



ABS. 1. 76. 297

National Library of Scotland



B000166490

Alexander Noble,

Dumaurio

Lockport, N.Y.



1129

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
INVERNESS:
IN TWO PARTS.

BY
Robert Munro, Writer
AN INVERNESSIAN.

Alas ! I'm old and out of date,
So seems it to my grief, man ;
And must resigned be to my fate,
If none will give relief, man.

Clachnacuddin's Lament, p. 51.

INVERNESS :
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD
BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

1870.

1934

BY THE BOOKSELLERS.
PRINTED FOR THE ALBANY AND SOLD
BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

Copyrighted by the Library of Congress
It is not the right of the man
And not the right of the man
To know if he is not a man
And not the right of the man
To know if he is not a man

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
5-515-5
1975
NATIONAL

REPRODUCTION

P R E F A C E .

THE Author having addressed a Clachnaeuddin gentleman in town, soliciting permission to dedicate the following pages to him, and he having failed in stating whether he would or would not do so, the Author addressed a note to the "Clach" on the subject, when by return of post he received the following reply :—

To the Author of "Recollections of Inverness."

EXCHANGE, INVERNESS, August 1863.

MY DEAR BOY,—I received your note after awakening from a long slumber, which I enjoyed ever since I was disturbed about 26 years ago, by some malicious and evil-disposed persons, who were wishing to degrade me from my former proud position, and to make me as one of the common Caithness flags of the Exchange, although I have been in former times admired as a "Diamond Stone;" but thanks to my own dear boys, who watched over me as if I were the apple of their eye, and would not permit such desecration to last long, for I was not long laid low when I was summarily elevated to my former proud position.

Well, I have to inform you that you can dedicate your "Bookie" to me, as I would like to hear of the old incidents and anecdotes relative to some of my "sons and daughters," of whom many, alas, are now no more, not forgetting "Tibby Main" (1) and "Nany-do-Dolan." (2) Ah, by the bye, do you remember when Nany belaboured "Skelpin Sandy's", (3) huge posteriors on the Exchange with a piece of old rope, for saying that she purchased stinking fish for him, and to see "Boby All" (4) bawl as loud as he could, "Well done, Nany, well done, Nany, give it to the "Hippopotamus."

How he did jump and he did roar,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
The "Clachs" ne'er saw such fun before,
Bonny laddie, Highland laddie.

Till at last "Little Hector," (5) hearing the noise, gave a harlequin leap across the counter to his master's rescue from Nany's flagellation; but how the row ended I do not recollect. There

(1) An old Fishwife in town.

(2) A half-daft woman, who was employed by the merchants and others in town to purchase fish for them.

(3) A hardware merchant in town, very corpulent.

(4) An idiot.

(5) A shopman

is another old friend I would like most particularly to be remembered, and that is P—e, F—l (1) and his crambo, of which the following is a specimen.

Come along, Aberarder, and help me to dine,
And drink a good bottle of P—e's best wine,
Mr Norrie, they say you are a very great Tory,
Old Mrs Trotten, I hope you're not very rotten,
And my sister Kettack is going to Balnafettack.

with a number of other queer expressions which I cannot in the meantime remember. Do you recollect his black dog Cæsar, who used to run before and after his horse and gig? It is said that Willowbank, (2) for a joke, invited the Fort-George officers to dine with P—e, although he never gave him permission to do so. Well, the dinner was provided, and you may depend upon it, it was a good one. But, alas, the good old times are gone, and I hear that a great many changes have succeeded them in town since my last resuscitation. I understand you have got a new Bank of your own, and a beast they call the Iron Horse, that gallops snorting across the river. My conscience! the ingenuity of man is going at a prodigious rate now-a-days. I hear that some of my boys, Messrs C. F. Mackintosh, G. G. Mackay, D. Davidson, and H. Rose had the pluck to construct a new street, to be called Union Street, and a fine one it seems to be, which will be an ornament to the town, and a very central place for business. Well, that is a step in the right direction, and I wish them all manner of success in the undertaking, and as the Jew said to the money lender, "May they realise *Shent per Shent*;" and I would say to your M.P., "go and do likewise." As it is now getting late, I must despatch my letter to the post, and resume my normal state of repose, and I beg I may not be disturbed until I am aroused from my slumber with the news that the American fleet are steaming up the Firth to attack the Highland Capital, that I may see my "boys" (the Clachs) get their rifles and big guns ready to give them a warm reception, to show them what Highlanders are made of—shoulder to shoulder. With best wishes for your work, and that the whole of your fellow-townsmen will patronise it.

I am,

MY DEAR BOY,

THE CLACH.

By Robert Munro

(1) A landed proprietor.

(2) A wag, and a gentleman in every sense of the word.

CONTENTS OF FIRST PART.

	PAGE,
Some Incidents in the Life of my Great-grandfather, with an Adventure of his at the Retreat of Culloiden.	1
Incidents in the Life of my Grandfather	5
Ludovick or Lody Ross.	11
The Vault or Dungeon in the Old Stone Bridge of Inverness.	12
Clachnacuddin.	13
Henry Kinkaid, the Schoolmaster.	14
The Explosion.	19
Big Samuel	20
Jock Ross and the Cats.	23
The Three Doctors.	25
The Catholic Emancipation Riot in Inverness.	26
Major Duff of Muirtown and the Minister.	29
Rev. Thomas Fraser.	32
Rev. Alexander Clark.	33
Procession before and on the Passing of the Reform Bill.	36
Parliamentary Elections before and after the Passing of the Reform Bill.	37
Executions.	41
William Smith, the Town Crier.	43
Colonel Archibald Fraser of Lovat	46
James Itches, the Horse Jockey.	47
The Three Poets.	49
Foily Ali.	53
Foolish John	55
Foolish Ali.	55
The Arms and Motto of Inverness.	56
Old Craggy.	56
Anecdotes of the Duke of Gordon.	60
John Stephen, the Bird Catcher.	66
Old Bailie J.—son.	67
Jock Ritchie and his Cat.	67
Donald Bain.	68
Monody: Epitaph.	70
Murdo M'Ritchie, the Kidnapped Elector.	71

CONTENTS OF SECOND PART.

Preface.	77
Inverness : Poetry	79
Lovat's Escape out of the Old Castle of Inverness.	79
The Blighted Apple Tree.	84
The First Reform Movement in Inverness.	85
The old Cross of the Burgh.	93
Epitaph	94
The Wild Martinmas Market.	94
Trocair, or Mercy the Prisoner in the Old Jail.	95
Nany-do-Dolan.	96
The Races at Duneancroy.	98
Tibbie Main.	99
Donald Ross, the Public Executioner.	102
To the Ness : Poetry.	103
General Brown.	104
Where are Clachnacuddin's Sons ?	105
Anecdotes.	107
Geddes the Smuggler.	109
Corriechoillie.	112
The Wallace Monument : Poetry.	119
Prince Albert's Visit to Inverness.	120
The Kilt, the Claymore, and the Umbrella.	122
The Inverness Railway Commenced.	123
Railway Poetry.	124
Black Sandy, the Carter.	128
Finlay Maclean.	129
Dr Forbes.	134
Chronicles of the City by the Sea.	136
The Black Watch.	155



SOME INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MY GREAT-GRAND-
FATHER, WITH AN ADVENTURE OF HIS AT
THE RETREAT OF CULLODEN.

My great-grandfather, Alexander Munro, was born in Ross-shire, on the estate of Fowlis, about the year 1715. He was grieve or malager on the Mains of Fowlis. It happened that about the year 1740, one of the Miss Baillies of Dunearn was on a visit to Fowlis Castle, and being out at an airing on a little pony, it got unmanagable, and went into a peat moss, where it sunk to its belly, and she having no way of extricating herself from her perilous situation, gave herself up for lost. My great-grandfather happening to be passing, observed her dangerous position, and went back to the nearest hamlet for assistance, and having procured some ropes and planks, he got both herself and pony extricated from the moss, and placed safely on *terra firma*. Having done so, she expressed her thanks to my great-grandfather, and at the same time asked him what she could do for him, and mentioned that if he liked to leave the situation he then held on the Fowlis Estate, she would give him a small croft along with the Ferry-House and Ferry at Bona, about six miles from Inverness, at a nominal rent, it being held by the proprietor of the Dunearn estate at that time, and make him overseer of the same. My great-grandfather at once accepted of the kind offer, and accordingly proceeded to Bona with his family, and was installed into his new situation and domicile, where he continued until the year 1744. The following year the Rebellion broke out, and the Highlanders were roaming in bands through all parts of the Highlands, carrying away cattle, fowls, and any eatables they could lay their hands on, especially from parties who were not favourable to the Prince's cause. It happened that my great-grandfather's wife was of the name of Stewart, and when a party of Highlanders called at the house and hearing her name, their whole effects were held

sacred, and left unmolested, while her neighbours' were stolen or carried away.

It was on the 15th April 1746, the evening before the eventful battle of Culloden, that my great-grandfather and two neighbours were conversing together in reference to the coming conflict, which was to take place next day; and as they were very desirous to see the battle, they agreed to go, and witness the same as spectators. About seven o'clock next morning they took the road to Culloden Moor, and having proceeded as far as the "*Screttan Scroat*," which, translated into English, means the "Dirty Quarry," about two miles to the east of Inverness, and which at the time was reputed to be the haunt of *Witches* or *Evil Spirits*. Having walked a little further on, they observed a trooper's sword lying on the ground, without the sheath or scabbard, and having all observed it at the same time, they agreed to toss for who would have possession of it; having done so, the sword fell to the lot of my great-grandfather. Having received it, he hid it under the greatcoat or cloak which he wore at the time. They then proceeded towards the battle-field about a mile, when they met a number of Highlanders retreating in all directions, but more especially towards Inverness, and parties of mounted dragoons following hard after them, cutting down all they came up to, giving quarter to none. My great-grandfather and his two companions thought by this time that they had seen quite enough of the battle, and thinking that "one pair of heels was worth three pair of arms," thought it high time to look to their own safety, and accordingly separated from one another, each taking a different direction, with the view of regaining their own houses as quickly as possible. How my great-grandfather's two neighbours got home, the writer never heard; but he had not gone very far in the direction of Inverness, when he observed a dragoon with his drawn sabre in direct pursuit of himself, so he ran for it as fast as he could, until he got to the hollow of the two braes below the west end of Raigmore House, the dragoon still galloping after him, when he ran up the opposite brae, but had scarcely done so when the dragoon was nearly at his heels. My great-

grandfather then ran round a tree, and by the time the dragoon was at the top he ran down again ; and as the dragoon was going down after him my great-grandfather jumped suddenly to one side ; and taking the trooper's sword from under his cloak, he dealt such a blow at the horse's head which cut his skull, and brought horse and rider to the ground, and being a powerful man he soon despatched the dragoon and horse. He then dragged them into some high whins, in the centre of which was a large hollow, which hid both man and horse from view. His next thought was how to get home without being molested by parties of flying troopers, and having taken the most private and unfrequented paths, he arrived at his own house about two o'clock in the afternoon, where he met his wife at the door in tears, wringing her hands and lamenting his untimely fate, having heard that he was killed by the dragoons. She informed him that the man who brought her the intelligence was within the house. My great-grandfather having briefly related to her all that had befallen him since he left her in the morning, she thanked Providence for his safe return. They then went into the house, when my great-grandfather found the man who came with the report of his death in the act of stealing all his blankets and body clothes, having them all tied up in a bundle to carry them away, thinking he would have no opposition ; but my great-grandfather seeing the way that matters stood, asked what he intended doing with the clothes, and giving no answer, he tried to sneak away to the door ; but my great-grandfather observing his intentions, took hold of him by the back of his neck, and taking him to the door, administered such a sound kick to his posteriors that sent him reeling to nearly four yards from it, where he fell, and lay for some time stunned from the effects of the fall ; my great-grandfather not thinking any further about him went into the house, and looking through the window saw the fellow rise, and shaking himself ran off as fast as he could, but was scarcely gone ten minutes when my great-grandfather observed a party of the Royal army making straight towards the house, and spoke to my great-grandfather, and told him that the remainder of the

regiment was about 450 yards behind, having come down from the battle field in pursuit of a party of Highlanders, and that not being acquainted with the road to Inverness, he would require him to accompany them as a guide to that town. My great-grandfather at first refused, saying that he required to guard his own house, and told him how a man was intending to rob it during his absence on the hill looking for his cattle, but the sergeant told him that unless he did as commanded he would hang him before his own door. My great-grandfather, seeing further opposition useless, was obliged to comply with the sergeant's request and proceed with them. Having overtaken the main body of the regiment, he proceeded as far as the top of Castle Street, where the Captain told him he might now return home, but he told the Captain that, as he might have a chance of meeting on his way home with some parties of the royal army who might trouble and molest him, he would be obliged by getting a pass to keep him from harm. The captain, knowing the truth of my great-grandfather's statement, took out a card and pencil from his pocket-book, and wrote to the following effect :—

16th April 1746.

This is to certify that the bearer, Alexander Munro, of Bona, conducted the — Regiment of Foot as a guide to Inverness ; and this is his pass, that no party of the Royal army will detain or molest him on his return to his own house.

(Signed) J. BROWN, Capt. of — Regt. of Foot.

My great-grandfather then took his way back to Bona, but had not proceeded further than Holm bridge when he met with a party of Highlanders on the retreat, some of them wounded ; one man having both his hands on the top of his head keeping the scalp from falling off, having received a cut from a dragoon, which severed the scalp from his brains, but he did not proceed far with his companions when he fell down and expired ; the others took their way to the river, where they forded the same opposite to where Holm House is presently situated, and were out of sight in a short time.

My great-grandfather then proceeded on his way, but was again met at Seanaport by a party of mounted dragoons, when the cornet who commanded them asked

him where he had been, and where he was going to ; having replied to his interrogatories, told him that he had been at Inverness guiding the — Regiment of Foot to that town, but the cornet did not believe one word of his story, and that he was nothing but a Highland rebel, and would require to go with him to his captain, who was about half a mile behind them, in order to give a proper account of himself. Poor Sandy told him he did not think this was the reward he deserved for conducting and guiding the — Regiment of Foot to Inverness ; but it was to no purpose, for the cornet was inexorable ; so he was taken up behind one of the dragoons, and on my great-grandfather being taken to where the captain was along with the rest of the regiment, he was again interrogated, when he immediately put his hand into his pocket and pulled out the pass he received from Captain Brown, and handed him the same for his inspection, on reading which he returned it to him, saying it was quite correct, and that he might now return to his home. The dragoons then put spurs to their horses, and galloped off in the direction of Inverness, and my great-grandfather was no further molested, but arrived safely at home.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MY GRANDFATHER.

THE writer's grandfather was born in the year 1744, at Bona Ferry, near Inverness. When he was about sixteen years of age, it happened that an English regiment, the 6th Foot, commanded by Sir W. Boothby, was recruiting at Inverness. One day, being sent to Inverness by his mother for some groceries which she required, he observed a number of soldiers of the above regiment playing at the cross at pitch and toss, and, thinking he could gain some money, he commenced to play also with the money he received to purchase the groceries, and as ill luck would have it, he lost about two shillings (a good sum in those days), and on his ruminating on what he had done, he was afraid to return to his parents ; and the soldiers seeing

him so dejected, asked him if he would enlist, holding out at the same time good encouragement, mentioning that he would be made a sergeant in a short time, provided he kept steady and attended to his duty. My grandfather being a stout young man, broad shouldered, and about five feet seven inches in height, and wishing to see something of the world, consented, and being sworn in to serve King George, he became a private in the 6th Regiment of Foot.

His parents were exceedingly surprised at his absence, and not returning at the time expected, and after waiting him until ten o'clock at night, he having left them in the morning, they could not conceive what kept him. On the following morning they proceeded to Inverness; and having made all enquiries about the town for him they at last observed him with the soldiers at the Cross or Exchange. They went up to him and asked the cause of his absence in not returning home; he replied that he enlisted with the soldiers who were along with him at the time. His father offered to purchase his discharge, but he told him that it was of no use, as he would enlist again. His parents then thought it the wisest plan to let him have his own way, and they accordingly returned home. My grandfather, when relating his father's and the history of his own life to the writer, would mention that at the time of his enlistment he had only 4d per day of pay, but with two shillings and sixpence he could purchase a peck of meal, a leg of mutton and a cart of peats which at the present day would amount to about ten shillings.

My grandfather was not long enlisted, when one day after parade he met an old comrade who lived at Lochend, of the name of Donald Fraser, or Big Donald, as he was more frequently termed by his neighbours, he being six feet two inches in height. My grandfather having enquired of him all the news from Lochend, and among other things at last asked him if he would like to enlist into his regiment, remarking, at the same time, that there was "nothing like the life of a soldier," when Donald replied that it was the only business which brought him to town, as both his parents were dead, and he did not wish to stay any longer in the place of his birth, and

hearing that the regiment would shortly leave the town for the West Indies, he wished to see something of the world, as he had never been further from home than Fort-William and the Highland capital. My grandfather accordingly put a piece of money into his hand and enlisted him into the 6th regiment of foot. About a week or so thereafter a large packet was received by the Colonel from London, being a despatch from the War Office to prepare for the Regiment's departure to Aberdeen, where they were to embark for the West Indies. The Colonel, the evening before the regiment was to march, invited the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council, with a number of the most respectable inhabitants to a dinner and ball, to be given by him and the officers, and the soldiers invited their friends and acquaintances to a treat to be given by them, on which occasion they all spent a very happy evening.

About seven o'clock the following morning the bugle sounded through the town, in order to arouse the soldiers for the march. My grandfather having taken farewell of his friends, they both took a hearty breakfast, and then fell into the ranks with their comrades opposite the Exchange, and each man having answered to his name, and none found absent, "with knapsack on their backs and firelock on their shoulders," the Colonel gave the word to march, the band playing "The girl I left behind me," amid the cheers of the inhabitants, a number having followed the regiment to the three-mile house, now Milton of Culloden, where having shaken hands with their acquaintances, and given them three cheers more, they parted, the regiment travelling to Aberdeen and the Invernessians returning to town.

Nothing of importance worth relating took place, until the Regiment arrived at Keith, when one of the soldiers, an Irishman, struck an officer who reprimanded him for being drunk and disorderly on the march, when he was sent to prison, and in a few days thereafter tried by a court-martial and sentenced to receive one hundred lashes. Some days thereafter the Regiment was ordered to march a few miles out of town, the prisoner walking in the centre

of a file of soldiers, with loaded muskets, to the place of punishment, a small wood, about a quarter of a mile in circumference. The provost-marshal having placed a triangle of three halberts on the ground, Denis M'Carthy, the prisoner, had his sentence read to him, stripped, and tied up to the triangles, when four drummers were ordered to move a short distance behind him, with their coats off and their shirt sleeves tied up. The drum major then desired one of the drummers to commence the work of flagellation, and having counted the first twenty-five lashes, a fresh drummer commenced. By this time the blood began to stream from the man's back. The third drummer was about to commence, when Denis asked the Colonel if there was no mercy; but the Colonel told him that had it been any other crime but insubordination he would pardon him the balance of the lashes, but being that crime he could not do it. Denis then called out in a loud voice, "Lay on, then, ye dogs," and receiving the remainder of his lashes his back appeared like a piece of raw flesh, and being taken to the hospital his back was washed, and plastered. He was out of the hospital in a week, but could not carry his knapsack till some weeks thereafter.

The Regiment on arriving at Aberdeen was on the third day ordered to prepare for embarkation; and marching to the pier, boats were in waiting to row them to the vessel, when they were all safely on board. Next day, the wind being favourable, the sails were hoisted, and the gallant ship sailed at the rate of $8\frac{1}{2}$ knots an hour, her destination being to some of the west Indian Islands, then in revolt by the blacks; but to what place they were bound, none knew, except the Colonel and the Captain of the ship.

When the ship was about half way to the West Indies, a sergeant of the regiment and a sailor of the ship quarreled about some trifling subject, and fought, but the sergeant not being such a boxer as the sailor (he being, it appeared, bully of the ship), got the worst of it, with the loss of three of his front teeth, and had to give in to the superior science in the art of pugilism to the sailor; and after having beaten the sergeant, he made a brag round the vessel that he could beat every man in the regiment, which being told

to the officers and men, it hurt them very much that they could not get a man to take the pride out of the bully, and the sergeant who was beat by him, being the only man who they thought was able to compete with him, the Colonel was at a loss to find a man to sustain the honour of the regiment, and knowing my grandfather to be the comrade of Big Donald, and being the only Highlanders in the ship, he sent for my grandfather and asked him if he thought he could persuade Big Donald to fight the bully ; but my grandfather told the Colonel that Donald could not fight, having no science in the art of boxing, although he had great bodily strength and stature, but that he could wrestle with any man on board the ship, (his fist being like a smith's forehammer). The Colonel told my grandfather, provided he got him to stand a round or two with the bully, that some of the men of the regiment would be got to instruct him for some time before the fight, in the art of boxing, and give him all the instruction and training necessary for the occasion.

My grandfather accordingly told Donald what the Colonel mentioned, and that if he beat the bully he would be made a sergeant, and that the Colonel, officers, and men were to subscribe a large sum of money for him. Donald on hearing what my grandfather said, hummed some Gaelic air, and, shrugging his shoulders, told my grandfather that "She couldna' box" (not having very good English), and at the same time was unwilling to fight any man without a cause, but "She should try a fall with him, or wrestle with any man." On my grandfather saying that kind of fighting was not allowed, and that, for his own sake and the honour of his regiment, he should try the bully, and not see the regiment disgraced by such a little man, being only five feet four inches in height, but very stout and well made. It was also stated through the ship that he beat a great number in prize fighting before, which made Donald rather timorous to contend with him ; but when he saw the honour of the regiment at stake, at last agreed with my grandfather to fight the bully, whether beaten or not.

My grandfather called on the colonel, who was walking the quarter-deck with some of the officers, and told him

that he got Donald agreed to fight after a great deal of persuasion, but requested the colonel to keep the same secret until Donald got some training in the pugilistic art. About a week afterwards, Donald mentioned to my grandfather that he might mention to the colonel that he was ready at any time to fight the bully ; on hearing which, my grandfather went to the colonel's cabin and communicated the same to him ; and Donald having been sent for, the colonel asked him if he was ready at any day appointed to fight the bully, when Donald replied that "she was." The ship carpenter was the same day authorized by the captain to erect a stage on the quarter-deck for the fight, and seats were also placed on each side for the officers and men of the ship and regiment ; and on the day appointed Donald and the bully were each taken by their friends to the ring. Both were stripped, and shook hands with each other. The judges then gave the signal to commence, when the bully immediately began to "square and spar," on which Donald shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing ; and before Donald could look about him he received a rather severe blow on the side of the head, which staggered him a little ; but before Donald could return the compliment, the bully ran between his legs and threw him on his back. The officers and men of the ship's company cheered their favourite, and bet four to one against Donald. Donald's friends, my grandfather being one of them, helped him up and brought him to the scratch again. His comrades looked rather blue at the result of the first round ; but he appeared more cautious now, and stood on the defensive, having two blows aimed at him ; but the bully making a feint of falling drew Donald's attention to the ground, rose up quickly, and planted a stroke across Donald's nose, which bled profusely, and repeated the trick at two successive rounds, in which Donald was sorely punished. Donald's friends were one and all crestfallen ; but at last he watched a favourable opportunity, and at the fourth round tried the old trick of going under his legs, when Donald dealt the bully a tremendous blow below the left ear, which sent him heels over head on the stage. The officers and soldiers now cheered with right good will ;

but the sailors lifting their favourite, found that Donald's first and only blow was too much for the bully, for he was quite dead. The soldiers immediately gave another cheer, and hoisting Donald on their shoulders went to their berths between decks, where they treated him like a prince, who merely exclaimed, "I shink she cot her pelly-full of foichting noo!" Donald next day was made sergeant by the colonel, besides being presented by the officers and men with a good round sum of money, and he became a great favourite on board the ship afterwards. The bully's corpse was next day sewed into a hammock, and, with a bag of sand attached thereto, thrown into the sea. No more quarreling took place until the regiment arrived at — in the West Indies, where my grandfather was in several engagements with the Blacks, and returned to England in the year 1783, but was detained for garrison duty for 23 years more, and received a pension of 2s 3d per day, being a sergeant for 13 years of that time, and returned to Inverness, where he died in the year 1827, at the advanced age of 84 years.

LUDOVICK OR LODY ROSS.

LUDOVICK, or Lody Ross, as he was more commonly called, was the High Church bell-ringer in Inverness. He was a very drouthy body, being very fond of bitters, especially in the morning before breakfast, and used to be up pretty early, travelling through the town, in the hope of meeting some good Samaritan who would give him a glass. Indeed, it was said he would take more than *one*, provided he got it *gratis*. A number of the wags in town, knowing Lody's craving propensities, used to watch him in the morning until he came out of the public house, when one would accost him: "Well, Lody, did you get your morning to-day?" But Lody would take good care not to answer the question directly, but would say: "Time enough, time enough, we got and we'll get, we got and we'll get," although perhaps he had four or five glasses before this

time. The wag, on hearing this, would at once take him to a spirit cellar or tavern, and having called for a gill of Ferintosh, he would knock in two caulkers to Lody, but only taste it himself, in order to have some more fun. Having finished the gill, they came out, and the wag having parted with Lody, the next man came up, and after the usual salutations of a fine, cold, or wet morning, Lody was at once asked if he got his "morning," to which he would reply in the old strain of "we got, and we'll get." The wag would play the same trick of taking him in and making him drink the most part of the gill. He would also part with him, until Lody was met by four or five more, when he would have from ten to twelve glasses forced into his "craig," and at last would have to be helped home quite incapable.

Lody required to ring the High Church bell every night and morning. One dark winter morning, some of the same wags went privately before Lody to the church-yard, and hiding themselves at the back of the Church, one of them went under a grave stone, near to the bell-house, and on Lody coming out when done ringing, the wag called out in a sepulchral voice :

"Lody Ross, that rings the bell,
Prepare for death."

Lody thought it was a ghost, and ran off as fast as he could in a great fright, and did not halt until he got into his own house, and immediately jumped into bed, putting his head under the clothes ; and it made such an impression on his mind, that he did not live many years thereafter, although it was told him by some of his friends that it was only a joke played upon him.

THE VAULT OR DUNGEON IN THE OLD STONE BRIDGE OF INVERNESS.

IN the centre arch of the old Bridge, carried away by the flood in the year 1849, was a vault or small room about six feet high and eight feet long. It was entered from

above, in the roadway of the bridge by a trap door, which, when raised, disclosed a flight of stone steps leading to the interior; there was an iron grated window to the south side of the arch, for the purpose of putting in provisions and giving light to such as had the misfortune to be confined therein. There were also two small stone benches on each side for resting upon, and a round hole in the floor where the prisoner could put down a flagon with a rope for water and which would also answer the purpose of putting away any filth which might accumulate. The trap door was always covered with ground and metal for above thirty years until about five or six years before the Bridge was carried away, when the metal and ground of the roadway of the bridge was cleared away in order that the bridge might be repaired, and the trap-door was discovered and opened, when a great many of the town-people went down to examine the vault, and among others the writer of these Recollections.

It was often told the writer by some old Invernessians now deceased, that a man was imprisoned in the vault about the year 1715, and that he was at last eaten up by the rats, with the exception of his bones; and in the winter season, the place being so cold, the prisoner used to bawl out from the grated window in Gaelic "Cosan fuar!" meaning that his feet were very cold.

CLACHNACUDDIN.

CLACHNACUDDIN, or "Stone of the Tubs," the Palladium of the ancient natives of Inverness, is a large pebble stone, which from time immemorial lay to the front of the Exchange, where the girls and women of the town used to rest their tubs on returning with their water from the Ness; hence the title of the "Stone of the Tubs," and all who are born in the town are called "Clachnacuddin-Boys or Women." The stone was removed to the centre of the Town Hall, where it at present lies. The lads, also, when leaving town, used to chip off pieces of the stone,

and put them into seals for their watches; so it was girded with stone and iron, in order to defend it from desecration.

The stone was held in great veneration by the ancient natives of Inverness, until about 80 or 100 years ago. When a native was leaving the town for the south country, England or a distant land, he would give a treat to his friends and boon companions, previous to his departure, and about one o'clock in the morning they would proceed in a body to the "Clach" with either a bottle of wine or whisky, and having drank to each other, they would dance round the stone singing the following verses, composed by a Mrs Campbell :—

Around the "Stone" we'll dance and sing,
And round the stone we'll go !
We'll see the "Clachnaeuddin Boys"
Dance round it in a row.

I am a Clachnaeuddin woman,
And very near it born,
I admire it as a diamond stone,
Though a pebble without form. Around, &c.

If any one pollutes the stone,
Whether of high or low degree ;
A galley slave in Africa
We'll have him for to be. Around, &c.

Here's a health to King and Queen,
And Royal Family.
To the Magistrates of Inverness,
And to its Ministry. Around, &c.

And Bailie Scott is not forgot,
Who pushed about the Jorum ;
For he it was, the honest man,
Who joined the Reform. Around, &c.

KENNY KINKAN, THE SCHOOLMASTER.

KENNETH MACKENZIE, *alias* "Kenny Kinkan," was a schoolmaster in Inverness, about eighty years ago. He was a very good teacher for the times he lived in, and had nearly the whole of the children of the middle classes under his tuition. At the end of every session, the school boys

used to purchase game cocks, in order to fight them against each other, and the boy's cock which beat all the others was declared king, and would remain so till next session ; but sometimes he had to pay the piper for being made so, as his father had to give a ball to the scholars, they themselves contributing a small sum for the purpose of making the expense a little lighter on the king's shoulders. The writer recollects hearing his father relate that he was made king two successive years, his cocks beating all the others ; and in order to defeat him the third year, his parents purchased a cock blind of one eye ; but strange to say, the blind cock was declared victor, and he was made king the third year, to the great annoyance and expense of his parents. The boys of Kenny's school used to have pitched battles with durcans out at Tomnahurich with the boys of the Inverness Academy.

Kenny was a strong man, though only five feet four in height, and stout and well made in proportion ; and also said to be double-breasted. It happened one day that Kenny went to market to purchase a lopan or small cart of peats, and making a bargain with a woman at the Exchange for the same, he was in the act of taking the woman to his house with the peats, when a tall sergeant of an English regiment, stationed in town at the time, offered the woman double the sum that Kenny paid for them, but the woman mentioning that they were already sold, he swore that he did not mind that, but would have them right or wrong. Kenny took the sergeant's jargon very quietly, saying that although he paid treble the sum he would not get them, as he bargained and paid for them fairly and honestly ; when the sergeant told him that he could carry himself, horse, lopan, and peats, and no sooner said than done, for he immediately lifted them up in his arms and placed them on the Exchange ; but Kenny, not to be outdone, took them up in his arms and placed them on Clachnacuddin, on which the whole of the town's people present gave a cheer for Kenny ; and the sergeant, mortified that Kenny got the praise, challenged him to fight then and there. Kenny, not the least disconcerted, and also a pretty fair boxer, accepted the challenge ; they formed a ring on

the Exchange, and after two or three rounds, Kenny blinded both the eyes of his opponent, when he declared he was beaten; and Kenny, victorious, was carried to his own house on the shoulders of his fellow-townsmen.

Kenny composed poetry, and wrote the following piece.*

THE LAST SPEECH AND DYING WORDS OF THE
CROSS OF INVERNESS,

Made and delivered on the night preceeding its EXECUTION,
which happened upon August 17th, 1768, for ever
inmemorable.

- 1 Each ancient hill and lofty tree,
That for centuries past surrounded me,
Bow down your heads and cry Alas!
For I'm destroyed in Inverness.
- 2 Let old and young be bath'd in tears,
Both small and great be fill'd with fears,
Craig Phadrick with her groans resound,
And Thomas Hill with grief abound.
- 3 Let Ness, with all her neighbouring plains,
The Isle bedew'd with winds and rains,
Let all unite, proclaim my woe,
Since Hector's wrought my overthrow.
- 4 In fine, let Invernessians all
A warning take by my downfall,
Let one and all example take,
For murdering me for Fashion's sake.
- 5 Seven hundred years I here did rest,
With dews and kindest sun-shine blest,
Till Hector's strength made me all smart,
Ungrate indeed! he broke my heart.
- 6 My aged frame all circled round,
He did erase down to the ground;
Ransack'd my bowels, took off my crown,
Turn'd all my members upside down.
- 7 Now with my last words I confess,
I ever stood for Inverness,
Proclaimed her Markets with my sound,
To all the neighbouring countries round.
- 8 My country lov'd me everywhere,
I Peace and War did oft declare;
But now things alter, O dear! how strange!
My form must be fashion'd to a change.

* This piece of poetry appeared some time ago in the "*Inverness Advertiser*," but did not mention who or what the said Kenneth Mackenzie was.

- 9 By this, my dissolution, see
Men's various mutability.
'Tis true, as four and three make seven,
There's nothing sure this side of heaven;
- 10 Along with me the Kirk was nam'd,
Tho' before my death it was condemn'd,
The Kirk has none to bemoan its losses,
Tho' behind me I leave many losses,
- 11 I was well used for many years,
With the greatest magisterial cares,
Our Mayors of high renown and might,
Still in my fabrie took delight.
- 12 I always was with fame rever'd
By our Cuthberts, Ginnors, and Dunbars,
Our Duffs, our Forbes's, and Clarks,
Adorn'd my structure with their marks.
- 13 Our Watts, our Robertsons, and Frasers,
Vouchsafed to heap on me their favours,
To our Roses, Hossaek, and Clau Chattan,
Did well become to sway the Baton.
- 14 The Tyrant —— in Forty Six,
Indignity to me did fix,
My fav'rite Tree bore no more fruit,
But shrunk all o'er, down to the root.
- 15 No wonder, when impiety
At once attack'd the Tree and me,
When void of reason, right, and law,
Most innocently hang'd M'Rae.
- 16 A man of fame and reputation
Esteemed by men of rank and station,
His King and Country ne'er did forsake,
Tho' cruelly murder'd by the ——
- 17 The next disgrace I after got,
Was by the Butchers hereabout,
When Hossack, great in's Administration,
Made all those fellows leave their station.
- 18 Whose bloody hands did wound me sore,
Thay stabb'd and prick'd me o'er and o'er,
The inhuman —— with pith and vigour,
Both stuck my body, spoil'd my figure.
- 19 But Hossaek brave, my wounds did cure,
And made me since, till now endure;
Since now I'm doom'd, no time to see,
I do implore this wish for thee.
- 20 You fairest Nymphs and youthful Swains,
Whe us'd to walk around my plains,

- To you my love I do confess,
May you live long in happiness.
- 21 May Town and Trade to greatness rise,
Invernesian fame soar to the skies ;
May Heaven's care and choicest bliss,
Guard this your North Metropolis.
- 22 'Till in good old age you drop beneath,
And yield at last in peace your breath ;
May vice for ever fly your place,
And virtue shine in every face.
- 23 One boon I ask and then I cease,
Fix Clachna Cnttin in my place,
Let all her Sous this Stone revere,
As it's by right my nearest Heir.
- 24 As for my part now, I am rejected,
To-morrow, Six, * I'll be dissected ;
No friendship more to help my loss,
No reprieve at all for my poor Cross.
- 25 But draw and quarter all my Loins,
And I dare say—part hung in Chains,
But notwithstanding rough usage,
I with my last words do excuse it.
- 26 I bear no grudge to any living,
To Hector nor Redeastle neither ;
I say no more, be happy then,
And with my last, I say, Amen.

K, MACKENZIE.

* Six o'clock in the morning.

Kenny was some years afterwards waited on by a bully of another regiment arrived in town, and challenged to fight him, but was civilly told that he did not wish to fight ; still the bully persisted, and would post him up as a coward if he refused. At last, after a good deal of provocation, Kenny's passion got the better of him, and struck the bully a blow on the breast, which sent him headlong down the stairs, and, landing at the foot, broke his neck. It is said that Kenny was tried for manslaughter before the High Court of Justiciary, but was acquitted, on the ground that the bully went to his house to provoke him to fight, so he was dismissed from the bar with an admonition from the Judge. Kenny died at a good old age.

THE EXPLOSION.

THE explosion which happened in the year 1781 took place under the following circumstances :—The town authorities kept their powder magazine on the present site of the Northern Meeting Rooms on Church Street. The powder was kept on the top flat of the building ; a tallow manufactory occupied the lower one, and in another part there was a kitchen for making broth for the poor.

It happened that the tallow chandler, who, it is said, was a south-countryman, named “Robin Goodfellow,” was in the habit of indulging rather freely in a glass ; and having gone out one day with a neighbour to enjoy a social one and a crack, he left his kettle with the tallow on the fire, intending to return by the time it was ready to make a batch of candles ; but from one crack to another, in which—

“ Robin told his queerest stories,
The landlord laughed with ready chorus,”

so the time flew past when Robin should have looked to his kettle ; and with talk and long stories he forgot the danger he incurred ; but at last remembered his kettle, and running over to his shop he found that it had boiled over into the fire, and the tallow running up in a blaze caught hold of the ceiling.

When poor Robin saw how matters stood, he looked like the “Petrified Piper,” but thought it was time to look to his own safety, and locking the door, made off as fast as he could, and did not halt until he was four miles to the east of the town, when he heard a terrible report, the fire having caught the powder, which blew up with a terrible explosion, blowing the house to pieces, shaking the town like an earthquake, and breaking the glass of every window in town. Robin, hearing the noise the explosion made, did not do as Lot’s wife, but ran on as fast as he could, not halting till he came to a small village east of Elgin, where he remained a short time ; and taking the road at midnight he walked to Aberdeen, which he shortly afterwards left for parts unknown.

The explosion occasioned the death of seven persons passing at the time, who were killed on the spot. Some

of the joists of the building were carried by the force of the explosion into the sea at Millburn. It is said that had Robin given the alarm, it would have caused the death of a greater number.

BIG SAMUEL.

SAMUEL MACDONALD was born in some part of the county of Sutherland; he was a twin brother, and it is related that he inherited his brother's strength along with his own, and that when his brother was born, Sam had to be wrapped in cotton or wool and placed opposite to the fire in order to keep him in life, being so weak and the weather extremely cold that they were afraid he would die at the time.

Afterwards Samuel got very strong, and when nearly eighteen years of age his height was about seven feet eight inches, and of great bodily strength. The Sutherland or 93rd Regiment of Highlanders were embodied about the year 18—by the Duchess of Sutherland, who also accompanied the regiment, recruiting through Sutherlandshire on horseback, dressed in the Highland Garb, and having heard of Samuel's uncommon size, she called at his mother's house, and after some conversation with her and Samuel, she induced him, with promises of preferment, that she would provide for his mother during her lifetime, to join the regiment, and Sam became a private soldier. He was always placed in the right at parade and at the head on the march, being the tallest man in the regiment, by one and a-half feet.

When the regiment arrived at Inverness, the inhabitants were surprised to see a man of such extraordinary height and strength. Sam was not long in town until he became a great favourite with the Invernessians, being a man of quiet and civil disposition, that for all his great strength, it would take a long time to put him into a passion. It was said that his strength was so uncommon that he would raise a heavy chest of drawers like a small

box, and a thick kitchen poker he could twist like a bit of wire; he would keep back a carriage running on the street with two horses, provided he got his feet into two small holes. After the regiment went to London they were reviewed by the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., who, on seeing Sam's uncommon size, took a fancy for him, and made him his porter at Carlton House.

The Regent at one time was along with some fast living gentlemen of the nobility, in a house of ill fame in London. There were always some highwaymen and bullies who generally frequented the house, which being reported at the Palace, they were afraid that something serious happened to him, as he had been off for two days, and accordingly they recommended Samuel should go and bring him home. Sam was sent for, and informed of the circumstances in which his royal master was placed. A description of the house and name of the street, and how to obtain admission were given him. Sam having received his instructions, proceeded to the house and took a general survey of it. It was a square building, about four storeys high. Having spoken to one of the policemen who knew Sam to be in the Regent's service, he gave all the information he required, and having stepped up a flight of stone steps which led to the front door, he knocked for admission, when a fierce-looking fellow in a kind of livery opened it, and asked him what he wanted at that unseasonable hour, (it being about three o'clock in the morning). Sam whispered in his ear that he wished to see the Duke of -- who he understood was in the house. The man looked in amazement at Sam's prodigious height, scanned him from top to bottom, admitted him, and shut the door, fastening it at the same time with a large iron rod and padlock, and taking Sam along with him, he put him into a room, until he would make inquiry for the Duke. Sam had not waited long until a number of ladies and gentlemen came into the room he occupied, along with some musicians, where they struck up a dance, and the lights being rather dim they did not observe Sam, he being in a far off part of the room, behind a screen where he could observe what was going on, and at the

same time not be seen himself ; having carefully surveyed the dancers and the rest of the company, he did not see his royal master among them, so getting out at the door, without any observing him, and leaving the dancers to their merriment, he entered a long dark passage, and was on the eve of entering another room in pursuit of his object, when he heard the Regent's voice in high altercation with some others, and going to the door of another where the voices proceeded from, he found the same fastened from the inside, and trying to open it, he found it would not ; he then tried his shoulders to it, but it was of no avail, the door being of oak, studded with thick iron nails. Seeing this would not do, and at the same time hearing the Regent call out for help, he applied one of his ponderous feet to it, when he sent door, lock, and hinges in pieces into the room, and jumping in, he found two ruffian looking fellows, having hold of the Regent's hands, and in the act of tying him with a piece of rope, when he seized the men, one with each of his hands, like two boys, and desired the Regent to tie each of them with the same rope, while he detained them, which they intended to do to him. Sam then desired the Regent to follow him to the outer door, but on arriving there, found a number of men with bludgeons, opposing the egress, but Sam, nothing daunted, got hold of the nearest man, whom he thought was the strongest, and taking him by the back of the neck and the posteriors, he used him as a battering ram against the others, so that he quickly cleared the passage, the whole running off in all directions, thinking it was a "giant," or some "evil spirit." On Sam looking at the door, he got hold of the iron rod, having hold at same time with one hand of the man who opposed the passage out, and giving a wrench and a kick, it flew in pieces to the street, so putting the Regent out first, he pulled the ruffian he had still hold of, along with him, and a policeman being observed, he gave him into custody, and gave intimation of what the ruffians were intending to do with the Regent ; the policeman immediately sprung his rattle, when a detachment arrived, with Townsend, the celebrated Bow Street officer at their head, and having entered the

house, made them all prisoners. The Regent and Sam entered a coach, and drove to the Palace, where the Prince thanked him, making him a present of a diamond ring of considerable value.

Sometime afterwards a few of the Prince's boon companions, wishing to test Sam's strength and mettle, interceded with the Prince to prevail on Sam to fight a great London bully, the champion of the ring at the time, and the Prince sending for Sam, told him he would do a particular favour for him by fighting the bully and vanquishing him. Sam told him that he never fought with a man in his life, and that, besides, he could not fight, as he never learned the pugilistic art; but the Prince would take no denial, and with great entreaties and much reluctance Sam at last consented. The day was fixed, and Sam appeared on the ground, and the preliminaries being settled was desired to strip to the buff, when he told them that in his country, before commencing to fight, they shook hands with one another, and that being agreed to the bully put out his hand, when Sam gave him him a squeeze as if his hand had been in an iron vice, bringing the tears to his eyes and making the blood flow from his fingers' ends; so that the bully had enough of fighting for one day, declaring that he was no man but a giant in man's shape, and would not fight again with him. Sam was never molested or asked to fight any one again.

The Regent asked Sam to perform as a Giant at the Opera House, in 1809, in the "Romance of Cymon," when he received a considerable sum of money for his trouble, and died in London.

JOCK ROSS AND THE CATS.

JOCK ROSS was a coppersmith in Inverness, who died many years ago. When a journeyman Jock was going to a Hammerman's ball. About a week previously he purchased the cloth of a coat for the occasion; and as Jock was very spicy in his dress, he asked his tailor for the

newest fashion, who informed him that the Haymarket style was the latest cut come to the Highland capital. It was accordingly chosen.

The night of the ball having arrived, the coat was sent to Jock's house in good time, the colour being a light green, with brass buttons. He was well pleased with the fit—being a rare cut in Inverness at the time, as none but gentlemen wore them. Jock went to the ball, and enjoyed the evening very much; and about three o'clock next morning he escorted his partner safely home, and was returning to his own house when he met with some cronny, and they went into a tavern, had some drink, and parted. It was about four o'clock, and Jock, very intoxicated, was singing to himself, "We are na fou; we are nae that fou;" and reaching his domicile he was surprised to hear a most discordant noise, as of persons speaking to one another in the stairs; but it being quite dark he could not distinguish who they were, which was nothing more than two cats fighting. Having listened a little, he thought he heard the first person say:—

"Jock Ross got a new coat;" when the other replied:—"We'll rive it, we'll rive it."

Jock, hearing his name mentioned, and what they were to do with his "braw new coat," which he prized so highly, bawled out:—"Will ye, ye rascals, I'll rive you," and ran into the house for a stick to attack them; but grey-malkins scampered off on the first blow, leaving him master of the field; and Jock finding none to fight or strike, returned and went to bed. He told the story next day to some of his companions; but they, knowing the true state of matters, as they were passing the door at the time, told him it was only two cats fighting. They had a good laugh at Jock's expense; and whenever they saw him they said:—"Well Jock, how's the coat? is it rived yet?" when he would grimly smile and pass on.

THE THREE DOCTORS.

It was a cold and very dark night, about the year 1822, that three doctors of Inverness met in a respectable inn in town in order to have a convivial meeting together. Having drank pretty freely at whisky toddy, they commenced to converse on topics in general, but the all engrossing subject was on dissection and how to obtain a dead body to operate on, for at this time the friends of patients who died in the Northern Infirmary would not allow their bodies to be dissected unless privately without their knowledge; to procure a subject for dissection was very rare. So they had often recourse to obtain one by purchasing or employing resurrectionists.

It happened (as the story goes) that a gamekeeper's wife residing at Leys, near Inverness, died in childbed a few days before, and was buried in the Chapel-yard that day. The medical men were conversing on this subject, and wished to know the particular cause of the woman's death, but came to the conclusion that this could not be done unless they saw her dissected. Being heated with drink, they proposed to raise the body for dissection. At that time body-lifting was very prevalent in different parts of the country, so that the friends of the deceased person generally put a watch over the grave for six weeks, guarding it with sticks or fire-arms.

That same evening the gamekeeper travelled to Inverness, to watch his wife for the first few nights, and went into the watch-house of the Chapel-yard about 9 o'clock. Lighting a candle and kindling a fire, he loaded his double-barrelled gun with the largest swan shot; and taking a book from his pocket to pass the dreary hours until morning, he commenced to read. In about half-an-hour he went out to take a look at the grave, and finding all right he returned and put out his candle; and being drowsy with watching during the nights of his wife's wake, he fell asleep, and wakened with a start, and rubbing his eyes took his gun with him, and proceeded to the grave. He had not gone far, when he thought he heard some voices; he took up his gun, cocked it, and fired both barrels one after the other in

the direction of the grave, when in a few minutes he heard a voice exclaim, "My —— I am shot!"

He loaded both barrels a second time, and proceeded towards the grave, opened a lantern fixed to his breast, and saw from the reflection of the light three doctors of Inverness, whom he knew. One was lying on the ground dead, and weltering in his blood from a wound received in the breast; the second was shot, but not dead; and the third had his arm wounded by the shot. The gamekeeper saw the coffin of his beloved wife; the half of it was out of the grave, by means of a powerful long iron-handled machine, which acted as a screw and lever at the same time, and which was fixed to the end of the coffin.

The gamekeeper told the person shot in the arm that if he did not get the dead and wounded men carried away quickly, and order the gravedigger to inter the body as early next morning as possible, he would shoot him also; but he told him not to fire any more, that he had done quite enough of mischief for one night, and that he would go for a conveyance and get them carried away, and order the body to be interred, which were done. The second doctor died shortly after; and the wounded man survived some years.

THE CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION RIOT IN INVERNESS.

It was in the year 1829, after the news arrived in the Highland capital of the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, or Catholic Bill, as it was more commonly called, the whole of Scotland, from "Maiden Kirk to John O'Groat's," was in commotion in reference to its passing. Some said the King should be beheaded for allowing it pass, and also the whole of his Ministers. A great number of Burghs in Scotland whose members voted for the Bill, were all burned in effigy by the inhabitants. The Right Hon. Charles Grant, who was member for the county of Inverness at the time, warmly supported the Bill, by

making some eloquent speeches in its favour in the House of Commons during the debate, and which gave great offence to many of his supporters, who were staunch Protestants in Inverness and its vicinity. The inhabitants of the town, to show their dislike to the County Member, for the support and countenance he gave to the bill, were determined to burn him in effigy ; accordingly letters were sent round to the different works in town, and private meetings were held by the trades' lads and others, for the purpose of putting it into execution, and a day was appointed for doing so. The Provost and Magistrates at last got information,—but only on the very day, that such was to take place, and tried to prevent it to the utmost of their power ; but it was of no use, as there were only three burgh officers in town at that time, and some night watchmen ; but on any emergency about forty to fifty special constables could be called up. About 7 o'clock in the evening a crowd of young lads and boys assembled on the Castle Hill, and sent parties in different directions in quest of fuel for the bonfire, and before an hour elapsed the funeral pile was completed ; one party even carried an entire wooden privy, which was clapped on the top of the whole. The effigy was then produced, made up as like the member as possible, in old clothes and mask, the bill in his hand, and a paper affixed to his breast, with the inscription—" The Doom of all Traitors to the Protestant Cause." A tar-barrel being put to the bottom of the pile, the effigy was fixed on the top, and then fired amid the huzzas of the multitude. The fire could be seen from Ruskich, near Invermoriston, and from the hills of Ross-shire. In about an hour the effigy was consumed, and another effigy was intended to be burnt on the Exchange ; before doing so a mob went down to the Catholic Chapel, situated in Bell's Street, and having smashed the windows and door, they went in and demolished the altar and other articles in the Chapel ; they then proceeded to the priest's house, breaking the whole of the windows, and went into the house in quest of himself, but he made a timely retreat before the mob arrived, or they might have done him some bodily harm ; indeed it was currently reported

shortly after, that it was one of the Established High Church Ministers who saved him (the Rev. Thos. Fraser), having concealed him in his house all that night ; but when the cholera broke out in town, the said priest was very attentive in administering medicines, etc., to all classes of the inhabitants who were attacked with the malignant disease. The priest's name was the Rev. Mr McGuire.

The crowd then went round the town, smashing the windows of parties who were in favour of the bill. They then proceeded to the Exchange. The Provost and Magistrates were assembled in the town hall, deliberating on what steps to take, when they heard the mob approaching by Church Street. The Provost and some of the magistrates immediately went down to the front of the Exchange, where the Provost expostulated with the mob on the loss and mischief they had done, and requested them to return and make no further harm ; but one of the crowd, dressed in woman's attire, disguised as " Madge Wildfire," who appeared to be the leader of the mob, told the Provost " that they wished to burn the effigy on the Exchange, and if that was allowed they would retire peaceably to their homes." But Provost Robertson, who was a very determined man, replied that they " had done quite enough of mischief and loss for one night already, and that if they did not return to their homes he would send for the Sheriff and a party of soldiers from Fort-George, and then get the Riot Act read, unless they immediately dispersed." Some of the crowd answered him with derisive laughter, and told him to send for them as soon as he liked, and threw something at him, which struck him on the head, and it exasperated him so much that he at once gave orders to the police-officers to apprehend some of the ringleaders, three of whom were laid hold of, taken into the police-office, situated on the Exchange, and where the special constables were concealed from the mob : but some of them threw a volley of stones, smashing the doors and windows of the town hall, and then entered the police-office, rescuing the three prisoners. After satisfying their revenge by breaking more windows, the mob dispersed.

Next day the Town Council met in the Town Hall in reference to the riot, and after examining a number of witnesses, the names of the principal rioters were taken down, who were that night apprehended and lodged in jail. They were afterwards tried before the Sheriff, and sentenced to certain terms of imprisonment.

About three years after these events the Reform bill became the law of the land, and there was a general election. The Right Hon. Charles Grant arrived in Inverness, and being a supporter and advocate of the Reform bill, was received with all honour by the people who three years before burned his effigy. He was elected without opposition for the first Reform Parliament, and after the nomination, was chaired through the town, with a band of music before him. So much for the voice of public opinion.

MAJOR DUFF OF MUIRTOWN AND THE MINISTER.

THE deceased Dr. R—— was a very eloquent preacher, and did not keep his hearers too long with his sermons, but as the old saying is, gave it to them “short and sweet.” The Doctor was exact and niggardly in his dealings. The following story has been related of him, but whether true or not cannot be ascertained.

The doctor at one time had about £7 or £8 odds to receive for tithes or stipend from the late Major Duff of Muirton, and accordingly sent his church officer with a receipt to Muirtown Castle for the money. Simon, on arriving at the Castle, was ushered up to the Major, who sat in the library looking over some old papers. He was a great lawyer, very clever and queer in his ways; he was also very hasty in his temper, from being laid up with gout, after his return home from military service, so that he had to be rolled in a chair from room to room. It was said that he never went to church, having made a vow against entering one, as he was confined as a prisoner of war in a church in France for many years, that he had

a great abhorrence to enter one. Simon, on entering the Major's room, told his message from the doctor, that he sent him with his compliments for the sum due, and handed him the receipt. The Major immediately put his hand into a desk which stood on his table, and opening it he drew out a parcel of notes, and having counted the number of pounds required, with some few shillings in silver, he handed them to Simon, but wanted about $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. of coppers, and told him to mention to the doctor "that as he had no coppers in his possession at that time, he would send it to him the first time any of the servants were in town."

Simon replied that "that would do very well;" and returned to Inverness, when the doctor remarked:—

"Well, Simon, did you get the money?"

"Yes doctor, I have got the whole, with the exception of $3\frac{1}{2}$ d., as the Major had no copper at the time, but he is to send it the first time any of the servants are in town."

"Ah, well, Simon, I cannot take it unless I get the whole sum; and you must go back to the Major, and either get the whole sum or my receipt."

As the doctor's word was unalterable, poor Simon had to trudge back to Muirtown Castle, not in the best humour; and knowing the Major to be a very passionate man, he was afraid to face him, and to refuse the doctor was as much as his situation was worth; so, screwing up his courage to the highest pitch, he arrived at the Castle, and giving the butler the doctor's message he desired him to go up with it; but the butler would not do so for the Castle and all in it, as he said he might get his brains knocked out for his pains. Simon tried the other servants, but to no purpose; and finding it to be "neck or nothing," Simon had to go up himself. The Major was much surprised to see Simon enter the room a second time, and said:—"Well, Simon, have you lost the money, or what has brought you back again?"

Simon delivered the doctor's message, when the Major got frantic with rage; and putting his hand to the back of the chair, he gave a very sharp pull to the bell, and a

servant making his appearance, he asked him "if there were any copper in the Castle to the amount of 3½d. ; if not, to saddle one of the horses and send a man to Inverness for change."

The servant immediately ran down stairs, the Major striking the desk with his hands like an enraged bear, muttering something to himself. The servant returned in a short time with the 3½d. of coppers, and placed them on the desk.

The Major then said :—"Now, Simon, there is the 3½d., but will you tell my words to the doctor when you return ?"

"Yes, Major, I will."

"Well, tell him from me that these few pence will be little enough for him — yet ; and here is a shilling for yourself."

Simon then returned to Inverness, and the doctor accosted him, "Well, Simon, did you get the 3½d. ?"

"Yes, doctor, I did," throwing them down on the table with a bad grace.

"And what did he say, Simon ?"

"He said, doctor, that it would be little enough for you — yet."

"Poor man, poor man," answered the doctor, at the same time putting the coppers into his pocket.

Major Duff made a great many improvements on his estate of Muirtown, and erected a monument on the "Watchman's Stone," above Clachnaharry point, in commemoration of the conflict fought there in the year 1358 between the Mackintoshes and the Munros, representing the figure of Cupid in the act of blowing a trumpet.

The following verses were composed by a Mrs Siuption, a native of Inverness, who was born on the Muirtown estate, on seeing a weeping ash which was planted near the Castle by the deceased Mrs Duff:—

There is a spot on a summer day
Which lovely is to see,
Where heard is the feathered songsters' lay,
And where stands a Weeping Tree.

'Tis Muirton's calm and tranquil bowers
Where I roamed in girlish glee ;
Oh, I spent such happy, happy hours
Where stands the Weeping Tree.

It was there the fairest flowers were seen,
That graced our North Country,
Now they sleep below the sod so green,
Away from the Weeping Tree.

Like bereaved Rachel mourning of old,
Nor comforted would be,
So those loved ones now lie still and cold,
And left alone is the Weeping Tree.

A youthful scion did survive,
Of this Noble Family,
And hopes were cherished that he long would live,
To enjoy the lands of the Weeping Tree.

But to his chamber sudden, ere dawn
Came death's Angel softly,
Whispering low, it is time, come away,
And leave the land of the Weeping Tree.

Thus untimely called from all he did love,
And snatched unexpectedly ;
But we trust to brighter realms above,
Though forsaken's the Weeping Tree.

Bright blossoms bloom as in days of yore ;
But, oh, how painful is the blank I see,
The mild and benevolent are now no more,
Where stands the Weeping Tree.

The generous and gay who now tread its hall,
But strangers they are to me ;
And fond recollections busy memory recalls
When I pass the Weeping Tree.

This charming spot I dearly love,
And sacred it is to me,
For there I in childhood's years did rove,
Where stands the Weeping Tree.

REV. THOMAS FRASER.

THE Rev. Thomas Fraser, or "Parson Thomas," as he was more frequently called, was originally Latin teacher in the Inverness Academy, and afterwards inducted as a

minister of the High Church. He was not a very eloquent or great preacher, but a very honest and warm-hearted man, and very kind to the poor of the town.

When preaching in the Gaelic Church, he was in the habit of giving some useful advice to the poorer portion of his audience, at the close of his sermons : and one Sabbath he was advising them how to spend their money, "and for the love of all that is good, do not spend it in whisky, tea or sugar, snuff or tobacco, but in good wholesome food, such as porridge and milk, as all the former articles are an eating moth to body and soul."

A number of the congregation got at last tired of the subject, and were making for the door, when Mr Fraser called out to them in Gaelic, "Well, well, good people, if you do not believe me, go to some other minister and see what he will say to you."

On another occasion he was preaching to them, and it was a very hot day in the month of July, but whether from the dryness of the discourse or the warmth of the day is not known, but many of the congregation were asleep, especially in some of the front seats of the gallery, except an idiot who sat there, named Ali-na-Park, who was listening very attentively to the sermon. Mr Fraser, observing this, called out as loud as he could in Gaelic, "Are you all asleep, you wicked sinners, but that poor fool?" "Yes," said Ali, starting up, "and if I was not a very great fool, I would be asleep, too." So saying, he walked out of the church. Some of the congregation, hearing the words Ali uttered, could not refrain from laughing, but kept their heads down until the service was concluded.

REV. ALEXANDER CLARK.

THE deceased Rev. Alexander Clark was a native of the town, and youngest minister of the High Church. He was a good preacher, only he detained his hearers rather long. To the poor of the town he was very benevolent ;

if any of them called on him and stated their necessities, he would give them his last shilling, being very well liked and respected by his fellow-townsmen and the inhabitants generally, for the above qualities, till the question of Reform in Parliament came to be debated by all classes in the three kingdoms, and after it was passed in Parliament. The first Parliamentary election took place, and Mr Clark having espoused the cause of Major Cumming Bruce, Tory M.P. at the time, and even canvassed the town's-people, besides nominating him on the hustings, that they considered it too much for a minister of the Gospel to involve himself to such a length with politics, and their opinion and respect declined very much after this. Still he persevered in attending the sick and dying, and doing all the good he could for the poorer classes, more especially during the cholera epidemic.

After Hugh Macleod was sentenced to be hung, he sent for Mr Clark, and confessed to him all the particulars relating to the murder, and Mr Clark constantly attended him until he was executed; he also made a condemned sermon on the evening after the execution, and published a history of Macleod's life, &c. A few years afterwards he attended John Adams, sentenced to death for the murder of his wife, though he never confessed to the murder.

Mr Clark was a great advocate, on all occasions, for the poor of the Town and Parish; and seeing the voluntary system for the support of the poor inadequate for their wants, owing to a number of house-holders and others who should contribute for their support who did not, he proposed a compulsory assessment for their support, and which he carried at a Parochial Board meeting, before it became the law of Scotland; but even after this mode of assessment was carried, Mr Clark did not consider it a fair one; and I think in the year 1848, at a Parochial Board meeting, he proposed that each ratepayer should be assessed on his "Means and Substance," or according to what he could pay. This proposition raised up a host of enemies against him, especially the higher classes in town, and the whole of the bank agents and nominated gentlemen; but Mr Clark was determined to carry out his plan: and

the meeting being called, which lasted from 12 o'clock at night till 4 next morning, when there was a regular pitched battle betwixt the "Means and Substance party" and the monined party, but Mr Clark and party gained the victory, and carried the "Means and Substance" mode by a large majority, and which the inhabitants generally were in favour of, till the Rev. Mr Clark died, when the agents in town and others clubbed together, and got the rate of assessment carried back to the old system levied on rents. During the height of the debate, and angry discussion on the subject, it was thought that Bailie D. -- did not act fairly in his capacity as Chairman, in taking the votes, and the church being very eroweded, there were a number that could not get admittance, so some on the outside got a ladder, and plaeced it to the window next the pulpit, and one having got to the top, caught the cord of the window blind, and having made a noose on it, he threw it over the Bailie's head, and was pulling him up in the shape of hanging him, but he struggling with his executioner, got himself disengaged during a great disturbance of hissing and eheering, vacated the chair; and another Chairman being eleted, the meeting shortly afterwards broke up

Mr Clark was well versed in the law of Scotland, and surprised the Law Agents of the town, who were opposed to him, and it was said by some that "they spoiled a good lawyer, when they made a minister of Mr Clark." A few evenings thereafter, a number of the gentlemen, and some of the "Legal Profession," being at dinner with the late Sheriff Tytler, who was very witty and a good lawyer; and after they had partaken of a substantial dinner, and commenced to the "port," the conversation turned on the late meeting in the Gaelic Church and on Mr Clark; when the Sheriff remarked, "Well, gentlemen, I am surprised that you would allow Mr Clark to beat the 'Bar of Inverness,'" when thore was a general laugh.

The funeral of Mr Clark was one of the largest ever seen in Inverness; and his memory is held in grateful veneration for his amiable qualities.

PROCESSION BEFORE AND ON THE PASSING OF THE REFORM BILL.

AFTER the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill, the country was again aroused with processions in all parts, petitioning for Parliamentary Reform ; and the Highland capital, not to be behind in the good cause, got up a meeting of the trades, and proposed to walk in procession round the town. On the day appointed they all met at the Castle-hill, and marched to the Academy Park, where hustings were erected for the different gentlemen who were to address the meeting. Some very good speeches were delivered, and some very laughable. One gentleman, a shoemaker, who afterwards soared to the chair of a Bailie, told his audience that "though he made Wellington boots, still that did not say he was to succumb to a Wellington Government."

When the Bill was thrown out of the House of Lords, another meeting was held and a procession proposed, and after the Bill was passed there were great rejoicings throughout the kingdom, and another procession on a grand scale was got up by the six Incorporated Trades, and all other bodies in town who chose to join them.

On the day appointed, they all met on the Castle Hill, about eleven o'clock forenoon, and each trade and society being marshalled in walking array with their respective bands of music and banners, they marched through the town ; but the hammermen eclipsed all others in grandeur, having an open coach, drawn by four splendid horses, and an old blacksmith, of the name of Andrew Dallas, was put inside, representing Vulcan, the god of fire, beating an anvil with a hammer, and a number of blacksmiths guarding the coach, carrying the motto of their trade—"With hammer in hand our trade doth stand ;" but poor Andrew, having received a roving commission, regaled himself with too much whisky during the procession, and at last lay down in the bottom of the carriage quite immoveable. Before the procession started from the Castle-hill, the horses became restive and were backing the coach to the edge of the hill, so that the coach and Andrew were nearly

precipitated to the bottom, were it not for a number of persons who took hold of the horses by the head and kept them until the procession started. It was the largest and most beautiful procession that ever took place in Inverness. At night there was a general illumination with a number of transparencies in many windows, representing the champions of reform who advocated and supported the bill; there was also a procession with music round the town at night, and those that had no lights in their windows had stones sent through them by the crowd.

PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS BEFORE AND AFTER THE PASSING OF THE REFORM BILL.

THE first election remembered by the author, was in the year 182—, for the County of Inverness, between the Right Hon. Lord Macdonald, and the Right Hon. Charles Grant—who was member for the county at that time. The election took place in the High Church, and continued for three days. A number of lawyers of the town, and some from Edinburgh, were the first day objecting to different parties on the roll. The majority of the inhabitants were in favour of Lord Macdonald, as he mentioned that, provided he was returned, he was to get the streets of the town paved, and a number of other good things were to be done for the comfort of the inhabitants; so that the electors were all blarnified, and he got the majority of the town in his favour; but the contest was decided in favour of the Right Hon. Charles Grant, who carried the day by a large majority; the late Glengarry being the last man who voted for Mr Grant.

The excitement it occasioned in town was very great, and the Church being so crowded, that between the heat and excitement, a man—the deceased Robert Slorah, grocer—was carried out in a swoon, and laid on his back on a gravestone, when a medical man—the deceased Dr William Mackintosh, who was present at the time—took off Slorah's coat, and bled him, when he revived, and came to himself. A few years afterwards there was

another contested election, which took place in the old Burgh Court-house, betwixt the Right Hon. Charles Grant, and Maeleod of Maeleod, who resided in Culloden Castle at that time, and who was the favourite candidate ; but he was defeated, and Mr Grant returned.

The next election that took place was after the passing of the Reform Bill, between The Chisholm of Chisholm and Mr C. Grant ; but The Chisholm, who was a very clever young man, was allowed to address the electors first, and gave a very fine and eloquent speech ; but being a Conservative, the crowd would scarcely listen to him ; but it was admitted by all that Mr Grant was the most eloquent speaker of the two. The Chisholm in his address mentioned that, as Mr Grant was advanced in years, he had quite enough of public life, and that he should now retire, in order to make room for a younger man, or words to that effect. Mr Grant then addressed the crowd ; he went over the whole of his political life, and at the same time taking notice of and defending himself from his opponent's different accusations, and on coming to the part where The Chisholm recommended him to retire into private life, he said :—" My honourable opponent, The Chisholm, wishes me to retire into private life, and perhaps he might give me a small cot in his Island of Loeh Afriek, and at his leisure hours he might deign to look in upon me in my humble cot and enquire after my health," which caused great laughter among the crowd.

The electors put a great number of questions to The Chisholm, and were afterwards on the eve of dispersing, when " George Bain" called out—" Chisholm, I have one question more to ask you, and that is—can you tell me who is your father?" which created great laughter. The polling afterwards took place in the Town Hall, and after a keen contest the Right Hon. Charles Grant was returned by the small majority of seven.

Some time afterwards the Right Hon. Charles Grant was called to the House of Lords by the title of Lord Glenelg, which was conferred upon him for his long public services. The Chisholm came forward again ; and the Conservatives being very strong in the county, he was

returned by a large majority, but The Chisholm did not long enjoy the honour, for he took ill with some trouble, and was cut off in his youth. The next gentleman who came forward in his place was the Master of Grant, who was returned without opposition, but he also did not long survive, having died in a year or two afterwards, when Mr Henry Baillie, came forward, and was returned without opposition. Donald Cameron, Esq. of Lochail, is the present member.

The election for the Burghs of Inverness, Nairn, Forres, and Fortrose, took place after the passing of the Reform Bill. There were four candidates in the field, viz:—Colonel John Baillie of Leys, Major Cumming Bruce of Roseisle and Kinnaird, the late John Stewart of Belladrum, and the late Robert Fraser of Torbreck. At the nomination there was a regular row; all kinds of missiles, such as kail stocks, potatoes, rotten eggs, were thrown at Baillie and Bruce, the Tory candidates, who were disliked by the majority of the crowd. The colonel was allowed to address the electors first, but the noise of hissing and cheering was so great, that what he said could scarcely be understood, and for a long time he could not obtain a hearing; in one part of his address he said, “Boys of Inverness, what have I done that you will not let me be heard; did I not know your fathers, and did ever I see one of you in London, in need of assistance, but my hands were in my pockets for you?” This latter part was quite true, for he was very kind to the Invernessians who were in distress in London. The Reformers were very sanguine of success, and would have carried their man, had not the colonel’s party and the major’s formed a coalition betwixt them, and threw out the Reform candidate. About three o’clock that day the colonel’s party polled all they could for him, but Belladrum, the Reform candidate, was equal with the colonel, and could bring three to four more votes out for him, on the understanding that they would return him; but the major, being a long way behind, had kept nine votes in reserve; and it was said that a few of the major’s supporters called on the colonel, and told him that the major’s committee stated that they could return him,

provided he paid the major's election expenses, and that the colonel's party would support him, on the colonel retiring at any time thereafter, which was agreed to, and nine of the committee then voted for him, when the colonel was returned by a majority of nine, who were afterwards distinguished by the name of "the nine nouts;" but the colonel did not enjoy his seat very long, for on leaving shortly after for London, it was reported that on leaving Nairn the populace used him so badly, that he took ill and died; so the major immediately appeared on the ground, and was returned by a large majority, the colonel's party having all supported him; but at every contest the Reformers were getting stronger, and at the next dissolution of Parliament, the major immediately posted down from London, and was hard canvassing the ground, thinking that he would walk the course, and there would be no contest; but he reckoned without his host, for the Reform Club in London was written to for a candidate, when Edward Ellice, Esq., jun., now proprietor of Glenquoich, came down to contest the ground with him, and, being the favorite candidate, would have carried the election, but for intimidation, corruption, and bribery; and the Forres electors being mostly all in favour of the major, he was again returned by about four of a majority; and the town of Inverness lost a valuable member, who would be an honour to it—being a gentleman in every sense of the word. A vacancy having afterwards taken place for Morayshire, the major was returned for that county without opposition; and the Inverness burghs becoming vacant (Mr Ellice having been sometime before returned for the St Andrews district of burghs), the Reformers were recommended to the late Roderick Macleod, Esq. of Cadboll (formerly M.P. for Sutherlandshire, but having voted on some question against the Duke of Sutherland's wishes, lost his seat), who accepted of the invitation to stand.

The Conservatives on this occasion brought forward Sir J. R. Mackenzie, of Scatwell; but the contest terminated in Cadboll being returned by a majority of 30 in Inverness, and a gross majority of 19 over all the burghs; but Cadboll did not retain his seat long, having resigned from bad

health; and James Morrison, Esq., of Fonthill Abbey and merchant in London, came forward in the Reform interest, opposed by John Fraser, Esq., of Bunchrew, but Mr Morrison was returned by a majority of 46, and having resigned after a few years, Alex. Matheson, Esq., Ardross, was returned, though opposed by R. H. Kennedy, Esq. London, and others. Mr Matheson, in 1868, having resigned to represent the county of Ross, E. W. Mackintosh, Esq. of Raigmore, represents the Inverness burghs.

EXECUTIONS.

THE first execution, which took place about the year 1812, was of Ferguson, a blacksmith, for the murder of Captain Charles Munro, of the 42d regiment. The writer was only born about this time, but heard the circumstances connected with the case from some old Invernessians, and which are as follows:—It happened that Captain Munro had a farm near Invergordon, Ross-shire; and a neighbour, named Ferguson, was in the habit of putting his cow on Munro's grass, which often led to angry altercations; till one day Munro happened to go to the smithy where Ferguson was, and having had some further words, went out, and, sharpening his knife, entered the smithy again; and on Munro saying something to him, he plunged the knife into his belly, so that his bowels protruded, and Munro was carried home, where, weltering in his blood, he died shortly after. On finding his latter end approaching, he exclaimed that he "would be proud were it in the field of battle at the head of his regiment; but to be killed by the hand of a cowardly assassin, he thought it very hard." Capt. Munro was a very handsome and powerful man, being upwards of six feet high, and was one of the best swordsmen of the time. The following anecdote is related of him: Being at one time at Inverness on leave from his regiment, he was going up Castle Street in plain clothes, with a stick in his hand. It happened that a sergeant of some regiment stationed in town was also going

up the street before him, when the stick which Munro had in his hand happened to touch the sergeant's coat, and dirtied it, the day being wet, when the sergeant turned round and struck Munro, who returned the compliment, felling him to the ground. A number of soldiers observing the occurrence from the opposite side of the street came to where Munro was, and drawing their side arms, four of them surrounded him ; but jumping to one side, he placed his back to the front wall of a house, and drew the sword which was by his side, when he wounded one and beat off the others, till a number of the regiment receiving intimation of the affair came up and would have killed Munro, were it not for an officer who came up along with them, and Munro mentioning how the quarrel originated, and that he was an officer in the 42d regiment, or "Black Watch," though in plain clothes, being on leave of duty ; the soldiers were pacified and sent away, and the officer took Munro by the arm, and walked to dinner to their mess. There is an old plaintive song which was composed on Munro by a young lady of Inverness, who fell in love with him, called "Charlie Aekum," young Munro. Ferguson, it is said, went very fearless to death, having become penitent, and was hung at the Longman.

The execution of Hugh Macleod took place at the Longman, I think, in the year 1830, for the murder of Murdo Grant, a travelling packman or merchant at Assynt, in Sutherlandshire. Having struck him at the back of the head with a hammer hidden under his cloak, in a lonely spot near Loch Tore-na-Ekin ; and beating his brains out, he threw his body into the loch with a large stone attached to his head, to keep it down in the water, and then robbed his pack, &c. The trial lasted from the time the court met in the forenoon till four o'clock next morning, and, having been found guilty, by the clearest circumstantial evidence, his own sister being the strongest evidence against him, he exclaimed, "Well, you have condemned an innocent man." He was not long in the condemned cell, when he sent for the Rev. Mr Clark, and confessed the whole to him how he committed the murder, and became a great convert. He went on foot to the

place of execution, which was erected at the Longman, escorted by the Inverness-shire Militiá, embodied at the time. The crowds lining the procession were very much affected; the culprit singing the 51st psalm, until he arrived at the place of execution. He mounted the scaffold and addressed the crowd in Gaelic, warning them to beware of breaking the Sabbath, drinking, and having to do with bad women. A psalm was then sung, and different ministers of the Gospel who were on the scaffold having prayed, he gave the signal, when he was thrown off, and died with scarcely any struggle. He was cut down in an hour, and the body sent to Glasgow for dissection.

The next man was John Adams, for the murder of his wife, Jean Brechen, having inhumanly murdered her in a little hut in a wood on the Mulbuy, near the road leading to Dingwall, by suffocating her with diyots and stones. After a long trial he was found guilty, on circumstantial evidence, but he was quite hardened and always denied it. Although the Rev. Mr Clark did all in his power to induce him to confess, but to no purpose, he went in a coach with the hangman to the place of execution. When he ascended the scaffold, he appeared to be a pretty man, for he had the head over the whole that were on it at the time. The crowd, I think, would not care to see him hanged a second time, especially the female spectators, being so impenitent; and on the Rev. Mr Clark, asking him when on the eve of being thrown into eternity to confess, his last words were, "I am not the man," and immediately gave the signal, throwing away his white handkerchief as if in anger, when he died after some struggling, and being cut down, he was buried within the precincts of the old prison.

WILLIAM SMITH, THE TOWN CRIER.

WILLIAM was at one time in very respectable circumstances, being tacksman of the shore dues and petty customs of the town for many years, and paid large sums of money to the town during his tenancy.

William on one occasion went security for a man named Duff, who had taken the Tomnahurich toll-bar, and having fallen into arrears, the setter of the toll raised an action against William for the year's rent ; but as he considered it very unjust to pay the same, as he did not receive timely notice of Duff having fallen into arrears, William maintaining that according to the conditions of roup and sale Duff should have paid his rent by monthly instalments, and failing his doing so the security was entitled to be informed of it, and on the security paying the said monthly instalment he should have the benefit of taking the toll into his own hands ; this, William said, was not done, and he was determined not to pay, and consequently an action was raised against him before the Sheriff Court here ; but he was determined "to enjoy a suit at law" before he would pay, and after putting in "defences, replies, duplies, and many other plies," judgment was given against him by the Sheriff-Substitute ; but he appealed to the Sheriff-Depute, who sustained the Substitute's decision, and the case was decerned against him for principal and expenses, so that William was in a "fix," and did not know how to get himself extricated. It happened at this time, that the Lord Justice-Clerk, then John Hope, Esq., Dean of Faculty, came down to the Circuit Court of Justiciary to be held at Inverness, and some friend hinted to William that he should get the Dean's opinion of his case, as he said he "got plenty of law but little justice." The Dean having put up at Mrs Napier's Hotel, William was informed that he generally took a walk in the morning the length of Millburn, so William thought it would be a good plan to go and meet him and ask his opinion ; he went accordingly and met the Dean half way between the town and Millburn, and saluting him with his hat in his hand and accosted him, "I am a poor man, my Lord Dean, sir, and have a case here which I wish you would look at, my Lord Dean, sir, as I got very great injustice, sir." The Dean desired him to put on his hat and give him the papers, and he would look over them and send him his opinion before leaving town ; and William having done so, he parted with the

Dean, and when the court was concluded the Dean sent William the following opinion, which he got printed and put in a glass frame which is preserved to this day and prized very much :—

“The opinion of John Hope, Esq., Dean of Faculty, Edinburgh. In process of Mitchell v, William Smith and others. The case is of some nicety ; but, upon the whole, it humbly appears to me that the judgment of the Sheriff Substitute was erroneous.

1. “I am of opinion that the cautioner was entitled to rely upon the creditor in the obligation, taking reasonable precautions for his own interest under the articles of roup, by which the toll was let, and exercising the summary powers reserved to him in order to secure payment as soon as the tacksman fell into arrear, in at least when it appeared there was no chance of the full rent being paid by him. I think that the cautioner was entitled to expect that the creditor would in due time use the power he possessed of enforcing the regular payment of the rent.

2. “I am of opinion that although the greater part of the lease was to expire without any attempt to recover payment, and the tenant at last to leave the toll in arrear, and all this without intimation to the cautioners, was conduct inconsistent with the obligation which the creditor owed to the cautioner.

3. “I am of opinion that time was given to the tenant to the prejudice of the cautioner and without communication to him. There are circumstances in which the creditor was not entitled to grant such indulgence.

“On all these grounds, I am of opinion that the cautioner has sufficient legal grounds to entitle him to liberation from his cautionary obligation.

“The opinion of

“JOHN HOPE.

“Inverness, 1st May 1832.

On William producing the above to the opposite agent in his case, he at once liberated him from all further annoyance and expenses. William having lost by some parties in town, and also by the petty customs and shore dues failed in his business, was sometime afterwards about to be incarcerated in jail for a debt, and a messenger being instructed to apprehend and lodge him in prison, proceeded to his house with a warrant to search and get possession of his person, but he could not be found, having concealed himself for three days in an old lumber garret, till at last the messenger got the scent of William's place of concealment and burst open the door, and was in the act of making him his prisoner, when William got hold of a three-pronged antler of a deer, and swore that unless he

made off he would do on him as Ferguson did to "Charlie Ackum," that he would run him through the body. The messenger, seeing him so outraged, made off as fast as he could, as he feared William would be as good as his word, and returned an execution of deforcement against him, and a criminal summons for deforeing the officers of the law in the execution of their duty was served upon William, who was tried by the Sheriff and a jury, and having pled not guilty, evidence was led, and poor William was found guilty as libelled by a majority, and fined in the sum of five pounds sterling; but a number of the jurymen and some others of his fellow-townsmen knowing the past and present circumstances of poor William, made up a subscription for him in the court, when the fine was paid, and he was liberated from the bar.

COLONEL ARCHIBALD FRASER OF LOVAT.

OLD Lovat, as he was called, was an eccentric old man. He lived in the Crown House. He was colonel of the Inverness-shire Militia, and had very queer whims. On one occasion he invited a company of the Militia to the house in order to give them a dram, and on their arrival paraded before the front door. Lovat having gone into the house, came out in a little time after with a large bottle of whisky, and a glass which would scarcely contain two thimblefulls. Having filled the glass he drank to them first himself, and on filling up the glass a second time, he was going to hand it to the right hand man of the company, when he drew it back, exclaiming, "Oh, I think you are all drunk, and there is no use in putting pearls before swine," when one of the men answered him and said, "My Lord (as they generally termed him), I was never drunk in my life," when Lovat answered, "the more the fool he was, for Lovat was drunk," and immediately went with the bottle into the house, and told them to go all home and meet him at parade next day, and if they were sober he would treat them then. The

men seeing the capricious mood he was in, had to comply with his request.

Another story is told of a Macgillivray, a tailor in town, who had a large bill to receive from Lovat, for clothing furnished to the militia, and having called for payment, he told him that, provided he did what he required of him, he would pay him immediately. Macgillivray promising to do so, Lovat went off to some other part of the house, as Macgillivray thought, for the money, but had not stood long when he felt himself as if he was going down through the floor of the room, and down he went to an apartment below, Lovat having drawn the bolt of a trap door which was in the floor and Macgillivray landed in the room below, near breaking his legs by the fall, when the Colonel addressed him, "You rascal, did I not tell you to remain where you were until I returned, and did you not promise to do so? you may now go home, for you will get no money from me to-day, as you did not stand to your promise." Macgillivray answered, "My lord, it was no fault of mine, as the door fell down," but Lovat was inexorable, and he had to go home for that day, but on calling some time after he paid him. A number of other queer stories are told of Lovat, but the above will suffice.

JAMES ITCHES, THE HORSE JOCKEY.

JAMES ITCHES was an Englishman—a well known "character" in Inverness, and who migrated to this place about forty years ago, along with another Englishman, of the name of Tom, or Tomlinson, who was called for a nick-name "English Tom." He afterwards broke out of a number of jails in Scotland, for passing "base coin," and "flash-notes;"—indeed he might be called the modern "Jack Shepherd." They were both "horse jockeys," or dealers in horses. Itches took an inn in Church Street, and kept it for a few years, but failing in business, he had to give it up. He was a very well informed man, and

could converse on any subject. In his declining years he became very poor in circumstances ; and was only supported by some of the gentlemen of the town and county, who had known him in his "better days," and who gave him small sums of money occasionally. Itches at one time being very "hard up," did not know how to "raise the wind ;"—but a thought struck him to call on the Rev. Dr R—, in order to see if he would afford him some relief.

Having proceeded to the Doctor's house, he knocked at the door, and a servant appearing, Itches mentioned that he wished to see the Doctor, and she having gone in with the message—the Doctor immediately came to the door ; and seeing Itches, asked him what he wanted :—Itches replied that he was very ill off for "the necessaries of life," and the Doctor being a "Minister of the Gospel," he came to solicit "a little relief ;" on hearing which, the Doctor told him he "could give him nothing," being engaged with some person at that time. Itches said nothing, and went away, but had not gone half way along the Old Bridge, when he met a gentlemen—a good friend of his, and having saluted him, he mentioned to him the circumstances of his case ; on which he put his hand into his pocket, and gave him a few shillings ; Itches immediately thanked him, and went away, but he was determined not to be beat by the Doctor, but to try another dodge with him ; so going into a shop, he purchased 1d worth of tea, 1d worth of sugar, 1d loaf, and 2d worth of mutton ; and having purchased a sheet of fine coloured paper, he made the whole up in a neat parcel, and enclosing a note for the doctor—stated that since he called on him, he met with a good Samaritan who gave him assistance, and as the Doctor seemed to be so poor that he could give him nothing, he sent him the enclosed, being a part of what he received, as the Scripture says, "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth unto the Lord." He went and knocked a second time at the doctor's door, a girl opening it, he desired her to hand the parcel to the doctor, and he would wait an answer. He had not waited many minutes when the servant returned with

the parcel and a couple of shillings, which she handed to Itches, and a message from the doctor, stating "that he would thank Mr Itches not to send him any more of such parcels, as he did not require them." Itches took the parcel and the two shillings, and went off, laughing in his sleeve at having done the doctor.

THE THREE POETS.

ANDREW FRASER, a native of Inverness, was a gardener. He was a number of years gardener to the late Glengarry, who was killed by jumping from one of the Caledonian Canal steamers, which met with an accident on the west coast, on striking a rock about thirty-five years ago, and Glengarry jumping out of the steamer first, in order to assist the other passengers to get on shore, and thinking to light on a rock some four or five yards distance from the steamer, unfortunately fell within a foot or two of it, striking his head on the rock, and died a few days thereafter. Andrew was an excellent scholar and penman; he wrote a number of fine pieces, both in prose and verse; he contributed largely to a number of periodicals both in Scotland and England. A number of his productions appeared in Wilson's Tales of the Borders, twenty-six years ago, and one tale in particular, in "Donald Gorm," was ably written, sustaining the Highland character very much, and also very laughable. He composed two volumes of Highland tales and legends, which he intended to have published for his own behalf, but having been unfortunately seized with an infectious disease in the year 1848, he died after a short illness, very much regretted by many of his fellow-townsmen, being very kind, warmhearted, and gentlemanly in his manners. He composed a piece in rhyme on the Municipal Election of November 1832, after the passing of the Reform Bill, dedicated to "Rimple Pumple, King of the Fairies." The pamphlet was called the "Rookery Dislodged, or the old ones brushed out by the gale of the 5th of November 1832," a serio-comic poem; "Lach-ye-Bodaeh Nany-do-Dolan."

The following verses are from a song in the poem, said to be sung by the Staffordshire Bullock. Air, Cumming's Pibroch.

What a Pagan was I, to join with the fry,
Who followed the semi-political Major,
How dim was the eye that could not descry,
The Canter was nought but an old hacknied stager.

He came with his political tongue, join with me right or wrong,
Follow me old and young, my name is Charlie,
Run with me, walk with me, canvass, and hawk with me,
Make signs or talk to me I'll have your Fairly.

Oh do but number me till I a member be,
Then I'll remember you spouting in parli,
There was Geordie, the trencher, a capital weucher,
And sounded our hearts with the lue of a hedger,
And who did not hear of Jock the cashier,
Who out placed himself and in placed the Major.

A great number of the old members of the town council were mentioned and a few others; it was very cleverly written, and called forth praise from the party to whom it was opposed. Andrew also wrote pieces on a number of the clans, both in Inverness and Ross-shires. Indeed, it may be said of Andrew, as follows, viz :—

Sing, Muse of Caledonia, sing the mournful strain,
Let Clachnacuddin in her shade complain,
And on the banks of Ness the tidings tell,
The Bard is dead that loved thy stream so well.

DAVID MACDONALD was a native of Inverness, a baker; he worked as a journeyman in London for many years until he got consumptive by overworking himself, and returned to his native place, in the year 1836. He published a volume of poems and songs, entitled the "Mountain Heath," and dedicated to the late Alexander Mackintosh of Mackintosh, chief of Clan Chattan. He also composed some pieces which did not appear in the above collection, and one in particular, "Clachnacuddin's Lament," which originated under these circumstances :—The streets of the town being lowered in the year 1837, and also paved with a new kind of boulder stones, the pavement and the Exchange was also lowered, and Caithness flags substituted in place of the old, and the Clachnacuddin Stone was sunk and laid on a level with the pavement of

the Exchange, which gave offence to the "Clachnacuddin Boys," and in consequence a handbill was printed and circulated among the inhabitants requesting a meeting of the "Clachs" on a day named, to the effect that unless the stone was placed in its former position, the "Clachs" were to march in a body from the Castle-hill to the Exchange, and then and there with picks, crow-bars, levers, and shovels, raise the stone in defiance of the authorities, and lay the same again with all masonic honors; suffice it to say that the magistrates took the hint, and ordered the stone to be placed as formerly situated, and which was done to the great delight of the Clachs and the inhabitants present at the time, concluding the same with Highland honors, and a speech given by William Fraser, *alias* "Dixy," an old Invernessian, who used always, when "half seas over," to mount the stone and give a speech. The following verses are taken from the original copy in the author's possession :—

CLACHNACUDDIN'S LAMENT.

ON BEING LAID LEVEL WITH THE PAVEMENT OF THE EXCHANGE.
AUGUST 1837. AIR—KILLINCRANKIE.

Alas, I'm old and out of date,
So seems it to my grief, man,
And must resigned be to my fate,
If none will give relief, man.
I for a thousand years or more,
Reigned Queen of Inverness, man,
And been revered by sires of yore,
Though moderns use me thus, man.
In centre of the town long been
To welcome all would pass, man,
Till paltry Bailies full of sin,
Sent me to bear their cross, man.
Their robbing of the public purse
Called forth from me a groan, man,
Till through their spite, from bad to worse,
I'm made a paving stone, man,
My curse upon that upstart knave,
M'K.B. of Church Street, man,
May he find an untimely grave,
Without a winding sheet, man.
And may the fiends of darkness blast
The son of Provost Jock, man,
And when he breaks his morning fast,

O grant that he may choke, man.
* * * *

May Clachnacuddin's sons ne'er ken
The agony I felt, man,
When Jumping Judas passed yestreen,
And struck me with his stilt, man.
May he bereft of house and beild,
And forced to beg his bread, man.

Arouse ye, boys, determined be,
No Tories' feet shall tread, man,
To which I know you will agree
On my devoted head, man.
That when my far spread sons return,
From divers foreign climes, man,
They'll view me while their heart will warra
With thoughts on former times, man.

Let those unborn not hear of me
As of a thing unseen, man,
But get me placed conspicuously
Where I have ever been, man.
M'Corl doth my cause espouse,
A trusty son of yore, man,
And old Macpherson swears and vows
To head the patriot core, man.

With Lewie Cuthbert at their head,
They'll shake the very street, man,
And Tories tremble shall with dread
As Judas sounds retreat, man,
Both hands and feet the knaves we'll bind,
And ——— at the Longman.
* * * *

JOHN MACRAE was a very respectable man in Inverness at one time, being head waiter in one of the principal inns in town. He composed a book of poems and songs in the year 1818, and a pamphlet of the same in 1832, and a great number of pieces since that time. John was very gentlemanly and obliging in his manners, which made him respected by his fellow-townsmen: He generally composed a piece on every remarkable event or joyous occasion which took place in town, especially on a gentleman returning to his native place, after a long sojourn in a foreign land. Honest John, who is dead, now, for some years back, might be seen, when alive, every lawful day, if well, taking his accustomed walk on the pavement betwixt the north west corner of High Street and south-east end of Inglis

Street ; when he meets a friend he gives a verse perhaps *extempore* if in conversation ; and on one occasion John was met on his usual round by two tailors who were on the “ beer ” the evening before, accosting him, “ Can you give us a reliever, Mr Macrae,” meaning a glass of whisky, when John replied “ I am not a reliever nor yet a deceiver.” The sally created much laughter, and the lads left honest John to his peregrinations.

The following excerpt is from a piece composed by John, on being asked if there was any possibility of rhyming without infringing on the truth :—

“ The jackall has murdered the lion,
The midge has the spider destroyed,
The badger has wings and is flying,
The fox is now easily decoyed.
The raven is turned to a pigeon,
The zealot is hypocrite turned,
Mahomet is the head of religion,
The sea was on fire and is burned.

BOBY ALL.

JAMES MACKAY is the real name of the above person alluded to, but better known by the appellation of “ Bobby All,” was a well known Idiot, a native of Inverness, and was so from his infancy. He had a stutter or impediment in his speech ; he used always to go after the soldiers when beating up for recruits, and was often found wherever music was discoursed. He was a harmless fool, but used to swear if drunk or angered. Some parties in town used to be kind to him and send him their messages, when he punctually returned with the same, even with money from the Bank. He died many years ago. The following lines were composed by the said John Macrae, poet, in the year 1832 :—

Yes, viewing all life's fleeting scenes,
And man each rank and class,
'Tis God alone who foreordains,
Whatever comes to pass.

Redeem the time with virtuous joy ;
 To dust you're doomed to fall,
 Then mind the little idiot boy,
 And pity Boby All.

Behold him heedless of the storm,
 Of piercing wind and sleet,
 No task in life can he perform,
 No social friend can meet.
 Then let his case your care employ,
 Show charity, though small,
 And pass not by the idiot boy,
 But pity Boby All.

In tatter'd garments see him tread
 The pavement, road, or street,
 Without a covering on his head,
 Or shoes to hide his feet.
 No cares of life his peace annoy,
 He dreads no scorn nor fall,
 Then pass not by the idiot boy,
 But pity Boby All.

Although of sense in part bereft,
 In heart as much as mind,
 He has a trace of human left,
 To play upon his kind.
 I've seen him oft when 'twas his play
 Big John to pull and haul,
 Yet smil'd upon the idiot boy,
 And pitied Boby All.

By heaven decreed for from the womb,
 A want in him appeared,
 And will till he's laid in the tomb,
 Tho' nursed with care and reared,
 Still much inclined to play and toy,
 To whistle, sing, or bawl,
 'Tis guiltness in the idiot boy,
 Then pity Boby All.

The little pittance he receives
 From friend or stranger's hand,
 Still craving nature's call relieves,
 No more does Bob demand,
 Then pass him not, ye females coy,
 Or great, or rich, or small,
 But pity long the idiot boy,
 And think of Boby All.

FOOLISH JOHN.

JOHN ROSS, called "Foolish John" by the boys of Inverness, originally belonged to Ross-shire, although located in town for a number of years. The late Mr Wilson of the Caledonian Hotel, was a good friend to John, and gave him bed board *gratis*. John neither wore hat, nor cap, nor any cover on his head; he was a great snuffer, and used to go through the shops and ask snuff of the shop lads, who played great tricks on him, as filling his box with soap and dirty water; but when they gave him a little snuff, they would make him perform some antics, such as calling out loudly "Skelpan Sandy, Skelpan Sandy." John when angry got outrageous, and would have killed any person who provoked him, provided he got him in a quiet place, and strong enough for him. He received a great deal of money from travellers and others who frequented the Caledonian Hotel. "Boby All" played a number of tricks on John, such as pulling the skirts of his coat, and when traversing the streets to call out to himself, "mea moa, mea moa." He died in Inverness.

FOOLISH ALI.

ALEXANDER WATSON, better known as "Foolish Ali," was a harmless fool; he was not one from his infancy, but it is said he went out of his mind in consequence of an illegitimate child his father had to some woman in the Merkinch, which was thrown over the Wooden Bridge and drowned; and he being a little boy of about three or four years of age, having either seen or heard of the occurrence, was the cause assigned for his becoming an idiot. Ali was about six feet high, and as straight as a rush; he never wore any cover either for head or feet, he would do anything a person desired him, and was a capital hand at cutting sticks and putting in coals for the bakers in town, he being very strong, and they would give him meat and money for his trouble.

If Ali was at any time carrying water with pails from

the river (the water pipes not being through the town at that time) and any boy passing desire him to pour them out, dirty them, or leave them on the street, Ali did it at once. If Bobby All saw Ali on the street, he would desire him to give him a ride on his shoulders; when Ali would take him up like a bird, and place his two legs round his neck, and run with him for a long distance, to the great delight of "Bobby;" but poor Ali at one time took up a little child on Bridge Street, to play with; when some evil-disposed urchin passing at the time told him to throw it down, and no sooner said than done, and in consequence of the injury the child sustained it died, and Ali was put into the Northern Infirmary, where he was kept from committing any further mischief, and shortly afterwards died.

THE ARMS AND MOTTO OF INVERNESS.

THE arms of the town is the image of Christ on the Cross in marble stone, supported by a camel and elephant, with the horn of plenty. The motto is in Latin, "Concordia et Fidelitas," translated "Concord and Fidelity." The arms were formerly on the wall of the old Court-house; and when taken down to build the present new buildings, it was placed on the wall of the stairs leading to the Town Hall. A fine silver brooch is fixed to the shoulder belts of the 5th or Celtic Company of Inverness-shire Rifles.

OLD CRAGGY.

JOHN FRASER, alias Craggy, was an old residenter in town, and used to tell stories very much resembling Gulliver's Travels or Baron Munchausen.

Having on one occasion broken the Excise Laws he had to cut his stick to Edinburgh, as he was afraid of being imprisoned for the offence. Having arrived in the

Scottish capital he called on one of the Writers to the Signet, that he would procure for him a settlement of the offence by paying a fine. The W.S. having got the affair settled to his satisfaction, Craggy made his appearance again in Clachnacuddin, and meeting an old acquaintance he congratulated Craggy on his return, and enquired where he had been since he had left town, when Craggy replied that he had been to London, and visited his Most Gracious Majesty George III., who procured a mitigation of the fine for him.

“And did you really see the King, Craggy?”

“Yes, man, and Her Majesty, too.”

“And how did you get introduced to them?”

“Why, man, I travelled down from London to Windsor, and went up to the Castle, and asked to see one of the beef-eaters, or gentlemen ushers, and one being sent down to me, a man in stoutness and size of ‘Sawney Mackenzie, the cook,’ or ‘Skelpin Sandy,’ he asked me what I was and where I came from, when I replied that I was Capt. Fraser from the North, and wished to see his Majesty. He then desired me to wait, until he apprised his Majesty of my visit and request, and ushered me into a room as large as the Northern Infirmary, and left me. I had not waited long when he returned, and told me that his Majesty would be glad to see Captain Fraser in the audience chamber or state room, and beckoned me to follow him, and led to a flight of marble stone stairs, which we ascended to nearly the height of the steeple, and at last we came to a door covered with the finest scarlet or crimson cloth, studded with gold nails, and giving three particular knocks, the door was opened by another usher; and my former conductor leaving us, I was taken to the farthest end of a room double the size of the Town Hall, where there was a large chair with a canopy and gold crown above. In a short time a door opened behind the chair, and a middle-aged gentleman, with a plain dressing gown, grey wig, and gold-headed stick in his hand, made his appearance, and shaking hands, said:

“Well, Captain Fraser, I’m glad to see you; how are you?”

"Quite well, please your Majesty," says I, falling down on both my knees.

"Tut, tut, Captain Fraser," said his Majesty, "rise, this is not a levee, but merely a private meeting." He then asked what occasion took me to London, when I mentioned to him about the offence committed against the Excise laws, when he replied, "Never mind, Capt. Fraser, that is easily put to rights," and taking out a gold pencil case, he wrote on an ivory card something which I could not make out, and which he gave me, desiring me to call at the Board of Excise in London and all would be forgiven. I thanked his Majesty and told him I could never pay him for his kindness. "Tut, man, tut, man," says he, "don't speak at all about it." "Well," says the King, "how are my friends in Inverness," and in particular mentioned Sheriff Tytler, Sheriff Gilzean, Loekhart Kinloch, Sheriff Clerk, Provost Grant, Robertson, not forgetting my old friend Sandy Maekenzie, who used to sing "Johnnie Cope," when I was at the hunts at Inverness *incog.* with the Marquis of Huntly. I mentioned to his Majesty that they were all quite well, and having asked me a number of other questions, he says :—

"Well, Captain Fraser, you have the head over me in height."

"Yes, my liege," says I.

"Well, Capt. Fraser, would you like to see her Majesty the Queen."

"Yes, my liege." Accordingly, the Queen being sent for, I was introduced to her by his Majesty, and after the usual formalities, the Queen shook hands with me. The King then spoke in Gaelic to the Queen, having learned the same when in the Highlands *incog.*, and said, "A Charralaeh, thou a maeh am botal, gus am foigh Ceannid Frlseil drama," or in English, "Charlotte, take out the bottle, that Captain Fraser may get a dram," and having gone for it, she returned shortly with a golden cruet stand, containing wine and other fine liquors, and asked me what I would have to drink, when I answered that I would prefer a glass of pure Ferintosh, provided they had any,

which was at once sent for, after having poured a full bumper of some fine wine for themselves. I believe, they called it Maraschino. I drank to them wishing them long life and prosperity, and having drunk it out, the King asked me how that agreed with my Highland stomach, when I told him that it was the best I ever drank, and having kissed both their Majesty's hands, I left Windsor for London; and here I am now in Clachnacuddin once more."

Another story is related of Craggy. Being at one time pretty scant of cash, he called on the deceased L. Kinloch, Sheriff Clerk, being a particular friend of his, and asked him if he would favour him by giving him a few pounds in order to pay a party who was dunning him for debt. Mr Kinloch by a great deal of persuasion on the part of Craggy, threw £3 at him, and at the same time told him not to show his big face any more, being completely pestered by him, as he would give him no more until he paid the whole that he was due. Craggy took the cash and thanked him; but Craggy had not been three or four days older when the £3 was spent, and the worst of it was that the dunning creditor was not paid any part of his debt; so Craggy was clapped into durance vile. He had not been long in there, when one of the debtors, a wag, drew on the back of the room door where they were incarcerated with red chalk, a coffin with the lid open, and a large head looking out (saying in writing as if speaking), "I am Lockhart Kinloch's Ghost, but be good to Craggy." Craggy observing this got into a violent passion, and seizing hold of the party who he supposed was the author of the caricature by the throat would have garrotted him, had it not been for the debtors present and the jailors, who by great strength got the man extricated from Craggy's giant grasp, who was a powerful man; but the wag was in such a state that he was quite insensible, being nearly strangled, that a medical man had to be called, and Craggy was ordered to be put in irons. The man, however, recovered in a day or two, and Craggy was liberated.

Craggy was a great gormandiser. At one time being in

the country repairing a road; and residing at an inn he ordered them to make a haggis for his breakfast, and put on the table in the morning. The cat having gone into the room before Craggy arrived, espied the haggis, eat part of it, and ran off with the remainder. When Craggy arrived to begin his favourite repast, he found it was gone, and getting into a great rage he asked the landlady what became of the haggis, when she told him she could not understand who took it away; but making enquiry in the kitchen she informed him that the girl saw something in the cat's mouth some time before, and running out to the byre found Miss Puss finishing the last of Craggy's haggis, so that he had to want his favourite dish for the time, and to make his breakfast of bread, cheese, and strong ale. A traveller and a wag, who was at the inn at the time, having heard of Craggy's disappointment, wrote the following verse before he went away, and left it on the table of Craggy's room :—

Craggy came to his morning bite,
A cabbock of cheese twelve inch thick,
A flagan of ale it was nae sma',
But Craggy eat the crumbs and a'.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE DUKE OF GORDON.

THE late Duke of Gordon, when Marquis of Huntly, about 40 years ago, was pretty often on visits to the sporting and other gentlemen about Inverness and neighbourhood, more especially to the late Laird of Culloden.

At one time proceeding north in a dog-cart from Kinrara to visit Culloden, he overtook at Daviot a country girl on her way to Inverness; the Marquis asked her where she was going, when she replied to Inverness. He told her he would give her a drive to within a mile or two of the town, for which she said she would be much obliged to him. As they trotted along, he interrogated her on different subjects, and found her intelligent, and spoke the English language pretty well. Among other questions, he asked her as to the characters of the different

lairds whose estates they were passing, the first being The Mackintosh. The Marquis enquired what sort of landlord he was, and the girl replied that she heard he was a very decent gentleman, and very good to his tenants; next in rotation, what kind of a man was Inches, when she replied that he was a very great Bacchanalian, and half fool to the bargain; then Culloden, when she answered that he was a madman in spending his money in balls, hounds, and horses; he then asked her about many others, till at last he asked if ever she heard of the Marquis of Huntly? "Yes." "Well, what kind of chap did you hear he was?" "Well, Sir, if he gets dogs, horses, and women, he does not care for God or man." The Marquis on hearing this burst into a loud fit of laughter. Arriving at Inches he put the girl down, as he was to take the road to Culloden Castle by Smithtown, and slipping five shillings into her hand, desired her to drink the Marquis of Huntly's health, when she was nearly dropping down with shame (never thinking but he was some gentleman's coachman who was with her, the Marquis being dressed in coarse clothes and jockey boots); but the Marquis took no farther notice of her, but drove off whistling some air to himself.

Another story is related of the Marquis, when a young man, that he went in disguise as a beggar round the farmers and cottars about Gordon Castle, in order to know who was good to the poor and who not. He put on an old coat and hat, and throwing some small meal bags behind his back which he got the loan of from some poor man, proceeded on his rounds; he first called on the factor, and having knocked at the door he asked for alms, but was told by him that no beggars were allowed to go round the estate, and that the sooner he made off the better, or he would let loose the dog on him; the Marquis said nothing, but went off and proceeded round the farmers and crofters, some he found charitable and others not. At last he met his father (the old Duke) taking a walk about the Castle grounds, when he asked him for some charity, and the Duke immediately put his hands into his pocket and gave him a sixpence, when the Marquis remarked "Is this all the great Duke of Gordon will give to a poor

man." On saying which the Duke knew the Marquis by his voice, and said, "George, George, you will never halt with your foolishness," when he commenced to laugh, and ran off and put off his disguise; but the Marquis afterwards remembered the farmers and others who refused him charity when going round them as a beggar; and all those who were charitable he kept in their farms and the others who were not so he turned off—the factor being the first who was ordered to walk.

The Marquis of Huntly was called "Cock of the North," and was taken notice of by the late Sir Walter Scott in a song he composed on George IV.'s visit to Edinburgh, called "Carle, now the King's come."

Cock of the North, my Huntly bra,
Where are you with your forty-twa?
Ah, wae's my heart that ye're awa,
Carle, now the King's come!

The Marquis was colonel of the 42d regiment, and his portrait may be seen in the ball room of the Northern Meeting Rooms in his regimental dress. He was wounded in Holland by a musket ball which lodged in his shoulder, and which the medical men were afraid of extracting, in case it might cause the loss of the arm. When the Marquis returned to London, he was invited to dinner by the Captain of a 74-gun ship, and having accepted the invitation he proceeded on board, and were before dinner conversing on different subjects, and among other things, the captain asked the Marquis if he felt much annoyance or pain from the ball lodged in his shoulder? he replied he did not, but at the same time would prefer it out than in. The captain recommended him to Dr. Rankin as a very clever and experienced surgeon, from his having cured an English gentleman on the same principle as the celebrated Dr. Pitcairn of Edinburgh, which story is as follows, viz:—

An English gentleman, of the name of Brown, being very ill with a boil on the inside of his throat, tried a number of scientific medical doctors to prevent its growth, but although they tried many plans it was to no purpose, and they could not lance his throat from the outside, as

that would have killed him. At last it grew to such a height that he could scarcely breath, and could eat nothing in consequence, and the way he was kept in life, was by putting a silver tube into his mouth and pouring some liquid nutriment down his throat. The gentleman's son was a Lieutenant on board the same ship as Rankin, and having been visiting his father, he returned afterwards to the vessel, in a very depressed state of mind in consequence of his father's unfortunate case. Rankin enquired at the lieutenant the cause of his sadness, when he mentioned the state of his case, and asked him if there were no plan or cure at all to save his father, when Rankin replied that if he wished he would try and save him, but it was only a chance whether his plan would succeed or not. The lieutenant told him to try the plan, and if it did not succeed it could not be helped, and if he succeeded it would be very much to his advantage. Rankin the following day spoke privately to the youngest surgeon on board, and having divulged to him his plan, told him he would require to assist him in putting it into operation, and the young surgeon having agreed, the following morning they were rowed ashore, and providing themselves with two horses they started for the sick gentleman's residence, a few miles from London. Rankin rode first, and the young surgeon followed at a respectful distance, dressed as a livery-servant. Having arrived at the gentleman's residence, he desired his servant to put the horses into the stable, and then to come into the house to receive further instructions. The servant having gone to the stable, the doctor went into the house, and mentioning his name to a servant, she informed the lady of the same (having received information from her son, the lieutenant, a few days before, that the doctor was to arrive on that day), who came down stairs and shook hands with the doctor, and asked him to go up and look at the patient, as he was very low. "The patient may go to Jericho, but I must have a plate of porridge ere I look at any patient." The lady thought him a very strange doctor to talk thus, but said nothing, and gave instructions to a servant to get the same ready, and then ushered the doctor into the old gentleman's bedroom, who

was lying in bed, and scarcely able to breathe. The doctor had not sat long when a servant made her appearance with a plate of porridge and a large bowl of milk, and placed them on the table before him. A short time thereafter the pretended servant made his appearance, when the doctor asked him if he cleaned the horses and saw them get water and corn, when he answered that he did not, as he required some meat himself first, not having tasted anything since the morning, when the doctor took hold of a spoon, and lifting the full of it out of the porridge, threw it bang into the servant's face; but he, not to be beat, took up another spoon, and flung the full of it into his face; the doctor then put his hand into the plate and threw a handful at him, and he replied in the same style, till at last neither the face of one or the other could be distinguished from the porridge. The patient was all this time looking at the two men, thinking them mad, till at last he could not refrain himself any longer, but burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, so much so that the boil broke, being the thing the doctor wanted, who immediately jumped over to the bed where the patient was, putting out a great deal of matter, and having cleaned him, he took a bottle from his pocket and poured a glass of some liquid down his throat, which soothed him very much, till he was able to articulate his thanks; suffice it to say, the gentleman was cured and the doctor got great reputation thereby, and was paid a considerable sum to boot.

The captain having finished his story, the Marquis enquired of Dr. Rankin if he would undertake the extraction of the ball from his shoulder, when the doctor told him that, provided he placed himself under his treatment for a short time, he would undertake the operation, to which the Marquis agreed, and which was done in a few days thereafter, to the satisfaction of the other medical men on the ship, without much pain or inconvenience, and in about a month he was quite well. The Marquis made a handsome present to the doctor, and procured a commission for him as senior doctor on board of a man-of-war. This surgeon was a native of Inverness.

It happened shortly afterwards that a young surgeon,

H— F—, an Invernessian, went to London to see if he could procure a situation as a surgeon ; and, as the story goes, on his arrival at the metropolis he heard of Dr. Rankin being there, and knowing him to be a native of the Highland capital, called at his residence, when the doctor received him very kindly, and introduced him to a number of his acquaintances, including his brother officers, and invited him to dinner on the ship, which took place next day ; and after partaking of a substantial dinner and some wine, the party conversed on various subjects till ten o'clock, when they broke up, and Rankin parted with Surgeon F—, promising to procure a commission for him on board a gun-ship.

Next day Surgeon F— was invited to a ball by some naval officers of Rankin's ship, and which was to come off shortly. The ball accordingly was held, and Surgeon F— being present, drunk pretty freely at wine, etc., along with other officers. The talk after the ball was concluded commenced about things in general, and among other topics, about Dr. Rankin, who was absent, and a townsman of Surgeon F—'s, when the officers extolled his good qualities, &c. Hearing this, being exhilarated with the wine, Surgeon F— replied "that he was more respectably brought up than Dr Rankin, as his father was Convener of the Six Incorporated Trades of Inverness, while Rankin's father was only a poor sawyer." The officers said nothing, but on returning to the ship they stated the circumstances to Rankin, saying that they considered it no disparagement but a great deal more to his credit.

Some days afterwards, Surgeon F— met Dr Rankin, and after conversing for a short time, the doctor took out the commission he obtained for him, told him that as he tried to degrade him in the estimation of his brother officers at the ball, though it did not in the least hurt him, he could not now with propriety give him the commission he procured, so he tore it in pieces, and, throwing it at his feet, left him. Surgeon F— returned to Inverness, if not a richer man, perhaps a wiser one, where he practised many years, and had a very respectable business until he died.

JOHN STEPHEN, THE BIRD-CATCHER.

JOHN, or as he was more frequently called, Jock, was originally a heckler to trade ; indeed he might be called "Jack of all trades," being also grave digger, bellman, and bird catcher. It was said that he used to catch sparrows, paint their breasts red, and sell them for gold-finches.

Jock was a great reformer, and one time at a Municipal Election, a few years after the passing of the Burgh Reform Bill, Jock went to give his maiden vote for three candidates for the Town Council. The polling took place in the Trades Hall, Jock being well primed by some electors with grog, before going to the Poll, in order to have some fun. Jock entered the polling room, and observed the present Laird of Dochfour behind him, when he spoke to him in the following strain, "I say, Dochfour, Jock Stephen's vote is as good as yours to day, but I will give you the preference, being a gentleman, to vote first." Dochfour looked at Jock, but made no reply, and voted for three Conservatives, and then retired. Jock then went forward, and being asked by the Polling Sheriff for his number, told him to find it out himself, as that was his business, as he was paid for it, which caused much laughter in the room. Jock was a great snuffer, and the snuff was by this time running down his nose, and excited great merriment in the room ; and having found his number ;—

The Polling Sheriff—"Well, John Stephen, for whom do you vote ?" Jock—"I vote for John Mackenzie, Esq., banker ;" when a general cheer was given by the crowd, and cries of "Well done, Jock."

Polling Sheriff—"Well, John, for whom do you next vote ?" Jock—"I vote, again, for John Thomson, Esq., banker." Cries of "Bravo, Jock."

Polling Sheriff—"Well, John, for whom do you give your third vote ?" Jock—"I vote, again, for John Bisset, Esq., merchant," amid loud cheering. When the noise subsided, Jock called out, "Now, then, I vote for Jock Stephen, and that is the four Jocks." Jock was hoisted on the shoulders of some of the crowd, and carried away.

OLD BAILIE J——SON.

THE Bailie was from some part east of Aberdeen, and spoke their dialect; and had a bad habit of swearing. On one occasion, the Bailie was getting the roof of his house repaired by a mason. It was his practice to be up pretty early in the morning, and generally a talk with any workman who might be employed by him. Coming out one fine morning about seven o'clock, he found the mason on the ladder smoking his cutty, when he accosted him as follows:—

“You like a smoke, mason?” “Yes, Bailie, I do.”

“But I am thinking you would like a glass of whisky a —— sight better.” “Well, perhaps I would, Bailie.” “Well, come down and you’ll get it, man.” So the mason came down and got a good caulker from the Bailie.

At another time the Bailie one day was met on the street by a female, mentioning that she was sorry to see him going so fast, meaning that he was going to his long home. but the Bailie thinking she meant his walk, replied, “You silly ——, I never went so slow in all my life.”

Entering Kelly, the hatter’s, shop one day, he said to him, “Guess, Mr Kelly, where I have been yestreen.” “Well, I do not know, Bailie.” “Well, man, I gied to the Chapel of Ease, but it was more for the novelty of the thing than anything else, and that was to hear an English sermon preached out of a Gaelic pulpit. Oh man, he talked (meaning the preacher) about heaven and about ——; what did he ken about these places? for I’m sure he was nae there, nae mair than you nor me, or, then he could nae come baek an’ tell o’t.”

JOCK RITCHIE AND HIS CAT.

JOCK was an old pensioner in town, and one night, before receiving his pension, was sitting on a stool at the fireside smoking, and ruminating on which of his creditors he would pay next day, and being a little on the “beer,” Jock was speaking to himself, saying, “I’ll pay this one

and I'll pay that one," mentioning their names, when the black cat, who was sitting alongside of him, said, "If you will take my advice, John, you will pay nobody, but keep the money in the family." Jock looked at the cat with satisfaction, and clapping pussy on the back for his friendly advice, said he would act up to it. Jock having received his pension next day, put his creditors off with some excuse or other, saying that he could pay nobody at that pension; but one of the creditors to whom he was longer due than the others, and who had also a decree against Jock, and as a creditor could, put a man in jail for a less sum than a pound in those days, the creditor sent for "Ruthas," the sheriff-officer, who apprehended Jock, and lodged him in jail, where he had to support himself on his pension, or pay the debt before he would be liberated. Jock thought it better to pay, which he did very reluctantly, and was liberated; and some of his neighbours asking the reason of being put in, he told them it was for taking the "Cat's advice," and wanted each and all never to do the same, as he foolishly did, or they would rue it. It was a principal word afterwards in town, when any person did not pay his debts, that he took the "Cat's advice."

DONALD BAIN.

DONALD BAIN, an old residenter in town, was an honest man, who enjoyed a good joke, even though it was at his own expense. Donald was a great reformer and politician under the close burgh system, and after the passing of the Reform Bill he took a great interest in the return of liberal members to Parliament, and also declared that he held the "keys of Petty Street," and that no member or councillor had any chance of being returned unless he got Donald on his side with his keys, which meant that whatever way Donald voted the other electors were sure to follow him.

Donald was also a jovial companion over a glass. On one occasion he was standing in a grocer's shop after a

hotly contested municipal election for the second ward, in the year 1836, when a "broth of a boy," belonging to the Emerald Isle, named Richard Lawless, an old butler, came into the shop, and conversed for some time in reference to the election, and those who voted right or wrong in his estimation. Richard being a witty Irishman, as mostly all Irishmen are, said to Donald, "Well, Mr Bain, I'll bet ye a half mutchkin, that I'll prove you to have seven sides." "Seven sides," says Donald, "seven sides, it's all nonsense, it can't be, for I have got only two, and that is my right and left." "Well, Donald, it is only a half mutchkin, and that is not deadly; will you bet that I do not prove what I say?" "Well, for the value of a half mutchkin it is not so much, so go on." "Well," says he, "you have got a right side and a left side." "Yes." "You have got an outside and an inside." "Ho, ho, go on." "Well, you have got a front side and a back side." "Very good." "And," says Richard, "lastly, you have got a blind side (Donald being blind of one eye), "and that is seven sides." Donald having admitted to have lost the bet, told Richard that it was a most ingenious Irish trick, and accordingly paid the half mutchkin.

Donald was another time at a treat given by two Councillors who were returned after a contested election, and being more than usually filled with wine, rose up to make a speech, which was short enough, "Gentlemen, the wine has gone down my throat like jewels," when he tumbled down by the side of his chair calling out, "I am the king among you a'," and fell asleep until wakened by the party on retiring.

MONODY.

ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR'S SISTER (HANNAH) WHO DIED
AT INVERNESS, DECEMBER 1816, AGED FIVE YEARS.

Written by Mr John Fraser, a native of Inverness.

She's gone for ever, from my presence fled,
Her short life closed, the counted sand is run,
Her much loved form in parent earth is laid ;
Laid, never to behold the rising sun.
My hopes, my fears, my pride, my joys, my all,
In her were centred deep,
Who rests in lasting sleep.

Yet lives beyond yon distant orb of night,
In robes resplendent as the morning light.
She lives, but lives no more for me,
Who mourns the fall.
Oh, how can I sustain so great a load ?
'Tis past the power of words to give relief.
How keenly have I felt the afflictive rod
That snatched my child and sunk me sad in grief !
Too soon, too soon, at opening dawn
Her earthly course is run,
With sobs as when begun.

Yet sure we'll meet where death shall never part
Our souls asunder, nor shall feel his dart,
Where endless joys for sorrow, ends with worldly strife.
Methinks I hear her dear departed shade
Say, "Mourn not for me, oh, mourn not, I pray,
Though life's rough path with thee no more I'll tread.
I live where reigns a never-ending day,
Where shining cherubs soar on airy wing,
And purest spirits dwell
Then mourn not what befell,

Since there abides your Hannah safe at rest,
Barred from alluring sins among the blest,
Who loudly sing the praises of Heaven's Almighty King."

EPI T A P H.

Reader, has parent love thy soul possessed,
Or parent sorrow e'er disturbed thy breast ?
If such, draw nigh, 'tis thou alone can'st know
A parent's fondness and a parent's woe.
Could mother's tenderness and father's care
Rescue a life, no child had mouldered here ;
Could budding charms and native sweetness save,
Hannah should not have filled an early grave.
Then should thy tear bedew the turf below,
Forbid it not, 'tis goodness bade it flow,

MURDO M'ITCHIE, THE KIDNAPPED ELECTOR.

In the year 1836 politics ran very high in the Highland Capital, especially in returning members to the Town Council. The Liberals wished to have the late Mr John Macandrew, solicitor, returned member to the Council, and the Conservatives were as determined to keep him out. Mr M'A. accordingly stood, I think, for the first ward, but the Conservatives being very strong, used all the means in their power to oppose him, and he was defeated. The Liberals, not to be done, got the late Campbell Rose to resign his seat in the second ward, in order to get Mr M'A. returned, and the Council left it to the ward to decide the matter. To defeat Mr M'A. the Conservatives brought forward Mr D. Rose, and the election took place on a Saturday.

The Liberals knew all their good and true men in the ward, it being the most liberal one in town, and is so to this day ; but the whole power and influence of the Conservatives were to be brought against Mr M'A., along with that of the late R—e, who had a bitter animosity against him. The Liberals were on the alert of every movement on the part of the Conservatives, especially the electors of Petty Street, which was the hotbed of Reform. The canvass accordingly commenced, and one forenoon, as Mr D. Rose was on his canvass, he called on a decent old man, of the name of Murdo M'Ritchie, a tailor, residing in Petty Street, and as he was canvassing him opposite his own house, a man of the name of Dugald, a flesher, dressing a sheep at a shop near by, seeing Mr Rose speaking to M'Ritchie, took up the hint that Mr Rose was canvassing him for his vote ; so Dugald called out, "Old man, if you vote for Mr Rose, I will give you a hoist, and no mistake." M'Ritchie took no notice of the warning, but promised to support Mr Rose. During this occurrence, a man, whom we will call Sam the shoemaker, was standing all this time near them, and looking at M'Ritchie and Mr Rose, listening to what was passing ; and on their parting another elector asked Dugald if he could give "old Bodkin" a hoist as he mentioned, when he replied that he could ; when the matter was settled

and measures taken to put the affair into execution. Accordingly Dugald went home, and getting an old pair of trousers, tore the bottom out of them, and went to M'Ritchie's house, and asked him to repair them for him by 8 o'clock that night, as he had to go from home at the time, and gave him a sheep's draught and a dram, besides paying for the job when finished.

When near the time appointed, San, the shoemaker, called on the old man, being a neighbour, and knowing that he was going to a trades meeting that night, accosted him, "Well, good man, are you going to the meeting to-night? as I am going there, we may both go together." "Yes, Sannie, but I have to wait for Dugald, till he get a pair of trousers I am mending for him." So San agreed to wait. They had not waited long when Dugald made his appearance as preconcerted betwixt himself and San, and Dugald having paid M'Ritchie the price agreed on for the trousers, mentioned that there were two ladies at the Royal Hotel on Church Street, who heard that he was a capital hand at making old cloaks, and wished him to go down with him to take their measure; and as they were going to the meeting, San the shoemaker might accompany them. The old man having agreed to this, they all went to the Royal Hotel, but a few of the staunchest electors who knew of the affair followed at a distance, in order to see that the plot was not defeated by the opposite party. Having arrived at the hotel, Dugald and M'Ritchie were put into one of the most private rooms, and San waited in another room until the ladies' measures were taken, and then the old man would go with him to the meeting.

The old man and Dugald had not waited long when the two ladies made their appearance, who were no more than two of the servants of the inn, and who were put up to the dodge; the old man having taken their measures, they mentioned that the cloth would be sent next day, and made him a present of 2s for his trouble, and told him to wait a little time, and they would order up some refreshments for himself and the men who were with him. The ladies having retired, the waiter and San appeared, and the waiter having asked what they would have to

drink ? Dugald replied that as the night was very cold, he might bring them some whisky and warm water, that they might have a glass of warm stuff. The waiter was not long in bringing up the stuff, and having each put their glasses into a tumbler, they drank thereof. Dugald said, "I feel something hungry, and I think there is as much fun in eating as in drinking, and I would like to have a good beef-steak, which would not be the worst part ; what do you say, good man ?" and M'Ritchie having agreed to the proposal, the steak was ordered and made in course of a short time, smoking hot on the table ; the old man having done more than ample justice to the eating of the steak, as it was a long time since he got such a feed before. When they finished the steak, Dugald not only ordered up two bottles of ale to wash down the meat, but also a glass of raw stuff, and filled up a glass for each. The old man had not taken half a glassfull when he told them he was very sick, and said he would like to go to bed for a little to see if he got better, and there being a bed in the room they took off his shoes, coat, and vest, and put him to bed, and called for a bottle of soda water, which they made him drink, and which sobered him a little. In a short time he told them that there was no use of going to the trades' meeting that night, but would try to rise and go home. Having risen, he put on his clothes ; and the waiter coming in told them that the ladies hearing of the old man's illness, ordered their coach to be sent home with him ; so Dugald and San went down with the old man to the back yard, where the coach was waiting, and having helped M'Ritchie in first, then San, and Dugald went up on the dickey with the coachman, and desired him to drive to Glen Convinth, and did not halt until they arrived at Dingwall. There were two innkeepers in Dingwall, but in politics one was a Liberal and the other a Tory. The driver happened by mistake to go to the Tory innkeeper, when Dugald finding his mistake, was afraid that the innkeeper would "smell a rat," so he ordered the coachman to yoke the horses again and drive off to some other part, but the coachman refused to do so, as it was rather late (about 12 o'clock), and the

horses required rest. "Well," says Dugald, "I'll make you when I return to Inverness that you will never drive another coach or any other vehicle for Archibald Maedonald, and I will go to the opposite inn and get both coach and horses there." The driver was afraid that Dugald would keep to his word, and at once harnessed the horses, and Dugald ordered him to drive to Mountgerald, about four miles below Dingwall, where they went into a small public house, called Waterloo Inn, and put old M'Ritchie to bed, who was not long there when he got very sick, and Dugald and San, leaving the old man in bed, went into another room, where there was a Highland wedding, and danced till four o'clock next morning, when they also went to bed; and where we will at the meantime leave them, and return to the election at Inverness, which was more like a Parliamentary one for fighting and bad feeling on both sides than a municipal election. M'Ritchie being missed the previous night, there was nothing now but a "hue and cry" raised, and parties on horseback searching the country in pursuit of him, to have him back dead or alive. Mr J. M'B—n, Tory agent, was sent to look out for M'Ritchie, thinking he was concealed in town, and was desired to search in every quarter for him as if he was in pursuit of a criminal. Having heard a whisper that San had been with him on the former night, he called at his house; but on going there he found none but a brother of the shoemaker and his mother, when John accosted him, "Well, it's a fine day, William, where did you put old Murdo M'Ritchie?" "I do not know where he is." "Come, come, Bill, that will not do, tell me where he is, and I will give you ten shillings." "Well, Mr M'B—n, I don't know, and besides if I were to tell, the other electors and people on Petty Street would have my life." But on his promising the greatest secrecy, Bill told him that M'Ritchie was down in C. Gordon, the solicitor's office, drinking toddy with a number of electors. John gave Bill five shillings and promised to give him other five shillings when he found M'Ritchie, and went off as fast as he could to the Fiscal's and having told him of the secret, the Fiscal applied to Sheriff E—ds for a warrant to search

Gordon's office, and John having got the warrant, searched the whole of Gordon's house and office, and even the presses and cellars in both office and house, but M'Ritchie could not be found, and having tried all the town and country, they were nonplussed, and could not find out where he was, so they had to give up the search. By four o'clock the poll was closed, and Mr M'A— was returned by a majority of four. Mr M'A— was then carried on the shoulders of the electors to his house in Inglis Street, where he returned thanks to them for electing him after such a hard struggle.

Let us now return to Waterloo Inn, where we left M'Ritchie, Dugald, and San. About 12 o'clock they rose, took breakfast, and asked the old man to partake of some, but he was now worse than ever, when San forced him to partake of a dram, which he did, and said to the shoemaker, "Sannie, I am very bad, I must go to bed again;" he vomited several times, and said, "I think, Sannie, I am going to die, you will tell Murdo (his son) to sell the black pig, which will pay the expenses of my funeral, and give also a black gown to my daughter Isabella, and my old pair of black breeches to Kenny Stewart, my son-in-law, that he may appear decent at my funeral." San told him he would do so, but he must take a little brandy. The old man, with much persuasion, swallowed the glass of brandy, which settled his stomach, and told San that he was now much better, thanks be to Providence, and said he would try some breakfast, and told San he was himself again, and would now like to return home. It would now be about 2 o'clock, and the poll would be closed by 4 o'clock at Inverness; so Dugald told San and M'Ritchie that they would have now "Doch-an-Doras," and then go home. Having called for a half mutchkin of *aqua*, they called the coachman that he might get a glass before starting, and San sung the following verses:—

Come, drink up your glasses, and fill up your cans,
Go and harness your horses, my bonnie coachman,
And home with M'Ritchie, although he looks blue,
For we cannot stay longer in old Waterloo.

At the conclusion of the verse Dugald and the coachman declared it was *apropos*, and the coachman having gone out he harnessed the horses, when they started for home, reaching Inverness about 7 o'clock. They went to the Royal Hotel, and called for refreshments. The waiter handed old M'Ritchie the two shillings he received the evening before for taking the measure of the ladies' cloaks, which he lost when he went to bed. They then went home; and M'Ritchie on the way said to Dugald, "Well, Dugald, I see now the cause you took me so far from home; it was for the vote, but I can say nothing against you, as you and San were very kind to me."

The following Monday, Provost Ferguson, a great friend of M'Ritchie, called on him, having heard he was kidnapped, and could not be found to vote at the election, saying, "I am surprised, Murdo, how they would take you away; you are not given to drink, and how could they have done it," but all Murdo could say to the Provost's question was, "Well, Bailie, it happened, it happened," and which was a common saying in town for a long time thereafter, and which was the occasion of David Macdonald, the poet, sending the following verse to the author:—

Kind sir, this note will let you know
How fares it with the poet,
I'm recovering, tho' slow, so let my friends all know it.
I'll see thee in a day or two, if nought comes like mishap, and
Like old M'Ritchie, I may view what's past, & say it happened.

END OF FIRST PART.

PART SECOND.

PREFACE.

SOMETIME after the Author had issued his First Part of "RECOLLECTIONS OF INVERNESS," he was advised by a number of friends and acquaintances to publish a Second Part, as the First did not enumerate the whole of the old characters, etc., and having considered it advisable to do so, he wrote a second note to the CLACH for her approbation, when he received the following reply :—

EXCHANGE, April 1868.

MY DEAR BOY,—I received your note, after having been aroused from my last slumber, by a thundering knocking at my door for a length of time, by the postman calling out in Gaelic, "*Duisg, duisg,*" or "Waken, waken," Well, I'll tell you what it is, Mr Roby, or Bobby, or whatever they call you, if you be disturbing me any longer in this sort of way, I'll complain to the "Lord Shirra;" but as you say you forgot some of the old characters, such as Nanny-do-Dolan and Tibbie Main, in your *First Part*, I'll forgive you, and agree to your proposal of issuing your *Second Part*.

I would now like to remind you of some changes, etc., which have taken place in my beloved town since my last slumber, which is now nearly four years ago.

Well, I hear you have got Union Street finished, which is an honour to the town, being credibly informed, by competent judges, that there is not a finer street, for the size of it, in all *Braid Scotland*, from Maiden Kirk to John O'Groat's. I am also informed that my dear boy, Mr C. F. Mackintosh, has purchased the estate of Drummond, and where there has been since erected a number of substantial villas; and another of my boys has purchased Paul Ross' Park, or Barnhill, where my boys in Raining School used to play the club or cammock, or as the Irishmen call it, the "Shunty," and where a new town has been commenced, so that in twenty years after this, I believe that the town will be built on the ancient site, near the Crown, where the old town was, and extend to the Leys and Essich. that is to say if the natives continue the building mania, which they are possessed of at present. But one of my boys, and a most honourable one he is, E. S. Gordon, Esq., Solicitor-General, now Lord Advocate, mentioned

at the Academy Club Dinner, "that he hoped you were not going *too-far-a-head*" like the Americans. I hear also that your good and philanthropic townsman, Bishop Eden, who has done many good and kind acts for the poor natives of the Highland Capital, and who is to be recommended, and deserves the thanks of the community; and as the old proverb says, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins," and "without charity there is no true religion." is getting up subscriptions for building an Orphanage in the vicinity of the town, and a most beneficial Institution it will be to the inhabitants.

Now, my dear boys, you have many reasons of being proud of your town, of its antiquity, past history, present position, and confidence as to the future. The people of Elgin boast of having an old Cathedral and an Institution, which they call a College, and in consequence that their town is entitled to the name of City—*Fudge!* But I think you can shortly say that you are both Capital and City, and I would say as follows, viz. :—

"Inverness was a Burgh when Elgin was none.

And Inverness will be a City when Elgin is gone."

I now bid you adieu for the last time, and I think if there were something done to myself, such as putting a piece of marble stone on the pillar of the Cross above me, the contribution of one penny from all my sons and daughters in town would defray the expense of the same, stating my long age, origin, and occupation, with the following verse—

"And when my far-spread sons return,

From divers foreign climes—man,

They'll view me while their hearts will warm,

With thoughts on former times—man.

Wishing you all, my dear boys, in whatever quarter of the Globe you may be situated in, prosperity and happiness.—I am
my dear boy,

THE CLACK.

INVERNESS.

Fair Northern Capital ! Queen-like enthroned
 'Mid subject Nature's richest attributes,
 Whose varied beauties all thy sceptre owned,
 Wide-spread, far-reaching, with prolific fruits
 Encircled by a myriad of mighty hills,
 Their guardian arms protect you, smiling sleep
 In the great valley, where the waters sweep
 In rapid volume, fed by meandering rills, &
 And wide expanse of lake, where mountain streams,
 Torrents, and fountains find congenial rest.
 Happy the distant Wanderer—doubly blest
 Who thus recalls thee in his hourly dreams,
 And longs once more to tread thy hallowed ground,
 Weary to rest where all he loves is found.

LOVAT'S ESCAPE OUT OF THE OLD CASTLE OF
INVERNESS.—A TRADITION.

THE Castle was a large, square, turretted building, something in form and shape of Castle Stuart, in Petty, about six miles to the eastward of Inverness. The writer remembers to have seen part of the Castle walls to the south side next Castle Street standing about 40 years ago.

“ On, you green hill, by Nessia's banks,
 The Ancient Castle stood
 Where Duncan, king of Albin's land,
 Was murder'd in cool blood.

From whence the immortal Shakespeare drew
 That bloody scene of death,
 With all the guilty terrors which
 Was portrayed in Macbeth.

Where lovely Mary, Queen of Scots,
 Once sought a safe retreat,
 Denied admittance, and was forced
 To lodge in open street.

The famed Clan Chattan did her guard,
 The Frasers and Munros ;
 These Royal Clans did all combine
 To save her from her foes.”

THE following is a traditionary account of Lovat's escape from the Castle of Inverness, which was related to the writer by an old deceased Invernessian :—

Immediately on the rebellion of 1745 breaking out in the Highlands, President Forbes had a watchful eye on all Lovat's movements, and wrote him the most friendly letters, cautioning, exciting, and admonishing him to repeat the patriotic part he had acted in 1715. All these letters were answered by the most solemn assurances of his loyalty to King George; and his regret that his age and infirmities prevented him from taking the field in person. Notwithstanding all this, he had at that moment the patent of a Dukedom, and a commission constituting him Lieutenant-General of Scotland from Prince Charles in his pocket. He was also secretly instigating, and even forcing his son to lead his Clan against King George's forces, and he actually sent a few of the Frasers to attack Culloden House, with the view of seizing on the person of the President. Forbes very judiciously treated the assault very lightly, never hinting that he suspected Lovat's being accessory to it. Seeing that all exhortations to Lovat proved vain, he wrote him a threatening letter, of which we quote the following part:—

“MY LORD,—As I have now the honour of being charged with the public affairs in this part of the kingdom, I can no longer remain a spectator of your Lordship's conduct, and see the double game you have played for sometime past, without betraying the trust reposed in me, and at once risking my reputation and the fidelity I owe to his Majesty as a good subject. Your Lordship's actions now discover evidently your inclinations, and leave us no longer in the dark about what side you are to choose in the present unhappy insurrection.”

The President then advised him to show his good faith by his voluntary delivering himself up as a prisoner to the governor of the Castle at Inverness for a short time, which would then show the Government his good faith. Lovat accordingly agreed to do so, and in a few weeks he rode into town and gave himself up as a prisoner to the governor, who lodged him in a well ventilated room in the north end of the Castle. It was a large square room, the walls being panelled with black oak; he was also allowed a man to attend to his wants, and had only to ring a bell for whatever he required. Lovat had not been more than two weeks a prisoner when he was getting tired

of his confinement, and wrote a letter to his confessor, a French Priest, who resided with him at Beaufort Castle, wishing him to come to Inverness, as he wished to see him most particularly. According in a few days, his attendant in the Castle, Duncan Campbell, a native of Argyleshire, being admitted, mentioned "that a Shentlemans wished to see "Morar Shime," meauing Lord Simon, when he told Duncan to usher him into his presence, the party being no other than his confessor, and being admitted to the room, Lovat shut the door and bolted it on the inside, saying at same time "that stone walls had ears;" and having sat down, they entered into a private conversation, the purport being that Lovat would prefer the outside to the inside of the Castle.

"Well," says the Priest, "it is your own fault, my Lord, if you wish to remain any longer in confinement."

"What do you mean by that," said his Lordship.

"Why," says the Priest, "look here," and taking Lovat to a corner of the apartment, he touched a certain part of the oak panel which lined the room, and which immediately caused a large piece of board to fall down, showing an aperture, large enough to admit of a man to go through, and also a flight of stone steps descending nearly to the bottom of the hill; he then touched another part of the panel when the board went back to its original place. He then informed him, that at the bottom of the steps he would find a subterranean passage, leading under the hill to an old house in Bridge Street, known at the time by the name of Castle Tolmie,* and which passage was made at the time Castle Tolmie was built, for the purpose of getting any thing privately conveyed into the Castle during the time of siege.

Lovat and the Priest having matured the plan of escape, they shook hands, and the Priest went away, and left him to get every thing arranged for their departure.

About 12 o'clock of the same night, when Lovat thought the inmates of the Castle were all asleep, he lighted a wax

* This was an old ancient building at the bottom of Bridge Street, said to be the residence of Queen Mary, and thrown down when the present Suspension Bridge was built.

taper, and going to the panel he touched the secret spring pointed out to him by the Priest, when the board fell, and having gone through the aperture he touched another spring in the inside, and the board went back to its former place, he then descended the stairs till he came to the bottom, where he found a long narrow vaulted passage which he followed till he arrived at a low underground room of Castle Tolmie, when he observed a small flight of stone stairs similar to the one he descended from, having ascended the same he came to another small passage, and found a similar oak panel and spring, which on pushing, admitted him through another aperture into a room where he found his friend the Priest waiting him. Having spoken together in a quiet strain for a short time, the Priest produced a large dark cloak which he covered Lovat with, and then conducted him out of the house by a back sunk door, where one of Lovat's men was waiting for them with two horses, and having both mounted, Lovat sung two lines of the following old Jacobite song, viz :—

Open your gates and let me go free,
For I daurna' stay longer in Bonnie Dundee.

And putting spurs to their horses, they arrived Beaufort Castle about 4 o'clock in the morning.

After Lovat had escaped, Duncan Campbell, on opening the room door of Lovat's apartment next morning, was thunderstruck to find it deserted, and went immediately to the bed where Lovat slept, but found the same as when it was made the preceding day, he then looked at the windows, but the iron bars were all fast, so that he could not escape through any of them, he immediately went to that part of the Castle where the Governor resided, and entering his apartment, said—

“My Cot, Sheneral Governor, the Morar is rined awa.”

“Impossible, Duncan,” says the Governor, “how could he make his escape. You saw him in his room at ten o'clock last night, all the Castle doors and entrance was shut and barred at 9 o'clock.”

“Well,” says Sandy, “she petter come and look herself in 'ta room.”

The Governor accordingly went off in haste, and having examined the window, found them all shut and barred, with iron stanchells on the outside, so he was greatly surprised, having looked round at the whole of the apartment a thought struck him, and taking a poker from the fireside he went round the whole of the oak panels in the room, striking the same until he came to the part of it where the concealed passage was, which, on striking, gave a hollow sound, when he at once saw there was something very mysterious about that part more than the other parts of the panels. He accordingly desired one of the men to get him an axe, which on receiving he gave the panel a tremendous blow, when it went to the inside in splinters, showing the passage that Lovat made his escape by. He immediately ordered a dozen of soldiers to follow him, and taking a large torch in one hand, and his drawn sword in the other, he entered the concealed passage, and led the way till they arrived below Castle Tolmie on Bridge Street, and having found a similar panel there, he also found the spring, and having opened the same it led him to a passage of the house. He ordered the inhabitants to be made all prisoners; but having no connivance in effecting Lovat's escape, as they never knew of it until that time, nor any thing of such secret passage, he gave them their liberty. The Governor then went back with his men and got the private passage at the Castle barred up with stone and lime.

The Governor on going into his own private apartment wrote to President Forbes, acquainting him with Lovat's escape, but they never got hold of him until after the battle of Culloden, when he was made prisoner in a small island in Loch Monar in the month of June 1746, having concealed himself in the hollow of a tree, when he was conveyed at once to London, impeached before the House of Peers in December following, and tried for high treason in March 1747. His trial continued for several days, but he was unanimously found guilty, and was beheaded on Tower Hill on the 9th April following; he went to death with great fortitude, being a man of about 80 years of age at the time; when informed before his execution that a

scaffold fell which caused the death of a number of people, and which was erected for the purpose of people to sit on and see him beheaded, he made some lines of poetry on the occasion, ending with the two following lines :—

The more mischief the better sport,
And believe me, friends, I'm not sorry for't, &c.

THE BLIGHTED APPLE TREE.

At the time of the battle of Culloden, there was flourishing, close to the ever memorable "Claehnaeuddin," an apple tree, which yearly produced abundance of "Jenny Sinelairs." The day after the battle the savage Duke of Cumberland was informed that a man of the name of Murdoch Maerae, said to be the post from Fort-Augustus, who was then in Inverness, was employed as a spy to Prince Charlie. The Duke, who was no ways particular about a pretext to butcher his fellow mortals, ordered the poor Highlander to be hung about ten o'clock of the morning on the said apple tree, and which was speedily executed by some of the Duke's executioners, the poor man declaring his innocence to the last, and while the murdered victim was hanging, the English soldiers continued to pierce the poor Highlander with their bayonets, crying out, "hack the Highland — into inches, as all his countrymen were rebellious traitors as himself." The Argyleshire Campbells, though supporting what they thought the royal cause, could not bear to see the unfortunate man to be hacked because he was a Highlander, soon showed symptoms of making a general attack on the English soldiers, and were joined by more of the Highland and Scotch regiments in the royal service, and were ready to fight against the English, headed by their respective officers, as at this time there was a jealousy respecting our national honour. In short, it seemed that the victorious army would soon be involved in a new war within itself, when information was sent to the Duke, who held his camp on the Crown, to the eastward of Petty Street, the

property of A. T. F. Fraser, Esq. of Abertarff, when he immediately hurried to the scene, and exerted himself to restore peace. He found the two parties about to make a general charge against each other ; and it was not without using some eloquence to sooth the wounded feelings of the Scottish officers that he succeeded in putting an end to the dispute.

The friends of the poor post were then permitted to carry away the corpse and to inter it ; but the tree never flourished, nor produced any fruit afterwards, but withered away.

THE FIRST REFORM MOVEMENT IN INVERNESS.

IN the year 1812, vast multitudes of working people in Inverness and other parts of Scotland were very ill off from the high prices of provisions and stagnation of trade ; numbers were going about idle, till at last in many parts of the south country they manifested their feelings in commotion and riot. The middle classes also expressed their dissatisfaction by clamouring for Parliamentary Reform, in consequence of which a number of Reform Associations sprung up in different towns of Scotland, Glasgow being the leading one, from which the other towns received their rules and regulations for the guidance of their associations. A great number of the middle and working classes formed a branch association in Inverness, and which is mentioned in one of Mrs. Campbell's verses in the song on Clachnacuddin, viz. :—

“ And Bailie Scott is not forgot,
Who pushed about the jorum ;
For he it was, the honest man,
Who joined the Reform.”

It is very likely the “ honest Bailie ” was one of the leading men among the reformers in Inverness at the time. A few years thereafter Reform was very much suppressed by the Government of the day, and a few were tried for high treason in connection with Reform. One case was

tried at Edinburgh before the Lords of Justiciary in the year 1817, but the man was acquitted. Had he been found guilty he would be brought to an ignominious death. An account of the trial was sent to every Association in Scotland, one was sent to Inverness which the author received from a friend of his now deceased, who was a member of the same.

TRIAL OF ANDREW M'KINLAY IN THE YEAR 1817 FOR REFORM.

AT this period, the poor weavers of the city of Glasgow made an unhappy strike. Meal being at this time about 3s per peck, wages about 8s 6d per week, and some of the weavers were tried for combination, one of the most active amongst them was Alexander Richmond, originally a weaver in the village of Pollockshaws; he was an active young fellow, and possessed the "gift of the gab" in no small degree. The counsel for the weavers in Edinburgh was Francis Jeffrey, Esq., Advocate (First Lord-Advocate after the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832), and Henry Cockburn, Esq., Advocate (afterwards Lord Cockburn, one of the Lords of Session), names that can never die in the Parliament House of the city of Edinburgh, and being much pleased with the honesty and activity of Richmond in the case of the weavers who got off with flying colours at the time for combination, he had some influence over the poorer weavers in Glasgow and neighbourhood.

About this period, Lord Sidmouth, the Secretary for the Home Department, having heard that the working classes of Glasgow especially, were hatching plots and conspiracies against the Government, wished the then member for Glasgow to employ, discover, and prove for the Government all information on the subject, and all expenses incurred would be defrayed out of the "secret service money," and the M.P. for the city (Mr Finlay) having sent for Richmond, thought he would be a good tool in the hands of Government to discover the parties who were hatching the said conspiracies. Richmond was accordingly offered by Finlay a large sum provided he accepted of this secret agency, and of which offer he was too glad to embrace, and went about it without delay and

most dexterously. He soon reported to Mr Finlay that he detected something alarming and most horrible going on against the Government in Glasgow, and that in the city and suburbs he found out the weavers taking secret oaths to overthrow the Government by "physical force" on the lawless pretext of Reform, and in confirmation of this, Richmond took out from his pocket-book and showed Mr Finlay a copy of the famous "Treasonable Oath," and declared that he was only able to procure it at great risk and expense. Mr Finlay read it with a thrill of horror and amazement, a copy of which is as follows, viz. :—

"In the awful presence of God, I, Andrew M'Kinlay, do solemnly swear that I will persevere in endeavouring to form a brotherhood of affection amongst Britons of every description who are considered worthy of confidence; and that I will persevere to obtain to all the people in Great Britain, not disqualified by crime, the elective franchise at the age of 21, with free and equal representation and annual Parliaments; that I will support the same to the utmost of my power, either by moral or physical force, as the case may require; and I do further swear that neither hopes, fear, rewards, or punishments shall induce me to inform or give evidence against any member or members, collectively or individually, for any act or expression done or made out of this or similar societies, under the punishment of death to be inflicted on me by any member of such Society. So help me God, and keep me steadfast."

The above fictitious oath and copies of others, were all framed by Richmond, with additional names, and were given to Mr Finlay. When a meeting of the head authorities of the city was convened, copies were sent to Lord Sidmouth at the Home Office, and a Cabinet Council being called, and after the said document was read in both House of Parliament, which ran like a clap of thunder through both Houses, and the Lord-Advocate, at the time, Alexander Macconnochie, Esq. of Meadow Bank, was immediately ordered down to Scotland to put the utmost rigour of the criminal law into execution, and which he vowed he would do against all traitors to the Crown in Glasgow. Need we say that the above was a most false and spurious oath, and which afterwards was found to be so.

Richmond was a first-rate manufacturer, and the deli-

berate scoundrel soon got Andrew Mackinlay, with some other poor simple weavers, to put down their names to a document, first in an innkeeper's house in Glasgow, and next in a public-house, without giving them an opportunity of reading it over to them, and making them sensible of its purport or intentions, but just assured them that it was merely a declaration in favour of Reform, and thus completely served the object he had in view.

Shortly thereafter many individuals were seized as suspected persons. It was sufficient in those days to sieze any person, if he was only suspected in his politics; however upright his character might be in other respects, was no protection to him whatever, and poor Andrew Mackinlay, the radical weaver, was one of the first victims, and was on 28th of February, 1817, brought trembling from his loom, and taxed with the capital crime of high treason, for taking the foresaid oath, was speedily handcuffed and placed in irons. Mackinlay candidly confessed in his declarations before the Sheriff. He never attempted to deny his poor signature to the bit of paper purporting to be the oath before quoted, and his confession was conceived to be perfectly sufficient to commit him for high treason, and he was accordingly transmitted in irons to the Castle of Edinburgh to answer for the said crime, and kept a close prisoner in irons from February till the latter end of June 1817, and being brought from the Castle to the bar of the High Court of Justiciary. The judges being—The Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice-Clerk; Lords Hermand, Gillies, Pitmilley, and Renton. The Lord-Advocate appeared for the Crown, the Solicitor-General and Advocate-Depute.

The counsel for the prisoner, who came forward to defend, and that without fee, as he was utterly unable to afford any; some of them being the first counsel at the bar, viz:—John Clark, Esq., Advocate; George Cranstown, Esq., Advocate; James Moncrieff, Esq., Advocate; Francis Jeffrey, Esq., Advocate; J. P. Grant, Esq., Advocate; Henry Cockburn, Esq., Advocate; J. H. Murray, Esq., Advocate, all Lords of the Session, afterwards one of the brightest bars ever seen in Edinburgh.

The civil pleadings, and especially the written information prepared for the poor prisoner, by James Monerieff, Esq. (father of the late Lord-Advocate), which extended to some hundreds of pages of written matter, were never surpassed for cogent argument and masterly eloquence. His counsel, on four different occasions, strenuously objected to the relevancy of the libel, that it was not sufficient to sustain the capital charge of high treason against the prisoner. His life on all these occasions was trembling in the balance with the lives of many others besides him, resulting in sure and certain death in the most revolting form should the capital conviction against him be pronounced.

Their Lordships, by a majority, sustained the libel as relevant to infer the pains of law, and in the proof to be now led, the prisoner's life and others inevitably depended. The main evidence for the Crown against Mackinlay rested, as was supposed, on one John Campbell, a weaver of Glasgow, who was frequently seen and examined by the Crown lawyers before the trial, and quite ready and prepared, they thought, to swear out and out that Mackinlay, the prisoner, had actually administered the treasonable oath to this witness, Campbell, and others, in several places of Scotland; and therefore that the prisoner was not the simple innocent man he pretended to be, but the guilty treasonable wretch, steeped to the very neck in crime. But M'Kinlay's life was saved almost by a miracle.

John Campbell, the expectant witness for the Crown, was in truth a Reformer at heart. He knew M'Kinlay, and felt much for him in his perilous predicament; but the Crown were so eagerly anxious to secure him as their chief witness against M'Kinlay, that they had Campbell closely confined as prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh, and there some of them visited him, and tampered with him, offering to reward or bribe him by giving his evidence and also to get a Government situation for him abroad after the trial was over, provided he would only swear against M'Kinlay; and believing they had thus secured Campbell, they kept him in the best humour possible for their purposes, and gave him the most kindly

treatment ; in short, all manner of indulgence in the Castle was allowed him, but keeping him secure, till he came to know that M'Kinlay's life was at stake. But while all this was the case with Campbell, M'Kinlay's agents and counsel in Edinburgh were denied all access to Campbell ; it was their plan, and they wanted to see and know what he could really say against the prisoner ; but the Governor of the Castle, with all its officers and subordinates, were strictly charged by the law officers of the Crown in Scotland to deny any access whatever to him by strangers except themselves, or those who could show a written pass from them ; but Campbell by accident overhearing this, his conscience began to smite him ; but what could he do, he was a close prisoner in the Castle, and excluded from every human being, except the Crown lawyers or agents ; and in his musings an ingenious thought struck him, he had plenty of tobacco in rolls given him by Captain Sibbald. He had also the free use of pen, ink, and paper, which was denied to poor Mackinlay ; so he scribbled on a small bit of paper, addressed to Mackinlay, these words — "They are wanting to bribe me to swear away your life, but I am true." Campbell then put the slip of paper into the inside of one of his small rolls of tobacco, and asked the Governor, when he next appeared in his cell, if he would have the goodness to give the quid of tobacco to Andrew Mackinlay. This the Governor, without the slightest suspicion, at once promised to do ; and he kept his word. Poor Mackinlay in a day or two thereafter, when untying the small picce of tobacco for his use, became rather astonished at finding a written slip of paper therein, and read it over and over carefully and anxiously. He was allowed access only to one of his own lawyers at a time, so when that gentleman came ere long to visit him in his cell, Mackinlay put the bit of paper into his hands, telling him how he received it. This note on the small bit of paper became the pearl of great price to him ; and was at once communicated to his learned counsel. They were all very much surprised at it, and all agreed that Mr Ramsay, W.S., one of the prisoner's agents, should at once write officially to the

Lord-Advocate, as also to the Crown agent, respectfully requesting to be admitted openly in the Castle to see the witness John Campbell, but this request was peremptorily refused. It was made a second, and even a third time, with no better success. The anxious day of trial at last arrived, the Judges were seated. Proof was called, "bring forth John Campbell from the Castle," said the Macer of Court, by order of the Lord Advocate. "Stop a bit," said Mr Jeffrey, the prisoner's Advocate, adjusting his gown and his eyes sparkling with more than their usual animation; for he now was to play a most tremendous stroke for the weal or woe of his unhappy client. "My Lords," said Jeffrey, "we object to this man's evidence; he has been shut up in the Castle of Edinburgh, and upon making application to the Civil and Military powers, we had been denied access to him. He is described in this indictment as a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh. Your Lordships have found in other cases that a description of a person as residing in a certain street in Glasgow is not enough, or of a person following a particular profession in the east; and is it sufficient, then, to say of a witness that he is a prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh?" And then directing his piercing eyes towards the seat of the Lord-Advocate and Crown agent, Jeffrey went on with this most cutting piece of satire. "My Lords, the prosecutor has prevented us from identifying this witness; how then can we know who the witness is? From any thing yet told us, he is a man shut up in a sealed packet to whom we have no access. He is still an egg in the shell, and he is not to come out until the proper process of incubation be gone through by his Majesty's Advocate." The Lord-Advocate here became rather fidgetty. "My Lords," continued Jeffrey, "the public prosecutor has been hatching this evidence in the Castle of Edinburgh, and it is not yet disclosed. (Great sensation.) If we go to the Castle, approach the sentinels, and seek admission to the witness, they ask who goes there, and present the muskets to us. We then go to the more civil Fort Major, who tells us to go to the Crown agent. He refers us to the Lord-Advocate, and his Lordship declines giving us access. We, therefore,

protest against the reception of John Campbell as a witness for the Crown on this trial."

A long and interesting debate ensued on both sides of the bar. The Lord-Advocate insisted that Campbell ought to be received as a good competent witness ; and the Court allowed him to be brought forward and sworn. All eyes were now directed towards the witness ; Jeffrey and all the other counsel saw that the moment had now arrived for testing him through the small bit of paper in the roll of tobacco. In fact, it became now life or death, neck or nothing, with the prisoner at the bar.

Lord Hermand administered the solemn oath in the first instance, and put *in limine* some other questions to the witness—"Have you any malice or ill-will to the prisoner at the bar?" Answer, "none, my Lord." "Has anybody given you any reward or promise of reward for being a witness on this trial?" "Yes, my Lord," was the immediate reply.

The Court was thunderstruck. The question, with solemn emphasis, was repeated : the Court thinking that the witness had not properly heard or understood it. It was again answered in the same way, "Yes, my Lord." The audience were now amazed. Jeffrey's eye blushed with greater interest and animation ; but he calmly folded his arms, looking with a smiling eye upon the witness. His victory or his ignoble defeat was, he perceived, at hand ; on he went, smilingly but boldly, telling the witness to "speak out—don't be afraid." And speak out he certainly did, with a vengeance, amid the most thrilling and decisive effect. This important witness went on and told slowly, distinctly, and pointedly, how they attempted to bribe him in the Castle by Mr Drummond, the Advocate-Depute sitting at the bar, and that, too, in the very presence and hearing of the Sheriff of Edinburgh, to whom the witness boldly referred in confirmation of his statement—that he was absolutely to get a good permanent situation abroad, through Lord Sidmouth, after he gave his evidence for the Crown that day in the trial.

This sworn statement of Campbell's, so strikingly and unexpectedly made, smashed the anticipated evidence for

the Crown to atoms, and shattered to pieces the whole frame work of the huge bill of indictment for treason, which had been repeatedly laid on the table of the House of Commons. The case, in short, now recoiled, and fell from its own baseness.

The Crown lawyers bundled up their books and papers, and left the Court in a different manner than in the morning. The prisoner's counsel shook him cordially by the hand. He bowed his grateful thanks to them and to their lordships, was liberated from the bar, and walked quickly home to Glasgow that night to see his anxious wife and seven young children, all, as may be supposed, in great anxiety and distress about him for three months under the terrible charge of high treason.

* * * * *

In the year 1822, a number of tradesmen burgesses of Inverness raised an action against the magistrates of the town for burgh reform before the Court of Session, backed by some of the wealthier merchants of the town, who kept behind the curtain, but paid the whole of the law expenses of the agents for the pursuers ; but the magistrates gained the case, with expenses, which fell upon the pursuers, who, being men of straw, could not pay, as it came to a pretty large amount ; so the magistrates, to punish them, sold off their effects, and themselves were imprisoned for several months in jail.

THE OLD CROSS OF THE BURGII.

THE old town of Inverness was originally built between the Barnhill and the valley of Kingsmills, the ancient Castle being on the Crown. to the east of Abertariff's house. The old Cross stood nearly in the middle between these places.* A large irregular stone on which the old or ancient cross (of the old town) which was of wood and rested upon, still exists, but it is covered with earth, so

*The stone lies buried close to the first gate of the Session Park.

that it cannot be seen. Some years ago our esteemed and honourable townsman, Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh of Drummond, made a movement in the matter, and got the stone exhumed ; but it was not followed up, and it was afterwards covered—so the old stone lies sleeping in its tomb.

EPITAPH

ON A BACHELOR WHO DIED IN INVERNESS ABOUT FORTY YEARS AGO, LEAVING BEHIND HIM A GOOD DEAL OF MONEY.

Groaning and moaning, his selfishness owning,
 Grieving and heaving through the sum he is leaving,
 But pelf and his health, himself and his wealth.
 He sends for the doctor to cure or to kill ;
 Who gives him advice, offence, and a pill,
 And drops him a hint of making his Will.
 As fretful antiquity cannot be mended,
 The miserable life of the Bachelor is ended.
 Nobody misses him, and nobody sighs,
 And nobody grieves when the Bachelor dies.

THE WILD MARTINMAS MARKET.

IN November 1826, a great storm of wind, rain, and snow, commenced at Inverness, and around the country for about 50 or 70 miles. It began on Friday of the Martinmas at four o'clock in the morning, and continued without ceasing until four o'clock of the following morning. The weather during the storm being most boisterous, and the cold being so intense and cutting that very few persons could stand on the streets for ten minutes, the wind blowing a perfect hurricane for twenty-two hours without intermission, throwing down slates, chimney cans, and stalks, from a number of houses in town, so that it was dangerous to walk on the streets.

That night a child might understand
 The devil had business in his hand,

The front of the houses on the south side of the streets were glazed with sleet and snow like glass ; the author was a boy at the time, and remembers having occasion to go to the opposite side of the street where he was residing, and had to wade across the channel, the water of which ran like a burn, and which rose to the height of his knees.

A great number of country-people had to remain in town all night, being afraid to face the storm in returning to their houses, and a great many who did so were found dead in different parts of the country, some of them not farther than from twenty to thirty yards from their own houses, where they laid themselves down from exhaustion, got benumbed from the cold, and perished in the storm—in all about twelve persons perished in the snow within a few miles from Inverness and district. From the borders of Aberdeenshire and Perthshire to this town, twenty-six lives were lost ; the loss at sea was also great, for there were twenty vessels wrecked ; thousands of sheep were buried in the snow ; and innumerable trees in the woods and forests were laid prostrate.



TROCAIR. OR MERCY, THE PRISONER IN THE OLD JAIL.

TROCAIR, or Merey, as he was called, was of the name of Maedonald, a dangerous lunatic, who had sworn to take the life of his wife, family, and brother-in-law. He was tried before the Lords of the Circuit Court at Inverness about fifty years ago, and was ordered to be kept in confinement for life, and being a Chelsea pensioner, his pension was ordered to be set aside for his maintenance therein.

The author, when a boy, about forty-five years ago, went in to see him, as the inhabitants were allowed more freedom than they have at present in regard to prison regulations. He was chained to his bed, and could only walk to the middle of his cell ; he had a grey beard which reached nearly down to his middle, he used to startle the inhabitants in the night by his mournful cries in Gaelic of *trocair*,

trocair, trocair, or mercy, mercy, mercy. During a Circuit Court of Justiciary, held in the Court-house of the old jail, he commenced bawling out *trocair, trocair*, when the Judge ordered him to be gagged and put into a far off cell, as he was annoying the Court with his cries, which the jailors at once did. He was about thirty-five years ago sent off to the General Prison at Perth, but whether alive or dead now, the writer cannot say.

There happened during Trocar's imprisonment, that another lunatic received the same sentence, being guilty of horse stealing, and when asked by the Judge if he was "guilty or not guilty," the only answer he gave was "Rob Roy, Rob Roy," and he was also put into an adjoining cell with Trocair. Trocair's chains was taken off some time thereafter as he got less dangerous from his long confinement, and Rob Roy being a powerful man, used to take Trocair up in his arms and show him to parties in the street from the jail windows when crowds used to gather to see him, but at last the authorities put a stop to it by closing up the windows with sheet iron.

NANY-DO-DOLAN.

"Nany, where have ye been, a' the day, through the town?
 For I wanted you long, for the loan of your scoulan.*
 Says Nany, I have been whipping a bold tinker loon.
 So laugh, ye boddach. quo Nany-do-Dolan."

NANY or Ann Macdonald, commonly called by the town's people for a bye-name, "Nany-do-Dolan," was a native of the town, and resided on Castle Street, with her mother; she was half daft, something of the "Madge Wild Fire" form and disposition. About forty years ago she was generally employed by the merchants and other gentlemen in town, in carrying their fish from the market, &c., and which was at that time behind the Meal Market, where there was a vacant piece of ground, which was on the site of the present Post-office buildings in High Street.

Nany was a dread and regular bugbear to the little boys

* Potato or fish basket.

Nany was a dread and regular bugbear to the little boys and girls of the town, and when they saw her on the street or at a distance, and that Nany shook her hand at them, it was enough, for in less than a minute they all disappeared into their houses or closes hard by, and concealed themselves till Nany went past, for fear of her. Indeed, the boldest man or woman in town would fear to anger Nany, and the party who did so was sure to rue it, so that no man or woman would terrify or daunt her.

Nany being at one time in the Fish Market, a decent woman from the country was enquiring of another in Gaelic, "if she saw the Crocheter ure, or new hangman, yet," Donald Ross being only appointed a few days before; hearing the woman's expressions, thinking that he was endowed with great powers by the magistrates, immediately took up a haddock from a creel, and struck the woman across the face with it several times, saying to her in Gaelic, "that she would surely know the hangman the next time she saw him." Nany being on the spot at the time, and seeing the occurrence, being sorry to see the poor woman used so bad by "Crochly," immediately took hold of another haddock and slashed Donald with it across his face, saying, "you little body of a Crocheter (meaning hangman) if you touch the woman again, I will tear the eyes out of you," but Donald not to be outdone, struck Nany a blow with his fist on the face, but had scarcely done so, when Nany flew at him like a tigress, and clutched him by the throat, Donald being only a little man of about five feet in height, had not two of the burgh officers, who were in the market at the time, gone to Donald's assistance, and disengaged Nany's fingers from his throat, she would have strangled him, but not before she left the marks of her nails on Donald's face, and made the hair of his head somewhat thinner than before the bottle commenced, to the no small amusement of the people in the Market.

Another story is told of Nany. A respectable painter in town, being at work in the Aird at some gentleman's house, had got scarce of white lead, and wrote to his wife to send him a small cask of the above stuff, as quickly as possible; but no carrier nor carter being found to go,

Nany passing at the time, said that she would carry it on her back, and suiting the action to the word, tied it up in a strong piece of cloth and flung it over her back, and travelled with it twelve miles, when she received 5s for her trouble. Indeed, very few men in town could accomplish the business, although Nany thought nothing of it.

When Nany went home with fish to any gentleman's house, he would give her a sixpence, and the servants would give her a cup of tea, and if Nany was in good humour she would sing them a song. Nany died a great number of years ago.

THE RACES AT DUNEANCROY.

THE Northern Meeting was instituted in 1788 by the gentlemen connected with the county of Inverness and other northern counties. In 1822 it was proposed to hold three days of horse racing at Duneancroy, and a race course having been formed of a mile in circumference, where the gentlemen and jockies rode in the month of September for three successive years for bets to large amounts, some fine race horses being sent down to run from England.

The town's people and parties from the surrounding villages and other towns, used to congregate at Duneancroy to enjoy the fun ; it was something like the Ord Market, there being from twenty to thirty whisky tents, shows, and merry-men. The following gentlemen used to ride :— Lord Lovat (before he received the peerage) ; Duncan Davidson, Esq. of Tulloch, a splendid rider he was at the time, and the general favourite with the inhabitants ; Sir Francis Mackenzie of Gairloch ; Mr Grant of Arndilly, and a number of other sporting gentlemen ; but Mr Grant of Arndilly was the best rider and almost won every race, except one year when Lord Kennedy sent down a horse from England, and as the gentlemen could get no horse to compete with it, it walked round the course by way of challenge.

Latterly, the Highland Games was established, as the races nearly ruined the whole of the gentlemen connected therewith, except about ten or twelve years ago, when some of the Fort-George officers rode at the Longman against the late Alex. Mackenzie, Esq., son of the late John Mackenzie, banker, here, but Mr Mackenzie won the race.

T I B B I E M A I N .

ISABELLA MAIN or Munro, more frequently called Tibbie, originally belonged to Campbeltown of Ardersier. Her husband, Alexander Munro, was a travelling hawker of earthenware, who died and left her with one child, a boy. Tibbie, after her husband's death, migrated to the Highland capital about forty years ago, where she kept a fish and fruit shop, and also sat with a table before her every day on the street opposite the old Meal Market with her fish and fruit in its season. She was an enormous size of a woman, being nearly as broad as long, or, as the old adage says, "as broad as a barn door, she had an ee, she had but ane." She was blind of an eye, and when sitting at her table she appeared a very singular looking personage.

Her son, Alexander, having committed, when a boy, some theft in town, was tried before the High Court of Justiciary here, and was sentenced to be transported for seven years beyond seas. The parting scene with Tibbie and her son when embarking at Kessock roads for London, was truly sorrowful. Having served his time in some of the penal settlements of New South Wales he got his leave, and by steadiness and perseverance, he saved as much of his earnings as put him up in business as an innkeeper in one of the Australian townships, where he latterly amassed a great deal of wealth; and on a Clachnacuddin girl who went out there calling on him, he showed her a great deal of kindness, and when she was leaving the district, made her some presents. Poor Tibbie died about thirty years ago, before she had the

pleasure of hearing of her son's prosperity, but used to say when speaking of her son to some neighbours, "that Sandy would come to good yet for all that had happened to him."

The following story was told of Tibbie to the author, although he cannot vouch for it:—

Tibbie's husband, as formerly mentioned, was a travelling hawker, and used to frequent all markets south and north, and both having travelled at one time to a market to be held at Inverness in the month of July, and which used to be well attended about forty-five years ago, by people from all parts of the country.

It was the practice of earthenware hawkers to place their plates, bowls, basins, and jugs in rows, and Tibbie was laying the same down on High Street on the Friday morning of the market, her husband being in some other part of the town at the time. It happened that there were two regiments of soldiers in town at the time, the 42d Royal Highlanders and the Montgomery Fencibles, the mess rooms of the officers being kept in the house at one time occupied by the late Donald Fraser, ironmonger. The late Lord Panmure was then Captain Maule, of the Fencibles, and happened to be looking out of one of the mess room windows at the market people putting up their stands or stalls, Captain Maule was a wealthy man also, very eccentric, and greatly given to betting. A thought struck him, and going out to the street he went over to where Tibbie was, and enquired at her "what was the value of the whole of her earthenware."

When Tibbie replied, "that she would dispose of the whole for £2 10s."

"Well, my good woman," says he, "do you see that open window?" pointing to the mess room. "Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll give you a £5 note for the whole of your dishes, provided that when you see me lift my hand from that open window, you go in among your dishes and break, dance through, and stamp with your feet the whole of them small as mussel shells." "Its a bargain, Sir," says Tibbie, "hand me the siller." On which Capt. Maule handed her the £5 note, and told her to remember that

he would be at the window about 11 o'clock. The late Duke of Gordon was Marquis of Huntly at this time, and commanded the 42d regiment. After the officers had breakfasted, Captain Maule and the Marquis went to the window to have a look at the people on the street, and the Marquis pointed out Tibbie as a very stout woman with only one eye. Capt. Maule said jokingly to the Marquis, "I'll wager you a £50 note that if I lift up my hand to that woman," pointing to Tibbie, "that she will dance through the whole of her crockery." "Impossible," says the Marquis, "all stuff; how do you think she would do so on the lifting of your hand?" "Well, it does not signify," says Maule, "will you take up the wager?" "Oh, I don't mind," says the Marquis, laughingly. Captain Maule immediately lifted up his hand, and Tibbie gave a mountebank leap on the crockery, danced, dashed, and crushed them with her feet, until she made them as small as cockle shells, when a crowd of market people crowded round her in amazement, some thinking she was mad, and others could not refrain from laughter. An old blind man took up his fiddle and struck up the "Drunken Wives of Fochabers," until Tibbie finished her reel.

The Marquis and officers at the windows were convulsed with laughter, when Tibbie thought she had danced enough and made the crockery small enough, and ran quickly into a close, until the crowd lost sight of her, having made her market and £2 10s into the bargain. Besides, she did not wish to tell her acquaintances about the matter, being charged by the captain to leave the town very quickly, ere the Marquis would find out the trick. "Now, down with the cash, Marquis," said the captain, "as you see I have won." "You have; but I don't know how the mischief you had so much control over the woman." The Marquis then gave Maule a cheque for the amount, and the affair ended.



DONALD ROSS. THE PUBLIC EXECUTIONER.

THE last Executioner of Inverness, Donald Ross, originally belonged to the Aird, to what part the author cannot say; but having made himself "more free than welcome" by helping himself to some of his neighbours' sheep, Poor Donald was apprehended and taken to Inverness, was imprisoned in jail in the year 1811, and was afterwards tried before the High Court of Justiciary, for sheep stealing, found guilty, and sentenced to be transported beyond the seas, for the term of his natural life.

The authorities of the town were at this time in want of an executioner or hangman, the former man, of the name of William Taylor, having gone to Elgin to execute a man of the name of Cullen, a serjeant, who killed his wife at Fort-George. After the execution was over, a mob surrounded and waylaid Willie, and stoned or otherwise maltreated him so much, that he was killed on the spot. So Donald was asked if he would accept of the office, and his freedom; but Donald refused, until the day named when he was to be sent off with the other convicts to London, and on asking him for the last time, and offering him a good salary, he reluctantly accepted the job, and the magistrates making application to the Crown authorities, he was liberated on said condition.

He was allowed a salary of £16 per annum, accompanied with fees and perquisites independent of salary, viz. :—

- 1st—He was provided with a house, bed and bedding.
- 2d—He was allowed 36 peats weekly from the Tacksman of the Petty Customs.
- 3d—He was allowed a barrel of English Coals from every vessel which arrived at the Shore.
- 4th—He was allowed a piece of Coal, as large as he could carry, out of every vessel arriving with Scotch Coals at the Shore.
- 5th—He had a peck of Oatmeal out of every 100 bolls arriving at the Harbour.
- 6th—He had a Fish out of every creel or basket which came to the Market.
- 7th—He had a Penny for every sack of meal sold in the Meal Market.
- 8th—He had a peck of Salt out of every cargo arriving in Town.
- 9th—He was allowed, every year, a suit of Clothes, 2 Shirts, 2 pair Stockings, a Hat, and 2 pair Shoes, added to his fixed charges.

Donald also levied black mail on the lieges in shape of Christmas boxes, and had £5 at every execution he presided at ; now all these items put together amounted to £50 or £60 per annum, and as they were only three executions since he accepted the office, it must have cost the town nearly £400.

After the passing of the Burgh Reform Bill, the town council in the year 1834, retrenchment being their motto, thought they could dispense with Donald's services and save the extravagant fees allowed him, and therefore gave him his discharge ; and when they required *Jack Ketch* they thought they could procure one from the south at a cheaper rate.

Donald during his office amassed upwards of £700, which he gave to a bank agent in town on interest ; but becoming bankrupt some years afterwards, poor Donald got only a small dividend for his money.

Donald became very poor latterly, and had to beg for his bread, and died a pauper.

TO THE NESS.

COMPOSED BY AN INVERNESSIAN NOW DECEASED.

Sweet Ness, thy banks a cool retreat
Oft have afforded me.

Thy waters swift upon my ear
Have chimed melodiously.

And many a day, now long since fled,
I've waded in thy tide.

With tiny rod within my hand,
And a playmate by my side.

I've paddled in thy crystal wave,
And in some placid bay
Have launched my little fleet, and wiled
The summer hours away.

And in the Spring time, when the buds
Burst from their downy nest,
I've lain for hours, and on thy banks
Found sweet refreshing rest.

And when the Summer hours were bright,
 And shed their fragrance round,
 I've listened to thy voice, nor dreamed
 That I was quite spell-bound.

And melancholy Autumn still
 Wrought beauties now in thee,
 As I have watched thy leaf-strown waves
 Flow calmly to the sea.

And through thy lonely Islands I
 In pensive bliss did roam ;
 And through the vistas of the wood
 Caught glimpses of thy foam.

The pigeon coo'd from some tall pine,
 The mavis whistled sweet,
 And a thousand plants in fragrance wild
 Did bloom beneath my feet.

And now though boyhood's hours are fled,
 And old companions too ;
 Still, Ness ! methinks that memory's chords
 Have linked themselves with you.

And gladly would I lay my head
 Upon thy grassy shore,
 And gaze into the sky and dream,
 As I have dreamed of yore.

GENERAL BROWN.

GENERAL BROWN it was said was a native of Banff or Cullen, and was in early life a hanger-on of the army during the Irish Rebellion, and was dubbed "General" by the soldiers. He wore an old cocked hat, red coat, and black trousers, and carried a sword ; he was of a fiery irritable temper, besides being half daft or silly, frequented Inverness about forty years ago, and whatever time a regiment or large party of soldiers was in town, and were beating up for recruits, more especially at the time of a market, the general was sure to be along with them.

Before beating up, the sergeants would dress him up—the "old general" as they called him—with 'an old military officer's red coat and cocked hat, with a large

white feather stuck into it, and furnish him with an old officers's sword, and having placed him at their head he would take his station in front of the music, and drawing his sword give the word of command to "march," and proceeding from the Exchange they would go round the different streets, and also by the Wooden Bridge, up by the Academy Street, and return to the Exchange, where the sergeant who commanded the party would dismiss them.

The party then would go into a tavern to have some refreshments, taking the general along with them, when he came out "quite drunk and incapable of further marching" for that day, and the boys would follow after him calling him bye-names, such as "Cockle eye," "Dirty eye," &c., he being squinted or glide of an eye, when he would run after them limping with a lame foot, till such time as a large crowd gathered round him, where they pelted him with all kinds of rubbish, such as turnips, potatoes, &c., when at last the burgh officers arrived and would carry off the poor old general, and put him into the quad house or black hole in the old jail to save him from the boys, and when he had slept himself sober they allowed him out. He died upwards of thirty years ago.

WHERE ARE CLACHNACUDDIN'S SONS?

COMPOSED BY ANDREW FRASER.

They're gone! they're gone from strath and stream,
 Who in their tender heart-strings bound me;
 They brought to other lands my name,
 Who cast their summer flowers around me.

Where are they? go, ask the flood
 Of mighty Ganges on its course,
 Through forests of the Banian wood
 To swell the ocean's force.

T'will wave thee to its spiey shore,
 And tell thee, stranger there they breathe
 Full on the noon of life's rich power,
 And there they rest in death.

Where are they? Egypt, in thy soil,
 Beneath the burning sun they lie,
Regardless of the glorious Nile,
 Which closed their war-cry.

There, there together rest
 My plaided children, and the brave
 Of other lands. now breast to breast
 They moulder in one grave.

Go, ask blood-saturated Spain.
 Where my dark-plumed heroes fell ;
 She points to flood, and hill, and plain,
 And answers, These can tell.

Thou, who in thy Island tomb,
 Reckless of the Atlantic's roar,
 Slumbers in thy narrow home,
 Far from thy own native shore.

Thou could'st tell, when all was thine,
 Save the Emprress of the seas ;
 Thou could'st tell what sons of mine
 Met thee at the Pyrennees.

Where the waters of the West
 Swims through nations to the main ;
 And the vine tree falls undressed
 O'er the trail paths of the plain.

Where the sunbeams never pierce
 Through the forest's shadows deep,
 And the foot of man is scarce ;
 There—there my children sleep.

In stern winter's farthest land,
 Where eclipsed is half the year ;
 Their graves are in the pearly sand,
 Trodden by the Polar Bear.

Where eternal summer dwells
 In the Islands of the South,
 The wily, the Pacific swells,
 Round my deeply slumbering youth.

Where are they? 'neath the glorious sky,
 Which smiles o'er slavery's burning tear ;
 Go ask Jamaica's negro boy,
 He grateful answers, they are here.

Ask not, stranger, where they are,
 These sons had their birth from me,
 All under every glittering star,
 And over every rolling sea.

ANECDOTES.

THE late Dr Macdonald of Ferrintosh, who regularly attended the Sacraments in Inverness, where he preached in different churches in town before the Disruption, was a powerful preacher ; and having a strong voice, the author, when a boy, about forty years ago, distinctly heard him on a calm Summer Sunday evening at the Longman, while preaching in the Chapel-yard ; he was in every sense of the word a popular preacher. It is said that he was very fond of music, and after performing a marriage ceremony he made it a point to give the first reel to the bride, and if the music was from the pipes and the musician to be an inferior one, he was often known to tune the pipes for them and play a reel himself.

The following lines were written by a minister of a small rural parish of Inverness-shire, with reference to the Highland belief in the antiquity of the Gaelic :—

Should Gaelic speech be e'er forgot,
 An' never brocht to min',
 For she'll be spoke in Paradise
 In the days o' auld lang syne.

When Eve, all fresh in beauty's charms,
 First met fond Adam's view,
 The first word that he'll spoke to her
 Was "eumar ashum dhu."

And Adam, in his garden fair,
 Whene'er the day did elose,
 The dish that he'll to supper teuk
 Was always Athole brose.

When Adam from his leafy bower
 Cam oot at break o' day.
 He'll always for his morning teuk
 A quaich o' usquebae.

And when wi' Eve he had a crack,
 He'll teuk his sneeshin' horn,
 An' on the tap ye'll weel might mark
 A pony praw Cairngorm.

The sneeshing' mull is fine, my freen's,
 The sneeshin' mull is grand ;
 We'll teuk a hearty sneesh, my freen's,
 An' pass', frae hand to hand.

When man first fand the want o' claes,
 The wind an' could to fleg,
 He twisted round about his waist
 The tartan philabeg

An' music first on earth was heard
 In Gaelic accents deep,
 When Jubal in his oxters squeezed
 The blether o' a sheep.

The braw bagpipes is grand, my frenn's,
 The braw bagpipes is fine ;
 We'll teuk't another pibroch yet,
 For the days o' auld lang syne.

Some time back, when it was not uncommon for challenges to be given and accepted for insults, or supposed insults, an English gentleman was entertaining a party at Inverness with an account of the wonders he had seen and the deeds he had performed in India, from whence he had lately arrived. He enlarged particularly upon the size of the tigers he had met with at different times in his travels, and by way corroborating his statements, assured the company that he had shot one himself considerably above forty feet long. A Scottish gentleman present, who thought that these narratives rather exceeded a traveller's allowed privileges, coolly said that no doubt those were very remarkable tigers; but that he could assure the gentleman there were in the northern part of the country some wonderful animals, and as an example he cited the existence of a skate-fish captured off Avoch, which exceeded half-an-acre in extent. The Englishman saw this was intended as a sarcasm against his own story; so he left the room in indignation, and sent his friend to demand satisfaction or an apology from the gentleman who had, he thought, insulted him. The narrator of the skate story coolly replied—"Weel, sir, gin your frenn will tak a few feet aff the length of his tiger, we'll see what can be dune about the breadth o' the skate." He was too cautious to commit himself to a rash or decided course of conduct. When the tiger was shortened, he would take into consideration a reduction of superficial area in his skate.

A boy from the country having taken service in a gentleman's house in Inverness, made a very cool and determined exit from the house into which he had very lately been introduced. He had been told that he should be dismissed if he broke any of the china that was under his charge. On the morning of a great dinner-party he was entrusted (rather rashly) with a great load of plates, which he was to carry upstairs from the kitchen to the dining-room, and which were piled up, and rested upon his two hands. In going upstairs his foot slipped, and the plates were broken to atoms. He at once went up to the drawing-room, put his head into the door, and shouted before a party of ladies and gentlemen—"The plates are a' smashed, and I'm awa."

GEDDES THE SMUGGLER.

IN the year 1827 a gentlemanly looking man, who appeared to be bordering on forty years of age, very stout and strongly built, about five feet six inches in height or thereby, of the name of Geddes, resided in the "Hut of Health" as it was called, in the hill above Millburn Bridge, the ruins of which can be seen to this day. Very few knew where he came from or what he was employed at, but the people of Inverness would observe at times a tight little vessel anchored out in the Firth opposite Raigmore's house, but what she was or what her cargo was that's what no person could make out, till at last they found out that she was a smuggling craft named, "The Fly of Hamburg."

Mr Geddes was owner, captain, and skipper, and she plied between Cromarty and Holland, and used to take a run up at night to Inverness with a cargo of Holland gin, brandy, and rum, in kegs to retailers in Inverness, and would sail away next morning, when he discharged his cargo.

The story of the smuggler having come to the ears of Captain Stewart of the *Atalanta* revenue cutter, which

was stationed about forty years ago in the basin of the Caledonian Canal, in order to keep down smuggling in the Highlands, which prevailed very much at that time. He was determined to watch the lugger; and one evening in the month of July when looking through his telescope towards the Moray Firth he observed a queer looking craft sailing up the firth between Fort-George and the Highland Capital; he scanned her for some time with his telescope until she anchored in her old quarters opposite and below Raigmore House; he at once suspected that she must be the smuggling craft he was told of, and accordingly went below to his cabin and calling one of his men, a clever fellow, who could speak both English and Gaelic, and was a capital imitator of broken or bad English; and having given him his instructions, he was sent off to where the suspected craft lay, in order to find out if she really was a smuggling craft, as he did not wish to be made a laughing stock by hailing her in case she might turn out to be a gentleman's pleasure yacht.

Duncan Campbell (the name of the man) set off on his mission, and having arrived at the beach at Millburn about sun-set, and having gone out as far on the sea shore till he arrived at the water, the craft lay out about the eighth part of a mile, and having hailed her by calling out as loud as he could "Ship ahoy," three times, but got no answer. The vessel was at anchor and the tide was out, and having a pair of fishing boots on him he waded till he came to the lugger, the water only reaching to his thighs; having got hold of a rope which was attached to a boat and tied to the side he swung himself up to the side rail, but did not go on board until he would have a better view of her deck; and on looking over he saw a little man, but very stout and strongly built, about four feet in height, pacing the deck smoking his "cutty," when Duncan hailed him with—"Is it you what pelongs to the weshal?" But no answer was given by the little man; who kept still pacing the deck, he asked the same question three times pretending he had very bad English, when the little man turned round, looked at him with contempt, and taking the short pipe from his mouth, said, "No, put ta weshal

belongs to me, till ta skipper comes on board." "Well," says Duncan "could she tells us if a lat of ta name of Tonal Campbell, is a sailor on your weshal?" but the little man replied that there was neither Tonal Campbell or any other Campbell on ta weshal, and Duncan seeing all he wished for, and that she was a regular smuggling craft, there being a number of small brandy kegs lying on one side of the deck, and bidding four feet nothing "Coot night," he sprung down on the boat and waded back again to the beach, and returned to Captain Stewart, and gave him the required information, which confirmed the Capt. in his opinion that she was a regular smuggling craft. He accordingly ordered the anchors of the cutter to be raised, and there springing up a small breeze at the time, the sails were unfurled and hoisted, and the locks being open, he was soon out from the last lock at Clachnaharry, and into the Beaully Firth sailing to Kessock Ferry. But Geddes was also as wide awake as he was, and going on board about nine o'clock to prepare the men for an early start on the following morning, he took his telescope and giving a glance all round in case the Philistines might be approaching, he observed the cutter with every inch of canvass spread about the mouth of the river making directly for him, and thought it high time to look to his safety. He ordered at once the sails to be hoisted, and raising the anchor, the breeze getting stronger, the "Fly" went off at railroad speed, and the **A**talanta pursued her to Fort-George; but the Fly was by this time the length of Cromarty, so Captain Stewart saw it was of no use in going any farther after her, and Geddes the Smuggler and his "Fly of Hamburg" was never again heard of. He left a son in Inverness of the name of Archibald, and also a daughter who, a little time thereafter, sold the furniture of the "Hut of Health" and left Inverness.

CORRIECHOILLIE.

MR J. C—N of Corriechoille was one of the most extensive sheep farmers in the north. He frequently attended the Great Sheep and Wool Market at Inverness, till he died.

The following story of Corrie was told the writer of this book about thirty years ago, by a particular acquaintance of his residing in Inverness, now deceased :—

When a young man he went for the first time to the Falkirk Market, and took cash to the amount of £200 with him for the purpose of purchasing cattle to commence the world.

On his journey south he was informed by some old drovers who were going there, whom he overtook on the road, that the “Fair or Tryst” was an awful place for robbers and pocket-picking, and that he would require to have his eyes open, or then he would have a chance of getting his pockets made lighter by some of the Glasgow killies who generally attended the market.

Having arrived at Falkirk the day previous to the market, he remembered the drover’s advice, and immediately went to the British Linen Co.’s Bank and lodged therein £100 for safety, till such time as he required it, and then proceeded to an inn called the Red Lion, where the drovers generally resided during the Fair, and having taken his lodgings there, he called for the innkeeper, whose name was Mr Swan, and having called for some drink they entered into conversation about the cattle market and other topics of the day.

Corrie asked him if there were any robberies committed during the time of the Fair, when he mentioned a number of farmers who were eased of their pocket-books containing large sums of money by the light-fingered gentry or “swell mob,” from Glasgow and other parts of the United Kingdom. Corrie then told him that he wished to purchase cattle to the amount of £100, and would leave that sum in his hands until such time as he made a purchase, when he would take the party with him for the cash, so that it would save him from having his pocket picked.

The landlord replied, "all right, my boy, you could not do a better thing although you put it into the bank." He accordingly handed the £100 to him, having previously counted the same, and then walked out to see the market. Next day a good number of English and Scotch drovers arrived, and meeting in with some from the north, he traversed the market. Towards the afternoon he fell in with a drover from the Borders, who had the cattle which suited him, and having purchased from him to the amount of £100, he asked him to go along with him to the "Red Lion," where he would pay him under deduction of a *luckpenny*—being a small sum the party "selling" would return to the party "buying." Having arrived at the inn they went into a room together, and Corrie having sent for the innkeeper, who immediately appeared, he asked him for the £100 given him, but scarcely had he done so when the landlord's face got as dark as a December day, and replied—

"Arrah, be me soul, me boy, is it trying to make a fool of me ye are, or are ye mad wid drink, or have yes got bad stuff on the market that pits your brains wrong, for, bedad, ye never gied me a pound besides £100 in all yer life time, you big Heeland rogue, bad luck to ye."

When Corrie heard his language he could not believe his senses, but said, "Landlord, you must surely have been drinking or you would not have forgot my giving you £100 to keep for me till I required it, and that in this very room the evening before."

"Oh, bad luck to me if ever ye gave me a penny or a note in all yer life, and faix I'm ready to make me solcmn oath before all the Sheriffs and Magistrates in both Scotland or Ireland to that purpose."

Corrie after hearing this jargon was thunderstruck at the innkeeper's roguery, knowing so well in his own mind that he received the money from him, and seeing it was no use in saying any more to him, he called out the cattle dealer to the street, and explained to him how he gave him the money, when he also burst out in a rage against him, saying—

"Do you think your Heeland tricks will do for me,

na, na, my man, I am rather far south for ye, and ye need na try to tak me in in that sort of way, for I can sell ma' heifers to another," so off he went, leaving poor Corrie dumfounded not knowing what to do. He went along the street to where the market was held, and having met with an acquaintance, he saluted him with, "Well, Corriechoillie, yon look unco blue on't since I saw ye yestreen."

Corrie then briefly related how he was cheated by the landlord of the Red Lion.

"Weel, weel," says the man, "it is a very bad job, but will the rascal gie his aith against ye gieing it tae him."

"Yes," says Corrie, "he will swear through a three inch plank."

"It is very hard, indeed," says the acquaintance, "but I wad try Archie Cunningham, the lawyer, for I am tald he's a clever chiel for getting folk out of scrapes."

"No, no," says Corrie, "it's of no use, for the fellow is rogue enough to cheat anybody."

"Never mind, man, things may take a better turn yet, but try Archie, try him, for there is aye *balm in Gilead*, but ye don't know what Archie can do for ye."

Corrie shook his head, as much as to say its of no use — "Corrie, awa man an' I'll go wi' ye to Archie's office, and we will see what he says to ye whatever." With a great deal of persuasion, Corrie went with him to the lawyer's office, and having arrived at it, they were ushered by the clerk into his sanctum sanctorum, or private room, when he related to the lawyer all the circumstances of his case.

"Well," said the lawyer, "I have already heard some of that innkeeper's evil doings before now, and I know him to be fit for any dishonest action, and I know only one way, which if you go canny about it you may succeed in obtaining your money; and if this plan fails you will never secure a single sixpence in all your days."*

"Well, what plan is that," says Corrie, "I'll try any plan, if not a dishonest one, to recover my money."

* The same advice was given by Curran, the great Irish Barrister, to a Farmer in Ireland who was similarly situated, and which succeeded.

"Have you got any more money," says the lawyer, "to the amount of £100, and if you have not got so much, get a friend to lend you the balance for a day or two." "Yes," says Corrie, "I have got £100 which I lodged in the bank for safety, on the day I arrived at Falkirk."

"Well, take it immediately out of the bank, and go with it and give it to the innkeeper to keep for you again, and say to him that you might have lost the former money, or have left it at home, or any story you like to tell him; but, mind, that you give him your other £100 in the presence of a witness, and come back and let me know when you have done so."

Corrie mused for some time after the lawyer was done of speaking, and at last said, "I do not see how that will bring me back my first £100; perhaps it will be only making bad worse, as he may keep this £100 also."

"Well, well," said Archie, "I have no more to say to you, and if you do not take my advice, you may go and look for your money the best way you can."

Corrie stood and thought for a little time longer, and then replied, "Well, I don't mind, I take your advice, for I think I cannot lose this £100 whatever, when I take a witness along with me, and will go and do as you advise."

He accordingly went to the bank, and taking up his £100, proceeded with his acquaintance to the Red Lion Inn, and going into a room, he requested to see the landlord, and the landlord coming into the room,—Corrie told him he was sorry he made a mistake, in saying to him that he gave him the £100, as he since considered that he might have lost it, or perhaps left it at home; but as I must purchase the cattle I require, here is another £100 which I will leave with you until I meet in with the cattle, and to make every thing right betwixt us both, that there may be no mistake afterwards, here is my witness that I have given it to you," pointing to his acquaintance, and handing him the other £100 in notes.

"Arrah, be my shoul but I was sure you was wrong, and I am glad yes found out the mistake; but by the powers, I will keep your money safe altho' it was in the

Bank o' Ireland ; and you can have it the minute you wish for the same."

Corrie and his acquaintance then left the Red Lion, and went back again to Archie Cunningham the lawyer, and having been admitted to his private room, Corrie told him he did according as he desired him.

"Well," says Archie, "you have done well, and you will now go back to McSwan, say in about two hours, and ask him for your £100 ; but, mind, don't take your witness with you ; and come back and tell me how you got on."

Corrie, at the expiry of the time, went to the Red Lion, and called for the Innkeeper, told him that he purchased the cattle, and that he wished to pay the drover, who was standing out on the street.

"All right, me bhoy," and going to a desk in the room, he took out an old pocket book, and counting the L.100, said, "Here it is as you left it."

Corrie took the money, and went back to Archie, informing him that he received the L.100 from McSwan.

"Very good," says Archie, "go back again in an hour or two after this, and ask him for your L.100, taking your witness with you."

Corrie saw at once the lawyer's clever dodge, and willingly went away, along with his acquaintance, to the Red Lion inn, and calling for some grog, desired the waiter to send in the landlord, on whose appearance Corrie put on a long Quaker face, saying he came for the L.100 he left with him a short time ago before his witness, pointing to his acquaintance. The tables were now turned on McSwan, who looked as blue as indigo as he saw it was now Diamond cut Diamond. "Oh, bad luck to yees. ye Heeland rogue, did I not give you yer L.100 about two hours ago, and are ye now going to rob me in day-light?"

"No," said Corrie, quite cool and bold, "here is my witness, and ask him or any other if they saw me getting back my L.100, and unless you pay me down *instantly*, I'll not be long until I compel you to fork out my cash."

Suffice it to say that the landlord saw he was in a trap he could not get out of, and was forced to pay down the

£100 which he unjustly tried to swindle Corrie out of, and having received the cash, Corrie returned to Archie Cunningham, and having thanked him for his clever and ingenious advice, gave him £5 for his trouble.

Being at one time in need of a large sum of money, he called on one of the bank agents in Fort-William, stating to him the amount he required, being a great sum larger than the amount of his cash account. The banker was reluctant to advance the sum required, when Corrie told him "that he might not be the least afraid, for he could give him a sheep for every pound that was in the bank." The banker on hearing these words gave him the sum required.

At another time, having to transact some business in Glasgow, he entered the steamer at Fort-William, and when near Corran Ferry a beautiful young lady came on deck from the cabin with a book in her hand, and sat down on a form. Corrie looked at her, and was fascinated with her beauty so much so that he could not take his eyes off her. A gentleman, who was on deck near band the young lady, on observing Corrie doing so for such a long time, got irritated at him and went to where he sat, and asked him if he would purchase her, as he was so much taken up with looking at her, when Corrie at once said he would, and what was the price. The gentleman thinking that Corrie might be only a poor shepherd, as he was not very fashionably dressed, asked him in a laughing sort of way, if he would give £1000 for her. It is a bargain, says Corrie, taking a guinea out of his pocket and placing the same in the gentleman's hand, and immediately disappeared among the steerage passengers, leaving the gentleman in amazement. Corrie did not make his appearance again until they arrived at Greenock, when jumping on the pier, he took the train to Glasgow, and having transacted his business, he went to one of the banks and drew the £10,000. Having done so, he went down to the Broomielaw to wait the steamer, and in course of a short time she steamed into the pier, and Corrie immediately sprang on board, and presented the gentleman who was on deck with the check for £1000, claiming

the young lady as his bargain. The gentleman, on seeing how the affair turned, got pale, and told Corrie that he only meant it as a joke; Corrie told him "that a bargain was a bargain all the world over," and would have the lady by hook or by crook. The gentleman saw he was in a fix, and proposed to give him £200 and forgo the bargain, but Corrie refused the cash, but told the gentleman that provided he gave his keepers a dinner in one of the Glasgow inns, that he would say no more about it, but never to take any man by his appearance again, which the gentleman agreed to, and then handed his address to Corrie. When he arrived home, he sent fifty of his shepherds and followers to the Eagle Hotel to take a good dinner, and to drink nothing but the best of champagne, and having taken the steamer to Glasgow, they enjoyed themselves that night, and next morning returned to Fort-William, and the gentleman having called on the landlord to settle the bill, found, to his amazement, that the dinner and the wines drunk amounted nearly to £100. The gentleman inquired at the landlord what sort of man Corrie was that had so many men. "Oh," says the landlord, "he is the greatest sheep farmer in the north." The gentleman said nothing, but paid the money, but mentioned he would not think by his appearance that he was worth 10,000 pence instead of pounds.

Being at one time as a witness in a sheep-stealing case before the High Court of Justiciary at Inverness, after being sworn by one of the Judges, he was interrogated by the Crown Counsel as follows :—

Counsel, "I believe your name is J. C—n."

Witness, "It is."

Counsel, "You are a pretty extensive sheep farmer near Fort-William."

Witness, "I am."

Counsel, "How many sheep will you have grazing on the hill pasture at a time?"

Witness, "Can't remember the exact number at present."

Counsel, "Try and let us know as near as you can."

Witness, "Can't say."

Counsel, "Will you have twenty thousand?"

Witness, "Yes."

Counsel, "Thirty thousand?"

Witness, "Yes, more."

Counsel, "Fifty thousand?"

Witness, "Yes."

The learned Counsel on hearing of the fifty thousand, looked at him with astonishment and said, "I suppose you are the great Corriechoille of the north," when the answer returned was—

"It is all that is for him."

THE WALLACE MONUMENT.

[The following lines are the production of an Invernessian, now resident in New York. Mr Irving lost an arm in the great American struggle, while serving on the side of the North, but, as will be seen, his love for his native country has lost none of its ardor.]

In days o' eild, when southron hordes
 Sair wasted Scotland fair,
 And sought to rivet slavery's chains
 Upon her lank despair,
 The midnibht blackness settling deep
 Ilk beacon blaze did hide,
 An' no a star in a' her lift
 Her wardens hope to guide.

Yea, even in that mirkiest hour
 Quick flashed the ready steel,
 An' loudly rang a bugle blast,
 That Scottish hearts could feel;
 The clouds were reft as wi' an han'
 O' true Promethean power,
 An' freedom ance again uprist
 Aboon tyrannic power.

Deftly, like meteors in their flight,
 Wight Wallace' shafts did fly,
 As wi' his band o' stalwart Scots
 He ower the lan' did hie.
 Frae craig to craig, frae shore to shore.
 Did sound their patriot tread,
 Till Scotia's facs were scattered far,
 Or numbered wi' the dead.

Nae ither monument hae they
 Than Scotland evermore ;
 Her eagle cliffs their zeal proclaim,
 Her streams their grandeur roar.
 But shall we not, for those who come,
 Evince how we adore
 The memory o' that gallant host,
 An' o' their chieftain hoar ?
 Our sires were those who fought an' bled,
 Whose blood, too, filled his veins ;
 And shall we in base apathy
 Tight grasp our sordid gains,
 An' turn an adder's ear toward
 Dear Scotland's clarion call,
 To place upon her Abbey-Craig
 The topmost stone of all ?

A. F. IRVING.

PRINCE ALBERT'S VISIT TO INVERNESS.

IN the month of September 1847, on the Queen and Prince Albert leaving Ardverikie she arrived at Fort-William in order to embark for London, where some Admiralty steamers were waiting her. On hearing which, the Provost and Magistrates of Inverness sent an invitation to the Prince, offering the freedom of the burgh to him. He accordingly accepted the offer, and left the Queen on board one of the steamers until his return, and came down in one of the Glasgow steamers, paying a visit to Lady Georgina Baillie of Dochfour, where he resided during his short stay. From an early hour of the day there was nothing but crowds of strangers coming into town with all kinds of conveyances. The Magistrates made great preparations, there being two arches of evergreens and flowers on the old Stone Bridge, and one on Bridge Street, on which was a flag, painted with large letter, "Welcome, Prince Albert, to the Capital of the Highlands."

The Mackintosh sent Æneas Mackintosh of Daviot, his brother, to represent him, with 300 of the clan in the kilt in procession, preceded by a number of pipers. His body

guard were the magistrates and town council, with a band of music; next a number of the town and country gentlemen, the Six Incorporated Trades, with their flags and music; and starting from the Exchange, they marched to the Ballifeary road, a little above the Infirmary, where they halted, and waited until his Royal Highness arrived in an open carriage, drawn by four horses, along with Mr Baillie of Dochfour. There also was taken from Fort-George, two pieces of artillery, with the regular number of artillerymen, and an officer to fire the same, which was stationed on the Castle-hill; and on the procession starting from Ballifeary, they fired twenty-one rounds, very much to the benefit of some of the painters in town, as the concussion of the report from the guns broke the whole of the glass of the windows facing the west of the Castle.

Having marched to the town hall, where a Brussels carpet was laid across the Exchange up stairs to the town hall, for the prince to walk upon; and having been ushered up to the hall by the provost and magistrates, an address was read by the town clerk; and, thereafter, presented with the freedom of the burgh, contained in a massive gold box engraved with the town arms; and a service of wine and sweatmeats being sent round, the whole drunk to the new burgess with highland honours, which the prince replied to in a neat speech, and then went to one of the front windows in order that all would see him, when the provost called for three cheers, which was responded to by the crowd; he then accompanied the provost to the castle, where he stood for a short time at the western turret, where he took a view of the surrounding scenery; he then returned to Dochfour house, and it being one of the days when they held the Northern Meeting, he appeared in the evening at the ball of the Meeting, accompanied by Lady Georgina Baillie, where he was very much delighted with the highland reels, but did not dance during the evening. It was whispered that the Queen was in the ball room also, incog., but whether true or not, the writer cannot vouch for it. He left the ball room about eleven o'clock, and left Dochfour house next day, for Fort William: where he went on board the ferry steamer,

and left with the Queen and suite for London. It is said that ten thousand strangers were in town, from different quarters, on this occasion.

THE KILT, THE CLAYMORE, AND COTTON UMBRELLA.

Came ye by Badenoch ; lad wi' the paletot ?
 Saw ye the highlanders, loyal good fellows ?
 Wrapped in their dripping plaids, wiping their rustie blades,
 Waiting their Queen, under Cotton Umbrellas.
 Badenoch, Badenoch, who is'nt proud of thee ?
 Were not thy sons ever loyal brave fellows ?
 Who would not rush to the dye, and stand a crush for thee ?
 'Tho' it should pelt a brave store of Umbrellas !

M'Pherson of Cluny and Tulloch, I felt for them,
 They've drawn out their men, like Castillian guerillas
 To welcome their Prince and Queen ; such a sight ne'er was seen,
 Highlanders ranked under Cotton Umbrellas !

 Highlanders, Highlanders, well have ye fought of yore,
 Led by the sound of the bagpiper's bellows,
 Now for your tartans green, and find ye a proper screen
 Under your chiefs, and your Cotton Umbrellas.

But ye have example set, under the heavy wet ;
 Did'nt the Queen, as the newspapers tell us,
 Aye and Prince and train, land in the pouring rain
 Under the shelter of Goodly Umbrellas.

 Wet Caledonia, who would not drown for thee ?
 Are not thy sons loyal, brave hearted fellows ?
 Keeping their powder dry, while with a smothered cry,
 Covers a damp welcome, from under Umbrellas.

September 1847.

* * Her Majesty, says a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, landed under cover of a goodly number of umbrellas, and one caried by her own loyal hands. The Judicial authorities of the "County of Inverness," sheriff Tytler, and Mr A. Fraser, one of his substitutes, were in due attendance ; and there was a tolerable turn out of the men of Lochaber, with plaids, kilts, claymores, and *Cotton Umbrellas* ; who waved glittering blades, and dripping ginghams, and shouted gaelic salutations to the wife of the king, for such we understand is the literal signification of "Bhan Righ," the Erse words meaning "Queen."

THE INVERNESS RAILWAY COMMENCED.

THE first line connected with Inverness was a short one from Inverness to Nairn, about 15 miles in length; the first turf being cut by the Countess of Seafield. There was a grand procession, by St. Mary's Lodge, of Free Masons, and a great number of navvies, carrying their picks and shovels on their shoulders. The line was opened on the 5th of November 1856; and was promoted by gentlemen of Inverness, Nairn, &c., which was mainly owing to the strenuous efforts made by Messrs Joseph Mitchell, C.E.; and P. Anderson, Solicitor, now deceased; and who deserve great praise for their indefatigable exertions in bringing the scheme under the notice of the nobility and gentlemen connected with the north, and would have been stuck in its infancy like many other good undertakings, from the want of proper co-operation and support. A year or two afterwards the line was extended to Forres and Elgin, and afterwards to Keith, where it joins the Aberdeen line—the two lines now forming the “Inverness and Aberdeen Junction Railway.”

The Aberdonians, or, as they are generally termed, “The Jews of Scotland,” opposed the Inverness and Nairn line from its commencement, in every way they could; and seeing themselves beat in every shape, they made their last stand by trying to keep the work shops at Keith, by proposing to purchase £25,000 worth of shares, unless the Invernessians could *table the dust*; but be it said to the honour of the Burgh Member, Alexander Matheson, Esq., of Ardross, who came forward with the sum required, and the Aberdonians were defeated; so the work shops were kept and built at Inverness.

The Highland Line was afterwards opened to Perth; and which, under the able management and superintendence of Mr Dougal, will be as good a paying line, in a few years, as any in Scotland, being very efficiently and economically worked.

The following piece of poetry appeared sometime afterwards in the Inverness newspapers.

A RAILWAY SQUIB.

The following lines, it may be remembered, accompanied by a smart caricature, appeared in connection with one of the Elgin papers at the time the Morayshire Railway Directors refused the guarantee of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on their line, offered by the Inverness Railway Company:—

Assembly Ball, Elgin, 31st October 1860.

Scene—Pause after the Parliamentary Quadrille.

MR INVERNESS—May I have the pleasure of your hand for the Strathspey?

MISS MORAYSHIRE—Thank you, I am engaged to Mr Aberdeen here for *that Dance*.

Haud awa', bide awa',
Haud awa' frae me, Donald ;
Wi' a' your $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.,
Ye'er nae match for me, Donald.

This squib has now received a rather effective reply, as follows:—

Miss Morayshire to Mr Inverness. 31st Oct. 1864

Come awa', come awa',
Come again to me, Donald,
The cauldrie kail o' Aberdeen
Is caulder than your knee, Donald.

Come awa' wi' *Four* per cent.,
The Half ane I'll forgie, Donald,
Or gin yee'r doubtfu' o' the Four,
I'll may be gang for *Three*, Donald.

Oh ! man, I've had a waeful dance,
Frac Rothes to the sea, Donald,
The grand *Strathspey* he promised me,
Was nothing but a lee, Donald.

Oh ! leeze me on the Hieland fling,
But no wi' Aberdeen, Donald,
The Buchan breeks upon the Spey
Should never ha'e been seen, Donald.

Oh ! wae's me for your four per cent.,
Oh ! wae's me for your *Three*, Donald !
My sad lament is *Nae* per cent.,
The deil a bawbee, Donald.

AN AULD SANG TO A NEW SUIT. .

BY MISS MORAYSHIRE.—*Tempora Mutantur.*

Wha gets the Skaith, whiles drees the scone?
 I've lived to learn; and now forlorn;
 I dreamed o' days when ye began
 To woo me my first, John Highlandman.

Sing hey: my braw John Highlandman:

Sing ho: my braw John Highlandman.

I trow I've dearly rued my plan,

Since I forsook John Highlandman.

Though nae sae young as I hae been,
 An' tired o' Master Aberdeen,
 You'll ablins tak me gin you can,
 An' be my braw John Highlandman.

Sing hey: &c.

Though "Donald" once I set at nought
 Time upon me has always brought!
 I've grown more partial to the clan,
 Ye ken YERSEL, John Highlandman.

Sing hey: etc.

I've cum frae Rothes into the sea;
 Frae Orton to Craigellachie,
 An' close the Glen, if ere I maun
 I'll go wi' you, John Highlandman.

Sing hey: etc.

Then bless me only wi' your smile,
 We'll raise the rates a wee per mile;
 The Elgin folk may curse and ban,
 We'll laugh at them, John Highlandman.

Sing hey: etc.

I'll never even say per cent
 Gin ye will only be content
 At ance to tak me by the han'
 An' gies your plaid, John Highlandman.

Sing hey: my braw John Highlandman:

Sing ho: my braw John Highlandman:

We then might master Moraylan'

For a' that's gone, John Highlandman.

THE HIGHLAND RAIL.

A SONG.

Tune.—"There's nae luck about the house."

Our good friend David Hutcheson he boldly ploughs the main
 With his fine fleet of steamers, in sunshine, storm, or rain;
 Develops lovely Highland lochs, and Hebridean Isles,
 Where the air is soft and misty, and the sun but seldom smiles.

Sail away, tug away, fifteen miles an hour,
 Right round old Scotland flee.
 Steam along and civilise
 Our rugged North Countrie!

But the enterprise and glory must be left not all to him,
 Up! Up! my gallant chieftians, now to linger were a sin.
 Be foremost in the Railway fight, as once with the claymore
 Your fathers won your noble names in the bloody fields of yore.

Steam along, pull along, thirty miles an hour,
 Right through old Scotland flee.
 Steam along and civilise
 Our rugged North Countrie!

The beauties of your countrie must remain to all unknown,
 Till George Stephenson's iron horse has o'er your mountains flown,
 Then instead of buckling on your sword, as your father did lang syne
 Draw out your purse, the trusty sword, of this more peaceful time.

Roll along, bowl along, thirty miles an hour,
 Right through old Scotland flee.
 Roll along and civilise
 Our rugged North Countrie!

'Tis done—and rattling over hill and moor and plain,
 Laden with wondering strangers, comes the swift and noisy train.
 They knew not of the beauties of our land of heath and flood,
 That land which for its freedom shed its best and dearest blood.

Dash along, crash along, thirty miles an hour,
 Right through old Scotland flee.
 Dash along and civilise
 The rugged North Countrie!

No more in Killiecrankie's pass is heard the battle-ery,
 But the whistle wakes the echoes as the train flies swiftly by.
 No more to Cairngorm does the eagle wing his flight,
 For he's startled from his eyrie by the Railway's rattling might.

Tear along, flare along, thirty miles an hour,
 Right through old Scotland flee.
 Tear along and civilise
 Our bonnie North Countrie!

First comes the gallant "Seafield," * chief of an ancient name,
And patriotic "Matheson," deserving all his fame.
The noble "Bruce," with head so clear, does fearless dash along,
And brave "Aldourie," ne'er behind, runs swiftly in the throng.

Roll along, bowl along, thirty miles an hour,
Right through old Scotland flee.
Wheel along and civilise
Your native North Countrie !

And good "Raigmore" comes chafing, eager, willing for the race ;
Where'er he is, bright happiness is beaming in his face.
M'Pherson's chief, and Cumming's, too, come from their hills afar
At the whistle's call, as their fathers did when they heard the
pipe of war !

Puff away, puff away, thirty miles an hour,
Right through old Scotland flee.
Puff away and civilise
The rugged North Countrie !

But shed one tear for Athole's duke †, who in his manhood's pride
Was called away, and peaceful rests laid on the lone hillside.
The light of day he longed to see like the radiance of a star,
As he quietly laid him down to sleep, shone on him from afar !

Roll along, bowl along, thirty miles an hour,
Through Athole's glens so free ;
As the trains pass by, let's heave a sigh
For this chief of the North Countrie !

But soon the whistle shrill shall sound 'mong Sutherland's lone hills,
And startle the deer as they stoop to drink at the crystal moun-
tain rills,

For the noble Duke resolves, throughout all his vast domain,
That peace and plenty, life and hope, and happiness shall reign.

Dash along, crash along, thirty miles an hour,
Right through old Scotland flee.
Dash along and civilise
The rugged North Countrie !

And last, not least, more northward still, comes ‡ Caithness
noble lord,
Who, by his engineering skill, did steam the rugged Ord.

* The Engineer facetiously named the engines of the line after the directors—the Earl of Seafield, Mr Matheson of Ardross, the Hon. Thos. Bruce, Col. Fraser-Tytler of Aldourie, Mr Mackintosh of Raigmore, Cluny Macpherson, Sir A. P. G. Cumming of Altyre, the Duke of Athole, the Duke of Sutherland, and the Earl of Caithness.

† The Duke of Athol, deeply regretted, died soon after the line was opened.

‡ The Earl of Caithness, in 1862, drove a locomotive engine along the common road and over the mountain pass of the Ord, to his seat, Barrogill Castle, 141 miles

And soon shall dawn upon our land the glad long-wished-for day,
When the whistle shall resound from Land's End to Duncansbay.

Tear along, flare along, thirty miles an hour,
Throughout Great Britain flee.
Tear along, bring weal and wealth
To our noble North Countrie !

BLACK SANDY THE CARTER.

UPWARDS of fifty years ago, the carters of Inverness were a set of very strong men, and would put up with no insult, nor allow any injustice towards them without returning the favour.

Sandy Fraser, otherwise called "Black Sandy," from his being a dark complexioned man, was a very strong man and very shouldered; he also spoke very bad English, his first language being the Gaelic. He was at one time employed in carting coals from a vessel at the Shore, and it being by their turn that the carters received their loads, Sandy was out of the way when his turn came, and a strange carter from the country, who was next in turn, took hold of Sandy's horse by the bridle and put him out from the side of the vessel, and put his own cart in the place where Sandy's was; but scarcely had he done so when Sandy returned, and seeing how matters stood, asked the carter what right he had to do so, and some hot words being said by both, Sandy struck him a blow on the face, which knocked him down, saying "You Isle of Skye nose and whiskers," if you do the same trick to me again I shall knock your black eyes out." The man rose up and shook himself, saying as he did so, "perhaps, Mr Fraser, you will have yet to pay for your hand's work to-day;" and accordingly lodged a complaint against Sandy with the Fiscal for assault. Some time afterwards Sandy was taken before Sheriff Gilzean and tried for assault, and being asked whether he was guilty or not, he mentioned the provocation he received, and pled guilty to one "plow." "Well," says the Sheriff, "you must be fined twenty shillings, Sandy." Sandy immediately put his hand in

his pocket and paid the fine, and in doing so said, "what will she have to pay, ma Lort, for anoter 'plow.'" The Sheriff thinking that Sandy only meant it as a joke, said carelessly, "Oh, only other twenty shillings, Sandy;" when no sooner said, than Sandy struck the man a blow which felled him to the ground, they being both in the same seat. Throwing down the twenty shillings saying, at the same time, "Weel, ma Lort, if she'll hae the name she hae the profit," and Sandy made out of the Court-house very quickly, as the Sheriff mentioned the fine which would be for the second blow before the Court, so he could not punish Sandy more than that sum.

On another occasion, Sandy was examined as a witness at a Sheriff Court in some small debt case. When the oath was put to him, and was desired to repeat the fomula of "as I shall answer," Sandy transmogrified it into "as she will answer the Gospel," and on being told that he must repeat the words properly, he replied, "as she will answer to the ghost," when the Court became convulsed with laughter, and the Sheriff had to find an interpreter to put the oath to Sandy in Gaelic.

FINLAY M'LEAN.

FINLAY MACLEAN was a son of John Maclean, the nonagenarian, who wrote a book of old Legends and Stories connected with Inverness and the Highlands; he died at the advanced age of 100 years; Finlay was by profession a Printer, and also precentor in the West Church, here he also canvassed for orders for new publications, and during his peregrinations in the Highlands he wrote the following "Notes by the way side, in Stratherrick," in the year 1858.

The fine fishing streams of Tarff and Oich pass on each side of Fort-Augustus, being tributaries to the lake. It was in Glenbuck, the back-lying grounds which join the vale of Glentarff, that Prince Charles Edward Stewart and a few faithful followers dined on the evening of the

day after the battle of Culloden, the dinner-table being a circular one formed of turf, and which is still pointed out to those journeying in this romantic glen. At Cullachy, in the same range of valley, there are magnificent waterfalls well worth a visit. Three miles east of Fort-Augustus, on the south side of Loch Ness, at the base of a green swarded mountain washed by the waters of the lake, is the wonderful and spacious cave of the outlawed Corriena-Caorach, a notorious cattle-lifter, who for years resided in this subterraneous abode. In the immediate neighbourhood of this dreary habitation, there is a wild and dark ravine, through which the rapid waters of Glendoe pass, and where there is also a grand water-fall.

The traveller, after leaving Fort-Augustus, and passing the elevated hill of Suidh Chuiman, or Cumming's Seat, enters Stratherrick—a district of country that abounds with legends and associations of bypast times—shortly thereafter arrives at White Bridge, where there is a small but neat and comfortable inn. In this vicinity stretches back the delightful and winding green-swarded valley of Killin, until it joins the lands of Badenoch. This sweet glen has been for ages past proverbial for the luxuriant character of its grazings, and is almost equally well known for its shootings, the abundance of game being hardly surpassed in the North of Scotland. Here the noble lord of the manor, Lord Lovat, last season erected a princely lodge, the design of which does great credit to Mr Lawrie, architect, of this town, no less credit being also due to the builders and carpenters, Messrs Macdonald & Noble. An excellent roadway has been made in this romantic valley, along with other improvements. Killin, as a matter of course, abounds in legends of the days of yore, which it would be hopeless to overtake in a passing sketch like the present; but our readers will excuse us for reviving one of those venerable stories which attempts to account for the manner in which the glen became so notable for its luxuriant grazings. It appears that in the very olden time the Badenoch folks greatly envied the superior pasturage in some of the glens north of them, and offered a considerable sum of money to a well-known wizard who

lived amongst them, if he could manage to deprive the said glens, seven in number, of their grazing virtues, and overspread their own district with the same. This impossible-looking task the wizard at once undertook; and having journeyed thro' each of the glens, he managed to seize upon their respective grazing qualitics, coolly depositing the same in a large sheep-skin bag which he carried on his back. On returning homewards, however, with his treasure, the worthy was overtaken at the southernmost point of Killin, just as he was entering his native country of Badenoch, by another genius of the same fraternity, who, knowing what was going on, quietly thrust his knife into the precious bag carried by the robber of the glens, and immediately the contents—which the legend avouches to have been milk—were spilled, overflowing the glen from the top to the bottom! Such is the tale believed by the innocent and credulous peasantry of Stratherrick, who are thus at no loss to account for the fertility of the glen.

In the eastward course from White Bridge the country expands for some miles, the hills on either side appearing as if falling back from each other. The landscape now opens up with one of great beauty, large tracts of recently-claimed arable land meeting the eye in every direction. In passing, we were particularly struck with the nicely-arranged appearance of the ancient farm of Garthbeg, the residence for many centuries back of the Ceann Tigh, or head of the clan Mactavish in this country, many a scion of whom distinguished themselves in behalf of king and country. A brief outline of the history of this brave and gallant family may prove interesting to many readers. In the early part of the fifteenth century this sept of the clan Tavish located in Stratherrick was originated by a son of the Earl of Argyle, who had to remove from Argyleshire, and change his surname, on account of being involved in some deadly clannish foray. This person was called Tavish Mhor, or Big Tavish, and occupied the south side of Loch Garth, from Farraline to Garthbeg, selecting the latter place as his principal residence, and which has been occupied by his decendents in successive generations from

that period to the present time. These lands they held from the Lords of Lovat, under whose banner they invariably ranged, and fought when occasion required, either in defence of their country, or in the frequent feudal conflicts and raids. The Lord Lovat of the time always held Mactavish and his resolute band in high esteem as powerful auxiliaries on whom he could firmly rely, During the troubles in Scotland, John Mactavish of Garthbeg was a confidential agent and correspondent of the Earl of Athole regarding the state of this part of the Highlands, and the rising of the clans to join the gallant Marquis of Montrose in the royal cause, of which Garthbeg was a zealous adherent. At a subsequent period, John Mactavish of Garthbeg, called *Ian Dubh Chraggan*, eldest son of *Tavish MacIan*, and grandson of the before-mentioned John, served in the American wars, as a captain in General Simon Fraser of Lovat's regiment. His youngest son, Simon Mactavish, was an eminent merchant in London and Canada, and one of the founders of the Canada fur trade and the North-West Company. The occupancy of Garthbeg has remained all along in this family until within the last few years. The lineal descendant and representative of the family is Mr Duncan Mactavish, lately tacksman of Garthbeg, who is a great-grandson of Captain John Mactavish, and the nineteenth generation in regular succession from *Tavish Mhor*, the founder of the family. The house of Garthbeg is pleasantly situated on a rising ground overlooking the sweet and picturesque Loch Garth, a lake about a mile and a-half in length, and half a mile in breadth, teeming with red and black trout. In this neighbourhood, on the margin of a small lake on the Dell property, there is a spring well known in the district by the name of *Tobair na Oig*, or the Youthful Well. It appears that the water of this wonderful spring at one time not only had the power of curing all manner of disease, but also of renewing the age of the patients brought to it, by prolonging their days in this weary world. We suspect, however, that the virtues of this celebrated well have long since departed.

The ancient farm of Dalcrag, which we passed, could not fail to bring to mind the determined bravery of William Fraser, the tacksman of this farm, at the battle of Culloden. There, after the retreat of the Highlanders became general, Dalcrag remained behind for some minutes wielding his broadsword, and with such effect that almost at every blow an antagonist was laid prostrate ; and it was only when his hand became swollen in the hilt of his claymore that he desisted, and retreated in the direction of the river Nairn. His daring exploits had not escaped the observation of some of the Royalist officers, and two troopers were sent in pursuit of him. Of these he kept considerably a-head, till, on crossing the river, he unfortunately fell into a deep pool, the water reaching up to his neck. Whilst in this dilemma the troopers came up to him, one of whom was about to enter the river to assault him, when fortunately three of Lochiel's men, who were in hiding amongst the bushes on the side of the river, observing the perilous position of Dalcrag, one of them fired at the trooper, and killed him on the spot. The other soldier, fearing a like fate, made off at full speed to his regiment, and Dalcrag, being rescued from his dilemma by Lochiel's men, got back to his house in Stratherrick without further molestation. On learning that his chief and landlord, Lord Lovat, had been taken prisoner to London, beheaded, and his estates confiscated, Dalcrag vowed he would never shave his beard until he heard of the restoration of the family estates, a piece of good news which he lived to hear. Ever afterwards, he went by the cognomen of *Fear-na-Fhosaig*, or the Bearded Gentleman ; and for many years he regularly sent a boll of meal to Lochaber to the Lochiel man who was the means of saving his life. The ancient family of Dalcrag was at all times highly respected, being an early branch of the Frasers of Foyers, or Clan William. They occupied that farm for nearly three hundred years ; and the last of them still lives, the grandson of the gallant *Fear-na Fhosaig*, but, from adverse circumstances, he has been compelled to quit the home so long occupied by himself and ancestors. The first of the family who settled at Dalcrag was son to the Laird of Foyers, whose wife was

the daughter of Grant of Sheuglic. At the death of this lady, all the tenantry of Glen-Urquhart, to shew their respect to her remains, came to her funeral, bringing with them a large flag-stone, taken from Mealfourvonie, which they placed over her grave in the church-yard of Boleskine, being the first grave-stone of any kind that had ever been placed in that ancient place of interment, and which is to be seen to this day.

DOCTOR FORBES

DR WILLIAM WELSH FORBES was a native of Inverness; he received his education at the Inverness Royal Academy, and when finished of his education he took to the studying of medicine, surgery, &c. ; and after finishing his studies at the College, at Edinburgh, he returned to Inverness and commenced the profession of Medical Doctor and Surgeon, of which he was "Second to none."

He was returned to the Town Council in the year 1848, for the Second Ward, and continued a councillor for a period of 16 years, the electors holding him in great esteem, so that none could eject him, his politics being retrenchment and reduction of burgh taxation.

During his labours at the town council board, on different subjects relating to the burgh, a sum of £400 was requested in loan over subjects belonging to the burgh, and on applying at the Caledonian Bank, they refused the security, thinking the same not good enough, when the Dr. stated that he would advance the sum on the security offered, and which he did.

The electors sometime afterwards subscribed for a piece of silver plate for his services, which they presented to him, which cost about £150. He got unwell in the year 1864, and went to Cannes, in the south of France, for the benefit of his health, being a warmer climate, where he remained for some time, having been greatly restored to health and strength, and was returning to his native place, when he caught cold, and took ill at Edinburgh, where he

died on the 2d June 1864, much and justly regretted. The following stanzas were written on the day of his funeral :

*Absurd to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours.*—BLAIR.

Alas ! now gone from mortal view
A Clachuacuddin Sou, and true
As near it e'er was born ;
Call'd hence from friends and kindred near,
From uncle too, and sister dear—
Who deep his exit mourn.

For truth he priz'd all things above—
It made his tongue with pleasure move,
Though seemingly coufin'd :
It made him bold among his foes,
And true to *them* he would oppose
In language most refin'd.

Let heavenly cherubs light his way
To realms of never ending day,
Where spirits bright are found,—
And innocence supremely shine,
And love and virtue doth combine,—
With richest blessings crown'd.

How short our lifetime here below !
How full of trouble and of woe
Are all our fleeting days !
And how uncertain transient hours—
How suddenly stern Death on pours
His shaft in diff'rent ways !

The Rustic Muse this tribute pays—
And with regret the mind obeys
And sheds the briny tear ;
With sad reflection in the breast,
Which drowns all former peace and rest
That dwelt with friends sincere.

Peace to thy shade ! and lasting joy,—
May no rude sound thy peace annoy :
Now, Forbes ! fare thee well,
For all who knew thee deep deplore,
They, they shall ne'er behold thee more,
Who did in worth excel !

His younger brother, Dr George Forbes, greatly distinguished himself by his medical abilities in the Indian

army ; but more so for his having cultivated the cotton plant in India, during the last American War, when no cotton could be imported from the Northern States of America, except what was brought by the blockade runners, and for which he received much praise from Government. He also received various prizes, at an exhibition held in India at Broach, for a machine called "The Dharwar Cotton Packer ;" also a new "Cattle power Machine," for cleaning cotton cloth, for both which was awarded him first prizes ; and received thanks from the committee of the exhibition.

CHRONICLES OF THE CITY BY THE SEA.

EXPLANATION OF THE CHRONICLES OF THE CITY BY THE SEA. BOOK FIRST.

ALEX. MAGNUS, KING OF THE WHOLE NORTH.—The M P. for the Burgh of the time.

SOUTHERNLAND—Sntherland.

RODS OF IRON—Railroad.

CITY BY THE SEA—Inverness.

TURNUS OF THE HELM—A Steam-Boat Captain, now our Agent in town.

DONA THE HIGH PRIEST—One of the Clergymen of the Established Church.

SUTH—Sutherland, a House Factor in town.

TARTAN—One of the Clergymen of the Established Church, situated on the west side of the river.

DON—A Lawyer in town.

LEATHER—A Leather Merchant.

LEAN—Maclean, a retired gentleman

DALL—A clever Agent, and great Expounder of the Law.

GREAT SANHEDRIM—The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

CITY OF PALACES—Edinburgh.

RIVER LETHE—Water of Leith.

ROB—The Editor of an Old Established Newspaper in town.

ABONITZER—The Editor of a Second Paper in town.

POOLS OF ALLAN—Bridge of Allan, a place near Stirling.

SECOND BOOK.

APOLLYON—An Agent and Town-Councillor, now deceased.

JOHN—A Clergyman of the Established Church in town.

LYON—Chief Magistrate of the Burgh.

STREET OF THE TABERNACLE—Church Street.

HECTOR OF TROY—An Established Minister in the Presbytery of Inverness.

JANUS—January.

FLOWER OF THE FIELD AND LOCK OF A DOOR—A Teacher in the Sabbath School in the Established Church.

GAMALIEL—Procurator and Agent for the Established General Assembly.

CHAPTER I.

1. In the days of Alexander Magnus, King of the whole North, from the gates of the city called Fair even unto the confines of Southernland, which he ruled by

means of rods of iron, there arose a great commotion in in a part of his dominions known as the City by the Sea.

2. The chief man of the city was of the tribe of Lyon, albeit he was not valiant or strong, neither was wisdom often found in his mouth or in the mouths of his counsellors, the other rulers of the city.

3. And it so happened that in the city scribe rose against scribe, and priests of the holy tabernacle smote each other with their tongues and blasphemed, insomuch that the wrath of Heaven was kindled, great hailstones falling on the earth in the time of the blossoming of the fruit trees, and the grass and the tender herb were blasted in midsummer—these things confounding all the calculations of the wisest of the soothsayers, Turnus of the Helm.

4. In these days Dona, the high priest of the sect of the Remanents—which, being interpreted, means the last shreds of a garment—greatly vexed his brethren, and became a laughing-stock and a byeword amongst the people.

5. It came to pass that in the tabernacle of the Remanents the office of scribe became vacant by reason of the former scribe being gathered to his fathers, and the place being a good one, bringing yearly to the possessor thereof twenty and five pieces of gold of the stamp of the Queen of Victory, there was much striving amongst the brethren to obtain possession of the money.

6. And it happened that the high priest Dona had a familiar spirit of the name of Suth, who had for many years ministered unto Dona in worldly things, as a faithful steward over his property, and moreover he had trimmed the corners of the beards of the people, and poured oil on their heads; and being diligent in his calling, and a cunning workman, as well as a man of understanding and wisdom, Suth increased in goods, buying unto himself lands and houses, until at length he left his place of business in the Street of the Tabernacle, clothing himself in fine linen, and going up unto and making his abode on the top of a high hill overlooking the City of the Sea, none daring to make him afraid.

7. And Dona said unto Suth—Behold now, my faithful

friend, in whom my soul delighteth, would it not be well for thee that thou shouldest become the scribe of the Remanents, and so be possessed of the twenty and five pieces of gold with the image and superscription of the Queen of Victory?

8. Then Suth answered unto Dona, bowing himself to the earth—My lord has spoken wisely, may his shadow never be less, for behold I had a dream last night, wherein I saw mountains of gold, and thou hast shown me the interpretation thereof. So now, I pray my lord, as he loveth his servant, that he will speak to the priests and to the Levites with his fairest speech, and so secure for his servant this office with the annual tribute of money.

9. And Dona said—It shall be even as thou wilt, and he went unto his own house.

10. Now, there was another priest of the tribe of the Remanents, whose tabernacle was to the west of the river flowing through the City of the Sea. He was named Tartan, being the same whose forefather had come to Ashdod in olden times, as recorded in the Chronicle of the Kings. He was a man of ruddy countenance, fair to look upon, and his belly was as a round goblet filled with good things.

11. And Tartan also had a friend and familiar spirit, one Don, a small man, black and not over comely. He was an expounder of the deep things of the law, and his soul also thirsted after the twenty-five pieces of gold, and Tartan spoke unto him words of encouragement similar to those spoken by the high priest unto Suth.

12. Then the forces joined for battle, and the war of words raged for a great space between the friends of Suth and of Don.

13. On the appointed day the priests and elders of the people assembled together in the tabernacle to make choice of a scribe.

14. And they were all polled, head by head, and lo! the numbers were equal for Suth and Don. And they were thus like unto an ass between two bundles of hay, not knowing whither to turn.

15. Then Tartan, who for that day occupied the high-

est seat in the synagogue, lifted up his voice and said, that according to the usages of their fore-fathers in like cases, known and recorded in the laws of Moses, he had the right of being equal to two polls, and it behoved him to give his second poll unto Don, the expounder of law, rather than unto him whose scissors, by the clipping of beards, had cut out for himself a habitation on the hill overlooking the city.

16. So the office of scribe, with the annual tribute of twenty and five pieces of gold, was given unto Don. And all the people cried Amen.

17. But Dona, the chief priest, looked unutterable things in the face of the multitude, and he was vexed unto the very soul, saying unto himself as he journeyed towards his house—Can these things be? Shall I submit to be thus vanquished by the man Tartan and his host, whom I despise, and shall Suth, the friend of my bosom, lose the twenty and five pieces of gold which I had set apart for him? And Dona determined to be revenged of his enemies, swearing a great oath by the Golden Calf, which he worshipped in secret and out of the sight of the congregation.

18. Now, there happened to be amongst the elders of the people who had polled for Don as the appointed scribe two men named Leather and Lean, both of them held in repute amongst the brethren as men of substance and understanding.

19. And the chief priest bethought him that these men had not been appointed elders according to the customs of their fathers, and he called the other priests together, and said unto them—Behold now, my brethren, what a grievous wrong ye have done unto me and my friend Suth, for whercas Suth should have filled the place of scribe, it hath been given to another, against all the laws of Moses, and by means of these men Leather and Lean, whose polls should not have come within the holy tabernacle, and who should therefore share the fate of the Prophet Jonah, and be cast overboard.

20. And the brethren—all but Tartan, who stood apart—after much communing together, said one to

another—Let it be as our high priest willeth, for verily we have erred grievously. Leather and Lean must be shut out of the tabernacle in sacred things, and Suth shall be our scribe. Perish the name of the expounder of law, who hath crept in amongst us even as a wolf entereth into the sheepfold.

21. So the heart of the high priest rejoiced greatly, and Suth made himself ready to descend from the shadow of his vine and fig-tree on the hill, and to take up the pen of the scribe in the very heart of the city.

22. But the days of confusion and trouble amongst the priests and Levites were not yet over.

CHAPTER II.

1. Towards the west of the City by the Sea there dwelt a cunning scribe of the name of Dall. He was of the tribe of the Sophists or Pleadors, men who hired themselves for money to make speech in favour either of the righteous against the wicked or of the wicked against the righteous, thus setting at nought the Ten Tables of the Law.

2. Nevertheless Dall was high in favour with the priests over all the land, and the rulers of the city had taken him into their counsels, and made him keeper of the whole chronicles of the city. The fame of the man was noised abroad even from Dan to Beersheeba, so that on any matter going amiss in the tabernacle, both priests and people cried out with one voice—Send for Dall, and let a chariot and horses be brought forth to bring him hither, for verily, excepting the man whose name is as that of a proscribed race of kings, lie alone in all the north is read aright in the deep things of the law and the prophets.

3. And Leather and Lean, who had been cast out of the tabernacle, came unto Dall, and they told him all that had happened unto them through the high priest. And the men were greatly troubled in spirit.

4. Then said Dall, lifting up his voice and swearing an oath by the bones of his ancestor, the Macedonian conqueror, as I live, this accursed thing shall not be; for behold now the time of the Great Sanhedrim draweth nigh, and peradventure his scrip be fully replenished for the journey, thy servant shall at once go up to their place of meeting.

in the City of Palaces, and do battie in the cause, even as one of old went up unto Ramoth-Gilcad and smote the Philistines.

5. So the men covenanted together, and the cunning scribe being provided with abundance of gold and clean linen, set out on his journey to the City of Palaces, which stood hard by the River Lethe, or Water of Forgetfulness, and at a distance from the City by the Sea of about one hundred and fifty furlongs.

CHAPTER III.

1. Now, it came to pass that whilst Dall, the cunning scribe and counsellor of the city, was on his way to the meeting of the Sanhedrim, a great disturbance arose between Dona, the chief priest, and a man of the city, who, although not a scribe of the law, was giving to very much writing.

2. This man's name was Rob, a mighty man of valour with the pen. Every seventh day he printed his writings in a book, telling of all that was done in the City by the Sea and the parts lying adjacent, and even unto the very ends of the earth. And the name of his book was like unto that of a swift runner.

3. The man Rob was also in repute amongst the learned, for he knew more regarding the words of some of the poets and prophets of the nation than they had known themselves, garnishing up the writing of one sweet singer in Israel lest the nostrils of the people should be offended by them. This singer, whose name was as the shaking of a warlike implement, had been buried with his fathers for the space of three hundred years, and Rob received money to take away his reproach.

4. But some of the wise men wondered exceedingly, shaking their heads, and asking each other, is Rob also among the prophets that he should do this thing? Also it was said by the envious that Rob did oftentimes in his book make false the chronicles of the city and adjacent parts.

5. Nevertheless, Rob grew in riches and honour, building unto himself a great house by the side of a wood near the city, and delighting many men by the honied

words of his mouth, insomuch that of the sect of the Remanents he was highly favoured, becoming with the chief priest of the sect like as were Saul and Jonathan of old, they sitting at meat together, eating out of the same dish, and also drinking great goblets of a hot kind of liquor to the health of each other and the ruin of the inner man—which custom was not known to Moses nor to any of the Jewish lawgivers, and was believed to be of evil augury.

6. And there was also in the city another man of letters of the name of Abonitzer, who employed a press and round rollers to print characters on paper for the enlightenment of the city and the nations scattered around the coasts of the north. The man Abonitzer was also held in some esteem, many people believing in him, for they said he sometimes speaketh the truth in his book—which book was given forth to the people three times in every week, and the price of it was equal to that of the Roman *obolus* or penny. Hence the saying, which passed into a proverb—*Date obolum Abonitzero*.

7. Now Abonitzer was of the sect of the Frees, so called because in times long byepast they had shaken off the yoke which Cæsar Erastus was wistful to place around their necks, and in the doing of which they had also shaken the Tabernacle of the Nation until all the pillars thereof trembled, even as Sampson had shaken down the house of Dagon, and it came to the ground with a mighty noise. Thus was Abonitzer looked on with an evil eye by the sect of the Shreds or Remanents, of whom Dona, friend of Rob, was the chief priest.

8. Now, it came to pass that Rob, in his chronicles given to the people on the fifth day of the week, said many severe and ungracious things concerning Dona and the meeting of the priests, at which holy convocation, led by Dona, they had sought to put in the place of honour the trimmer of beards over the man learned in the laws.

9. Thereat Dona's wrath was kindled mightily, and he said—I will avenge myself. I will go and see the man Abonitzer, peradventure he may come to the help of the weak against the mighty, for my words on holy days to

the congregation of the tabernacle are as naught in power to the printed letters sent out by Abonitzer. Verily, my brother with whom I have eaten and drunken has played false unto me, and all peoples and tongues shall know of his treachery.

10. So he came to the man of many books, and he told him of the deeds of Rob. And Abonitzer wist not what to think, for he being of the sect of the Frees, the face of the chief priest of the Remanents had heretofore been turned away from him as from the coil of the serpent.

11. Nevertheless, he said unto the high priest—Oh Dona, greatest amongst thy people, and excelling them all as an expounder of the law and the prophets, I will not of mine own accord say a word against the man, Rob, whose praise is in the tabernacles of the Remanents, but thou, if it so pleaseth thee, may write down the words of thy mouth, and I will print them in my book, and send them to all the coasts of the north, yea even unto the uttermost ends of the earth.

12. Then was Dona comforted, and he took a pen and wrote down some words bitter as gall against Rob and Rob's sons and men-servants. Rob, he said, had become greatly lukewarm towards the sect of the Remanents, in his latter years preferring rather another sect known by the name of Attitudinarians, which was believed to have some connection with Eden, albeit many thought it was a paradise of fools.

13. And Abonitzer printed the words of Dona, and sent them forth to all the world; and when the people saw them they marvelled exceedingly, saying—Of a truth, surely an evil spirit, even Satan himself, hath entered into the high priest.

CHAPTER IV.

1. Meanwhile, the high priest departed, as did Dall also, to the city of Palaces, in order that they might set forth their respective causes before the great Council of the Sanhedrim.

2. The priests and the Levites, to the number of many hundreds, met at the Council. And they came every man attired in raiment black as the wing of a carrion fowl, save

and except a stripe of linen white as snow, which was bound round their necks in token of the purity of their lives. Whilst in the Council settling holy things, each man looked as grave as the Father of the Faithful, yet every day about the fifth hour they fared sumptuously, making merry with their friends, and drinking much boiling liquor of a kind unknown to the patriarchs.

3. And Dona and Dall came before the men clothed in black, also there came with them two of the Sophists or Pleaders.

4. But behold, great was the astonishment of Dona when the expounder of the laws of the Sanhedrim rose and said that Dona had erred grievously in meddling with the Levites, Leather and Lean, seeing that in the books of the Sanhedrim these men were reckoned as true and proper Levites, fit to minister in all sacred and worldly things in connection with the tabernacle. And he said, moreover, that Dona and the brethren were ignorant men, unskilled in the books of Moses and the laws of the Sanhedrim.

5. When Dall heard this, he cried out—Most righteous judges; and he clapped his hands, and raised his eye glass to his eye the better to observe the countenance of Dona, which of a sudden became of an exceeding great length.

6. Then Dona went his way, and for a space hid himself, being much abashed and cast down, insomuch that he took to bathing his head every morning with cold water at the Pools of Allan, being so advised by one of the wisest of the physicians.

7. And all the people, even of the seet of the Remanents, rejoiced greatly, saying, in the language of their forefathers of old, it is well, for verily, according to a true proverb, although not recorded by Solomon, there is nothing like Leather—a saying which is in use by the common people even unto the present day.

8. But the days of Dona's humiliation were not yet ended, nor was his spirit broken, for again taking a pen in his hand, he wrote an epistle against Rob in length about two cubits and a half, setting forth that Rob was not in

his eyes so wicked as he had been called, only that the man was in the hands of children, weak and evil counsellors, and had thus lost his great reputation for knowledge and wisdom, also hurting himself in the opinion of righteous men like Dona.

9. Now, when Rob came to look upon these words his wrath was kindled into fury, and he also took a pen, and he wrote down regarding Dona the innermost thoughts of his heart, printing the same in the book which he gave forth on the fifth day of the week.

10. And the words of Rob concerning Dona were hot and scalding as molten lead when poured into the mouth, and equally difficult to swallow, for Dona was set down as worse than all the publicans and sinners of the land, and declared to be so wicked that the people marvelled greatly he was allowed to cumber the ground, and that the earth did not open and swallow him up even as it did Cora, Dathan, and Abiram.

11. Also, if these things were true of Dona, they were sorely amazed to know how it was that Rob had so long been the bosom friend of the chief priest.

12. But this was a matter no man could explain. Only some said that it was a custom in the City by the Sea that men should eat and drink together and speak fair words to each other, their hearts all the while being filled by malice and uncharitableness the one toward the other, even as the Jews hated the men of Samaria.

13. There was woe of old denounced on the Seribes and Pharisees for their hypoerisy, yet notwithstanding, as was commonly believed, many of the great men in the City by the Sea were no better than these.

14. In this manner it came to pass that Don, the expounder of law, became scribe in the tabernacle of the faithful, every year about the time of the first singing of birds putting into his pocket for the office the twenty and five pieces of pure gold with the image of the Queen of Victory.

15. Now, the rest of the Chronieles of the City by the Sea are they not written by Dall, the city counsellor, and kept amongst the records of the city?

BOOK THE SECOND. CHAPTER I.

1. In the fourteenth year of the reign of Alexander Magnus, King of the North, and while his chief minister, called Apollyon, ruled over the City by the Sea, new and sore tribulations came upon the Priests and Levites.

2. In these days the rumour went out that some of the pastors of the people had gone astray and become foolish, leaving their flocks to wander abroad as sheep without a shepherd, so that the folds of the Remanents and the folds of the Frees were being confounded together the one with the other, insomuch that they were hard to be known in the land.

3. Now, it happened that among the priests of the Remanents was a young man of the name of John.

4. He was the priest appointed to minister with the high priest Dona in the chief tabernacle of the Remanents. He being of comely appearance and fair spoken, and moreover being skilled in music, and in the law and the prophets, the man John was held in much esteem by many people of understanding in the city, as also by all the virgins of the congregation who were wishful to be led to their espousals.

5. But behold, the young man had enemies, and it came to be noised abroad regarding him that at sundry times and in divers places he did set aside and neglect the ordinances of Moses concerning the purity of the priesthood, as laid down by the Jewish lawgiver in the Book of Leviticus, and that he consumed much wine and strong drink after the manner which Solomon recommended to those who were ready to perish; also it was said that he was the friend of publicans and of sinners.

6. And it came to pass that on one of the days of preparation for the Feast of the Passover it behoved the young man John to officiate in the tabernacle, leading the congregation of the faithful amongst the Remanents in praise and prayer.

7. But when John rose to speak to the people and to prepare them for the solemn feast, behold it was verily believed that there was something amiss with his utterance. One said, he is a babbler, and others, his speech betrayeth

him, and some of the congregation came to think that John's speech was thick by reason of much liquor which had entered into him before he came nigh to the tabernacle to edify the people.

8. And all this, and much more, which was said of John, was carried before the elders of the congregation.

9. And the elders, being all men of great sobriety, and who never looked at the wine when it sparkleth in the cup, were astonished, and the young man was called into their presence.

10. Then he lifted up his voice and said—Most reverend fathers and brethren, Mine enemies hath verily put this thing on me, for as I live, on the day of preparation I was even as a Rechabite and a Nazarene, no liquor saving water entered my mouth, although peradventure, by reason of bodily infirmities, my speech might seem as the speech of one who had tarried too long at the wine-cup. And the young man was bold as a lion, daring his accusers to come before him face to face.

11. Then there came to light a thing whereat all the people of the city greatly marvelled, for lo ! of all the congregation of the Remanents who had come to humble themselves on the day of preparation there was not one male in the tabernacle, all those present being elderly women, along with a few young damsals, so that no man could be found to make accusation against John.

12. Nevertheless, the elders of the people, being filled by malice, and albeit themselves absent on the preparation day eating and drinking and making merry, raised a great clamour, saying that the women had spoken truly, that John was worse than a heathen and an idolater, and deserved to share the fate of Nadab and Abihu, sons of Aaron, who for the kindling of strange fire had perished at the altar.

13. So it came to pass that the reports of the aged women and the virgins were given ear to, the elders saying each to the other that a great iniquity had been done in Israel, and that the name of John should be blotted out from amongst them.

CHAPTER II.

1. Amongst the enemies of the young man was the chief ruler of the city, who was of the tribe of Lyon. In his youth he had followed in the footsteps of his fathers, descendants of Tubal Cain, and had wrought in iron and in brass in the Street of the Tabernacle, until some one had given to him a piece of ground lying at some distance beyond the sea, which he had let out on hire, getting in return much gold for the same.

2. Now, in all matters pertaining to the ordinances of the Tabernacle the man Lyon was exceeding zealous. On holy days and Sabbaths it was his custom to call out the officers of the city, each one clothed in red and blue raiment, with a three-cornered covering on his head, and bearing a warlike weapon in his hand, and the officers were commanded to walk before him and the other rulers of the city, and going in unto the tabernacle, to raise up the head-dress of the rulers and to hang up the same on pins in sight of the whole congregation. All which was done in testimony of these men's anxiety for the purity of public worship.

3. There was another elder of the people who had turned away his countenance from John, and would have none of him. He was a little man, of sour aspect, and his repute for wisdom was like unto his stature, albeit the man had at a certain period been for a space the chief ruler of the city. But his enemies said that this was at the time of the great dearth amongst all the coasts of the north, and when in Samaria an ass's head was sold for thirty pieces of silver. And the man was commonly known by the name of a fish much eaten by the lower orders of the people.

4. Now, these Levites brought their followers together in goodly number, all men and women of virtue and discretion, and they sat and looked at each other with very long faces, as if sorely troubled in spirit, and saying—Of a verity a great sin has being wrought this day, from which the courts of the tabernacle must be purged, else we shall all be no better than Sodom and Gomorrah, and be burned up by fire,

5. So, after much lamentation and shaking of heads, this assembly of the people laid their polls together, and in process of time it became a settled matter that the young man John was to be handed over to his brethren the priests of the Remanents, to be dealt with according to the commandments of Moses and the laws of the Sanhedrim.

6. And the chief ruler of the city would go no more unto the front seat of the tabernacle whilst John was instructing the people, for they said that the place was defiled by reason of his presence; neither were their head-covering, from that time forth, taken off their heads by the officers of the city and set on pins in sight of the people.

7. These things being so, the young man was greatly vexed in spirit, and was much downcast, insomuch that he threw ashes on his head, saying unto himself—What shall I do? Mine enemies prevail against me, and I have no friend in this mine extremity. Verily, the only man who can keep me from falling into the pit digged for me is the mighty man Dall, keeper of the records of the city, and who in times byegone saved Leather and Lean from being cast out of the congregation of the Remanents presided over by Tartan the priest.

8. So John arose, and he came and presented himself before Dall, in his house towards the west of the city, telling him all that had befallen him.

9. Then the cunning scribe, throwing back his head, and taking his eye-glass from his pocket, spoke to the young man, saying—Friend John, do not, I pray thee, trouble thyself with this congregation of fools, nor do thou answer them according to their folly, for verily wisdom crieth out in the tabernacle of the Remanents and no man regardeth her, there being no soundness among the elders of the people, who have become like unto infirm old women.

10. And Dall spoke yet further, saying—Possess thy soul in patience, for no harm shall come to thee so long as I am at thy side. Leave thou these men alone, and let them do even as they wilt. Destruction followeth their footsteps, sure as a shadow followeth a man.

11. When he heard these words, the young man was greatly comforted, and his courage revived, the cheerfulness of his visage returning unto him.

12. Yet the elders of the people, stubborn and stiff-necked, came no more to hearken unto John in the tabernacle, Dona being the only man to whom they would listen.

CHAPTER III.

1. Now, on the twentieth and first day of the tenth month all the priests of the Remanents dwelling in and about the City by the Sea assembled themselves together in an antechamber of the eastern tabernacle, to consider what was to be done in the case of the young man John.

2. Their great zeal in holy things brought together a goodly number of the priests on that day.

3. Dona and Tartan were there, priests of the city. From the east, whence are all the wise men, came the stout and valiant Hector—called of Troy, seeing that one of his ancestors had been at the siege of that famous city. From the west came the man known as Naught. Likewise there were many others, men of great learning and wisdom, from various parts of the north.

4. Having offered up prayer and supplication for guidance and direction in this important matter, the holy convocation proceeded with their business.

5. They called witnesses from all corners of the city and adjoining parts to give testimony as to the conduct of the young man John. They summoned up his maid-servants, the friends of his bosom, and all with whom they suspected he had been eating and drinking. Yea, also, the watchman of the night were brought before the convocation, to testify regarding the time and manner of the young man leaving the dwellings of his friends.

6. Also they called to their help two cunning men of the law, scribes of the city, of much repute, instructing them diligently to seek out the manner of life of the young man.

7. And there was much running to and fro in the city for many days by reason of this business.

8. Spies were sent abroad to look into the books of the

dealers in strong drinks, and to report as to how much John had taken to his house to make merry with his friends. And the spies came unto one merchant of liquors, but the man refused to shew his writings, saying, Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?

9. The people marvelled exceedingly, for they believed their priests to be men of discretion, versed in all the wisdom of Solomon, and lo! they seemed now as the foolish ones, void of understanding, and forgetful of all the weightier matters of the law.

10. But these men, being determined to cast John out of the tabernacle, sat in the antechamber from day to day, from the hour of mid-day until long beyond the time of the setting of the sun, seeking out matter of accusation against their brother.

11. It came to pass in this manner that the footsteps of John were followed into every house in and beyond the city, so that the young man became like unto the partridge or wild deer that is hunted on the mountain.

12. And on the fifteenth day of the twelfth month, having gathered together all the stories regarding John, as into a book, the holy convocation met in the antechamber and resolved to lay all the writings before Gamaliel, the chief scribe of the Sanhedrim, dwelling in the City of Palaces. So all the records were sent unto him.

CHAPTER IV.

1. Now, at the opening of the month Janus, there was great merriment and revelry in the City by the Sea. As was the custom of the country, the people at this season laughed, as also they sang and danced, no man knowing why; and moreover, they ate greedily of sweet meats, also drinking much strong liquors, by reason of which latter they oftentimes reeled about the streets, falling to the ground and mistaking the very stones for bread, in the eyes of the wise men thus becoming like unto the unclean swine, not discerning good from evil.

2. And at this season the young women of the city arrayed themselves in their best apparel, going mincing about the streets, their garments spread out all around them to the extent of many cubits, and being raised above

their feet in the manner of the proud and haughty daughters of Zion, as abhorred by the greatest of the Prophets.

3. And in the evenings, notwithstanding the great circumference of their garments, in the which the young women stood like the poles in the tents of Kedar, they met and danced with the young men of the city, being employed throughout the day in carrying tales from dwelling to dwelling, and in looking into the shops of the makers of head-dresses and the sellers of silk. They also at all times played on a certain musical instrument, the name of which signified at once gentleness and strength, being instructed therein as the most useful of domestic employments, better by far, as was commonly believed, than preparing meats for the fathers and brothers, or being instructed in the books of the Prophets.

4. At this season the children of the people also danced and made merry, likewise drinking much of a water made from the juice of the lemon, and eating much fruits and baked meats, in this way destroying their inward parts for many days to come.

5. On the fourth day of the month, as was the custom at this time of rejoicing, there was a great meeting of the young people of the Remanents, called together by those who had care of the children on the Sabbath days, at which time they were called together for instruction in the Sacred Books. The meeting was called a festival, seeing that there was great store of fruit and sweet bread to be eaten.

6. And the meeting of the children took place in the eastern tabernacle of the Remanents. Much people were there, likewise many of the priests, with Dona and Tartan and their wives and families, as also some of the elders of the people.

7. Among the priests at the meeting was the young man John, who was wont to instruct the children on the evenings of the holy days—a custom omitted by Dona and Tartan, seeing that these men were paid yearly about one skekel of gold on account that they ministered in other places on these evenings, the one in the Castle of the Malefactors, and the other in the Palace of the Possessed,

so called because it was a great house kept for all the poor of the north who were possessed of devils.

8. And there was a young man of tall stature and fair aspect, whose name was like unto a flower of the field and the lock of a door. He was chief instructor of the children, and he wrote down on a paper all the names of those whom he wished to speak to the young people on the night of the meeting.

9. Now, the name of John was set down on the record kept by the chief instructor of the children as that of one who was to speak to the people. But, behold, another record had been given to Dona, who for that night occupied the highest place in the synagogue, overlooking the whole multitude, and the name of John was not set down therein.

10. And it thus came to pass that when John rose to speak words of wisdom to the congregation, the priest Dona refused to hear him on behalf of the people, whom he told to depart to their homes as the business was over. And asking the blessing of Heaven on their proceedings, and taking his hat in his hand, the high priest left the place, shaking the dust of the tabernacle off his feet. And Tartan departed also, along with some of the weaker of the brethren.

11. And there was great confusion in the congregation, many of the people hissing like unto serpents and speaking words of imprecation.

12. Then arose the valiant scribe Dall, friend of John, and he spoke in a loud voice, saying—Let these men go. They are altogether given over to their own conceits, and their names stink in our very nostrils. And casting his nose up towards Heaven, he said further—Verily, this is an iniquity indeed, that they should strive to shut the man John out of his own tabernacle.

13. And John, moved to great indignation, also lifted up his voice to the people, saying, Behold, now, men and brethren, what these men have done unto thy servant, who has come in and out among you for years, teaching and instructing the youth of the Remanents, his enemies being the judges; and lo! this thing has come to pass,

that having brought a railing accusation against thy servant, they try to shut his mouth at the yearly festival of the children, albiet no crime whatever has yet been charged against him. Friends, said the young man, Am I not persecuted without a cause, and with a malice like unto that shown by the great Adversary when he afflicted the good man Job?

14. Then all the multitude shouted aloud, and their voice was as the voice of many waters, saying—Away with Dona and the unrighteous judges who have perverted judgment. Let them be hanged as high as was Haman, and leave to us the young man John, who hath approved himself in all counsel and understanding.

15. So the voice of the people prevailed, and the young man John was that same night taken to the house of one of the rulers of the city, as was Dall also, being there sumptuously entertained, and told to be of good cheer.

CHAPTER V.

1. Now, when Gamaliel, chief scribe and adviser of the Council of the Sanhedrim, whose dwelling was in the City of Palaces, came to look on the writing of accusation which had been drawn up against John, he sat down, and diligently read over the whole scroll, line by line, to the very end of the matter, even unto the last leaf of the book, which was numbered the three-hundred and seventy-sixth.

2. Then he called one of his servants, saying, Take this wicked scroll away, which is an abomination unto me, and let it be cast upon the dunghill, as a hissing and a reproach to the priests and Levites of the City by the Sea.

3. And Gamaliel spoke yet further, communing with himself, What have these men to do that they should waste the days of their manhood in framing accusations against a brother? Let them look unto themselves, examining very closely as to their keeping every jot and tittle of the law, and let them be as men of understanding, giving heed no more for ever unto the tales of the elderly women.

4. So the servant of Gamaliel, lifting up an implement used to put coals on the fires of the household, took the wicked scroll, and cast it forth on the dunghill, where it lay and rotted for a length of days.

5. In this manner John triumphed over his enemies, who were filled with shame and confusion.

6. Now, all these things, and the many others as well, pertaining to the reign of Alexander Magnus, are they not faithfully given by the great Dall, in his Book of the Retributions, as kept by him amongst the other records of the city?

THE BLACK WATCH.

THE Black Watch, or 42 Regiment, one of the companies of which was embodied at Inverness, under the command of Col. Fraser of Lovat: a second company under the command of Col. Grant of Strathspey; and the third company under the command of Col. Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis, who commanded the whole regiment at the battle of Fontenoy.

The Black Watch was first embodied as a sort of Highland National Guard to keep the peace among the Clans, to prevent them from making raids on one another, and the sombre tartan of the Highland Guard procured for them the name of the "Black Watch," to distinguish them from the regulars, who were called by the Highlanders the "Red Soldiers," their coats, waistcoats, and breeches being then of scarlet cloth, but every Scottish heart warms at the sight of the 42d tartan.

The following poetry appeared in the *Inverness Courier* in August 1869.—By DUGALD DHU.

AIR.—ANDREW AND HIS CUTTY GUN.

Chorus.—Brave, brave, and gallant are they!

Brave sodgers every man;

Auld Scotland kens their value;

Pick o' men frae every clan.

When old Demosthenes essayed
To praise the might of Attic Greece,
By magnitude of them dismayed
In mute despair he held his peace.
But had he lived to know the feats
Our Scottish Kilted Heroes do,
His best "Philippic" had broke down
In praise of Regiment "Forty-two."
Brave, brave, &c.

Who at Corunna's grand retreat,
 When far outnumbered by the foe,
 The Patriot Moore made glorious bolt
 Like setting sun in fiery glow.
 Before us foamed the rolling sea,
 Behind the carrion eagle flew :
 But Scotland's "Watch" proved Gallia's match,
 And won the game by "Forty-two."

When Bonaparte tried to win
 Possession of the "Eastern Key,"
 "The Watch" was at the Frenchmen's heels,
 And in the heart of the *melee*.
 The brave Sir Ralph took soldier's rest
 When he had given the deil his due ;
 Gaul's eagle vanished all at once,—
 A captive of the "Forty-two."

But while we glory in the corps
 We'll mind the martial brethern too,
 The Ninety Second,* Seventy Ninth,
 And Seventy First—all Waterloo ;
 The Seventy Second—Seventy Fourth,
 The Ninety Third—all tried and true ;
 The Seventy Eight—real "Men of Ross,"
 Come count their honours, "Forty-two."

* An Invernessian named Harold Chisholm, who died some years ago, was a private in the 92d Gordon Highlanders ; and was at the actions of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo. During a part of the last eventful day, a French General Officer was observed galloping with his horse through the lines of the British Army, cutting down with his sword all who opposed him ; when some of the officers of the Highland Regiments called out,—“ Will no person cut or bring down that Frenchman,” when Harold Chisholm immediately stepped out of the ranks, took aim and fired, wounding the Frenchman in the leg, when he tumbled off his horse and was immediately made prisoner and taken to the rear, when a general cheer was given to Harold by both officers and men. Harold had only 6d per day of pension, for a number of years.

A general cattle show was at one time held in Inverness ; the dinner took place in a large wooden shed, built in the Academy Park for the occasion. Many of the highest gentlemen were present, and who were in the action of Waterloo, viz :—the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Tweeddale, and some other officers ; Capt. Ewen Ross, brother of the late Colonel Ross of Teadrish, Fort-William, was also present ; after the company sat down, before taking dinner, the gentlemen spoke upon different topics, and the Marquis of Tweeddale informed the Duke of Richmond that he saw and spoke to the French general who came on the lines at Waterloo cutting down all before him, and that he kept a large hotel in Paris ; and, says the Duke of Richmond, “ Is the Highlander still alive who took him down, and was there ever any thing done for him,” when the Marquis answered that he could not say, when Capt. Ewen Ross, who knew the circumstances, remarked that the man was still alive, and residing in Inverness, and that nothing had ever been done for him, and all he had was 6d per day. The Duke immediately took out his pencil and eard case, and wrote down Harold's address, when shortly after he received a communication from the War office, with an addition of 6d per day to his pension.

THE END.

ERRATUM—page 129 last line, and page 126 first line, FOR in procession, preceded by a number of pipers. His body-guard were the Magistrates, &c.

READ—in procession, preceded by a number of pipers, as his body-guard. Then followed the Magistrates, &c.





