[*Landseer.*]

[FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.]

MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COLLIE.

WITH PORTRAITS.

In One Volume.

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PREFACE.

"Tradition's lore and Celtic lay
May well beguile the longest day,
While we pursue our Highland way,
Or, sad delight,
Recall the elms and straths of rapid Spey
When far from sight."

These words move me to quote from Ossian in his prayer to Malvina. "But lead me, O Malvina! to the sound of my woods; to the roar of my mountain streams. Let the chase be heard on Cona; let me think on the days of other years. And bring me the harp, O Maid! that I may touch it, when the light of my soul shall arise. Be thou near, to learn the song; future times shall hear of me! The sons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice on Cona; and, looking up to the rocks, say, 'Here Ossian dwelt.' They shall admire the chiefs of old, the race that are no more! while we ride on our clouds, Malvina! on the wings of the roaring winds; Our voices shall be heard, at times, in the desert; we shall sing on the breeze of the rock."—*Ossian.*

Knowing that anything which I might write would not compensate the reader for the time taken

in perusal, I should not have ventured to pen the following pages, let alone allow them to be published, but for a suggestion made to me that some of these reminiscences should be recorded. With this explanation and excuse, I ask the reader's consideration and forbearance, being conscious as I write of the many and palpable shortcomings attending my efforts.

Furby Street,
Winnipeg, Man., Canada, 1908.

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MEMOIRS

OF

WILLIAM COLLIE

CHAPTER I.

HERE in Winnipeg, the City of the Plains, Manitoba, Canada, and in my 79th year, I set myself the task of writing my lineage and a biographical sketch of my life, together with various traditions incidental thereto, most of which may be interesting to my family and their descendants. Strange to say, that although my mind is clearer the further back it travels, at times I almost feel conscious of being asked the question—"How dare you in your decrepitude undertake such a task?" As if in reply, I will here state, that 40 years ago I set myself this task and completed it to that date; but as time went on, and further opportunity of more closely studying my subject was gained, I

became dissatisfied with the manner in which various portions were presented, and ultimately destroyed the whole. After our golden wedding something urged me to further effort, reluctantly undertaken, because of an impression that the members of my family, whose dispositions I had opportunity to observe, appeared in some measure lacking in patriotism. However, retaining the matter a profound secret, I struggled a second time to the end of my task: but although the result impressed me more favourably than on the former occasion, it did not satisfy me, and after being revised and corrected several times was ultimately destroyed.

Within myself, however, I felt that there were certain facts regarding the origin of our family—facts which perhaps are unknown, or at least do not specially interest the few now living who had the privilege of hearing them attested—which should not be allowed to be for ever lost to them. Curiously enough, while my mind was thus occupied, I received a letter from our son Peter asking me to write my life, and recalling several incidents that occurred when he was under 12 years of age. As a boy he was of a delicate constitution, and this led him to go to Australia on completion of his

term of apprenticeship with the Bank of Scotland. That was in 1884, and it was not until 1906, and then only for a brief period, that we met again. On that occasion the subject was not mentioned, and to me it is singular, that while my mind was still perturbed because of the destruction of my works, he should have preferred such a request. It, however, has added the necessary incentive to induce me to commence anew; and I now approach the work with pleasure, trusting in the providence of God that my words may be interesting and even useful.

To get to the origin of our peculiar name, it is necessary to go back 216 years, to the date of the Massacre of Glencoe—1692. This massacre, which perhaps constitutes one of the blackest pages in Scottish history, has been recorded by many historians, and the work of the Rev. Dr. Gilfillan appeals to me as giving the best account of the awful crime. But beyond the fact that they had made their escape, no authentic information is to be found, in any known treatise on the subject, regarding the fate of the two sons of the McIan, John and Alexander, after the sudden warning to flee for their lives, given them in the dead of night by a clansman, then a fugitive, while the terrible butchery was being enacted:

and I believe that, other than myself, there is none now living who holds, from reliable tradition, the probable key to the mystery. The story of their subsequent movements was told me, when a young man, by the most authentic chronicler of such traditions then living in Speyside, an intelligent, innocent old maid, at the time between 70 and 80 years of age, by name Janet Macdonald. Janet was well known and highly respected in the district, and it was customary for the young folks round about to go regularly to "Ceilidh" (to spend the evening) with her. She would recite to her attentive listeners incidents that had occurred hundreds of years previously, relating to wraiths, ghosts, hobgoblins, fairies, brownies, and spirits, in various shapes and forms, as they were then spoken of, described, and believed in, though not by Janet herself, who told her stories as she had been told them, subsequently enlightening us as to their origin and purpose. Such stories, she would explain, were concocted by witty and scheme-devising men for a special purpose. Something "fearsome" invariably happened in any locality selected for smuggling, while body snatching, then a lucrative source of income, gave rise to many stories about the meeting of wraiths, candles, and "tachran bodach na euchead,"

that is, the weird wailings of the departed spirit on its way to the cemetery.

At the time of which I speak, superstition was, as it still is in remote parts, rampant in Scotland, and indeed so strong was its hold that very few of the people were bold enough, alone, to leave their homes in the dark, and still fewer cared to approach, even in broad daylight, places said to be haunted. In fact, nearly all in those days believed, more or less, in mythical stories, and delighted in telling them; and that traditions which were then current in the district and generally credited should be disbelieved in by her, affords proof of Janet's intelligence.

I think it can safely be said, without contradiction, that the Scottish nation, as a rule, but the Highland folks in particular, are generally admitted to possess a remarkable knowledge of their ancestry and relatives—the 42nd cousin often being jokingly referred to as a near relative—and the way in which the people can trace their kin back for several generations, and relate accurately incidents which occurred during the period, is a known trait in Highland character. My mother and my two aunts were almost as good historians as poor, harmless Janet Macdonald. I am thus able to give some proof that the first

Coilies were John and Alexander Macdonald of Glencoe. Briefly the story, as related to me, is as follows:—

While the massacre of McIan, his wife, and household was taking place, a certain *seanachie,* or member of the house, rushed past the hut in which the two sons slept, and shouted to them to take to the hills, as their father, mother, and household were now murdered. The sons were sleeping with their clothes on, and instantly bolting out, raised their plaids high, so as to shield their heads, and rushed through the soldiers without receiving a scratch. Making for the east in the drift and snow, their first rest was at the east end of Loch Treig. Thence they proceeded by Loch Laggan to the head of Spey, thence through Badenoch, Strathspey, and Glenfiddich to Mortlach, in Morayshire, where they got some work from a farmer. They refused to give names, other than John and Alexander (as there was blood money on their heads), and were very reserved as to who they were and whence they came. But the farmer, becoming more inquisitive every day, insisted upon their names being given. "What will I ca' you? I must ca' you John something." "Well," said John, "I don't care what you ca' me, ca' me 'Collie,' if you like," at the same time touch-

ing with his foot a dog lying close to him. "Collie be you, then," said the old farmer. "You are Collie dubh, he is Collie bane. You say you are brothers, but neither I nor any one believe you." John was dark, Alexander was extremely white — eyelids, brows, hair, and beard being as white as snow. They were over a year with the farmer, and became great favourites with the people generally.

Now, in the locality, not a word was heard about the Massacre of Glencoe; but when the news circulated, a burst of indignant horror and hatred immediately arose against the whole Campbell clan. (Still the Campbells gained their point by murderous extirpation and confiscation.) After this outburst, the young Collies could safely disclose their identity, and telling the people that they were the two sons of McIan, related the whole story. This raised them very highly in the estimation of the people of Moray; so much so that they married into well-to-do families, and possessed farms of their own. Strange, but true, half of John's family, who was himself dark, was dark and half white. It was the same with Alexander's family, and, singularly, this freak in nature is still extant. Of this more hereafter. I often heard my father and mother

trace our genealogical tree, but as I did not know their farms and occupations I have forgotten the records of two generations, and am unable to give their lineal descent.

That brings me to my paternal grandfather, Alan Collie, a mason, of Rothiemurchus; but before proceeding further with my narrative it may be useful to give a short description of the Massacre of Glencoe. I quote from Chambers' Encyclopædia, and add a few extracts from Lord Macaulay's *History of England,* viz.:—

"Glencoe, a valley of northern Argyllshire, descending seven and a half miles west-by-north-west from a 'coe,' 1,011 feet high, to salt-water Loch Leven, two miles E.N.E. of Ballachulish. It is traversed by the Coe (or Cona of Ossian), and it is flanked by conical mountains, the Pap of Glencoe (2,430 feet) the most prominent, Ben-veedan (3,766) the loftiest. Of many descriptions of Glencoe, the best are by Dorothy Wordsworth (1804); by Macaulay (1849), who saw it both in rain and in sunshine, and calls it 'the very valley of the shadow of death'; and this by Charles Dickens (1841): 'Glencoe itself is perfectly terrible. The pass is an awful place. It is shut in on each side by enormous rocks, from which great torrents come rushing down in all directions. In amongst these rocks, on one side of the Pass (the left as we came from Kingshouse), there are scores of glens high up, which form such haunts as you might imagine wandering in in the

very height and madness of a fever. They will live in my dreams for years.'

"In 1691 the Edinburgh authorities issued a proclamation exhorting the clans to submit to William and Mary, and offering pardon to all who before 31st December would swear to live peaceably under the Government. All the chiefs submitted except McIan, the head of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, whose submission was delayed by unforeseen causes till 6th January, 1692. The magistrate before whom he took the oath of allegiance transmitted a certificate to the Council at Edinburgh, explaining the circumstances of the case. However, on 16th January, King William signed an order ending: 'If McIan of Glencoe and that trybe can be well separated from the rest, it will be a proper vindication of the public justice to extirpate that sect of thieves.' So, on 1st February, 120 soldiers—Campbells mostly, and commanded by Captain Campbell of Glenlyon—marched to Glencoe, and, telling the natives that they came as friends, and merely wanted quarters, for twelve days lived in the glen. Glenlyon, while visiting daily at the chief's house, employed himself in observing every pass by which escape was possible, and reported the result of his observations to Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, who was approaching from Fort William with 400 more troops. The 13th was fixed for the massacre, and on the night of the 12th Glenlyon was supping and playing at cards with those whom he purposed to butcher. At five in the morning the murderous work began, and day broke on thirty-eight corpses, including those of

at least one woman, an old man of seventy, and a boy of four. But, Hamilton not having come up in time, the passes were open, and some 150 men, and probably as many women, escaped—in many cases only to perish from cold and hunger among the snow in the high mountain gorges. The huts were fired, and then the troops marched away, taking with them a thousand head of cattle and sheep and horses.

"The prime movers of this deed of infamy were a Lowland statesman and a Highland chief—Sir John Dalrymple, Master (and afterwards Viscount and first Earl) of Stair, and John Campbell, Earl of Breadalbane. The one was actuated by chagrin at the failure of his schemes for pacifying the Highlands, the other by personal animosity. As for King William, Macaulay pleads that McIan's submission had been kept from him, that he knew the Macdonalds only as thieves and rebels, and that by 'extirpation' he certainly never meant them to be murdered in their sleep. Anyhow, a Royal Commission (1695) found that his instructions 'offered no warrant for the measure,' and there the affair ended. In 1884 a monument was erected to mark the scene of the massacre."

. . . . . .

The following extracts are from Macaulay's *History of England,* viz.:—

"The night was rough, Hamilton and his troops made slow progress, and were long after their time. While they were contending with the wind and snow, Glenlyon was supping and playing at cards with those whom he meant to butcher

before daybreak. He and Lieutenant Lindsay had engaged themselves to dine with the old chief on the morrow.

"Late in the evening a vague suspicion that some evil was intended crossed the mind of the chief's eldest son. The soldiers were evidently in a restless state; and some of them uttered strange exclamations. Two men, it is said, were overheard whispering. 'I do not like this job,' one of them muttered. 'I should be glad to fight the Macdonalds, but to kill men in their beds—.' 'We must do as we are bid,' answered another voice. 'If there is anything wrong, our officers must answer for it.' John Macdonald was so uneasy that, soon after midnight, he went to Glenlyon's quarters. Glenlyon and his men were all up, and seemed to be getting their arms ready for action. John, much alarmed, asked what these preparations meant. Glenlyon was profuse of friendly assurances. 'Some of Glengarry's people have been harrying the country. We are getting ready to march against them. You are quite safe. Do you think that if you were in any danger I should not have given a hint to your brother, Sandy, and his wife?' John's suspicions were quieted. He returned to the house and laid down to rest.

"It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were some miles off, and the avenues which they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise, and he began to execute them at the little village where he himself quartered. His host, Inverrigen, and nine other Macdonalds were dragged out of

their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy twelve years old clung round the captain's legs and begged hard for life. He would do anything; he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting, but a ruffian named Drummond shot the child dead.

"At Auchnaion, the tacksman, Auchintraiter, was up early that morning, and was sitting within sight of his family round the fire, when a volley of musketry laid him and seven of his companions dead or dying on the floor. His brother, who alone had escaped unhurt, called to Sergeant Barbour, who commanded the slayers, and asked as a favour to be allowed to die in the open air. 'Well,' said the sergeant, 'I will do you that favour for the sake of your meat which I have eaten.' The mountaineer, bold, athletic, and favoured by the darkness, came forth, rushed on the soldiers who were about to level their pieces at him, flung his plaid over their faces, and was gone in a moment.

"Meanwhile, Lindsay had knocked at the door of the old chief, and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. McIan, while putting on his clothes and calling to his servants to bring some refreshment for his visitors, was shot through the head. Two of his attendants were slain with him. . . . . Even the sons of McIan, who had been especially marked out for destruction, contrived to escape. They were roused from sleep by faithful servants."

The foregoing confirms, to some extent, my conviction regarding the origin of the Collies, as conveyed to me by tradition, inasmuch as

it affords ample proof of the escape of the two sons of the McIan. Their parents murdered, the whole clan practically annihilated, their property confiscated, and a price on their own heads, realising their utter helplessness, the two sons must have seen that their only safety from the brutal Glenlyon lay in distant flight, and it was then in all likelihood that they made their way to Speyside, utterly dejected.

I will now revert to Alan Collie—my grandfather—who, with his brother Alexander, and their cousin, Alexander Collie, the three being then in the prime of life, left Fochabers—I cannot find the exact date—and settled in Rothiemurchus. Sandy—my granduncle—married and had no children. He was very fond of the gun (poaching was a heinous offence in those days), and became known as "Colleach Craig an a fhirdich" (Collie Raven's Rock). When dying, he sent for my father, and, in tears, presented him with his well-known musket, which I have here now. The cousin, Alexander Collie, married and had only one son—George. My grandfather married big Ann Stewart from the heights of Badenoch, an excellent woman, affectionate and thrifty. She was very tall, over 6 feet, with charming features but an ugly figure.

Grandfather was full of wit, humour, jokes, and tricks, and derived much fun from drawing grandmother—or "Big Ann," as she was familiarly called—into rows with the women of the district, who, for the most part, hated her; but she was an universal favourite with the men, who enjoyed the rows, which grandfather created, better even than he did himself. Further, he was the greatest fabricator, in regard to ghost stories, in the district; and none could polish off a fable as he could. In consequence he was a favourite with everyone; in fact, when at his trade, young fellows were known to work for him merely for their food. Later in life he took a farm and made a good farmer. He was not fond of the gun, like his brother Sandy. He died before I was born, but I have often heard it said that he was very strong and robust, but not so tall as grandmother (Anna Mohr—Big Ann). He had pleasant, attractive features, yet it was said that, when roused, his face would subdue or dishearten man or beast. He had ten of a family, six sons and four daughters, their names being:—Isabella, John, Alexander, Peter, William, Ann, Duncan, Mrs. Car, Elizabeth, and Robert. The peculiar characteristic of the race was distinctly borne out in this generation of the Collies, five

of the family having dark hair and five white, although they all had the same clear complexions; and these facts I regard as strengthening my claim to direct descent from the chief of the McIan's.

(1) Isabella (Mrs. Grant) had a large family. All are dead excepting Andrew—the youngest son—who is now in his 91st year. He takes no interest in folklore, and cannot, in the least, help me in my task.

(2) John married and had a large family, who are all dead, the last of them, Alan, having died a few months ago at Ardrishaig, Argyllshire. His wife was the belle of the district, but a born asthmatic, as were most of her children. John was very dark and tall—about 6 feet.

(3) Alexander married and had a large family. Two of his sons, George and Andrew, went to Australia in 1850, the others are dead. He had very dark hair, stood 6 feet 4 inches in height, but was not well built. He was a farmer, and had the farm of Sag of Tullochgrue.

(4) Peter—my father—succeeded his father (Alan) in the farm of Tullochgrue. He married Mary, second daughter of Robert Cameron, Aviclochan, and had seven children, four sons and three daughters. All are dead

excepting myself and my sister Ann (Mrs. McPherson of Inch), who is now in her 91st year.

(5) William died young.

(6) Ann, afterwards Mrs. Clarke of Aviemore.

(7) Duncan was a sergeant in the 78th Highlanders, Ross-shire Buffs—a very handsome soldier, dark, strong, and hardy, and for many years valet to the colonel of the regiment. In the year of the battle of Waterloo, 1815, he was sent, as a recruit in the 79th Highlanders, to India, but his regiment had only just arrived there when it was recalled and ordered to join Wellington at Waterloo. He retired on pension, and married a dark Irish woman, whom we called "Dublin." They had one daughter, who was married and widowed twice ere she was 18 years of age. In addition to his pension, Duncan earned good pay, and although temperate and abstemious, as a family they were not thrifty; the wages were spent as soon as earned, and the pension before it became due. No one could understand how they spent their money.

(8) Mrs. Car, Guisilich, who had one son.

(9) Elizabeth died an old maid.

(10) Robert, sporting poacher and smuggler, but for all that he was for many years

head forester in Glenfeshie and Rothiemurchus. He married twice, and had two families, some of whom went to Australia, others settled about Grantown, Strathspey. His first wife, descended from the Rothiemurchus Grants, on the female side, had a small croft, called Aldruie, as a heritage. Aldruie was situated in a woody wilderness, about ten miles from the Doune House, and the Laird of Rothie' used to call, when out hunting, on his relative, Louis McGregor of Aldruie. Louis was not very well posted in the Scriptures, and this fact reached the Laird's ears, who thought it proper to send the clergyman of the parish to catechise him. When the household were assembled, the minister, after the usual courtesies, quietly produced the Bible and Catechism, and after solemn prayer, and when a chapter of the Bible had been read, began his catechising, which was not very successful with the juveniles. Louis' turn came, and he was asked if he knew anything about the Lord's Prayer. "Am bheil urnuigh an T'agibh's a Luaish." "What?" says Louis. The question was repeated. "My God, the Father of the Son, what would I be doing with it?" said Louis. "What thing is it, and where did he lose it?" "Oh, Luaish, Luaish," said the minister. "Oh, fui, fui,"

Teighear

said Luaish. "Dud, dud," said the minister, "dud, dud n fheim." "If you came here to make a thief of me, the sooner we are away the better"; and whistling to his dogs, he called his daughter (nicknamed by himself "Biodag Dirk) to come with him, and away they went to attend to the milking of their goats. The minister went home, and told the whole story to the Laird, who almost cracked himself laughing, and immediately sent a trusty man to tell Louis that the lost prayer had been found in the minister's pocket. I have an idea that Louis went down next day to get satisfaction from the catechist, but at all events the preceding portion of the story is quite true: I was there, and twelve years of age at the time. my Uncle Robt told me the Story

Grandfather (Alan) and his sons, John, Patrick or Peter, Alexander, and their cousin George, were for many years the principal masons in Strathspey and Badenoch. John engineered and attended to the scaffolding while the Duke of Gordon's monument was being erected at Toralvie. My father was not a neat builder, but at inside rubble-work he was a match for three men. With an axe, and the gun, he had few equals. None of the family had the wit and humour of their father and uncle, and it was a common saying that Anna Mohr spoilt the Collies in body and soul.

CHAPTER II.

I WILL now give a brief resumé of my father's life. He was born in the year 1795, at Ach-na-aitin, Rothiemurchus, being christened and named after Patrick Grant of Rothiemurchus, who died in 1790. He was by far the best built and strongest of the family—in height 5 feet 10 or 11 inches —singularly active, very modest and reserved, yet excellent company. After his marriage, he succeeded my grandfather in the one-fourth of Tullochgrue, but shortly afterwards an interesting incident occurred which deprived him of the croft. My father was a great poacher, but as he generally sent the lion's share of his sport to the Doune, he was allowed to roam about more in the capacity of a keeper.

At that time there lived in the district a notorious man, named James Geddes, who roamed in the forest, dwelt always in caves, and was seldom seen. One day, in my father's absence, he came to the house, and without a

word took the old musket, regardless of mother's and Anna Mohr's protestations. My father was mad on learning what had happened, but it was as easy to find a needle in a haystack as to find Geddes. And it was not until a year and a half afterwards that my father, when cutting peat in the wilderness, heard the well-known wheezing report of his musket. He went with all speed to the place, and found Geddes grallaching a stag. A fight took place, and father pounded Geddes almost to death, and was just preparing to leave him, taking the musket, when up galloped Sir John Peter Grant of Rothiemurchus, who also heard and knew the wheezing report of the musket. Sir John was raging mad, and told my father he would be no longer on his estate than the law permited, and to Geddes he said, "I will have you outlawed, so that anyone can shoot you."

With that he went off, while Geddes was screeching—"It was me that killed the deer, Sir John"; but the indignant Sir John galloped away like the wind, not deigning to pay the slightest attention to Geddes' outcry, an outcry all the more honourable to Geddes, considering the severe thrashing he had just then received. My father was as proud

as Sir John, and did not wait for the law to run its course, but hired a house from Captain James Clarke of Dalnavert, sold his furniture and farm effects, and left Rothiemurchus for ever.

Sir John Peter Grant was a proud man, the most noted advocate of the day, and he never went back on his word; but he sincerely regretted his action in this instance. His family, who were at that time fully grown, used, years afterwards, to tell their people that they were, for months after the event, quite ashamed to see any of the Collies, and that their father and mother would give anything if Peter Collie would only come and plead. One of the chief reasons, I think, was, in the year 1822, King George the Fourth came to Edinburgh. All the nobility went to meet him; among them Sir John Peter and Lady Grant. Through the Lord Chancellor, Sir John was informed that the King would give anything for real Scotch whisky (smuggled was meant). Sir John sent a messenger to Miss Grant, his daughter, at Rothiemurchus, asking her to find Peter, who he thought would get the whisky, and have it despatched to Edinburgh at once. On the day the messenger arrived, my father and uncle Robert came home with 100 ptarmigans. Robert was gillie, and my

father killed them all with the old musket, 18 with one shot, a feat that was never heard of before, nor since, as far as I know. The 50 brace of ptarmigans and a ten gallon cask of old smuggled whisky were expeditiously sent to Sir John. He was, some time after, appointed a judge in India. The above is recorded in Lady Strachan's (Miss Grant's) Memoirs to her family.

My father was doing better at Dalnavert than with the croft. He was very intimate with Captain Clarke, and the Carmichaels of Kinrara. During the winter they were always together. My father lived at Dalnavert for four or five years before I was born, which event took place on the 28th April, 1829.

In 1833 Glenfeshie was made a forest by the Honble. Edward Ellice, M.P., and my father was appointed head forester. He never asked for the situation, nor did he ever know for certain who recommended him, but suspected Sir John Peter Grant. The sheep manager was to be left in the forest till the sheep were collected, which took two years, and my father had to remove from Dalnavert to a place called Tomberbag, which was nearer the forest. There it was where my treasury of knowledge lived, viz., Sconaid Bhan, Janet Macdonald, Beal an nain.

Her father was a solemn, sedate, old man. He was fond of whisky, but would never give money for it. When giving him a glass, he would pretend to stop you from filling it, and abruptly turning aside would say, "Oh, well, you may fill the glass to Balnan nain, but Balnan nain will only drink his will of it." True, he never left a drop.

In those days there was not, I fully believe, a solitary Roman Catholic in Badenoch and Strathspey, and it was preached to the people that they (the R.C.'s) all had tails, horns, and hoofs. There were several wild smugglers and poachers in Glenfeshie, and my father wanted an assistant. He thought a stranger would frighten them most, and Mr. Ellice applied to Lord Lovat to appoint one. After a while a very strong, handsome man, Donald Fraser, a Roman Catholic, appeared, and the people round about flocked in to see him. When they saw the fine polite man he was, they were very angry at being fooled; as, in their opinion, he was no Roman Catholic at all.

In 1837 the sheep manager left, and we all went to the Glen (Carn a Chunie house). Robert, my brother, was an assistant footman at the lodge, and Duncan was kennel boy. I was then eight years old, and only did light

chores. Father was then 43 years of age. He retained his situation until advancing years compelled him — in 1855 — to cease work, during which time my duties were closely associated with his, and occurrences throughout that period were more or less incidental to both lives.

After Donald Fraser's appointment, my father and he had troublous times with three brothers, who were great smugglers and poachers, and lived with their father, an old man, on a different estate, and could not be ejected. One of the sons, probably in the hope that it might reform him, was made a forester, but he retained all his poaching proclivities, and every chance he got he would kill deer, even in the moonlight, from the window of his own parlour. To be rid of him, Mr. Ellice gave him a sum of money, and sent him and his large family to Canada. His wife died there, and, leaving his family in that country, he came back to Strathspey. His two brothers Mr. Ellice sent to school, and afterwards got them situations in the Excise. The old man was sent to Braemar, his native country, and thereafter peace reigned in the glen.

My first steady employment was as a ladies' gillie, *i.e.*, leading them on ponies through the

hills. At twelve I worked the croft of five acres, and could plough then better than I could at twenty. I was badly situated for school. There was a parochial school open during part of the winter, 3 or 4 miles away. During the winter of 1843-4, when living at Dalnavert, I attended the Laganlia school, where we had an excellent teacher. I also went to a dancing school, and became an adept at the highland fling, hornpipe, triple bar, sword dance, and all the rest of it.

At this stage of our lives we made the acquaintance of a relative who afterwards became famous. His father was a close connection of my grandfather's, but I forget the exact relationship, and although I never saw him he was well known to me through hearsay, and was always spoken of as "Colleach Crupach," or Cripple Collie. He was a farmer and saw miller near Huntly, Aberdeenshire, and one of the many Collies who changed their name back to Macdonald. In 1843 he had a son, George, at college in Aberdeen, a rawboned, tall youth, with fair hair down to his shoulders, of coarse appearance, quite an enthusiast, and such a one as you would probably have taken for the idiot I at the time thought him to be. In his holidays he came to Rothiemurchus to try and get all

the Collies to change their names back to Macdonald. He came to see my father, and stayed for a week or ten days, but although they became great friends, so far as his particular quest was concerned, I doubt that my father gave him much encouragement. At all events he did not succeed in persuading him to change his name. It was a custom of his, when my father went out to the hills, to lock himself up in the parlour, and discourse as if he were having strong arguments with various people, and there being only mother, sister Isa, and myself in the house, we were at first terribly frightened. My father told him so, and he laughed, and could not stop himself laughing. He then took us and some gillies into his confidence and continued his antics, but we were all right then, and he often took Isa and me into the room with him when performing. When he went away on the first occasion, my father conveyed him by a short cut over the highest of the Grampians. Next year, at the same time, he came again and stayed longer, and acted just in the same way. My father and he were great friends, and corresponded for some time. He left Aberdeen, and his last address known to me was George the Fourth Bridge, Edinburgh. Whose fault it was that

the correspondence ceased I do not know, but the next I heard concerning him was—in 1905—that his death had been announced in the newspapers all over the world. He could not have been more than three or four years my senior. My readers will readily understand that the great man alluded to was George Macdonald the celebrated novelist, and I would have given much in past years that the friendship formed with my father had been continued.

The following particulars regarding him are taken from *Chambers' Encyclopaedia*:—

"Macdonald, George, a Scottish poet and novelist, born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1824, educated at Aberdeen University and the Theological College of the Congregationalists at Highbury. He became minister at Arundel, Sussex, and afterwards at Manchester, but was compelled by the state of his health to give up preaching. A short residence in Algiers restored him to comparative vigour, and, returning to London, he took to literature as a profession. His first book, "Within and Without," a poem, appeared in 1856, and was followed by poems (1857) and Phantastes; "A Faerie Romance" (1858), a poem as irregular as "Kilmeny," and almost as full of beauty and power. A long series of novels followed, including "David Elginbrod" (1862), "The Portent" (1864), "Alec Forbes, of Howglen" (1865), "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood" (1866), "Guild Court" (1867), "The Seaboard Parish"

(1868), "Robert Falconer" (1868), "Wilfrid Cumbermede" (1871), "Malcolm" (1874), "St. George and St. Michael" (1875), "Thomas Wingfold, Curate" (1876), "The Marquis of Lossie" (1877), "Sir Gibbie" (1879), "What's Mine's Mine" (1886), "Lilith" (1895), and "Salted with Fire" (1897).

"Almost all these novels contain passages of singular beauty, and are lightened up by fine fancy and descriptive power, but they are badly constructed and defective in harmony as works of art. They reveal the deep spiritual instincts of their author in his reaction against Calvinism, as well as the nebulosity of his mental atmosphere and his inability for sustained thought.

"The dialect is that of Aberdeen and the north-eastern counties, and sounds feeble to the ear after the classic vigour of the language of Burns and Scott. He has also published books for the young—"Dealings with the Fairies" (1867), "Ranald Bannerman's Boyhood" (1869), "At the Back of the North Wind" (1870), and the "Princess and the Goblin" (1871); besides religious works—"Unspoken Sermons" (3 series, 1866-89) and "The Miracles of Our Lord." Macdonald is well known as a lecturer, and in 1872-73 he made a lecturing tour in the United States. In 1877 he received a Civil List pension of £100."—*Chambers' Encyclopædia.*

This was a critical time in my life, and I will refer back to it at a later stage. At fourteen I was the dogman, and went to the forest every day leading the staghounds, and slipping them after wounded deer. I held

that position for four seasons, in the fifth I had always to accompany my father, as his eyes were giving way; in fact, during the last three years in which he was forester, I managed all his business except leading in stalking.

In 1849 there were a great many changes. The Duchess of Bedford converted Rothiemurchus into a forest for her son, Lord Alexander Russell. She transferred my uncle, Robert, who had been her forester at Glenfeshie, to Rothiemurchus, and Lord Alexander, who left with his regiment for Canada, asked the Duchess to put me in his place. The Duke of Leeds took a lease of the Invereshie forest, and my father, being then incapable through age, retired. It was talked about that I was quite competent for and likely to get his place. But just then the Duchess sent for me; I never dreamt the reason, but after sounding me on the subject, she said—"Well, Lord Alexander before he left asked me to give the charge of the forest here to you. I am about to send your uncle to our Rothiemurchus forest." I was for the moment stupefied, and am not sure that I even said "Thank you," as my special ambition was to aspire to the Invereshie forest, and its sudden and unexpected realisation seemed almost to stun me. The Duchess

continued, "I told Lord Alexander that I thought you were much too young for such a charge, but I see you are not much elated, and hope he will not be disappointed in you, and that you will do your best till his Lordship comes home." Next day I heard the Duke was taking his head man and a lot of others from Braemar. My uncle left, and my father, mother, Isa, and Jessie came to live with me. Two years afterwards my father bought a house in Lynchat, where he died in 1857, aged 63.

My mother's excellent qualities I see now better than when she was alive. My father was my ideal, although he took little interest in governing the house or family, except that he always supported my mother strongly when there was cause; and we all loved although we rather feared him. I do not know much about her people. Her father, Robert Cameron, was a crofter or farmer, of Avilochan, near Carbridge; she and her sister May (Mrs. Smith) were in service until they married. My mother survived my father sixteen years, and it was said she was ninety-five years old when she died; she suffered greatly from toothache and nervous headaches, otherwise her health was very good. For many years before her death she was affectionately nursed

by my dear sister, Mrs. John Macpherson, Torbrec, Inch, and her devoted family.

Regarding my brothers and sisters, Robert was for many years valet to the Hon. Edward Ellice, of Glenquoich and Garry, and was the probable means of saving his life in Canada. After the Canadian Rebellion of 1837-38, Mr. Ellice, Mr. James Balfour, father of the present Right Hon. Arthur Balfour; and Captain Balfour, of Balburny, went to Canada to see what damage had been done to Mr. Ellice's estate of Bucharnois, near Montreal. After inspecting the property, they sent Robert on ahead with the luggage, they themselves intending to overtake him before he got to Montreal. Next day there was neither word nor sign of them, so Robert went to the barracks, where Lieutenant Carmichael's regiment was stationed. Lieutenant Carmichael surmised at once what had happened, and started in search of them with a body of men. From information received, they were found locked up in an underground cellar, the object of their captors presumably being to levy a heavy ransom. After Mr. Ellice's return to England he never went back to Canada again. He was Government whip for a time, and it is supposed that it was through his influence that Lieutenant Carmichael was made a Colonel. I remember

him just as well as if these events took place only yesterday. Colonel Carmichael, my father, and Captain Clark were always together shooting. Mr. Ellice sent Robert to school, and afterwards got him a situation in the Excise. He died in Paisley in 1857, in the same year and month as my father.

Duncan was a strong, healthy stamp of a man. He married and went out to Australia, and had two daughters when I last heard of them, but that is many years ago.

Louis, named after Colonel Carmichael of Kinrara, was rather delicate; it was said he saw visions, apparitions, and what not. He was for 37 years in the Perthshire constabulary, and during many of these an Inspector of Police in Crieff.

Ann, my eldest sister (Mrs. McPherson), is still alive, and is now 90 or 91 years of age. Beyond being troubled with rheumatism, she has always enjoyed splendid health.

Isabella and Janet were fine healthy women, but neither attained old age.

My three brothers were married, but none of them left any male issue.

There are certain physical peculiarities regarding the House of the McIan, noticeable in all the Collies, which I have omitted to refer to. These are very irregular or curly teeth,

straight hair, whiskers and beards thin, and growing twisted about, long finger nails, the right hand middle ones with elevated ridges across them.

All who have any knowledge of the history of the Clans know that the Macdonalds earned the reputation of being the bravest and most notorious reivers and thieves that ever lived in Scotland, and our family has always looked back with pride to its honourable record since the new order of things established itself. When I was a young man it was the boast of all the Collies that a Collie was never known to have been in jail, and to this day I have never heard of a case— the fine record extends over a period of 216 years.

I have now done with the Collies, excepting as regards my own life, but before proceeding with it I must first tell about my dear wife and her people.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN I began this history I deliberately made up my mind to go ahead just as the spirit moved me, and not alter or improve my work by revising it; but I find that, perhaps, my story is not as clear as I could wish, and have consequently resolved to dedicate the whole to my son Peter, with power to revise and improve, but not to detract from the substance.

I cannot trace the genealogy of my father-in-law, Lachlan Rose, beyond himself, but have heard his son Aneas say that some people in the district could trace it back to the Roses of Kilravoch. From his mother's side he was the last descendant of Beaty bhoidheach a ghun vaine, that is, pretty Betsy of the green gown. Perhaps there is no one alive to-day who knows the legend of the green gown but myself, and I may as well record it. The tradition is that many years ago there lived in the parish of Alvie, near Dalnavert, a farmer named Duncan Macintosh, the most handsome man in the district. His wife Betsy and her seven daughters were the ugliest

women possible, but they were most excellent workers, as good outside as inside, and no house or farm was in such order as his. In consequence, Duncan was the envy of all the other farmers, but the women had great sympathy for him in having to live with such a number of ugly creatures. Some of the most buxom of the women were in the habit of giving vent to their feelings, and after a time Duncan also began to feel sorry for himself. He commenced to be sour and sulky to Betsy and the girls, and fell into the habit every evening of strolling up the glen and round a wooded knoll, all the time becoming more and more sulky at home.

One evening his wife and daughters made up their minds to follow him, and were stalking behind some bushes when they saw a most beautiful lady come to meet him, and while the two were caressing, cooing, and kissing, they came quite close to Betsy, who, like a tigress, sprang at her rival in order to tear her to pieces. And although all she got was a green gown, in the instant she was transformed into a most beautiful woman, and Duncan and she went home in felicitous glory, carrying the green gown. It happened that as they were going into the house a nail in the door tore off a piece of the gown, and one of

the ugly girls, picking it up, instantly became quite an angel. From this incident Duncan and Betsy suspected there was virtue in the green gown, and gave a piece to each of the other six girls, whose appearance at once became most angelic, so that Duncan had the prettiest wife and daughters in the world. All the men in the district were envious of his luck, and the women very jealous, as the fame of the girls travelled everywhere, and in less than no time they were married to the most eligible men in Strathspey and Badenoch. They had servants to wait upon them, and did very little themselves.

Duncan and Betsy carried on the farm as usual, but, unfortunately, from the moment that Betsy was transformed in her beauty she became of no earthly use: the farm got out of order, the house poverty stricken, and as dirty as could be, and Duncan ended his days praying that Betsy's beauty might depart, and her ugliness and usefulness return.

In the memoirs of Lord Brougham, and Sir Morel Mackenzie, physician to the late Frederick III., Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, it is stated that during their short visits in Strathspey and Badenoch they saw more pretty girls than during their whole lifetime. When I was young this was an

apparent fact, and I am told that up to this day all or most of the women possess charms rarely to be met with elsewhere. It was currently believed that they sprang from pretty Betsy of the green gown. My chronicler, Janet, claimed that according to the legend the charm only followed a certain section of the Macintoshes, who could be traced back for some generations. The men were handsome and the women were beautiful, but all of them, male and female alike, were thoughtless and of little use. The last of the race lived in our vicinity, and some of them were at school with me. They were martyrs to consumption, and are all dead long ago. My wife's grandmother was one of these Macintoshes.

Lachlan Rose (my father-in-law) and his only brother Donald were healthy, and lived to a great age. They were both very moral. Donald, in fact, was believed by many to be a saint. He had a good farm in Glenbanchor. His wife was one of the worldly-wise, and she was often much irritated with Donald's long services, particularly after breakfast, when his lengthy prayers almost induced his listeners to go to sleep. It often happened that his wife would wake up from a nap with a start and say—"Dhiol beannaich mi as Dhomhanil nash

leig u dhieud a tha mis a cinteach gu-m-bl eil a crodh ar snamh's choire." "The devil bless me, Donald, won't you give it up? I am certain sure the cattle are swimming in the oats." My father-in-law frequently amused me with tales of this sort, and although he was far better educated than the generality, I could not convince him that Donald's wife was not much to blame. He was certain she had no right to interrupt her husband while praying. He was one of the finest of men — steadfast and upright in the highest degree. His wife, Ann McKay, was one of the Davidson's of Invernahavin and Noid; the stock is still there, and has been ever since the thirteenth century (1343).

David, the head of a branch of the Macphersons, led that clan at the Battle of Invernahavin in support of the Macintoshes against the Camerons of Lochaber. This was one of the bloodiest battles on record. Seven of Macdabhi's (son of David) sons were slain. After a time the name was changed to MacCaie or MacCuie, latterly, as now, to McKay, which is a misnomer like Collie.

It is unnecessary for me to enlarge on the matter, but there seems to be proof that the McKays have been in Noid ever since, and that they paid double rent during the many

years Cluny Macpherson was a fugitive after 1745. Cluny was their banker, and when he was financially tight the McKays of Noid were also hard up, at least so they all said.

Lachlan Rose after his marriage bought an allotment in the township of Noid, but as he did not get on very well with the McKays he subsequently bought a tenement in Newtonmoor, and kept jobbing about, sometimes taking the position of a gamekeeper. He had a family of ten—Alexander, Donald, Peter, John, William, Æneas, Margaret, Sarah, Jane, Ann ("Rosie").

My dear wife, Rosie, went to school in Perthshire, when ten years of age, for one or two years, but got no education afterwards. The rest of the family were at school during the winters.

Alexander, the eldest, was a strong, handsome man. When quite young he took to poaching, and was making money in this miserable occupation. One day in the Atholl forest, when on a poaching expedition, he was surrounded by the Duke of Atholl and a band of men and forced to surrender. He gave his name and accepted the inevitable. The Duke, however, was willing to let him go if he promised not to come poaching again, but Sandy would not promise. Then the Duke

endeavoured to take him to Blair Castle, 12 miles away, but he would not move, nor even ride on one of the Duke's ponies. He told the Duke that his father, mother, and several members of the family depended on him, and that he had promised to be home that night. So after a quiet interval he coolly lifted his bag of game and unmolested walked away.

The Duke at that time was getting up a pack of otter hounds, and having taken a fancy to Sandy, he sent a special messenger to him with the request that he should come to Blair and take charge of the kennels. Sandy complied, and the whole business was a great success. New kennels and housing accommodation, with all kinds of comforts for the keepers, were put up at Dunkeld, and Sandy got his brother Æneas the position of kennelman, their sister Jane keeping house for them.

The Duke hunted the otter over a considerable portion of England and Scotland for many years, keeping to the sport until his eyesight gave way, when the kennels were broken up and the hounds sold. Sandy had become a martyr to rheumatism in the knee and was pensioned off; Æneas being appointed ground officer at Blair, a position he held for many years. Although he did not play any musical instrument, Sandy had his

brothers, Æneas and William, taught the bagpipes, on which both became proficient in a very few years.

Æneas was a very attractive young Highlander, and played the bagpipes with more grace than any one I ever heard. His facetious ways made him a favourite with all classes. The late Queen Victoria once asked him to come to Windsor during his holidays, and when the Duke was invited the last words in the letter would be, "Bring Rose." He accompanied the Duke three times to Paris, when the latter was on a visit to the Empress Eugene of France. Various beautiful articles were presented to him by the Empress, and for many years he had great delight in showing the souvenirs to his friends.

Under date of 17th June, 1903, the *Perthshire Constitutional* newspaper wrote in reference to him as follows:—

RETIREMENT OF MR. ÆNEAS ROSE, BLAIR ATHOLL.

AN INTERESTING CAREER.

Mr. Æneas Rose, of the West Lodge, Blair Atholl, has just retired after 53½ years' service with the present and the late Dukes of Atholl. During his long career Mr. Rose has seen a great deal of life, and there are not a few incidents that will bear

re-telling. Born at Noid, in the parish of Kingussie, on 17th July, 1832, Mr. Rose has nearly completed his 71st year. Time has dealt with him gently, and he looks a good many years younger. Well made, straight as a rush, and active in his walk, he carries himself with a lightness that some men twenty years his junior might envy. The son of a farmer, he was educated at Newtonmoor, under Mr. Gordon Meldrum, a relative of the respected minister of Logierait. When only 14 years of age he was appointed teacher in a school at the east end of Loch Errochd, near Dalwhinnie, and had 45 scholars under his charge. He remained there for a couple of years, then removed to Glentruim, where he taught for fully twelve months. There was a proposal by the ministers of the place that he should attend the University, but about that time he got a letter from his brother, Alexander, asking if he would join him in the Duke of Atholl's service with the otter hounds. Fond of fishing and all other out-door sports, the young student, though he did not bid farewell to his books—for he has remained a voracious reader through life—chose to follow the otter hunter, and instead of becoming a dominie or a minister, became a ground officer and a famous Pipe-Major of the Atholl Highlanders.

Leaving his mother's house, he walked to Dalnacardoch, where he was met by his brother and a couple of ponies, and rode down to the kennels at Blair Castle. Next day he donned the kilt, and since then has seldom worn any other garb. Otter hunting is now unknown in Perthshire, but 50 or 60 years ago it was a favourite sport. Mr. Rose tells endless stories of his adventures, but reference

must be confined to one or two. In the summer of 1850 he sustained a severe accident at Stenton Rock, near Murthly, by putting his foot into a hole and breaking his knee-cap while chasing an otter. On one occasion in the following year a large party started from Garry side at seven o'clock in the morning. The Duke told him to go home to breakfast, and said the hounds would follow him. But whenever he left the hounds went off with him, and refused to follow any one else. Instead of going home, he went up as far as Struan, losing an otter at the falls after a good hunt.

Then they went up the Errochd, where some of the young dogs made for Loch Chon, with nobody with them but himself. Coming back to Trinafour, which was seven or eight miles distant, he got breakfast at the inn, and then crossed the hill with the party to Dunalistair. They unsuccessfully hunted an otter up to near Loch Rannoch, and down the Tummel again to Loch Tummel. Here some of the young hounds broke off and made for a loch near Whitebridge Toll, within nine miles of Aberfeldy. Only Beardie Willie and he followed the stray dogs, the others remaining with the main body. When they returned and crossed to the north side of the river they saw two ladies riding as fast as they could. These were the late Duchess-Dowager of Atholl and Miss Murray Macgregor, and the latter's horse stuck fast in the bog. On that occasion they killed two young otters, but failed to get the mother. It was dark when they left the Loch. The others had horses, but the late Mr. Charles Christie, for many years butler to the late Duchess-Dowager, and Mr. Rose crossed the hill by Tressit, went down the

boat at Ath-bard Suainard, and got home late at night dead tired. On the occasion of a meet on one of the Duchess-Dowager's birthdays, Mr. Rose walked at least 60 miles. There was a large party of gentlemen, and the servants included Christie, Rose, Beardie Willie, and John Robertson, the keeper. They met at Dunkeld. When going up the Tay east from Logierait it is alleged that Christie fell asleep, and was left behind. While some of the party did not go very far, a number went up the Tay and the Lyon a good many miles. That night the party stayed at Moulinarn, and the record of that day's work is preserved in Blair Castle.

After supper the servants were joined by the Duke and the party. At the moment Christie was being chaffed by old John Robertson, or Foxey, as he was called. He asked Christie if it was the case that he had been found that day with his arms round a tree calling, "Oh, my darling Cissie"? But Christie gave as good as he got. "Oh, Foxey," he said, "when you were courting your wife at Blair Uacher, is it the case that you went up a ladder to the loft, and that the ceiling being pretty rotten, your two legs came rattling through, and you sat on the beam? Do you remember that?" There was much fun that night. The late Duke would never allow them to kill more than twelve otters in the season in case they would be exterminated.

From the time he went to Blair, Mr. Rose was fond of the pipes, and he practised much with old John Macpherson, his celebrated predecessor, and became very proficient. The late Duchess-Dowager, who heard him playing a pibroch quietly, took a fancy to his style, and asked him to go and play

in the Castle one night. He was placed in an anteroom adjoining the dining-room, and during the evening he was told that there was some wagering as to who was playing, some of the party thinking that it was John Macpherson all the time. He went to Edinburgh to take lessons on the bagpipes, and was there when the King's Own Regiment embarked at Leith for the Crimea in 1854. At that time he received offers of appointment from different gentlemen, but would not leave the Atholl family, who had been so kind to him. For a number of years Mr. Rose continued to play the pipes at night in the Castle with the late Mr. Macpherson.

In 1860 the Empress of the French, travelling *incognito*, arrived at Birnam Hotel. On the following day, accompanied by the Duke of Atholl, she visited Blair Atholl, where an old Highlander, Willie Forbes, Auldclune, sang her a Gaelic song. On Sunday she attended service in Dunkeld Cathedral, and afterwards inspected the otter hounds at the kennel. The Duke took her into Mr. Rose's house (he was married and settled in Dunkeld at this time), and she took a glass of milk from Mrs. Rose. In accordance with instructions from the Duke, Mr. Rose and his brother, Willie, went over to Birnam on the Monday evening, and, stationing themselves immediately below the window of the Empress's sitting-room, played selections on the pipes while she was at dinner. Both were playing well then. She opened the window, and both musicians had to go upstairs, being introduced by the Marquis le Grange. In the following year the Duke of Atholl, Lord James Murray, the Marquis of Tullibardine, now the present Duke, Lord Dunmore, and others

were invited to a hunting party at Compiegne, and at the bottom of the Duke's invitation were the words, "And bring Rose, the piper, with you." They crossed by Dover and Calais in the middle of a severe storm, but the cordial reception and kind treatment experienced at Compiegne soon drove away all disagreeable memories of the journey. He was instructed to go to the Empress's boudoir with his pipes. All the gentlemen were in Highland costume, and the Empress and most of the French ladies present wore Atholl tartan in honour of the Duke. When he went to the Empress she shook hands with him, took the pipes, stating that she was to show the dear Scotch bagpipes to the ladies, and this she did. At the request of the Empress he played a reel, which was danced by eight couples. Her Imperial Highness asking the Duke to be her partner. After having played three or four reels and Strathspeys, the Emperor came in, thanked him for his kindness to the Empress while in Scotland, and hoped that he would enjoy himself while at Compiegne. At the request of the Emperor, Mr. Rose played another reel, which was danced in his presence, and Mr. Charles Christie danced the sword dance to the delight of the spectators. There was wild boar hunting, deer hunting, and shooting almost every day, and splendid sport was got. While the visit lasted, Mr. Rose and the other servants had free passes to the theatres in Paris, which they attended in Highland costume. They were frequently greeted with cheers and shouts of *les braves Ecossaises*.

In 1862 the same party got a second invitation to visit the Emperor and Empress at Compiegne,

and on that occasion the Duchess-Dowager and Miss Murray Macgregor formed members of the party. Mr. Rose's reception was as kind and cordial as in the previous year, and he had the honour of giving the Prince Imperial a chanter and teaching him to play the pipes, while Mr. Christie learned him to dance. He wore the Highland dress, his kilt being of Atholl tartan. One day the Empress, who was an excellent shot, killed eight pheasants with her own gun. She gave a feather out of the wing of one of them to the late Duke, one to Lord James Murray, and one to each of the rest of the gentlemen. One of the pheasants she lifted and presented to Mr. Rose, asking him to keep it as an heirloom in his family. It was sent to Paris to be stuffed, and forwarded to Mr. Rose at Dunkeld about a fortnight afterwards. Ever since it has occupied a prominent position in his house. It is in a large glass case bearing the following inscription:—"Empress Eugenie's pheasant shot at Compiegne on 14th November, 1861, and presented by her to Æneas Rose before about 400 people." On the afternoon before the Duke's party left, the Empress and a number of ladies and gentlemen came into the Prince Imperial's room to see him dance and hear him play the chanter. The Prince, however, was sketching, and declined to leave off. On being asked by the Empress what he was doing—"Oh," he said, "it is a little remembrance to Mr. Rose." "But what is the meaning of it?" asked his mother. "It's Highlanders out in the Crimea shooting the Russians." It may be added that the Russian Ambassador and his lady were present. The sketch, which is framed and hangs in Mr. Rose's dining-room, is highly prized

by him. It bears the following inscription:—"The above sketch representing the Highlanders attacking the Russians in the Crimea, was drawn at the Palace of Compiegne by the late Prince Imperial of the French, and presented by his hand in presence of the Empress and several of the French Court to Æneas Rose, Blair Atholl, on Thursday, 13th November, 1862, the Prince being then six years of age. The signature at the foot of the sketch is that of His Imperial Highness." It is as follows—"Louise Napoleon." The last time she was in Scotland the Empress, along with the Prince Imperial, visited Blair Castle. She sent for Mr. Rose and asked him to play some of the tunes which he had played at Compiegne. This he did, and was warmly thanked by Her Majesty.

Among other things in his possession which are highly valued by Mr. Rose is a picture which he got from the late Queen Victoria through the Duchess-Dowager in January, 1869. It is an engraving of the painting of the Queen and the late Prince Consort fording the Tarff, on 9th October, 1861. Her Majesty's pony was led by the Duke of Atholl and John Brown, while Mr. Rose was there as piper, and played till after Lord Fife and his men met them at the march. Mr. Rose accompanied the late Duke to the Station to meet Her late Majesty when she visited Blair Atholl in her widowhood in 1863.

Mr. Rose was appointed ground officer at Dunkeld in 1863, and two years later he removed to the West Lodge, Blair Atholl, which he has occupied for the last 38 years, and where he hopes to spend the last days of his life. He occupied the position of Pipe-Major of the Atholl Highlanders between 30 and

40 years. At first he had only four pipers, but when he gave up there was a band of thirteen. He always turned out with the regiment, and has frequently been with them at Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dundee, while he was never absent from the Atholl Gathering. He was present at the laying of the foundation stone of the Wallace Monument, near Stirling, and he and his brother, William, played the pipes with the Atholl Highlanders at the opening of the Loch Katrine Water Works, by the late Queen, on 14th October, 1859. After returning home on that occasion, his brother composed the famous quickstep, "The Atholl Highlanders' March to Loch Katrine." Mr. Rose has always enjoyed the respect and confidence of the Ducal family, and during the South African war he was in correspondence with the Duke's three sons, and sent them newspapers regularly.

Mr. and Mrs. Rose have a grown-up family of five sons and four daughters, all of whom have done well and fill responsible professional positions. Than Mr. Rose no one is better known in Atholl, and it is the wish of all that he may be long spared to enjoy his well-earned retirement.

He died on 10th March, 1905, aged 73, nearly two years after this interesting narrative appeared. Touching references were made regarding his death by several newspapers, and as some of these will doubtless be interesting to my readers, I will insert them here.

DEATH OF MR. ÆNEAS ROSE.

On Friday about eleven o'clock Mr. Æneas Rose, a well-known Atholl man, died. Suddenly seized with illness fully a year ago the deceased had not been looking his usual since, although able to move about to within ten days ago. Mr. Rose was a well-known figure in Atholl, and greatly respected by a wide circle of friends. He had been almost sixty consecutive years in the service of His Grace the Duke of Atholl in the capacity of ground officer and pipe-major to the Atholl Highlanders. The deceased had acted as School Board Officer since the passing of the Education Act in 1872. His wife predeceased him some seven months ago, and there is left to mourn his demise a large grown-up family, one being parish minister of Dalgety, and another having a large medical practice in England.

A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.

On Tuesday the remains of Mr. Æneas Rose, who was for over half a century a trusted servant of the Atholl family, were interred in the churchyard at Blair Atholl. A grey mist hung over the district, and it was amid gloomy surroundings that the funeral obsequies took place. Heavy rain fell during the forenoon, but, despite the inclement weather, an exceptionally large number of mourners, drawn from a wide radius, attended to pay their last respects to the memory of the deceased Highlander. Mr. Rose, who retired hardly two years ago, had since the passing of the Education Act acted as School Board Officer. A keen curler himself, it was appropriate that the curlers should turn out in large numbers. For many years he was skip of

Miss JESSIE ROSE, the late Mr. ÆNEAS ROSE (1901), the late Mrs. ROSE, Miss MAGGIE ROSE.

No. 3 rink of the Dunkeld Club. He was also an enthusiastic Freemason, being a member of Lodge No. 14, Dunkeld. A true Highlander, and taking a great interest in the preservation of the Gaelic language, for some years he conducted a class in Blair Atholl. One of the best pipers in Scotland, his services as a judge were frequently called into requisition.

The coffin, which was of polished oak, was covered with an Atholl tartan plaid and a number of beautiful wreaths sent from the family and friends of the deceased. At the entrance gate the coffin was placed on a catafalque, and a brief but impressive service was conducted by the Rev. James Fraser, Blair Atholl, in a drizzling rain. At Banavie Bridge the concourse of mourners was greatly augmented, and here the coffin was removed from the hearse and carried by the Atholl curlers to the churchyard. The pipers from the Atholl Highlanders, under Pipe-Major Macrae, played "The Flowers of the Forest" and "The Land of the Leal" on the way to the churchyard.

The pall-bearers were Mr. William Rose, Dr. Lauchlan Rose, Rev. D. Stuart Rose, Mr. Æneas Rose, and Mr. Robert Rose, sons; Mr. James Stewart, brother-in-law; Mr. Alexander McIntosh, son-in-law; and the Marquis of Tullibardine.

The funeral arrangements were carried through by Mr. William Robertson, Auldclune. When the coffin was lowered the pipers played the "Old Atholl March," a great favourite of the late Pipe-Major's, and as the mourners dispersed they struck up "Lady Dorothea's March," which was composed by the late Mr. Rose.

THE LATE PIPE-MAJOR ÆNEAS ROSE, BLAIR ATHOLL.

Some forty years ago or later was there a prettier man in Blair Atholl or Breadalbane than Æneas Rose? In full Highland dress, with the pipes agoing merrily, ribbons curling in the breeze, sporran tassels dancing, and sun glint on buckles and diamonded hose, the alert, comely features and beautifully knit and proportioned frame had their genuine setting for all admirers of the tartan and the heather. A Celt to the finger tips, high-strung, impulsive, warm-hearted, given to smiting phrase and repartee, he lacked to some extent that background of dignity which is supposed to be a peculiar possession of the pure-bred Highlander. Often royd in the hey-day of life, but never surly, he made friends wherever he went, and at no time did he lack in extempore foes. Yet never a one could retain a grudge against him. The parting might be amid the light fireworks of the tongue, but at the next foregathering the lover-like arm of "N' Rosach" (The Rose) would slip quite naturally into the oxter of the erstwhile offended companion, or give a wave for a "deoch" (a drink), and then there was a healing. Who like "N' Rosach" for the training of young pipers, the getting up of a curling or "dambrod" team, or for setting the kindly social heather on fire in almost any direction?

AN IRRESISTIBLE TONGUE.

The tongue of him was irrepressible and irresistible, and the very spread of his kilt on the back of the powney was fetching amid the parting blends of quips, smiters, admonitions, salutes. He was

not built to miss a chance. Once when arguing about some personal matter with an old Highland minister he cut in with "You're a liar, Mr.——," but he did it so gallantly that he left no wound. It was wont to be said of him that he might have distinguished himself in any walk of life had he been more largely gifted with the faculty of hastening slowly. But so altered he would not have been "N' Rosach"—the man to think of in practical waking, and to dream of after the multifarious works, ploys, and "scrapes" of the day. Too nervous and impatient for mere competitive piping, he was a genius when playing with the strongly characteristic John McPherson in the Atholl policies. He fell into the bold clear music of old John to perfection, and the unsurpassable harmony thrown back and echoed from hill sides and massed woodlands set hearts athrobbing over days of swift venture, driving onsets, wailing farewells, and happy hours of "lifting" from rich men in trews. Ochon ailach! but "N' Rosach" has vanished. "We return, We return, We return no more." McCrimmen!

For 55 long years the late Mr. Æneas Rose—yesterday laid to rest—was the faithful servant of the ducal family of Atholl. During that long period he enjoyed both their respect and confidence, as proof of which it has just to be mentioned that during the Boer War the venerable piper was in regular correspondence with the Duke's three sons, and sent them newspapers regularly.

The Duke's daughter, Lady Helen Stewart Murray, was during his protracted illness a constant visitor. Her Ladyship was one of the last

to see him—stood by, indeed, as death stretched forth its chilling hand.

I also quote an elegy or marbhrann written in Gaelic by a very kind old friend of the Rose family, Mr. D. McLean, of Oban, now in London, retired. The English prose translation follows underneath.

MARBHRANN

DO MHR. ÆNEAS RÒS,

'Na Mhaor, iomad bliadhna, air Oighreachd Adhol, agus, mar an ceudna, Ard-Phiobaire do 'n Diùc sin 's d' a Dhaoine, na "Atholl Highlanders." Bhàsaich e air an treas latha de Mhàrt, 1905, anns an dara bliadhnadeug thar trì fichead d' a bheatha.

'S ann an diugh 'fhuair mi 'n naigheachd ro bhrònach á Blàr,
Fear eile de m' chàirdean, 's cho math dhiu 's 'bha làthair
'Bhi 'n a luidhe 's an Iar Lodge 'an cadal a' bhàis:
Do Chloinn Ròs bhuin Æneas, is cosmhuil r' a dhream,
Bu mhaiseil a phearsa, is b' aotrom a cheum;
Còir, aoidhell, làn gràis, agus uile gu léir
Gàidheal cho dreachmhor 's cho duineil 's a chithear fo 'n speur;
Le 'shùilean gorm, soilleir, is gàire m' a bheul,
Gu 'm bu bhòidheach an seall' e 'n a bhreacan 's 'n a fhéil':
Air a' phiòb, bha 'dhoigh-chluiche ro ionmhalt' 's ro ghrinn,
'S ann aisd' thug e 'm fuaim 'bha milis is binn;

As na ceudan de phuirt a bha aige cho ceart,
Cha robh aon dhiu 's nach d' fhoillsich e 'aoibhneas 's a neart;
Le 'eòlas, 's an sgil leis an d' ùisich e 'mheòir,
B' e 'n sonas 'bhi 'g éisdeachd ris 'cluiche Ceòl-Mòr;
'S ann an sin dh' fhaodta ràdh, le firinn gu leòir,
Gu 'n robh obair a' phìobair' làn sòlais is glòir.

Tha ni eile d' a chliù a bu chòir 'bhi air 'inns,
'S e mo bharail nach b' urrainn 'bhi 'g ainmeach' a prìs,
A sheirbhis do 'n Ghàidhlig, a chum e riamh 'n àird,
'An còmhnuidh 'cur ùis' oirre, 's 'gabhail a pàirt:
B' i 'dhùrachd gu 'm maireadh an t-seann chainnt gu bràth,
'S rinn 'eisimpleir luachmhor dhi mòran de stà.
'Measg bheannachdan 's thròcairean 'thàinig 'n a chòir,
B' e an crùn dhiu, 's aon anns an d' fhuair e mòr stòr
An té 'thug am Freasdal dha so mar a mhnaoi,
Suairc, màthaireil, 's spéiseil 'n a h-uile dòigh;
Bean na 's measail 's an dùthaich cha choinnich a chaoidh,
Ach, mo thruaigh! do 'r bròn 'tha domhain is buan,
Tim ghoirid air ais chaidh ise 'thoirt bhuainn;
Agus nis, ged 's piantach 'bhi cluinntinn an sgeul,
Gu 'n d' rinn iad an turus mu dheireadh le chéil';
'S ann do thoil an Ti 's Airde a dh' imireas sinn géill,
'S a bhi taingeil, ged dhealaich iad ruinn anns an t-saoghal,
Gu 'n lean riu gu siorruidh an caoimhneas 's an gaol.

DOMHNULL MAC 'LEATHAINN.

Lunnainn.

IN MEM:

ÆNEAS ROSE,

Died 3rd March, 1905. Age 72.

To-day I have mournful news from Blair; another of my friends, as good as any of them left me, lying in his last sleep at West Lodge. Of Clan Rose was Æneas, and, like his kinsfolk, he was handsome in person and light of step. Generous, hospitable and full of grace, he was altogether as shapely and manly a Gael as one could find anywhere. With bright, blue eyes, and a smile about his mouth, in kilt and plaid, a fine sight it certainly was to see him.

On the pipes his style of playing was characterised by great elegance and distinction, and out of them the music he brought was sweet and melodious. Of the many hundred tunes which he had so correctly, there was not one into which he did not infuse his own glad, strong individuality. With his knowledge and the skilful manner in which he fingered the chanter, to hear him play *Piobaireachd* was happiness itself. Then it might with truth be said that the piping was indeed rich and glorious!

Another thing, to his credit, should be mentioned, and its value can hardly be overestimated—his service to Gaelic, for which he ever stood up, constantly using it, and taking its part against detractors. His earnest desire was that the old tongue might never be allowed to perish, and his own valuable example did it much good.

Of blessings and mercies which came his way, the best was she that Providence gave him for spouse. Gentle, motherly, and in all her ways admirable; never will one more respected be found

in that part of the country again. But alas! to our deep and lasting regret, a short time since, she was taken from us; and now, painful though it be to realize that both have made their last journey, to Heaven's will we must submit, thankful that although they part from us in this world there remain with them their kindness and their love for ever.

D. McLEAN.

London, March, 1905.

His wife predeceased him by a few months.

William went to Montevideo, South America, and married a rich lady. He died some years ago.

Jane and Margaret were married in Stirling to men of a religious craze who were employed in the Drummond Tract Depôt. They were consumptive and died early in life, and their two handsome wives contracting the disease soon followed them.

Sarah, the most charming of all the Rose sisters, died when eighteen years of age—the year after we were married.

Peter died aged about twenty-four.

Donald, many years in the deer forest of Atholl, was pensioned by the Duke, and died some years ago.

Sandy latterly lived with his father and mother at Newtonmoor. The mother, a dear old, charming lady, was the most intellectual

of the lot, and died from heart failure in Sandy's arms, in her seventy-fifth year.

When Sandy died we brought the old gentleman to Monar, where, after nine years, he died, aged ninety-one. We sent our second son, Lachlan, and our son-in-law, Alick Ross, with his remains, and had them laid beside his dear wife in the churchyard, Eastend, Kingussie.

In looking backward and forward, I seem to think I am not half through my task, and that by the time I am done I fear it may punish and pain the most patient of my readers to wade through the whole. The text is good, but the structure and composition are not anything near the standard of perfection I would like to aspire to.

THE LATE WILLIAM ROSE; JANE ROSE; MARGARET ROSE; ALEXANDER ROSE.

CHAPTER IV.

I WILL now proceed with the narrative of my own life, but as there is no rose without a thorn, I have a delicacy in doing so, and would much rather write regarding the life of some other person whom I know well enough. Exaggeration or boasting is more or less a lie, and to be abhorred. "Half the truth," as the poet has said, "is ever the blackest of lies," and how am I to proceed "with the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"? We must all know that to tell the whole truth of a man's life is a very delicate matter. But I am to disclose the whole so far as my memory serves me, narrating not my thoughts but the facts; unless I did that I could not write at all.

As previously mentioned, at fourteen I worked my father's croft of five acres, and during the stalking season went to the forest. At fifteen, I took on a contract to supply the various lodges with peat fuel. My father helped me in this. While cutting and stacking the peat after it had dried, I employed about 15 men and girls. The contract amounted to £60 or £70, which was considered a large sum

in those days. Strong, active, full-grown girls were paid only 10d. per day, and lads or men, *i.e.*, from eighteen years upwards, who did double the work that would be done now-a-days, got from 1s. to 1s. 3d. per day. I continued at this occupation until I was nineteen, and all the time gave every penny of my earnings to my father.

During that period I was on three occasions at death's door. Once I went with two gamekeepers, James Bell and James Gunning, to harry a falcon's nest of its eggs. I had been to the nest before. It was snugly built on a projecting rock in the face of a high perpendicular cliff, and the only way of approach was from the top. I managed to work my way down all right, and the eggs were soon collected and put into my pocket. But when preparing to climb back, I happened to look down to the bottom of the cliff, and in an instant lost my nerve. Fortunately I had sufficient presence of mind to lie down with my face to the rock. There was scarcely anything to hold on to except a young mountain ash about the thickness of my finger, to which I held fast, and lay there for some considerable time. I shouted with all my might to my friends for help, but owing probably to the projecting rock they did not hear a sound. From where I

was perched there was a perpendicular fall of from 800 to 1,000 feet, with a deep river flowing at the base, and possibly I might have fallen into it without touching anything, but that would not have saved me. At last I pulled myself together and began the perilous ascent. There was hardly anything on the face of the precipice I could grip, and it was only by carefully utilising with my hands and knees the different little crevices and projections in the rock that I was able eventually to gain the top. On looking down, I discovered my friends on the other side of the river, and they appeared no bigger than crows. They had become alarmed at my long absence, and fearing that I had fallen and been dashed to pieces, had walked three miles round in order to get to the foot of the rocks. They heartily congratulated me upon my wonderful escape. Even to this day, when I think of that perilous position and my miraculous escape, the flesh creeps on my bones.

The following year Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, the African lion hunter, visited our neighbourhood, fully equipped with a small grapnel, pulley, ropes, &c. He was a naturalist of some note. One of his favourite pursuits being the collection of the eggs of

wild birds, such as eagles, ravens, &c., and the tackle referred to was brought for the purpose of enabling him to get to the nests of these birds, which are, as a rule, built in most inaccessible places. On telling him that there was a raven's nest not far away from our house, he induced me to take him to the spot. My father was not at home at the time. The rock on which the nest was built was not high, but it was a very nasty place to get at.

In the nest one could lie down full length, but a ledge of the rock projected a long way over it, and the eggs could not be reached without a landing net. Roualeyn asked me to go down on the rope. I declined. He then asked me to hold the rope and he would go down himself. He was a big, heavy man, fully fourteen stone in weight, and I quite a boy. I again refused. He then tried to fix his pins and anchor into the hard ground, but failed, and on the steep, bare, sloping hill, there was nothing else to grapple. His tackle and pulley were so arranged that he could let himself down, and pull himself up anywhere, provided the anchor was firmly fixed, but, as already stated, this he could not do. At last I consented to go down, and with the rope carefully fastened round my waist he gradually lowered me within view

THE LATE
ROUALEYN GORDON CUMMING, ESQ.
A Famous African Lion Hunter.

of the eggs, which were soon got out of the nest by means of the landing net. On the signal being given, he started to pull me up, but unfortunately the handle of the landing net, by some means or other, got caught under the shelf of the rock and turned me with my back to it. In this position my hands were powerless, and he, not knowing the predicament I was in, pulled with all his might. A sharp point in the rock caught my coat just between the shoulders and tore the clothes off my back, as well as a few inches of skin and flesh along the backbone; the rope being pulled so tightly round my chest that I was almost suffocated, and it was with difficulty that I could even make a gasp. Roualeyn, with his great strength, combined with the extra power derived from the use of the pulley, would probably have killed me if something had not given way. As it was, I was terribly bruised and pained, and, wild as he was, it was clear to me that he was in great agony of mind. After a short rest he carried me down the hill, and very near to the house, and as it was nearly dark I asked him to come in. He said, "My God, how could I see your mother," and, handing me 12s. 6d. in silver, he said good-bye, remarking

"I will be in Blair Atholl before I rest." I went inside and told the whole affair to my poor mother, who understood the case thoroughly. She put me to bed for two days, and kept all so quiet that my father hardly knew there was anything the matter, and it was Roualeyn himself who, next year, told him the whole story.

The third incident happened about Christmas, 1844. My father met with tracks of men and dogs in the forest chasing the deer, and found one that had been killed hidden away. He took another forester with him to watch the animal and assist in catching the poachers when they returned to remove the carcase. I went with them for fun, and we hid in a bush close to the spot. It was full moon and almost as bright as day, when, about midnight, three men arrived with a horse, on which they placed the deer. When we appeared, one of them, instantly grabbing a gun and a stick, gave the gun to one of the others, who at once cocked it and pointed it at my father's chest. My father, who was as quick as lightning, struck the gun into the air, knocking it clean out of the poacher's hands and over his head, and then, getting hold of him, promptly threw him to the ground, both rolling down a very steep hill.

James Bell, the forester, was no match for the man who tackled him, and was knocked down like a bird at his feet. I was close by, and hitting out at his antagonist with great force brought him down right on the top of poor Bell. I thought they were both dead. The third of the trio was a raw youth they had bribed to steal his master's horse in order to carry away the deer, and as he did not move from the horse's head, I ran down the steep hill some distance, and found the other man in the hands of my father, disabled and completely conquered. On turning to go back to Bell, I saw the lad walking away with the horse. I ran after him, and, having the poacher's gun, I threatened to shoot him unless he came back, which he did.

On coming to where I left Bell, I found him, to my great joy, on top of his foe, thumping and swearing at him like mad. The poacher's name was Robertson. He was easily known by his pock-marked face, and he was at the time the most dangerous man in the district. As he lay there he gradually regained his strength, and swinging his stick round nearly broke Bell's backbone. Bell called on me for help, and as I bent forward Robertson hit me on the skull with the stick. The blow stunned me a little, but getting hold

of the stick, I twisted it from him and broke it. My temper was up, and I laid on to Robertson with all my strength whenever I could get a chance, although he was still lying underneath Bell, for he was altogether too dangerous a brute, and I felt afraid to let him get up; rather than that I would have broken an arm or a leg if I could. The other poacher was a more powerful man, but he did not carry a bad name, and although my father was then over fifty he was more than a match for him. I was so pleased when we all came together again. After declaring their names and that of the owner of the horse, they were allowed to go.

Several of the gentlemen or well-to-do farmers in the neighbourhood, however, had a hand in killing the deer, and they backed up the poachers, who had us summoned to appear before the Sheriff at Kingussie on a charge of murderous assault. My father had put our case into the hands of the Laird of Ballindalloch's agent. We appeared in due course before the Sheriff, and when our case was called, the Chief Constable of Inverness-shire came forward, and handing a piece of paper to the Sheriff, ordered his officials to handcuff Robertson and Cattanach—the latter being the powerful poacher my father had subdued.

They were marched away to the lockup, and were three months in jail before the Circuit Lords came round. My father was not well up in the ins and outs and quirks of the law, and employed no legal adviser, except a layman, the agent of the Laird of Ballindalloch, above referred to. As we were going up to the Courthouse, a certain gentleman came to where we were and asked for William Collie, who was wanted down at his office for a few minutes. With my father's consent, I followed him, when he began, like a friend, as I thought, to question me regarding the assault, and the alleged kicking in particular. He thought a very serious charge might be brought against me as I did not act in self-defence, the other man being on top.

"Yes," I said, "I was very much afraid he would get up and kill us all."

"And were you not afraid of killing him; some of his wounds are visible to-day."

"No," I said, "I was not afraid, and did not think of killing him."

"And that is how you put it?"

"I must tell the truth anyhow."

We went up to the Courthouse, but were not asked any more questions.

The prisoners pleaded guilty, and got another three months in jail.

My moral conduct was of the best at all times, and the poaching case made me a hero in the eyes of all.

CHAPTER V.

WE are now in the year 1848, and during the five preceding years with which I have just finished, no young man worked harder, or suffered more fatigue. I had contracts for making and improving the road to the peat moss, at a very low figure, and almost killed myself to make the common wages of the day. Rising every morning at 2 a.m., I walked three miles to work, my dinner consisting of a handful of oatmeal, to be made into "brose," with butter or treacle. Often, as it was impossible to light a fire, I was forced to make the brose with cold water, yet ate it with relish. There was never any scarcity of food in my father's house, but Scotland's fare was frugal in those days, and a big eater would get the name of a glutton and be considered no man at all. The daily fare usually was porridge and milk for breakfast; potatoes and milk, soup, or fish for dinner, gruel or "brochan" for supper, and a man living on that food would do more work than two would perform now-a-days. On Sundays I would go three or four

miles up the streams trout fishing, or else into the Mar and Atholl forests in search of young fawns. I could get £1 for every fawn brought home alive. They were poached, and I would be out all night after them. My father was the first who reared fawns on cows' milk, and that is how Glenfeshie forest was at first stocked.

One way or another I was making more money than my father, and I gave him every penny. Since then I have often thought it would have been better if I had not. He was a jovial, happy-go-lucky man, who never studied economy, and I was quite the reverse at that time. However, "all is well that ends well."

The hardships I suffered during the time I was gillie in the Glenfeshie forest are almost indescribable. There were then only five deer forests in Scotland—Gaick, Atholl, Mar, Balnagowrie, and the Reay forest in Caithness-shire—with probably one stalker in each, and with the exception of these stalkers, there were only a few poachers who could stalk a deer. My father could stalk, but he had no knowledge of managing or working a forest, and I had to learn everything by practical experience and hard work. He was always very strong and hardy, and had little sympathy for

others, far less for me. His main object always was to get near a deer and see it killed. I had to manage the gillies and ponies by signals, &c., so as to have them near in the event of a kill; and had always to lead a pair of stag hounds home, and often to carry a rifle. Our house was two miles from the huts or shooting boxes, as they were then called.

After breakfast, consisting of a plate of porridge and milk, I would start at 6 a.m. with the gillies on a six miles' walk, along a bridle path, and a piece of dry oatcake, which I always put in my pocket before starting, was nearly always eaten before we reached the place selected to commence the day's shooting. My father and the gentlemen stalkers would overtake us riding, and the spying, stalking, and chasing would continue on until dark. When there was a kill, or chase, we would not get back to the huts before ten or twelve at night, worn out, and so hungry as to be ready to eat anything, and the fresh-made porridge, giving out its wholesome smell, might easily have proved irresistible to anyone with an appetite sharpened by a long day's hard hunting.

In the matter of food, the hounds were as well cared for as human beings, and their porridge was just as clean as if it had been

prepared for our own consumption. After attending to the dogs I had to walk home, a distance of two miles, and next morning at 6 a.m. would be off again with a fresh gentleman. By night time the labours of the day left me both fatigued and hungry, but it would have been considered most unmanly in those days for any young man to admit either, and I never did.

Rifles were very scarce in those days. I never had one when chasing wounded deer with dogs, and only those who have been at the game know how dangerous it is to stick a stag attacked by hounds. Only experts and experienced men can do it, and they only at great risk to themselves. In six years I saw several dogs killed, had various narrow escapes myself, and will tell of one adventure. A large stag, slightly wounded, stood at bay in a big, flat, mossy corrie, confronted by one of my hounds. Moving up close to him I slipped my other dog at him, but he fought them both. I did not know very well what to do, and when trying to stun him by throwing stones at him, he suddenly made a rush like a ram at me, and in the flurry in attempting to get out of his way something tripped me by the heels, throwing me backwards. The stag trampled over me, but his

horns stuck in the moss, and with the force he toppled over as well, both dogs fastening on his throat. They may have seized him as he passed over me, and their weight bringing his horns down, caused them to stick in the ground. Immediately I had him hamstrung, then got a chance to stick and bleed him.

The other stalkers had parted from me at the top of the corrie, going east in quest of more deer. I went west, and had to travel seven or eight miles before coming up with them again, close to the top of Braeriach, the third highest mountain in Scotland. As I joined them they killed a stag and broke the hind leg of another. This was in the angle of Glenfeshie, Mar, and Rothiemurchus. I slipped a hound, and he turned the wounded stag down into Glenennech (Rothiemurchus). We were over 3,000 feet above the lake, from which the rocks rose almost perpendicularly, and there was only one narrow pass where man or beast could go up or down. I was close on the dog and deer, and following them to the lake, slipped the other dog, and they killed the stag.

By this time it was late in the day, and I had to go up the same pass, 3,000 feet, and get on to plain ground before it became quite dark. It was twelve or fifteen miles to the huts, and I was making my way home when I heard

shouting and howling on my left, clean off the right course. I answered what I understood to be a signal for help, and in time a man came hastily to the place, evidenly very pleased to see me. He was the gillie my father had sent to help me, but from the top of the precipice he could see or hear nothing of me, and turned back in search of the stalkers. Losing his head, he did not know the direction of home, and might have been lost for ever.

We moved on, but ere we had gone a mile, one of the dogs began to lie down. We coaxed and whipped him, but at last he would not move at all. I put him on my shoulders, but being a big brute could not carry him far. He was quite docile with me, but got savage if the gillie tried to take him. Half a mile was as far as I could carry him at a time, and I was getting like himself, thoroughly played out. Finally a muzzle was made of the leading rope, and thus effectually securing him from doing any harm, the gillie was able to do his share of the carrying. (He was a big, strong man of thirty years, and had quite an easy day compared with me.) In this way we plodded along, carrying the dog time about, till within a mile of the lodges, where, on the top of a green, steep face, I took the muzzle off, and fixing the rope round his neck, dragged him

after me like a log of wood to the bottom, where he showed symptoms of collapsing altogether. After a rest, however, he came to, got up, and managed to walk home with us. I was so tired out that night that I could hardly move, and on reaching home at half-past 1 a.m. all were in bed. I went to the dairy and took a little milk, but felt it go against me, and went to bed with nothing to eat. Luckily next day was Sunday.

After describing all the incidents of the day to my father, more particularly the collapse of the hound, he simply said, "Why did not you leave the brute there? perhaps he would have followed on your tracks after he had a rest."

I have often heard and read of stag hounds killing a stag whenever slipped, but I never saw it done except by chance. Ossian records, in one of his stanzas, that his famous dog "Bran killed a stag, and as many as the rest of them." (Perhaps the rest killed none.) Let that be as it may. Some animals are cowards, easily subdued, but if the ground is on the average favourable, that is, fairly hard, and the stag a brave one, in good condition and not too fat, a dog has no chance with him, unless he is slipped close to him, and succeeds in a few minutes in getting to his throat. Generally this brings the stag's

head down, and the horns sticking into the ground, the force breaks his neck. The fact is, if the dog does not do his work in five minutes he will not do it at all; a cowardly stag will gallop away, but a brave one will simply trot or step out. Ossian, it is said, brought his deer down the hills by an ordinary dog. He would have his best hounds placed here and there by the river side, and slip them when quite close to the passing stag.

A good stalker must have a cool, level head, good eyes, and be constitutionally healthy to stand fatigue. He will be learning all his days, and will still have much to learn. I was 45 years at the business, and during that time was only off duty once for seven days, with scarlet fever.

But I am breaking the continuity of my story, which is resumed again at the year 1848.

In October of that year, the Duchess of Bedford engaged me as her forester, and being then only 19 years and six months old, was the youngest man ever known to get charge of a deer forest. The house was not clear for me to reside in until 1st May, 1849, when my father, mother, and family moved into it from Carnachuine.

Miss Ann Rose, my future wife, was at the period mentioned staying at the Duchess'

gardener's house, and having fallen in love with her the whole world was therefore smooth sailing, both for Rosie and myself. The Duchess became very fond of her, and was delighted when she heard that her young forester was making love to her favourite.

The first season I was more successful in the forest than my uncle had ever been, and one and all were pleased. In that year my sister Isabell was married to Robert Stewart, a very nice young man. He took a lease of the hotel at the village of Inch. My sister Janet went to a situation some distance away, and I could then have got married at any time, but do not now recollect the reason why I did not. In 1851 I gave even more satisfaction to the Duchess and her sons, the Lords Russell, than in the preceding year. The Duchess told me so, and that she was so pleased to be able to send such a good report about me to Lord Alexander in Canada. That was the last I saw of the noble lady. In April, 1852, she went to Italy for her health, and in May sent from Venice a very pretty and costly trousseau to her Rosie, wishing us both all manner of happiness. The good and noble Duchess died in that year, shortly after our marriage, and

out of respect to her memory there was no deer stalking during the season.

We were married in the Free Church, Kingussie, on the 10th June, 1852, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. George Shepherd, at the request of the Rev. Mr. Grant of Kingussie, who, for some reason unknown to me, could not attend. We had a jolly wedding, and walked 10 miles to and from the church, a contrast to the custom of the present day. On the 31st of March, 1853, our Sarah was born. In May of that year my father and mother removed to Lynchatt, and this made us feel rather dull for a time. Some few months after, the Duke of Leeds, who leased the forest of Invereshie from the Duchess of Bedford, added the forest of Glenfeshie to that of Invereshie, and the fates were against me. I was reduced to the position of under-forester, and had to live in a bothy for two months during the stalking season. I did not at all relish the change. My fellow servants were natives of Braemar, and nearly all of them were Roman Catholics, whom I had been trained from infancy to hate. Being employed close to the outskirts of the forest, I had little opportunity of showing my superiors what was in me, and feeling myself friendless, and becoming very despondent,

in 1854 gave in my resignation to the head forester, Mr. Peter McHardy. He strongly advised me to think the matter over, and remain where I was for another year, pending developments. But, no, I was obstinate, and he sent my resignation to the Duke of Leeds. There came immediately from his Grace the following reply:—

> "I am extremely sorry to lose such a promising young man. No man could be more highly recommended than he has been by Lord Alexander, Mr. Romilly, and Sir Edwin Landseer, independently of the high opinion I myself formed of him, and which I find you are able to confirm. I have no other opening at present, and feel much delicacy in saying anything that might be prejudicial to him in the future. You must not, however, fill his place for a month, or until I come down."

After I read the letter I was quite overcome with regret at the move I had made, but did not show the least sign of this to Mr. McHardy, and held on like a pig in the direction taken. I knew then that, instead of being friendless in the world, I had the very best friends I could desire.

CHAPTER VI.

I AM now entering upon the only unpleasant part of my life. We left Glenfeshie in June, 1854, and in a few days joined the ship "Dirigo" at Liverpool, *en route* to Australia.

Cholera was then raging in many of the large cities in the British Isles, including Liverpool, and to minimise the risk of contagion the ship authorities deemed it prudent to get all the booked passengers on board as quickly as possible. When the vessel was about to start on her voyage, a man and his wife were allowed to join us, and before darkness set in the man died in his bunk. The case proved to be cholera, and the dreaded disease was probably brought on board by this unfortunate man. The body having been placed in a coffin, was taken ashore, and we then proceeded on our voyage. Next day there were several sick persons on deck suffering great pain. Some were able to walk to their berths, others were carried there, and that was the last we saw of them. This state of affairs continued during the night

and next day to an alarming extent. When we were close to the Bay of Cork, where the tug boat was to leave us and return to Liverpool, the crew all turned out and refused to work. The passengers were necessarily in a dreadful state of panic, and the Captain deemed it wise to take the ship into Cork Harbour, where he anchored, and proceeded in all haste to the city to confer with the authorities. During his absence the ship's mate discovered some of the crew making preparations to swim ashore. In an instant he was on deck with his assistants, armed with firearms, prepared to shoot the intending deserters should they persist in their efforts to get away.

When I ascertained that the sickness was cholera, I took my dear wife and my baby daughter to the top galley, and there we remained, with another young couple who had joined us; all the time amidst tarry ropes and sundry ship's gear. It rained continuously, and the weather was very cold for the season of the year. When the Captain came back from Cork he gave orders that the ship should return to Liverpool, and a fresh tug was therefore chartered to tow her to that port. An iron hospital was to have been built at Birkenhead in readiness

to receive us when we arrived, but as it was not finished, the Captain was obliged to anchor in the Mersey, where we were placed under quarantine laws for some days. Medical officers came on board from time to time, and after careful examination allowed all who were medically fit to go to the hospital or depôt. We (myself, wife, and child) did not get a clearance, and perhaps we may have been fortunate in this, as, strange to relate, during the time we were quarantined there were more deaths in the hospital than there were on the ship. We had no food for four days except soup, which we sometimes got from the sailors, who were obliged to cook for themselves, the ship's cooks having all died. No one would venture down for a supply of food, owing to the agonising groans of the unfortunate victims below. Eventually, after being caged for about six days, all the passengers got clear of the "Dirigo." During the time we were on board, 65 persons died on the voyage between Liverpool and Cork and back again, and 22 while at anchor in Cork Harbour. I never ascertained how many died in the depôt or hospital at Birkenhead.

I made up my mind not to associate with my fellow passengers any longer, and, pending future developments, went to Birkenhead,

where, strange to say, having in view the prevalence of cholera in the port, I had no difficulty in finding suitable rooms in a house in which only a man and his wife resided. From this place I wrote to Mr. McHardy, explaining the unfortunate circumstances I was placed in. He immediately advised the Duke of my plight, and his Grace at once wrote to me direct, conveying his deep regret and sympathy, with every encouragement to me to return home.

We were obliged to wait for our baggage while the authorities were fumigating the ship, and by the time they were finished the Duke's welcome letter had arrived, and every word in it appealed straight to my heart. During this suspense I thought of all manner of things. I was very loath to return home. Even after all the punishment I had received for my inconsiderate conduct, I suggested to my dear Rosie that we should sail for Canada. Under no circumstances would I again go on board the "Dirigo," and our passage money was therefore forfeited. My finances were too low to allow of our travelling to Australia by another ship, but I could manage to pay our fares to Canada. When I recall the few words conveying the proposal to Rosie, I feel they were the most painful I had ever uttered.

I shall never forget her reply. She burst into tears and said, "Oh, William, don't you remember, that when on board the "Dirigo," in Cork Harbour, you said that if we were landed in that clump of birch, how gladly we would walk all the way home?" After some deliberation, I finally made up my mind to return to Glenfeshie.

On the eve of our departure for Scotland, I had some trouble with the shipping company, who desired me to embark again, and threatened that if I did not do so I would not get possession of my boxes. I crossed over to Liverpool and employed a solicitor, who told me that the company had no right to retain the baggage. On payment of his fee, 5s., he gave me a guarantee that the boxes would be home as soon as I was. And so they were. We left for Glasgow by the first boat available, and in due course reached Glenfeshie, to find the dear old house as we had left it. I well remember that my vain conceit made me feel like a fugitive, although I saw then that my punishment was nothing to what I deserved.

My readers will recollect that I threw up my appointment in the Glenfeshie forest because I was placed in a subordinate position as under forester, also because my fellow servants were mainly Roman Catholics. I was led astray

by vanity and want of confidence in my fellow creatures. I feel enraged when I think of the deplorable, sinful manner in which the Christian religion was taught and is being taught to young people. In those days the religious pretenders and the "men" or elders of the church were continually abusing the Roman Catholics, so much so that we were forced to believe they were all "devils." The ministers, if they did not openly support, at least never condemned this practice.

After the Disruption, I often heard it stated, and even preached, that it was impossible for a "moderate" or "old kirker" to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The King was the god of the old kirkers, and the Pope that of the Roman Catholics. If I in those days believed anything at all, I believed the Catholics were all to be damned, and I have a pride in my honourable father when I remember his conduct with respect to those religious controversies. He was one who would leave all discussions of this nature severely alone. When abuse of any kind of religion was indulged in he would retire at once—yes, even out of the church.

I entered on my usual work on 8th July, but during the season, when the Duke himself was stalking, I used to lead a blood-hound,

tracking wounded deer, One day in September the hounds were tracking on a cold scent near the lodge and by the roadside, when the Duchess drove up and created a great noise in her efforts to attract the Duke's attention. We were in a thick wood on the side of a steep hill, and hearing the uproar we hurried down, thinking something dreadful had happened. When near to us, the Duchess cried out, "My dear Car (Carmathen), I have come to congratulate you, for you are now the Lord of Applecross." "Hell and damnation, is that all?" he replied, and went after the deer.

The Duke had been for some time previously in treaty with an agent for the purchase of a property called Applecross, in Rossshire, and the Duchess having ascertained on the arrival of the day's mail that the purchase had been completed rushed off to apprise the Duke of the fact. This incident will give my readers an idea of the Duke's peculiar temperament. He was most excitable, and in a measure eccentric, but he possessed grand manly qualities, such as they who knew him could not but admire.

Before the Duke left for the south, he engaged me to go to Coulin, Loch Carron, to open up or start a new deer forest there. I was to go as soon as a house could be prepared for me.

The house was not ready in March, but the Duke wrote to me to be there in any case by the 1st of May, and if there was no house in readiness, I was instructed to stay at Craig Inn. I arrived at Coulin in due time, and found the house was ready, but it was hardly fit for dogs to live in. Craig Inn, however, was too far distant, and there was no alternative but to reside in what could only be described as a miserable hut, and make the best of a bad bargain. There was a single man living in the house who had not heard of our coming. He acted as shepherd prior to a portion of the property being converted into a deer forest. We were occupied for fourteen days in marking the boundaries of the estate, and when this was finished I found him a house to live in at the back of the forest. Here he resided for some time, engaged in preventing sheep from wandering into the part devoted to deer only.

I visited Lord Lovat's deer forest in Glenstrathfarar twice in quest of fawns, and obtained ten in all from there. In order to rear them on cows' milk I borrowed two of the Duke's Applecross cows, and this novel experiment in foster mothers proved very successful.

One day in August, after being round the forest, and on my way home by the side of the

loch, I met two men on horseback and three men on foot. I knew that those on foot were the ground officer, a foreman of works and a gamekeeper. Without any ceremony one of the horsemen pitched into me for carrying a gun. I at once told him that it was none of his business. "I judge from your followers you are some of the officials connected with the estate, but I consider your behaviour to me is very impudent and uncourteous." The other man said, "I am the factor, Mr. McKinnon of Corry. This is Mr. McRae of Edinburgh, the Duke's commissioner."

"All right," I said, "but the Duke did not give me to understand that either of you would have any business with me."

McRae said, "It is time someone should look after you. I am told you never turn a sheep away from the forest, and that you do nothing but go about killing ducks and hares to keep your pot going. The Duke never gave liberty to any of his foresters to carry a gun."

I replied, "I don't like to be uncivil to the Duke's highest official, but I can tell you the Duke never objected to any of his men carrying a gun when they saw cause for it. His men are supposed to know their duty, and he has confidence in them. When you say I have no authority to carry a gun, you accuse me of

a serious crime, and tempt me to say words that would not sound nice, and I assure you I would be much disappointed in the Duke if he sent me here to be ruled by a man like you."

After delivering this home-thrust, I quickly walked away. The three men on foot, already referred to, were listening intently to the heated argument, and they soon spread the facts broadcast. This caused a regular hullabaloo all over Loch Carron, and the people in general believed that Collie was now practically a "cooked goose," or, in other words, that he would be dismissed. I thought the matter over that night, and was in doubt whether to write to the Duke or to Mr. McHardy, or to wait developments. I fancied by the manner in which I shut the commissioner up that he would not have courage enough to write, but he did, and so did I, to Mr. McHardy, giving him a full description of the occurrence. He immediately reported the matter to the Duke, and the first words his Grace said were, "Collie has not yet seen a deer in the forest, and I cannot see that there is any harm in shooting duck."

"I see clearly from Mr. McRae's letter," said Mr. McHardy, "that they do not want any stranger at Coulin. Mr. McRae and Mr. McKinnon (Corry) may be gentlemen, but

both have many poor friends whom they would like to keep employed, and rest assured Collie will not be long there if they can put him out."

"I will be damned if they shall do that," said the Duke. "What does an Edinburgh lawyer know about deer forests?"

Mc McHardy told me the Duke ignored Mr. McRae's first letter, in which he accused Collie of neglecting his duties in the forest, but ten days later he wrote to the Duke another letter, stating what he omitted to mention in his first letter, namely, that Collie had nineteen head of cattle, with three horses, grazing on the plain in front of the lodge. These he had counted. The Duke himself then wrote to me regarding the cattle. I replied to the effect that my predecessor, whom, as already stated, I shifted to another beat towards the back of the forest, explained that Mr. McKinnon (Corry) never gave him any wages, but he was at liberty to keep as many cattle and horses as he liked up to thirty head. He was engaged for a year, and I could not legally interfere with the arrangement until the year expired, on the 1st May following. He had no notice whatever from Mr. McKinnon as to the new conditions, and he was not even aware that I had been appointed to the position of head forester until I appeared at the lodge. In

concluding my letter, I begged of the Duke to give me a chance somewhere else, as I saw clearly that I could not live peaceably on his Applecross estate. His reply was strong, brief, and truly satisfactory to me. Mr. McHardy afterwards described the Duke's behaviour when discussing the matter with him. He became deeply enraged, his face turned from red to purple, and, as he usually did, he threw his cap to the ground, and almost tore the hair off his head.

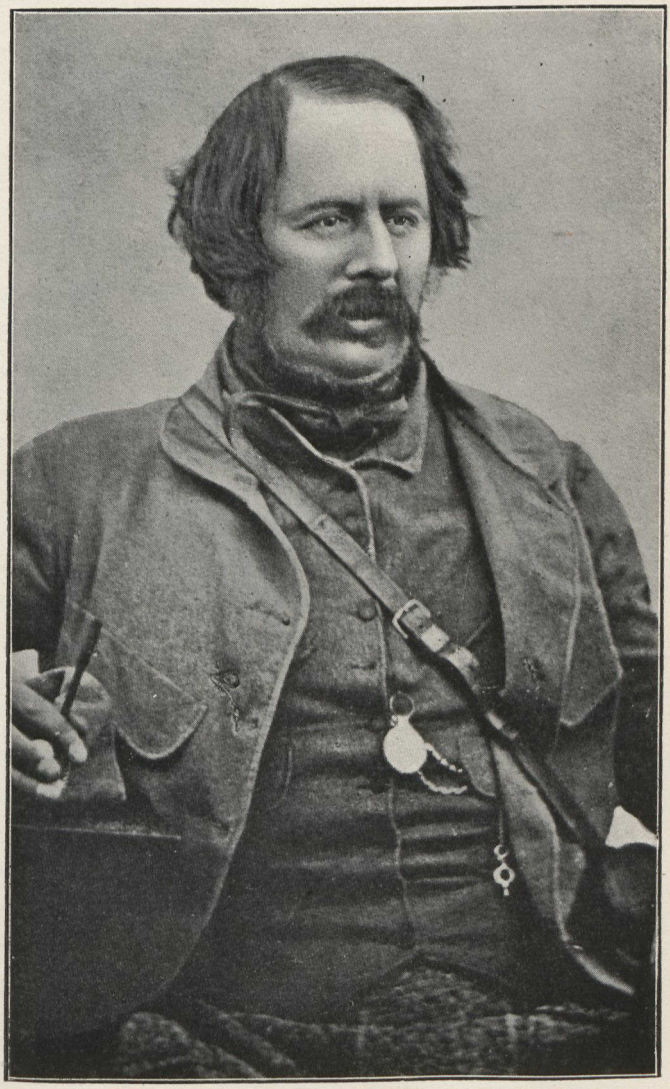
These events occurred in 1855, in which year there was no stalking. During the winter I killed ten otters, several wild cats, and various other kinds of vermin, which provided splendid sport. In the spring of 1856 I burnt a large quantity of old grass and heather, on the hills and moors, so as to bring on a young growth, which deer are very fond of. The new grass soon sprung up, and the deer were not long in scenting its sweetness. I noticed them from day to day arriving in small droves, until in a short time there were close upon 100 full-grown stags and several hinds grazing on the new feed. Owing to the richness of the grass the stags threw out some excellent horns.

About the 1st of September the Duke came to have a look at the noble animals, and

it was certainly a glorious sight to see them browsing on the face of the green hill close to the lodge. We took a rifle, and walking round the back of the forest came upon two nice stags, which we stalked, killing the best one. As I was bleeding the animal, the Duke produced a sovereign from his pocket, dipped it into the blood, licked it, and also spotted his face. He then handed me the coin and told me to do likewise, which I did, thereafter carefully pocketing the sovereign.

"Oh," he said, "I did not mean you to get that, I mean to give you more some day."

I smiled, but did not return the coin. He then made a short speech, explaining how pleased he was, this being the first stag killed on his own property, and he hoped that we both might live for many years in a fit condition to roam over the grand hills and engage in what can only be termed the sport of kings.



SIXTH DUKE OF LEEDS.

CHAPTER VII.

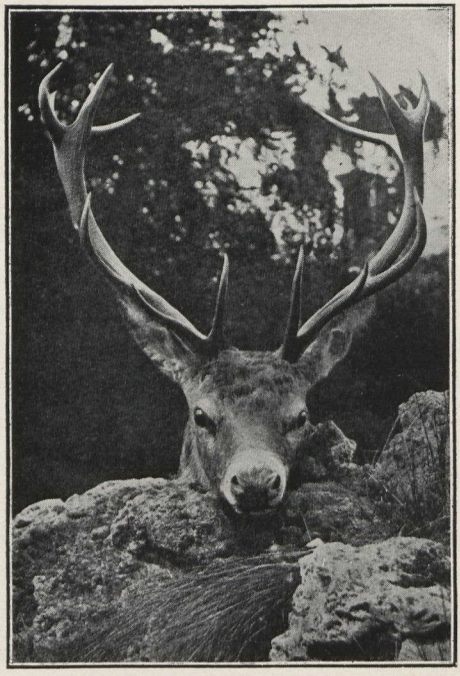
In 1857 the Duke spent a large part of his time at Applecross with his steam yacht, cruising round Loch Torridon and Loch Carron, amidst some of the finest scenery on the west coast of Scotland. There was a small deer forest at Applecross before he purchased that estate, his head forester being a man named James Fraser, from Braemar, who will be more particularly referred to later. Although never a permanent man, he was smart and accustomed to stalk with the Duke. Fraser employed all his own friends as under foresters.

The Duke had strict and particular rules for managing his forests. Each forester had to give the head forester a written statement every week as to how the wind blew, how many deer there were, and where they could be found, and the head forester, after making his remarks thereon, if he had any to make, sent the document to the Duke. There never lived a man more intimately acquainted with the habits of deer and forest management than he. For the guidance of his foresters he

drafted a splendid code of rules, and caused them to be strictly adhered to. He had Mar forest 25 years, Glenfeshie 10 years, and as he devoted himself to the study of forest lore he came to be considered an eminent authority on all such matters. He was, however, but a mere child in business relating to his estate, which the Duchess, a very intelligent lady, entirely managed. (See Appendix.)

In 1857 there were ten good stags killed at Coulin, and the Duke was very pleased. In 1858 seventeen were killed, one a splendid 14-pointer, but unfortunately not by him. He knew the stag was in the forest, and fully hoped to kill him. I was equally anxious that he should have this honour, but, as explained later, this wish was not realised.

He sent Lord Arbuthnot and his (the Duke's) nephew, the Rev. Mr. Hudson, from Applecross with a letter of instructions to me, stating that I was to give each one day in the forest, and not more than one chance to kill. They tossed as to which of them should have the first day's hunting, when the other was to fish. Mr. Hudson won the toss. Lord Arbuthnot asked me to allow him to accompany us without a rifle. I told him I could not do so. They both laughed heartily. Then Mr. Hudson began to plead, promising to take



STAG—Killed in Coulin Forest, by Rev. G. Townshend Hudson, 16th Sept., 1858. Weight, 17½ stone.

the whole responsibility. Knowing him to be the Duke's nephew, chief counsellor, executor, and a high dignitary in the Church, I could not see my way to refuse, so we started, and, rounding the extreme north by the boundary, I discovered, as far as I could judge, that all the deer in the forest, including about 200 stags, were racing like mad in our direction. Luckily they made a curve to the left, all except four of the best, which were coming slowly towards us. We were lying down flat. I knew the 14-pointer was one of them, but thought Mr. Hudson might select another which had long horns and a wide span.

I passed the rifle over my shoulder to him, and did not or could not whisper a word. He fired and killed the 14-pointer, not knowing what he had done until I was bleeding the stag, when he counted the points. For a few minutes he got into such a state of excitement that he did not know what he was doing. He knocked me down with his fists and rushed at Lord Arbuthnot like a ram. After this extraordinary outburst, the rev. gentleman quietened down, and we went in search of the main herd. We found them on the sheep ground, lying down, and knowing the larger number would probably come back to the forest to feed, I considered it advisable to wait

till late in the afternoon so as to have a shot at those which remained behind. My surmise proved correct, and we stalked up to them, and got within fifty yards of a royal (12-pointer) with a better head and antlers than the 14-pointer. Lord Arbuthnot shot the animal through the heart, and while he was in the act of aiming at another I seized the rifle. Both gentlemen laughed heartily. Lord Arbuthnot did not remember that they were restricted in any way. I then produced the Duke's letter, and fancy both felt rather uneasy as to how the Duke would take it. Lord Arbuthnot thought it would be wise not to mention the matter. I said "No, I must tell the Duke the whole affair when I see him."

"Yes, yes," Mr. Hudson said, "I promised to be responsible, and you must not be annoyed in the least about it, Collie."

They returned home in triumph, and so they well might, for I never saw two better stags killed on one and the same day. The yacht met them at Loch Carron, and the Duke was watching them as they came into Applecross bay, with the two stags hoisted well nigh to the top of the mast. The instant he surveyed these through his field glass, he recognised the 14-pointer, and turned abruptly away with evident signs of rage, and never came near his

friends on their landing from the yacht. The Duke's valet informed me afterwards that his Grace was quiet and sulky during dinner, until Mr. Hudson told him how I had seized the rifle from Lord Arbuthnot, when he burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Then in my support Mr. Hudson said, "No one has such rules and regulations in his forest as your Grace has. In my twenty-five years' experience with you I never knew of one but yourself and Collie who would keep to them. Collie is truthful, honest, and faithful in the highest degree."

"Oh," said the Duke, "I will have all my men do their duty."

The Duke knew well that although they would do their duty in a way, they were often wide of the truth, and the very best men in Atholl and Mar forests were, I grieve to say, boasting quibblers.

The last time I saw the Duke he took me fully into his confidence, and told me that he intended to sell Applecross and convert the whole of Loch Carron into a deer forest: that he was not going to build in Coulin, and that I was to occupy the lodge there when he was away; that he had not decided where he would build his shooting box, and that during the winter he wished me to think over the question

of the best site. After a caution to be reticent, he informed me that the Duchess, having quarrelled with McKinnon over the management of the estate, had, with the Duke's approval, appointed Captain Chisholm, late of the 42nd Highlanders, manager. "I never met him," he said, "but from what I hear he should be able to do all that is necessary."

A few days afterwards I had a long talk with my good friend, the Rev. Mr. Hudson, who repeated to me what the Duke had said, and a good deal more in my favour. He wondered the Duke had disclosed these matters, and warned me to be careful in what I said, and in everything else, as the Duke was extremely sharp, although, perhaps, few would think so. He further stated that he and the Duke frequently considered the site of the mansion house at Loch Carron.

"Oh," I said, "he asked me to think out during the winter the best location for his shooting box."

"But," said Mr. Hudson, "the Duke is to have only the one residence, and have you made up your mind about it?"

I replied, "I think I have for a forest lodge."

"Well, what is it?"

I said: "Perhaps I ought not to tell, but to you I will say Balanacra."

He gave me one of his usual thumps on the back, and said, "You have it, but the Duke dreads to remove any of the crofters."

"Why," I said, "he can greatly improve their position."

"But," he replied, "we cannot think how, unless we satisfy them with money; the Duke has no other place to put them."

"Yes," I said, "he can give New Kelso to the two townships, Balanacra and Arineachkaig, and the change would make them contented for ever."

"And what are you going to do with Mr. Reid of New Kelso?"

I replied, "Mr. Reid is a man of independent means. He would suffer no hardship were he ejected. His wife is a sister to McKinnon of Corry, but as far as I can judge the husband is a thorough gentleman."

After Mr. Hudson's return to England, the Duke wrote me a letter of thanks for the excellent information I had given to his friend. The poor Duke's ideas were never known to a single soul but Mr. Hudson and me. His letter reached me in October, 1858, and he died some months after. 4th May 85-?

About the 1st of November, Captain Chisholm arrived at Applecross, and he immediately took over his new duties of factor. His

sudden appearance on the scene gave quite a surprise to Fraser, but all went well, except that he still called himself "factor," making the tenants believe he was the Duke's chief man, and that the captain had been appointed by the Duchess against the Duke's wish.

In the spring of 1859 Fraser was changing two of the foresters. For this there was evidently no cause, except to better the condition of one of them, who was a near relative of Fraser's wife. The other man (Cameron) got Captain Chisholm to plead on his behalf with the Duke. This created a regular row. Fraser was a man of experience, a good scholar, who thoroughly knew the Duke's ways, and was quite a match for the captain.

This quarrel lasted till the beginning of May, when the Duke had an attack of bronchitis, and died suddenly while undergoing an operation. He was at the time in his club rooms in London. The Duchess came in all haste from Hornby Castle, Yorkshire, to London whenever she heard of his illness. After the funeral she collected the papers, documents, &c., in the Duke's dressing room, and on examining them, came to the conclusion that the row between Captain Chisholm and Fraser had caused the Duke's death. (We all knew that when in a rage his face would

become quite black.) She took all the correspondence with her to Applecross, and enquired closely into all the matters in dispute. With schemes and lies Fraser was on the point of inducing the Duchess to believe his version, when the Captain said, "I have never seen your man, Collie, who resides at the other end of the estate, but if it is pleasing to your Grace to send the correspondence to him to investigate, I will submit to what he advises."

The whole of the correspondence was accordingly sent to me, but I have only a faint recollection of the contents, except that of the last letter the good Duke apparently ever wrote, and which was left lying on the table open. That letter was a complete condemnation of Fraser's tactics, although he had at the enquiry ridiculed the idea of the Duchess by saying, "You know that was just the Duke's way, and that he was not a bit enraged." The Duke's words in the letter were, "You say Cameron is not trustworthy where he now is. How the devil can you trust him where you are about to put him, and why do you keep him at all? I must get at the bottom of all this; meantime, leave the men as they are."

In my reply to the Duchess's letter I stated that the men were personally strangers to me, but I knew the Duke would never employ

either Miller or Cameron as stalkers; that I thought the one was as trustworthy as the other in the capacity of watchers; that I could see no cause for changing them, and that I was sorry to think the Duke was annoyed when he wrote that letter to Fraser. Whether my statement had any effect in influencing the Duchess to arrive at a decision I do not know, but her Grace gave notice to Fraser, Cameron, Miller, and Watson to clear out in a month's time.

The following is what no one living to-day probably knows:—The Rev. Mr. Hudson was the Duke's chief man or adviser in all things. He told me all the trouble that arose over the Duke's intended will, the rough draft of which he had prepared. The Duke's solicitors in Edinburgh drew out the document, and they sent him a draft copy for approval. The Duchess, however, objected to some of the provisions relating to pensioners, and wrote to the firm not to forward the approved document for signature (presumably the Duke had already approved) until they received further instructions from the Duke. Why the Duchess claimed the right to interfere, and why the Edinburgh lawyers acted upon her instructions I never could understand. Under her marriage settlement, Applecross and Loch Carron estates were, I understand, settled on the

Duchess for life. The estates were afterwards to revert to the dukedom, unless the Duke willed otherwise, which he evidently intended doing, but he died suddenly, and his property passed to his heir, Lord Conyers, who was very unpopular. The Duke and Duchess could never tolerate him, and the Duchess endeavoured by every means in her power to keep him out of the estates, but all to no purpose.

The foresters employed at the date of the Duke's death received bonuses or pensions. The Duchess had a grudge against two, John Miller and James Fraser, both Roman Catholics, and from Braemar. When Mr. Hudson interposed on their behalf, she simply said, "If they come to know it they will crack their fingers at the Duke, and might be glad to see him dead." I did not know much about Fraser. I am quite certain she was wrong about Miller, but it showed she was not prejudiced in her religion.

The Duchess was very much downhearted on realising the position she was placed in through the Duke not leaving a will, more particularly when she considered that it was probably her own fault that the intended will had not been executed. She lost all pleasure in life, and ended her days in a convent, after

selling her life interest in the estates for £30,000. Lord Conyers lost no time in dividing the property into many lots. In 1861-1862 these were either let or sold, and the whole estate realized £290,000, leaving, after payment of the encumbrances, a net sum of £155,000. The Duke's death seemed to be a greater loss to me than to any on the estate. I felt that I was higher in his and Mr. Hudson's estimation than any other servant.

We found the people of Kinlochewe, Torridon, and Loch Carron the most faithful and kind-hearted we had ever met. I enjoyed the best fishing—salmon, sea trout, and loch trout; duck, grouse, ptarmagan, and snipe shooting. I also hunted the otter, fox, and all kinds of vermin, so that I was kept agreeably employed all the year. Every day I could see browsing close to the house from one to two hundred stags—no hinds except a score I reared, which often followed Rosie to church.

When boating on Loch Coulin or Loch Clair, the lovely pets, on seeing Rosie embark, would at once get into the water and follow us. They appeared to thoroughly enjoy their swim behind the boat, but we soon found that the only way to get rid of them was for ourselves to go home again, and when we landed

they would crowd round Rosie and escort her all the way to the lodge, where they soon dispersed to their grazing ground. It is really wonderful how tame they became. Rosie fed them herself from the time they were fawns, and they naturally got to be very fond of her. In feeding them, she used an ordinary brown earthenware teapot, on the spout of which was fastened a piece of chamois leather, made in the shape of a small teat, through which they sucked the cows' milk from the teapot. In a few months' time they were fed from an open can or bucket, just like a domestic calf, until they were able to feed on ordinary grass. They were quite tame all the time we were at Coulin.

While on the subject of fawns, it will be appropriate to quote here from the *Oban Times* (Scotland), of 22nd February, 1908. The paragraph confirms what I have related, as to how tame the female fawn becomes when brought up by hand:—

> "There is no animal more easily tamed than 'the sporting fawn,' and none, despite its traditional timidity, more uncertain in its temper when grown up than either the stag or hind of the Red Deer. Female fawns have been so domesticated that even when several years old they have continued to be household pets. Among such may be mentioned 'Katie' of the Blackmount Forest.

She was 'brought up' by hand at Ardmaddy, a stalker's cottage on the eastern shore of Loch Etive, becoming so attached to the children that she often followed them to school, even occasionally waiting to see them home again. As for the stalker's few sheep, she herded them like a dog, using a foreleg when refractory. She did not take kindly to her first fawn, and her second was rather a worry to her; evidently the calves could not understand the peculiar habits of their mother. 'Katie' had all the inquisitiveness of her sex; she (it is thought) heard children playing on the opposite side of Loch Etive and so swam across, but duly returned."

We always had country servant maids, who were so faithful and fond of us, and so comical, that their memory, as I write this, makes me sorrowful, yet inclined to laugh at their peculiar ways. But, oh, when I recall the happy, peaceful home life, and the dear children, Sarah, Mary, Peter, and Lachlan, growing up around us, who so dearly loved each other and their parents, I feel that it was a foretaste of the joys of heaven, or of what is meant by the word.

All the same, Coulin had its drawbacks. Being situated about ten miles from the sea at Torridon, and only 50 feet above its level, the place was damp and bleak, and rather unhealthy. The midges were also very trying in summer. In fact no one could live outside

with any degree of comfort after 4 p.m. We had very poor house accommodation—simply a shooting bothy, a quarter of a mile from the lodge, comprising a detached kitchen, then a long room 100 feet by 14, and a passage along the inside from one gable door to the other. One can imagine the dreadful draught this long passage created. The inside was partitioned off into seven or eight apartments twelve feet square. The roof was a low, straw-thatched one. Fortunately we were allowed to winter in the lodge, which was a comparatively modern building and comfortable.

In September, 1859, when writing to the Duchess, I mentioned that there were several good stags in the forest, one with fifteen points. She wrote directing me to kill the animal, as well as another good one, and to send the heads to Snowie, of Inverness, for stuffing, the haunches to her, and to keep the rest for myself. Having no rifle—they were very expensive in those days—it occurred to me that Captain Chisholm, to whom I have already alluded, would like a day's sport. I had never seen the captain, but had heard that he was a great sportsman, so I went to Applecross to get him to assist me. No one could have been better received than I was by him

and his amiable lady, but he refused to come with me. He then told me all his trouble with the Duchess, which had been caused by the intrigues of Fraser and Cameron, and that it was I, a man whom he had never seen, that cleared and saved him. At the captain's instigation, however, I wrote to the Duchess, suggesting that he should be asked to come to Coulin, and he received a very cordial invitation by return post. He and Mrs. Chisholm duly arrived, and they stayed a week with us at Coulin, when we killed the 15-pointer, and another good stag of ten points. I afterwards wrote to the Duchess, giving her all the particulars of the hunt, but I never received a reply to my letter.

While engaged in my duties at Coulin, I amused myself in my spare time by attending public meetings at Torridon, Loch Carron, and other places, held in denunciation of the landlords for their praiseworthy efforts to improve the position of the small crofters in the West Highlands, which was becoming desperate owing to the congestion in population then prevailing. With a view of relieving this congestion, the British Government redeemed in Canada, for £300,000, nine-tenths of the land which the Hudson Bay Company had received by charter, and made it over to

the Canadian Government to be held in reserve for immigration purposes. The British Government suggested that £150 be given to eligible families of five, so as to give them a start in life on arrival in the colony. I understand that Lord Strathcona, then Donald Smith of the Hudson Bay Company, co-operated in the scheme, and having selected thirty-six square miles of the country not far from Winnipeg, intended to settle emigrants from the West Highlands thereon.

Unfortunately this beneficent project, and the proposals of the landlords to find holdings or work in less populated districts in Scotland, was in a large measure, if not altogether, wrecked through the fanatical preaching of the ignorant revivalists who presided at these meetings. I have even heard the Free Church ministers preach to their congregations from the pulpit, that the Government, the landlords, and the big farmers were in league to send them all to Canada to be frozen to death, so as to make room for deer forests and reduce the poor rates. There was not a single family who would emigrate, and Lord Strathcona had to give the land he selected to a colony of Menonites, who are to-day the most independent, if not disloyal, sect in the Dominion.

They even object to the Union Jack being hoisted on their school flagstaffs, and cause the Government much embarrassment in consequence.

CHAPTER VIII.

In 1860, several prospective purchasers visited the shooting properties formed out of the estates of Applecross and Loch Carron by Lord Conyers, to whom I have already referred. Amongst those who inspected Coulin was Mr. W. J. O. Holmes, of Scole House, Diss, Norfolk, who arrived some time in May or June, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Henry Clarke. They put up at the hotel at Loch Carron, and from there visited Captain Chisholm at Applecross, and came on to Coulin, which was still under my charge. Mr. Holmes was greatly charmed with the place, and returned to Applecross resolved on purchasing the estate, only to find that it was reserved from sale, but available to be leased for a year at a rental of £800. He secured the lease, whereupon instructions were sent to me to make all necessary arrangements for the next shooting season (1861). They left a few days after, but Mr. Holmes kept up a correspondence with me on several matters, but more particularly in regard to the

possibility of purchasing Coulin, on which he had set his heart. There was some unknown reason why Coulin could not be bought by Mr. Holmes, apart from the question of price, for a few weeks later it was advertised for sale by auction in London.

It was known that Lord Hill was anxious to secure the property, and he may have been in negotiation for purchase before Mr. Holmes' advent, but more likely he had sufficient influence to command some preference. That some secret negotiations were in progress is partly borne out by the fact that the auction date was postponed to admit of South Loch Carron estate being included, and the two properties were knocked down to Lord Hill by a quick fall of the hammer. It was thought that probably the combined estates would be too much for Mr. Holmes, who, however, was represented at the sale, but his agent was given the opportunity of making one bid only, when Lord Hill was declared the purchaser at £76,000.

Early in 1861, Mr. Holmes came to Coulin for the fishing, accompanied by Mr. Clarke. He seemed very depressed at having failed in his efforts to buy the estate, but the splendid sport he enjoyed soon made him partly forget for the time being his troubles. This was my

first experience with sportsmen so young. Mr. Holmes was only 22, Mr. Clarke being about 24 years of age, and hardly expecting to find them equal either to the nervous or physical strain of deer stalking, I had considerable misgivings regarding the season's sport. These anticipations, however, were subsequently found to be entirely wrong. In appearance two finer looking young sportsmen would be hard to find. Mr. Holmes was tall, graceful, and most gentlemanly in his manner, and soon displayed to me the true instincts of a sportsman. Recognising my superior knowledge, acquired by experience, he readily accepted advice, and indeed may have permitted me to unconsciously arrogate a position scarcely in keeping with the situation. His tolerance, if indeed in his keen love of the sport he ever even realised that he was tolerant, enabled him to gain experience which it would have taken long to acquire had he, as most Englishmen would have done, attempted to ignore the value of my intimate knowledge of the sport and of Coulin.

The fishing this season (1861), both in the lake and its feeders, was very good. Salmon were not too plentiful, but the water abounded with sea trout, brown trout, and immense eels, some of which, four feet in length and almost

as thick as a man's arm, were frequently caught. Page, the butler, who was quite a character in his own way, and to whom I will refer later, declared them splendid eating; no one contradicted him, for perhaps he alone could testify to their excellency by test. It requires considerable courage to tackle fat eels of such dimensions.

Mr. Clarke occasionally fished in the loch with an "otter" from the shore, and his endeavours to land two salmon, hooked at the same time, were really amusing. One at a time was quite sufficient for him, with two he was practically helpless, and although he landed singly several 8 to 12 pounders, in my recollection he never succeeded in landing two salmon at a time. The "otter" had from 10 to 15 flies attached, and a fisher will readily realise the height to which excitement rose when a salmon and several sea and brown trout were hooked, as they sometimes were, in the one cast. The gillie in attendance, forgetful in his eagerness to see the fish landed, would proceed to direct operations, indulging in language rather heated, but not necessarily improper to Mr. Clarke's ears, who did not then understand a word of Gaelic. I had the opportunity on several occasions later of trying the "otter," but never enjoyed the

sport. Altogether the time passed pleasantly up to the middle of August, when deer stalking, the "King of Sports," began.

Incidentally, I may here mention that at the time Mr. Holmes arrived at Coulin, in April, Lord Hill wrote me to the effect that I was highly recommended to him by the Duchess of Leeds, Colonel Hudson, and the Rev. Mr. Hudson, and that he proposed coming down to Coulin towards the end of April, with a view to engagement. Mr. Holmes was at the same time pressing me to enter his service, and offered to arrange for myself and family to stay at the Caledonian Hotel, Inverness, until he succeeded in purchasing or leasing a suitable property.

In view of what the Duchess and the friends of the late Duke had done for me, I did not feel justified in accepting Mr. Holmes' offer, and when I told him how matters stood he quite sympathised with my attitude, and left his offer open. Lord Hill arrived in due course, and informed me that he had engaged James Fraser, then head forester at Applecross, to be his head forester at Coulin, and offered me the position of under forester, which I at once declined. I mentioned that I would have been engaged by another gentleman a month ago, but out of

consideration for the Duchess and her friends, who were very kind to me, I said I would not commit myself to anyone until I had given his Lordship an opportunity to come to terms with me. He seemed annoyed and left me abruptly, and this was the last I saw of Lord Hill.

I was immediately engaged by Mr. Holmes, entering his service at the age of 32, and continued therein for the long period of twenty years, during which close and congenial association grew almost to real friendship.

We were equally keen over the sport of deer hunting, and where could this be indulged in with such glorious surroundings as the wild glens and corries of the Highlands of Scotland provided?

Mr. Holmes, having made up his mind to have a forest of his own, would not rest until he had satisfied his desire. The Fannich forest, some 18 miles to the north-east, and Monar, about 20 miles to the south-east of Coulin, appeared in a list of properties for sale. They could be either leased or purchased, applications to be made to Mr White, of Lentran, Inverness. Mr. Holmes lost no time in communicating with Mr. White, and it was arranged that Mr. Holmes and myself should inspect Monar first, and meet Mr.

White at Monar Lodge. The distance by road from Coulin, viâ Auchnasheen, Contin, and Beauly, is between sixty and seventy miles, whereas a straight cut across the mounains, viâ Craig, is only about twenty miles. We elected to take the short cut, although there was at that time not even a bridle path to assist us, until the top end of Loch Monar was reached. A start was made from Coulin at daybreak some time early in the month of May. We came to Strathcarron, at Gorstan, some six miles away, passed through Craig two miles further on, then ascend d [illegible]eep range of mountains until we rea[illegible] the summit, where the waters divide, on the one side flowing into the Atlantic Ocean at Loch Carron, and on the other into the German Ocean, at the head of the Beauly Firth.

We entered Monar territory through Bealach Cruthin, at the extreme north-west end—a pass hemmed in by rugged, precipitous mountains, the scenery being most imposing in its grandeur. On our left Bidean Corachonnich, Bidean toul-a-charon, and Bidean-an-coin-deirg, all three in a line, due south, and over 3,000 feet in height; Sgur na-conobher, and, lower down in the centre of the valley, Eag-na-fearbough, a narrow pass having an altitude of about 2,800 feet. It is

said that it was in this locality that a certain King James of Scotland, and Lord Colin, High Chief of Kintail and first Earl of Seaforth, and other noblemen, followed the chase. For weapons they used bows and arrows and spears, and killed the deer as they passed through the narrow defile. At a point near the entrance there is a natural stone chair where a certain Thomas of Fairburn used to sit when viewing the chase. It is called Seachair Thomhais (Thomas' chair). To the right, Ben Tharsain, 3,494 feet, and Lourih Mohr, 3,200 feet, rear their heads. Away in front to the south, Ryachan, 3,595 feet, and the noble peak of Scuir-na-laphaic, 3,773 feet, appear in their majestic ruggedness, and complete the magnificent picture. To the head of the valley called Strathmore there is a steep descent, then two or three miles of level country, until Loch Monar is reached.

We were favoured wth brilliant weather the day we passed through, and this necessarily added to the pleasures of the journey. The hills were clothed in green, which nature a few weeks later would convert into that glorious purple peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland. A mountain stream, sluggish in its course, meanders through the glen, and empties itself into the top end of Loch Monar, which is

KING OF SCOTLAND IN KINTAIL.
(From a picture in Brahan Castle, Scotland.)

overgrown with weeds, the home of hundreds of wild duck and water fowl.

Half way down the strath we met two giant shepherds, Hector McLennan (Eachin Mohr, *i.e.*, Big Hector) and John McGileas—typical sons of the north. Eachin, standing well over six feet and proportionately framed, appeared an imposing figure in his rough Highland garb. His kilt consisted of only a yard and a half of cloth, with three broad plaits across the buttocks. Ordinarily, nine yards of cloth or upwards is plaited into a full kilt. A sporran made from deer's skin, a thick tweed jacket and vest, a huge Tam o' Shanter bonnet with a massive red tassel, strong, heavy, home-made shoes, and stockings of wool spun and knitted by his wife, completed his outfit; and he carried a large shepherd's crook, which measured almost his own height. He walked with a long, elastic step, erect carriage, and free bearing—quite a noble specimen of a Highlander. His fine, large ruddy features were, however, slightly marred by an accident to an eye, which was rendered sightless.

Mr. Holmes, the young Englishman, fresh from Cambridge, was naturally much impressed with the two giants, but more particularly with Eachin, who certainly looked a most imposing character in his wonderful garb.

Eachin lived in a house built by himself, and typical of the times and district. There was no external display, but inside every comfort, as then best understood in such circumstances and surroundings, was provided for. The fire-place consisted of a raised platform a foot high, built in the middle of what might be called the living or sitting room, no grate and no chimney, the smoke finding exit through a small opening in the roof, or through the door or windows, as it best could. Houses of this description were then common enough in the West Highlands of Scotland, and are still to be found in the north. In disposition, as in appearance, Eachin was in many respects a wonderfully interesting character. He could not converse in English with any degree of fluency, but his Gaelic, spoken with a soft and rather refined tone, was perfect. My association with him, which afterwards extended over a period of twenty years, proved him to be one of the most honourable and upright men I have ever known.

We were met at the head of Loch Monar by a crew and boat, sent by Mr. White from Monar Lodge, situated at the east end of the loch, which is seven miles long and a mile and a half broad. It was not until well on in the evening, which was as delightful as the surroundings were charming, that we began the

row down the loch, and darkness had almost set in when we reached the lodge. Our oarsmen were sturdy Highlandmen, who rowed in fine style, covering the distance in about an hour. Loch Monar is a wild sheet of water, and being often squally a sail is seldom used. It is surrounded by lofty mountains, and the scenery is grand and impressive. There were no trees to be seen along the route, although at East Monar there were several fine plantations. The bog flats surrounding the west end of the loch must at some remote period have been covered with enormous trees, as the trunks of large firs have been and are still being dug out of the moss.

Mr. Holmes stayed at the lodge with Mr. White, and I went to the gamekeeper's (James Urquhart) house, some little distance away. Next morning, although we had rather a fatiguing journey from Coulin the previous day, I was up early, and to my surprise found that Mr. Holmes had been still earlier astir. He was gazing at the magnificent series of mountains surrounding the lodge, and when I drew towards him his first words were, "I hope you will be pleased to hear, Collie, that I have bought Monar." "God bless me," I said, "surely you did not do that? You have not seen a quarter of the property yet." "Oh,"

he said, "did not we see enough. Just think of what we saw yesterday, and, my goodness, look round and see what a charming place this is. I hope you will be eventually, if you are not already, as pleased as I am, for I was never so happy in my life."

I replied, "Perhaps you are not aware of the fact that you have unconsciously ruined my character as a business man. I am a young man, comparatively speaking, and you are much younger. I do not profess to have much knowledge or experience in purchasing land, and I doubt that you can claim even as much. You have never given me the opportunity of forming an opinion as to whether the ground is adapted for a deer forest. Mr. White probably knows what he is doing, but, on the other hand, he may be quite disinterested. We know nothing, and everybody will say that it was all Collie's doings. All he wanted was a good home for himself and family."

Mr. Holmes said that he would certainly not blame me, and that he would so inform Mr. White, adding, "I gave Mr. White his price for the property, all he wanted. I can well afford to give that sum, and I feel sure all concerned will be happy. I was determined not to be humbugged as I was at Loch Carron

by Mr. Tennant." Mr. Tennant, of Leeds, was Lord Conyer's commissioner.

After breakfast I was introduced to Mr. White and his stalker, old John Cameron. We had a look round the grounds of Monar, Cameron acting as guide. I could see that Mr. Holmes was not in the best of humour, and concluded that he was brooding over my remarks before breakfast. Mr. White ordered Cameron to take Mr. Holmes and Urquhart along in front in order that he (Mr. White) could have a few words with me in private. He began by saying, "Mr. Holmes has told you of our transaction last night, and I want you now to understand the position clearly. When I left Lentran yesterday it was my intention to let the whole of Monar, or perhaps sell part of it. Mr. Holmes desired to know how much I wanted for the whole, and when I mentioned my price he immediately took me at my word. Mrs. White is very fond of Monar, and it was understood between us that part at least would be retained, and in naming the sum I wanted off hand to Mr. Holmes, I had no idea that he would there and then purchase. Had that occurred to me, I would not have mentioned a price until I had discussed the matter with Mrs. White, as the sale is sure

to cause her keen annoyance. In consequence, I have asked Mr. Holmes to grant me a few days' grace, before definitely concluding the bargain. I understand that you are very disappointed at the purchase being made before inspection, and that you entertain grave doubts as to the adaptability of the property for a deer forest. However, Mr. Holmes has reluctantly granted the days of grace I desire."

I replied, "I am very glad indeed to learn this. There is nothing binding on either side, and this little hitch in the negotiations may afford an opportunity of concluding an amicable bargain." "Quite so," he said, We quickened our pace, and, overtaking the others, continued the inspection of the property. I found that the lay of the ground was not suitable for deer, and considered it my duty to so inform Mr. Holmes in the presence of Mr. White, giving him the following reasons, viz.—The corries and glens were too large, and the mountains too high and precipitous. The grass, although good in the summer, would be of little use for wintering. The forest was too long and narrow—13½ miles in length by 3½ miles in breadth on the average, whereas it should be only eight miles long by five miles broad, or, better still, six

miles by seven. I could readily see that my conclusions had not pleased either of them, but they made no remark.

We started on our return journey to Coulin early the following morning, walking through Strathmeolich, the only part of Monar not previously seen by us. The glen and surrounding mountains looked really grand, and Mr. Holmes was in ecstasy over the scene. He considered Strathmeolich alone larger than the whole of Coulin.

Before leaving Monar I bought a Scotch terrier pup two months old from Urquhart, the gamekeeper, and carried him in my lap all the way to Coulin. I called him Garrie, after an old favourite and well-bred terrier I had for several years. We arrived at Coulin late the same evening, thoroughly tired out. A few days later a letter from Mr. White came to hand, and with it a map of Monar, on which the boundary of the part that he advised Mr. Holmes to purchase for a certain sum was traced out in pencil. Mr. White advised Mr. Holmes to hire Gleneag, an adjoining sheep and deer property from the tenants, Messrs. Gordon, and, if Mr. Holmes liked, Strathmore as well. This move on Mr. White's part gave an opportunity to Mr. Clarke and myself to tender advice to Mr. Holmes, with

the result that he decided to abandon the idea of purchasing the whole or any part of Monar. He, however, decided to lease the place for a year at a reasonable rental, and wrote Mr. White accordingly. By return post, Mr. Holmes received a letter from Mr. White suggesting that they should meet at Auchnanault on a date he named, adding that a few minutes' conversation would accomplish more than all the letters they could write to one another on the subject.

Mr. Holmes agreed to meet Mr. White, and the former, accompanied by Mr. Clarke and myself, started early in the morning for Kinlochewe, a small hamlet near the east end of Loch Maree, and on the main road to Auchnanault, some seventeen or eighteen miles further to the east. Mr. Clarke and I understood that we were to accompany Mr. Holmes to Auchnanault, but on arrival at the Kinlochewe Hotel found that he had arranged otherwise. Driving away in a small gig, barely large enough to hold two, he simply said, "I hope you will enjoy yourselves, I will not be long." He returned in the evening and imparted the information that he had purchased East Monar, comprising two-thirds of the whole. He produced a plan of the property, and explained some details I was not

aware of before. I simply said, "What is done is done, and I only hope you never will have cause to regret the purchase." To my mind, Mr. White made an excellent bargain in selling two-thirds of Monar at the price he named. After this we went in heartily for the fishing, which continued until the opening of the shooting season, towards the middle of August.

In terms of the lease, Mr. Holmes was limited to 35 stags, and he secured the full number, practically all shot by himself. Most of the heads were very fine, the finest collection I have ever seen off one forest in one season, and I doubt if the performance has ever been excelled. Mr. Snowie, the celebrated taxidermist, Inverness, told me he never in all his experience dealt with such a magnificent set of heads. Mr. Holmes was indeed proud of the achievement, and well he might be. He could not then be considered a good rifle shot, as he hung too long on the pull. I had some difficulty in training him to time, as his finger seemed to be always behind the eye and mind, and this allowed the rifle to drop and twist in the act of pulling the trigger. He shot low in consequence, but this was partly counterbalanced by the fact that the right barrel of the rifle he usually used

threw high, and this aided him in the wonderful success achieved. He was a very submissive pupil, and soon became, if not an expert, a first-class shot.

All rifle shots know that the hammer must be released by gentle, instantaneous, and simultaneous pressure on the trigger, and the eye and mind must be acting in complete unison. At target shooting the rifleman is free to linger over his aim, but to the sportsman the time taken in discharging the rifle is an important factor in filling his bag. In ordinary circumstances the successful shot can only afford a minimum of three seconds, five seconds being the maximum, and until he is able to get on his mark in that time he should confine his practice to gunroom shooting, and not spoil good sport in a forest.

There are good stalking grounds on Coulin, and this year the deer were perhaps tamer than usual. There were very few hinds. I can well remember the first stag Mr. Holmes killed—he was simply in ecstasy over the performance. The stag was called "Tommy," and to commemorate the event I was presented with one of his hoofs made into a silver-mounted snuff mull.

Farquhar (Feachy) McPhail was under forester, and John (Shohchan) Mackenzie

acted as gillie. They came with me to Monar in a similar capacity later on in the season. They were both pretty fond of whisky, like most West Coasters, never refusing a drop of the seductive fluid when offered, and they invariably drank it neat. They possibly believed the generous Englishmen would be insulted were they to decline to drink. However, it did not require much pressure to get them to do so. It was amusing to witness the look of disgust on Feachy and Shohchan's faces when they saw the others put water in their whisky. They said in Gaelic, "Look at the silly goats spoiling the good whisky."

Some time later in the season my poor pup, Garrie, came to an untimely end. It was my practice when preparing to go to the forest to flush the rifle before loading. One morning in flushing it I carelessly pointed it at Garrie, and to my horror, for I had no idea that the weapon was loaded, the poor little thing dropped, shot through the heart. Lachlan, then only two years of age, was standing close by, and I leave my readers to picture the scene and my state of mind—it was an object lesson in the use of fire-arms. Familiarity had momentarily outweighed discretion, but the lesson was never forgotten.

At the close of the shooting season, Mr. Holmes and Mr. Clarke left for England, and it was arranged that we should all meet again at Monar in June or July the following year (1862). Mr. Holmes was very proud of his success in the Coulin forest, and looked forward with evident pleasure to even better sport on his own property.

CHAPTER IX.

On the 13th of November, 1861, I mustered my flock and began the trek to Monar, seventy miles distant by road. We started fairly early in the morning, the party comprising myself, aged 32, my dear wife (33), Sarah (8), Mary (6), Peter (4), Lachlan (3), Robert (1), and a maid servant. The few people in the neighbourhood gave us a hearty send-off as we embarked in a boat bound for the lower end of Loch Coulin, which connects with Loch Clair by rapids for a distance of twenty or thirty yards. It not being safe to descend the stream by boat with a full load, we were obliged to disembark, joining the boat again a few yards further on. Loch Coulin is only three miles long; Loch Clair slightly shorter. There was no carriage road to Coulin in those days, otherwise we would not have made use of the two lochs. The main road from Torridon to Kinlochewe passes the west end of Loch Clair, and here Murdoch McIvor, proprietor of the Auchnasheen Hotel, met us with a good-sized trap and

pair of horses. We were soon aboard, and began our long drive of seventy miles to Monar. I can recall vividly the many incidents of the journey, even after this lapse of time, almost as though they had occurred yesterday.

The river Garry, which issues from Loch Clair, runs parallel to the road for a distance of four miles to Kinlochewe. To the left is seen Ben Eay, a sharp-ridged mountain with a summit of quartzite almost as white as snow. A mile or so further on the small hamlet of Cromasay is passed. Beyond Kinlochewe the road ascends Glen Docherty, from the summit of which we get a view of Loch Maree, lying deep-set and narrow between the craggy steeps of Ben Seioch (3,217 feet) and the rugged hills opposite. Luibmore, near the west end of Loch Roshk, is soon passed, then the loch itself—rather a tame sheet of water—is skirted for four miles. Half a mile beyond the east end, Auchnasheen Inn is reached, where we had our first change of horses. Strath Bran, now traversed by the Dingwall and Skye Railway, is quickly descended. Further on we pass Auchnanault Inn, then skirt the shores of Loch Culen, a small sheet of water near the north end of Lochluichart. This lake is six miles long,

MYSELF and WIFE.

and its shores are fringed in many parts with beautiful birch. The road skirts the lake for a distance of two and a half miles, then ascends a ridge of hills, until Strathgarve is reached. Garve Inn is passed, then Loch Garve, the shores of which are beautifully wooded. We arranged to put up for the night at Contin Inn, seven miles further on, where we arrived soon after dark.

Early next morning we continued our journey, passing through Urray and Muir of Ord, the latter at that time a small hamlet. We arrived at Beauly about 10 a.m., and soon after began the twenty-five miles drive to Monar. Beauly or "Manachaine," — meaning the place of the Monks—is a quaint little town, with a population of about 800. It is the market town for the extensive Fraser Country, part of the Black Isle, and Strathglass. The fine open square, round which are the principal shops, is a distinctive feature of the place, and very attractive to visitors. The town is well-built, and the surrounding country is charming. It fell to my lot to be closely identified with Beauly for nearly twenty years, and I always look back with feelings of pleasure to my association with the townspeople, with many of whom I was on very friendly terms during the whole of the

time I was at Monar. I will probably refer to a few of my Beauly friends later on.

We drove away from the old Lovat Arms Hotel, then a quaint hostelry, kept by a charming middle-aged couple named Mackenzie. The building was some few years after sold to the Bank of Scotland. They pulled the old house down, and erected fine premises on the site. A large modern hotel was built further up the square, and the old name, Lovat Arms, given to it.

The first attraction on leaving the town is the Falls of Kilmorach, two and a half miles away. The falls should really be termed rapids, as the height of the main fall is only a few feet. There is very fine scenery along the gorge, the rocks on each side being covered with beautiful foliage. Two and a half miles further on the charming glen called the Dhruim (a ridge or narrow path), is reached. The scenery here is exquisite. At the further end of the Dhruim, the Island of Aigas, formed by the river parting in two and encircling it, is seen only a stone-throw across the deep chasm formed by the river forcing its way through hard conglomerate rock during countless years. The island is beautifully wooded, and a charming mansion house, or castle, was built on the east corner many

years ago by one of the Lords of Lovat. It is noted as having been the temporary retreat of the Dowager Lady Lovat, when letters of fire and sword were issued against Simon Lord Lovat in 1697. On emerging from the Dhruim, the glen widens into a beautiful flat strath, through which the river slowly winds its way. Geologists say that before the river cut a passage through the barrier of rocks at the Dhruim, the valley must have formed an expansive lake, reaching many miles up Strathglass. Eskdale, with a Roman Catholic Chapel, the burial place of the present family of Lovat, is on the opposite side of the river, after leaving the Inn at Aigas. Four miles up the glen, Erchless Castle, the home of the Chisholm of Chisholm, is passed, and half a mile more brings us to Struy Inn, a comfortable hostelry, kept by a quaint old character named Roderick Urquhart.

I could relate amusing stories regarding old Urquhart, as he was familiarly called, but as they cannot interest my readers I will not tax their patience by recording them. His inn was the last one before reaching Monar, fifteen miles away, and travellers must perforce stay there while their horses rest. Urquhart was always at his best when relating old anecdotes or the latest gossip of the glen.

Unfortunately, he was no judge of whisky, and those not inured to his particular brand generally suffered the pains and penalties consequent upon indulging too freely in the seductive fluid. Struy Inn is prettily situated on the right bank of the river Farrar, which joins the Glass a mile below Struy Bridge, distant only a few yards from the inn.

We bid adieu to our good host, Urquhart, and proceeded on our journey, following the right bank of the Farrar all the way to Monar. A mile from Struy, the farm of Culigran is passed to the right, and Drumnaglass to the left, on the opposite side of the river. Four miles of beautifully wooded country is then traversed, until the glen opens up again at Loch Banchran, a pretty sheet of water one mile long. From here we see in the distance the noble peak of Scuir-na-Laphaic. Further on we come to the forester's house at Camesorie, perched on a hillock overlooking the river, then Loch Meulie, a lovely little lake adorned with a pretty islet covered with trees. Here Simon Lord Lovat took temporary refuge after the battle of Culloden. The mansion house, or castle, was burnt to the ground by the Duke of Cumberland's soldiers after Simon had escaped to the West Coast. The ivy-covered ruins may still be seen amidst

a clump of pine trees. This is one of the prettiest spots between Struy and Monar.

A mile beyond Loch Meulie, the house of John Ross, head forester for Lord Lovat, is passed, and further on the glen widens out into flat swampy country, which is transformed into a large lake when heavy rain falls. Lord Lovat's shooting lodge at Braulin is at the top end of the flat, then we come to the forester's house at Inchmuilt, on the other side of the river, perched on a hill overlooking the flat expanse of country below. Thence all the way to Monar, three miles distant, the scene is very wild and rugged. Additional interest is lent to the drive by the up and down and tortuous course of the road, which enables it to command a succession of fine views of the deep gorge through which the river flows. The road is very narrow in places, and dangerous if your horses are driven rapidly. Monar was at length reached, just after darkness had set in.

We occupied the shooting lodge during the winter, removing in the beginning of summer to a small cottage some little distance off until a larger house was built further away from the lodge. Farquhar (Feachy) McPhail and the gillie, John (Shohchan) Mackenzie, arrived a few days later, having crossed the

hills from Coulin by the short route previously taken by Mr. Holmes and myself. They took up their abode in a fairly comfortable house called the barrack.

Monar is beautifully situated, encircled by lofty, precipitous mountains. Ben Muick, the nearest, towers high above the lodge, then further away Ben-a-chow and Mealchrait. To the north-west, some distance off, Maoil-lundaidh and Bidean-au-coin-dearg are seen in their rugged grandeur, and to the south the bold peak of Scuir-na-laphaic, the loftiest of the group, 3,773 feet, but not in Monar territory. There is a good area of level country in the valley, and some fair meadow grass is grown on the flats. The numerous plantations of pine and larch afford excellent shelter in the winter, besides adding materially to the beauty of the surroundings.

The lodge is built on the banks of a turbulent stream, or burn, only a few yards from where the water drops over a pretty fall, fifteen to twenty feet high, into a deep pool below. A cleverly-designed foot suspension bridge crosses the stream at a point just above the fall, and affords access to the boat shed at the lower end of the loch, a mile away. A more charming spot for a residence could scarcely have been selected, and the house being well

sheltered with beautiful pine, spruce and larch trees, enjoyed an appearance of warmth and homeliness quite unique. Mr. White in his time planted a large variety of British and foreign trees, and during the twenty-eight years I was at Monar I did my best to follow in his footsteps.

Mr. Holmes and Mr. Clarke arrived towards the end of June (1862). They were engaged in fishing for most of the time, until the stalking season commenced. The fishing in the loch was very good, and the trout delicious eating, well flavoured, and as pink and fine as a salmon. For size, and beauty, and numbers, they probably could not be equalled in any loch in Scotland. Pike were caught up to 16 and 20 lbs., and afforded excellent sport. In addition to Loch Monar, there were three small mountain lochs available for fishing, viz., Loch-a-Claimh (Sword Loch), Loch-na-breac-dearg (Red Spotted Trout Loch), and Loch Meoulich. The first mentioned was so named because the sword (claimh) or claymore (claimh mhor) of a Highlander from the East was, after a fierce fight with a more powerful opponent from the West Coast, wrenched from his hands and thrown into the loch, the East Coaster having apparently been caught trespassing on forbidden ground.

The trout were very plentiful in Loch-a-Claimh, but they were not so large as those caught in Loch Monar. They were very keen to rise to the fly, and it often happened that the three flies attached to the line would each have a trout on at the same time. Should any manage to get free from the hooks when being manœuvred to the shore, their places would be immediately taken up by others, and eventually the full number, three, would be safely landed. Loch-na-breac-dearg is quite a small lochan, picturesquely situated in a depression half way up Moile-laundiah. Owing to high waterfalls, it is not accessible to trout from Loch Monar. The trout are small and beautifully spotted in brilliant red and jet black, the red predominating. They rise freely to the fly at times, but very often intervals of ten to twenty minutes occur before a single rise is obtained.

The trout in Loch Meoulich are very fine, frequently weighing up to ten and fifteen lbs. They do not rise freely to the fly, and the angler may spend a whole day fishing without having the satisfaction of even getting a bite. Some years before we came to Monar, old John Cameron, a keen, but, to my mind, an idiotic sportsman, put pike into the loch, and it is possible that, having become masters of the

situation, they keep the trout down to small numbers, thus accounting for the large size of the trout and the poor sport as a rule obtained.

On the 5th of August, 1862, Mr. Holmes killed his first stag in Monar forest. The animal, a beautiful 13-pointer, was shot on Ca-riadh, and weighed fifteen stone. Up to Mr. Holmes' time I favoured rifles made by Purdy and Lancaster, but in 1862 a new weapon, called Lancaster's Patent Oval Smooth-bore Rifle, with conical bullet, came into prominence, and Mr. Holmes purchased two of these with double barrels. We believed, therefore, we were well equipped as regards the newest style of rifle. The sport, however, was not so good as at Coulin. The heads were inferior, the stags restless, and ever rushing about, and the hinds were as wise and wild as witches.

We closed the season with a total bag of 35 stags: average weight, 13 stone 5 lbs. With a view to improving the sport, I suggested to Mr. Holmes that the whole of Glen Eag shootings should be leased from the Messrs. Gordon, who grazed sheep thereon, and that the half or west end of Monar should be leased to them for five years for sheep. This proposal was agreed to, and an agreement signed, to come into force the following year. The

change improved the sport from East Monar materially, and in addition to this a considerable sum in rent was saved for five years, less a small amount paid to the Messrs. Gordon for the Glen Eag shooting.

In 1863 a comfortable shooting lodge was built at the west end of Loch Monar, on the shore of the lake, one mile from Strathmore Lodge, the property of Mr. White. A considerable area of hill ground around the house was planted with pines, and as they grew up formed a pretty background to what was originally a bare bleak hillside. The lodge was seldom used in after years, as it was found rather an inconvenient starting place for the shooting grounds. At Luib-in-inver, half way down the loch a substantial stone house was built for McPhail. The burn passing the house formed the boundary or march dividing West and East Monar. Mr. Clarke shot over West Monar, McPhail being his stalker. The sheep interfered with the sport to some extent, but now and again Mr. Clarke was successful in bringing down fairly good stags.

The 1863 season closed with a total of thirty-seven stags: average weight, 13 stone 12 lbs.

Early in the 1864 season, Mr. Holmes became concerned as to his markmanship or

the capacity of his rifle, owing to the number of easy shots he missed. On several occasions he asked me on our way home from the hill to test his rifle, and when I had a shot I seldom missed the object aimed at. These trials continued for more than two seasons, and we both felt confident that the rifle must be all right. This opinion was, however, apparently incorrect, as later events will tend to prove.

Late in September, 1868, we ascertained that a very large stag appeared in Strathconon, one of the adjoining forests. We never saw the animal till 10th October. On that date, Mr. Holmes, myself, and McPhail were out on Mealdhu spying, when a mile away, and about one hundred yards on the other side of the boundary, we discovered the big stag lying down alongside a hind and calf. In all likelihood they would keep to the same spot until late in the evening, and as we could do nothing in the meantime we decided to wait and watch developments.

Suddenly a herd of hinds and stags, evidently disturbed by rival sportsmen, rushed in to Monar forest, bringing the big stag, hind, and calf with them. The wind was good, but the ground was somewhat flat and bare, the sun very low, and right in our faces. Altogether it seemed a hopeless task to try and

get near enough for a shot. Mr. Holmes, however, encouraged me to follow after the big stag, while he and McPhail went after another in a different direction. He very considerately gave me the choice of rifles, and away I went in all haste on what I considered was a desperate errand. Just at the opportune time I came to a small defile, where the deer were forced closer together, the big stag following well in the rear, seventy yards from where I crouched. I could not wish for a better place to shoot from, everything being in my favour. I fired, but did not hit him, and I then and there formed the opinion that my rifle was not what it should be. The stag made a rush forward, and was in a moment in the midst of the herd. I ran to the front, but could not get the brute clear of the mob. Almost despairing, I tried the experiment of running to the right, straight away for three-quarters of a mile, but in full view of them. They stood looking at me, evidently not a bit alarmed, and began to feed. I kept bending to the right for another quarter of a mile, still in view of the herd, but when I got out of sight I rushed in behind them and got to within three hundred yards of the big stag. I could not get nearer, and it was so late in the evening that I could barely see the sight of the

rifle, which was sighted for two hundred yards only. However, I was determined to have another shot at the animal, and aiming at the top of his withers shot him through the heart.

I was naturally much elated over the performance, although in my mind I was satisfied that luck alone favoured me, the rifle being obviously unreliable. I cut off the animal's head, and marched with it in triumph to where Mr. Holmes and McPhail were waiting for me, some distance away. Mr. Holmes had in the meantime killed the stag he went after. He was highly delighted, in fact I never remember seeing him look more pleased than when the noble head, antlers carrying twelve points, with a fine wide span, was placed before him, which would in due course be added to his ever-increasing collection.

The shot that brought the big stag down seemed uncommonly like an accident, but I was proud of my tactics, which enabled me to get so close to the animal under such difficulties. I was then thirty-nine years of age, and Mr. Holmes was twenty-nine. I considered myself second to none in the hill, mind and body being equally active. I had more confidence in myself than Mr. Holmes

had in himself. I could fill volumes descriptive of the many incidents covering the thousands of miles we walked the hills together, often crawling on our hands and knees in the wet, slushy snow, sitting for hours at a time on a stone slab in a downpour of cold rain, conditions which, with the hunger and fatigue, were almost unbearable.

The shot at seventy yards which failed to hit the big stag made me feel somewhat dubious regarding the effectiveness of the Lancaster Patent Oval Smooth-bore Rifle, and we lost no time in having them properly tested. Doubt is said to be mother of knowledge, and we soon discovered that the once favoured weapon was not effective. The oval-twisted barrel was expected to make the conical bullet spin as it left the rifle, in a similar manner to the common rifle. It did work correctly sometimes, but not always, one out of two, three, or four shots would be yards off the mark at one hundred yards. I could see that Mr. Holmes was much annoyed over the matter, but he kept silent. I never asked him if he made any complaint to the maker, Lancaster, but I think he must have got satisfaction in some way.

The rifle became obsolete when the Henry breech-loading single barrel rifle was brought

into general use. Mr. Holmes promptly purchased one of the first Henry's made The barrel was very thick and it took six drs. of powder. It was a first-rate weapon, but to my mind too heavy. He presented it to me some time later, and purchased another, a regular beauty, light and serviceable in every way. I feel very angry when recalling these incidents. We were deceived in the Lancaster's all along, just when practically the best of our days in the forest were over. I have one consolation, however, I never have during all my hunting days felt angry or out of temper when a sportsman happened to miss shooting a deer, even when conditions were favourable, and only once or twice can I recall having done so when blunders had been committed. As these incidents have come to my mind I will relate them.

It is a recognised rule in deerstalking that the stalker takes command in his master's absence. One day, late in a certain season, I stalked for Mr. Clarke, who was a regular guest at Monar, and a friend of Mr. Holmes for many years. He was a fair rifle shot and killed a number of stags each season. We were in Gleneag watching and walking slowly along, when over a small pointed knoll I saw within five yards of me a beautiful

set of horns. I immediately crouched, and got the rifle out of its cover, cocked it quietly, and brought Mr. Clarke to see the horns, whispering to him, as I handed over the rifle, to stand straight up and shoot the animal. Instead of acting upon my advice, he simply dropped down in a prostrate position, seemingly to rest the rifle over the top of the knoll, where the muzzle was not more than three yards from the stag's nose. This of course alarmed the animal, and he was away like a shot up a rugged burn and out of sight by the time Mr. Clarke got on his feet again. The stag afterwards came into view for a few seconds when in the act of climbing a steep face on the opposite side of the burn, and within easy shooting distance. Mr. Clarke having got two chances, shot twice, but much to his disgust missed each time. I think this stag had the prettiest little head I had ever seen—short beam, narrow span, 12 points, extra long, none under eight inches. We followed him with our field glasses for a quarter of a mile up the hill to Strath Meoulich, where he disappeared from view. Mr. Clarke felt annoyed at his blunder, but I told him he could not have been more annoyed than I was for not acting on my advice and taking my instructions. I

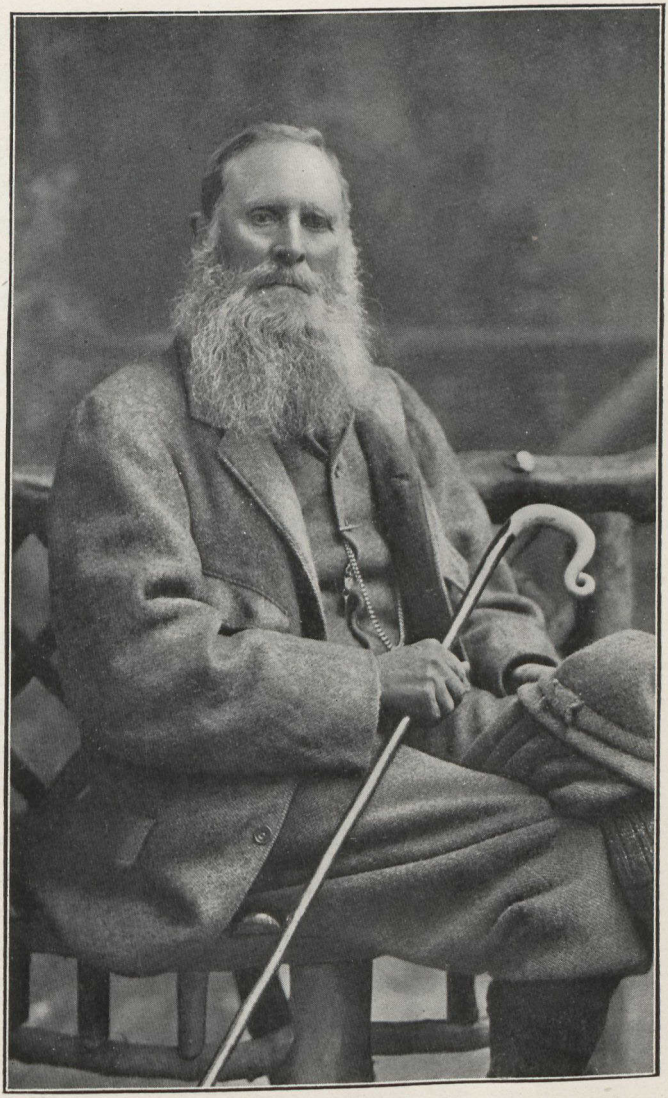
THE LATE HENRY CLARKE, ESQ.,
England.

spoke sharply, and, in defence, he said that "McPhail (Feachy) allowed me to shoot as I liked, and I often did so lying flat on the ground." "In that case," I said, "McPhail is more to blame than you are for allowing such a bad style of rifle shooting. There would be just excuse for the practice were the deer two hundred or three hundred yards away, but no real sportsman would ever think of shooting deer in the manner you have done when at close quarters, as in this instance." He seemed very angry, and remained silent for some time after. I do not think I was ever so near a live deer before, except at the famous Auchnashellach drive, to which I will refer later on.

On our way home, Mr. Clarke asked me not to mention his blunder to Mr. Holmes. I said I would certainly not do so. After dinner I joined them, when we discussed the day's doings over a glass of toddy. Mr. Clarke, under the soothing influence of the toddy brew, soon got into a convivial frame of mind, and voluntarily related in full the several incidents surrounding his blunder, and a disappointing day was quickly transformed into a hilarious evening. Mr. Holmes entered into the spirit of the occasion, and kept on bombarding Mr. Clarke with delicate

though pointed sarcasm. He said, "I wonder, as McPhail (Feachy) has evidently trained you to shoot lying flat on the ground, he did not carry a scythe to cut the grass out of your way. You know Captain Chisholm lost several stags through a blade of grass obstructing his view." Several other sallies followed, and so ended a very pleasant evening, but Mr. Clarke was often teased afterwards by Mr. Holmes over this incident, even in the presence of the king of stalkers, old Johnnie Ross, who will be referred to later on Mr. Clarke was an excellent shot with the gun, and fairly good with the rifle. He was a thorough gentleman, of high principles, possessing sterling qualities, and one for whom I always had the greatest regard. Alas, he has joined the majority some years ago, much to my regret.

One of the other incidents I remember was when stalking with Mr. Guildford Hartley, the famous author of "Wild Sports with Gun, Rifle, and Salmon Rod." I always regarded him as an ideal stalker; moreover, he was a most cheerful companion in the forest. Reflecting on the many happy days I spent with him, I am overcome with a sense of sadness, not, however, unmingled with pleasure, for while the recollection of bygone days spent in such



MR. FARQUHAR MCPHAIL (FEACHY), 1908.

delightful company makes me mourn the ravages of time, yet the memory of these delightful events is a never-ending source of pleasure to me, which only true lovers of nature and sport can really appreciate. In the book above referred to, Mr. Hartley relates the adventure after the black stag at Monar, and states he had more than one wrangle with me over the event. The wrangles, so called, must, however, have been trivial and purely superficial, quite amicable affairs in fact, for I do not remember anything about them—when we were out of temper, where, and why. Possibly if I was ruffled at all over the blunder he made of the stalk referred to, it was not so much over his missing the deer, but for firing at all after spoiling his chance through the time he took in aiming. Whenever we differed it must have been about that phase of the question.

I will now allude to the famous deer drive at Auchnashellach. I forget the year, but I remember it was on the 5th October, probably in 1867. The drive was given by Mr. Tennant, of Leeds, for the entertainment of the Prince of Wales—now His Majesty King Edward VII. The Prince came from Dunrobin Castle with the Duke of Sutherland (father of the present Duke). All the sportsmen

from the surrounding shooting lodges were invited to meet the Prince, and they duly responded to the call. Mr. Holmes and myself arrived at the rendezvous in good time. We were left with the forester in charge and other sportsmen, arranged certain distances apart, on a bare ridge—the most unlikely spot for a shot I ever saw.

We were in a good place, however, to observe what was going on around us. The Prince was on the opposite side of the corrie. The wind was in the wrong direction, and the deer could not be forced near to where His Royal Highness was placed. They broke away in front of scores of beaters, who were under the leadership of Simon Lord Lovat, the organiser of the drive. There were not more than 120 stags in all, and the gillies scattered them in various directions. I could judge from the spying of the members of the Prince's party that there were a number of deer under us. We were in a very bare place, and no beast would come near us. We, therefore, crawled down the side of the hill in search of some shelter, when we suddenly came on to a ledge of rock, and slipping round the left end of it got to its base—a perpendicular crag 10 to 12 feet in height. We stood straight up with our backs to it, and rifle in

readiness. After a lapse of a few minutes, we could hear the deer coming towards us, following a beaten sheep track quite close to the rock; in fact, so close that they almost rubbed themselves against us as they rushed along. Mr. Holmes shot the first stag without raising the rifle to his shoulder, and the second at a distance of 10 yards. It was getting late in the afternoon, and we had a long distance to travel before reaching Monar. I bled the two animals, and Mr. Holmes carved his initials on their horns. We then started for home. They were only ordinary deer, and their heads were really not worth stuffing. Mr. Holmes wrote to Mr. Tennant, saying he would like very much to have them sent him as a memento of the day, but for some reason or other he never received a reply to his letter. So ended the Prince's deer drive, which was anything but a success. I do not think His Royal Highness had the opportunity of shooting at a single stag.

Mr. Holmes invariably had one or two pleasant friends staying with him during the shooting season, some of whom practically knew nothing about deer stalking. On one occasion I was out in Monar forest with a gentleman from Norfolkshire, I forget his name now. After some difficulty we were

able to get within shooting distance of a fairly good stag, which he shot with his rifle resting on a big stone. The conditions were not so favourable the next chance he got, a day or two after, and on firing he missed the animal. He turned sharply to me and said, "Why did not you get me a stone to rest my rifle on, such as I had the other day?" I replied, with a smile, "that the stone was too heavy to carry about with me." He slapped me on the back with his hand, and burst out in a fit of laughter, and I could hardly keep him from rushing home to apprise Mr. Holmes of the occurrence.

On another occasion I stalked for Mr. Graham, K.C., of London, a charming gentleman, since dead, I regret to say. We were climbing Craig-na-iolair, when the wind, changing suddenly, blew from behind us. This caused a mob of stags in front of us to rush to the top of the mountain. He fired several shots at them, just as they were passing over the sky line, and disappearing from view, but none of the bullets took effect. In a joke I said to Mr. Graham, "I feel very much concerned about your bullets. You may have killed Alister Mohr (big Sandy), of Patt. Your rifle certainly pointed in the direction of his house, and although it is three or four miles away, we are fully 2,000 feet above it, and I

believe it is possible for a bullet to carry that distance from an altitude of 2,000 feet." With a start, he said, "God bless me, let us get to the summit of the hill and have a look at the house." We soon climbed to the top of the hill, and I could see with the naked eye a big black object in Sandy's potato patch. Mr. Graham also saw it, and he became somewhat alarmed. I then had a look at the object through my field glass, and discovered that the dark spot was Sandy. He at the moment moved slightly, and from the manner in which he lay, or reclined, in the patch, I began to feel uneasy myself. We kept on looking at him through our glasses for fully ten minutes. Mr. Graham suggested our going to the place at once in case medical assistance was required. Sandy, however, got up from his potatoes, and walked into his house, apparently none the worse for the stray bullets; I think I told the joke to Mr. Holmes on our return home that evening. In any case, he teased the life out of poor Mr. Graham for some days after.

Another welcome guest at Monar was Captain Chisholm, late of the 42nd Highlanders, already alluded to. Some three or four years after Mr. Holmes came to Monar, the Captain resigned his position as Commissioner for the Applecross Estates, and

leased Balblair, a property belonging to Lord Lovat, five miles from Beauly. Mr. Holmes, as previously stated, became acquainted with him when in treaty for the purchase of Coulin, and there and then formed a warm friendship which eventually resulted in his being frequently at Monar during the stalking season. The captain was a splendid specimen of a Highland gentleman, tall, well knit, and in appearance remarkably handsome. Added to this, he was highly educated, a powerful speaker and keen debater, and always deeply interested in all affairs affecting the welfare of the country, so that, in fact, he might deservedly be termed a natural leader of men. He was a keen sportsman, and a charming companion in the forest. I was deeply grieved to learn of his death some three or four years ago.

THE LATE CAPTAIN A. M. CHISHOLM,
42nd Highlanders.

CHAPTER X.

DURING the summer months our life at Monar was delightful, but in the winter time it was not by any means pleasant. We laboured under great disadvantages through having but little intercourse with congenial society, weeks frequently passing without our seeing new faces. The long winter evenings were especially trying, although enlivened to some extent through my having formed a dancing class for the benefit of my children and others who begged to be taught the art.

One winter Mr. Holmes travelled on the Continent and left his servants in my charge. They also joined the class, and became fairly proficient in a style of dancing quite new to them. Page, a typical son of the south, was particularly eager to learn. He even donned the Highland dress, thinking it might assist him in becoming skilled in the art. I remember well how comical he looked when being initiated into the mysteries of the Highland Fling. The audience looked on immensely amused, endeavouring all the time to

appear as solemn as judges — rather a difficult matter at times—as some one was sure to break out into a giggle that eventually developed into loud laughter, in which all of us heartily joined, Page included.

The only instrument I could at that time play was the Jew's harp—none of the others could assist me, not even with the bagpipes. The harp, however, served our purpose admirably. I simply thumped and played away at it until we were practically all played out. There could not have been a happier or merrier party anywhere. My dear wife often took a leading part in the merriment.

After a time I tired of the harp, and invested in what seemed to me a costly violin. I endeavoured to become proficient in this instrument, but although I mastered the scale and was able to read fairly well, I never could get beyond mediocrity. My children, however, with what slight assistance I was able to give them, ultimately became good players. Sarah, my eldest daughter, played some of the very old Strathspeys (dance tunes) with much grace and spirit. I also initiated my second son, Lachlan, into the art of playing the bagpipes. After some three or four years of continuous practice, he developed into a very good player.

In addition to the dancing class, I performed the duties of schoolmaster to my children. The nearest school was at Beauly, 25 miles away, and as it would be rather costly to there provide for the four or five then eligible, I decided to do the schooling myself. I was moderately successful in teaching them reading, writing, and arithmetic, but when they got beyond a grounding in the three R's, I was fairly at the end of my tether. They all went to school at Beauly or Inverness for a winter or two some years later. To this day, however, I deeply regret not having done more for them in the matter of education.

In 1878 the lease of the West Monar sheep run to the Messrs. Gordon expired, and I suggested to Mr. Holmes that, instead of renewing it for another term, we should ourselves carry on sheep farming. He willingly agreed to the proposal, and it was arranged with the Messrs. Gordon that we should take over their stock—about 3,000 sheep of all sorts —at a valuation. I forget what sum was actually paid for the sheep. My ambition had always inspired me to aim at something higher than the management of a deer forest, and I was more than pleased to now have the opportunity of engaging in work which I knew would be in every way congenial to me.

I managed the sheep property for about ten years — this probably forming the happiest period of my life. Eachin Mohr, to whom I have already referred, was head shepherd, his brother, John, being second in command. The latter was a better shepherd than his elder brother. Eachin, who was inclined to be somewhat lazy. Nevertheless, he was a useful man among sheep, and we all liked the good old fellow. McPhail (Feachy) also assisted in the off season, before the stalking began. The principal fank or sheep pen was about a mile from his house, at Luib-in-inver. Here the sheep were collected preparatory to their being shorn.

While shearing was in full swing, my dear wife superintended the commissariat. I looked after things generally, but specially after a keg of whisky, of which I was not by any means sparing—ever having in mind the fact, that to get good work out of the men they must be kept in good heart. At the close of the day's work, I invariably regaled them with an extra big bumper. We had great fun with Eachin. He could be heard almost from the top of Ben Muick shouting and whistling to his dog "Glen." It was rather difficult to catch strong sheep on soft, muddy ground. The shearers would often fall in the act of

catching, but Eachin never once lost his footing, and easily gripped more than any of the men. He had a habit of carefully buttoning his coat right up to his throat, evidently thinking that this would afford him some protection should he happen to fall. There were very few his equal in shearing and smearing sheep, and he was a special favourite with the men. A more truthful and honest man never lived than dear old Eachin Mohr. He was at his best when the day's work was over, just after doing justice to the extra big bumper I always finished up with. He was then teased freely—my dear wife often joining in the fun—but his worst enemy was James McRae (Hamish Dhu), to whom I will refer later. Hamish commanded a considerable amount of native wit, and in argument he simply pulverised poor old Eachin.

The rain very often interfered with the shearing, and to overcome this difficulty I had a galvanised iron roofed shed erected, capable of holding 400 sheep at a time. Whenever it threatened to rain, the sheep were immediately put under cover, and much time was, therefore, saved in the shearing, which, prior to this, often extended over weeks and months. On the whole, the expenses were not

great, and during the ten years of sheep farming I netted considerably more than double the rent received from the Messrs. Gordon.

Hamish Dhu was employed by me on various jobs for over twenty-six years. His father, Alexander (Alister Mohr) was a remarkable character. He and Hamish were great whisky smugglers. They lived at the west end of Loch Monar, at a place called Patt, said to signify the Hump (of Monar), or it may refer to a ford or crossing place in the loch near his home. When not engaged in smuggling, Alister worked a small farm or croft, from which he derived a fair income. His thatch-roofed house was picturesquely situated on a green hillock overlooking the loch, only a few yards away, and on the banks of a rapid-flowing stream called An Ghead Loch burn, which flows out of Loch Calavie, near the foot of Ben Dronag, one of the giant peaks on the borders of Loch Alsh, some ten miles away. This stream is one of the main feeders of Loch Monar, and Loch Calavie is, therefore, the real source of the River Farrar.

To carry on the whisky still, the strictest secrecy was essential. A bothy was, therefore, skilfully built in a cavern dug out of the side of a hill, on a bleak moor, about three miles

MY WIFE.

from the croft. The hill or mound was surrounded with peat bogs and marsh land, which made it almost inaccessible to strangers. Here Alister and Hamish spent the winter months, hard at work distilling whisky. They never ventured away from the bothy when snow lay on the ground for fear of being tracked to their den by excisemen or other enemies — weeks frequently passing without their being able to visit their home. The nearest excise depôt was at Beauly, thirty-two miles from the bothy.

Alister was noted throughout the district for his great strength. He was looked upon by many as the most powerful man of his time, and his friends lost no opportunity of advertising his wonderful feats. They also hinted that he was a terrible savage when roused. The excisemen were, therefore, very chary in venturing near his territory. He was 70 years of age when I first met him, and even at that time was capable of showing extraordinary strength. At 76 his health began to fail, and the work at the still devolved upon Hamish, who carried it on with remarkable success for some years later. The excisemen were not so much afraid of Hamish as they were of his old father, and became

bolder in their efforts to bring the couple to justice, but the people in the district were friendly disposed to the smugglers, and invariably managed to put the excisemen on the wrong scent. I myself frequently assisted in this charitable, if not laudable, purpose.

On one occasion excisemen came to old John Ross' place, in Glenstrathfarrar, within twelve miles of the bothy. John quickly surmised what their intentions were, and devoted all his skill towards gaining time so as to enable him to send a trusty messenger to Monar to apprise me of the fact that the excisemen were approaching. He asked them to stay to dinner, and, later on, regaled them so freely with old Urquhart's vile whisky that they remained until early morning. In the meantime the messenger despatched by John duly arrived at my house, and I immediately sent two of my men in a boat to Patt to warn Hamish. With the assistance of my men, Hamish quickly hid all his whisky and distilling utensils in a peat moss, so that had the excisemen arrived upon the scene they would have found it very difficult to find any evidence that could convict Hamish of smuggling.

The excisemen, although eager to continue their journey to Patt, and firmly resolved upon the capture of Hamish and his father,

suddenly succumbed to the effects of John's hospitality, with the result that they deemed it wise to call a halt after walking only three miles of the distance. They took refuge in a wood near the roadside, and slumbered there until darkness had set in, by which time their ardour was so effectually damped that they decided to abandon the expedition. They sneaked back to Beauly in the dark, and told their friends a long story about the terrible sufferings they experienced in the wilds of Ross-shire hunting for a whisky still that did not exist. It was in this manner that the smugglers escaped the arms of the law—thanks to John and the efficacy of Urquhart's Highland Dew.

I had in my house at the time a ten-gallon cask of smuggled whisky, which I hid in a peat moss some 500 yards off, in case the excisemen called and searched the premises. It was a simple matter to cut the turf neatly, and remove the exact quantity of moss necessary to make room for the cask, which was then lowered into the hole and carefully covered over with the turf already cut. The keenest and most experienced eye would fail to discover that the ground had been in any way disturbed. The cask must have been hid in the moss for over five years, and I remember well

the difficulty I experienced in finding the spot in which it was placed. It crossed my mind that Hamish must have stolen my precious cask, as he was the only person who knew the locality in which it was hid. The stuff was well matured after its five years' soak in the moss.

Hamish netted a considerable sum from his illicit craft, and was very proud of his adroitness in evading a tax which he honestly believed should never have been levied. Like most of the people in the district, he felt convinced that no dishonour could possibly attach to anyone who smuggled whisky.

In those days I drank very little whisky. Mr. Holmes purchased all he required from Hamish and Urquhart of Struy. I never liked either of the brands, but Mr. Holmes, who practically knew nothing about whisky, seemed to be satisfied with the stuff. I think it was Captain Chisholm who first opened his eyes to the fact that he was not being supplied with good or well-matured whisky. He was advised by him to buy direct from one of the Glenlivet distilleries, and this was accordingly done. The brand was excellent, and I had pleasure for many years after in carrying a good-sized flask to the hill when deer stalking, to which I did ample justice.

Hamish carried on smuggling until his father died, I think in his 96th or 97th year. He then gave it up, and devoted his spare time to looking after his croft, out of which he made a comfortable living, chiefly in rearing Highland black cattle, which he sold as stores.

In the spring of 1879 I met with a nasty accident. I was engaged pruning trees in the garden, using a sharp knife called a deer sticker. By some means or other the blade glanced off a branch of a tree and went right into my left wrist, cutting the main artery. My dear wife managed to stop the bleeding by applying tight bandages, while we were being rapidly driven a distance of twenty-five miles to Doctor Corbett, at Beauly. My case was a very serious one, and it took me several weeks to recover sufficiently to move about. The doctor advised a change of air and scene, and I travelled for a time, visiting Skibo, Golspie, Dunrobin, and Fort Augustus, returning to Monar quite restored to health.

Looking back to this period, it may not be amiss to relate an amusing incident that occurred. One afternoon old Page trolled in the loch for pike and landed a beauty, which scaled 21 lbs., probably one of the largest ever caught in Loch Monar. He brought it to the larder in triumph, and laid it on a stone slab

for exhibition to the stalkers when they returned from the hill. We all had a good look at the big pike, and heartily congratulated Page on his skill as a pike angler. I forget what prompted me to perpetrate a practical joke on Page, probably some one in the lodge suggested it. In any case I slipped down to the larder after dinner, and carried out the purpose I had in mind. There were several skinned shank bones of deer lying about the larder, and selecting one of the largest, rammed it down the pike's gullet, where it remained as if it had been swallowed.

Page was in the habit of extracting oil from the entrails of the pike, and next morning, when operating upon his twenty-one pounder, his knife suddenly struck something unusually hard. This surprised him somewhat, but what was his amazement when on opening up the fish the shank bone was disclosed? The fun then commenced. I told Mr. Holmes, and I think Mr. Clarke, of what I had done, and they were highly amused. A discussion soon started as to the possibilities of the pike swallowing such a large bone. The argument on this point waxed strong during the day, being at times rather heated, each one having his own theory as to the voracity of the pike, and what he could or could not swallow. Mr.

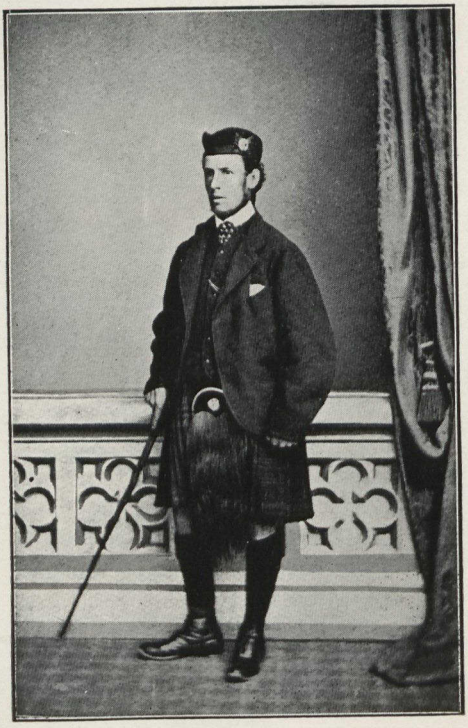
Holmes, Mr. Clarke, and myself quietly adding fuel to the flames. Old John Ross appeared on the scene the following day, Sunday, and he was shown the pike and shank bone. He said, "a pike will take anything, and there is nothing wonderful in a twenty-one pounder swallowing a shank bone." I replied "that that might be so provided the bone happened to be floating on the loch, or if Page used it for bait, but it is a well-known fact that a pike cannot take anything that lies horizontal at the bottom of the loch." John was somewhat mystified, but still believed that the pike swallowed the shank bone. Next evening after dinner, Mr. Clarke started an argument with Page over the question at issue, and to prove some points, the fish was brought up on a dish to the smoke room, but the aroma proved rather too much for those present, and poor old Page had to beat a hasty retreat with his pike. I forget how the secret became known. I probably disclosed it myself, but Page never bore any ill-feeling towards me over the matter. I think he was rather pleased that others were duped as well as himself, more particularly John Ross.

On Sundays, Page always wore a kilt (Holmes tartan), of which he was very proud. It was really amusing to observe his

mannerism and his keen anxiety to appear as a real Highlander. Nature, however, was scarcely kind to him in this respect—he was not built to wear a kilt. Not so Hamish Dhu, who looked a typical Highlander in his pretty costume, which he invariably donned on Sundays. If I remember correctly, he wore the McRae tartan, with a fine badger sporran, cocked bonnet, with the McRae crest in silver fastened thereon. To see Page and Hamish strutting along together was really most amusing. I could go on recounting numerous stories about them, but I must stop somewhere.

On Sundays, about 11 a.m., Mr. Holmes, accompanied by Mr. Clarke or any other visitor or visitors staying at the lodge, would call at my house for a chat, which invariably ended in a whisky and milk being handed round by my dear wife, an act in which she took the greatest delight. We then had a walk round the grounds until dinner time. These walks were delightful, and I often recall the various incidents, small as they may seem at this distance of time.

In front of the lodge there was a fair-sized park, surrounded on two sides with plantations of full-grown pine and larch trees. This area of tree and park land was fenced in with a strong deer fence, and two fawns I captured



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM PAGE,
of Thetford, England.

Mr. JAMES McRAE (Hamish Dhu), of Patt.

in the hills, after much trouble, were put in, one a stag and the other a hind. They were fed by my dear wife from cows' milk, and grew up fine animals. The stag, however, could not be properly tamed, and in the rutting season the brute became positively dangerous, so much so that he had to be shot. The deer park was some time after discontinued.

Dear old John Ross was, when the weather permitted, a regular visitor. He was a charming personality, and the hours we spent talking over our various deer stalking exploits would, if the incidents were repeated here, fill a good-sized volume.

The foresters in the glen did not pull well together, and I was often bothered by having to listen to their grievances. When John Ross called, Fraser, of Inchmuilt, my nearest neighbour, would soon after pay me a visit, and endeavour to ascertain whether John had said anything derogatory to him. To preserve peace and good fellowship between them all, I acted with sufficient tact to prevent an open rupture, but it was not an easy matter under such conditions to be friendly with the lot, John I could easily manage, as he was always open in his dealings with me.

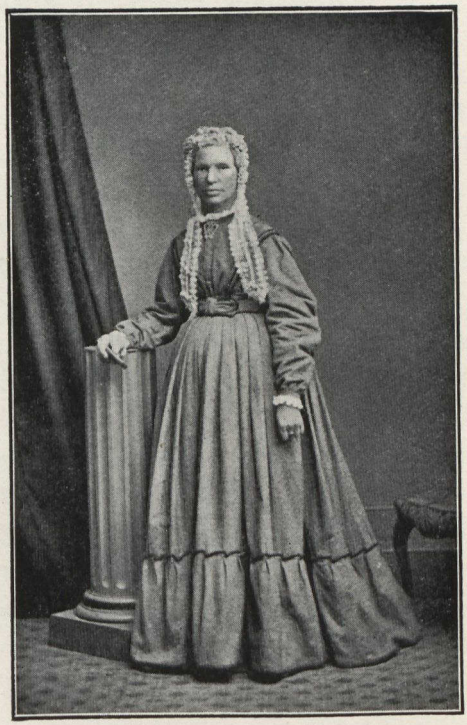
About eighty years ago there were very few deer in Lord Lovat's forest in Glenstrath-

farrar, or in any of the neighbouring forests, and those seen confined themselves as a rule to wooded country. Real stalking, such as was practised at Coulin or at Monar, was, therefore, practically unknown in the district. Lord (Thomas) Lovat, the grandfather of the present lord, was a big man, over six feet in height. He never crawled on his fours or bent a knee when after deer. It was not necessary, or perhaps, it was not practicable to do so, but when the deer some years later became numerous, they were to be found on the bare hills, and his Lordship and John followed them there.

When they got near a stag, but not close enough for a shot, John would get very excited and instinctively drop to the ground and start crawling towards the animal on all fours, hoping that his Lordship would follow suit. But no, the giant Thomas would remain as straight as a pole, and keep on walking. In a minute or two he would turn round suddenly, and, catching John by the collar of his jacket, pull him to his feet. Both would then move on until the stag showed signs of beating a retreat, when, if within two hundred yards, his Lordship would invariably bring him down.

With a rifle or a gun, Lord (Thomas) Lovat was second to none probably in his

THE LATE JOHN ROSS,
King of Deer Stalkers.

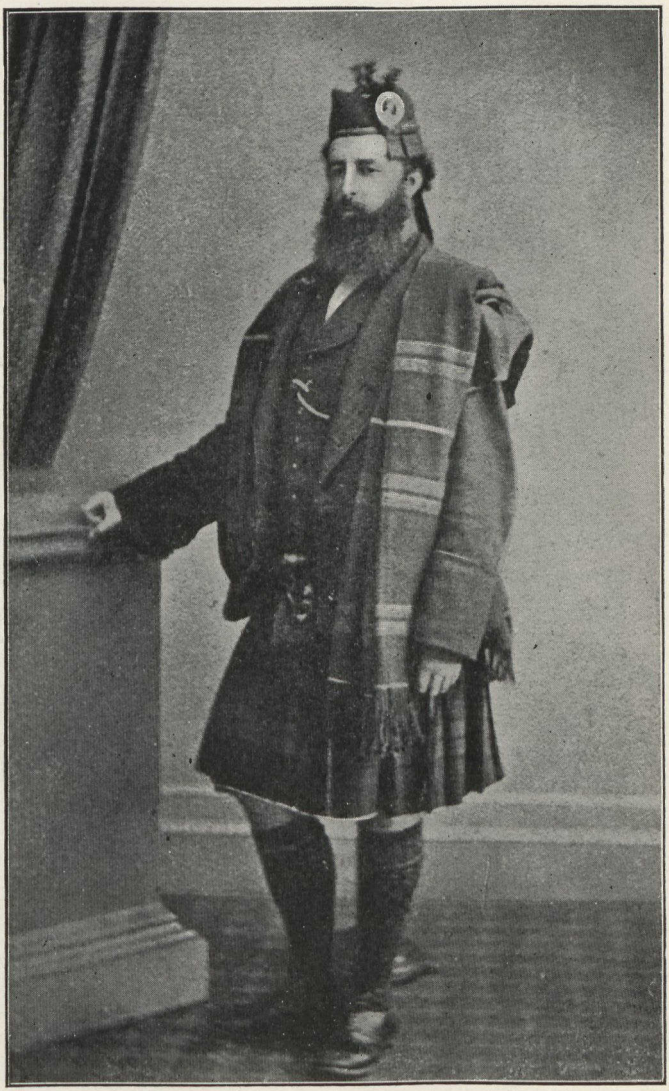


THE LATE MRS. JOHN ROSS.

generation. I think I can safely say that he was the prettiest shot I ever saw. He would raise his elbow level to his shoulder, never bending his head or moving any part of his body except the finger that pulled the trigger. He was simply a marvel with the rifle. In the hill he was somewhat reserved with his men, but, nevertheless, quite a pleasant, sterling gentleman. His son, the Master of Lovat, afterwards Lord Simon, father of the present lord, was a model stalker, and a great favourite with everyone. His markmanship was, however, not equal to his father's.

Some time after the latter's death, several properties on his large estates were converted into deer forests, and the supply becoming greater than the demand, some of them were without tenants during certain seasons. Lord Lovat therefore shot over those not occupied himself, and leased the larger — Glenstrathfarrar — the one he usually shot over, to Mr. W. L. Winans (since deceased), a wealthy American, who paid a very high rental for the shootings, for only two months in the year. Mr. Winans introduced the driving system of shooting deer, much to the disgust of John, who retired some time after. He never could tolerate a sportsman who sat leisurely behind a rock or

a stone at the head or side of a corrie, and blazed away at a herd of deer as they rushed through, driven by forty or fifty gillies. John often said to me that the king of sports is now likely to be spoilt for ever, just to gratify the selfish taste of an eccentric American.



THE LATE LORD (SIMON) LOVAT. (15th Baron.)

CHAPTER XI.

In 1877 we were delighted to receive news of the marriage of Mr. Holmes, an event which, so soon as it was made known in Monar, was received with general rejoicing. Some months later, shortly before the opening of the shooting season, he arrived at his Highland home, accompanied by his charming bride, the occasion being commemorated by large and attractive bonfires being lit on two or three points of vantage on the estate, producing an effect of general festivity and rejoicing. Again, in the middle of December, 1879, we were overjoyed to receive a telegram from Mr. Holmes, apprising us of the fact that Mrs. Holmes had been safely delivered of a son and heir. In course of post, full advices arrived, with directions to celebrate the happy event by a dinner and ball. Invitations were at once issued, and, on the 25th December, a party of sixty assembled at Monar, prepared to do justice to the sumptuous repast provided, and to later on join in the dancing. I quote the following account of the proceedings, taken from the *Inverness Courier*:—

REJOICINGS AT MONAR.

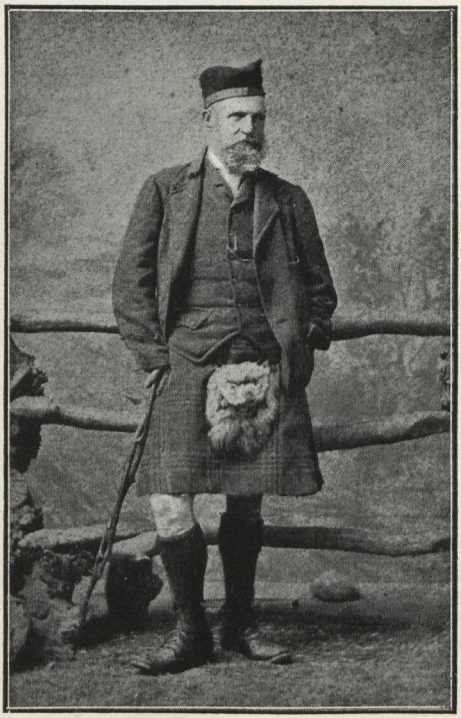
"At Pennally House, Tenby, Pembrokeshire, Wales, on the 16th December, 1879, an heir having been born to the Monar and Snarehill Estates of W. J. O. Holmes, Esq., who is presently residing in Wales, special instructions were sent to Mr. William Collie, factor for the Highland estate, to commemorate the joyful event by arranging a dinner and ball to those on the property and immediate neighbourhood, the demonstrations to take place on the evening of the 25th. The company was joined by a big party from Beauly, comprising Captain McRae, of the I.H.R.V.; Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Miss Ross, Miss Bruce, Miss McRae, and Misses J. and E. Bannatyne, and the day being exceedingly mild for the season, the drive of twenty-five miles was most enjoyable.

"At about 6 p.m., nearing the lodge, situated at the head of Loch Monar, a huge bonfire was noticed blazing on a high peak, and could be seen many miles away. At 7 p.m., sixty ladies and gentlemen sat down in the spacious dining room of the lodge, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion—the splendid deer heads hanging round the walls assisting the effect most admirably. Amongst the company present, besides those already mentioned, we noticed Messrs. Donald Fraser, Inchmuilt; John Ross, Ardchuilk; George Ross, Ardchuilk; Alexander Ross, Camesorie; Colin Campbell, Crevelan; William McDonald, Struy; James McRae, Patt; Farquhar McPhail, Monar; John McLennan, Monar; Hector McLennan, Monar; John Tait, Culigran; George Tait, Culigran; John McKenzie, Deanie, &c. Captain McRae occupied

the chair, supported on the right by Mrs. Collie, and on the left by Mrs. Davis, with Messrs. John Ross and Duncan McKenzie acting as croupiers. After a most substantial dinner was done justice to, the following toasts were disposed of in quick succession, the ladies longing for the ball-room:—The health of William Charles Owen Flower Holmes, heir to the Monar and Snarehill Estates. The Chairman having made a few pithy remarks regarding the new arrival, the company drank his health in full bumpers of champagne, and with Highland honours. Then followed the health of Mrs. Holmes, by Mr. Davis; Mr. Holmes, by Mr. McKenzie; Mr. Collie replying to both in felicitous terms, touching on the many kindnesses received at the hands of his employer for the last twenty years. Mr. Ross, Beauly, gave the foresters of the district, coupled with the name of Mr. John Ross, Ardchuilk; and though last, but not least, the landed proprietors, by Mr. Collie, coupled with the name of Lord Lovat, to which Mr. Donald Fraser, Inchmuilt replied, as one of his Lordship's servants for many years. The toast list being exhausted, Mr. Lachlan Collie, an excellent piper, headed the procession to the ball-room, a spacious building decorated with great taste by evergreens, stags' heads, and Holmes tartans. At either end, on white ground in red and green letters, were the scrolls, 'William Charles Owen Flower Holmes, we welcome thee,' and 'Ceud neile faille da oighre Mhonar,' interpreted, 'A hundred thousand welcomes to the heir of Monar.' The ball was opened by Mr. Collie, Mrs. Davis, Capt. McRae, and Mrs. Collie leading off. Dancing was kept up with much

spirit until six in the morning, and refreshments, with tea and eatables, were in abundance during the whole time. Christmas Eve of 1879 will be long remembered in Monar and vicinity as a night of much rejoicing and merriment, in which each and all of the three score present joined with great heartiness."

About this time cramps caused me some anxiety, and I deemed it wise to consult my medical adviser, Dr. Corbett, at Beauly. After a long consultation, he came to the conclusion that it would be better for me to live in a dry climate, as otherwise the trouble might become chronic. This disconcerted me somewhat, and led me to seriously consider the question of leaving Monar. However willing I might be to sever my connection with the place, I was rather concerned as to how Mr. Holmes would look upon my departure after so many years of close association with him. There was one gleam of hope, viz., to induce him to sell Monar. I was encouraged to offer advice in this direction through my having noticed that for some time back he was gradually losing his keenness for sport, doubtless owing to his having become very heavy in weight, and also to the fact that his heart was slightly affected, which made it dangerous for him to do much hill climbing. I therefore suggested that he should sell the property



MYSELF.

and retire to his English estate, after which I would make arrangements to settle in Canada or Australia.

While agreeing that he was not now so fit to continue the strenuous effort inseparable from deer stalking as he had been, he nevertheless felt very reluctant to abandon the sport, more so to part with Monar, especially seeing that by parting with Monar he would at the same time be parting with me, a severance which he would regret very much after over twenty years of close fellowship. I pointed out that I was, owing, unfortunately, to the state of my health, placed in a position that made it, in the opinion of my medical adviser, necessary that I should now live in a dry climate, otherwise my health might become seriously impaired. Some time after, Mr. Holmes made up his mind to sell Monar, and he placed the property in my hands to dispose of. The sheep were sold first, and soon after Monar itself, to John Stirling, Esq., of Fairburn. Mr. Holmes was in England at the time the sale was effected.

It was thus that our bond of fellowship was severed, after over twenty years of close association and pleasant intercourse. Both my dear wife and myself felt the severance

very keenly, particularly so my wife, who became very fond of Mrs. Holmes and her dear little son. I was in hopes of being able to stay on long enough to train the young heir to stalk deer; but, alas, fate willed otherwise, and the contemplation that it is very unlikely that we shall ever see them again brings in its train feelings of sadness and loss, the only consolation being that the ties which had remained unbroken through so many years cannot be severed by space and time, and that memories will perpetuate the feelings of appreciation and regard no matter in what part of the world one's lot is cast.*

Mr. Stirling arrived at Monar soon after the sale to him was carried through. He at once offered to continue me in my post, but was extremely surprised and much concerned when I told him that for health reasons I had made up my mind to proceed with my family to Canada and settle there. After a long interview, he at length persuaded me to accept his offer, and, singular to say, I carried on at Monar for eight years in the service of one of the best of masters—possessing superb qualities—manly, amiable, and a perfect gentleman in

* As this book was going to press news reached me of the death of Mr. Holmes at Strumpshaw Hall, Norwich, which I record with the deepest regret.

MY WIFE.

the true sense of the term. His death some two years ago caused me the profoundest sorrow. He had five sons, from twelve to twenty-five years of age, all strong, healthy, keen sportsmen. They were apt and willing pupils, and it afforded me many hours of pleasure in initiating them into the mysteries of deer stalking.

The following year, Lachlan and Robert, my second and third sons, left for Manitoba, Canada, to take up ranching. They selected homesteads on the shores of Shoal Lake, 40 miles west of Winnipeg. Two years later, my fourth son, William, who had proceeded to the United States some two years previously, joined them, but only for a brief period. He thought it would be more advantageous to him to settle permanently in the North-West of Canada, in the midst of the new wheat area then being broken up, and journeyed to Battleford, some 800 miles north-west of Winnipeg, in the neighbourhood of which he selected a farm. This only left three of my family at home—Alexander Rose, Maggie, and Flower—and as we were receiving good accounts from Lachlan and Robert, as to the progress they were making in Canada, I began to think seriously of joining them.

CHAPTER XII.

In the season of 1888 I had rather alarming attacks of cramps, so much so that I was really afraid to do any stalking. I finally made up my mind, in the spring of 1889, to leave Monar for Canada, and arranged matters so that I could take my departure early in May.

When it became known that we were leaving for Canada, our friends in the immediate and neighbouring districts joined together, and elected a strong representative committee, presided over by my dear old friend, Mr. Fraser, of Mauld, with the object of soliciting subscriptions towards a testimonial. The invitations were worded:—

"TESTIMONIAL TO MR. COLLIE, MONAR.

"Mr. Collie, Monar, being about to leave this country to join his family in Manitoba, his numerous friends are desirous of giving expression to the great regard and respect in which he is held by them; and, with this in view, a committee of the following gentlemen:—

Mr. Fraser, Mauld
Captain Chisholm, Glassburn

Mr. J. B. Grant, Erchless
„ Alex. McKenzie, Banker, Beauly
„ Samuel Davidson, Ginsachan
„ William McDonald, Struy
Rev. James Fraser, Erchless
Mr. Roderick McRae, Beauly
„ George Tait, Culigran—

invite subscriptions to present him with a testimonial. It is proposed to make the presentation at a public dinner, to take place at the Lovat Arms Hotel, Beauly, before his departure. Subscriptions may be sent to any member of the committee before 4th May, 1889.

"Mr. FRASER, Mauld, Treasurer."

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

John Stirling, Esq., Fairburn.
James Stirling, Fairburn.
William Stirling, Fairburn.
Charles Stirling, Fairburn.
Roderick McRae, Beauly.
Duncan McKenzie, Beauly.
Roderick Morison, Beauly.
Mr. McLeay, Inverness.
George Tait, Culigran.
John Matheson, Monar.
James McRae, Monar.
Farquhar McPhail, Monar.
Murdo McPhail, Monar.
Angus McPhail, Monar.
George McPhail, Monar.
Mrs. McPhail, Monar.
George Ross, Glenstrathfarrar.
Donald Fraser, Glenstrathfarrar.

John Fraser, Glenstrathfarrar.
Robert Campbell, Struy.
Angus Campbell, Struy.
John Miller, Struy.
Captain A. M. Chisholm, Glassburn.
Mrs. Captain Chisholm, Glassburn.
Alex. Mackenzie, Bank of Scotland, Beauly.
Alex. Morison, Wellbank, Beauly.
John Ross, Beauly.
J. B. Grant, Erchless.
James Fraser, Mauld.
Angus Fraser, Inshully.
William McDonald, Easter Crochall.
Donald McKenzie, Fasnakyle.
John Maclennan, Crelevan.
William McDonald, Struy.
D. Reid, Teacher, Struy.
Hugh Forbes, Struy.
John Gordon, Struy.
John Fraser, Struy.
A. McDonald, Struy.
James McKinnon, Struy.
A. McDonald, Lyching, Struy.
David McGillivray, Struy.
Duncan Robertson, Comar.
Samuel Davidson, Guisachan.
Rev. James Fraser, Erchless.
James Mackintosh, Erchless Gardens.
Alex. Mackintosh, Erchless Gardens.
Duncan McKay, Ord Cottage.
Joseph Chambers, Fairburn.
J. Burns, Keeper, Fairburn.
James Stenning, Gardener, Fairburn.
J. Jackson, Coachman, Fairburn.

Dr. Corbett, Beauly.
James Fraser, Painter, Beauly.
Angus McRae, Crochail.
James Rattray, Easter Lovat.
Dr. Macfadyen, Beauly.
James Macintosh, Factor for Lord McDonald.
Daniel Dewar, Forester, Beaufort.
Thos. S. Macalister, Inverness.
Hugh Macintosh, Inverness.
H. V. McCallum, Inverness.
E. Macintosh, Glenelg.
J. Maclean, Beauly.
E. Muncaster, Beauly.

[Copy from "Inverness Courier," 14th May, 1889.]

DINNER AND PRESENTATION TO MR. COLLIE, MONAR.

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Collie, who for the last twenty-seven years has been manager at Monar, on the beautiful estate of Mr. Stirling, of Fairburn, was entertained at dinner in the Lovat Arms Hotel, Beauly, and presented with a purse of sovereigns on the occasion of his leaving the district for Manitoba. Mrs. Collie was, at the same time, presented with a handsome Cairngorm gold-mounted brooch, and Miss Collie with a Bible, in token of the respect and esteem in which they had been held during their stay in the Glen. At the dinner, Mr. James Fraser, Mauld, presided, and was supported in the chair by Mr. Collie, the guest of the evening; the Rev. Mr. Fraser, Erchless; Mr. Dewar,

Forester for Lord Lovat; Mr. J. B. Grant, Factor for the Chisholm; Mr. Charles Innes, Inverness; Dr. Macfadyen, Inverness; and Bailie Mackenzie, Inverness. The croupiers were—Captain Chisholm, Glasburn, and Mr. McKenzie, Banker, Beauly.

Among those present were:—

Mr. R. McRae, Gladstone House.
„ Burns, Keeper, Fairburn.
„ Chalmers, Farm Manager.
„ Collie, jun., Monar.
„ Crease, Beauly.
„ Gordon.
„ Jackson, Fairburn.
„ Thos. S. Macalister, Inverness.
„ H. V. McCallum, Inverness.
„ Macdonald, Painter, Beauly.
„ Alex. Macdonald, Struy.
„ Macintosh, Hotel Keeper, Glenelg.
„ Hugh Macintosh, of Mactavish & Macintosh, Inverness.
„ James Macintosh, Factor for Lord Macdonald.
„ McDonald, Contractor, Struy; &c.
„ McKenzie, Draper, Beauly.
„ McKinnon, Struy.
„ McLean, Draper, Beauly.
„ McLean, Merchant, Beauly.
„ McLeay, Bird Stuffer, Inverness.
„ Muncaster, Beauly.
„ Jas. Rattray, Easter Lovat.
„ Ross, Coal Merchant, Beauly.
„ Ross, Keeper, Struy.
„ Stenning, Fairburn.
„ George Tait, Culigran.

The following ladies were also present after dinner—

Mrs. Collie, Monar.
Miss Collie, Monar.
Mrs. Fraser, Mauld.
„ McRae, of Gladstone House.
„ McKenzie, Bank of Scotland.
„ Duncan McKenzie, Beauly.
„ McKenzie, Silver Wells, Inverness.
„ McLean, View Cottage.

Justice having been done to an excellent repast, the Chairman gave the toast of the Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family. He thereafter gave the toast of the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces, to which Captain Chisholm, Glasburn, late of the 42nd Highlanders, replied, remarking that the pluck and spirit of the army continued to be the same as in days of yore. (Applause.)

The Chairman then proposed the toast of the evening. In doing so, he said they were all aware that they had met to bid a long farewell to their excellent friend Mr. Collie, who had been going out and in amongst them for upwards of a quarter of a century, and whose character, with that of his family, stood at this moment without spot or blemish. (Applause.) He would not wish to sadden the few moments that remain to Mr. Collie with his friends, but they could not shut their eyes to the fact—and he was sure that none of them desired it—that they were now looking on his face, most of them at least, for the last time. This was why he rose to propose the toast with a sort of

melancholy pleasure. It was not for them to question the wisdom, or otherwise, of the step Mr. Collie was taking. He was quite competent to judge of that for himself. (Hear, hear.) Had Mr. Collie and his family been no more than ordinary members of the community—he meant that if they had not been far above the average of their class—this demonstration would not have been thought of, but that they were so he had ample testimony from his friends who could not be present. (Applause.) His own late employer, for instance, had testified splendidly to appreciation of his services, and to his regret at losing them. (Applause.) He had also a letter from a gentleman whose intimate acquaintance with Mr. Collie was of long standing—the oldest acquaintance, indeed, of all present—he wrote:—"I am very sorry indeed to learn that Mr. Collie is about to leave for the Far West. He has always been an excellent fellow, and I am sure his absence from amongst us will be much felt and regretted. He is a man I have always held in great respect and esteem, as possessing many of the best qualities of human nature." (Applause.)

Proceeding, the Chairman said, his own acquaintance with Mr. Collie was certainly not of yesterday, and he could endorse every word which Captain Chisholm stated in this letter. Mr. Collie was a man who could think for himself, and might say he knew few, in his station, more able to do so. He had read extensively, and thought deeply, and, as far as he (the Chairman) was a judge of those things, his conclusions were vigorous, sound, and healthy. Most of them knew the disadvantages under which

Mr. and Mrs. Collie laboured as to the early education of their family, but they set themselves to this task, and they, who knew the family, knew how well they succeeded. (Applause.) But this was not all. They not only gave their family the foundation of a solid education, but they also gave them some of those accomplishments that were sought after in higher stations than theirs, and he was pleased to see many around who, like himself, had many pleasant experiences of their proficiency. (Applause.) This could not be done by Mr. Collie without the aid of a faithful, true, and loving wife, and of this treasure he was possessed in an eminent degree. (Applause.) He, who had known her so long and well, could call her nothing less than Nature's very lady—equally at home in the drawing-room and the cottage. (Applause.) He did not grudge the colonies the services of strong and willing arms, but he regretted the departure from their midst of Miss Collie, and he really thought the young men of the district had made a mistake in permitting such a sweet representative of the Scottish Thistles to cross the Atlantic. (Laughter and applause.) But since go they must, he was sure they would wish them a full measure of happiness and success in the land of their adoption. (Applause.)

The Chairman then presented Mr. Collie with a heavily-laden purse of sovereigns, and a list of the subscribers, and expressed the hope that if he had any of the gold left when he reached his new home he would purchase a horse and machine. (Applause.)

Mr. Collie's health having been enthusiastically pledged, he feelingly replied. He thanked them from the bottom of his heart for their handsome

gift, and for the very great kindness which they had shown him. (Applause.) If any of them, or any of the members of their families, ever thought of visiting the land of his adoption he would assure them they would receive a hearty Highland welcome. His heart, he said, was overwhelmed with gratitude, and he sat down by again returning his best thanks. (Applause.)

The Chairman then presented Mrs. Collie with a handsome gold brooch, and Miss Collie with a beautifully-bound copy of the Bible. (Applause.)

The Rev. Mr. Fraser acknowledged the compliment on behalf of the ladies.

Mr. McKenzie, Bank of Scotland, proposed the toast of the Colonies. The toast, he said, was a large one, considering the colonies were pretty well over the whole globe—from Hong Kong in the Far East to Vancouver in the Far West, and from the North to the South Poles — embracing the North American, South African, and Australasian Colonies, West Indies, and our Indian Empire. (Applause.) The whole together make up about one-fifth of the globe, and the sun never sets on the British Empire. The head and centre of all this was their own tight little island, of which a facetious Yankee had said it would be risky to land upon it for fear of toppling over the side. (Laughter.) This, of course, was an exaggeration, but it was so small as to be capable of being over populated. Why should it be said, there is a surplus population in this country? Why should their countrymen languish and starve on the sterile, rocky, boggy lands of the Highlands and islands, where, it is said, in some cases, it took thirty acres of it to feed a

snipe—(laughter)—when there was land in every clime which they could secure and live comfortably upon under the protection of the British flag? Their friend, Mr. Collie, had evidently been finding this country getting too small for him, and had resolved to seek out a larger field on the plains of Manitoba, to join the members of his family who had gone before him. He was sure he would never have reason to regret this step—(hear, hear)—while he was setting a good example to many of his countrymen, who had much more need of a shift than he had. He begged to associate the toast with the name of Mr. Charles Innes, who had recently travelled over the Dominion of Canada, and who could speak with authority on its resources and the benefits to be derived by emigrants going there. (Applause.)

Mr. Charles Innes, in reply, said he had much pleasure in being present, on the invitation of Mr. Fraser, and taking part in the interesting proceedings of that afternoon. (Applause.) In going to Canada, he could assure Mr. Collie and his family that they were going to a second Scotland. His own experience recently proved this, because everywhere he went he met people who knew him, or whom he knew, and who hailed from the Old Country. Proceeding, Mr. Innes gave some amusing instances of being accosted in the streets, the train, and the steamer by men hailing from the North, and incidentally mentioned that, at the railway station at Broadview, he unexpectedly met Captain Stirling, of Fairburn, on his way to the Rocky Mountains on a shooting expedition, in which he was glad to know he was very successful. (Applause.)

He also referred to the nature of the climate, and the land opened for settlement, and concluded by stating that Mr. Collie was going to a locality which was undoubtedly one of the best in the Far North-West. (Applause.)

Mr. McRae, Gladstone House, proposed the health of Mr. Stirling, of Fairburn, and the members of his family—a toast which was cordially responded to.

Mr. J. B. Grant, Erchless, gave the health of the host—Mr. McRae—who had done so well on this occasion, and who discharged his other duties with so much success. (Applause.)

Mr. McRae replied.

Captain Chisholm proposed the health of their excellent Chairman, who had presided over them that evening with his usual tact and efficiency. He thought they had to thank him in a great measure for the very successful arrangements of this farewell gathering and entertainment in honour of their old and kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Collie and their interesting family. (Applause.) Their Chairman was always ready and willing to do the right thing at the right time—never absent when his presence was in any way necessary at any of their social gatherings, and who always encouraged, with his purse and countenance, everything conducive to the well-being and happiness of all around him. (Applause.) But he must not offend his Highland modesty and manly character by enumerating his many good qualities nor his public and private worth. He would merely add that he was a credit to his native hills, as were his parents before him. (Applause.) Strathglass and Strathglass men,

wherever they may be, might well be proud of him as a "gaidheal gasda agus an duine fos leith." (Applause.)

The Chairman acknowledged the compliment, and then gave the health of Mr. Innes, who had so kindly honoured them with his presence.

Mr. Innes replied.

Dr. Macfadyen gave the health of the croupiers, to which Mr. McKenzie and Captain Chisholm replied.

Mr. H. V. Macallum proposed the health of the ladies.

The proceedings then terminated.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN I recall the many happy days I spent at Monar, and the sad parting with our numerous friends in the district, I am quite overcome. I left my good old friends—Eachin Mohr and Alister Mohr, the ever-faithful Hamish Dhu (with whom I still correspond), Farquhar McPhail (Feachy), George Ross, George Tait, Rev. James Fraser, Donald Fraser, Inchmuilt (since retired on a pension), Dear old John Ross, Ardchuilk; John Tait, Culigran; Colin Campbell, Crelevan; James Fraser, of Mauld; Wm. McDonald, and many more in the Glen. Then my Beauly friends—dear, good Banker Mackenzie and his charming lady; good old Roderick McRae and his dear, good lady; Duncan Mackenzie, John Ross, Duncan Dewar, and their estimable wives and families. I feel indeed sad. Would that I could meet them again; but time changeth all, and the ravages of time have indeed done their work amongst my old comrades and friends, for only 11 of those mentioned are now alive—

Banker (Alex.) Mackenzie, Duncan Mackenzie, Duncan Dewar, John Ross (Ardchuilk), John Tait, Colin Campbell, Eachin Mohr, and Alister Mohr having died since I left Monar.

When I think of my comfortable home at the foot of Ben Muick, the sound of the water in the rapid-flowing burn, as it leaped over the many huge boulders in its course, makes music to my ears even at this distance of time. The glorious fishing on the lake, the opening of the grouse shooting, then the deer stalking, and ptarmigan and plover shooting, the evenings in the larder, where the sportsmen assembled after dining to see the deer brought in and weighed, and the heads inspected, almost makes me wish that the sport had never existed, to be now so far removed from these scenes. Yet it affords me much pleasure at times to recall those happy days.

On 15th May we drove to Inverness, and continued our journey by rail to Glasgow, embarking on the s.s. "Corean" on the 16th. We arrived at Quebec on the 28th, and all except myself suffered more or less from sea-sickness.

Lachlan met us at Winnipeg, where we arrived on 3rd June, and, putting up at the

Wheelan Hotel, proceeded next day to Stonewall, thence to Shoal Lake. Leaving my family there, I returned next day to Winnipeg, and, having made up my mind to settle at Shoal Lake, proceeded at once to make arrangements for starting a farm. My first investment was a fine three-year-old broncho, which cost me $100, buckboard $70, saddle $20, and I drove him back to Shoal Lake. There I found my dear wife and the others installed in Lachlan's old "shanty," consisting of two rooms and a pigeon attic, all unhappy, my wife particularly so.

It grieved me to find her so disconsolate, and I must confess Manitoba had not fulfilled my own expectations. It was, therefore, almost a "toss up" whether Scotland was not again to win the day and claim me back to the land of my birth. However, I felt that having gone so far I could not creditably pull back without giving the place a fair trial. After a careful survey, I elected to settle on a homestead which Lachlan had selected, and soon our whole minds were set on establishing a new home. Our first care was to provide for the coming winter; a roof over our heads and the construction of a house was soon under way, the old hut, which we patched up, meantime serving us as a rough shelter. It was not by

any means comfortable, but it served its purpose.

Returning to Winnipeg, I purchased a good broncho mare, 4 years old, only partially broken in, with foal at foot, for $140. I also bought a saddle, and rode the mare all the way to Stonewall without any mishap. It was too far to ride to Shoal Lake in one day, over very indifferent roads, and I put up for the night at the Stonewall Hotel. Very early in the morning the stableman rushed into my bedroom and informed me that the mare had broken loose, and he was afraid to go near her. Apparently the mother, having become restive during the night, pulled her manger into the middle of the stable, where she and her colt were severely kicked by other bronchos. Both were very lame, but I managed to continue the journey to Shoal Lake next day. The proprietor of the stable at first charged me $2 for the damage done to his property, but he subsequently refunded the money. On the following day I went to Stonewall, where I bought a 5-year old horse, "Prince," for $145, new waggon and harness, and on the morrow started home again with a load of lumber for my new house. I continued the trips to Stonewall for one or two weeks, until all the timber necessary for the building was on the ground.

My boys were in the meantime busily engaged in laying the foundations, and I was much pleased with the progress we were making. Early in October our house was practically completed. It contained a dining room, parlour, five bedrooms (four attic and one on the ground floor), kitchen, and underground cellar, also a good store room on the ground floor. The walls were all concrete. We spent our first winter in a very comfortable home.

In the preceding August, my son-in-law, Frank Ward, and his wife, my third daughter, Annie Jane, joined us, but unfortunately Frank, shortly after he arrived, was laid up with typhoid fever, and it took him practically the whole of the winter to recover from his illness. The following summer he selected a good homestead three miles away from my house, and settled down to farming. By spring we had become resigned to the new order of things; everything was moving along smoothly, and we were happy. I felt ever so much better in health, the climate evidently suiting me, as Dr. Corbett said it would.

In the following June I commenced to stock up by purchasing four cows, also a thoroughbred cow, with bull calf at foot, which cost me

$70, six 2-year old heifers at $15 each, a 5-year old mare $135 (which I presented to Lachlan), and I think it was good work to carry these through our second winter in the country. At first we spent a good part of our time out hunting, but to lovers of the gun, as we all were, there was little good sport. My persistent efforts to get a shot at a moose were not rewarded, and to this day I have never lifted my gun at one. There were plenty duck, but to get at them we had to wade up to our knees in black mud, through reeds 12 feet high, so that it was very difficult to get a shot, and more so to find the dead birds. A good deal of "pot" shooting could be had by sneaking round the swamps, but that afforded us very little pleasure, and we very soon gave it up altogether.

Next year I bought cattle and implements to the value of $2,066, and went into ranching and butter making—the soil being too stony for agriculture. Butter, being low in price (10 to 15 cts. per lb.), barely provided a living, but, with the increase of stock, and general improvements to our property, we were progressing. In a few years my daughter, Maggie, got married to Mr. James Osborne, who started farming at Strathleven, some

eight miles away. Then Alexander built a house close to us and married also; so I took him and Flower into partnership. For a few years we did very well, but although we lived on the most amicable terms, my boys were not altogether satisfied, one or the other of them often desiring to leave. Alexander succeeded in getting an appointment in the Winnipeg Water Works, and when he and his wife left I retired, and, under reservation, gave the management of the ranch to Flower, who then got married.

I fully expected that he and his wife would settle down with us; but no, they soon got tired of ranching, and also left for Winnipeg. About the same time, Lachlan, with his wife and family, also left for Winnipeg, he having received an appointment in the Water Works there. They held a joint sale of their cattle and implements, and leased their farms to neighbouring farmers. We were then left at Loch Monar quite alone. I leased my property to a Mr. James Gordon, and sold my stock to him on terms.

A few years before this, our Golden Wedding was celebrated, and from records of the event six years ago I give the following account:—

MASTER ARTHUR PROCTER, MRS. PROCTER, MARY PROCTER, DOROTHY PROCTOR.

"Loch Monar, Manitoba,
"10th June, 1902.

"THANKSGIVING ADDRESS BY WILLIAM COLLIE TO HIS FAMILY.

"My Dear Wife, Children, Grandchildren, and Great Grandchild (Dorothy Procter), Sons-in-law, and Daughters-in-law, — This being the fiftieth anniversary of my own and your dear mother's wedding day, generally called the Golden Wedding, I feel it my bounden duty to give a thankful congratulatory address, but I find myself both inadequate and unworthy to express words or sentiments in keeping with my feelings of gratitude to Almighty God for his unfailing, generous mercies towards me, and each and all of us, during our struggle through life. I feel grateful beyond all telling, and cannot expect to see any happier day than this in the few years which by nature's course I may be spared. It is so pleasing to see so many of our offspring here present, and all fairly well, and those absent also, as far as we know, in like circumstances. By the Providence of God, six sons and four daughters had been given to us, none had been taken from us; grandchildren, 17 boys, 16 girls; great grandchild, 1 girl—taken away from us 2 boys, 1 girl. I am sure you are all pleased to see your dear mother and myself in our seventy-fourth year looking so well and in good health. I assure you we cannot express our gratitude to each and all of you. Whatever your shortcomings and faults may be, and have been, not one of the ten has given us the least cause for shame, and we pray God you will continue to live up to the full standard of virtue which you have set yourselves, and train your

offspring to follow in your footsteps. Now, for my own sake, for your mother's sake, and for your sakes, I am prepared to enter into a holy alliance with your mother again, and fight my best to attain the Diamond Ring, and hope that if I do not succeed she will be at least alive to see me fail in the attempt. It is now 57 years since I first saw her. I came accidentally upon her tramping blankets in a tub of water, with her dress tucked up to her knees. She was then a fine healthy-looking girl—17 or 18 years of age, fully grown. I was 16 or 17, quite stocky and stumpy, and could pass under her arms.

There is an old proverb to the effect that there is a time when a young man would like to marry every pretty girl he met. So far as I remember, I do not think I had the courage to aspire to the blooming Rose at first sight, the contrast was so great. I am quite sure she could not have formed any notion of poor me; but, as luck would have it, she lived about a mile from our house, and we were therefore thrown into one another's way. She was not growing a bit, but I was a little, and was at that time extremely bashful. However, I at last began to see that Rosie made every effort to attract my attention, and from this, and the workings of my own mind at the time, there can be no doubt that the powers that govern these things were secretly at work, as I really think my love to Rosie grew upon me without observation, for I do not remember when and how it came, neither do I know how and when it will end. During those six years of felicitous life of love, I was assistant with my father, who was head forester for Mr.

Ellice and others, adjoining the Duchess of Bedford's forest. My uncle was forester to the Duchess. She rented a larger forest and sent my uncle to manage it, and quite unexpected I got the offer of his place. That was in October, 1848. I was then 19 years and six months old, and the youngest head forester in Scotland at that time and up to 1908, as far as I know. It came about in this way; while deer stalking, the Lords Russell (the Duchess' sons) were seeing me working with my father every day in the adjoining forest, and likely enough took a fancy to me, being in other respects of good repute. Besides, the Duchess came to learn that Rosie was making love to me, and she may have taken a fancy to the match, and gave both of us a chance. I did not think or dream of it at the time, but it now appears to me that our mutual desire and regard were with the sanction of, and found favour with, the all-ruling Power.

In course of time my father retired, and he, with mother, lived with me. I do not remember what postponed our immediate marriage, unless it was that I was not so tall as my intended, but by the 10th June, 1852, Ann Rose and William Collie were exactly the same height, five feet three inches. I think I kept on growing until I was 32 years of age, and spreckled with grey hairs. My height is now five feet eight inches, and Rosie five feet three inches. We were married by the Rev. George Shepherd, in the Free Church, Kingussie, and this day is in commemoration of the happy event. And to conclude, it is pleasant for you all to hear me declare that all the good of my life, the measure of success which has

attended me, and the happiness it has been my lot to enjoy are due to my loving wife, to whom I could never show sufficient devotion."

After much applause, Lachlan, our oldest son present, rose on behalf of his brothers and sisters to make a presentation, which consisted of a purse containing a gold piece for every year of their parents' wedded life. He said that:—

> "For his part, he was sure that no other children had ever been blessed with more affectionate parents, and begged them to accept the purse as some small token of the love and esteem in which their children held them."

This unexpected and pleasant surprise came upon me so suddenly that I could not find words to express my gratitude. Various other presents were sent—one, quite unique, from my dear niece (Mary Stewart), Mrs. McGregor and her husband, Mr. McGregor of the *Glasgow Herald*, Glasgow—Coronation Gold Spoons, engraved: "Edward VII., 26th June, 1902, Coronation Spoons."

After my congratulatory address, and while the dinner was being set in a beautiful grove near the house, the guests, after submitting to the photographer, assisted at a quaint ceremony, in the planting of a commemoration tree by each of the grandchildren present—Elizabeth Laura Margaret Collie, Annie

LACHLAN COLLIE.

Collie, Jessie Collie, Mary Collie, Alan Collie, Duncan Collie, Patrick Collie, Frank Ward, Edward Ward, W. E. Ward, Nora Ward, May Osborne, Annie Osborne, and James Osborne. Then each and all took their seats round the table, and fully enjoyed the sumptuous repast, in the old Highland style. Mr. John Matheson, late of Patt, Monar, Scotland, who was in the chair, rose to propose the toast of the day—the health and prosperity of Mr. and Mrs. Collie. He feelingly remarked on the joy it gave him to be present to congratulate his old, esteemed friends on this occasion, and closed a brief speech by calling for three cheers for the couple. I replied at some length, dwelling much on my past life in Scotland; read an extract from a Scotch newspaper, detailing the banquet and presentation given us on our departure for Manitoba. After this, all entered into various amusements. The tables were tastefully decorated by Mrs. Frank Ward, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. Lachlan Collie, and Mrs. F. Collie.

But during this festive season there was a melancholy cloud hanging over us. Our dear boy, Alexander Rose, was fading away from us by the most dreaded and insiduous of diseases. On this eventful day he was away

on a visit to his father-in-law, accompanied by his wife and two little girls. They fully expected to be with us, but, unfortunately, through some misunderstanding, the conveyance intended to bring them could not get to our place in time. Poor Alick was extremely sorry and much troubled, and so were all of us.

Some little time after our Golden Wedding, Doctor Procter (married to my granddaughter, Christina Mitchell), who was in practice at Kamloops, B.C., a noted place for consumptives, proposed to take Alick to that locality for treatment, and very kindly found him an excellent home in a farmer's house close to the town, where he could get plenty of milk and every other comfort, besides the advantage of daily visits from the doctor himself. He there hovered between hope and despair till the 18th March, 1903, when he died. His dear, loving wife went to Kamloops and nursed him to the end, thereafter bringing his remains home with her, to be laid beside his little boy in the cemetery at Erinview, where a beautiful granite monument was erected over his grave. Poor, dear lady, no one could have been more devoted to him than she was. He was a great favourite among all classes—tall, very handsome, well mannered, and the most promising of all my sons. His two little

ALEXANDER ROSE COLLIE (deceased) and WIFE.

girls are now rapidly growing up under the loving care of their dear, kind attentive mother.

In the month of October before this sad event took place, my wife, myself, and Flower went for a trip to Vancouver by the Canadian Pacific Railway. At Kamloops we stayed for a few days with Doctor Procter and his dear wife, Christina, our grand-daughter, and from there visited our poor Alick, sleeping lonely in a tent, as his wife had not then arrived. It was a very sad, painful parting to us, and one not readily forgotten.

We enjoyed our trip to the coast very much, travelling by the Crow's Nest and Kootney Lakes to Eholt, where we stayed for a week with our son Robert, then viâ Arrow Lake to Revelstoke. On our return journey, we travelled by the Glacier House, Roger's Pass, Kicking Horse Pass to Calgary, Medicine Hat to Winnipeg. The scenery in the Rockies was truly magnificent. Yet on arriving at Loch Monar we both felt a warmth and loving sensation of appreciation for home. Taking Loch Monar all in all, apart from its outlandishness, we did not see any place during our journey of 1,600 miles that we would choose in preference. In the eyes of some it may have its drawbacks, but to me it never had

many. If I could not make a fortune in the place, I could at least make a living, and a happy one too—fishing, shooting, and various other amusements free. In addition to this, all the necessaries of life required from town were brought to our door once a week. My tenant, Mr. Gordon, was very good company —kind, cheerful, and an excellent companion to me in every respect. He studied for the Bar, and was very intelligent and well read; in fact, I rather think he was a bit out of his element as a cattle rancher. He often told me he liked the freedom surrounding this mode of life.

I was very happy at Loch Monar, but, unfortunately, there was no female society nearer than four or five miles, and my dear wife felt this very much, although she complained very little about it. However, knowing how fond she was of her boys, it was only natural that she should have a strong desire to be near them in Winnipeg. Although I sympathised very much with her, I did not know very well what to do. In September, 1906, our eldest son, Peter, whom we had not seen for a quarter of a century, paid us a visit on his way back from London to Melbourne. He did not like Loch Monar, but more especially the idea of his mother living so far away from congenial

society of her own sex. He said he could not leave in a happy frame of mind until I promised to move into Winnipeg. After some deliberation I gave my promise to do as he suggested, and we were duly installed in a comfortable house in Walnut Street soon after he arrived in Australia. Our good and kind friend, Mr. Hatton, helped our boys to select the house, for which I paid a rent of $40 per month. The house was newly furnished and brought up to date in every way.

After a time I thought of buying a villa, to avoid paying what I considered an excessive rental. I was much taken with a new eight-roomed brick villa, No. 32 Furby Street, and promptly bought it. We removed into the new house, which is situated in a nice quiet locality, in the midst of a number of other pleasant residences. Flower and his wife came to live with us, and we are all as happy and comfortable as it is possible for any family to be.

I have now come to the 6th of August, 1908—my dear Rosie's birthday. We entertained a number of our Winnipeg friends to dinner, and they very cordially wished us long life and happiness.

After the Quebec celebrations, Lord Lovat paid a visit to Winnipeg, and I had the

pleasure of a long talk with him at the Alexandra Hotel. My last words to him were, "Now, my Lord, that I have seen you, your most noble father's son and successor, I will die happy." He was very nice, and appeared very pleased to see me.

Well, here my memoirs must terminate, for I have set down to the best of my knowledge and recollection a faithful account of my ancestry, my descendants, and the varying vicissitudes and happenings of my life, together with an appreciation, under rather than overdrawn, of the striking characters and personalities with whom it has been my very good fortune to be associated in the land of my birth. If these pages will serve in any degree to perpetuate the regard and esteem in which I hold the memory of these associations they will not have been in vain. If, too, the incidents which are recorded may revive the recollection of bygone days or bring back scenes which by lapse of time might otherwise be lost to memory, I shall consider my labours amply rewarded.

To those near and dear to me, I know that some day these pages will form a link with the past and preserve intact cherished recollections. Moreover, to me they afford no little consolation, for in the review of long years

of labour and activity, amidst many scenes and with a wide circle of relatives and friends, I find so much that is reminiscent of joy and happiness to record, and so little that might savour of pain or regret.

Therefore, my task has been congenial and altogether pleasant, and in laying down my pen, I do so with an abundant sense of thanksgiving that I have been spared to accomplish this work, knowing full well that the hands into which it may fall will not have regard to its shortcomings, but enjoy the same delight in reading that the writer did in recounting.

APPENDIX.

FURTHER REMARKS RELATIVE TO THE DUKE OF LEEDS AND DEER FORESTS.

In all matters pertaining to the forest, the Duke was a strict disciplinarian, and guest and servant alike were required to observe to the letter his ever explicit directions.

Throughout the stalking season the programme from day to day was generally decided upon on receipt of a report concerning the weather conditions furnished daily at 7.30 a.m. by the head forester. So intimate was the Duke's knowledge of the habits of deer, and the shooting grounds surrounding Mar Lodge, that on receipt of this report he unhesitatingly proceeded to draw up an outline of the proposed proceedings for the day, which he forthwith recorded on a slate, entering even into minor details. It then devolved upon the head forester merely to read out these directions to the stalkers and gillies, and within half an hour from the time his report to the Duke was furnished, full arrangements for the day's work were in course of completion. These orders the Duke required to be carried out implicitly, and accordingly he rarely, if indeed at all, allowed his instructions to be conveyed second hand to those responsible for their observance.

MYSELF and WIFE (in our eightieth year), 1908.

If, for example, a stalker on whose beat any shooting was to be done lived too far from the lodge to enable him to conveniently report himself every morning, he received his instructions by letter, conveyed to him by the hands of the Duke's guest. All visitors to Mar Lodge knew well his rigid ways, and cheerfully accepted the inevitable. He expected a sportsman, before considering himself eligible for the forest, to be able to sight accurately and discharge his rifle within three seconds, and the whole-heartedness with which he himself engaged in the sport is well demonstrated by the infinite care taken to secure proficiency with the rifle on the part of his friends. For example on stormy days, or on days when the wind was unfavourable, he would assemble his guests in the gun room for rifle practice with lighted candles. All accustomed to firearms know that a percussion cap accurately fired at a lighted candle within, say, two or three feet will extinguish the light. Markers, candle lighters, and timekeepers, &c., were appointed, as many as three pupils being sometimes engaged at the one time. The pupils were placed so that when the rifle was raised to the shoulder the muzzle would come within a foot or so of the lighted candle. They stood at ease, and from a given signal the time taken in extinguishing the candle was recorded by the markers. A scale was drawn up to a time limit of five seconds. The Duke regarded three seconds as an efficient standard, and it required some dexterity in the use of the rifle for one standing at ease to shoot accurately in that short space of time. This method of practice secured coolness, a quick aim,

simultaneous, instantaneous, and gentle pull; the mind, the eye, and the finger were brought to act in complete unison, and this systematic training by the Duke made splendid marksmen of many of his guests, and as a pastime it evoked great amusement, and pleasantly passed what otherwise might have been dull days to guests and stalkers alike.

A bad marksman was despised by the foresters, but not by the Duke, who as a rule said nothing. He would, however, be very angry were the deer wounded only. His orders might be one shot, one stag, per day, and so on, until the maximum limit of four stags was reached. The sportsman knew the regulation, and returned to the lodge, or otherwise interested himself for the rest of the day (generally fishing) as best he could, and it cannot be denied that such rules acted as a great incentive to all to become proficient in the use of the rifle. He had a regulation against "tipping," but never put it in force at Glenfeshie or Coulin.

To maintain the standard of his herd, it devolved upon the stalkers to select the stag to be shot, and they had sample skulls set up for their guidance. If an undersized deer was brought in, for the first offence the stalker was fined 5s., which was paid over to the Duke, for a second offence 10s., and for a third offence in one season, dismissal or removal to the grouse moor.

The late Lord (Thomas) Lovat (grandfather of the present lord) was recognised as the highest authority on deer and deerstalking in his generation, and it was from the Duke of Leeds that he gained his great knowledge. Old John Ross, who was his forester for fifty years, used to tell me that

when his Lordship came back after a visit to Mar Lodge the Duke's rules were introduced, copies being distributed among the stalkers, &c., with the warning that dismissal would be the penalty of disregard, and John often said that his Lordship was invariably the first to commit the breach. For my own part, I found them too stringent to carry out, excepting under the Duke's masterful administration, and that grand old gentleman alone of all men ever taught me valuable lessons in that king of sports.

He knew the natural instincts of the deer, and understood their habits to a wonderful degree, and when we were out together, always on the alert, he let no opportunity pass where practicable demonstration enabled him to impart a share of his wonderful knowledge to me.

He never allowed his deer to be disturbed early in the day, for the reason that if this were done, say, before 10 a.m., they might go many miles distant and right away from the sanctuary. He explained that as the day advanced, and up to, say, 3, they might travel a mile or so: about 7 p.m., if near the sanctuary, perhaps half a mile, while in the dusk they would move round about you, and be found near by in the morning. After being fired at, they might cross a high range into another glen or corrie, I following them, and all along the pursuit closely studying the flight of the clouds and gauging the strength of the wind and its effect from the direction it blew on various localities. I was often mistaken in my conclusions, but the deer rarely ever failed in locating the spot where their eyes and nose would protect them.

I now feel that I have written so much about the Duke of Leeds that my manuscript will be made up with his life's history more than that of my own, and that my readers will wonder how the noble Englishman could have acquired all his knowledge of deer and deerstalking that I attribute to him. Consequently, I am under the necessity of briefly referring to his interesting tutor, James Cattanach, a native of Badenoch, and gamekeeper to Sir Harry Gooderich, at Ardverkie. When under sheep, about 1833-4-5, when Sir Harry took a twenty-five years' lease of Mar Lodge, he took Cattanach with him there as head forester. In a few years Sir Harry Gooderich died, and the sixth Duke of Leeds having succeeded him in his lease, Cattanach became his head forester, and the Duke, who knew nothing then about deer, became his pupil. Cattanach was very intimate with my father, whose forest adjoined the other, and I knew him myself for many years. He was a clumsy, uncomely, and sluggish man, the same age as my father. Sulky expression of face that never smiled, far less laugh, and he never spoke unless when really necessary. He never consulted any one, and of course acquired his own knowledge. He was the first forester who defined and kept a proper deer sanctuary in Mar forest, and he wrote out rules for preserving and working it, everything being done by himself without reference to the Duke; but after Cattanach's time, the Duke himself continued to act strictly on those rules. When Ardverkie was cleared of sheep and made into a deer forest, Cattanach managed this property as well as Mar

forest for many years. He went under the nick-name of Au-Ridh (the king of deer stalkers), but he was not really a good stalker. He belonged to the old generation of stalkers, who found their deer in woods, and would not care to wet or soil their clothes in crawling after them. He would walk straight on and point his stick to the stag he wished shot. It is strange how he earned such a name. All the men under him were in dread of him, yet liked his upright ways. Of course all would have to be obedient and truthful; but if a fellow did not suit him in other ways, he would tell him his faults and dismiss him, and say, "I will try and find a suitable place for you somewhere else." Cattanach seldom failed in doing so. He it was that trained the Duke to make his guests eligible for the forest.

MY FATHER'S OLD MUSKET, "CULLODEN."

In the story of my life I omitted to refer to my father's old musket, "Culloden."

It would appear that a member of the Collie family was attached to the regiment of the Clan McDonald at the battle of Culloden. History records that through some misunderstanding with the Pretender, Prince Charles, the McDonalds did not take any part in the famous battle. After the rout of the Highlanders, young Collie carried the musket home with him to where he lived near Fochabers, and having no inclination for sport he gave the musket to my grand uncle, Alexander Collie, of Cragan au fhithich, just as the former

was departing to visit friends in the lowlands of Scotland, and apparently never claimed it again. He might have been a brother of Alexander Collie, but was always called the spreckled Collie (An Colleach breachd). My grand uncle, when on his death-bed, gave the musket to my father, and it has been in my possession ever since his death in 1857.

From the peculiar shape of the stock, I take the gun to be of Spanish make. It is heavily mounted with brass, has a flint lock, and a twelve bore barrel, at one time 43 inches long, which never rusts. The metal is thickly mottled with minute specks of either gold or copper. When slightly rubbed with a cloth and exposed to the sun, it looks particularly brilliant, as if composed of a conglomeration of iron and gold. Its report sounds like a hiss or wheeze, which cannot be heard any distance. Before the barrel was shortened, it threw the shot in a different manner to any ordinary gun—in a narrow streak, not more than a foot broad. For instance, if a bird and a hare were sitting, the former on the ground forty yards away, and the latter at a distance of eighty yards, in a straight line, by aiming at the nearest and killing it, the same shot would penetrate and kill the other also. When my father killed the eighteen ptarmigans alluded to elsewhere with one shot, the birds were sitting thick on the face of a steep hill, which goes to prove that the body of one bird was no protection to the others. At another time my father killed five roedeer with one shot. They were running towards him down hill on a narrow path. I was always a poor shot with the musket at flying birds or running animals, but not so my father, who was an adept in its use.

whether objects were stationary or otherwise. To improve my shooting, I had the old gun altered somewhat, by having a new stock and breach percussion cap made (instead of the "fudar cluaish"). This alteration, unfortunately, detracted from its charm, and reduced its killing power from eighty to sixty yards. But worse still, while preparing to go to Australia in 1854, I had the barrel reduced in length by nine inches, to enable it to be got into a special case forming part of my baggage. After this it threw the shot like an ordinary gun, and its killing power and report were similar.

The lock shows evident signs of having seen better days, but it is still in working order. The barrel is just as good as ever.

THE OLD DALNAVERT CLOCK.

I MUST also refer to the above old 17th century curiosity. The clock first belonged to Captain Alexander Clark, of the 42nd Highlanders, who resided at Dalnavert, Scotland, where he died in February, 1819. It afterwards came into possession of his son, Captain James Clark, also of the 42nd Highlanders, who died at Dalnavert in 1837.

My father bought the clock at a sale of part of the Captain's effects, in 1834, and it remained in his possession until his death in 1857. I have been the proud possessor of the interesting relic ever since, and even at this distance of time I can remember well when it was brought home to my

father's house in 1834. It has never ceased working from that day to this, except while being cleaned, and during the voyage across the Atlantic and while in transit to Winnipeg. This summer (1908) the enamel began to crack away, and I gave it to Mr. Dingwall, the leading clock maker, &c., in Winnipeg, for a thorough overhaul. He says that it will last for another hundred years, and adds that he has never seen any clock to equal it. Ever since I can remember it went by the name of the old Dalnavert clock. It must be very old, how old I cannot say even approximately, but I am still in hopes of some day ascertaining when it was actually made.

The Captain Alexander Clark, of the 42nd Highlanders, mentioned above is maternal grandfather, and Captain J. Clark, also of the 42nd Highlanders, is maternal uncle to the Honourable Hugh John Macdonald, barrister, of Winnipeg, the ideal public man of the Dominion. All who know this gentleman speak of him in the highest terms. He is said to be the straightest politician ever known in Canada. His maternal grandmother was the relict of Major Shaw, of Dalnavert, the last of the ancient Shaws of Rothiemurchus. I think the clock belonged originally to Major Shaw, of Dalnavert, but of this I am not quite certain as yet.

THE OLD DALNAVERT CLOCK and THE OLD MUSKET "CULLODEN" (1908).

NOTES ON MY JOURNEY TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

I HAVE previously referred to my journey to the Pacific Coast, accompanied by my dear wife, and it may interest my readers to peruse the brief description I now give of my travels, and certain phenomena observed during the tour.

We left Loch Monar on the morning of 10th October, and Winnipeg just as darkness had set in. At Moosejaw we were detained several hours owing to an obstruction on the railway line (C.P.R.), which caused us to miss the Lethbridge train at Dunmore Junction, thus necessitating our staying at Medicine Hat over Sunday. We were delighted with this attractive place. In the morning I climbed to the top of the high banks of the river, and was surprised to there find the identical herbage that grows on the summit of the highest hills in Scotland. I have in mind Moile Laundiah, in Monar, Scotland. The altitude here corresponds to that of Moile Laundiah, viz., 3,000 to 3,500 feet above the sea level. In no other part of Canada did I see any herbage corresponding to that seen in the Highlands of Scotland.

It was dark when we crossed the Crow's Nest range of mountains. In the morning, near Kootenay Landing, my son, Robert, and his wife met us. The sail up the lake to Nelson is very fine, and, in my estimation, the town, as regards picturesqueness, is second to none that I have so far seen in Canada. From Nelson we came on viâ Robson and Cranbrook to Eholt, the scenery along the route being grand and magnificent in the extreme, and quite a paradise for a keen sportsman. We stayed a week at Eholt

with Robert, then journeyed back to Robson, thence steamed up Arrowhead lake, which is ninety-five miles long, and an average of one to two miles broad, to Revelstoke and Kamloops, where we stayed with Doctor Procter for a few days. We then travelled on to Vancouver and Victoria. I was very anxious to see the fortifications at Esquimalt, but was rather disappointed at seeing little of much interest. On the journey between the two cities we observed a number of whales disporting themselves in the cold, misty waters. It rained all the time we were in Vancouver city, and I thought it must be a very wet place.

On our return journey to Winnipeg, I was much interested in the country surrounding Glacier House and Rodger's Pass; in fact, all the way to the plains at the foot of the Rockies was one succession of awful grandeur, so much so that the effect made a curious impression upon me, causing me to feel momentarily dazed, and even stupid. While winding our way through these long narrow valleys and over high mountain passes, it suddenly occurred to me that they may be the cause of the warm Chinook winds, the origin of which had been puzzling me for some years. In all my reading on the subject I never came across any author who explained their cause, and I assumed that the winds blew from the Pacific Ocean, through the narrow passes in the Rockies, on to the north-west plains, the action being somewhat similar to that of the Gulf Stream, on the west coast of the British Isles. The Canadians often speak of the Chinook winds, but say nothing as to their origin. I have described my own views on the subject to many, but

none of my listeners either accepted or rejected them, apparently having no theories of their own. They might say that the warm wind came from "where it listeth, no one knows whence it cometh or where it goeth," but I fear the Canadian mind is too active in other directions to ever trouble to arrive at a definite opinion on the subject.

On our way to Vancouver I noticed that after leaving Kamloops, or what is termed the dry belt, the air was becoming colder all the way to the sea, the temperature of which was also very low. At Kamloops when we left, and on our return, it was warm and very dusty, and even at Glacier House it was comparatively warm. After we came to the bend of the Fraser River, and practically all the way to Vancouver, we could see the Olympian range of mountains, and Mount Baker, with its perpetual cap of snow, towering 15,000 feet amongst them. I think there is no possibility of any warmth coming from the Pacific Ocean to the north-west plains of Canada. The warm air from the Pacific Ocean is, I take it, condensed on the Olympian mountains, and is the probable cause of the rain which falls so profusely in Vancouver. It never gets across the Selkirk Range to Kamloops and the dry belt. The Chinook winds, to my mind, originate in the midst of the Rockies, among the smaller mountains sheltered by the many giant peaks.

The smaller hills are from 1,000 to 3,000 ft. high, most of them being conical and pinical, and covered with timber to the timber limit. Between them there are deep chasms to create the warm air. The clouds, or floating cold air, from top to top of the giant peaks in a current, attracted to the other

giants, pressing and keeping the warm air down for certain periods or change of wind, allows it to escape according to the currents of wind prevailing. Snow seldom sticks long to the pine, or to any timber, and by taking a bird's-eye view of the Rockies the landscape will appear almost always black, and seems to attract warmth. So much for my theory regarding the origin of the Chinook winds. I leave it for abler scientists to define.

I will now refer, shortly, to a singular mystery relating to the Manitoba Lakes. For the last fifty years I have been a great reader, and my favourite study was geology, as also it was my ideal science. I never had a tutor to guide me, or help of any kind except books, upon which I spent a large portion of my spare money, although I kept on buying and selling at reduced prices. All the same, it came all back to me with good interest. I state this to enable my readers to understand that I have a lively interest in the phenomenon I write about. When I came to Manitoba in 1889, I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of an exceptionally able man, a clergyman of the E.C. Church, who every two of three Sundays preached in a church five miles distant from my house, and he often passed the Saturdays and Sundays with us. A native of Manitoba, he, in his young days, taught in a school there, and in various schools throughout the north-west territory. He was well read in the ancient and modern standard works, a sincere, liberal, deep thinker, and altogether a worthy, reliable man. He drew my attention to the wet and dry years, the perpetual ebb and flow of the waters of the lakes, which seem as regular as the ocean,

except that the lakes take ten years to ebb and ten years to flow. This phenomenon is on record by the Hudson Bay Company for 250 years, but no one seems to take any trouble to solve the mystery, further than that it is believed the explanation is that after a heavy fall of snow in winter the lakes are naturally expected to rise, as some of them have no outlet. But snow or rain is not, as far as I can judge, the cause. Over the parts I know, within a radius of 100 miles, by Lake Winnipeg, Shoal Lake, and Lake Manitoba, the district is perhaps 100 feet higher than other parts, and very much mixed up with bush prairie, and sleughs, from fifty yards to one and a half mile long, and twenty yards to one and a half mile broad.

All of them lie south-east and north-west, conical or egg-shaped, and stony ridges run between them, corresponding with the depth of the sleughs, say three and a half feet. At the north-west end of most of these sleughs there are large sloping holes covered with grass. In the centre there is a perpendicular circular hole in the rock from six inches to two feet in diameter, how deep I cannot say, but I have had stones the size of eggs dropped into some of them and I could hear them rattle for many feet below. In some of the holes the stones must have descended for many yards. I could hear a faint sound just as they plunged into the water. In this locality there are other natural perpetual springs, one close to my house will fill a three-inch pipe with the best water, and there are any number of artesian wells, from which water can be raised from an average of eighty feet from the surface. During the ten years' flow, the lake rises about seven feet, and the sleughs

round about will rise to a corresponding level in sympathy. There is no effect without a cause, and the question is, where do the waters come from at such a slow and regular pace, and where do they go to at the identical same rate? Apparently the waters have been coming and going through the holes I describe for thousands and thousands of years.

My own ideas on the subject are so vague that I feel a delicacy in recording them. There are mountains miles in length, otherwise icebergs, which drift every year from the Arctic Ocean into the Atlantic Ocean, and no one, so far as I know, has yet formed any idea of the time they take in forming, and where they actually come from. Some of them break loose and float away south every year, and there may be cracks in the bowels of the earth from here to these parts full of water, and the weight of the bergs, as they keep on growing, may be acting in a similar manner to a gasometer, by pressing the water slowly in certain directions as the ice formation increases in size and weight.

But here, and on every side, I am in a haze. How could the formation increase and decrease with such regularity? There are evident signs that at least a thousand miles of this vast plain comprised at one time a shallow lake of salt water. Aggazzi, I think, believes that it was at first glacier, and afterwards fresh water lakes. As regards the locality I am describing, I feel almost convinced that it was floating icebergs that made the sleughs I allude to, and they must necessarily have floated on salt and tidal waters. The sleughs show clearly

that there was a tidal current always running from south-east to north-west, and, to my mind, proves that the continuous scraping of the icebergs upon the limestone rocks to and fro caused the rich sediment to filter into the Red River and Assiniboine River valleys. Aggazzi states that during the glacier period all the rivers in the locality ran south towards the head waters of the Mississippi, and on to the Gulf of Mexico, and that when the glaciers melted away the different rivers found their natural outlet in Hudson's Bay, but I doubt if this statement is correct. There are indications of an upheaval on every side, and people who know the locality tell me that at the outlet of Lake Winnipeg both sides of the river look as if they were drawn together. They would make a regular dove-tail during the time the Rockies were formed. There must have been upheavals, and there are evident signs of these in many places. On the other hand, Aggazzi has doubtless good grounds for his statement regarding the action of the glaciers at some remote period.

When the villagers of Stonewall dig five feet into the gravel they come upon lime rock polished like marble, and as level as a billiard table, so all of them have beautiful floors for their cellars. In many parts on the surface polished limestone rock is visible, but that might be caused through the action of icebergs and water. However, it is natural to suppose that during the time the Rockies were being formed, upheavals must have been going on here, and that an immensity of ashy hot water kept flowing from the mountains and carried down the streams into the then fresh or salt water lakes, which gradually melted the glaciers

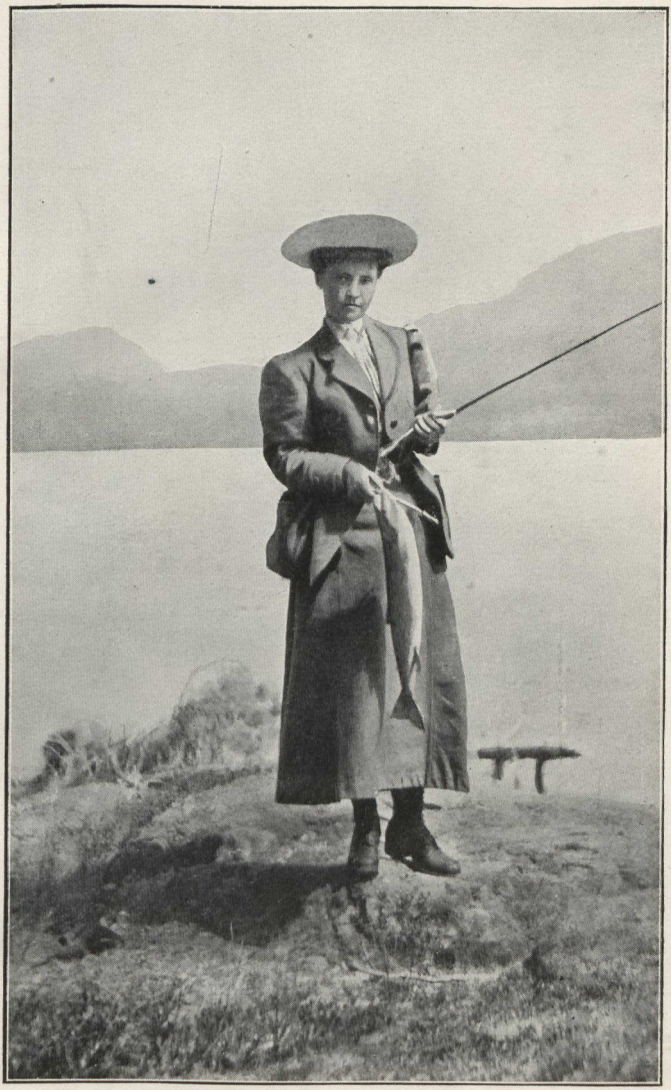
away—the result being the rich, alluvial soil of the north-west territory. My ideas may be right, but the subterranean ebb and flow of the waters will always be a mystery to me.

W.C.

32 Furby Street,
Winnipeg, Man., 1908.

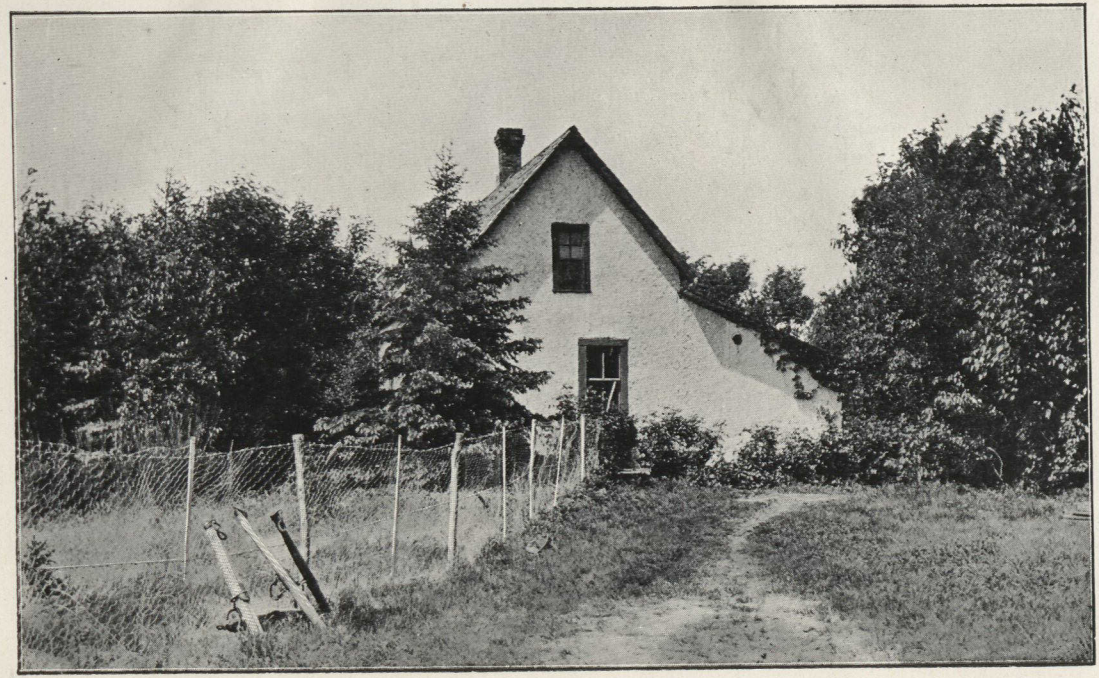
Sands & McDougall Limited, Printers, Melbourne, Australia.

MRS. MITCHELL (1908).



MRS. PROCTER.

MRS. (MARY) ROSS and MISSES ROSS, Dumnaglass (Daughter and Granddaughters).



MONAR HOUSE, MANITOBA.