the period referred to, the town of Inverness could not boast of possessing a single trading ship. Two vessels belonging to parties in London and commanded by Captains Bumstead and Bull, regularly plied during the season, and in winter, a Cromarty vessel or two might be laid up in the harbour, and it was not until some difference occurred between parties in London and Inverness, that the latter started vessels in opposition to those alluded to. The success attendant upon the experiment led to the establishment of the Leith business, and by degrees to the present extensive shipping trade.

Pursuing our course from the old quay by the river side, we arrive at what, though now covered with houses, constituting the glebe of the First Minister of Inverness, was formerly the grounds attached to

THE MONASTERY OF GREY FRIARS.

Ninety years ago, there was not a single house on the Glebe, which was let to a man whom I knew for £5, and was then considered very dear. The monastery said to have been built in the beginning of the 12th century, and occupied by an importation of Grey Friars from St Johnstone or Perth, was a splendid building, first destroyed by fire by Alexander the Islander, on which occasion many of the monks are said to have perished in the flames, also many valuable manuscripts, reputed to have been the production of the pen of St Columba. The monastery was afterwards repaired, but never reached its primitive grandeur. A subteraneous passage com-

municated from the monastery to the church standing on the site of the present High Church, evidences of which, in the shape of arched walls leading in the direction, have been found in my own time. The monastery suffered at the Reformation, but still more so under the Parliamentary troops, who availed themselves of its materials, as before stated, in building Cromwell's Fort. After the Reformation the monastery was bestowed by the Earl of Huntly upon the families of Dunain and Dochgarroch, as a place of interment. One solitary column of red granite, apparently belonging to the south aisle, surmounted by a capital, existed ninety years ago, and still remains proof to the storms and ravages of time. Near the east end of the building was a splendid monumental effigy of the Regent Moray, the great favourer of the Reformation in Scotland. He held courts in Inverness in 1570, to which he had obtained the hereditary Sheriffdom after the defeat of the Earl of Huntly. The sculptured effigy represented the Regent lying on a couch, with his head reposing on a Bible; the book, from which history informs us, he was wont to have portions read daily in his palace. As the patron of the Scotch Reformation, the memory of the Regent was disliked by the Romanists, and on the arrival of the Pretender at Inverness, in 1715, his partisans of that denomination, thinking of course that Romanism would thenceforth be in the ascendant, they gave a very significant sign of their anticipations and hopes, by proceeding one night to the Grey Friars, and destroying the monument, which they threw down—breaking the arms and leaving the effigy a headless stump. The body, with the legs of the effigy, however, still remain, and may be seen by the curious. The principal burying ground of the town was adjacent to the monastery, but, in consequence of a high tide flooding the spot, and uncovering the remains of

the departed denizens of the town, I have heard that the daughters of Cuthbert of Castle Hill, coming to inspect the devastation, beheld the coffin of their own nurse, who had been lately buried, which so affected them that they requested their father to bestow a fresh burial place upon the town, which he did, by giving the spot a little to the eastward of the monastery glebe, since known by the appellation of the

CHAPEL YARD.

Tradition states that, at one period, a religious building or chapel was situated within its precincts; no vestige, however, remains to point out the site, except a grassy mound at the eastern part; this, however, from its circular form, has more the appearance of having been caused by the burial of a great many bodies at one time in a pit, over which the earth was heaped. One of the numerous conflicts which took place in the vicinity of the town is quite sufficient to have produced inmates for this wholesale receptacle of the dead. During the period of the Fort being occupied by Cromwell's troops, the Chapel Yard was only surrounded by a low stone wall, and the "old wives" and lovers of the marvellous, in my boyish days, used to add "supernumerary horrors" to the witching hour of night, by recounting among other *credible* tales the following one:—It is said that, while the troops of the Parliament were lodged in the Fort, mutual jealousy existed between them and the inhabitants of the town, and that each were desirous of an opportunity for suddenly overpowering each other. On the part of the English, this is said to have led them to a determination to fire the town, and that a party having issued forth for this purpose, were proceeding one night to carry the object into effect, when their fears presented to their view a well marshalled army ready to oppose

them; next night, passing the Chapel Yard, they also, to their astonishment and dismay, beheld an army of the dead, rising from their graves, in order to protect their native town from the secret destruction which its foes had plotted, but who, at the sight of the supernatural phalanx standing up to shield the locality and friends they loved, precipitately retreated to the Fort. One would have thought such a discomfit would have been sufficient to have prevented the garrison ever attempting the like; it is, however, asserted, doubtless on as good old wives' authority as the former, that some nights afterwards they mustered on the same errand, but before reaching the town they saw it apparently already in flames, and thereupon saved themselves the trouble of firing it. This was one of the popular traditions of Inverness which Nonagenarian never believed; not only did many of the English intermarry with the Invernessians, as is still evidenced by names of English origin long existing in the town, but the latter have been accustomed to refer with satisfaction to the improvements introduced by the latter at an early period into the Highlands, and especially to the purity of English speech, for which Inverness soon after became celebrated.

Nearly opposite the entrance to the Chapel-Yard is the burying place of the Macleods, erected in a substantial and expensive manner, consisting of a square outer court, enclosed by walls with a gateway in the centre. This was appropriated by the chief as a place of sepulture to any of the clan Macleod, who might be unprovided with a last resting place on earth. Within this outer court is another, on the centre wall of which was a splendid tomb, bearing the Macleod Arms, while above it, springing from a plinth, was the crest of the family a three-edged sword, forming an imposing pyramid of hewn stone. Owing to the general attachment of the Macleods to

the House of Brunswick, the partisans of Charles Edward in 1745, determined after destroying the Castle of Inverness, to give some mark of their anger against the Laird of Macleod for not responding to the call of the Prince to join his standard, as much had been anticipated from the adherence of the chief, and the consequent disappointment on the part of the Prince and his followers was great. Accordingly, the partisans of the House of Stuart proceeded to the Chapel-Yard, broke down the outer and inner gates of Macleod's burial place, tore down the emblazoned arms, and rendered the tomb a complete ruin. A part of the Castle of Dunvegan, formerly sculptured on shields in various parts of the tomb is alone discernible, and the point of the sword like a pyramid itself, has suffered from the storms of ages.

After the entry of the Duke of Cumberland into Inverness, the Chapel-Yard was used by his troops as a place for enclosing the cattle which they drove away from Lord Lovat's estates in the Aird, which were forfeited to the crown. John Bull, in the North, had no appetite for porridge or sowans, or any such Highland delicacies. It had been said that the English bulldog and gamecock degenerate if removed to foreign countries, and John, honest man, probably thought without a due supply of roast beef he would never be able to keep up his condition; certain it is that the troops lived like princes on the cattle of Lord Lovat, and, we may add, upon those of doubtful loyalty, who had the misfortune to dwell in his neighbourhood. Among such sufferers was *Eachin Beag*, or little Hector, the tacksman of Ballachragan, whose byre, barn, and house were fired, and his cattle and sheep driven away to the headquarters of the Royalist troops. Such is war even in civilised countries!

A little north of the entrance gate, and contiguous to the wall, is

A VERY ANCIENT TOMB,

formed of a very large and thick slab of stone, resting on four balustrade pillars at the angles. The tomb was erected to the memory of the Rev. Alexander Clark, and his lady, who was granddaughter to the Earl of Bothwell, as appears from the following literal transcript from the gravestone :—

“Here lies the Bodie of an Pious and vertuous Gentlewoman, called Hester Eliot, spouse of Master Alexander Clark, Minister at Inverness, and 2nd lawfull daughter to the verie Honourable Robert Eliot of Lauristoun, in Liddisdale, and lady Jean Stuart, third daughter to Frances Erle of Bothwel. She departed this life upon the 3d of September in the year of God 1604 years. Now she is with her Savior at peace, who is the resurrection and the life, with whom she is to appear in glory. Ther lies Master Alexander Clark, some time Minister at Invernes, who departed the 13th September 1635.”

Adjoining the north wall is the burying-ground of the Frasers of Fairfield, a highly ancient and respectable family, which, however, experienced considerable reverses owing to the prominent part taken by it at the period of the Rebellion. Some of the branches, however, subsequently intermarried with noble and distinguished families in the south. The tablet over the vault bears the date of 1685. The adjoining burial place, protected like the former by a neat mural enclosure, belonged to Provost Fraser, also a member of the family of Fairfield. The Provost who died in 1720, was a man whose name was handed to posterity with a high character for piety and every civil and social excellence, which descended to, and were exhibited by his son Mr Fraser, commonly known by the appellation of Clerk Fraser, on account of his long filling the office of Town Clerk of the Burgh of Inverness. Nonagenarian well remembers this worthy gentleman, whose appearance itself betokened authority and elicited respect. The

family were distinguished for their loyalty to the Brunswick line, and Clerk Fraser used great and constant efforts to induce Simon Lord Lovat, with whom he was on intimate terms, to abstain from partaking in the rebellion. Although Lovat was much swayed by his advice on most subjects, of which he will shortly give an instance, he was not to be persuaded from aiding the Stuart party, as it is said, he had good reason to believe that on their success, he would have a dukedom bestowed on him, a bait he anxiously coveted. A stronger proof of the weight of Clerk Fraser's influence upon him, and at the same time of the former's friendship, could not be afforded than in the circumstance which occurred some years previously, when, the Rev. Peter Nicholson of Kiltarlity so far carried out the discipline of the Kirk as to order, of course, not for good conduct,

LORD LOVAT ON THE CUTTY STOOL.

This order sadly militated against the pride and wishes of his Lordship, being, however, assured by Clerk Fraser that the law of the Kirk was imperative, and that nothing but compliance would save him from ex-communication, he consented to the punishment upon a promise from the Clerk that he would stand by him for three Sundays in the church of Kiltarlity. Mr Nicholson, who was then the John Knox of the Highlands, being about to address the lordly occupant of the Cutty Stool; Lovat exclaimed, "Ah, Nicholson, you ungrateful man, was it not I that placed you there" (having presented him to the living), whereupon Mr N. answered, "True, my lord, you have placed me here, and I have placed you there to-day to be publicly rebuked for your sins." Lord Lovat, however, thereafter, forsook the church of Kiltarlity, and became a hearer of that eminent divine, Mr Chisholm of Kilmorack. Clerk

Fraser, highly respected by all, died at an advanced age, he was proprietor of the estate of Bught and other lands in Inverness, and the present Sir Francis Mackenzie, Baronet of Gairloch, is his great grandson.

We must, however, pass on ; about the centre of the east wall is

AN ELABORATE MURAL MONUMENT,

designed to point out the resting place of the remains of Collector Watson, upon which are sculptured figures, the male ones wearing moustaches ; also coats of arms and various ornamental devices, which require the hand of the draughtsman to depict, were employed by the sorrowing relations to attract the attention of the living to the claims of the departed to their respect. We give the following transcript of the inscriptions, which we have had some difficulty in wresting from the destroyer—Time. At the top is an equilateral triangle, significant of the Trinity, on the border of which is “The saints shall shine as the stars,” below on a scroll the motto of the family—“*Marte non arte.*” The centre tablet bears the following:—Here is the burying place of Thomas Watson, Burges in Inverness, and Collector of the Shire thereof, and his spouse Anna Tayler, with their children, 1674. *Memento Mori.* On the opposite sides are the following lines, with suitable emblems of fallen flowers, death’s heads, &c.—

“This emblem may to all disclose,
Our beautie withers like the rose,
We live and die within an hour,
And quickly passes as a flower.

“Un’neath this heap of carved stones,
Lyes dust and ashes and dry bones,
And when this monument is gone,
Then virtue will outlive alone.”

“1674.”

The length to which our notice has extended allows only of our alluding to the Culloden place of sepulture, which, with some other modern ones are worthy of inspection. It is remarkable, that all the inscriptions as far as we are aware, are in English, and the extracts we have given show that it nowise differed from the orthography current in the south at the several periods. In Nonagenarian's youthful days two Gaelic congregations at one time assembled in separate parts of the Chapel Yard, listening to the discourses, preparatory to the celebration of the Lord's Supper, in the open space in the centre, along which the tables are still ranged. The effect of this, amid such numerous mementos of the frailty of man, and the certainty of falling ere long before the conqueror death, who has prostrated so many of their neighbours, cannot fail of being highly impressive and solemn, even when accompanied by the bright hopes of Christian triumph over the monster Death.

"I question'd death—the grisly shade
Relax'd his brow severe,
And I am happiness, he said,
If virtue meet me here !"

THE OLD GAELIC CHURCH

At the bottom of Church Street stood on the site of the present structure, the latter was built in 1792, the old one in 1649. The principal event connected with this building, was its being converted into an hospital and prison for the followers of Prince Charles, immediately after the battle of Culloden. Among the prisoners were Provost Hossack, and the ex-Provost Fraser, of the Achngairn family, who were supposed from their lukewarmness to the House of Brunswick, to have been secret supporters of the Stuarts. At the intercession of the Rev. Mr Macbean, who with President Forbes possessed great influence with the

Duke of Cumberland, on account of their known royalty; these civic prisoners were released the following day. On the south side of the church, was a vault in which I remember often having seen the large common oak coffin, or as it was called in Gaelic *Chiste Chumant*, which was used to convey the bodies of common people or strangers to the grave *into which they were slipped sans ceremonie*. Although the old coffin was in existence in my days, the last time it was used, was in burying those who died of their wounds received at Culloden. Connected with this church I may mention a circumstance which occurred many years ago, which was nothing less, than the whole congregation of the Gaelic people, including, I must own, myself, being frightened out of propriety, on beholding the Rev. Mr Watson, our very pious and celebrated minister enter the church wearing the Geneva gown, now common in other Presbyterian churches. The rev. gentleman had always worn it in the High Church, but no sooner did he enter the Gaelic Church with it on him, than the congregation rushed out of the building, lustily crying out "Popery! Popery!" the minister being left with the precentor and empty pews. This reminds us of Bishop Hooper, the English martyr, who actually at one period suffered imprisonment from his brother reformers for refusing to wear the surplice, and identifying it with Popery. Long before he suffered at the stake, however, he discovered that the system to which he was opposed, consisted of something more than an external habit, in itself indifferent. Our Gaelic friends, however, do not yet appear to have arrived at this conclusion, as the gown has ever since been discarded. The Gaelic Church was usually the place in which the bodies of drowned persons were deposited, to give time for being claimed. With one such person there is a

REMARKABLE CASE OF SECOND SIGHT

connected, which I will relate as it was current eighty years ago. The Rev. Mr Morrison, minister of the parish of Petty, six miles from Inverness, was a man of remarkable devotion in his ministerial labours, and was looked upon by the people as a prophet. He had often, in vain, exhorted a wild and ungodly fisherman in his parish to attend the means of grace. Walking one evening near the manse with an elder, the Rev. Mr Morrison, naming the fisherman alluded to, said, "Well that poor unhappy man has often been invited to attend the ordinances of the gospel, which he will never have an opportunity of doing again, as he is at this moment drowned at the new pier of Inverness, and his body will be taken to the Gaelic Church, and remain there during the night." There are very minute particulars connected with this case of second-sight, which was verified by the fact occurring, and being mentioned in Petty, the fisherman's relations went that same evening and claimed the body. We must, however, pass to the subject of

KIRK DISCIPLINE.

Nonagenarian remembers seeing in addition to the cutty stool, the *brangus*, or iron collar, affixed near the entrance, and the last person said to have been exhibited as an example to offenders was a military officer, at the instance of the Rev. Mr Macbean.

The interior of the building under description was decorated in places with black velvet, ornamented with gilded scriptural and other devices. The pulpit and desk, at present one of the most elaborately carved pieces of workmanship we have ever seen, is said to have been the work of a herd boy, who resided ages ago at the Muir of Culloden, and to have been all effected with one knife and put together with one pin. Tradition

states that the incorporated wrights of Inverness offered him the freedom of the craft if he would show them how he had put it together, which he refused. The seat occupied by the elders was also a piece of beautifully carved workmanship by the same hand. An attempt was made at the rebuilding of the High Church in 1772 to remove this curious pulpit to that structure, but the workmen could not do so without breaking it to pieces, and the heritors being against the removal, their interference was effectual. The Laird of Macleod having contributed very largely to defray the expense of building the Gaelic Church, a seat very handsomely ornamented, having his arms emblazoned above, was appropriated to his use. Proceed we now to notice

THE OLD HIGH CHURCH,

the antiquity of which is so great, that the period of its foundation has not been recorded. The old High Church, occupying the same site, was not so large as the present one, but constructed of stone, as was also the vestry, situated on the north, the roof of which was groined, rising with a pyramid or turret on the top, out of which grew an ash tree. Nonagenarian was a hearer in the old High Church, and many a faithful and affecting discourse was preached within its walls—Inverness having been celebrated through many years for the distinguished character of its ministers. The first Protestant minister appointed to the town and parish was in 1568, from which period till 1638 the ministerial duties of the locality were performed by one minister. In 1582, we find an order of Privy Council, for all persons throughout Scotland, refusing to pay the Bishop's exactions to be confined in the Castle of Inverness. Episcopacy, however, would seem to have taken deep root here, as in 1691, on a Presbyterian being

appointed to the Parish Church, his settlement was opposed by the magistrates and others. When the presentee, accompanied by Duncan Forbes, the Laird of Culloden, and father of the President, attempted to enter the church, they were driven away by an armed force, and it was not until a regiment of soldiers was sent by the Government, in aid of the Presbyterians, that the settlement was effected. Similar opposition was experienced by the Rev. Mr Thompson, the first Presbyterian minister appointed to the parish of Kirkhill. This parish had long been blessed with the pious and unwearied labours of the Rev. James Fraser, an Episcopalian, and founder of the late Torbreck family. To high ministerial abilities, and devotion to his sacred office, he added great knowledge of men and manners, having travelled very extensively over the continent and Holy Land. He was presented to the living by the Bishop of Moray in 1665, and continued his labours till 1715, a period of 50 years. Nonagenarian remembers a very aged woman who used to take pleasure in repeating most striking apophthegms and reminiscences of the discourses of this good man, whose name is still deservedly held in veneration. The parish was vacant for seven years after his death, on account of the people being so attached to the Episcopal form of worship which Mr Fraser had recommended by his eminent devotion and piety, that the

APPOINTMENT OF A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER

at Kirkhill was considered an almost insuperable difficulty. In 1722, however, Lord Simon Lovat presented the Rev. Mr Thompson, at that time chaplain in the Castle of Inverness, to the parish. The anticipated difficulty of reconciling the people to such an appointment was immediately realised; forgetful it would seem of the peaceable doctrines incul-

cated by the departed minister, the parishioners proceeded violently to oppose the settlement. The population turned out *en masse*, the women under the leadership of Muckle Kate M'Phail, a person of masculine stature, being particularly active. Having filled the creels they carried on their back with stones, they commenced such an attack on Mr Thompson, that he precipitately retreated to Inverness, closely followed by his persecutors, who kept up a brisk running fire at him with stones from the church till he reached King Street, near the Central School, a distance of about eight miles. His appearance, on passing the Green of Muirtown, was painfully ludicrous in the extreme. Mr Thompson was a remarkably little man; under his arm he carried what was then termed a brown *polonie*, or great coat, a huge wig reached half down his back, while his broad skirted and long flapped coat sorely oppressed and encumbered him, as, with his cocked hat in one hand, and perspiring at every pore, he trotted on; a stone or two from his enraged pursuers, under their generalissimo, Muckle Kate, ever and anon counselling him to quicken his pace. The very children accompanied their mothers and supplied ammunition for their creels, by picking up stones and putting them into them. Such an exhibition attracted numerous females to the doors of their cottages at the Green of Muirtown, to whom he said as he ran by, "Oh, women, is not this hard?" His brother, being master gunner at the Castle, and expecting the reverend gentleman would have to make a quick retreat from Kirkhill, was looking from the Castle-hill in that direction, and seeing his brother hard pressed by the foe, he sent a few soldiers out to cover and make good his retreat; and, at sight of *t-arm dearg*, or the "red sodgers," Muckle Kate and her "irregulars" in turn "faced about" in double quick time. A whole year elapsed,

before Mr Thompson attempted again to appear at the church of Kirkhill. In the meantime, the feelings of the parishioners were softened down, and being an excellent man, and as "a continual dropping wears the rock," so in process of time the parishioners of Kirkhill became quite reconciled to his ministrations,—Muckle Kate, among others of her allies, being indebted in after life to him for assistance. At the era of 1745-6, Mr Thompson was conspicuous for his loyalty to the house of Brunswick, dissuading all within his reach from joining in the attempt to disturb the existing Government. Of this we give the following proof:—On Friday, the 12th of April, 1646,

AN OFFICIOUS SERJEANT,

of the name of Macgrigor, wishing to recommend his services to Lord Lovat, called at the manse, and told Mr Thompson he was required on the following Sabbath to pray for Charles Edward, as their lawful king. Mr Thompson replied, "I will pray for him and you as fellow sinners, but I will not pray for him as my Sovereign." This so exasperated the serjeant, that he drew his sword and threatened to run him through, unless he promised compliance with the demand made upon him. Upon which Mr Thompson said, "You may run me through if you please: my Master has suffered much more for me." The firmness of the minister having daunted the *bravo*, he told him, that at any rate he would not occupy his church on the approaching Sabbath, as, if he would not pray for Charles Edward, they would make a stable of it. "Well, well," he replied, "you may make a stable of it next Sabbath, but the following one it will be the temple of the living God, who will then be worshipped there without molestation." The church was on the 14th April 1746, converted into a stable, on the 16th the battle of Culloden was

fought, and on the succeeding Sabbath the ordinances of religion were resumed in the church, as its minister had predicted. This good man died in 1772. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr Mark, a tutor in the Kilcoy family, presented by the Crown to the church, the Lovat estates having been forfeited; but after a struggle of three years he was effectually rejected, on account of his not being able to minister in Gaelic. In 1775, the Rev. A. Fraser, afterwards Dr F., and son of the Rev. Donald Fraser of Ferrintosh, was settled in the living of Kirkhill, to the great satisfaction of the parish, he being considered one of the ablest men in the Church of Scotland of his day. He was succeeded by his son in 1804, the Rev. D. Fraser, who was alike distinguished, and who had the privilege, on his own tenure being suddenly cut short, when in the discharge of his religious duties among the parishioners in 1836, of leaving a son well qualified to supply the vacancy in a parish, which for a long period of years—viz., from 1665—has been blessed with a faithful ministry. We must now make a few brief allusions to those

DEPARTED MINISTERS OF INVERNESS,

whose names have been handed down to posterity with peculiar honour and veneration. Mr Robert Bruce, a Scottish worthy, was in 1605 banished from Edinburgh to Inverness by James VI, for disobedience to the civil power. He laboured indefatigably in explaining and recommending Presbyterianism, then scarcely known in the Highlands, and was instrumental in effecting a great change in the manners and opinions of the people. After four years, he returned to Edinburgh, but in 1621 he was again banished to Inverness, where he continued three years more. In 1638, Mr Robert Baillie, a member of the Dunearn family, and one

of the magistrates, was appointed Ruling Elder for the burgh, and signed and supported the Solemn League and Covenant in the General Assembly. Mr Fraser of Brae, the last minister stationed at Bona, now included in the parish of Inverness, was much persecuted by the magistrates of the town, who laid various accusations against him before the Synod, by whom, however, he was honourably acquitted. In 1643, a third minister was appointed to preach Gaelic to two regiments that had been stationed here for some time, the one Irish and the other Highland, and in consequence of there being no room for them in the Gaelic Church, this minister addressed them every Sabbath in the Chapel-Yard, but on their departure the appointment was discontinued. It is from the circumstance of this burying-ground becoming, as it were, a chapel of ease to the Gaelic Church, that it ever afterwards was called the Chapel-Yard. In 1706, however, a third minister was permanently appointed, the stipend then being only £73.

One of the most eminently pious and useful ministers in my day, says Nonagenarian, was Mr Murdo Mackenzie, connected with whose death is the following

REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.

Lodie Ross, the head beadle of Inverness, was a perfect original in his way, of whom some amusing stories might be told. Lodie, on going one night into the High Church Steeple, to ring the ten o'clock bell, heard the most delightful music and singing, distinctly hearing the words repeated of the 118th Psalm, and 19th verse—

“O set ye open unto me
The gates of righteousness,
Then will I enter into them
And I the Lord will bless.”

Finding no one was in the Church, and knowing Mr Mackenzie to be in ill-health, he immediately ran to his house in Bridge Street. On arriving there, however, he found that this exemplary minister was just departing from the scene of his earthly labour to partake of "that rest which remaineth for the people of God." We have heard of so many similar cases attending the departure of such Christians, that it would seem almost gratuitous scepticism to refer such circumstances to the hallucinations of an enthusiastic imagination, even did the Scriptures of truth not intimate that there are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation," and who on some particular occasions, seem on their bright wings to sweep so close to earth, as to allow the sounds of their seraphic songs to break upon the discord of what to them, must, at least, appear "a vast howling wilderness."

Among many celebrated ministers, who, though not located in Inverness, were therein born or educated, and with whose fame in the churches Nonagerian has long been acquainted, we may mention the Rev. Donald Fraser, of Redcastle, afterwards of Ferrintosh, the Rev. Alexander Fraser, of Avoch. [This gentleman was afterwards settled in Inverness, and in order to show the regret of the Avoch people at his removal, we may state that the fishermen of that place refused to bring fish to the Inverness people against whom they were highly incensed.] The Rev. Mr Munro, of Lochcarron, the Rev. Mr Porteous, of Kilmuir-Easter, the Rev. Mr Denoon, of Redcastle, who was succeeded by his son, also an eminent divine, and the Rev. Mr Smith, of Cromarty, are among the celebrated ministers of former days who proceeded forth from Inverness, while at the present day the names of the ministers of Fodderty, Rothes, Dunblane, and St Mary's of Dumfries, are equally creditable to the Highland

Metropolis. Of the abilities and piety of its present ministers, eulogiums would be superfluous.

The fall of some rubbish from the roof of the High Church, on a Sabbath afternoon, was regarded as an omen of the approaching downfall of the building, though it was substantially in good repair, "Give a dog a bad name, and hang him," is an adage that has often received practical illustration, and so it fared with the old High Church, which was thereafter condemned. It being the summer season, the Gaelic congregation assembled for worship in the Church-Yard, and resigned the occupancy of their church to the English congregation, which never after the circumstance before stated assembled in the old High Church, and in the winter, there was but one English service, which was in the afternoon, the Gaelic being in the forenoon. Although the building was condemned, the funds for its reconstruction were not completed for nearly two years, and in the meantime an extraordinary character took up his nightly abode within the church. His name was never known, but in the town and neighbourhood he passed under the significant one of

MINISTEIR NA FEOSAIG, OR BEARDED MINISTER, on account of the enormous beard which he wore, and which reached below his breast. His age was apparently fifty or sixty years. The cause of his resorting to the church for his nightly lodging, was not from a want of hospitality on the part of the Invernessians of that day, but in fulfilment of "a vow registered in heaven," as O'Connell has it, whereby he had solemnly engaged never to sleep in a dwelling-house or on a bed; and, accordingly, his couch was some straw scattered in a pew near the pulpit. The bearded minister was remarkable for his inoffensive character; and at a time when superstitions were particularly rife in the Highlands, the very fact of his making

such a prohibited spot as the old High Kirk his nightly abode, added a degree of awe and reverence to the mystery with which he was enshrouded. He was accustomed to preach at various parts of the town and neighbourhood; and he used such abstinence that he found no difficulty in obtaining adequate support upon the proceeds of benevolence and hospitality. Many were the conjectures which were hazarded by gossips, young and old, as to the causes which had led him to adopt a pilgrim's life of such austerity. Had he in early life fixed his affections upon one of earth's fair angel's, and had unrequited affection or faithlessness disappointed him of the prize he coveted; or, had a premature death snatched a blooming bride from his arms, and thence in despair and in disgust of the world had he determined to take up his abode in caves and charnel houses; or again, did heavy guilt press upon his conscience, and did he erroneously think to afflict his body for the sin of his soul. These suppositions were easily started, but they never met with any elucidation whatever—the history of *ministèir na feosaig* lived, and, in all probability, died with himself. Whatever were the causes that led to his extraordinary kind of life, he could scarcely have devised self-inflictions more monastic and austere than those he adopted, and which appeared to excite the commiseration of all but himself. As the winter evenings drew on, and when the cold blast was

“Hurling the hail and sleeted rain
Against the casement's tinkling pane,”

and the busy gudewife was kindling the peats into a sunny blaze in the bothies of Inverness, and the auld folk drew round to record tales of horror and wild revenge, till the lads and lasses would not gang a step beyond the door, except it were by pairs; yes, at such a time might *ministèir na feosaig* be seen

wending his way through the snow storm towards the Kirk-yard, there to take up his dreary lodging for a long tempestuous winter's night, surrounded only by the remains of the departed, with no fire to warm or even light to cheer him through twelve or fifteen hours of dreary darkness. The garments of the Bearded Minister having waxed old and tattered, the Rev. Robert Rose very kindly bestowed a fresh change upon him; but in consequence of workmen beginning to pull down the old High Church, the former left the neighbourhood, and was never again heard of, but in all probability in some equally gloomy solitude, went on

“Wearing out life with his religious whim,
Till his religious whimsy wore out him.”

In making the necessary excavations for the walls of the present High Church, the men, against the north wall of the building, came upon the grave of some person, whose rank or wealth had procured the last melancholy distinction of interment within the walls of the sacred edifice. Such a distinction, however, had not prevented the sentence of “dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return,” being carried into effect, with, however, this remarkable exception. Among the dust and fragments of bones which the opened tomb presented was

A FEMALE'S ARM,

with flesh and nails entire, covered from the second joints of the fingers to the elbow, with a white glove. The fact of this singular discovery was soon made known, and people of all classes flocked to see so curious a sight, which was exhibited for several days. Nonagenarian himself went on one occasion into the grave and brought the hand up for the inspection of persons who were desirous of seeing it. The arm was the right one, and after the clergy, and members of the medical and learned professions

had seen it, the almost unanimous opinion was, that it was a guilty right arm which had been held up in perjury against the innocent, and had thus been left as a memento to future generations of its wickedness. Such an inference was in accordance with the times; probably in the present, we should, before arriving at such a conclusion, suggest whether the arm might not during life have been amputated; kept for a time in spirits or in some tanning liquid, and subsequently at the death of the party interred in the same coffin, and there remain, without so soon obeying the general law of decomposition. Such an explanation would deprive the circumstance of some of its romance, but it would at the same time discomfit superstition, which we regard as one of the falsest allies that ever followed religion. "This guilty hand," exclaimed Archbishop Cranmer at the stake, as he stretched forth into the fiercest flame the member that had signed his recantation of Protestantism, when after passing through the phases of Papal persecution and seduction, he temporarily succumbed under the power of strong temptation. He was desirous that what he regarded as his peculiarly guilty arm should first be destroyed, and such a fate we should have awarded to the hand of the perjurer, instead of its remaining an unperished memento of guilt as the female arm alluded to was considered at the time of its discovery. Time, however, had erased from the sculptured marble the name of the once fair tenant of the tomb beneath, who awaited the judgment not of fallible mortals but of One "to whom all hearts are open and from whom no secrets are hidden"—who alone knows whether the hand that caused such anxious speculation had been celebrated in life for its being lifted in perjury against the innocent, or had, on the contrary, received the blessings of the hungry whom it had fed, of the

naked whom it had clothed, and of the sick to whom it had ministered. The marble, kindly faithless to its trust, had failed to retain the name of the departed, which was thereby sheltered from the "strife of tongues." Had it been otherwise, we would have desired to inscribe below that name the rustic lines we once met with on a grave in a country church-yard.—

“‘Whate’er you’ve seen amiss in me, endeavour to shun;
And look at home, enough’s *there* to be done.”

THE PRESENT HIGH CHURCH,

erected in 1772, was at that period considered one of the finest modern parochial churches in Scotland. The circular window on each side of the pulpit, very recently stopped up, in consequence of an additional storey being put to the vestry, was first opened on account of the following circumstance. The Rev. Robert Rose was accustomed to read his discourse from a manuscript, and one afternoon in the winter season, no candles having been prepared, and when about half way through his sermon the shades of night outmarched him, and after loosing his place and in vain endeavouring to find it, he was obliged abruptly to conclude with prayer. Determined not to be *nonplussed* again in that manner he intimated that he would not preach another afternoon discourse, unless the authorities provided greater facilities, and in compliance with this demand, a circular window was formed on each side of the pulpit, which threw the necessary "light upon the subject." This rev. gentleman, though not remarkable for ministerial talents, was a sound and useful pastor. Nonagenarian remarks that he never knew him conduct church worship without especially praying for the spread of the gospel among the heathen; and observes, that, had he lived to the

present, he would have perceived how extensively the object of his prayers had been accomplished. One Sabbath soon after the opening of the building, the congregation had a remarkable illustration of the truth that "in the midst of life we are in death," by the sudden decease of a very pious gentleman, Mr Macleod, the bulkmaster, who expired in the church, where he had been worshipping, and of which he was also an elder.

THE KIRK-YARD

was originally much larger than at present, in Nonagenarian's youthful days it was surrounded with trees of very large growth, under the spreading foliage of which, might be seen between the services on the Sabbath, groups of persons, some perusing the sacred volume; others meditating upon the addresses they had heard, or visiting or lamenting over the graves of friends or kindred, while a few aged men, some of whom had numbered more than a hundred years, were wont to seat themselves upon a broad tomb-stone and there talk over events of by-gone days. Nonagenarian, from early youth thirsted to obtain a knowledge of the particulars they related, and was regularly admitted as a hearer among them. Some very ancient tombs existed in the kirk-yard; that of Provost Maclean's on the site of the present session-house, was particularly so, but the most elaborate burial place is that of the Robertsons of Inshes, enclosed within a substantial stone wall, surmounted with a row of sculptured pillars, supporting an entablature. Over the entrance is the following inscription:—

*"Monumentum Mariæ Purves Dominæ De Watson
Matris Janetæ Sinclar Sponsæ Joannis Robertsoni de
Inshes Obiit 14th Ap. Anno Domini 1660, ætatis avtum
suæ—88 Virtutis gloria meros."*

Within the enclosure are some monuments, from one of which we extract the following inscription:—

“Recte Faciendo Neminem Timeas 1703. Monumentum Hugonis Robertsen Ter Consulis Invernesensis qui obiit 16 die Junii 1703.”

The Robertson family have long been located in this neighbourhood, the first was a member of the Struan family, who was a merchant in Inverness in 1420. In the battle of

BLAIR NA LEINE,

fought at the end of Loch-Lochy, John Robertson, a descendant of the above, acted as standard-bearer to Lord Lovat. This battle was fought between the Frasers and Macdonalds of Clanranald, and derived its appellation from the circumstance of the combatants fighting only in their shirts. The contest was carried on with such bloody determination, foot to foot, and claymore to claymore, that only four of the Frasers and ten of the Macdonalds returned to tell the tale. The former family was well nigh extirpated. Tradition, however, states, that sixteen widows of the Frasers who had been slain, were at the time *enceinte*, and as a providential succour produced sixteen sons. Truly, Malthus and Miss Martineau, complain of modern fecundity, but when we see the Fraser clan in 1544 reduced to four, or at most *twenty*, and now contemplate the goodly numbers in which they are to be found, not only throughout broad Scotland, but in every part of the habitable globe, we must pause, before we consider the march of population within the last generation to be such as to justify the fearful alarm, and the desperate remedies which the above *luminaries* in political economy indulge in and recommend. The son of this standard-bearer acquired the lands of Inshes by marriage with the daughter of Paterson of Wester Inshes. A member of the Robertson family having

paid his addresses to a daughter of the Laird of Glenmorrison, and withdrawing without assigning a satisfactory reason, the wrath of the Glenmorrison tenantry was so enflamed, that in the end of harvest they proceeded at night to Culcabock, and succeeded in firing the outbuildings, with the corn crop of the year, and destroying a number of cattle.

KING'S CHAPEL, ETC.

Previously to quitting the subject of the ecclesiastical buildings and places of sepulture connected with Inverness, we may state, that a chapel, named King's Chapel, stood on the Green of Muirtown, and derived its appellation from the circumstance of James IV. having frequented it, during the period of his residence in Inverness, when on a journey of penance to Tain, where the place at which he performed the most humiliating part, is still known by the name of the King's Causeway. Attached to King's Chapel was a burying-ground, now covered with houses. Another chapel and burying-ground were situated at Broomtown, a little south of Drakies, connected with which, tradition states that a youthful monk at the dawn of the Reformation, having broached some religious views far at variance with the church of which he was a member, was for that cause burned at the spot referred to, thereby becoming one of the earliest martyrs for the truth. At Essich, three or four miles south of this locality, formerly existed a chapel and burying-ground, but in the youth time of Nonagenarian, this place was better known by the name of *Fearin na ceann*, or Lands of the Head, which derived its appellation from the following circumstance. In 1550, the Laird of Mackintosh having given offence to George, Earl of Huntly; the latter, after a mock trial, beheaded him at Strathbogie. The Earl was, however, obliged, in order to purchase peace with the

Mackintosh clan, to cede to them as a compensation the lands of Essich, and it having been subsequently discovered that Lachlan Mackintosh, a member of the family, had betrayed his kinsman into the power of Huntly, he was put by the clan to an ignominious death.

ST COLUMBA AT BONA.

Bona on the opposite side of the Ness, and to which we have already had occasion to refer, is distinguished in local tradition as the place at which St Columba first announced the glad tidings of Salvation in Scotland, having come to Inverness to visit Brudeus king of the Picts, whose palace was situated at the western side of the Ness, near its mouth. Brudeus received the herald of Christianity in the most favourable manner, and made him a grant of the Island of Iona, famed in after ages for the learning and piety of its residents, and as the distinguished resting place of most of the early Scottish monarchs. Divine service took place every third Sabbath in the church at Bona in Nonagenarian's youthful days, but the building having fallen into decay, this was discontinued some years ago. Mr Baillie of Dochfour was very anxious for the rebuilding of the church, in order that the people in this locality might have sermon regularly on the Sabbath, which would have taken place had his liberal offers been seconded by the aid of the Extension Scheme. We hope the day is not distant when there will be a church and manse erected here as it was in the days of yore. Attached to the late place of worship is a neat burying-ground, romantically situated at the base of the Dochfour and Dunean hills, with the Little Loch beautifully spreading before it. The place of interment contains among other monuments a full length effigy of one of the members of the Dochfour family in military uniform.

The Baillies have long been settled in this district and distinguished for military avocations. As early as 1452, the estate of Dunean was conferred by the Earl of Huntly upon a son of Baillie of Hoprigg and Lamington for his gallant conduct at the battle of Brechin. The Baillies of Dochfour and Leys are branches of this ancient family. Before leaving the vicinity of Bona we may observe that it was also celebrated for a desperate battle fought between the Maclean and Mackintosh clans, in which, owing to the disparity of numbers, the former were extirpated. The Macleans originally held great part of the lands of Glen-Urquhart, but when Queen Mary was sojourning in Inverness, the neighbouring chiefs were summoned to do homage, and the Laird of Maclean being on a hunting excursion in chase of a white deer at Mealfourvonie, he was unavoidably absent from her court, which was immediately construed into a proof of contempt and hostility, though this was anything but the case. The lands, however, were alienated and bestowed by Mary upon the Laird of Grant. The Maclean clan, however, obtained from the Earl of Huntly the lands of Dochgarroch and Dochnaluirg, but acknowledged his superiority by giving a chaldron of barley annually.

HIGHLAND REVENGE.

In consequence of the infringements of the Laird of Dunean, the Macleans still located in Urquhart proceeded to resent the treatment of their old proprietor at Dochgarroch, after the Highland fashion, by a large body falling suddenly upon the cattle of the Laird of Dunean, the tails of which they docked, and in consequence many of them ran mad to the great terror of the neighbourhood; while some of them rushed into the river Ness and were drowned. Complaint of this having been made to the Earl of Huntly, he summoned Maclean to appear before him.

Accompanied by 50 of his old clan from Urquhart, who volunteered their services on the occasion, and who were willing to shed their blood in defence of their clansman and leader, he proceeded to comply with the summons, which, from the well known ferocity of the Earl would have been no pleasant excursion for the disturber of the Earl's territory and the peace of his favourite, the Laird of Dunean, had it not been for the desperate valour for which the Macleans were celebrated. It happened also, that the Earl had not an available force adequate to render the exercise of arbitrary punishment upon the Laird of Maclean at all advisable or safe, and as his wild and well armed mountaineers approached the castle of the Earl of Huntly, the countess, who was walking in the grounds at the time, was the first to discover the advance of these warlike looking men, and precipitately retreated within the castle and announced their arrival to the Earl; who having given an audience, and suitable admonition, peaceably dismissed Dochgarroch, with a direction to give an additional chaldron of barley for his hounds. This was intended merely for the occasion, but the estates of Dochgarroch and Dochnaluirg have ever since had to pay this compensation for the Highland revenge of docking cattle. The ancient family of Dochgarroch has produced several distinguished military men in modern as well as in former times.

CASTLE SPIRITUEL.

The ruins of this Highland stronghold are situated at Bona on a neck of land jutting out into the little loch, the waters of which, passing through an artificial channel or ditch, isolated the building, which, though not very extensive, was of immense strength, as the existing walls still testify. Tradition assigns its erection to the Danes, one of whose kings is said to have died therein, and to have been buried at

CILLIANAN OR CILL-IONA,

in the wood of Abriachan, about four miles on the road to Urquhart. The place derived its name from the circumstance of a missionary sent out from Iona by St Columba having been here stationed as a preacher, for the purpose of converting the natives, where he also died and was buried. Nonagenarian recollects old persons having at wakes sung a dirge or lament in Gaelic poetry, resembling in style the celebrated productions of Ossian, for the chief of Macleod, who ages ago was interred at this romantic place of sepulture, situated on the slope of a lofty mountain, wooded to its base with a birch and hazel forest of elegant though fantastic growth, while a little to the west, a roaring burn or cascade thunders in winter down the side of the cliff till it reaches the narrow road or pass, under which it issues precipitately down a lower portion of the declivity, interspersed with rugged granite rocks and stunted trees, into the Loch beneath—sometimes so smooth as to reflect upon its bright blue surface, as in a mirror, the towering wooded and craggy scenery of the mountains with the fleecy clouds that float still far above in the azure canopy, and at other times, so maddened by the fury of the tempest, sweeping down the glens, as to lash the rocky shores with its infuriated billows, in a vain attempt to scale the rugged precipices. Such a solitary and romantic spot, appropriated formerly to the purposes of sepulture, could hardly fail in the Highlands, of becoming noted for traditional wonders of a supernatural kind. Accordingly, the burying place of Cillianan is celebrated on account of a gravestone, in the shape of a coffin, which is said to have been removed to almost every other burial ground in the neighbourhood, by persons desirous of placing it over the graves of their family, which, however, was no sooner done,

than the robber of the gravestone became nightly so tormented by its indignant and unearthly owner, that its restoration to the original spot to which it belonged was promptly made. Although many have been desirous of again removing the well-chiseled gravestone of Cillianan, no one for years back has had the temerity to disturb it, and it still remains for the inspection of the traveller about the middle of the burying-ground, in which, however, the other monumental stones are merely rough blocks, placed after the ancient way of the Highlands to point out particular graves. Near the top of the wood is a stone font, consisting of a massive block with a hollow space, and at the bottom a hole through which the water ascended, probably from a land spring, or rivulet from the mountain above. In former days the natural filling of this font with water was regarded as a sign of the approaching interment in the burial ground of some one of importance in the neighbourhood. The water also of the font was conceived to possess curative virtues, and it was accordingly resorted to by the sick. The population of this wild district have occasionally the ordinances of religion ministered to them by the Rev. Mr Macdonald of Urray, Rev. Mr Clark of Inverness, &c., and when the burying place of Cillianan has been occupied as a preaching site, a more striking and at the same time solemn scene could scarcely be imagined. The hardy sons and daughters of the mountain emerging from their cottages to listen to the invitations of the gospel in a sylvan temple more than consecrated by the majesty of native grandeur and solemnity; the Loch sprinkled with boats conveying worshippers from the opposite Strath, and then the voice of prayer and praise, wafted on the peaceful waters, cannot fail of exciting kindred emotions of awe and reverence in the mind.

DRUMMUIR HOUSE AND PRINCE CHARLIE.

In order to complete our notices of the ecclesiastical buildings of the parish of Inverness, we have diverged from the regular line of our walk, which we resume, by observing, that there are comparatively few of the old structures now standing on Church Street, which graced it ninety years ago. Opposite the High Church is an ancient building, originally endowed as an hospital by Provost Dunbar, the stone materials of which were procured like many other public as well as private buildings from Cromwell's Fort. Subsequently the hospital was converted into a seminary, known as the Inverness Latin School. About the middle of the street, on the west side, stands a venerable house, known 90 years ago as Drummuir House, it having been the residence of the celebrated Lady Drummuir, and is still interesting, not only from its historical associations, but as a specimen of the style of building which then prevailed in first-rate buildings. In her day the house was the best in the town, and was accordingly placed at the command of the Pretender in 1715, and of Charles Edward in 1745. Nonagenarian remembers with what interest his mother used to relate the stirring scene witnessed in Church Street on the first arrival of Bonnie Prince Charlie, who acknowledged the cheering of the multitude assembled before Drummuir House to welcome him, by his coming forward to the window, clad in the Highland garb, with a brilliant star upon his breast, and graciously returning the enthusiastic salutes of the crowd, by gracefully bowing to them. Everything connected with the Prince and his circumstances tended to excite sympathy and interest, and his person and behaviour won for him the admiration of the fair, who universally exclaimed, "they had never seen so pretty a lad." The night before the battle of Culloden

he occupied a small sleeping-room communicating with the principal one of entertainment. On the next eventful evening, the Duke of Cumberland fixed his head-quarters at the same house, and on intimating the same to Lady Drummair, she with true Highland spirit replied, "Very well, your cousin slept in that bed last night and you can sleep in it to-night." Years afterwards this lady used to boast that she had entertained three princes in her house.

THE CELEBRATED CLACH-NA-CUDDIN.

Having arrived at the locality where the walk through Inverness was commenced we shall conclude it by stating that on the street in front of the Exchange stood an apple tree, which after the battle of Culloden was used as a gibbet for hanging a postman who was accused of having assisted the rebels by conveying their communications. His execution is said to have been barbarously accomplished, and neither fruit nor leaves ever grew thereafter upon the tree. Near the same spot was also the renowned *Clach-na-cuddin*, long regarded as the Palladium of the town and cherished in the fond remembrance of many a native wanderer over the varied scenes of the universe. The origin of the term is well known in the locality, but as everything connected with the Highlands has been read with interest in the South, since the silver trumpet of Scott sounded forth northern tradition, such readers will be desirous of knowing the history and derivation of the term *Clach-na-cuddin*. The market cross of Inverness stood originally in front of the Town Hall, and adjacent to it was a very large block of stone. The servants and lassies of the town, who were accustomed to carry tubs or *sacs* of water from the river by means of a pole across their shoulders, invariably made this their chief resting place. Hither the lads were wont also to resort, and in those times, when

the press had not penetrated with its broad sheet so far north, this was the grand rendezvous for telling and hearing, not only "the news of the parish," but the contents of many a private letter from outlandish parts conveying intelligence of sights and deeds which could not fail of astonishing the natives. In addition to being the Inverness head-quarters for gossip, the locality was notorious for courting, and many a fair lassie there effectually won the affections of amorous swains, and there many a match was made up. From the circumstance of the lassies resting their tubs on the stone alluded to, it acquired the Gaelic name of *Clach-na-cuddin*, or the Tubstone; and, as the principal rendezvous in Inverness, it became, in time, but another name for the inhabitants, the natives being styled "Clach-na-cuddin boys." Nonagenarian, in connection with this, recollects a great gentleman from India visiting Inverness, and on asking if there was such a place as "Clach-na-cuddin" was answered in the affirmative, and shewn the object and spot. On this, he exclaimed, "Is this stone, what they call "Clach-na-cuddin? Well, it has cost me many a bottle of wine to drink to Clach-na-cuddin, but little did I think it was only this stone that gave rise to a toast of such evident interest and endearing associations." This ponderous stone is also celebrated for having been carried by way of a trial of prowess by two men of gigantic strength—a weight sufficient to crush a man

"In these degenerate days."

One of the men who attempted the feat alluded to, was called Jock on the Maggot, who raised and carried the Clach-na-cuddin from its place to the top of the Old Jail stairs, but was unable to bring it back. His competitor, a man of the name of Maclean, also a townsman, succeeded in performing the feat by returning with the stone to the cross.

Some years ago the stone and cross were removed to the present position, and the former, to prevent dilapidation, carefully enclosed. Nonagenarian, remarks, that men in those days had not learned to impair their strength by dram-drinking, which was then, indeed, unknown in the Highlands. Having completed the walk through Inverness, we now proceed to detail

THE PRICES OF PROVISIONS 90 YEARS AGO.

Nonagenarian remembers the best butter being sold at 10s. the stone, Dutch weight; cheese at 3s. per stone do. A good leg of mutton might be obtained for 1s. 3d., the fleshers never thought of weighing legs of mutton, but merely named a price from 1s. to 1s. 3d., according to the apparent size. Good beef was sold at 1d. and 1½d per lb. Oatmeal at 6d. per peck. Hollands 1d. per gill; strong beer 3d per Scotch pint. A fat hen was sold at from 3½d. to 4d., chickens 2d per pair, eggs were generally sold at about 1d. per dozen. Shoes (Brocan Sasanach), from 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d. per pair; brogues, (Brocan Dubh), from 10d. to 1s. per do. The best green tea was frequently bought at 1s. 6d. the pound; it is probable, however, that it was smuggled. In those days the excise officers in the town, consisted of honest Mr Collie and his son, and when the Inverness dealers expected a smuggling vessel in the Firth, they were accustomed to get the father and son into their houses and treat them with such hospitality, that they would neither be fit to distinguish a free trader from another vessel, or have an opportunity of leaving the houses of their kind entertainers before a late hour on the following day. Although the prices enumerated appear very low, yet they were great compared with previous years. Nonagenarian well remembers Donald Cameron, a neighbour, mentioning that he and his

wife had been on a Friday morning to the market and purchased a leg of mutton, a peck of meal, and cart of peats, all for 11d., and procured a gill of Hollands for himself and guidwife with the other penny composing the shilling. Wages were low, the difference, however, that existed, was considerably in favour of the poor.

Previously to the Disarming Act, the Highland costume now retained by few, and exhibited chiefly upon important occasions, universally prevailed throughout the North. Various were the devices and contrivances resorted to, for the purpose of evading the provisions of an Act which placed the ban of prohibition on the airy kilt of the Gael, and compelled the wild son of the mountains to encase his brawny legs in some species of those refined inventions, which in polite society, when absolutely required to be brought upon the *tapis*, pass under the conventional term of *inexpressibles*. Among some of the expedients for so far complying with an early predilection for the kilt, and, at the same time, avoiding the penalty of the law, we may allude to the droll practice of sewing the kilt together between the legs, thus making short trews; the wearers excusing themselves, on the ground of not possessing longer ones, if they happened to come into contact with officials whose duty it was to check such an infringement of "*the statute in that case made and provided*," as the learned gentlemen are wont to say. The regular trews were formed of tartan, and equivalent to *inexpressibles* in the strictest sense of the word, as they fitted close to the leg and also descended as low as the foot.

FEMALE ATTIRE.

Although the revolution in female attire is not so great as that of the males, a few notices may prove generally interesting. Ninety years ago the dress not

only of the females of lower rank but also of the superior classes consisted more of woollen stuffs, and what is very remarkable, in those days, the modern and numerous class of *artistes*, termed dress-makers, had no existence. The Highland tailors then made all the ladies' gowns, not only of stuff, but even of silk, which were so padded and of such stiff materials as to stand alone; the waists being particularly long. Lady Drummur, previously alluded to, used to have her train supported by two boys as pages when she went to kirk. The tailors also used to make the ladies' and females' stays in those unsophisticated times. About the year 1661, Mr Porteus (grandfather to the celebrated divine, Mr Porteus of Kilmuir-Easter), on the disbanding of Cromwell's troops in the north set up in Inverness in his old trade of tailor and stay-maker. Nonagenarian assures us that being enclosed in a pair of the stays in vogue 99 years ago was equivalent to being now put in a strait jacket, as they were not only of formidable dimensions, but made of such hard materials, that the emancipation of the fair from the then fashionable fetters deserves by them to be ever held in grateful remembrance, and we doubt not some will even venture to compare it with the great era of Negro emancipation itself. The principal distinction of ladies at the period alluded to was the scarlet cloak, and Nonagenarian well remembers only about three or four bonnets being worn in the town, and those were by the wives of the principal merchants.

DOMESTIC INDUSTRY.

Home manufactures of woollen, and even linen, were carried to a great extent, as every respectable family spun the articles requisite for its use, such as stuffs, and including towels and table-cloths. The reel was then to be found in every

parlour, and without a written certificate, that a servant seeking a situation could spin "twelve cuts" a day, she then stood no chance of employment. Instead of *dressing* or *ironing* clothes as it was termed, "beetling" was the general practice, and consisted in beating the clean linen upon a smooth stone until the former acquired a requisite softness. Nonagenarian has still in his possession the beetling stone upon which the President's linen was placed, and he maintains that it was not until persons used hot irons to their garments and pampered themselves in that way, that consumptions and disease became so prevalent. He says, when he saw trousers introduced, he thought the ensuing generation would be less hardy than their predecessors, and assures us that in "one of the old-fashioned winters" he has, on entering the house, scraped off the snow above his knees, and neither needed a fire to cause a glow, nor experienced a cold from exposure, with nought save the kilt.

ONLY THREE HATS IN INVERNESS.

Our aged authority says that he heard old Bailie Rose's wife state that she remembered the time when there were only three hats in Inverness, and which were worn by the Sheriff, the Provost, and the First Minister. In his own days he recollects the first appearance of hats among tradesmen; which had the following curious origin. It was the custom of the Lord President Forbes of Culloden to spend the vacation on his estates at Inverness, and on his arrival, and previously to his departure, was accustomed to invite the Provost and Town Council of Inverness to dine with him. The story of the hatter, who being a candidate for a certain burgh, secured the good will of the different electors upon whom he called, by saying, "My dear sir, you've got a shocking bad hat, pray, allow me to send you a new one,"

is pretty well known ; no such selfish motive, however, influenced the Lord President on the occasion of his giving one of the fêtes to which we have alluded. He might, indeed, have noticed that some of the Council of Inverness had "shocking bad" bonnets, or head pieces, or, perchance, both, but we incline to think, that it was only a patriotic desire to elevate the civic functionaries of his native town in the scale of civilization, that the Lord President presented each member of the Council with a cocked hat, then the distinguishing mark of gentility. Hercules, in his fine coat, was scarcely a more envied or enviable being, than each of the happy councillors upon whom a mark of such authority and distinction had been conferred. "Great heights are often dangerous to weak heads," is an adage of general acceptance, and the history of the Council of Inverness, even in those days of comparatively sound sense and unimpaired intellects, does not form an exception, as will be seen from the following instance of

A COUNCILLOR AT FAULT.

A deacon of the weavers, on sitting down to dinner with his brother councillors at Culloden's, began to show off his knowledge and appreciation of modern discoveries and refinements by calling for a dish of tea, just then, as great a delicacy as could be named in the house of the Highland laird. Hospitality, however, placed everything within command at the service of the guest, although it was out of order. A domestic having prepared, brought in the tea with a valuable set of china, and after placing the beverage on a side table, invited the deacon there to partake of it. The dinner board, however, began to groan under a load of substantial Highland cheer, and the civic functionary so far forgot the cap of gentility he had assumed as

to break out into a violent passion, declaring it an insult to request him to take refreshment at a table separate from his companions; the other old addage of "nature will prevail" was verified, he burst into a furious rage and laying about him in wild Highland style demolished the valuable china service in a twinkling. The fact of the case, however, was, that the deacon with all his pompous affectation of knowledge and gentility, was so ignorant of what "a dish of tea" meant, that instead of "the slop" put before him, his *gourmand* palate had anticipated such savoury and substantial viands as "the Brother of the Sun and Moon had alone the power of inventing." This mistake will not appear so surprising when we state, that long after this, a good lad in the south having sent his mother in the Highlands a pound of tea as a present, the whole pound of tea was "*cooked*" at one boiling, and the "*soup*" consisting of the tea leaves and liquor served up at what will be appropriately termed one "*mess*." Resuming our narrative of the fracas at the dinner table, or rather this early rencontre of the Highlanders with *China*, it deserves to be stated in honour of the President, that instead of imitating the wild rage of his guest, he passed over the injury and misbehaviour, by humourously saying, "Well, well, deacon, it cannot now be helped, I must make the shuttle pay for it some day," alluding to the offender's craft. This mild reproof, while it formed a striking contrast to the violence of the weaver, was in just keeping with the high character for personal and domestic worth and piety for which the President was so justly celebrated.

THE NATIVES ASTONISHED.

The first tradesman who began in common to wear a hat in Inverness was Deacon Young, fully eighty years ago, he and his brother councillors hav-

ing up to that time sported their cocked hats only on Sundays and Council days. The appearance of a tradesman, even of such a respectable one as the Deacon, in a hat, on other than state occasions was a novelty the blue bonnets of Inverness could scarcely estimate. Crowds followed him wherever he went, and it was with some difficulty that he kept the *intrusionists* of those days at a respectful distance, when he took his evening station for contemplating the beauties of his native scenery upon "the old bridge," in those days "the Rialto" of Inverness. The ignorant and semi-barbarous are ever wont to stare with awkward wonder and rudeness at customs or costume that differ somewhat from those of the contracted sphere with which alone they are familiar, and it would appear that a spirit of *rude quizzing* was that which predominated among the followers of the Deacon, although doubtless there were many who regarded his cocked hat with awe and veneration. Like a wise politician, he seized upon the latter circumstance to express his disapprobation of the united conduct of his admirers and quizzers, whom he reproved by the following interrogatory. "What do you see about me, sirs? Am I not a mortal man like yoursel's?" These reproofs had often to be administered, and being generally in the same words, the expression "Am I not a mortal man like yoursel" became a cant phrase in the town and neighbourhood for many years afterwards.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA IN INVERNESS.

It is now 82 years since the natives of Inverness, Nonagenarian among the number, were also astonished at the appearance of an umbrella, which was used in a procession on "St Crispin's day," the 25th of October. Whether it was imported by some daring navigator from China, or from what part of the universe the umbrella came, we can scarcely

imagine; certain it is, that one of the knights of the awl held the umbrella over the king of the Crispins, although the day was fine and dry. This procession was very grand, and almost all the inhabitants of the town and parish were out to witness it, yet the principal object of astonishment was the umbrella, which totally eclipsed "My Lord King Crispin" in his robes, supported by train-bearers, various pipers leading the van, and numbers gaily dressed in the national costume. Mr Fraser of Farraline was the first gentleman known to possess an umbrella in this place, where they are now so plentiful that the poorest old wife is seldom to be seen without one, and on a wet market morning in front of the Exchange the extended canvas resembles the closely-placed shields of the ancient infantry when warding off a shower of hostile darts and arrows. Previously to the introduction of umbrellas, "Come under my plaidie," was an invitation which necessity as well as gallantry required of the husband towards his spouse, and of the lad towards his lassie, when a shower occurred; unwelcome in the former case, but not always so in the latter. A striking exemplification of the use of the plaid is afforded in the following anecdote. Major James Fraser, father of the 42nd or of the Black Watch, as it was styled, which gained such high honours on the fields of Fontenoy, etc., was presented at Court to Queen Anne, as a specimen of a handsome Highlander. He was dressed in full costume with the exception of the kilt, which was supplied by trews. Her Majesty condescended at the presentation, to make enquiries respecting his dress and accoutrements, and alluding to his plaid, asked for what it was intended, "To wrap my sweetheart in of a cold night," replied the Major with a promptitude and air which so pleased her Majesty, that drawing a ring off her finger, she

requested his acceptance of it. Three full length portraits of this worthy Highlander were taken; one of which is still in the possession of Miss Grant of Kilmonivaig, to whom Major Fraser was great-grandfather.

A CHAPTER ON WITCHCRAFT.

- 1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat had mew'd.
 - 2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
 - 3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—"Tis time, 'tis time.
 - 1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!
- All.* Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.—*Shakespeare.*

"IN THE OLDEN TIME,"

Situated near the scene where the witches of Macbeth held their nightly orgies, it is not surprising that Inverness for ages afterwards should have been notorious for retaining the widely spread belief of Witchcraft. That persons endued with a little more knowledge of human nature and with stronger minds than some of their fellows, should have turned some of the mysterious operations of nature to account, by affecting the profession of supernatural powers, independently of the Divine Being, is what we can readily conceive. Did not history, however, confirm the statement, we should have been unwilling to believe that any of the human species could have been sufficiently weak to include among the realities of existence, old witches riding upon broomsticks through the midnight storm, and solid and substantial bodies passing with facility through a key-hole on errands of mischief and malignity. Yet, such things were! We fear also that the relics of superstition may still be traced in some of the dark corners even

of this land of religious privilege and knowledge. We remember in the south of England having been told by a village labourer of a person's child which was then in the last stage of consumption, owing to an individual reputed as a witch having cast upon it "the evil eye." Our objections were doggedly met with an assurance that the child was one of the healthiest and stoutest in the neighbourhood, until one day the person suspected of witchcraft called at the cottage to beg, and while the mother was getting some provisions for the applicant, the evil power must have been exercised, as from that very time the child declined. Recent paragraphs in some of the English papers show that this superstition still lingers in places where education and religion have not chased the mists of ignorance and credulity. It is truly lamentable to reflect how many innocent persons, perhaps merely eccentric in their manners, or lunatic in mind, have fallen victims to the fallible judgment of their superstitious fellow-creatures. Among the victims alluded to whose deaths are well authenticated in history, we may mention the following:—In the reign of Henry VII. a woman was executed for witchcraft by the Sheriff of Devon; 600 were executed in France in 1609. Grandiere, a priest of Loudun in 1334 was burnt for bewitching a whole convent of nuns; 20 women were executed in Bretagne in 1654; and 9 women were burned in Poland in 1775. The latter was a very late period for anything like a judicial punishment of witchcraft; yet, the celebrated Sir George Mackenzie, the learned Lord Advocate of Scotland, in the reign of Charles II. and James VII., declared, "witchcraft to be the greatest of crimes, and the lawyers of Scotland *cannot doubt there are witches since the law ordains them to be punished;*" and accordingly the rigours of the law were carried into effect in the north from as early a period as 1634, when a man and his wife

were burnt at Kirkcaldy; on the 13th September 1678, ten women were strangled and burnt for the same crime. Another case occurred in Paisley in 1691, and another in Sutherlandshire so late as 1727. Leaving, however, these general details, we now turn to record

TRADITIONS OF WITCHCRAFT IN INVERNESS.

Nonagenarian states that the valley of Millburn in his early days was very thickly strewed with bothies, and had from time immemorial been regarded as the stronghold of witchcraft. The verdant parks of the valley sheltered from the east by an abrupt hill, with a wild burn forcing its tortuous course to the sea afforded a suitable site for the nightly deeds of darkness of the beldames; and in fine nights, Ault Mournaic, a little to the eastward (now the commencement of the present Highland road), which in olden times was also over-run with a burn, presented every facility of locality for the evil craft. Nonagenarian's grandmother was serving in the family of Bailie David Fraser, a member of the Fairfield family, when the proceedings of the witches of Millburn drew down the wrath of the civic authorities upon them. In one of the *bothies* of Millburn lived two old women, sisters, one of them known by the *sobriquet* of "Creibh Mhor," who had long been suspected of practising the black art, and the following incident is said to have led to the

DISCOVERY OF THE CRIME.

Some children were playing with the beautifully variegated pebbles in the bed of the burn alluded to, when their attention was attracted by a figure of clay stuck all over with pins. They took it out of the water, and one of the children said she often saw her grandmother, "Creibh Mhor," make the like of that with pins. The circumstance and the remark

of the child was blazed abroad by the gossips of the parish, and became the subject of judicial enquiry among the civic authorities of the town. The mystical intention of the figure was generally known by the vulgar as well as the learned in the law of witchcraft. The clay figure represented the person placed under the spell of the witches, the pins with which the former was closely stuck represented the curses inflicted upon the devoted being, and the whole effigy placed in the running brook signified that as the waters wasted the clay, so the body of the person affected by the spell should wear away till utterly consumed. The reputation which the sisters had acquired, and the remark of the child, were considered quite sufficient in those times of summary jurisdiction, "Creibh Mhor" was arrested, and tortured with the view of extorting confession. Remaining, however, obstinate in her denial of the crime; the ordeal was applied to her sister, who acknowledged their mutual guilt, and stated that the effigy was intended to represent Cuthbert of Castle Hill. Whether this confession was resorted to as the only means of obtaining a termination of the torture to which she was exposed, or whether the sisters had rashly attempted, through the mania of notoriety, to excite the fears of their neighbours, by employing one of the well known proceedings in the black art, by forming the clay *bodachan*, must be left in uncertainty; to death, however, they were doomed. A stake and an enormous pile of wood and combustibles were prepared on the Barn Hill, opposite the Castle, and thither "Creibh Mhor" was hurried. Her sister, who had been kept in separate confinement, was also dragged forth to see her partner consumed at the stake, previously to suffering herself. Having impeached "Creibh Mhor" she thought to have escaped, but on arriving, however, at the spot, William Maccutchan, the chief

constable, whose name tradition has reserved, *courageously* commenced unfastening the massive Highland brooch which confined the plaid of the weird sister, who being then placed before her burning relative, saw the unthought of extremity to which they were brought, and exclaimed to her jailor, "Well, well, if I had thought it would have come to this, there would have been many who wear scarlet cloaks here to-day! All I now say is, that a Cuthbert never will comb a grey hair at Drakies, and as for you Bailie David, all I can say to you is, that you will never sell another article from your shop." It is said that the civic magistrate acting upon the truck system with his servants and work people, never sold anything more out of his shop; an independence, however, of business went perhaps very far towards fulfilling the prophecy of the victim of his judicial authority, and the denunciation against the Cuthberts was regarded by the old folks as having been literally fulfilled.

The Cuthbert family, with which the miserable end of "Creibh Mhor" and her sister was so painfully connected, was one of great antiquity. The first distinguished member of this family called in Gaelic *Mic Sheorsa*, acquired the lands of Castlehill about 1371, by marriage, and it was on this property, near the present house of Drakies, that King Duncan is said to have been buried, the spot being still called *Slagan Dhunachaidh*, or Duncan's hole. While building the stronghold of Castlehill, Cuthbert was stopped by a want of timber, the Laird of Grant happening to pass one day and learning from Cuthbert the want of timber which he experienced, kindly said, "You may take from my forests whatever timber you require for the castle, and I shall only as a compensation require a share of King's Mills;" a right, which the noble representative of the Grant family enjoys from the above circumstance to the present day.

Colbert, Marquis of Seignelay, Minister to Louis XIV. applied for and obtained a warrant of *Bore Brieve* from the Scottish Parliament, attesting his descent from the Colberts or Cuthberts of Castlehill. This document being Act 47 of the Scottish Parliament, 1685, is in itself so interesting as making early mention of many noble families of the North, that we shall here extract the greater part of it as a fair specimen of

A SCOTTISH PEDIGREE.

“Edward Colbert, who gave very early first lustre to this family in France, and was the seventh progenitor in a right lyne to the illustrious and noble Lord, Lord Charles Edward Colbert Marques of Seignelay, Secretary of State to the most serene French King and Superintendent of all his maritime affaires was borne lauffully in lauffull matrimony of illustrious parents of the Scots natione, and which derive their pedegree from several illustrious and noble families for many ages. For Edward Colbert was sone to Edward Colbert a sone of Castlehills and to his spouse Margaret Lindsay, he was grandchild to George Colbert baron of Castlehill, begott on his wife Mary Ross, he was great-grandchild to master James Colbert baron of Castlehill and to his spouse Joan ffrazer, he was great great grandchild to Mr George Colbert of Colbert baron of Castlehill and to his Spouse Catharin Dunbar he was great great great grandchild to Mr James Colbert baron of Castlehill and to his spouse Lady Elizabeth Lyon daughter to the illustrious Lord baron of Glames, who in a right and masculine lyne descended of the Lord baron of Glames who was son in law and Lord high Chancellor to Robert the Second King of the Scots their Successor now is Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne and is cheefe of his name, All these Colberts wer Kings barons of Castlehill and wer divers

tymes either by their fellow barons of Enverness shyre or by the city of Enverness chosen Commissioners (as being men most qualified for that duety) and sent to the Parliaments of the Kingdome and now in this Parliament John Colbert baron of Drakis descended in a right lyne from the noble barons of Castlehill is Commissioner for the City of Enverness This family had its first ryse from the South of Scotland where Sanct Cuthbert aboad most for they wer his kinsmen and from his name tooke their surname The English that came from Youtland pronounce it Cuthberts, the Scots Culbert and French soaften it into Colbert, and for the great valor they sheued in the battle of Hardlaw To the Serpent azure (which they carried in their Coat of arnes) a fess Guiles as a perpetual monument of their honor was added His grandmother Marjory Ross was the daughter of master Heugh Ross kings baron of Kilravock and of his wife Marie Mc Donald, Master Heugh Ross was son to Mr David Ross and to his spohse Elizabeth Scrymgeor daughter to Mr Thomas Scrymger baron of Glastrey Constable of Dundie and heretable standart bearer to his Majesty, his posterity wer Earles of Dundie and Cheefes of his ancient name, and of his spouse Isobell Grant daughter to the baron of Grant Cheefe of his numerous family David Ross was son to Mr Robert Ross kings baron of Kilravock in a right lyne he descended of the Earles of Ross Chiefs of their name, and to his spouse Margaret Caddell Daughter to the baron of Caddell heretable sherife of the Sherifdoome of Nairne and Cheefe of his family, Margaret Mc Donald was daughter to Æneas Mc Donald baron of Glengary, predecessor to the most Loyall the late illustrious Lord Baron Macdonald, and to his spouse Margaret Mc Leod daughter [to] Roderick Mc Leod kings baron of The Isle of Herreis and to his spouse Joan Mc Kenzie daughter to the

Illustrious Lord Mc Kenzie Kings baron of Kintail and Cheefe of his name His lineal successor is now Earle of Seaforth Æneas Mc Donald was son to Dunach barron of Glengary and to his spouse Catharine Mc Lean daughter to Mc Lean Kings barron of Duchart in Mull and cheefe of his name, Joan Frazer spouse to James Colbert was daughter to Simon Frazer Kings baron of Foirs and to his spouse Isobell Mc Intosh daughter to the Kings baron of Mc Intosh Cheefe of his Clan (who in a right lyne descended of the great Mc Duff Earl of Fyfe) and of his wife Elizabeth Maitland daughter to the kings baron of Lidington now they are Earles (but very laityly wer Dukes) of Lauderdale chiefe of their name, Simon Frazer was sone to John ffrazer of Foirs who in a right lyne was descended of the most illustrious Lord ffrazer of Lovit, and of his wife Euphan Carnagie, daughter to the Lord baron of Carnagie chiefe of his name His successors are now Earles of Southesque and Northesque, Catharine Dunbar spouse to George Colbert was daughter to Jhon Dunbar Kings baron of Tarbat Sherif of Murriland who in a right lyne descended of the Earles of March and Dunbar, and to his spouse Catherine Murray daughter to the Lord baron of Tullibardin, His successor is now Earle of Tullibardin and Marquess of Athole and keeper of his Maties Privie Seall Chiefe of his numerous name, Thus fare for the fathers syde Marie Lindsay spouse to Edward Colbert was daughter to John Lindsay kings barron of Edgall and to his wife Margaret Irving, John Lindsay was son to John Earl of Craufoord chiefe of his name, and to his spouse Lady Mary Gordon, John the Earle was son to Lord Alexander Lindsay Lord baron of Gleneske, and to his spouse Lady Joan Graham, Lord Alexander was son to John Lord baron of Gleneske and to his spouse Lady Catharin fleming daughter to the Illustrious Lord fleming

Biggar His successor is now Earle of Wigtoun and Cheeffe of his name, Lady Mary Gordon was daughter to George Earl of Huntly lord high Chancellor of Scotland and to his spouse Lady Joan Steuart fifth daughter to James the first king of Scots, and to his Queen Lady Joan Seymour daughter to the Duke of Somersett in England who was third Son to John of Gaunt, John of Gaunt was fourth Son to the most serene Prince Edward the third king of England, James the first king of Scots was son to Robert the third king of Scots And to his most seren Lady Queen Annabell Drummond daughter to the Illustring baron of Stobhall to whom now Succeeds in a right lyne James Lord baron of Drummond and Earle of Perth Cheefe of his most noble and numerous trybe and Lord high Chancellor of Scotland; To George Gordon the Chancellor was father Alexander Earle of Huntly and to his mother he had Euphan Chrichton daughter to the baron of Fren draught, whose successor is now a Lord Viscount, Lady John Græme wife to Alexander Lindsay was daughter to the illustrious Lord Græm baron of Mucedock whose successors are now Marqueses of Montrose Chiefs of their most famous name, and to his spouse Joan Campbell daughter to the illustrious Lord baron of Glenurchay His Successor now is Earle of Braidalbin Margaret Irving wyfe to John baron of Gleneske was daughter to Sir Alexander Irving Kings baron of Drum and to his spouse Lady Elizabeth Keith, Alexander Irving was Likeways son to Alexander Irving and to his spouse Lady Marjory Forbes, Alexander Irving of Drum was son to Sir Alexander Baron of Drum Chiefe of his name, and to his wife Lady Marjory Hay daughter to the Earle of Erroll Lord High Constable of Scotland and Cheefe of his noble name Lady Marjory Forbes was daughter to the most illustrious Lord fforbes cheefe of his name and to his

spouse Lady Marjory Douglas daughter to the most illustrious Earle of Douglas cheefe of his valiant family His Successor now is Marquess of Douglas Lady Elizabeth Keith was daughter to John Lord Keith Earle Marishall of Scotland and cheefe of his name, and his spouse Lady Christian Seaton The Earle of Marishall was sone to John Lord Marishall of Scotland and to his spouse Lady Margaret Ogilvie daughter to the illustrious Lord baron of Ogilvie cheefe of his family His successor is Earle of Airly Lady Christian Seaton was daughter to the illustrious George Lord baron of Seaton cheefe of his loyall family His lineall successor is now Earle of Winton, and to his spouse Lady Janet Lindsay daughter to the illustrious Lord Baron of Lindsay His successor is now Earle of Crauford Lindsay.”

Among the known descendants of the ancient family of Cuthberts are Alexander and William Cuthbert, Lochgorm, Inverness; Mr Davidson of Cantray; Mrs Captain John Robertson, of Canada; Mr Lewis Grant, bookseller, Inverness; Mrs Grant of Kincorth, Morayshire; Mrs Bailie Taylor, Elgin; Mr George Grant, Liverpool; Rev. James Grant, Nairn; Mrs Fraser of Brackla, and Mrs Mackintosh, Firhall, Nairnshire; Mrs Aird of Heathfield, and Mrs Meikle of Grantfield, Ross-shire; Sir G. Macpherson-Grant of Ballindalloch, Mrs Captain Macgregor, and Miss Farquharson, of Banff; Mr Mackintosh of Holm, Mrs Inglis of Kingsmills, Captain Shaw, Culblair; Mr Welsh, Millburn; and Dr W. Forbes, of Inverness. Mr Culberd, of Elgin, also traces his descent from the Castlehill family.

The Bishop of Rodez, said to be the last foreign representative of the Cuthbert family, visited Inverness about the year 1803, and was obliged to prolong his residence in the country, owing to the hostilities then carrying on between Great Britain and France. He took great interest in the success of

the Inverness Academy and contributed towards its funds, he also procured the valuable services of M. Villimer, a Frenchman, as teacher of the French language at the Institution. We must, however, revert to the subject from which we have somewhat deviated by offering a few additional observations on

CREIBH MHOR, HER SISTER, AND WITCHCRAFT.

The expression of the last unhappy woman on being led to the stake, "Well, well! if I had thought it would have come to this, there would have been many who wear scarlet cloaks here to-day!" conveys the impression, that the witchcraft professed by the sisters at most consisted of a dabbling in the trade of fortune-telling. The scarlet cloak was at that period the distinguishing sign of gentility, and it would appear that some of the Inverness ladies of that day had resorted to the sisters, in order

"To learn the colour of their future years,"

and so far participated in the mysteries and crime of what has been appropriately denominated the Black Art. The sisters might have backed their pretensions to unearthly knowledge, by employing rites which worked upon the superstitious fears of the weak, or by resorting in the way of their craft to spots debarred "to vulgar tread," but we much question whether the crime for which they were burnt at the stake was of half so deep a dye as that of many of the modern professors of fortune-telling, whose "lying divinations" have so imposed upon the weak and ill-regulated minds of many of their victims as to have led them either directly into ruin or rendered them miserable for the remainder of their lives. The belief in witchcraft and fortune-telling should be considered as a mark of disgrace by every one not willing to be justly ranked as a

weak-minded *ignoramus*, the merest *tyro* in arithmetic, galvanic and optical experiments having it in his power to produce answers and results upon philosophical principles which in the hands of any members of the "Black Art" of bye-gone ages would have entitled him to the highest rank among the craft. The folly of such credulity is only equalled by its impiety, in rebelling against the decrees of a Being as beneficent as He is wise, who has kindly concealed the future, with its dangers, its trials, and its privations from our prospective view, and who in the words of unerring truth has told the fortunes of every member of his earthly family, not only in the aggregate, but in the minutest details; there is only one proviso, and the reader may at once satisfy his laudable curiosity by referring to Rom. viii. 28.

THE FINALE OF WITCHCRAFT IN INVERNESS.

It is recorded, that in 1662 "Nine members of Council" were "to meet Mr James Sutherland, the minister, the magistrates being always with them when needful, to examine the session register for delations given in against witches, to take information of suspected persons, to meet in the clerk's chamber and to make their adjournments." (M.S.)—The burning of "Creibh Mhor" and her sister was of still later date; but even in the days of Provost Hossack it was deemed necessary to enter into a judicial investigation of an alleged case of witchcraft. As this examination tended to throw a new light upon the subject, we shall give the particulars as an appropriate *finale* to traditions of witchcraft in Inverness. Contemporary with Provost Hossack and the era of 1745-6, the valley of Millburn still maintained its reputation as the stronghold of witchcraft, although the two sisters had not many years previously suffered at the stake as a warning to all

who were disposed to follow in such prohibited ways. At the recent period alluded to, so firmly were the minds of the neighbouring inhabitants possessed with a belief of the existence and malific powers of witches, that if the good tenants of Culloden and the neighbouring districts happened to be overtaken by the shades of night ere they quitted Inverness; to pass Millburn at "the witching hour of night" was entirely out of the question, and to remain in the town until the following morning was a practice at once necessary and invariable. It was also believed the married witches had the power of steeping their husbands senses in such profound slumber, as to enable the former to quit their sides and resort to the mystic circle where the weird sisterhood performed their nightly mysteries of incantation and malevolence. So deeply did this superstition prevade the country, that even after the era alluded to, a minister was known to resign his parish on account of the interference of witches, and it is not yet forty years since a family was expelled a village on suspicion of being concerned in the dark doings of witchcraft.

The circumstances, however, which led principally to the downfall of witchcraft in the time of Provost Hossack were the following:—There happened to be a field of pease at Millburn, on the site of the present nursery, belonging to a William Oig, which suffered such extensive depredation that William expressed a determination to watch them and to fire at the depredators. This was heard of by a party of Crispins, who determined to put the courage of the proprietor of the pease to the test. They accordingly dressed themselves up in the proper garb of veritable and antique witches, and suddenly appeared before the affrighted William Oig. Shakespeare might have valued their impersonation of his witches, and so

admirably did they perform their mystic and awful rites, that the affrighted being in ambush, not only regarded them as witches, but knowing that it would be no use to fire anything out of his gun at a witch but a silver sixpence, and not having one of those charmed bullets about him, he gave way to despair and terror, while the hags closing round him passed his name from one to the other, and loudly asked what they should inflict upon him, each in turn giving her advice, to put him off to the plantations (as America was then termed), or to the most outlandish parts of the world. A family of the name of Shillee, consisting of a mother and several daughters, resided at that time at Millburn, and the mischeivous "Knights of the Awl," personifying this family, by addressing each other as young Shillee, old Shillee, &c., convinced poor Willie Oig, that he was entirely at the mercy of those who had long been reputed witches; which so thoroughly affrighted him, that he swooned away, nor did he recover his self-possession until the beams of an autumnal sun playing upon the waters of the Moray Firth convinced him, that the shadows of night were fled, and with them his dreadful persecutors. In answer to the queries of Provost Hossack as to his haggard looks, before whom he presented himself to lay a complaint against the Shillees for bewitching him on the previous night, he said he felt thankful that he stood before the Provost in his right senses, a denizen of Inverness, instead of being whisked away by the witches as they proposed to "the plantations" or nobody knew where. Having detailed the horrors to which he had been subjected, a judicial inquiry was instituted, and had it not been for the fact that one of the Shillees being in the service of the worthy Provost, gave undeniable evidence of an *alibi* by proving that at the late hour specified she was employed in dressing clothes

in the Provost's own house, the wicked sons of St Crispin would in all probability have involved the Shillees of Millburn in an awkward scrape, from which the former might have wanted courage or ability by a voluntary confession to have relieved them.

TRADITIONS OF THE WELLS IN THE VICINITY OF
INVERNESS.

The thorough character of "the Reformation" in Scotland, chased away the religious superstitions which we find still attach themselves to many of the Wells in Ireland, as well as to similar spots in papal countries. In recording, therefore, traditions of the Wells in the vicinity of Inverness, we are relieved from the necessity of introducing fables, which, while they might interest the imagination, must, nevertheless, pain the minds of those who desire to see their fellow-beings emancipated from the thralls of religious superstition. The first of the class of celebrated localities to which we shall refer, is

FUARAN NA CAIPICH, OR KEPPOCH WELL,

situated on the estate of Culduthel, about two miles south of Inverness. The ignorance of our worthy predecessors of the olden time, of the causes of natural phenomena, generally led them to the short and easy way of assigning every thing unusual and to them unaccountable, either in earth, air, or sea, to the supernatural power of fairies, witches, and such busy bodies in sublunary affairs. Accordingly, the disappearance of an old spring or well in one part, and the appearance, of a fresh one in another, although requiring no causes at variance with nature to effect the alteration, was nevertheless identified with the world of fable. Similar is the tradition of the well of Keppoch, which originally existed in the district of that name, in Lochaber, distant about sixty miles from the well on the

estate of Culduthel, to which we are now calling the attention of our readers. In the former locality, a well had from the earliest ages been celebrated for the marvellous and varied cures which its waters were calculated to effect, and also for its accuracy in answer to a simple rite of deciding whether the diseased person would live or die. Common blessings, although indispensably requisite to our happiness, and perhaps existence, are frequently overlooked and disregarded; whether the inhabitants of Keppoch on that account treated the valuable well they possessed with disrespect and neglect, or whether some more studied insult was offered to its limpid waters, is not easily decided; tradition, however, declares that taking an eternal offence with the district of Keppoch, it suddenly disappeared from that locality, and poured forth its healing waters at its present site on the estate of Culduthel. Here for ages it has maintained a high reputation as a perfect *panacea* for all bodily ailments, not immediately inflicted by the scythe of the grim tyrant himself. In order to ascertain whether an individual in a desperate state would live or die, friends were accustomed to visit this well or spring, and throw in a piece of wood, which, if it bubbled up with the waters and was carried away, it was considered a certain sign of the sick person's recovery, but if, on the contrary, the bit of wood sunk, it was considered as an omen of the invalid's approaching death. Beside the recommendation of beautiful views of mountain and of flood which the estate of Culduthel commands, the locality of Keppoch Well is not particularly striking; its early companions the whins and heather, and maze like forests of pine, having been cleared away by the successive proprietors of the property, always remarkable for their spirited adoption of agricultural improvements.

Although the devotee of fable might desire to visit the well in its pristine wildness of locality, every one who can appreciate the practical blessings of civilization must experience pleasure at beholding the furze and heather supplanted by the luxurious crops of this highly cultivated estate. Across the river, and nearly opposite the spot we have described, situated on the Dochfour estate, about two miles south of the hill of Dunain, is another celebrated spring, known from early times by the appellation of

FUARAN DEARG, OR RED WELL,

and celebrated for its curative powers. It would appear to be of a strongly chalybeate kind, as tradition states, that while a laird of Grant, and Chevies, a proprietor of the Muirtown estate, were hunting in the neighbouring, the former was attacked with a dangerously violent case of dysentery, from which, however, he immediately recovered upon drinking plentifully of this well, near which he happened to be at the time. The well is situated on a moor, near the angle where the Dochgarroch, Dochfour, and Relig estates unite, and the vicinity commands some beautiful views of the valley and Firth of Beaully to the north-west. The laird of Grant placed the stone round the spring as a proof of his estimation of its value. The term Red Well is derived from the colour of the water, which in running over a surface of iron ore, thence derives a deep red colour. Another well, possessing similar medicinal properties, exists on the estate of Lord Lovat, called

FUARAN A' CHLADICH, OR SEA WELL,

situated about half a mile from the mansion of Bunchrew, and is covered during tide time by the sea, which, however, does not succeed in obliterating its site. During the prevalence of cholera in Inverness, many persons frequented the well with the

hope, by the aid of its medicinal properties, of escaping that fatal scourge. About two miles north of the Red Well, and immediately beneath the Dunean Hill, which, with its crest of lofty pines, towers over the spot, is

FUARAN A' CHRAGAN BHREIC, OR WELL OF THE
SPOTTED ROCK,

which forms an apt description, as the spring is situated near a mass of rock, spotted with various specimens of moss. The water is said to be strongly diuretic, and used to be as much thought of, and resorted to by the inhabitants of Inverness, as now are the wells at Strathpeffer. A juniper bush grows beside the spring, and the mossy hillocks about it afford a seat to the tired pedestrian, whence he obtains a panoramic view of Inverness and the Moray Firth, which well repays the fatigue of the walk and ascent from the town. The last celebrated spring in Inverness, which remains for us to notice is

FUARAN AULT AN IONNLAIÐ, OR WELL OF THE
ANOINTING BURN.

This is situated on the estate of Muirtown, opposite the toll-gate, and immediately below Craig Phadric. Tradition states, that Montrose, while being conveyed a prisoner from Sutherlandshire to Edinburgh, on passing this well, begged of his guards to unloose him from the horse to which he was tied, and allow him to quench his thirst at this well. The request was complied with, and the noble prisoner expressed the great relief and refreshment which it afforded him. Above Leaken, and between this well and the one previously mentioned, are the remains of a Druidical temple, and it is said the Anointing Well derived its appellation from the circumstance of the Druidical priests resorting to

it to bathe and anoint themselves previously to engaging in their solemn religious rites. Like the other springs before specified, this fountain was celebrated for the wonderfully curative effect of its waters, until about 1730, when a soldier's wife is said to have therein washed her child afflicted with scurvy, since which the healing properties of the Anointing Well have forsaken the fluid. Disgusted, we must suppose, at so gross an insult, it has left its former locality to confer benefits on another, which our local researches have not hitherto discovered. The Anointing Well is so beautifully situated, that we may fairly apostrophise it in the words of Horace to the fountain of Blandusia:—

Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ
 Nescit tangere ; tu frigus amabile
 Fessis vomere tauris
 Præbes, et pecori vago.
 Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
 Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem
 Saxis, unde loquaces
 Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.*

We must, however, reserve our attempts to immortalize beyond "the border," the lovely and romantic scenery in the neighbourhood of the Anointing Well for the present. The Reminiscences having extended to more than 100 pages, our readers are already desirous to have them before them in the shape of a book, and encouraged by the meed of favour bestowed upon our labours, we have engaged to meet the wishes of those who believe the Highlands are still replete with facts and scenes worthy of local record by striking upon

* The burning heat of the dog-star shall not affect thee ; and when it is most sultry, thou wilt always afford a delightful shade and refreshing coolness to our wearied oxen, and to the cattle that feed in our valleys. Thou shalt be ranked among the most celebrated fountains, when I have sung, the groves that cover the hollow rocks from which thy waters flow, with a sweet and agreeable murmur.

SOMETHING NEW

of which, more anon. We must not, however, leave the "Anointing Well" without stating that the late proprietor, Colonel Duff, had inscribed upon the neat stone-work that protects the spot, the following words:—

Luci Fontisque Nymphis.

H. R. D.

1830.



J. Sinclair

916 Dovercourt Rd





432702

[Maclean, the Nonagenarian]

Reminiscences of a clachnacuddin nonsenarian.

HE

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