



THE GORDON BOOK

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THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON, K.G.
From the painting by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., in Gordon Castle.

THE GORDON BOOK

EDITED
BY JOHN
MALCOLM
BULLOCH


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The Object of this Book.

THIS Book has been prepared in connection with the Bazaar held to raise funds to build a Public Institute at Fochabers. An attempt has been made to make the Book one of strong local interest. It has been built up round the family of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, in view of the close relationship of his House with the town of Fochabers, and the keen interest which His Grace, and the members of his family, have always displayed in the Library and Reading-room. The Editor (who has never set foot in Fochabers) has to thank the various contributors, and the local Committee, notably Mr. John Tully, for their assistance.



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The Richmond and Gordons at Gordon Castle.



RICHMOND, GORDON, LENNOX! How these illustrious and noble titles and names make our memories and imaginations course through the history of Scotland, England—even of the Continent of Europe. By one retrospective bound, we are in the earldom of Lennox with King Malcolm Canmore. A move nearer to this present century, and we are encamped by Gordon Castle with the courageous and intrepid Graham, Earl of Montrose. Again, we are amongst the din and turmoil of the Peninsular War, away at Orthez, weeping with the great Duke of Wellington over a brave and plucky British officer who is struck down with a bullet and the surgeons pronounced the wound mortal.

Nearer still, the fourth Duke of Gordon, fearing that his son would die without issue—which he did—has entailed his estates on his noble grandson. Then we find the princely estates attached to Gordon Castle devolving to Charles, fifth Duke of Richmond, whose (maternal) grandparents were Alexander, the fourth Duke of Gordon, and the romantic, genial, and generous Duchess, Jane Maxwell. Another move forward of the mind, and we arrive at the date when the Russian War is ended, and Europe, to all intents and purposes, has started on a new era of peace.

See the father and mother of the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon! Around them, their young daughters; the Earl of March (now our beloved Duke), with his own family; his brothers, Lords Henry, Alexander, and George. What a galaxy of true nobility! See the soldier father (who, by the careful nursing of his army surgeon, Dr. Hair, did not succumb to the enemy's bullet at Orthez),

the hero of many a war-like struggle on the battlefields of the Peninsula ; the brave, the ever reliable, and favourite officer of Wellington ; the *aide-de-camp* who never flinched from duty, however hazardous ; who spent continuous days and nights in the saddle, alone in the enemy's territory, with nothing but his goodly sword by his side, literally cutting his way to reach the goal, with despatches on which Britain's fate depended (*vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*) ; the history of whose indomitable "go" and pluck eclipse anything in the military records of purely legitimate service ; the soldier's friend, courteous, kind, impartial, but firm ; first in the orderly room, always ready for parade ; possessed of singleness of purpose, depth of affection for his home, his children, and their adored mother—Charles, fifth Duke of Richmond, is a splendid type of what a British officer should be.

See his noble Duchess (the eldest daughter of Lord Anglesey, the hero of Sahagun), possessing every quality that can grace a woman's character, and a beauty unmatched ; a loving mother ; a devoted, affectionate wife ; her noble husband, her home, her children, her grandchildren, being her only care, her only joy. Even now I see them, far away as it may seem, when Alma and Inkerman had just been fought, and the memory of these battles was but green, enjoying in the autumn, after a long journey from their English estate, Goodwood, Sussex, the bracing and invigorating freedom of their Highland home at Castle Gordon, having, for the nonce, quitted the sultry atmosphere of the London season, to chase the red deer, follow the roe, or land the trout and salmon by the banks of the rapid Spey.

Finding that the satisfactory control of the extensive Gordon estates called for much anxious energy and exhaustive administration, his Grace, resolved to do his utmost for his tenantry, had reluctantly retired from active service ; and at the date mentioned is devoted to agriculture. At the Smithfield cattle shows his Southdowns carry everything before them. They are not only reared at Goodwood, but they are descended from sheep bred there. Here is a thorough and



GORDON CASTLE.

From a Photograph, taken specially for this book, by Mr. W. F. Webster, Chanonry, Old Aberdeen.

a veritable English farmer for you. Ever a friend to the old soldier and veteran, he is also a splendid friend to the agriculturist. He holds all cant and hypocrisy in utter detestation. Rigidly adhering to the close observance of the Sabbath especially, he always sets a pious example, and is firmly attached to the Protestant religion ; a soldier and a man !

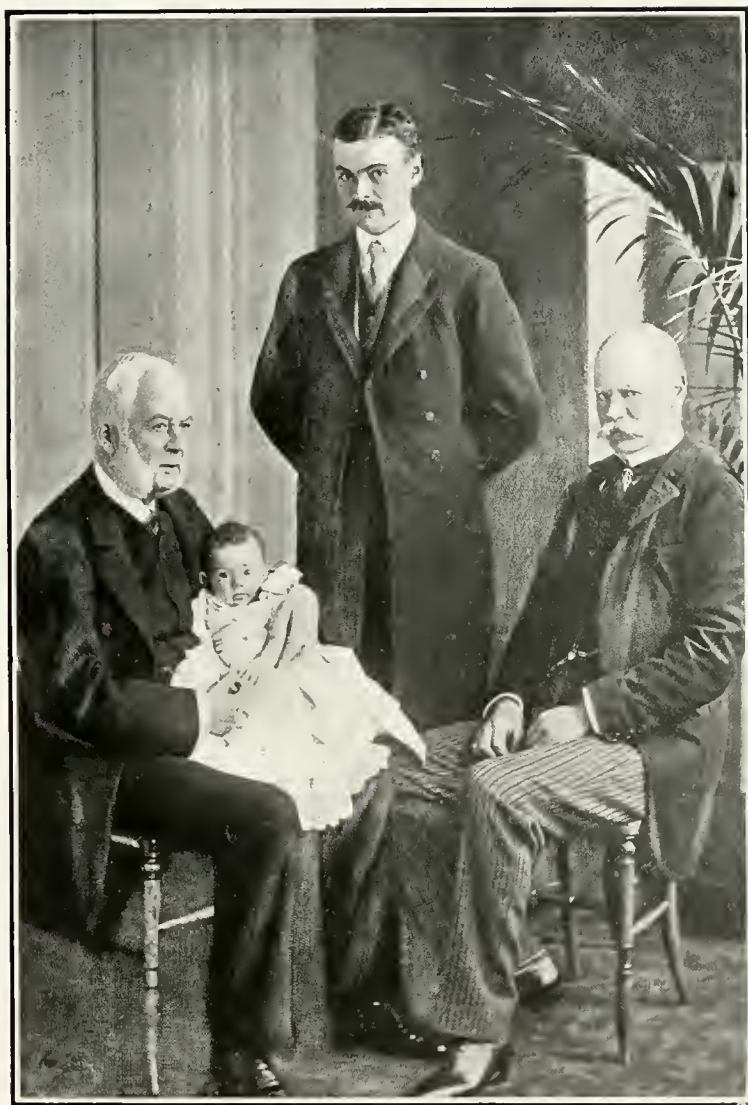
But time brings changes, and the benevolent nobleman, soldier, and statesman has been laid to rest with his forefathers, his eldest son, our present Duke of Richmond and Gordon, succeeding him. Inheriting the same nobleness of character, undaunted courage (for he has been a soldier, and also *aide-de-camp* to the Duke of Wellington), the generous courtesy—in fact, all the grand attributes of his parents—with unerring and splendid dignity he graces the Dukedoms of Richmond and Gordon. Near him, the Duchess, a devoted wife and mother ; around them, a family of true distinction, two daughters and four sons—Lords March, Algernon, Francis, and Walter. With graceful courtliness, how they have, one and all, made themselves beloved by Fochabers, which has affectionately watched them reach womanhood and manhood ; followed them especially with sympathetic anxiety, when Britain called upon her sons to fight for her in South Africa.

The Earl of March, with the fervent patriotism of a Richmond and Gordon, the soul of a soldier, dedicated his life in South Africa for his King and country, and, with the daring that nerved his noble grandfather, went out at the head of his regiment. See Lord Algernon (Algy), free, frank, manly, the very ideal of an athletic field officer. His career and achievements in the service, his reputation as a soldier, add lustre to the already grand military scroll of the Richmond and Gordon family. Never of a robust nature, Lord Walter, the ever urbane and kind, was not justified, physically, in turning his mind to the art of war. As a politician, he has proved he is made of sterling metal. He has also proved that he inherits all the

courage and resolution of the Richmond and Gordon family. In the next generation the military spirit is again dominant. At the outbreak of the recent war, the three sons of the Earl of March unhesitatingly threw themselves into the breach and served with distinction. Lord Settrington, the second in direct succession to the Dukedom, now a captain in the Irish Guards, became *aide-de-camp* to Lord Roberts, and received the D.S.O. His two brothers, the Hon. Esme, of the Scots Guards, and the Hon. Bernard, of the Grenadier Guards, also endured the hardships of the campaign.

A brief glance at a few of the many acts of kindness the family have done for Fochabers. At a most critical, perhaps the most important moment of the history of the town, Providence seems to have sent Charles, the fifth Duke of Richmond, amongst them to rescue a heritage, which, through the difficulties and complications of international law, seemed lost to Fochabers beyond recovery—the splendid bequest of Milne (the founder of Milne's Free School, Fochabers), he (it is a story that cannot be related too frequently) who, after amassing a fortune in New Orleans, left many thousands of dollars to give free education to the town and parish of his birth. Mountains of legal obstacles faced Fochabers, which to this day refuses to house a lawyer. The Duke of Richmond, however, like the soldier he was, stormed the law citadels of America, and ultimately he rescued the Milne bequest from the iron grip of litigation, and never rested until he saw the precious heritage of free education safe in Scotland and Milne's Free School erected in Fochabers. That is only one instance of the Duke's many kindnesses, but it proves conclusively that in the lexicon of the Richmonds there is no such word as *fail*.

Coming to his son, the present Duke, every want, everything that will add to the comfort, happiness, and well-being of the inhabitants of Fochabers and his numerous tenants, he seems to anticipate. Seeing that it would be a great boon and comfort to the town, he



FOUR GENERATIONS.

This picture shows His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon (born 1818); his son (seated beside him) the Earl of March, born 1845; the latter's son (standing) Lord Settrington, born 1870; and the latter's son, the Hon. Charles Gordon-Lennox, born 1899, who is third in succession to the Dukedom. This picture is reproduced by the courtesy of James Russell & Sons, Baker Street, London.

introduces, free of charge, a water supply. When the local curling club cried out for a pond, his Grace generously surrendered one of the most sylvan nooks of his picturesquely wooded "ward" for their special use. Seeing that golf could not be played by the inhabitants without links, or an ample course of some sort, he again came to the rescue of the enthusiasts with a noble sweep of green sward within a stone's throw of his very "entry" door; and where is the town, so happy blessed, that can boast of a cricket park for the special use of its youth, generously given free by the lord of the manor? As a landlord, he stands unequalled. Many and many a tenant-farmer has reason to bless his name. The reductions for the last twenty years in his rent-roll redound and testify to his Grace's noble generosity. Kind hearted, condescending, and with a personal care for the interests and welfare of every employee and servant (even the humblest), and all his estate staff, he is universally beloved.

His mother was untiring in ministering to the wants of the needy, and of every one. Accompanied by her youngest daughter, Lady Cecilia (now Lady Lucan), she was to be seen daily carrying comfort in the shape of tins of soup, to the bedside of the poor invalid, or ordering yards upon yards of the best flannel to bring warmth to a distressed sufferer. She was passionately fond of the beautiful, and especially of flowers, and the spacious gardens of Gordon Castle engrossed her loving attention. Resolved that they should vie with the very best in the Kingdom, she set to work with characteristic energy, and discovered in the late Charles Duncan, a son of Fochabers, whose forefathers had been attached to the Castle, one whose natural artistic instinct and experienced capacity—inspired by her fine taste and by the advice of Sir Joshua Jebb, a life-long friend of the Richmonds—gave to the gardens of Castle Gordon those noble fountains, classic and graceful vases, handsome centre adornments, presentments of stags, miles of balustrading, which stand now, clean and fresh as when they were done. It was an engrossing pastime to her, for, at the

time, the loss of her dear son, the kind-hearted, ill-fated Fitzroy, plunged her in great grief, and the emotional strain on her tender, noble, and motherly heart caused the gravest apprehension.

In such a survey of close on fifty years, it can be no matter for wonder that death should have made some blanks in the family. His Grace is now the only surviving son left of five. His noble sister, Her Serene Highness Princess Edward of Saxe Weimar (Lady Augusta), and her devoted soldier husband (who was wounded in the trenches at the Crimea) His Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, are well, and never forget Castle Gordon. His Grace's youngest sister Lady Lucan (Lady Cecilia) and her husband, Lord Lucan, and their distinguished soldier sons and daughters are well. Keen was the Duke's paternal grief when his beloved daughter, Lady Florence, and his handsome soldier son, Lord Francis, were taken.

Keener and more poignant still, when his much-loved Duchess (a daughter of the distinguished Greville) died fifteen years ago. Her life's work was devoted to emulating the splendid example of her husband's mother in unforgettable acts of kindness and charity. She was universally beloved by great and small. For many years it was only too transparent that some of the houses in the town (improvised dwellings originally, the majority of them) had served their purpose, and that, from every point of view, demolition would be the best and only alternative. Her Grace promptly came to the rescue, secured as much of the decayed and decaying property as quickly as she could, and, on the ruins, erected homes that are not only more comfortable and commodious, but are certainly more ornamental and convenient. Again, with her broad and philanthropic instincts, she grasped a situation that ought to have long been apparent to the inhabitants,—the encouragement of intellectual improvements; in fine, the establishment of the present Fochabers Reading-Room and Library. We all know how generously and successfully she inaugurated this Institution, and how valuable were



GEORGE, 1ST DUKE OF GORDON, WITH HIS SON¹ AND DAUGHTER.

This picture, painted by Sir John Baptist-Medina (1659-1710), shows the 1st Duke (seated), his son, the 2nd Duke, and his daughter Jane, who became Duchess of Perth. The Duke was born in 1643, and succeeded his father as 4th Marquis of Huntly in 1653. He married Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the 6th Duke of Norfolk, and like her, was a Roman Catholic. He died at Leith in 1716.

the many volumes Gordon Castle bequeathed at the initial stage of the Library's existence. To-day the Reading-Room is an indispensable factor in the history of the town. Indeed, it has succeeded so well that more commodious premises are an imperative necessity, and at this moment a scheme has been framed for the carrying out of this object. Here, again, the Richmond and Gordon family are to the front in well-doing.

His Grace's only daughter, Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, whose kindness to the poor equals that of her mother or grandmother, has, with a characteristic energy, resolved to do her very best for this laudable endeavour. It was she who determined that the bazaar should be held in the autumn of 1902 within the grounds of Gordon Castle, under her personal supervision and arrangement, so as to bring practical help to the building funds.

The generous and disinterested kindness of the Richmond and Gordons would, therefore, appear to be inexhaustible. The town of Fochabers is indeed a highly favoured spot—lying, as it does, under the shadow of the noble Castle of the Gordons, with a gracious, kind, and commanding Duke ; near him, his eldest son, the warm-hearted Earl of March, and his Grace's only daughter, Lady Caroline ; with the conviction that the owner of the very ground they walk on has his finger on every spot of their simple lives, and that his only care is to study affectionately the welfare of every parent, child, and tenant around him, Fochabers is indeed supremely blessed.

GEORGE ROY DUNCAN.

LONDON, 14th June, 1902.

To Her Grace.

I BEND the knee before your Grace,
Whose laughing eyes and sunny face
 Sir Joshua's genius has displayed.
 And when, perchance, his colours fade
You still must hold an honoured place.

To you, who led in Fashion's trace,
Who made the dance fight dice and ace,
 And dressed the dames in tartan plaid,
 I bend the knee.

The restless days slip past apace—
Forgetful is the populace :
 Yet Time but makes the Maxwell maid
 The greater Queen. Your brave brigade
Keeps bright your name. To all the race
 I bend the knee.

J. M. B.



The Due of the Duchess.



MANY memories circle round her Grace ; but the Duchess has never got her due, at least in the shape of formal biography. Yet posterity could no more forget her than it could pass over Mrs. Siddons, for she had in a supreme degree that mysterious gift of personality which forces the possessor on the attention of contemporaries, and sometimes of posterity. Her connection with the region which remembers her most affectionately was largely a geographical accident. Indeed, she was indebted to the North for practically nothing, save that social elevation which gave her a fitting stage on which she could play her life story to some purpose. Independent of that, almost in defiance of it, she made her way to the heart of her contemporaries in general and of her consort's tenantry in particular. Jane Maxwell is indeed a figure that cannot fade from the eighteenth century social history.

Her personal magnetism was of that large, florid type which belongs essentially to the actor's temperament. It was, necessarily, a personality that was the object of much adverse criticism, because it raised many jealousies. No sooner did she appear in any circle of society than she at once dominated it. Horace Walpole called her the "Empress of Fashion ;" and even Wraxall, who said some nasty things about her Grace, was compelled to admit that few women have performed a more conspicuous part or occupied a higher place in the "theatre of fashion, politics, and dissipation;" he even goes on to declare that "the season never commenced without her arrival in town." She held court in London and in Edinburgh, where everybody who was anybody flocked to her salons ; while she entered into the life of her

husband's stay-at-home tenants with the touch of sympathetic appreciation which can never be forgotten.

Scattered up and down the gossip of her time you will find innumerable references to her Grace. In fact, few figures in the eighteenth century admit of a clearer portraiture, and yet nobody has taken the trouble to paint a picture of the witty Duchess. In lieu of a definite canvas, I have simply strung together a few of the impressions of her contemporaries, for they speak much more directly than I could possibly do.

It adds greatly to a clear conception of her Grace's personality if one remembers that Jane Maxwell was not born in the North, which is built, I take it, on qualities essentially antagonistic to her methods. She was the second daughter of Sir William Maxwell, the third baronet of Monreith, in Wigtownshire ; and her mother was a Blair. She was born in Hyndford's Close, in Edinburgh, and was brought up vigorously, and in comparative poverty—which, however, in no way damped her enormous spirits. She was an inveterate optimist ; in girlhood, a bit of a hoyden ; as a mature woman, energetic to a fault. Luck came to her as a girl of eighteen, for she won the hand and heart of the greatest nobleman in the land, namely, the fourth Duke of Gordon, who had succeeded his father at the age of nine. The marriage took place in Edinburgh on October 23rd, 1767, at the house of her brother-in-law, Fordyce of Ayton, who had married her elder sister ; and from that day to the time of her death, forty-five years later, she was a figure to be reckoned with in the world of fashion.

The Duchess was a wonderfully pretty girl, and became a handsome, rather than a beautiful, woman. Even in 1800, when she was almost fifty, a critic, who was the soul of candour,
Her Beauty. writing in *Public Characters*, says :—

Her Grace is somewhat above the middle size, very finely shaped, though now considerably *embonpoint*. Her face is oval, with dark, expressive eyes, very regular features, fine complexion, and a most engaging expression.

The energy of her Grace was, as Dominie Sampson might say, "prodeegious." Wraxall, who calls it "almost unparalleled," says that, on the discomfiture of Burgoyne's army, she set off, **Her Energy.** in the midst of winter, for the Highlands, and, by her personal exertions, raised a troop of volunteers. Walpole, writing to Miss Berry in 1791, tells her that the Duchess, "one of the Empresses of Fashion, uses fifteen or sixteen hours of her twenty-four":—

I heard her journal of last Monday. She went first to Handel's music in the Abbey. She then clambered over the benches and went to Hasting's trial in the hall; after dinner to the play, then to Lord Lucan's assembly, after that to Ranelagh, and returned to Mrs. Hobart's faro table; gave a ball herself in the evening—or that morning, into which she must have got a good way; and set out for Scotland next day. Hercules could not have achieved a quarter of her labours in the same space of time.

The Duchess had many admirers. Thus we find in his *Memoirs* that Robert, Earl Nugent, who died in 1788, composed verses to her when Lord Temple (father of the first Marquis of **Her Admirers.** Buckingham), whom Walpole calls the "absolute creature of Pitt," entertained her and the Duke at Stowe in 1776, and lighted up a grotto for her reception. Lieutenant-General Grant, writing to Lord Cornwallis, January 10, 1787, says:—

Sir John Macpherson, Bart. (Agent for the Carnatic), flatters the Duchess of Gordon by obeying all her commands, and telling her that she must consider herself as Governor-General while he remains in office, and begging to have the honour of attending the Marquis of Huntly upon his travels when he returns to Europe; which is no bad line of paying court to our grand Duchess.

The Duchess had various houses in London from time to time, evidently preferring to lease a house instead of setting up a regular **The Duchess's London Houses.** London residence. In 1787, she was living at 10 Upper Grosvenor Street. In 1788, she occupied a house in Pall Mall, belonging to the Marquis of Buckingham, whose father, Lord Temple, she had known so well. According

to the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, it was in this house that she nearly met her death on March 20, 1789 :—

As her Grace, with her daughter, was waiting the coming up of her carriage at her house in Pall Mall, a flying spark fell on the gauze dress of her Grace, and set it on fire, and, but for the presence of mind of Lady Charlotte, would have been in a flame. Providentially, her Grace received no injury, except for the fright. But Lady Charlotte's arms were somewhat scorched.

In 1797, the Duchess was living in Piccadilly, and the marriage of her daughter Louise, with Viscount Brome, afterwards Marquis Cornwallis, took place there on April 17 of that year. The Duchess gave a dance at Piccadilly in July, 1801. It was in this house that her brother Sir William Maxwell's daughter, Madeline, was married, May 18, 1801, to James du Pré of Walton Park, Bucks, and thus became the grandmother of Mr. Labouchere. The Duchess lived at No. 6 St. James's Square, while the owner, the fourth Earl of Bristol, was absent on the Continent, sometime between 1788-99. She seems to have had a house in Portman Square in the spring of 1805, for I have before me a letter written to a friend in the North from this address. In 1806, she had a lease of No. 16 St. James's Square, then occupied by the first Lord Anson, and now by the East India United Service Club.

Amid much nonsense which has been talked about that phantom, the New Woman, is the idea that the woman who takes an active share in anything but the house and hearth is a modern product. The Duchess of Gordon was a figure to be reckoned with in Imperial politics quite a century ago, while she, the two Duchesses of Devonshire, and her Grace of Rutland occupied a position of power which is represented by no living Englishwomen. One epigram of the period hits them cleverly off in lines very characteristic of the period—

Come, Paris, leave your hills and dells,
You'll scorn your dowdy goddesses
If once you see our English belles,
For all their gowns and boddices.



THE FAMOUS JANE MAXWELL, WIFE OF THE 4TH DUKE OF GORDON.

This is a reproduction of Sir Joshua Reynold's famous picture which hangs in Gordon Castle and has been frequently engraved. The Duchess, Jane Maxwell, was the second daughter of Sir William Maxwell, 3rd Bart. of Monreith, Wigtonshire. Born in 1748, she married the 4th Duke of Gordon in 1767, and died in London, April 14, 1812, at the age of 64. It was she who raised the Gordon Highlanders for her son, the 5th and last Duke of Gordon.

Here's Juno Devon, all sublime,
Minerva Gordon's wit and eyes ;
Sweet Rutland, Venus in her prime :
You'll die before you give the prize.

That inveterate gossip, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, who celebrated the year of Waterloo by publishing his delightful, if somewhat malicious, memoirs, accounts for her power :—

She was not feminine in person, manners, or mind ; her features, however noble and regular, always animated, constantly in play, never deficient in vivacity or intelligence, yet displayed no timidity. They were sometimes overclouded by occasional frowns of anger and vexation ; much more frequently lighted up with smiles. Her conversation bore a very strong analogy to her intellectual formation. Exempted by her sex, rank, and beauty from those restraints imposed on women by the generally recognised usages of society, the Duchess of Gordon frequently dispensed with their observance. Such characteristics, however detracting from our interest in her as a pattern of feminine life, were in the highest degree desirable to the leading political powers of the day, who were most eager to avail themselves of the influence which her personal attractions, high mental powers, and lofty status gave her against their more feminine, but most potent rival, the Duchess of Devonshire. Whilst the latter won the hearts of coal-heavers to Fox and the Opposition, the former acted as the “whipper-in” to Pitt and the Ministry. Her elegant mansion in Pall Mall, crowded with every refined excitement to pleasure, was rendered quite subservient to political purposes ; and, by the energetic aid of its members, was made to render her political friends good service. She even acted as a “whipper-in” of Ministers. Confiding in her rank, her sex, and personal attractions, she ventured to send for Members of Parliament to question, to remonstrate, to use every means for conforming their adherence to the Government.

Her Grace had a “groom of the chamber,” Mr. Matthias D'Amour, a Belgian, who had an unbounded admiration for her, and gives us a most intimate picture of her salon in his now forgotten *Memoirs*, which were published in the year 1836. He tells us, to take one instance, that—

The members of the Administration, then under the guidance of Mr. Pitt [who was descended from an Innes of Reidhall], not infrequently met around our [!] table, affording me delightful opportunities of peeping behind the scenes of government. These parties were always individually invited by Mr. Pitt himself. We only knew the number, but not the names, of the personages expected.

On one occasion when we were expecting the Prime Minister and his colleagues to supper, her Grace, beginning to feel impatient as it grew late, requested me to send to the House of Commons and try to ascertain by some means if the House was likely to break up soon. The messenger brought word that Mr. Dundas was upon his legs; but nothing further could be learnt. When they came, the Duchess, in expressing her apprehension that the supper was spoiled, asked Mr. Dundas, "What in the name of wonder induced him to make a speech that night?" adding that "she had sent her compliments to Mr. Fox, requesting him, as a favour, not to make a long speech." Mr. Pitt laughed heartily, and remarked, with singular liberality, "Mr. Fox has not obeyed your Grace; he has made a long speech, decidedly the best which I ever heard within the walls of Parliament." I was often astonished, especially when Mr. Pitt was present, out of what trifles they [the Duchess and her friends] would spin a whole web of pleasing conversation. On one occasion, when on a visit at Mr. Harry Dundas's, the Secretary of State, afterward Lord Melville, our Duchess, as I remember, and Mr. Dundas, with some others, were seated in a room into which the moon shone brightly during the dusk of the evening. Her Grace made a passing remark, "How beautifully the moon shone behind the window." "No, your Grace," replied Mr. Dundas, "the moon does not shine behind the window—it shines before the window." Her Grace was as tenacious in defending her assertion as Mr. Harry was in maintaining his amendment; and, as neither party were disposed to yield, they actually reserved the point in dispute for deliberation next day of the whole congregated Administration of George the Third: and for a full hour the Secretary of State, as well as Pitt, Lord Thurlow (who was the Lord Chancellor), Mr. Wilberforce (then a young man), the Marquis [*sic*] of Aberdeen, and a number more almost equally distinguished, were employed in the most lively and humorous manner to decide the question. Sometimes the discourse would take a political turn: and whenever news of a victory over the Americans had been recently received, or any similar event had taken place, the Duchess (who was a great politician) was sure to give Mr. Pitt an Administration dinner.

Horace Walpole, writing to the Miss Berrys on January 29, 1791, tells the story of her Grace's ease with the statesmen of the day:—"The other night, coming out of an assembly, she said to Dundas: 'Mr. Dundas, you are used to speak in public. Will you call my servant?'" There are many stories about the bitterness which sprang up between her Grace and Dundas. When he was cornered by Samuel Whitbread, the brewer, over the Navy Scandal in 1805, she suggested that Dundas had become the brewer's "whole butt."

It will give you some idea of the Duchess's importance when I say that the Princess Lamballe, on coming to England, was conjured (according to *Secret Memoirs of the Royal Family of France*) by Marie Antoinette to cultivate the acquaintance of her Grace, "who was supposed to possess more influence than any woman in England, in order to learn the sentiments of Mr. Pitt relative to the revolutionary troubles. The Duchess, however, was too much interested in the ruin of France to give her the least clue to the truth." The Princess came secretly to England.

Her Grace was well known, however, to French society, although I cannot say whether she could speak French. She was in Paris in the early part of the year 1803. Sir Harry Englefield assures us that she then gave "Continental balls and fêtes," while the gossiping Lady Jerningham (whose letters have been edited by Mr. Egerton Castle, the novelist), tells us that she "plays everywhere, [and] rattles the dice herself." It was at this time that she tried to get Napoleon's stepson Eugene Beauharnais as a husband for her youngest daughter Georgiana. Napoleon (whose fate was to be mixed up so curiously with the triumph at Brussels of her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Richmond), vetoed the project. So her Grace came home and annexed the 6th Duke of Bedford for Georgiana in June of the same year.

Her enemies, of course, declared that the Duchess was always using her political influence to help her husband's family. Wraxall tells us that it was she who got for her brother-in-law, Lord William Gordon, the post of Vice-Admiral of Scotland and the Deputy-Rangership of St. James and Hyde Park, and the Great Seal of Scotland for her husband. On the other hand, all her political power could not save her other brother-in-law Lord George Gordon, the Rioter, from being imprisoned. Certain it is, her influence never was so great as that of her rival, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, whose exploits at the hustings are still remembered in electioneering history.

The Duchess was not content with politicians only. She entertained everybody who was anybody. D'Amour tells an amusing story about a ball she once gave. She had the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) and the beautiful Mrs Fitz Herbert on her left, while on her right sat the youthful Duke of Orleans, "then the gayest of the gay," but soon, as Louis Philippe, "to become the unhappy victim of democratic misrule."

**Her Grace
and Royalty.**

Methinks I see the Prince of Wales, in his own style of dignified condescension, turning this way and that, as he led the conversation, that none might be overlooked and that all might be pleased. On the occasion alluded to, I remember that just as the Prince had been giving way to his peculiar happy style of jocularly, the Duchess remarked that "whoever should live to see it, his Royal Highness would make a singular King." Gathering up his face into the very picture of seriousness, he replied, "Pardon me, your Grace; I think the honour of England has been so degraded of late that the crown would scarcely be worth the wearing." The Prince in this speech alluded to the peace which England had been forced into with America and its allies [1783]; and the Duchess, remembering who sat at her right hand, without a moment's hesitation, rejoined, "And, Sir, pardon me in turn—I think England, having had the magnanimity to defend herself against four such powerful and persevering assailants, and having had the means of making such an honourable peace, betokens that the honour of Great Britain was never more free from tarnish than at this moment." A murmur of applause went through the company, in which the Duke of Orleans joined as well as the rest.

Wraxall tells us that she used to pass part of "almost every evening" in Court, with the Prince of Wales, "whom she was accustomed in conversation to treat with the utmost freedom, even upon points of great delicacy. Her exhortations and remonstrances to Ministers produced the desired effect," and the Treasury paid the Prince's debts of £200,000.

Not many people know that it was the Duchess who made tartan popular. According to D'Amour, she managed to do this in 1791, when her son, the young Marquis of Huntly, was presented at Court on the occasion of his majority. He appeared in the full Highland costume of his clan.

**How she made
Tartan popular.**



GEORGE, 5TH AND LAST DUKE OF GORDON.

This picture was painted by Sir Henry Raeburn and hangs in Gordon Castle. Born on February 2, 1770, he succeeded his father in the Dukedom in 1827. By a curious irony, while he had many military sons, in the shape of a regiment, the Gordon Highlanders, which he raised, he left no issue of his own, and the Dukedom fell into abeyance on his death, May 28, 1836, to be revived in favour of his grand nephew, the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon. His Marquisate devolved on his cousin, George, Earl of Aboyne.

After the ceremony his mother was so pleased with the pattern of his plaid that she sent a specimen of it to China for reproduction in silk. Soon after the silk plaid came back, the Duchess of Cumberland called on the Duchess in Pall Mall, and was astonished to learn that her Grace of Gordon intended to appear at Court in a Gordon tartan dress. "It may do for yourself very well," quoth her Grace of Cumberland, doubtlessly jealous of her other Grace's popularity, "but it would not do for me." Therein, however, she made a big mistake, for the Duchess of Gordon immediately set off to a Spitalfields silk weaver and ordered a large quantity of the tartan to be woven. She duly appeared in it at the Drawing Room, as she had resolved, and, as her personal appearance was "extraordinarily fine, and calculated to show any dress to advantage, and her example was highly influential, silk tartan, actually, in a few days became the rage of all the fashionable ladies about the town, even including the Duchess of Cumberland. Nor of the ladies only; all the gentlemen's waistcoats being presently made of the same material. So much was this silk tartan in request, that the weavers for a considerable time could do no such thing as finish a piece before it was hurried away: but they had constantly to cut it out of the looms by piecemeal to supply present demands. In the end," adds this veracious valet, "scarce a respectable female but wore the tartan waist to her gown at least, and there was hardly a waiter at any inn in London but appeared in his tartan waistcoat." At last the tartan craze reached Paris, and the Duchess had the gratification of knowing that she was the leader of fashion both for London and the French metropolis, where tartan is still very popular.

I may note that a coloured caricature of the Duchess, entitled "A Tartan Belle," was published in London in 1792 by S. W. Fores.

The Duchess was a great dancer. Indeed, her service in this respect is said by her biographer in *Public Characters* to have diminished the time and attention hitherto bestowed upon gaming. The same writer notes:—

**The Duchess as
a Dancer.**

Among the external accomplishments on which she laid the greatest stress was dancing, as contributing to health, agility, and grace. The Duchess, who was and is an admirable performer, became more and more attached to Scotch dancing, and the appropriate music, as being more conformable to the British character than French. Under her patronage the sons of her old protege, Neil Gow [whom she had first seen at the Duke of Atholl's], first received that encouragement and attention which, by making their merits known, rendered their music so generally attractive. The Duchess observed that the Messrs. Gow to the natural genius of their father superadded taste and science,



and softened the wild vivacity of Highland music without materially deviating from its character. She wished a corresponding improvement might take place in dancing. To effect this object was reserved for the ingenious Mr. Jenkins. On the agility and accurate measures of the Highland steps that gentleman superinduced grace, his improvement in dancing being analogous to that of the Gows in ball music. Her Grace took Mr. Jenkins under her patronage, and was first the means of that recommendation to the public which his own efforts, and those of his son, improved in effect, as principle became ascertained by experience and art was perfected by practice. The character of that delightful exercise, as patronised by the Duchess of Gordon, is ease without negligence, exactness without stiffness, elegance and grace without pomp or ostentation. Her Grace was the first who brought forward music and dancing at routs and thus entrenched on the hostile provinces of gaming.

Wraxall, a more credible authority, bears witness to the same fact :—

She first introduced the custom of dancing at routs, an agreeable innovation on the interminable carding, and, moreover, with patriotic zeal, she introduced Scotch dancing, till then unheard of in the fashionable world. Her own example, for she danced well, and that of her five daughters, who danced beautifully, soon established this style on a firm footing. Theretofore French dancing only had been customary.

I recently saw a diary in manuscript in which it was stated, under date March 29, 1789, that at some ball “Mr. Pitt led the Duchess of Gordon out to the reel dance, at which sport they continued till three in the morning. Amongst such Scotch carousings as these, what chance has an Englishman of success !” M. Vuillon, in his *History of Dancing*, remarks that it was at the once famous Almack’s that her Grace introduced Scots reels and jigs into London.

In the *Letters* of Lord Cornwallis, reference is made to a ball which the Duchess gave at her house in Piccadilly, July 20, 1801 :—

At half-past two a new Scotch dance called the Barne was danced, which afforded considerable amusement from the spirited way in which it was kept up. Instead of forming the circle by holding hands, it was done by laying hold of coat-tails. Many scenes, highly comic, took place, which threw the company into such good humour that they kept it up till six. Lady Heathcote wore a loose white gauze, quite aetherial.

Wraxall states that the Duchess "was greatly admired by persons in lower circles of life, with whom she was at times thrown into communication ; and this was in great measure owing to her tact in suiting her conversation to her company." Burns, to whom she was introduced by Henry Erskine, was devoted to her (they came from the same corner of the country), and she declared that, in all her experience in the most brilliant society, no conversation had "ever so set her off her feet " as that of the poet. Sir Walter Scott (with whom she spent some days at Abbotsford in 1802), in a letter to Lockhart, speaking of her meeting Burns, says :— " I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this." Burns and William Nicol paid a visit to the Duke and Duchess at Gordon Castle in September, 1787, and were enthusiastic over their Graces' cordiality. " The Duke," he wrote, " makes one happier than ever great man did : noble, princely, yet mild and condescending, and affable, and gay, and kind. The Duchess—charming, witty, kind, and sensible. God bless them !" Mrs. Alexander Cockburn tells us that, " through the kindness of the Duchess, the poet was introduced to all the delights of the New Assembly Rooms, where, it is not to be wondered at, he was not seen to the best advantage."

I cannot say whether the Duchess was really " literary," but she certainly gathered literary people round her. Mrs. Grant of Laggan, who visited her at her inn in Edinburgh in 1808, says that she then wanted to be a patron of letters :—

Her Grace's present ruling passion is literature—to be the arbitress of literary taste and the patroness of genius—a distinction for which her early want of culture and the flutter of a life devoted to very different pursuits has rather disqualified her. Yet she has strong flashes of intellect, which are, however, lost in a formless confusion of a mind ever hurried on by contending passions and

contradictory subjects, of which one can never be attained without the relinquishment of the others. She reminded me at present of what has been said of the old regime in France, where, when they could no longer lead up the dance of gaiety and fashion, set up for *beaux esprits*, and decided on the merits of authors.

Mrs. Grant of Laggan gives a very interesting picture of the Duchess's salon in Edinburgh, which she visited in the spring of 1809. Writing to Catherine Fanshawe (as quoted in Mrs. Pasteur's *Little Memoirs of the 18th Century*), she says :—

I called on the Duchess of Gordon and was much gratified to see Sir Brooke Boothby [1743-1824; he published a volume of Fables and Satires in Edinburgh during 1809], though he looked so feeble and so dismal that no one would have thought him just come from writing those sorrows sacred to Penelope. The Duchess said that on Sunday she never saw company, nor played cards, nor went out; in England, indeed, she did so, because everyone else did the same, but she would not introduce those manners into this country. I stared at these gradations of piety, growing warmer as it came northwards, but was wise enough to stare silently. She said I must come that evening, as she would be alone. I found Walter Scott, whom I had never met before, Lady Keith—Johnson's Queenie—and an English lady, witty and fashionable-looking, who came and went with Mr. Scott. I think Mr. Scott's appearance very unpromising and commonplace; yet though no gleam of genius animates his countenance, much of it appears in his conversation, which is rich, varied, easy, and animated, without any of the petulance with which the "Faculty" are not unjustly reproached.

In speaking of her Grace at Edinburgh, I may recall the story which is told in Fergusson's *Henry Erskine and his Kinsfolk* :—

While living in George Square, amongst his neighbours had been the Duchess of Gordon and the Countess of Sutherland. On the removal of her Grace to the more fashionable New Town, Mr. Erskine is said to have made one of his most gallant speeches to the Duchess. Her Grace had said to her friend that she regretted having to leave the house which had been her home so long, but that really the Old Town was intolerably dull. On which Mr. Erskine is said to have replied, "Madame, that is as if the sun were to say, 'It seems vastly dull weather—I think I shall not rise this morning!'" This is one of the incidents which have been told as occurring in England; also it is narrated of Fox and the Duchess of Devonshire. It is left to the curious in such matters to establish the correct version of the tale.

In 1780, Beattie (the "Minstrel") addressed some verses to her when sending her a pen :—

Go and be guided by the brightest eyes,
And to the softest hand thine aid impart,
To trace the fair ideas as they rise,
Warm from the purest, gentlest, noblest heart

And, in a letter addressed to her Grace, he is equally lavish of praise, declaring that :—

Your Grace's heart is already too feelingly alive to each fine impulse ; to you I would gladly recommend gay thoughts, cheerful looks, and sprightly company—I might have said company without limitation, for wherever you are the company must be sprightly. I rejoice in the good weather and in the belief that it extends to Glenfiddich, where I pray that your Grace may enjoy all the health and happiness that good air, goat's whey, romantic solitude, and the society of the loveliest children in the world can bestow.

Samuel Rogers, himself the very prince of literary hosts, recorded in his *Table Talk* :—

I knew Jane, Duchess of Gordon, intimately, and many pleasant hours have I passed in her society. She used to say, "I have been acquainted with David Hume and William Pitt, and therefore I am not afraid to converse with anybody."

Curiously enough, so far as I know, she never met Lord Byron, although they once nearly encountered one another. Writing to Miss Paget, August 2, 1807, Byron says :—

My cousin, Lord Alexander Gordon [who died January 8, 1808], told me his mother, her Grace of Gordon, requested he would introduce my Poetical Lordship to her Highness, as she had bought my volume, admired it exceedingly with the rest of the fashionable world, and wished to claim relationship with the author. I was unluckily engaged on an excursion for some days afterwards : and as the Duchess was on the eve of departing for Scotland, I have postponed my introduction till the winter, when I shall favour the lady, whose taste I shall not dispute, with my most sublime and edifying conversation. She is now in the Highlands, and Alexander took his departure a few days afterwards for the same blessed seat of "dark rolling waves."

Mr. D'Amour, who never misses a detail, tells us that her Grace's life at Gordon Castle was "far from the character of monotonous dullness." When the London season was over, the Duchess's goods and chattels were sent north by a coasting vessel, while she travelled, of course, by coach. D'Amour tells a story of how Dundas once went north to visit her Grace, but was summoned back to town by a King's Messenger, who handed him a despatch, just as the Duchess met him. She was "sadly chagrined at the untoward circumstance; but, pleasantly pretending to suspect duplicity, demanded to see the despatches herself. A deal of good-humoured raillery passed between the parties, which ended in the Duchess being shown the despatch which had been sent by Mr. Pitt." D'Amour afterwards learned from his mistress that it was announced that the Treaty of Commerce was being finally settled between France and England, and that Dundas must return. Pitt, however, promised that he would work night and day to enable Dundas to return north. She had a theatre at Gordon Castle, where she got up theatricals. On November 10, 1793, the play *No Song No Supper* was given:—

<i>Robin,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Duke of Gordon.
<i>Endless,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Marquis of Huntly.
<i>Frederick,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Gordon.
<i>William,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Sir Robert Sinclair.
<i>Thomas,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Gordon.
<i>Dorothy,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Lady Louise Gordon.
<i>Louise,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Lady Madeline Sinclair.
<i>Margaretta,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Lady Susan Gordon.
<i>Nelly,</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Duchess of Gordon.

The Duchess, I may note, used to have a box at the opera, and the *Times* thought it worth its while to chronicle that, at the performance of the opera *Rinaldo d'Asti*, on March 20, 1802, the Duchess "sat in her box for the first time this season."

Pryse Gordon describes a *bal masque* which was given in the house of William Abercromby of Glassaugh, at Banff, in 1779:—



ALEXANDER, 4TH DUKE OF GORDON.

This picture was painted by Sir Henry Raeburn (1756-1823), and hangs in Gordon Castle. The 4th Duke was born 1743, and succeeded to the Dukedom on the death of his father in 1752. He married Jane Maxwell in 1767. It was he who caused Gordon Castle to be rebuilt. He died in 1827. His Grace wrote the comic song, "There's could kail in Aberdeen."

I sat up a whole night pasting cartridge paper and noses on the wig blocks of our citizen and barber. As our models were not very elegant, a great deal was left to the taste of the artists. I had the luck of making one so grotesque that it was selected by my chief for the character of a French cook, which his Grace personated with great humour, after having appeared as the Baronet of Birkenbog without being detected. The Duke had borrowed Sir Robert's hat and wig, of a very particular cut, as well as a suit of his apparel, and was so admirably disguised that, as he walked from the Inn to the scene of action, a few hundred yards, the populace, who had turned out to see the procession, actually believed they saw the knight in *propria persona*, and exclaimed—"Look at our ain Sir Robert, he does'na fash wi' a Sedan, honest man!" The Duchess was first a flower girl, and changed her costume before supper for a superb court dress; she was unmasked, and glittering in diamonds. . . . I was permitted to assist at the ball, and played my part as well as I could in the character of a country lad looking for a footboy's place. I even ventured to address the Duchess as a candidate, and she gave me half-a-crown for arles. Everyone, both young and old, exerted themselves to keep up the spirit of the party, and it went off with great good humour, producing laughter, hilarity, and sallies of wit and repartee. I have heard the Duchess since say that she never passed a happier evening. When people are determined to be pleased, the task is very easy.

In March, 1899, Lady Clementine Hay appeared at Lady Tweedmouth's ball in Edinburgh, got up as her ancestress, the Duchess of Gordon, with the historic red feather bonnet in which her Grace is said to have raised the Gordon Highlanders.

The Duchess made every place she visited ring with her vivacity. Thus, when she was in Aberdeen in October, 1789, as recorded in

Turreff's *Antiquarian Gleanings*, there were great doings.

**The Duchess in
Aberdeen.** The town was full of "nobility and gentry," and the lively Duchess "at the head of the whole company, who pay their *devoirs* to her."

Every day the company have been engaged in the Links at wicket—the Duchess of Gordon and Lady Charlotte Lennox all the time from twelve o'clock till five in the afternoon; many ladies in their coaches, besides gentlemen on horseback leaping over a five-barred gate. I suppose a great sum will be spent. At the public fare and for private lodgings I never remember such a full town before. Colonel Lennox is a genteel man, and Lady Charlotte Lennox looks very well. The Duchess has a cheerful countenance and full of vivacity.

The Duchess did exceedingly well by her daughters, who made great matches, as follows :—

Her Daughters. Lady Charlotte, married in 1789 Charles Lennox, afterwards 4th Duke of Richmond.
 Lady Madeline, married (1) in 1789 Sir Robert Sinclair, and (2) Charles Fysche Palmer.
 Lady Susan, married the 5th Duke of Manchester.
 Lady Louise, married the 1st Marquis Cornwallis.
 Lady Georgiana, married the Duke of Bedford.

Wraxall, writing of these marriages, says :—

In her daughters centred principally her ambitious cares. For their elevation no sacrifices appeared to her to be too great, no exertions too laborious, no renunciations too severe. It would, indeed, be vain to seek for any other instance in our history of a woman who has allied three of her five daughters to English Dukes and the fourth to a Marquis.

Her grandson, Lord William Pitt Lennox—named after her old friend Pitt—has left it on record that the Duchess's personal grace was transmitted, "apparently with no loss to herself," to her daughters, "who became severally the belles of the season" :—

Indeed for many years after the single blessedness of their career had terminated, when they appeared together at the opera or theatre, in the same box with their mother, which was frequently the case, their extraordinary attractiveness became the source of universal admiration.

The Duchess's life at Kinrara has been charmingly pictured for us by more than one gossip who had the opportunity of seeing it. Thus,

At Kinrara. Miss Elizabeth Grant of Rothiemurcus, afterwards Mrs. Smith of Baltiboy, grows eloquent (see *The Memoirs of a Highland Lady*, 1797-1830, edited by Lady Strachey). She says :—

The Duchess inhabited the real old farm house of Kinrara, where she was happier and more agreeable and the society gathered round her far pleasanter than it ever was afterwards in the new cottage villa she built about a mile nearer us [at Rothiemurcus]. It was a sort of backwoods life, charming to young people amid such scenery, and a dramatic emancipation from the forms of society that for a little while every season was delightful, particularly as there was no real

roughing in it. In the "but" and the "ben," constituting the small farm cabin it was, she and her daughter Lady Georgina [afterwards Duchess of Bedford] dwelt. By the help of white calico, a little whitewash, a little paint, and plenty of flowers, they made their apartment quite pretty. What had been a kitchen at one end of the house was elevated by various contrivances into a sitting-room; a barn was fitted up into a barrack for ladies, a stable for gentlemen; a kitchen was easily formed out of some of the out offices, and in it, without his butter, without his stove, without his thousand and one assistants and resources, her French cook sent up dinners still talked off by the few remaining partakers. The *entrees* were all prepared in one black pot—a large potato chaudron, which he had ingeniously divided into four compartments by means of two pieces of tin sheet crossed, the only inconvenience of this clever plan being that the company had to put up with all white sauce one day and all brown the next. Her favourite footman, Lord James, a very handsome, impudent person, but an excellent servant for that sort of wild life, able to put his hand to any work, plays the violin remarkably well, and, as every tenth Highlander at least plays on the same instrument tolerably, there was no difficulty in getting up a highly satisfactory band on any evening that the guests were disposed for dancing. Half the London world of fashion, all the clever people that could be hunted out from all parts, all the north country, all the neighbourhood from far and near, without regard to wealth or station, and all the kith and kin of both Gordons and Maxwells, flocked to this encampment in the wilderness during the fine autumns to enjoy the free life, the pure air, and the wit and fun the Duchess brought with her to the mountains.

When the Duchess had miscalculated her supplies, or more guests arrived than she could possibly accommodate, the overplus, as a matter of course, came over to us [that is to say, the Grants of Rothiemurcus, who lived at Doune]. Morning, noon, and night there was a coming and going. All our spare rooms were often filled even to the many beds in the barrack; and at Kinrara shakes-down in the dining-room and the sofas in the drawing-room were constantly resorted to for gentlemen who were too late for a corner in the wooden room, a building erected a short way from the house in the midst of a birch thicket upon the banks.

We [the Grants of Rothiemurcus] were often over at Kinrara, the Duchess having perpetual dances, either in the drawing-room or the servants' hall, and my father [Sir John Peter Grant of Rothiemurcus] returning these entertainments in the same style. A few candles lighted up bare walls at short warning; fiddles and whisky punch were always at hand; and the gentles and simples reeled away in company until the ladies thought the scene becoming more boisterous than they liked remaining in—nothing more, however: a Highlander never forgets his place, never loses his native, inborn politeness, never presumes

upon favour. We children sometimes displayed our accomplishments on these occasions in a prominent manner, to the delight, at any rate, of our dancing master. Lady Jane Montagu [the Duchess's grand-daughter, who died of consumption in 1815] was really clever in the Gillie Callum and the Shean Trews. . . . Lord Huntly was the life of all these meetings. He was young, gay, handsome, fond of his mother, and often with her: and so general a favourite that all the people seemed to wake up when he came amongst them.

The other, and better-known Grant, namely, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, gives a very vivid account, in *Letters from the Mountains*, of the active habits of the Duchess at Kinrara in 1798:—

The Duchess of Gordon is a very busy farmeress at Kinrara. She rises at five in the morning, bustles incessantly, employs from twenty to thirty workmen every day, and entertains noble travellers from England in a house very little better than our own, but she is setting up a wooden pavilion to see company in. . . . Unlike most people of the world, the Duchess presented her least favourable phases to the public; but in this, her Highland home, all her best qualities were in action, and then it was that her warm benevolence and steady friendship were known and felt.

The best description of Kinrara is that which was written many years ago by Robert Carruthers:—

On the great Highland road betwixt Perth and Inverness, about 30 miles from the latter place (towns are more rare here than trees), we strike off below the Inn at Aviemore, and enter upon a district wild and magnificent, yet seldom trod unless by anglers and sportsmen—those ruthless explorers of Nature's secret treasures. After a brief space, haply not undelighted, we arrive at Kinrara Cottage, a secluded, romantic retreat. . . . Built in the hollow of the hills, embosomed in its native woods, with its cultured walks, trim garden, and trailing vines, Kinrara rises like Paradise in the wilds, peopling the spot which but a few years since was tenanted by the fox and wild deer, and resembling rather, with the surrounding scenery, the creation of some eastern tale than a sober and living reality. In front of the cottage is a long deep vale or amphitheatre, inferior scarcely in fertility even to the Vale of Thames, and washed by the river Spey, whose dark and rapid waters contrast finely with the masses of white pebbles accumulated on its shores and the light, feathery birches that wave along its banks. In the distance are the lofty Grampians and Cairngorm hills, their blue summits undulating against the clear sky, and casting their strong deep shadows one upon another, as the sunshine sleeps upon the mountains.

The Duchess passed away at the Pulteney Hotel, in Piccadilly, in April 11, 1812, at the age of sixty-four. She had been summoned to Carlton House to a reception given by the Prince Regent. **Her Death in London.** She got a new gown for the occasion, and, according to the author of *Strathboggiana*, threw open her apartments in the hotel for a reception of her own. She was seized with a bad cold, and died in a few weeks, surrounded by the members of her family. Lady Sarah Lennox, writing of the event to her friend Lady Susan O'Brien, says :—

The poor Duchess of Richmond's mind was sadly worn out by a month's close attendance in her mother's melancholy sick-chamber. However, she received great comfort in the latter end by seeing her mother express such satisfaction in having all her children round her, in seeing the Duke of Gordon very kind to her, and in the Duchess's perfect resignation to her death, which took place in the Duchess's arms without the least struggle.

According to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, when

she felt the approach of death, she desired to have the Sacrament administered to her at two o'clock on the following morning ; but afterwards, feeling the rapid advance of the moment, which she contemplated with resignation, she desired that she might partake of the holy rite at an early hour ; and, accordingly, together with all her children, she received the Communion, and soon after breathed her last.

The death of the Duchess came as a terrible blow to her friends in the North. Miss Grant of Rothiemurcus says "the whole Highlands mourned for her, as with all her oddities she was the soul **How the North Mourned Her.** of our Northern Society [and] the life of all circles she entered." Mr. Alexander Macpherson, in his *Glimpses of Church Life in the Highlands*, notes that—

Mr. Duncan Macpherson, Kingussie, the venerable "Old Banker," who died in Feb., 1890, at the ripe old age of 91, vividly described the intense interest excited in Badenoch by the arrival of the remains of the Duchess in a hearse drawn all the way from London by six jet-black Belgian horses. At Dalwhinnie, the first stage within the wide Highland territory then belonging to the family

at which the general cortege arrived, the body of the Duchess lay in state for two days. For a similar period it lay at the Inn, then at Pitmain, within half-a-mile of Kingussie, and was subsequently followed by an immense concourse of Highland people to the resting-place at her beloved Kinrara. The coffin was covered with crimson velvet.

The “venerable Mrs. Allardyce of Cromarty” wrote some affectionate verses on the Duchess's death :—

Fair in Kinrara blooms the rose,
 And softly waves the weeping willow,
 Where beauty's faded charms repose,
 And splendour rests on earth's cold pillow.
 Her smile who sleeps in yonder glade
 Could once awake the soul to pleasure,
 When fashion's airy train she led,
 And formed the dance's frolic measure.
 When war called forth our youth to arms,
 Her eye inspired each martial spirit,
 Her heart, too, felt the Muses' charms,
 And gave the meed to modest merit :
 But now farewell! fair northern star,
 Thy beams no more shall courts enlighten—
 No more lead forth our youth to arms—
 No more the rural pastimes brighten.
 Long, long thy loss shall Scotia mourn,
 Her vales, which thou wert wont to gladden,
 Shall long look cheerless and forlorn,
 And grief the minstrel's music sadden.
 And oft amid the festive scene,
 While pleasure cheats the midnight pillow,
 A sigh shall breathe for noble Jane,
 Laid low beneath Kinrara's willow.

The Duchess was far too successful in life not to have bitter criticisms passed on her. Wraxall specially was hard ; but sincerer observers have praised many of the sterling qualities which her **Her Good Heart.** Grace possessed in no mean measure. Thus, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, writing about her in the year 1808, says :—

In one point she never varies—which is active, nay, most industrious

benevolence. Silver and gold she has not, but what she has—her interest, her trouble, her exertion—she gives up with unequalled perseverance. She was at much pains to seek out an orphan, the son of a gentleman who died lately in the Highlands, leaving a numerous unprovided-for family. She was at much pains to seek out this orphan, who lodged in some obscure corner of Stirling, as if he had been a fit match for her grand-daughter who accompanied her.

How deeply she cared for the welfare of her husband's tenants is shown by this (undated) letter, which is supposed to have been written by her to her old friend Henry Erskine, in whose *Life*, by Col. Fergusson, it is quoted:—

My dear Lord,—It has been often suggested by the benevolent and wise that some mark of his Majestie's bounty should be given to that part of the kingdom which gave birth to the brave 42nd and 92nd Regiments. Kingussie, my favorite child, is in the most central part of the Highlands. The Duke of Gordon has laid out 000 (sic) to build a town; and for years I have given premiums for all kinds of domestic industry—spinning, dyeing, etc.—and last year had some hundred specimens of beautiful colours from the herbs of the fields, and different woollen productions. But there is an evil I cannot remedy without a sum of money. The children are totally neglected in body and mind; cold, hunger, and dirt carries off hundreds. The cow-pox would save many; no doctor for 30 miles makes many orphan families. They say they may be better in a foreign land, they cannot be more wretched. You once drew tears from brighter eyes than mine in a poem [the Emigrant] you gave Lady Cornwallis. These horrors still exist in the utmost extent—lands raised, and no knowledge of agriculture; of course, worse than slaves; no principle of action; no care of their morals or health. If any commotion was to arise, either from foreign or domestic causes, liberty—a word so often used for the most cruel purposes—would soon raise a flame in their brave independent minds that would lead to most fatal consequences. They have no attachment to their country, except it being the spot where they were born and where the “rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.” I wish to add to the comforts of the aged and take the children, teach them to think right, raise food for themselves, and prepare them to succeed to their fathers' farms with knowledge of all the branches of farming. Why Lady Stafford, with 80,000 a year, should get money to build harbours where there is no ships, I cannot say. Much money has gone to Scotland for fishing towns, harbours, etc. All might as well been thrown into the sea. A healthy, well-regulated people must be the proud richness of this country; by them we can alone be defended. Forgive me. Do I speak to Lord Grenville

I don't like to trouble him, though I know he would like to oblige the favourite friend of Lord Temple, and a person who has shared many cheerful, social hours with him and the immortal, and ever to be regretted, Pitt.—Adieu, God bless you.—J. GORDON.

The Duchess was laid to rest on the banks of the Spey, for she had chosen a sequestered spot not far from Kinrara House, and she had planted it out. Her son, Lord Huntly, planted a few larch trees round the enclosure, while his wife, who was so very different from the gay Duchess, laid out a beautiful shrubbery, and extended the plantation, making the paths through it. The spot is marked by a granite obelisk (the fifth and last Duke of Gordon), graven with inscriptions which form a complete genealogical history of her descendants.

J. M. BULLOCH.





LADY HENRIETTA MORDAUNT, WIFE OF THE 2ND DUKE OF GORDON.

This is a reproduction of Sir Peter Lely's portrait of the Duchess now in Gordon Castle. Lady Henrietta Mordaunt, who was the daughter of Charles, the famous Earl of Peterborough (by Carey, daughter of Sir Alexander Fraser of Durris), married Alexander, 2nd Duke of Gordon (then Marquis of Huntly) in 1706. The Duke died in 1728. His widow survived him till 1760. She had four sons and seven daughters, and brought them up as Protestants.



The Duchess of Richmond and the "Waterloo" Ball.



THE Peerage has been described by an unfortunate wit as the best thing the English people have done in the way of fiction ; but it may be questioned whether fiction has anything to equal the great good fortune that befell Jane Maxwell's daughters. Three of the five became Duchesses, one was a Marchioness. The fifth alone, after a brief period of married happiness with a Scots baronet, contented herself with a forgotten Commoner. The suggestion of the contemporary gossips that the Duchess of Gordon was merely a clever intriguer will not explain the luck of her daughters. The fact is that the girls were not only handsome ; they were clever. Indeed, it would have been little short of a miracle if so brilliant a woman as Jane Maxwell had managed not to have some clever children. Her brains were inherited by her daughters (to the exclusion of her sons) ; most of all, perhaps, by the eldest, Lady Charlotte Gordon, who immortalised herself as the hostess of the historic ball at Brussels, from which Wellington set forth to fight the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. Her distant kinsman, Byron's verses alone would make her famous :—

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily,

And all went merrily as a marriage bell.

Lady Charlotte was the firstborn of Jane Maxwell. She first saw the light at Gordon Castle on September 20th, 1768, and she was married there under romantic circumstances, almost on her twenty-first birthday, namely, September 6th, 1789. Though she was eldest, Lady Charlotte was not the first of the family to go to the altar. Her sister

Madeline had been married (at the age of seventeen) the previous April to Sir Robert Sinclair of Stevenson ; but the example Lady Charlotte set of making a great alliance was followed by her three sisters. Not that her choice, Charles Lennox, seemed at first a great match, for at the time of his marriage he was two removes from the Dukedom of Richmond, his uncle, the third duke, and his father, Lord George Henry Lennox, barring the way. But the handsome young man had already cut a great, rather a notorious, figure in the world by fighting a duel with a Prince of the Blood.

Before going into that, I should note that the houses of Lennox and Gordon were not unacquainted. When Lady Charlotte was about three months old, her uncle, Lord William Gordon, had astonished the world of fashion by running off with Lady Sarah Bunbury, who was the aunt of Charles Lennox, and who became the mother of the distinguished historians, the Napiers. Charles Lennox was born in Scotland. His mother was a Scot, Lady Louise Kerr, daughter of the fourth Marquis of Lothian ; and his uncle, the Duke, had married the granddaughter of the fourth Duke of Argyll.

Charles Lennox, I say, had become famous by fighting a duel with a Prince of the Blood, his antagonist being no less a personage than

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, second son of the
Lennox's Duel Sovereign, George III., and uncle of our late Queen.
with the Prince.

This historic combat has often been described, notably by Richmond's own son, Lord William Pitt Lennox (the " Lord Prima Donna" of *Vivian Grey*), who wrote a most entertaining volume, *Fifty Years of Biographical Reminiscences*. Lennox and the Prince were both officers in the Coldstream Guards, for the Prince had succeeded Lennox's grandfather, the Duke of Richmond, as colonel in 1784. The combat came off at Wimbledon Common on May 26th, 1789. Curiously enough, it was on May 26th (1867) that the future Duchess of York, now Princess of Wales, was born. The trouble arose over Mr. Pitt, the great friend of Lennox's future mother-in-law, the Duchess of Gordon,

and the name-father of Lennox's son-to-be, Lord William Lennox. Lennox, in a moment of forgetfulness, proposed the health of Mr. Pitt (who was then opposed to York) at a dinner party given by the Prince of Wales at Carlton House, which has long since vanished. Angry words arose, though the good sense of the company allowed the matter to drop. Then the gossips brought it all up again by whispering that the Duke of York had commented in his club severely on the conduct of Lennox, who addressed the Duke on parade, "desiring to know what were the words that had been applied to him, and by whom spoken." His Royal Highness simply ordered Lennox to his post. Parade over, the Duke went to the orderly-room and informed Lennox, in the presence of all the other officers, that he desired to receive no protection from his position as a Prince of the Blood or his station as commanding officer. "When not on duty," he said, "I wear a brown coat, and have none of the paraphernalia or rank; neither shall the position which I hold in the army exempt me from any obligation which I may possibly owe as private gentleman." Lennox immediately sent a letter to each of the members of d'Aubigny's Club, asking for information about the Duke's alleged criticisms. None of the members, however, replied, and the Duke declined any further explanation. Lennox then called upon him for the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another, and His Royal Highness at once waived all personal distinctions, and consented to give Lennox the satisfaction required. The meeting took place on Wimbledon Common on May 26th (1789):—

Lord Rawdon accompanied the Duke, and Lord Winchilsea, who himself figures in more than one "affair of honour," acted as second to Lennox. The ground was measured for twelve paces. The signal being given, Lennox fired, and the ball grazed his Royal Highness's curl, but the Duke of York did not fire. The Duke, moreover, said he had no intention of firing; he had come, as Colonel Lennox desired, to give him satisfaction, but had no animosity against him. Lennox pressed that his Royal Highness should fire, which was declined. Lord Winchilsea, on behalf of his friend, then went up to the Duke, and expressed a hope that his Royal Highness would have no objection in saying that he con-

sidered Colonel Lennox as a man of honour and courage. But the Duke replied that he would say nothing; he had come out to give Lieutenant-Colonel Lennox satisfaction and did not mean to fire at him. If he was not satisfied he might fire again. Lennox said that was impossible. Both parties then left the ground. The Duke had been so anxious to keep this affair a secret from the Prince of Wales, that he had left his own hat at Carlton House and took one belonging to a member of the household instead; but notwithstanding the precaution taken, the Prince found the matter out, and showed his displeasure in a marked manner.

The fellow-officers of the combatants met a few days later and passed a resolution that Lennox had "behaved with courage, but, from the peculiarities of the circumstances, not with judgment." So Lennox exchanged with Lord Strathnairn his captaincy in the Guards for the colonelcy with the 35th Foot, now the 1st Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment, which was then stationed in Edinburgh. Previous to joining the regiment, however, he fought a second duel, on July 3rd, on Uxbridge Road, London, with an eccentric Irishman, the son of Deane (not Dean) Swift, who had ventured to criticise his conduct. Swift was wounded, but he managed to live long enough to hear of the fame which his rival gained as the host at the famous Waterloo ball.

Lennox himself, I may note, attended the birthday ball held in St. James's in honour of the birthday of the Prince of Wales (August 12th, 1789). It is told of him:—

He stood up in the country dance with Lady Catherine Barnard; the Prince of Wales, who danced with his sister the Princess Royal, happened to be the next couple. His Royal Highness paused, gave the Colonel a look, and taking his sister's hand, led her to the bottom of the dance. The Duke of Clarence followed his example, but the Duke of York made no distinction between his late adversary and other gentlemen present. When the Colonel and his partner had danced down the set, the Prince of Wales, again taking his partner's hand, led her to a seat. The Queen, noticing something was amiss, went up to the Prince, saying: "You are heated, sir, and tired; I had better leave the apartment and put an end to the dance." "I *am* heated," replied the Prince, "and tired, not with dancing, but with a portion of the company." And then added: "I certainly never will countenance an insult offered to my family." The next day the First Gentleman in Europe sent a very necessary apology to Lady Catherine Barnard,

in which he expressed his regret that he should have caused *her* a moment's embarrassment.

By the time Lennox had reached Edinburgh to join his regiment, he had become a person of much importance, for never before had a subject of the realm called out a Prince of the Blood. Edinburgh Castle was illuminated in his honour; he was presented with the freedom of the city, and elected an honorary member of the Corporation of Goldsmiths. He became immensely popular with the soldiers by playing cricket with them—a then unknown act of condescension; and his popularity increased by his romantic marriage with the Lady Charlotte.

According to M. Mathias D'Amour, the Duchess of Gordon's loquacious valet, the marriage of Charles Lennox and Lady Charlotte Gordon, who was his junior by four years, took place (September 6th, 1789) in the Duchess's best dressing-room at Gordon Castle. D'Amour says :—

**The Romantic
Marriage in
Gordon Castle.**

Before we left London, as I learned afterwards, the Duchess of Gordon had sent orders to Gordon Castle confidentially concerning the marriage ceremony. It was arranged that the housekeeper should have a certain clergyman in attendance when we arrived. The ceremony took place in the Duchess's best dressing room. The Duke was not at home. Nobody in the house but the Duchess and two women-servants, besides the immediate parties, knew of the wedding, not even the Marquis of Huntly, Lady Charlotte's brother, till the third day after. The reason, I believe, was the desire to avoid parade. On the morning of the third day the Duchess informed her son, the Marquis of Huntly, of the event. As a great number of the neighbouring gentry, according to custom had assembled to welcome the arrival of the family into the north, the young Marquis was very desirous of being himself the instrument to announce the news. Accordingly, after dinner was over, and the ladies had retired, the Marquis, archly addressing Colonel Lennox, said, "Colonel, allow us to drink Charlotte's health in style." "Stay," said the Colonel, "let us first get her Grace's leave." He directly left the room and, returning in a short time, announced to the young Marquis that "the Duchess gave consent." "Then," said the Marquis, "let it be in bumpers." "Nay," said the Colonel, "let us have bottles, and give me two." So said, so done. Each gentleman had a bottle set before him, with the cork ready drawn, and Colonel Lennox two as he had desired. The Colonel then rose from his seat, and gave in a bold and un-

faltering voice, "Lady Charlotte Lennox." A burst of astonishment and applause was the consequence. The servants in waiting directly communicated it to those without, and every part of the house literally rang with the news as it flew from room to room. I believe every man at the table drank his bottle of wine in due style, and the bridegroom his two. As the bottles were emptied they laid them on the table, each one with its neck to a common centre, and thus made the form of a star in honour of the ceremony, which remained till next day.

Lennox succeeded to the Dukedom on December 29th, 1806, the day when his uncle, the third Duke, died without leaving issue—his father, Lord George Lennox, passed away, in the previous year. In the meantime, Lennox had served in the Leeward Islands in 1795 (in which year he was A.D.C. to the King); and he had represented Sussex in Parliament for sixteen years, 1790-1806. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland 1807-1813, and became Governor of Plymouth in 1814. It may be mentioned that his London house, Richmond House, Whitehall, where his eldest son was born, was burned down on December 21st, 1791, just four months after the latter's birth.

The most notable incident in the Duchess of Richmond's career occurred in 1815, in the shape of the famous ball which she gave at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo. The Duchess was a most appropriate hostess for the soldier. Her mother had organised the Gordon Highlanders, her two brothers had been in the army, her husband was a soldier. One son, Lord March (who had been wounded at Orthez in 1813), was on the Prince of Orange's staff. Another, Lord George Lennox, was in the Duke's, and a third was in the Blues. A great deal of nonsense has been written about the ball, and probably the exact truth will never be known. For instance, the late Sir William Fraser, who wrote a pamphlet (now very rare) on the battle, declares that the ball-room was on the first-floor, and that the Duke of Richmond's house stood in the Rue de la Blanchisserie. The site is now covered by the large Hospital of the Nursing Sisters of the Order of St Augustine, while the

room itself is used as the granary of a brewery. The ball-room, which was in existence in 1888, was 120 feet long by 34 feet broad and 13 feet high, and was capable of holding 400 people. On the other hand, the Duchess's daughter, Georgiana, who became Lady de Ros, and who died in 1891, at the age of 96, gives a different version in the charming reminiscences which were published in *Murray's Magazine*. Lady Georgiana, who was 17 years old when the battle was fought, had been a great favourite with the Iron Duke, a very old friend of her family. He had known them in their home in Sussex, where he commanded a brigade, and he had been brought more closely into contact with the Lennoxes when he was Secretary at the time of the Duke of Richmond's Lord-Lieutenancy. Wellington took a great interest in Richmond's third daughter, Georgiana. As a child of twelve she used to ride with the Iron Duke when he went out of Viceregal Lodge into Phoenix Park to the Dublin Gate, where his offices were; and Lady Georgiana was a prominent figure at all reviews. Indeed, she was a *persona gratissima* with Wellington. Thus, one day shortly before the battle, the officers wanted an excursion from Brussels, and deputed Lady Georgiana to ask the Duke, and, but for the strength of the French outposts, he would have acceded to her request. Well, then, Lady Georgiana says in her reminiscences that the historic ball-room was on the ground floor, and it was lent to the Duke by a coach-builder. The Duke's house, she says, was really No. 9 Rue de Cendres, Boulevard Botanique, near the Porte de Cologne. On this point she is quite explicit :—

My mother's famous ball took place in a large room on the ground floor on the left of the entrance, connected with the rest of the house by an ante-room. It had been used by a coachbuilder, from whom the house was hired, to put carriages in, but was papered before we came there—a trellis pattern with roses. My sisters and I used it as a schoolroom, and used to play battledore and shuttlecock there on a wet day.

Lady de Ros says there were 175 invitations. Sir William Fraser says

there were 200 guests and 50 ladies. Among those present were the Prince of Orange, Prince Ferdinand of Orange, the Duke of Brunswick, the Duke of Arenberg, whose eye had been accidentally destroyed by Sir William Gordon, a diplomat, in 1775; the Hon. John Gordon (afterwards Admiral); and the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, who fell in the battle, grandsons of the third Earl of Aberdeen. Among the other guests was Lady Elizabeth Conyngham, who, in 1826 married the father of the present Marquis of Huntly (by whom she had no issue). It is difficult now to say how many of the Duchess's own daughters attended. Tradition, for instance, declares that the younger daughter Louisa, who married Mr. Tighe, and died in Ireland in March, 1900, at the age of 97, buckled on Wellington's sword. Lady Louisa wrote to Colonel Greenhill Gardyne, the historian of the Gordon Highlanders :—

I well remember the Gordon Highlanders dancing reels at the ball. My mother thought it would interest foreigners to see them, which it did. I remember hearing that some of the poor men who danced in our house died at Waterloo. There was quite a crowd to look at the Scotch dancers.

The ball was certainly a very brilliant affair. One of the best descriptions of it was given in the *Cornhill Magazine* a few years ago :—

On Thursday, the 15th of June, we went to a great ball that the Duchess of Richmond gave, at which we expected to see, from generals down to ensigns, all the military men, who, with their regiments, had been for some time quartered from 18 to 30 miles from this town, and, consequently, so much nearer the frontiers; nor were we disappointed—with the exception of three generals, every officer high in the army was to be there seen. Though for nearly 10 weeks we had been daily expecting the arrival of the French troops on the frontiers, and had rather been wondering at their delay, yet when, on our arrival at the ball we were told that the troops had orders to march at three in the morning, and that every officer must join his regiment by that time, as the French were advancing, you cannot possibly picture to yourself the dismay and consternation that appeared on every face. Those who had brothers and sons to be engaged openly gave way to their grief, as the last parting of many took place at this most terrible ball; others (and, thank Heaven, we ranked amongst that number, for in the midst of my greatest fears I still felt thankfulness was my prominent

feeling that my beloved Dick was not here) who had no near relation yet felt that amongst the many friends we all had there it was impossible that all should escape, and that the next time we might hear of them they might be numbered with the dead ; in fact, my dear aunt, I cannot describe to you mingled feelings ; you will, however, I am sure, understand them, and I feel quite inadequate to express them. We stayed at this ball as short a time as we could, but long enough to see express after express arrive to the Duke of Wellington, to hear of aides-de-camp arriving breathless with news, and to see, what was more extraordinary than all, the Duke's equanimity a little discomposed.

The ball has formed the subject of many stories and several plays. The classic example, of course, is *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray says :—

There never was, since the days of Darius, such a brilliant train of camp followers as hung round the train of the Duke of Wellington's army in the Low Countries in 1815, and led it dancing and feasting, as it were, up to the very brink of battle. A certain ball which a noble Duchess gave at Brussels on the 15th June in the above mentioned year is historical. All Brussels had been in a state of excitement about it, and I have heard from ladies who were in that town at the period that the talk and interest of persons of their own sex regarding the ball was much greater even than in respect of the enemy in their front. The struggles, intrigues, and prayers to get tickets were such as only English ladies will employ in order to gain admission to the society of the great of their own nation.

The ball was quite gorgeously mounted at the Adelphi (September 9th-November 20th, 1897), in the melodrama *In the Days of the Duke*, written by Mr. Haddon Chambers and Mr. Comyns Carr, the third act, painted by Mr. W. Harford, showing the "hall and staircase" of the Duchess's house. Curiously enough, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond did not appear in the play, though Sir Alexander Gordon was represented. The Duchess, however, figures in Mr. Landon Mitchell's dramatisation of *Vanity Fair*, which Mrs. Fiske presented in America, under the title of *Becky Sharp*, the part being played by Miss Josephine Roberts : though not in the *Becky Sharp* produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, last year, by Miss Marie Tempest. An interesting point about this dramatisation is the fact that Mr. Robert

Hichens the adaptor, was assisted by the Duchess's great grandson, Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox. The ball scene, however, was not staged.

The Duke of Wellington arrived late. Lady Georgiana, who was dancing at the time, went up at once to him and asked him if the rumours were true that the French were advancing. "Yes, they are true; we are off to-morrow." The news was circulated immediately. She writes :—

Some of the officers hurried away; other remained at the ball and actually had no time to change their clothes, but fought in evening costume. I went with my elder brother, Lord March [A.D.C. to the Prince of Orange], to his house which stood in the garden to help him to pack up, after which we returned to the ball-room, where we found some energetic and heartless ladies still dancing. It was a dreadful evening, taking leave of friends and acquaintances, many never to be seen again. The Duke of Brunswick, as he took leave of me in the ante-room adjoining the ball-room, made me a civil speech as to the Brunswickers being sure to distinguish themselves after the "honour" I had done them by my having accompanied the Duke of Wellington to their review. I remember being quite provoked with poor Lord Hay, a dashing, merry youth, full of military ardour, whom I knew very well, for his delight at the idea of going into action, and of all the honours he was to gain. [Both Brunswick and Hay were killed.]

At the ball supper Lady Georgiana sat next to Wellington, who gave her a miniature of himself, painted by a Belgian. Lady Georgiana relates this very interesting anecdote :—

In the course of the evening the noble chief asked my father for a map of the country he possessed, and went into the study putting his finger on Waterloo and saying the battle would be fought there. Many families and individuals left Brussels at once, and we had post horses in the stalls; but the noble chief promised to send us word if we were to leave. On the 16th came the disquieting news of Quatre Bras, and the death of many friends. On the 18th we walked about nearly all morning, being unable to sit quiet hearing the firing, and not knowing what was happening. Many wounded officers were brought into Brussels, the first sight of which on litters was sickening, and filled us with intense anxiety to know who they were. Messages were sent to us that our brother was safe. Among the wounded we saw brought in was Lord Uxbridge, afterwards Marquis of Anglesey; Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan; and the Prince of Orange, to whom my brother March was A.D.C.

Before going after some men to carry him off the field he [March] tore out of his [the Prince's] hat the Orange cockade to prevent his being recognised. The Prince afterwards said that this precaution saved his life. We had a fearful alarm during the day, as the Cumberland army came tearing through Brussels to say that the allied army was beaten, and the French were coming into the town. Much credit was given to this report. Although alarming, the truth soon became known that these Hussars had been pursued, and after hearing the whistle of shots about their ears wheeled round and left the town. During the 15th, 16th, and many succeeding days we were employed in preparing lint for the wounded. On the evening of the 18th the brilliant victory was known at Brussels, and very thankful were we that those whom we had known at the front were protected, and that the war was at an end; although the losses were great. The next morning the Duke arrived in Brussels, and about 10 a.m. my father and I walked up to his house. The Duke met them in the park, and looked sad; and when we shook hands he said: "It is a hardly bought victory; we have lost so many fine fellows." My father asked him to dinner, and he refused, stating that in coming to Brussels he had given up his bed to poor Sir Alexander Gordon, who was dying of his wounds, and whose groans were so distressing he could not get on writing his despatches.

One can well imagine the intense anxiety of the Duchess of Richmond and her daughter, for her husband and her sons were in the fight. This is brought most clearly out by General Cavalié Mercer, commanding the Ninth Brigade of Royal Artillery, who, writing in his *Journal of the Waterloo Campaign*, on June 15th, records that he was left alone that evening at a little Belgian village called Yseringen, because all the other officers had gone off to the ball at Brussels. On the morning of June 16th—the day on which Quatre Bras was fought—officers of all ranks were to be seen hurrying to the front on their jaded horses, dressed in the embroidered uniforms and white pantaloons which they had worn at the Duchess of Richmond's ball. Cavalié Mercer, in describing the morning of June 18th—Waterloo day—employs the following words:—

As I was standing by my battery of artillery, a fine, tall, upright old gentleman in plain clothes, followed by two very young ones, crossed our front at a gallop from the Brussels road, and continued in the direction of our right wing, where the firing was very heavy. I stared with surprise to see three unarmed

civilians pressing forward into so hot a fight. They were the Duke of Richmond and his two sons.

The latter were Lord William Pitt Lennox, aged sixteen, and Lord Frederick Lennox, aged fourteen.

Mr. John Kent, in his *Reminiscences of Goodwood*, relates a remarkable incident of the Duke of Richmond at Waterloo. The Inniskillings were on the point of advancing across the Awarve Road to charge, when an individual on the left in plain clothes called out "Now's your time!" This was Richmond, who, though he held no rank in the army, followed his old friend Wellington through all the dangers of the day, and even rode into the squares of the infantry while under the fire of the enemy. On the morning after Waterloo the Duke of Richmond and Lord March rode over the field, and brought home a lot of trophies from the field. Wellington's victory completely disproved the pessimism of the Duchess of Richmond's mother, of whom Susan Ferrier, the novelist, as quoted in Doyle's *Memoir* of her, wrote to a friend in 1809 :—

We're first to die of famine in the winter ; and Bonaparte's to come and rob us all the spring. So says the Duchess of Gordon, and it must be so, because, she says, everything she has ever predicted has always come to pass.

The great Duchess, it may be remembered, tried to marry one of her daughters to Napoleon's stepson, Eugene Beauharnais. In the winter of 1815 the Duke gave a ball at the Elysee, in Paris, at which Lady Georgiana Lennox was present. Thirty-eight years later she was in that same ball-room, on the eve of Lord Raglan and his staff's going to the Crimea. Lady de Ros used to give the veteran Lord Albemarle (who fought as an ensign at Waterloo), a laurel leaf every year in memory of Waterloo. In 1892 he took the laurel leaf to the Military Tournament, and gave it to the young Duke of Albany, who had come to see the old warrior. Albemarle's grandson, the Hon. George Keppel, once served, it is interesting to remember, in the Gordon Highlanders.

The Duchess took the keenest interest in the Regiment which her mother had established. Thus, when the Duke of Richmond succeeded his brother-in-law the Duke of Bedford, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1807, he reviewed the Gordon Highlanders; and Colonel Greenhill Gardyne tells us that the Duchess made much of them, and applied for two regimental bonnets, probably for her boys.

The Duke died from the effects of the bite of a fox, near Richmond, Montreal—he became Governor of Canada in 1818—on August 28th, 1819. It may be remembered that Lord Doneraile met the same terrible fate in 1887. The Duchess, who outlived him by twenty-three years, died on May 5th, 1842, at the age of seventy-three. She bore the Duke fourteen children, namely, seven sons and seven daughters, as follows:—

1. *Charles, 5th Duke of Richmond, 1791-1860.* He adopted, by royal license, the name of "Gordon" in front of "Lennox" (on the death of his uncle) on August 9th, 1836. He was wounded at the battle of Orthez, and was A.D.C. to the Prince of Orange at Waterloo. He was the father of
Charles Henry, 6th Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who was created Duke of Gordon in 1876.
2. *Lord John George Lennox, 1793-1873.* He had five sons, among them Sir Wilbraham Oates Lennox, of the Royal Engineers, who won the Victoria Cross at the battle of Sebastopol.
3. *Lord Henry Adam Lennox, Royal Navy, who was drowned by falling overboard from H.M.S. Blake, when sailing from Portmahon in 1812.*
4. *Lord William Pitt Lennox, 1799-1881.* He wrote his memoirs.
5. *Lord Frederick Lennox, 1801-1829.* He was an officer in the army.
6. *Lord Sussex Lennox, 1802-1874.*
7. *Lord Arthur Lennox, 1806-1864.* He was in the army.
8. *Lady Mary Lennox, married Sir Charles Fitzroy, and died in 1847.*
9. *Lady Sarah Lennox, married in the year of Waterloo Sir Peregrine Maitland, and died in 1854.* She was the grandmother of Captain Frederick Kerr, D.S.O., of the Gordon Highlanders, and of Commander Kerr, R.N., who made an interesting reference to Jane Maxwell, on the occasion of a recent visit of the torpedo flotilla to Aberdeen.

10. *Lady Georgiana Lennox*, 1795-1891, married the 23rd Lord de Ros. She wrote an extremely interesting account of her mother's Waterloo ball.
11. *Lady Jane Lennox*, died 1861, married Lawrence Peel, son of the first Sir Robert Peel. It is interesting to note that her daughter, Constance, married into the Gordon family, for in 1803 she became the wife of Colonel George Grant Gordon, grandson of the ninth Marquis of Huntly.
12. *Lady Louisa Madeline Lennox*, October 2nd, 1803-March 2nd, 1900, married the Right Hon. W. F. F. Tighe, of Woodstock, Kilkenny.
13. *Lady Charlotte Lennox*, 1804-1833, married the first Baron Fitzhardinge, of Bristol. Her daughter married the second Lord Gifford, and was the mother of that gallant officer, the Hon. Maurice Gifford.
14. *Lady Sophia Georgiana Lennox*, October 2nd, 1809-January 17th, 1902, married Lord Thomas Cecil, son of the first Marquis of Exeter.

The descendants of the Duchess have numbered close on a hundred and fifty, and several of her great-great-great-grandchildren are alive, including Lord Settrington's children. A large number of her descendants have been, or are, in the army. Among them are the four sons of Sir Henry Trotter, commanding the Home District, who married the daughter of Lady Charlotte Fitzhardinge, that is to say, the granddaughter of the Duchess of Richmond. There is a strong literary instinct in the Lennoxes. Lord William Pitt and his sister, Lady de Ros, both wrote, and Constance Lady Russell, the daughter of Lord Arthur Lennox, is the author of a capital book on *Swallowfield*, in Berks, where she lives. It is the house of the Pitts, who are descended from the Innes family of Reidhall.

The recent deaths of the veteran ladies—Ladies Louise Tighe and Lady Sophia Cecil, both of them grand-daughters of Lady Charlotte Lennox—show the extraordinary vitality of the family.

**Lady Louisa
Tighe.**

Lady de Ros, the elder sister, was 96 when she died, Lady Louisa was 97, and Lady Sophia 93. Lady Louisa spent most of her life in Kilkenny. She saw four sovereigns on the throne, and lived to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales, then Duke and Duchess of York, at her Irish home at Woodstock. More than a hundred years before, her father had fought his duel with the



LADY SOPHIA CECIL.

Lady Sophia Georgiana was one of the seven daughters of the 4th Duke of Richmond (by Lady Charlotte Gordon) and consequently an aunt of the present Duke. She was born in 1809, married Lord Thomas Cecil (son of the 1st Marquis of Exeter) in 1838, and died January 17, 1902. This picture is reproduced by the courtesy of James Russell & Sons, Baker Street, London.

previous Duke of York. Far away from Courts and the national turmoil of her childhood, Lady Louisa spent a charmed life at Woodstock. The estate extends over an area of forty miles, and the drives and walks cover some 500 miles in all directions. A writer in Mr. T. P. O'Connor's lively weekly gave some interesting details about this haven of rest where Lady Louisa grew so old :—

The house is of granite, with countless windows which give it somewhat severe lines. Inside, the visitor notices the grand hall and staircase, from the windows of which the most charming views of the gardens are obtained, ablaze in summer with a tropical wealth of bloom. Terrace rises upon terrace, with bank upon bank of lavish colour. Each stone in the marble terrace is from designs of Daniel Sullivan, each one different, and each representative of some striking scene in different nations. . . . Hundreds of deer are killed yearly at Woodstock, but, curiously enough, only the right side is ever eaten or cooked. The custom has its origin from the fact that in generations gone by a favourite deer was accidentally wounded on the left side, and its owner declared that henceforth no Woodstock deer should ever be shot or harmed unless the sportsman touched the right side. There are other quaint customs and privileges, one of which is the right of all tenants to lay their grievances or disputes before their lord and master, not entering the house to do so, but standing in the outer courtyard, which is directly under the study window. Here the late Colonel Tighe came every morning at a fixed hour, Sundays excepted, it being an unwritten law that he should never refuse the request of the widowed and fatherless, while his tenants were pledged to abide by his decisions as they were by those of Lady Louisa after the "Colonel's" death.

An enormous number of men are employed upon the various farms and estates at Woodstock ; on the "Home Farm" 300 men work daily in all seasons, while 100 women and girls are hired simply to pick up the fallen leaves and keep the borders weeded. These workers were clad by Lady Louisa in a most picturesque uniform of green and white, at her sole expense. The skirts were of shamrock green, pinned back over under skirts of a darker shade of the same colour ; the bonnets of plaited straw, made in quaint cottage style, with strings to tie under the chin. These women were Lady Louisa's special *protégées*.

There are six lodges at Woodstock, given in charge of persons, usually women, who have lost their money, and are obliged to work for their support. Lady Louisa constantly built houses on the estate for philanthropic purposes. One of these, "The Red House," is kept solely for visitors, who, however, have to wait their turn, and are obliged to send in the proposed date of their visit,

with their names, which are all entered in a book kept for the purpose. Upon the day selected they are received with almost royal welcome. A luncheon is provided, and they are waited upon by servants, who pay them every attention, show them the grounds, and even provide boats for them to go on the lake if so inclined. The gamekeeper has a very picturesque cottage, as has also the wood-ranger, near whose house is a stream which is carried five miles to supply Woodstock with water. From a splendid spring of bubbling water, famed for its deliciously icy clearness, and called "The Silver Spring," Lady Louisa had two pailfuls carried to her every morning, a distance of three miles. It is said that to maintain Woodstock costs £3,000 a week.

1819 Lady Sophia Cecil, who died on January 17th, 1902, was the last of the Duchess of Richmond's fourteen children. She was a great favourite of her father, one of whose last instructions was: "Give my favourite little dog, Blücher, to my daughter Mary. The sight of him will make her cry at first, but turn him into the room when she is alone and shut the door.



THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND AND HER HUSBAND,
THE HOSTS OF THE "WATERLOO BALL."

Tell March that I know how much he will regret to find himself Duke of Richmond, but I feel certain that my estates, and all that I leave him will go into the hands of one of the most honourable men in England. Give my warm love to Louisa and Charlotte, and do not forget little Sophia, who will, I am sure, follow in the steps of her elder sisters."

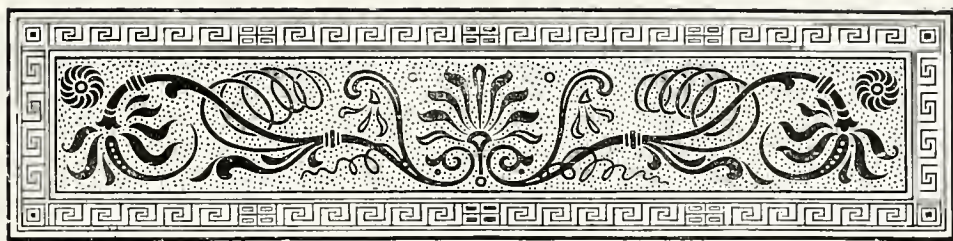
These are only a few of the stories that could be told about the house of Richmond and Gordon. It has occupied a very prominent place in the history of the country, and its members have, almost without exception, distinguished themselves in every branch of the public service.

J. M. BULLOCH.



COSMO GEORGE, 3RD DUKE OF GORDON.

This picture, painted by Philip Mercier (1689-1760), hangs in Gordon Castle, and shows the Duke at the age of 25. The Duke, who was christened after Cosmo de Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who was a friend of his father, was born about 1720, and succeeded his father, the 2nd Duke, in 1728. He married Catherine, only daughter of his brother-in-law, the 2nd Earl of Aberdeen, and was the father of Lord George Gordon, the Anti-Popish Rioter. He died near Amiens, on August 5, 1752.



The Local Scenery of Fochabers.

IMPRESSIVELY realistic is the scenery around Fochabers, for nature has been left so much undisturbed here that in some parts its savagery is matchless. The noise of that swift mountain torrent the Spey, the wimpling of the burns, the red scarred crags, the deep ravines, the purple heathery hills, the braes mantled in yellow broom, the primeval fir trees—there is majesty and grandeur on every hand. “Lat’s gae doon,” as they would say in Fochabers, to the Spey and follow the beautiful river.

We are in the gulch or mouth of the Aultdarg Burn—the summit of the banks rising many hundreds of feet above our head. At our feet rush the waters of the rapid Spey that have traversed close on a hundred miles of Highland territory. See how “she” (Spey is always referred to locally, after the idiom of the Highlanders, affectionately in the feminine) approaches us with all the impetuous, fearless force, and daring of a daughter of the heather. Banks and bulwarks she despises, as o’er her “*scaups*” she rushes with unbridled energy. By the braes of Ordiquish we find her at her best, swirling furiously onwards. Let us mark time here, for nature has come in the shape of a sweet tract of green sward to add a refreshing charm to the scene. The braes are decked in yellow broom. Beyond, in the uplands, are the cosy hamlets of Ordiquish. On Spey’s western shore lie the Haughs of Dipple, the extensive farm of Orbliston, and many others, backed by

the Tienland hills. "Up" Spey, historic Orton, Ben Aigen, and Ben Rinnes loom tranquilly. Look well at the pool of the river, where the salmon is in his proper element. Here have we, as bairns, with much splashing and frolic, jumped into the stream, but, in the end, came out expert swimmers.

Passing "The Quarters," by Fochabers (where the salmon of the Richmond and Gordon fishings are packed, nets are dried and mended, boats beached and re-tarred), "she" drives headlong full force against the "Red Craigs," by the Brig o' Spey, and finding "she" can neither demolish the brig nor the old red sandstone rocks, "she" sullenly hugs the shores of the "Boat Land," the mooring ground of the wherryman in the days of long ago. Away "she" tears, hissing and seething, giving a final catch-me-if-you-can splutter, and, with much indignation, summarily hurls her waters into the "cauld North Sea."

Into the Spey, from her eastern shore, run the Burn of Fochabers, the Burn of Ordiquish, and the Burn of Aultdarg (Aldarg). The Burn of Fochabers skirts the south side of the town, and on its margin there is a sweet acreage of green grass, termed the "Burn Green," used for the statutory trysts and cattle markets; in fact, it is the "bleach-green" and clachan of the town—the schoolboy's battle-ground as well, where the present writer had to fight many a time, "knees and elbies and a'," like a mountain cat, and make hair fly about like rain, until he was either literally worsted, "clean forfochten," or had his adversary—which was very seldom—biting the dust at his feet.

Journeying inland, "up" the Burn we find a most romantic, picturesque country—the larch, the birch, the fir, the bracken, and the heather growing in all their pristine luxuriance. The sides of the Burn are veritable precipices. In the solitudes of the rivulet, we find the roe deer, black game, the hill fox; also the gled and sparrow hawk; the owl as well. In the underwood, which, in some instances, is impenetrable, the pole cat, the stoat, even the badger, have their lairs. About half a mile further up Spey we come to the Burn of

Ordiquish, charming in its placid simplicity as it nears the Spey, but, away at its source, by the brown, heathery Hill of Ordiquish, at a spot called the "Tor Castles," it is majestically rugged and grand. The chasm of the Burn is at least from 300 to 400 feet in depth, and it is only about four yards wide in some places. To survey the splendid array of red crags, the brows of which are tufted with heather, shaggy grass, or yellow broom, springing hundreds of feet aloft—red spectres, their summit as sharp as the arrow of the Indian—the stillness of solitude is awe-inspiring, broken only by the curlew's note in the moss and fell beyond, the whirr of a blackcock, or the flash of a snipe.

The moment is stimulating and heroic. On the moorland close at hand, embedded in the heather, there is a gigantic stone of great dimensions. How it came there no man can tell. It is a splendid resting-place, however, for the weary shepherd boys of Ordiquish, and, strange to say, it is called "Jean Carr" (a lassie again). Another half-mile further "up" the Spey and we are at the Burn of Aultdarg, a more pretentious rivulet than that of Ordiquish. Here, again, we have the same picturesque and rugged reality. Down, down, hundreds of feet down, the foam of the bubbling burn, on its journey to the parent Spey, sings cheerfully. There is music in its murmurings. "'Mong moors and mosses monnie, O," we try to track the source of the stream. Endless seem the scarred peaks and crags. Away in impenetrable hazel nooks and dens croodles the cushie, and Scotland's nightingale, the mavis, and the blackbird. From its lair in the heather springs the mountain hare, and a flock of wild ducks whirrs past.

Hark to the yelp of a fox in the moorland. A half-dozen deer spring up the ravines like lightning. Here again is the profound stillness of solitude—the unspeakable something that almost insists upon our worshipping nature: nature that seems to dwarf every other circumstance. We are held in thrall by the ancient spell of the locality, by the traditions of battles fought and won, by the stories of death struggles on the moor—the hiding-ground of the brave Jacobites,

by the creepy superstitious romance about the fairies and the water kelpie. Here no day-dream of the téléphone and the telegraph wire distracts, nor even the whistle of a railway engine, for the iron-horse has no abiding place in the lands of the Richmond and Gordon. With the irresistible noise of the cataracts in our ears, we dip through bramble, wild rose, thorn, broom, and whin, into the bed of the burn. On every side are forests of larch and pine trees, with underwood thick. We are at the mouth of Aultdarg Burn again, where the otter lurks and laughs to the moon. Onwards we follow, for a mile or two, the course of the rushing river.

There is an indissoluble intensity about the "Bellie Road," despite its splendid earn, birch, and elm trees. It is the solemn highway to the kirkyard, where in peace sleep the fore-fathers of Fochabers. The conventional artist has invariably limned Gordon Castle in a superabundance of foliage and tranquillity that would betoken its enjoying eternal summer; but Gordon Castle cannot be really seen until "fields and forests are bare," when the snow-charged clouds drive past its ancient turrets, and sleet and hail course through the battlements; when the angry northern wind howls and whistles amongst its cavernous corridors and spacious halls, making the very tapestry and ancestral pictures shiver on its walls. Then the Castle is "The Castle": serene in storm and blast. Seaward, about a mile beyond, approaching the Bogmoor, Dallachy, and Auchinhalrig corner of the Gordon estates, on the Portgordon Road, is the prehistoric landmark, the *Gavin Brae*, rich in local associations, and embowered in dense natural brushwood and patriarchal firs.

Returning we pass the picturesque kennels, with the bay of the deer-hound, the Gordon setters, spaniels, and retrievers; past the saw-mill, with its rustic wheels and mill-leads; the tranquil Home Farm, with its brave array of corn ricks. We are near the Deer Park, by "Wishart's Burn," the only dell that the Richmond and Gordon family, in their magnanimous, self-denying generosity, have expressed a wish



THE LAST DUCHESS OF GORDON.

This picture is reproduced from the miniature in enamel by William Essex (1784-1869) at Gordon Castle. The Duchess was Elizabeth Brodie, daughter of Alexander Brodie of Arnhall, Kincardine. She married the 5th Duke of Gordon (then Marquis of Huntly) on December 11, 1813. There was no issue of the marriage. The Duke died in London, May 28, 1836. The Duchess, who was 24 years younger than the Duke, died at Huntly Lodge, January, 31, 1864, in her 70th year. The picture shows her in a plain black velvet gown.

should be dedicated to their privacy. It is a magnificent spot, with its underwood of bracken, bramble, wild flowers, venerable fir trees, lime, elm, and outspreading beech. Here, on the Cullen Road margin, there is a Swiss *chalet*, encircled with flowers and foliage, where the families used to have afternoon tea *al fresco*. Then we debouch from the Burn and enter woods which are the offspring of the soil—the indigenous plants and trees of the locality—the bending, elegant birch, the mountain ash, the bonnie hazel, the saugh, the haw, the bourtree, the briar, the bracken. Within this forest we find the “Red Burn,” with crags and peaks and jagged, red banks. Away through a territory of bramble, bracken, and heather, knee deep, we encounter the well-known and dearly beloved “Sma’ Burn,” which in some parts eclipses “Wishart’s.” Down in its deep bed, with its cascades of purling water, its mossy banks studded with “pinkies” (primroses) and blue bells, the splendid emerald covering of prodigal foliage overhead, the silvery birch, the mammoth whin bushes, hark the song of the mellow mavis and blackbird; in the heart of yon hazel thicket, the robin, who in winter will not despise the fireside, and will even assist at praise and prayer in the Auld Kirk, but now that it is summer is shy and coy. Aloft, the swinging abode of “Jenny Wren,” who, *manibus pedibusque*, will combat with the gayest Gordon.

The air gets more rarified and keener: we are ascending the Hill of Fochabers. The “keely, keely,” of the voracious sparrow-hawk, the croose crawl of the muir-cock, the flip of the snipe, the soft note of the heather lintie, the chatter of the titmouse and the golden-crested wren, tell us we are very near moorland. We glance to the right, and look on a scene of great magnificence in nature run wild—brown mountain heather, the drooping ash, the birch, the hazel, lichen-covered giant firs; down in a ravine of hundreds and hundreds of feet, far, far below, the gurgling rivulet, commonly called the Dramlachs (“Druimlag” being the Gaelic for hollow, back of hill). There are three such ravines, each one vieing with the other in splendour and

natural picturesqueness. Near the "Dramlachs," in a secluded spot of gowan and mossy banks, we come to Charlie's Brig, a structure of the old county road, and across it the troops of Bonnie Prince Charlie marched. Still, "O'er the moor, amang the heather," the very fir trees now ceasing to grow, the whin bushes here being fantastically cropped by the hungry mountain hare and rabbit. The air is snell and keen. We find ourselves on a plateau of brown, crisp heather. We are on the summit of "White Ash," about two miles from the town, and at an altitude of 866 feet. Away beyond is the Hill of Aultmore, where the grouse, snipe, blackcock, and roedeer are in abundance. On the other side of the Inverness Road is the universally revered "Slorach's Wood." From White Ash we get a splendid view of the Moray Firth, the shores of Ross and Cromarty, the city of Elgin, the "Laich o' Moray," and the valley of the Spey.

We cry halt by a noble cairn, erected to a noble Duchess who was never tired of well-doing for Fochabers and its inhabitants. On one of the stones runs the following inscription :—

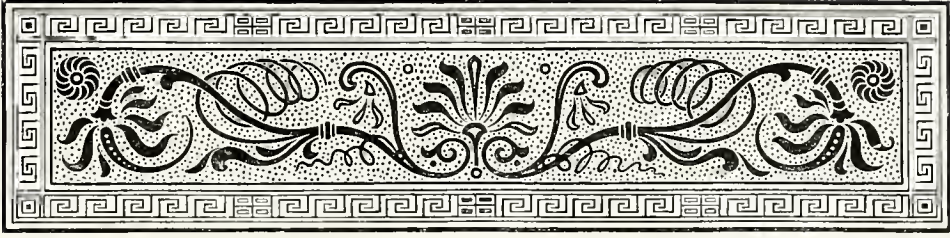
This Cairn is erected in Memory of
FRANCES HARRIET, DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

1887.

Hark, in the distance, miles below, the war-note of the Gordons, savage and shrill ! The Duke of Richmond and Gordon is in his ducal ha'. How the sound of the pipes stirs one ! No belted Highlanders may parade the highways and byways of the ancestral home of the noble clan. There may be an absence of parade, but the fierce native daring is there as much as ever it was in the days of a Wallace and a Bruce ; and, for Britain's rights, aye ready to turn the bonnet o'er the broo and buckle the broadsword to the side. But we are surveying the tranquil and picturesque scenery around Fochabers, and must confess that, for characteristic Scottish grandeur, Fochabers and the Richmond and Gordons "*hac the guidin' o't.*"

GEORGE ROY DUNCAN.

LONDON, 21st June, 1902.



The Story of Milne's Institution.

FEW places throughout the country can boast as their centre of education such a palatial pile as Milne's Institution. Standing some distance beyond the village, it occupies a commanding position, and at once arrests the attention of the visitor, invariably calling forth admiration alike for the handsome nature of the building and the beauty of its surroundings. It is of the Tudor-Gothic style of architecture, combining solidity with chaste ornamentation. The balcony overlooking its terraced front, the large lawn stretching down to the main entrance, the tasteful shrubbery on the outskirts of the grounds, added to its charming situation, mark it out as a lordly mansion. On the north it looks beyond "The Belt" into the policies of Gordon Castle; immediately to the east rises, in easy ascent, the dark pine wood that clothes "White Ash"; the panorama of the Spey spreads its charms towards the south; while, to the west, it commands a bird's-eye view of Fochabers, to which it stands as the "Alma Mater."

The people of Fochabers may well be pardoned if they exhibit feelings of pride in "The Institution." This feeling of regard for the School is a very well-defined one, and strangers, far from the banks of Spey, are apt to smile at the somewhat glorified picture of his old school drawn by some enthusiastic old pupil of "Milne's." Within the village itself the great bulk of the householders are old pupils, and still a few are left who can proudly point out to the ignorant the spot

where was laid the first stone, and who can recall the events that centre in their minds round that foundation ceremony.

All honour to the man who furnished the means of founding this seat of learning, this link binding the present generation to the past, this anchor, in some cases, amid the stress of life! Alexander Milne was born in Fochabers about the year 1742. He was for a time a servant at Gordon Castle, but quitted the service of his Grace to go to America—the result, if report be true, of his independent spirit. Those were the days when the *perruque* was still worn, and the story goes that, on the change of fashion, the Duke ordered his domestic to cut his queue. Milne had a mind to wear his hair as he thought fit, and his Grace to be obeyed, so they parted, Milne going to push his fortunes across the seas. But the “bountiful blind woman” did not smile on him for some time, and this wooer of Fortune is said, as in the case of Goldsmith, to have played his way through some cities, and afterwards to have opened business on the American streets as a vendor of small lamps, a wheelbarrow containing all his stock-in-trade. Be that as it may, he seems to have been possessed of alert sagacity and true Scot’s grit, and Fortune eventually opened to him her bountiful hand.

It was in New Orleans that he settled, and there, after amassing a considerable fortune, he died in October, 1838, at the age of 96. Having had a hard struggle with fortune, he was probably even stern in his ideas as to how business should be conducted. A relative, whom he had set up in business for himself in America, one day proposed taking a short holiday. But “holiday” was no word in the old man’s business vocabulary, and he is reported immediately to have retorted: “If you wish a holiday, then bring me the key.”

Fochabers was by no means the only place which participated in the result of his labours. His money was bequeathed in many a deserving way, and in the State of Louisiana alone he gave the means of founding and endowing no fewer than four asylums for destitute orphan

boys and girls. The share left to his native place at one time trembled in the balance of the law courts. In the will, no one had been nominated to receive the legacy of 100,000 dollars assigned to Fochabers, and, when the Duke of Richmond as Superior and Feudal Lord, and Alexander Marquis as Baron Bailie, became plaintiffs for the legacy before the Court of Probate, they lost on the double ground that they were aliens, and that they lacked authority to receive the money. The matter, however, was not allowed to rest here ; but his Grace, appealing to the Supreme Court, had judgment given in his favour on 15th March, 1841. It has been well said that this may well be held as Founders' Day in commemoration of a gift in which a Duke and an old family servant were so intimately, and, indeed, romantically associated.

It was fitting that the Duke and his Commissioner should have been appointed two of the five *ex-officio* Directors of the first Board, and that they remain so under the Endowments Commissioners' scheme of 1888. The other *ex-officio* Directors under the first scheme were the Baron Bailie, the Sheriff of Elgin, and the Parish Minister. The remaining three were to be elected by the feuars of Bellie. The first meeting of Directors was held on 23rd August, 1843, when the building arrangements were at once entered upon. The estimated cost was over £3,000, and it approached nearly to £4,000 before completion.

The more one examines the edifice, the more surprising does it seem that this magnificent pile could have been reared for so comparatively trifling a sum. The fine stone, the solid masonry, and the wealth of delicate carving give the impression that, at the present day at least, the whole legacy would have been required for the building alone. It certainly is a standing tribute to the taste and ability of the architect, Mr. Thomas McKenzie, Elgin.

It was felt that the opening ceremony could be discharged by no one but by the Duke of Richmond, who, in addition to the interest displayed to so much advantage, had granted the site for the building. The rest of the work was accordingly pushed forward, a portion of the

east wing, just adjoining the door of the Rector's house, being left unbuilt in order to have the foundation-stone laid there when his Grace should come in the autumn.

It was on the 3rd September, 1845, that this interesting ceremony took place. Some of the older inhabitants still point out this stone, beneath which is buried the record of the Institution's history. The day was one of rejoicing, and, in the evening, those who had been associated in the work of building, celebrated the event around the festive board.

The Monday of November, 1846, on which the school was opened, was another gala day in the community. The directors, teachers, and pupils, inhabitants of Fochabers, and strangers from the surrounding towns and villages, mustered in the Square, and, headed by Fochabers Instrumental Band, filed off in procession to the school. The road was crowded with townspeople and strangers, while within the building was assembled a large audience, which completely filled the spacious hall and two side rooms connected therewith, the gallery being thronged with ladies, amongst whom were the Duchess of Richmond and the Ladies Caroline Augusta and Cecilia Gordon-Lennox. In his opening speech his Grace sketched the career of the founder of the Institution, who left, "poor in purse but rich in persevering industry," in order to push his fortunes in the Far West.

Milne's Institution forms a fitting monument to the memory of this benevolent Scotsman, for not only with regard to the building might "circumspice" be the command proudly written for the visitor, but throughout the length and breadth of the land men of note in every sphere of life may be found who owed their early education to this northern seminary, and who have realised the aim of the school, as defined by his Grace in addressing the pupils on that opening day, when he claimed as its function "the fostering of habits of regularity, mental excellence, honest industry, and virtuous conduct; the rendering them obedient to the lawful authorities, and worthy of sharing the privileges of a free and enlightened country."

In the educational world "Milne's Institution" has always been a name suggestive of sound education and genuine scholarship ; while, as a boarding establishment, it has a wide repute. In the days when, in most places, secondary education was unknown, this school was one of the best known in Scotland as a stepping-stone to the University, and attracted pupils from far and near. Within the first three years, several bursaries were gained, the first fruits of a long list of successes of which any school might well be proud. The last Prospectus issued contains the following information :—

During the last fifteen years, pupils going directly from the Institution have gained in open competition at the University of Aberdeen over Sixty Bursaries, representing a sum of over £900, tenable for four years ; and, in their after curriculum, several of them have taken highest honours, and gained the most valuable prizes and scholarships in the University. The following places have been taken in the Aberdeen University Bursary Competition lists during the above period :—1st, 2nd, 5th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, &c. Within a period of eight years the following Open Scholarships and Prizes at the University were gained by old boys of Milne's Institution :—

The Simpson Greek Prize of £65.

The Simpson Mathematical Prize of £65.

The Boxhill Mathematical Prize of £28 (twice).

Dr. Black's Prize for Latin, £28.

Neil Arnott Prize for Physics, £35.

Jenkyns Prize for Classical Philosophy, £8.

Seafield Gold Medal for Latin.

Town Council Gold Medal (three times).

The Alexander Murray Scholarship, £70.

The John Murray Medal and Scholarship (three times), £70.

The Thompson Fellowship (twice).

The Fullerton, Moir, and Gray Scholarships, £100.

Many of the former pupils occupy important positions in Her Majesty's Civil Service, the commercial world, and all the professions.

In the recent Civil Service examination for Girl Clerkships, an old pupil, who left the Institution last year, took the first place.

The desire for advanced education is a feature perhaps more characteristic of the North of Scotland than of the South. Several pupils still

walk from three to four miles to the Institution in order to have the advantage of secondary education, while two miles is thought nothing of. Others, again, from the Orbliston direction, now have the advantage of the branch railway, and come by train, who, under the old *regime*, would also have required "to take up their own carriages" and walk to school. To walk a total daily distance of eight or nine miles for the sake of higher education, in itself bespeaks an earnest desire to succeed in life. This spirit must react on pupils living in closer proximity to the school, and herein undoubtedly lies one of the secrets of its success. In the most remote days, again, families were attracted to this centre from surrounding counties, as the best education was within the reach of all at "Milne's Free School." And thus were drafted into the village many families whose members were all imbued with a desire to succeed, and whose aim at the close of their school career was to take a high place in the University Bursary List. The adjoining seaport villages, too, then as now, were amongst the places which sent in pupils who, if they did not go to College, perhaps became trustworthy captains known on the high seas. With all these causes at work in the scattering abroad over the country of old pupils, one ceases to be surprised to learn that, of a small drawing-room party which lately met one evening in a southern county, no fewer than five of those assembled accidentally discovered that they had each a connection with Milne's Institution.

It is a pleasing feature about the associations of the school, and an encouraging one for those who labour there, that so many old pupils revisit their old training ground. In every case a degree of enthusiasm is manifested that cheers the heart of the reigning Rector. The men who have successively acted as Headmasters of this school have been well-known educationists, and it is only necessary to mention such names as Dr. Robert Ogilvie, late H.M. Chief Inspector for Scotland, Mr. A. R. Andrew, and Mr. A. Lobban, H.M. Inspectors of Schools, to guarantee the calibre of the men looked for to fill this important post. It is surely a high tribute to those educators of youth, and bespeaks



MILNE'S INSTITUTION, FOCHABERS.

From a Photograph by Mr. William Wishart, M.A., B.Sc., the Rector.

noble ideals of education that, while the stories of bygone school days take on a different hue according to the *regime* under which the narrator spent his pupilage, the spirit of love for the old school and veneration for the then Rector remain in the hearts of the old scholars. Many a story these tell of doughty deeds done in field and wood, on the river, or in the quiet village. Nor are stories awanting, we may be sure, of many a boyish prank played even in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Rector's Room. But while the listener—perhaps a new Rector—good-humouredly hearing those tales, mentally makes allowances for boyish reminiscences, his heart warms as he hears this old pupil, and now distinguished man, do honour to the name of the Rector of that day ; and, as the visitor becomes “ the lad o’ pairts ” again, calling up incidents connected with the “ Bursary Comp.,” this teacher of the young feels that some men at this seat of learning must have succeeded in educating, in Locke’s sense of the word, having produced sound minds in sound bodies. This seems to have been the ideal aimed at throughout the whole history of the Institution, and is still the watchword of the teaching staff.

The Governors have done their part by careful and judicious management. A Science School and Workshop have recently been added to the buildings, and in other ways every effort has been made to keep abreast of the times ; and, as the natural charms of the place remain unabated, it is still much sought out as a rearing ground, healthy alike for body and mind.

WILLIAM WISHART.

The Spey.

I take my rise where the mountains
Blush with the kiss of dawn ;
Where the mist of the sweating valleys,
On the wings of the wind is borne.

Where the moorland meets the mountain
And the red-grouse whirr in tune ;
Through rocks as grey as the Judgment-day,
My baby course is hewn.

And ever with gathering volume,
Ever with swifter flow,
The creamy foam of my peaty home
I toss to the fields below.

Down, far down, to the lowlands,
Where the alders touch the sky,
And my banks are the rabbits' play-ground,
And the gulls and the pee-whits cry.

But on, far on, in the lowlands,
My swiftness does not tire ;
And I toss my granite pebbles,
Till they crackle like gorse afire.

And ever I cut new channels,
Ever I wider range,
For my will is a wayward woman's,
Changeless only in change.

Till, like the wayward woman,
Wayward however she be,
I find my lord and master,
And rest in my love—the sea.

The Fochabers of Another Day.



THE WHIPPING POST AND JOUGS
AT FOCHABERS.

THE following lines are peculiarly descriptive of the lower reaches of the Spey from Boat o' Brig to Tugnet a distance of about nine miles, in which the fall of the river is about 150 feet :—

Oft both slope and hill are torn
Where wintry torrents down have borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.

For some miles below Boat o' Brig the right bank of the river is composed of old red sandstone conglomerate, rising to a height of from 60 to 90 feet above the river, being in a few spots almost perpendicular, but generally at a slope of about 45 degrees.

This conglomerate is capped by a deposit of boulder clay, and near the mouth of the Burn of Aultdarg are seen many peculiar pinnacles of rock, showing the remarkable irregularity of erosion.

The left bank of the river, from Boat o' Brig until within a short distance of the Bridge of Fochabers, consists of gravel and alluvial deposits, terminating in the fertile "haugh" of Dipple, immediately below which the escarpment of the old red sandstone becomes a prominent feature in the landscape.

Below the Bridge of Fochabers the "wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand" becomes very evident, even to the most indifferent observer. Here the result of ages of erosion of the older rocks of the Grampian range is heaped up in the shape of vast ridges of boulders, torn from their matrix by the floods of countless ages.

It is here that the river meets with its first real resistance since it left the wilds of Badenoch. During heavy floods the boulders brought down from the upper reaches accumulate in ridges, which are sometimes at an acute angle to the flow of the river. Eventually the stones composing these ridges become packed and consolidated, and when a heavy flood subsequently occurs the opposition to the current is so strong that the mass of water, taking the "line of least resistance," cuts an entirely new channel in a very short space of time. A few hours sometimes suffices to effect this, and thus it happens that a splendid salmon pool becomes in a short space of time almost the dry bed of the river. It will thus be seen that, with a river possessing the characteristics of the Spey, the difficulties of finding a suitable ferry are very considerable, and, except during the summer months, fording the river is out of the question.

The right bank of the river, opposite the escarpment of the old red sandstone at Dipple, consists of a raised platform of gravel, covered with a deposit of alluvium, the maximum elevation above the river being 40 to 50 feet, and the width about a mile.

On the northern edge of this platform stood the ancient town of Fochabers, a small portion of the town having been below the "brae," and close to the ferry known as the "Boat o' Bog."

The town consisted of one long street, with several side streets of considerable length, and must have been much more picturesque in appearance than the modern town of the same name, which is about half a mile southwards, on the same plateau. As at present, the high road from Aberdeen to the north passed through Fochabers.

It is very evident that the founders of the place did not choose

the site for strategical reasons, for the left bank of the river is of considerable elevation, and offered a more secure position to the inhabitants.

One of the earliest historic records in connection with Fochabers relates that, in 1150, King David the First gave to the Priory of Urquhart certain lands, together with the fishings in the Spey, which belonged to the people of Fochabers.

It is somewhat remarkable that the monks of old did not select Fochabers as a site for a priory or a monastery. Here was an ideal spot, a rich, fertile soil, an excellent climate, and a supply of salmon unequalled in the kingdom, and yet the only record of an ecclesiastical edifice is that John Hay of Tullyboyle, who in 1362 had a charter of the Bog of Gicht, founded a chapel at the Geth (Gicht) in honour of the Blessed Virgin and All Saints. Of this edifice not a trace remains, although it was doubtless situated close to the mansion of the "Gude-man of the Bog."

The lands of Fochabers, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, belonged to the lairds of Grant and their relations. In 1391 Gilbert of Glencarnie exchanged with Dunbar, Earl of Moray, his paternal inheritance for the lands of the *two* Fochabers, and in 1398 he sold them to the former proprietor, the said Thomas of Dunbar, Earl of Moray, for "£100 sterling of the usuale monay of Scotland."

In the agreement for the sale, dated at Elgin, 26th March, 1398, the seller is described as Gilbert of Glencherny, then "Lord of Fochabirris." In 1434 Sir Duncan Grant of Freuchie is described as being possessed of the *two* Fochabers. The appellation probably arose from the fact that part of the village was above the Brae, the other part below it.

In 1598 the town was made a burgh of barony by James VI. of Scotland, but it does not appear that the privileges and profits with which the inhabitants were thereby endowed resulted in any great stimulus to its trade.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the trade of weaving was actively carried on, and continued until the removal of the town to its present site. This took place towards the close of the century, the present Parish Church having been opened on the 29th October, 1797.

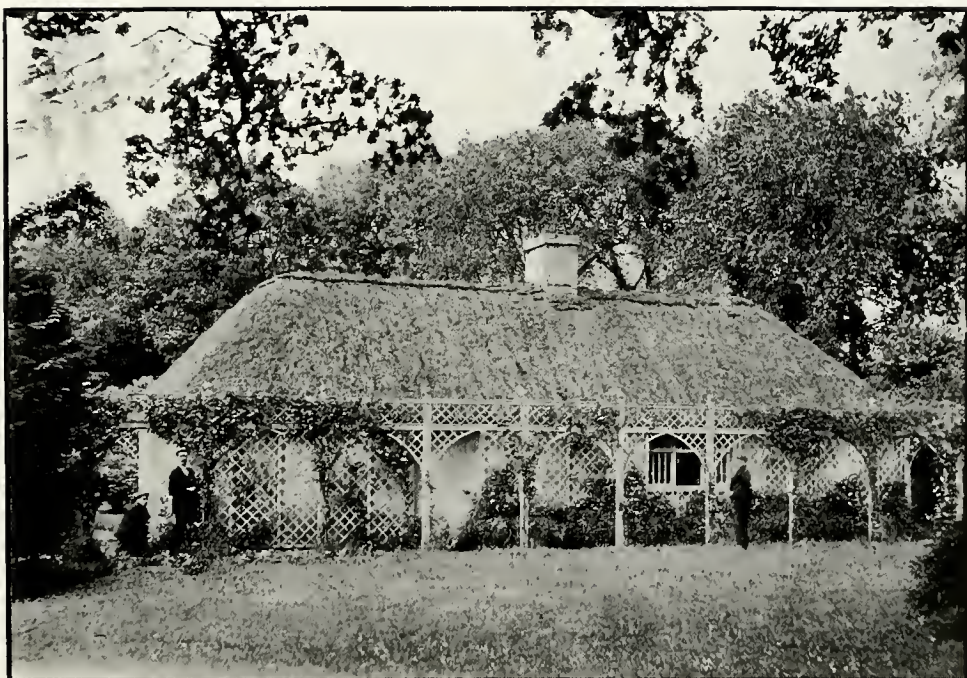
When Dr. Johnson passed through Fochabers, in August, 1773, the village was described as being a poor place, many of the houses being ruinous, but it was noted as remarkable that the inhabitants had orchards well stocked with apple trees.

The ruinous condition of the houses may have been owing to the approaching removal of the place to the new site, for in a very interesting account of the Rebellion of 1745, by Mr. James Ray, of Whitehaven, he described the town as consisting mostly of one long street, with several good houses. He observed that, as the Royal army passed through, there were "people of fashion" looking at them, "but not one person" to wish them success.

This observation as to the anti-Royalist tendency is confirmed by the fact that, in a list of persons named as being concerned in the Rebellion, the number in Fochabers was 25, whereas Banff boasted of 9, and Cullen 7. Of the number, about half a dozen were weavers, two were wigmakers, the rest salmon-fishers, blacksmiths, and so on. Among the names are found:—Clapperton, Hay, Innes, Bremner, Duncan, Forbes, which are familiar surnames in the district at the present time.

For very many years Fochabers and the neighbouring districts were the strongholds of Roman Catholicism in the North of Scotland. The inhabitants could in safety cultivate their faith while the powerful influence of the ducal house of Gordon was on their side, and in later years, when the ducal house was no longer Catholic, times had changed, and the Presbyterian citations could be disregarded with impunity.

The records of the Presbytery of Fordyce bristle with expressions of regret at the spread of Popery. In 1704 they record that there



THE ONLY REMAINING HOUSE OF OLD FOCHABERS.

This building, now used as a Fruit Room, stands in the Kitchen Garden of Gordon Castle.

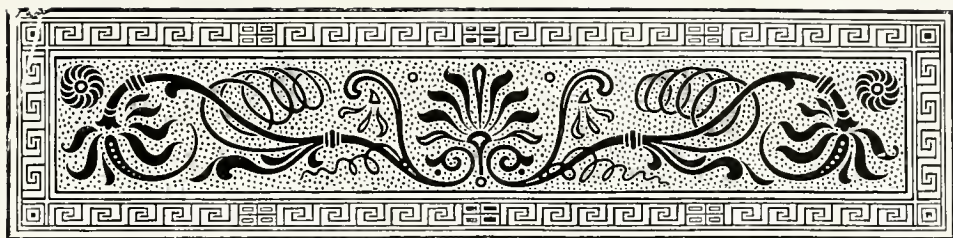
were 362 Papists above seven years of age in the parish of Bellie. At that time they seem to have been well provided with spiritual teachers, for in September, 1716, the Presbytery of Elgin gave utterance to a loud wail at the wickedness of the Fochaberians. They complained that Mr. Alexander Smith kept a meeting-house in the town, and officiated as chaplain to the Marquis of Huntly; that he prayed not for King George, but for the Pretender. They further bewailed the fact that Mr. James Gordon, Mr. Patrick Frazer, Mr. Reid, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Irvine, priests, "do keep public meetings for worship in the town." These were a few of the grievances which the Presbytery "groaned under," and from which they prayed the authorities to deliver them.

In that very interesting work of the late Captain Dunbar, "*Social Life in Former Days*," there is published, in a chapter on "Cattle Lifting," a declaration by Hugh Thaine, messenger in Fochabers, which shows the condition of things in Strathspey at the close of the seventeenth century. The said Hugh having been sent to serve a citation on the Laird of Grant, as answerable for his clan having lifted cattle belonging to Sir Robert Gordon, was waylaid in Coolnakyle, together with his three men, Peter Morison, Fochabers; John M'Edwart, Glenrinnies; and Alex. Bogtoun. The poor fellows, after being robbed, were threatened with instant death, and were finally bound with ropes and left to their fate. They remained four days and three nights before they were relieved. After such treatment poor Hugh Thaine's declaration that, "by reason of sickness and unabilitie of body, haveing beine now sex or seven weeks very unabell by reason of the hard usage I mett with in Strathspey to goe the length of Edinburgh," may well be believed, and he prayed the Lords of the Privy Council to punish the evildoers.

The records of the old town of Fochabers would, doubtless, show that many stirring scenes had been witnessed in its streets, but time and space do not permit of illustrating any of these.

This short notice of the ancient town must close with a brief memoir of two of its natives, who deserve a word of recognition, their birthplace being within a stone's-throw of the spot where the Bazaar is being held.





William Marshall, the Composer of Strathspeys.

WILLIAM MARSHALL was born in Fochabers in 1748, and was the third son of a large family, his parents being in humble circumstances. It is stated that he learnt the business of a clock-maker, and in another account of his life it is mentioned that he entered the service of Alexander, Duke of Gordon, at twelve years of age, and that he was able to attend school only for six months. He was possessed of great natural talent, and at an early age showed considerable skill in music. In personal appearance, Marshall was a well-built, handsome man, and an excellent athlete. Not many years after entering the service of the Duke of Gordon he was appointed House Steward, and resided at Gordon Castle for many years, leaving in 1790 to occupy a farm near Fochabers. A year or two later he became tenant of the farm of Keithmore, Mortlach, and was also appointed factor to the Duke's estate.

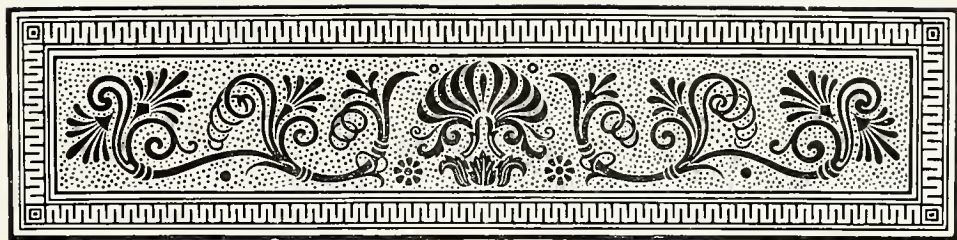
Marshall seems to have been a universal genius. He made considerable progress in the study of astronomy, mathematics, and mechanics. He was a capable architect, and land surveying was a favourite amusement. He has left as a splendid example of his mechanical skill, a clock, which he presented to the Duke of Gordon, and which is still at Gordon Castle. This clock indicates the days and months, the moon's age, the sun's declination, and other

phenomena. Although an extremely busy man, he was an excellent angler, and understood the art of falconry.

But it is as a musician that Marshall's name is so familiar to every lover of Scottish music. As a fiddler he was well-known in the north, before he became famous as a composer. On one occasion he was dining with some friends, when a blind minstrel came under the window and began to play. When he had finished, one of the company told him that they had a "loon" among the party who was a learner, and as he (the blind fiddler) had delighted them, it was only right that the "loon" should give him a tune in return. The minstrel handed up his fiddle, which Marshall took, and played several Strathspeys. When asked what he thought of the learner's quality, the old minstrel earnestly replied—"Na, na, that's nae a 'loon's' playin': I'll wager a groat that's Marshall o' Keithmore; there's naeboddy else hereabouts cud play like that." Marshall was a prolific composer of Strathspeys and reels, and thousands who have never even heard his name are fired with energy when fiddle or bagpipes give utterance to his compositions. Among his earlier compositions are the "Duke of Gordon's Birthday" and "Miss Admiral Gordon." To the latter Burns wrote the words, "O' a' the airts the wind can blaw." This air alone will last as long as Scottish melody has any claim to existence.

Marshall's musical compositions, like Burns' poetry, seem to have been "thrown off" in fits of momentary inspiration, and were distinctively characteristic of the man. After many years' occupation of the farm of Keithmore, Marshall retired to Newfield Cottage, Danda-leith, where he died on 29th May, 1833, in his 85th year.

He was buried in the churchyard of Bellie, where also lie the remains of his wife, Jean Giles, to whom he was married at the age of 25, and who predeceased him by nine years.



George Chalmers, the Author of "Caledonia."

FOCHABERS has produced at least one notable writer, in the person of George Chalmers. Born in Fochabers in 1742, he was a grandson of George Chalmers of Pittensear, a small estate in the parish of Lhanbryde.

He completed a course at King's College, Aberdeen, and afterwards studied law in Edinburgh. Having several relatives in America, he settled there in 1763, and practised as a lawyer in Baltimore. On the outbreak of the War of Independence, he espoused the Royalist cause, and eventually found it expedient to return to his native country. In 1786 he was appointed Clerk to the Board of Trade, a position which he held until his death in 1825.

He was a member of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and was a voluminous writer. No fewer than thirty-three works stand to his credit. Some of his more important works were:—

"An Estimate of the Comparative Strength of Britain during the Present and Four Preceding Reigns."

"A Life of Queen Mary."

"Political Annals of the Present United Colonies, from their Settlement to the Peace of 1763."

His *magnum opus* was "*Caledonia*, the Early History and Antiquities of Scotland." The first volume of this work was published in 1807, and two more volumes were completed and published during his lifetime—one in 1820 and the other in 1824. The fourth and last volume was nearly ready for the press at his death in 1825, and it

was published in 1826. This work is an exhaustive historical and topographical account of North Britain, from the most ancient to recent times. Dr. Æneas Mackay, while admitting that the *Caledonia* has not stood the test of time, and that it is below the standard of Camden's "Britannia," says that "to have composed what is, though never completed, the fullest account of the antiquities of a nation which has specially cultivated that department of history, is a merit not to be despised." There is no doubt that subsequent writers have borrowed from Chalmers without acknowledging their obligations.

In closing this brief memoir, the hope is expressed that some worthy son of Fochabers may be found who is desirous of presenting, as a valuable addition to the library of the Institute, a copy of his books, the *Caledonia* in particular.

JOHN W. WEBSTER.



The Gordons as Campaigners in Africa.

IN the mighty task of annexing Africa, this country owes a deep debt to the House of Gordon. The campaign which has just finished, and in which five members of the Duke of Richmond's family took part, affords a useful opportunity for remembering the fact. It was a Gordon, namely, Robert Jacob Gordon, who delivered up South Africa to us in 1795, when he and his Dutch rag-tag and bob-tail army surrendered to our army; while in the north of the Black Continent the world will never forget the inspiring work of "Chinese" Gordon of Khartum. The fates of the two men were curiously tragic. The Dutchman at the Cape, who was as much worried by slimness as we have been, committed suicide in 1795; while the fate which overtook "Chinese" Gordon at Khartum makes him pre-eminently the imperial martyr of the nineteenth century. I may note in passing that though nobody has settled "Chinese" Gordon's ancestry, the probability is that he was descended from the Gordons of Binhall, near Huntly, who were tenants of the Dukes of Gordon.

It would be very difficult to catalogue all the soldiers bearing the historic name of Gordon who have fought in Africa from first to last. In addition to Robert Jacob Gordon, who was a Dutchman, and who will always be remembered as the discoverer of the Orange River, one may recall as his namesake, Robert James Gordon, who was a captain in our navy, and paid the penalty of his hazard in South Africa with his life. He was the third son of Captain Gordon of Everton, near Bawtry, Doncaster. His plan was to explore the Blue Nile from Sennaar; but he never got a start, for he died at Wilet Medinet, a few days' journey from Sennaar, 27th September, 1822—

“another victim to the melancholy list of those who have perished in the cause of African discovery.” Again, there was Adam Gordon (born 1750), a lieutenant in the Cape Regiment, who was the son of Adam of Griamachary, Kildonan. He was the uncle of Lord Gordon of Drumearn, and the grand uncle of the present Member for Elginshire, who with his cousin, Sir Thomas Gordon, has recently erected a bronze in memory of old Griamachary. The family has produced some excellent soldiers.

I should have liked if time and space had permitted to name the Gordons who have figured in the various campaigns in South Africa and in Ashanti, a list that could be enormously swelled by dealing with the members of the clan who have fought from first to last in Egypt. I shall content myself here with naming only a few.

One of the Dutch colonel's antagonists at the Cape was Hugh Mackay Gordon (who was born at Boston, U.S.A.). In the recapture of the Cape, in 1805, the Hon. Alexander Gordon (son of the Earl of Aberdeen), who fell at Waterloo, was A.D.C. to his uncle, Sir David Baird. He started out in the following year on the foolish expedition to Buenos Ayres, in which fell Patrick Gordon, Captain in the 87th Regiment, who seems also to have been drawn from the South African field force. This Patrick was the son of John Gordon, W.S., the first laird of Balmuir, who, in turn, was the son of Alexander Gordon, the laird of Auchleuchries. He may have been named after the great Russian general, although, so far as I know, he was not actually descended from him. Another member of the same family, namely, Captain John Maxwell Gordon of Bonnyton, Ayrshire, fought in the recent campaign.

In giving the list of the officers who have figured in the terrible campaign of 1899-1902, I regret that I am unable in certain cases to detail their origin, but the mere list forms a contribution to the glorious history of the House. I do not forget the splendid achievements of the regiment which bears the name of the race. During the campaign

the Gordon Highlanders suffered very severely. They lost 18 officers killed, 28 wounded, while one succumbed to disease—a total of 47. The depletion of the non-commissioned officers and men was equally severe.

The regiment sent out 3,407 (to say nothing of 476 volunteers). The total casualties of the entire force of 3,883 has been 608, namely, 220 killed or died of disease, and 388 wounded. No fewer than 19 officers, 3 colour-sergeants, 13 sergeants, 2 lance-sergeants, 8 corporals, 14 lance-corporals, 3 drummers, and 177 privates have found a grave in South Africa. The figures may be tabulated thus:—

MEN SENT OUT.		MEN KILLED.	
1st Battalion (including reservists and 3rd Battalion (Militia) reservists, and all drafts)	1,833	82 belonged to the 1st Battalion.	
2nd Battalion	1,213	93 " " 2nd Battalion.	
3rd Battalion (Sitwell's Mounted In- fantry).....	68	14 " " Mounted Infantry.	
Gordons' Mounted Infantry	293	11 " " Militia Reserve.	
Volunteers (including men from the Six Vol. Battalions of Gordon Volunteers, London Scottish, and Liverpool Scottish)	476	6 " " 1st V.B.G.H.	
Total.....	3,883	4 " " 4th V.B.G.H.	
		2 " " 5th V.B.G.H.	
		2 " " 6th V.B.G.H.	
		6 " " London Scottish R.V.	
		220	

Of the 220 deaths in the regiment, about 158 of the men belong to Scotland, 76 being connected with Aberdeen and the north. Of the remainder, 57 were of English birth (though not necessarily of English parentage), and 5 were Irishmen by birth.

During the campaign no fewer than 42 officers bearing the surname of Gordon and belonging to 29 different regiments, took part in the fighting, as follows :—

EARL OF MARCH, commanded the 3rd Royal Sussex Regiment. He began his career in the Grenadier Guards. Served in South Africa, 1901-1902. His three sons also were at the front.

LORD SETTRINGTON, D.S.O., Captain, Irish Guards, served in South Africa in 1899-1900 as A.D.C. to Lord Roberts. He was present at Paardeberg, Poplar Grove, and Dreifontein.

HON. ESME CHARLES GORDON-LENNOX, born 1875, entered the Scots Guards from the Militia in 1896. He served on the staff in South Africa as A.D.C. to Major-General Barrington Campbell.

HON. BERNARD CHARLES GORDON-LENNOX, born 1878, entered the Grenadier Guards in 1898. He fought at Poplar Grove and Driefontein.

LORD ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX, Grenadier Guards (brother of Lord March), took part in the Egyptian campaign of 1882, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He served in South Africa, 1899-1900.

A. B. GORDON, Captain, King Williamstown Guard. It is very difficult to identify these Colonial officers.

A. E. GORDON, Captain, Roberts' Horse.

ALEXANDER THEODORE GORDON, Lieutenant, 1st Gordon Highlanders. He is the only son of Mr. A. M. Gordon of Newton, Aberdeenshire, and was born in 1881. He joined the 1st Gordons on 30th June, 1900.

ALISTER FRASER GORDON, D.S.O., Captain in the Gordon Highlanders. Born in 1872, he is the son of Mr. William Alexander Grant Gordon, brother of General Sir Benjamin Lumsden Gordon, who, in turn, is the son of James Gordon of Croughly, for many years an officer in the Gordon Highlanders. The Croughly family have produced a great many soldiers—no fewer than five members of the family having fought in the recent campaign. These are the four cousins—General Redmond Gordon, 15th Hussars; Captain Neil Fraser Gordon, Royal Artillery, and his brother, Alister, Gordon Highlanders; their cousin, Captain Bertie Gordon Clay, of the 5th Dragoon Guards; and his sister's husband, Captain A. W. Gordon of the Dublin Fusiliers. Captain Alister Gordon was educated at Inverness. He joined the Black Watch in October, 1890, being transferred to the Gordons in the following month. He fought in Chitral, 1895; in Tirah, 1897-8; and in Ashanti (as adjutant of the Central Africa Regiment), 1900, for which he got the D.S.O.; and in South Africa, 1901.

ALEXANDER JAMES MARRIOTT GORDON, Lieutenant, 1st Inniskilling Fusiliers. Born in 1879, he entered the Inniskillings from the Militia on 18th October, 1899, a week after the famous ultimatum. He took part in the relief of Ladysmith, and was present at the battle of Colenso. He also took part in the operations in the Transvaal east of Pretoria, July-November, 1900, including the actions at Belfast and Lydenberg.



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND HIS THREE GUARDSMEN GRANDSONS.

This picture shows His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon seated. Behind him stand his three grandsons—from left to right, Lord Settrington, D.S.O., Captain in the Irish Guards; the Hon. Esme Gordon-Lennox, Lieutenant, Scots Guards, and the Hon. Bernard Gordon-Lennox, Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards. All of them are wearing the South African Medal, and Lord Settrington is wearing the D.S.O. The picture is reproduced by the courtesy of James Russell & Sons, Baker Street, London.

ALEXANDER WESTON GORDON, Major, 1st Dublin Fusiliers, severely wounded at Colenso, 15th December, 1899. He was also commandant at Potchefstroom. He was born in 1859, and joined the Dublin Fusiliers, 1878. He fought in Afghanistan, 1880. He married in 1892 Miss Katherine Fanny Clay, whose mother, Beatrice Gordon (born at Ivybank, Nairn), is the sister of General Sir Benjamin Lumsden Gordon.

CHARLES AUSTIN GORDON, Imperial Light Horse, accidentally wounded at Johannesburg, 17th December, 1900. He is the son of Dr. Charles Gordon, Pietermaritzburg (son of James Gordon, Ballater), who married as his first wife, Bertha, daughter of Michael Francis Gordon, XV. of Abergeldie.

CHARLES GERALD GORDON, served as Captain of Steinaeher's Horse. Born in 1868, he is the son of Colonel Charles Vincent Gordon (1829-97), the brother of the present laird of Abergeldie. I may note that his elder brother, Cosmo Huntly Gordon, Major of the Buffs (born in 1855), went through the Zulu war, and was A.D.C. to the Governor of the Straits Settlements, 1880-1881.

CHARLES WILLIAM ERIC GORDON, 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Black Watch, which he joined in October, 1899, exactly a week after the outbreak of the war. He was born in 1878.

EDWARD IAN DRUMHEARN GORDON, Lieutenant, Royal Scots Fusiliers. He was born in 1877, and joined the Royal Scots in 1897. He took part in the relief of Ladysmith, notably the operations on Tugela Heights, February 14-27, 1900.

EDWARD ROBERTSON GORDON, Captain, 9th Lancers, wounded in the advance on Kimberley, February 14-16, 1900. Born in 1864, he joined the 2nd Dragoon Guards from the militia in 1885, and transferred to the 9th Lancers in 1896. He took part in the relief of Kimberley, including the actions at Belmont, Enslin, Modder River, and Magersfontein. He also took part in the operations in the Transvaal, including the battle of Diamond Hill, and in the operations in Orange River Colony.

EVELYN BOSCAWEN GORDON, Lieutenant in the Northumberland Fusiliers, which he joined from the volunteers, in May, 1900. He was born in 1877, and took part in the operations in the Transvaal west of Pretoria, August-November, 1900.

HON. FREDERICK GORDON, Major, Gordon Highlanders. He is the second son of the Judge, the late Baron Gordon of Drumearn (a life peer, created 1876, died 1879), and was born in 1861. He joined the 91st Foot

(1st Batt. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) in January, 1881, was transferred to the 49th (Berkshire) in February, and to the Gordons in 1881. He went through the Egyptian campaign of 1882-4, and was present at Tel-el-Kebir, and the Soudan expedition of 1889. He was D.A.A.G. in South Africa, and took part in the relief of Ladysmith. He caught small-pox in the transport *Orotava*, on which Lord Kitchener came home, 12th July, 1902.

FRANCIS LEWIS RAWSON GORDON, Lieutenant, 2nd Gordons. Born in 1878, he is the son of Mr. Francis Frederick Gordon, who is son of the late Lord Francis Gordon, and grandson of the 9th Marquis of Huntly. He joined the Gordons in March, 1900, and served in South Africa, 1899-1901, taking part in the operations in Natal, March-June, 1900, including the operations at Langs Nek, and in the operations in the Transvaal, east of Pretoria, July-November, 1900. His cousin, Laurence (Major, R.A.), also fought; and their young kinsman went through the latter part of the campaign, namely,

GRANVILLE CECIL DOUGLAS GORDON, Lieutenant, 2nd Scots Guards. He is the only surviving son of Lord Granville Gordon, and nephew of the Marquis of Huntly. Born in 1883, he entered the Guards from the militia, September, 1901, and went to the front in that year.

HUGH P. GORDON, 2nd Lieutenant, 4th Battalion of the Connaught Rangers, served in the Benin expedition, 1899.

H. H. GORDON, Captain, Cape Mounted Rifles.

JAMES GUY BIRNIE GORDON, Manchester Regiment. Born in 1881, he was in the militia at first. He fought in South Africa, 1900-1, and was slightly wounded.

JAMES REDMOND PATRICK GORDON, C.B., 15th Hussars, comes of a very military family, the Gordons of Croughly. Born in 1860, he is the only son of General Sir Benjamin Lumsden Gordon (born 1833), who is the son of James Gordon, for many years in the Gordon Highlanders. Sir Benjamin's younger brother, George Grant Gordon (1835-82) was in the Bengal Artillery. His great-uncle, General William Alexander Gordon (1769-1856), began his career in the Gordons, and afterwards transferred to the 50th Regiment. General Redmond Gordon joined the 15th Hussars in 1879, went through the Afghan war, 1880; the Transvaal campaign, 1881; the Bechuanaland expedition, 1884-5; the Burmese expedition, 1887; the expedition against the Jibus (Lagos), 1892; and the Ashanti expedition, 1895-6. During the recent campaign he commanded the 3rd Cavalry Brigade, and got a C.B. He rode the same charger for sixteen months during the campaign. He is very keen on hunting.

JOHN EDGAR GORDON, Lieutenant, 1st Worcester Regiment, went to the front, 1902. Born in 1877, he joined the regiment in 1900.

JOHN FREDERICK STRATHEARN GORDON, 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Scots, served in South Africa, 1899-1902. He was born in 1882.

JOHN MAXWELL GORDON, Captain, reserve of officers, second in command of the Montgomeryshire Imperial Yeomanry, went out to the front with the Yeomen. Born in 1862, he was originally in the 12th Lancers. He is the only son of John Taylor Gordon of Nethermuir, Aberdeenshire, and of Blackhouse, Ayrshire.

JOSEPH MARIA GORDON, Colonel, commanding the South Australian forces. The son of Carlos Pedro Gordon of Wardhouse, Aberdeenshire, he was born in 1856, and entered the Royal Artillery, from Woolwich in 1875. He became lieutenant staff-instructor Rifle Volunteer force, South Australia, December, 1881. He took part in the formation of a permanent artillery force in South Australia, and was appointed lieutenant in command, September, 1882. He became captain, August, 1883; major, May, 1885; D.A.A.G., December, 1885; and hon. A.D.C., May, 1886; commandant of the South Australian military forces, 1893; lieutenant-colonel, 1892; colonel, 1895; inspector of military stores for the Australian colonies, 1898-9; brigadier-general, 1901. He was awarded a C.B. for his South African service. He visited his sister, Mrs. Lumsden, at Clova House, four or five years ago.

LAURENCE GEORGE FRANK GORDON, D.S.O., Major, 53rd Battery, Royal Field Artillery. Born in 1864, he joined the Artillery in 1883. He is the eldest son of Colonel George Grant Gordon, C.V.O., and grandson of Lord Francis Arthur Gordon, sixth son of the 9th Marquis of Huntly. Three members of the Huntly family fought in the war, including Francis and Granville Gordon already mentioned.

LEONARD WILLIAM GEORGE GORDON, 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Bedford Regiment. Born in 1879, he entered the Bedfordshire Regiment from the local militia force in South Australia. He was wounded at Thaba Nchu, 14th December, 1900.

LOUIS AUGUSTUS GORDON, India Staff Corps. Born in 1857, he began his career in the 59th Regiment (now the 2nd Battalion East Lancashire Regiment) in January, 1877, and in December joined the Bombay Staff Corps. He was employed in the transport services in the Afghan war and in South Africa, where he became Railway Staff Officer.

NEIL FRASER GORDON, Captain, Royal Artillery, is the second son of Mr. W. A. G. Gordon, Inverness, and brother of Captain Alister Gordon

already mentioned. He was born in 1869, and entered the artillery in 1889. He took part in the defence of Ladysmith.

ROBERT GORDON, D.S.O., Captain, Queensland Contingent of Mounted Infantry, being attached to the 1st Gordons. He served in the Tirah campaign. He was wounded in the action of Doorn River, and got the D.S.O. Born in 1866, he is the son of Mr. James Gordon, Riviera, Brisbane, Queensland.

ROBERT ARRON GORDON, Captain, 1st Royal Scots. He is the brother of Captain W. E. Gordon, V.C., of the Gordon Highlanders. He fought all through the war until November, 1901, when he was invalided home for dysentery. He left the service in February, 1902.

STEWART DOUGLAS GORDON, Lieut Col., India Staff Corps. He was born in 1856, and joined the 72nd in 1874, being transferred to the Bengal Staff Corps four years later. He has held some important staff appointments in India. He served on the staff in South Africa. He went through the Afghan war, and the Egyptian campaign of 1882, being present at Tel-el-Kebir.

VIVIAN GORDON, 2nd Lieutenant, Gordon Highlanders. Born in 1881, he entered the Gordons from the militia in April, 1900. He was at the front, 1899-1901, and took part in the operations in the Transvaal. He is a son of Mr. Frederick Gordon, of Bentley Priory, Stanmore, the owner of the well-known hotels in London.

WILLIAM A. GORDON, Captain, 6th Battalion Worcester Regiment. He is now A.D.C. to Sir Walter Hely Hutchinson, Governor of the Cape.

WILLIAM ENGLESON GORDON, V.C., Gordon Highlanders, was dangerously wounded at Magersfontein. He saw a great deal of fighting. He took part in the advance on Kimberley; the operations in the Orange Free State, including Paardeberg; the actions at Poplar Grove, Dreifontein, Houtnek, Vet River, and Zand River (February-May, 1900); the operations in the Transvaal (May-June, 1900); in the Transvaal, including Belfast and Lydenberg (July-November); and in Cape Colony, north and south of the Orange River. He won the Victoria Cross on 11th July, 1900 for his great gallantry during the action near Leehochoek (or Doornbosch Fontein), near Krugersdorp, as follows:—A party of men, accompanied by Captains Younger and Allan, having succeeded in dragging an artillery waggon under cover when its horses were unable to do so by reason of the heavy and accurate fire of the enemy, Captain Gordon called for volunteers to go out with him to try to bring in one of the guns. He went out alone to the nearest gun under a heavy fire, and, with the

greatest coolness, fastened a dragrope to the gun, and then beckoned to the men, who immediately doubled out to join him in accordance with his previous instructions. While moving the gun, Captain Younger and three men were hit. Seeing that further attempts would result only in further casualties, Captain Gordon ordered the remainder of the party under cover of the kopje again, and, having seen the wounded safely away, himself retired. Captain Gordon's conduct under a particularly heavy and most accurate fire at only 850 yards range, was "most admirable, and his manner of handling his men most masterly; his devotion on every occasion that his battalion has been under fire has been remarkable." These are the words of the official account of his bravery. Captain Gordon is the son of the late Dr. Gordon, of Bridge of Allan, who was of Irish origin, I believe. His brother, Captain R. A. Gordon, fought with the 1st Royal Scots during the campaign. Captain Gordon, who was born in 1866, joined the Gordons from the militia in 1888. He went through the Chitral Campaign, 1895.

LIEUTENANT LACHLAN GORDON DUFF, 1st Gordons. Born in 1880, he is the son of Mr. T. D. Gordon Duff of Park and Drummuir. He joined the Gordons in August, 1899, a few weeks before the outbreak of the war. He took part in the advance on Kimberley, including Magersfontein, Paardeberg, Poplar Grove, Dreifontein, Houtnek, Vet River, Zand River, and so on. He performed the duties of an intelligence officer. He was enthusiastically received by the tenants of Park at a luncheon given by his father at Park House, on 24th July, 1902, and by these on the Drummuir estate, on 26th July. Mr. Gordon Duff represents the old family, the Gordons of Park, who were came from the Gordons of Cairnburrow, descended from "Jock" of Sundargue.

ROBERT GORDON GORDON-GILMOUR, D.S.O., Major, Grenadier Guards. Born in 1857, he is the eldest son of Mr. Henry Wolrige Gordon of Hallhead and Esslemont, Aberdeenshire, and assumed the name of Gilmour on succeeding to the estate of Craigmillar on the death of his grand-uncle, Walter James Leith Gilmour, 1887. He entered the 94th Foot (now the 2nd Battalion of the Connaught Rangers) from the militia in 1878, and was transferred to the Grenadier Guards in the following year. He went through the Zulu war of 1879, and the Soudan expedition with the Guards' Camel Corps, 1884-5. He was assistant private secretary to the Minister for War, 1891-2. He commanded the 2nd battalion of the Grenadier Guards in South Africa from 30th May to 11th October, 1900. He took part in the operations in the Orange Free State, April-November, 1900, including the actions at Biddulphsberg.

H. GORDON-TURNER, Captain in Dordrecht District Volunteer Guard.

JOHN GORDON WOLRIGE-GORDON, Major, 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, is the second son of Mr. Wolrige-Gordon of Esslemont, and was born in 1859. He entered the 105th Foot (2nd Battalion Yorkshire Light Infantry) in January, 1879, and was transferred in the following March to the 93rd (now the 2nd Battalion Argyll and Sutherland). He went through the Tirah campaign, 1897-8. He took part in the battles of Modder River, Magersfontein, Paardeberg, Dreifontein, Poplar Grove, and the operations in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony in 1900. He was commandant at Piennars Poort and at Balmoral.

I shall be very pleased to receive information about the origin of any of these officers whom I have not identified.

J. M. BULLOCH.

118 PALL MALL, S.W.



