



To
Friends at Balmuccia

From the Author,

(John Stinton)

The House

of Cracticus

April 19th 1930

A Day that is Dead.



MARIA FRANCES CHISHOLM.
(FROM A DRAWING).

A Day that is Dead

By

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"THE LIFE OF H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK";

&c., &c.



A SECOND EDITION.

A. B. C. : D. F. C.
In Loving Remembrance.

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MEMORY is pensive; recollections of former days and scenes, although pleasing, always strike a note of sadness. Autumn, the season of memories, rich in beauty as it is, brings sorrow to the heart, for the "dark hollow of the year" is at hand, and the crimson and gold will soon give place to shadow and gloom.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more,
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more."

Such thoughts as these come to the writer as he sits in the dim light of the "twilight hour," amid the green silence of his sequestered manse—a home consecrated to Memory—and yet through the sadness and regret comes a greeting of hope,—

"The voice that sings across the night
Of long-forgotten days and things ;"

The "echo of a dead delight," however far it may fall short of the reality, brings, after all, its own joy ;

"It is as when a curfew rings
Melodious in the dying light
A sound that flies on pulsing wings."

"Memory," says Wordsworth, "is a dwelling place for all sweet sounds and harmonies ;" and so, above the aching and the longing there is peace—"the *tender grace* of a day that is dead."

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Thus musing, the writer is led to think of one now gone, whose friendship and encouragement afforded him unfailing joy, and whose sweet and attractive personality exercised a far reaching influence over a wide circle. Maria Frances Chisholm was the only surviving daughter of William Dominic Lynch, a scion of an ancient Irish family, of Devonshire Place, London, and of Margaret Farquharson, of Balmoral and Ballogie, Aberdeenshire, his wife. She was born at Hampstead, near London, on 25th March 1830. Her parents being Catholics, she was reared in the Catholic Faith, and received her early education in an English convent. Every year, however, she accompanied her parents to Scotland on their annual visit to Ballogie, Aberdeenshire, the home of her maternal uncle, Lewis Farquharson Innes. Her sojourns at "dear old Ballogie" always afforded her keen delight, and many a bright and pleasing tale of childhood's days on Deeside she could tell to those "who had ears to hear." Her mother remembered well her cousins, the last of the older branch of the Inneses, who lived in the adjoining property of Balnacraig, the original home of the family. Lewis Innes, the "Auld Laird," his brother, "Priest Henry," as he was called, his two sisters, Miss Jean and Miss Betty, both of whom attained to a great age; all delighted in "Cousin Margaret," and a great comfort she was to them in their declining years.

Balnacraig, which still stands, is a fine Scots Manor-House, built in 1735 by James Innes, who was a "noted" Jacobite, and known to be active in the interests of that party. The initial letters of his name and those of his wife's with the date, appear above the front door. She was Catharine Gordon, daughter of George Gordon of Glastirum, and niece of Bishop Gordon. There was a little private chapel in the house which may still be seen, the mark on the floor showing where the altar stood. A little door leads from the chapel to the garden by which the priest could quickly escape

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if needful, and find a hiding place in a cave on the slope of the hill behind. Besides this there was a "Priest's hole" in the west wing of the house (which was curiously arranged, and though by no means large, had two stair-cases); a small oblong room under the caves, just wide enough to hold an arm-chair, the door was so cunningly concealed that the room was only discovered, when during some repairs, the roof was taken off and the retreat disclosed to view. Balnacraig also contained a gruesome reminder of a superstitious age, in the shape of a "Death Room," or chamber whither members of the family, when thought dying, were carried, that they might breathe their last in the place dedicated to departing spirits. It was draped in black throughout, and the large four-poster bed had a heavy canopy of black. The weird spectacle of a dying person being carried into the room would not readily be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

The interior of the house showed that its inmates were people of culture and refinement. French cabinets and bookcases containing rare editions of the classical authors, cup-boards with old china and curios, filled the rooms. Above all, in the house there were many touching relics, held sacred not for their intrinsic value, but treasured as all that remained of a lost cause, and as witnesses of the ardent affection and loyalty inspired by a royal race in almost unprecedented misfortune; and as such, even in these days, so far removed from such ideas and passionate feeling, the sight of a worn pocket-book containing a miniature, a lock of hair, or even a faded flower, will make the "tears rise in the heart," though the cause has sunk into oblivion or remains only a theme for romance. There relics included a lock of Prince Charlie's hair; an antique silver case containing a compass, which had been a gift from James II. and VII., to Lewis Innes, almoner to Queen Mary of Modena and Principal of the Scots College, Paris; a shagreen leather pocket-book, containing a steel case with a secret spring hidden

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among its folds, which, on being pressed, flew open, and revealed a miniature of the Chevalier de St. George—"King James VIII." as he was called by his adherents—exquisitely painted upon ivory and framed in gold; a portrait of Prince Charles Edward Stuart as a youth, also two autograph letters from Prince Charles Edward and one from the Duchess D'Albanie. When the last of the old branch of the family passed away these relics were removed to Ballogie. Their subsequent history will be narrated later. Cradled in Jacobitism; her mind imbued from early infancy with tales and anecdotes calculated to leave a lasting impression upon a sensitive nature; surrounded by an atmosphere of devotion to a lost cause—the Farquharsons of Balmoral and Inverey, whose family her mother also represented, having been as strongly Jacobite as the Inneses—little wonder it was that the young daughter of the house speedily became an enthusiastic worshipper of the past and a follower of the old regime. Many thrilling tales of the dangers and vicissitudes through which her family passed in the troublous times she could tell. The writer has frequently heard her describe the part which her ancestor James Farquharson of Balmoral played at the battle of Falkirk, which was fought on the 16th January 1746.

"Opposed to Balmoral," she described, was Munro's regiment of horse. Balmoral drew up his men in the form of a wedge, thus: he marched at their head, two men followed in the second rank, three in the third, and so on to the rear.

"Now my lads," cried he, "March in silence." "Fire not a shot till you can see the colour of the horses' eyes, then give one volley altogether." With bonnets tightly drawn down and plaids streaming in the wind, they pressed up the heights. In an evil hour a bullet hit Balmoral on the shoulder. "Four men," cried his henchman, "to carry our wounded chief to the rear!"

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"Never!" cried "Balmoral the Brave."¹ "Four men to carry your chief at the head of his children into the thickest of the fight."

"The close fire and terrible charge of the Highlanders could not be withstood. The dragoons were broken and fled amain."

Another incident of the same stirring time, relating however, to the Inneses and to Balnacraig, received full justice in the following graphic description of it:—On the south side of a hill in the north of Scotland stands an old house, from which you look across to the forest of Birse and away to the great hills and braes of Mar, while green pastures and corn-fields stretch down to the broad valley of the Dee; and immediately behind the house rises a rocky crest clothed with Scotch firs and ash-trees of great age and size.

On this October afternoon, when the low sun and softly dappled sky bespeak an autumn day, there is something pensive in the look of the old house, standing apart in the shelter of the hillside, with the old trees casting their shadows on the roof and walls, and with the unmistakable look of having seen better days; and yet there are few fairer scenes than that which to-day lies before the old house of Balnacraig. The far hills in Braemar are veiled in sunny mist; the nearer flowing lines of the hills of Birse are broken by the dark blue masses of fir woods; and below, the gleaming river lies like a silver ribbon, with a ceaseless murmur rising into the still air, like a low strain of solemn music.

There is nothing of autumn sadness to be seen or felt to-day, however, for everything seems steeped in sunshine.

¹ An oil painting of "Balmoral the Brave" in crimson velvet doublet and flowing wig hung in the Dining-room at Glassburn; also paintings of his brother, Colonel Peter Farquharson, and "Lady Betty," his wife; these are now in the possession of Captain Hugh Lumsden, Clova, Aberdeenshire. Mrs Chisholm had a deep regard for Mr Lumsden's mother, the present Mrs Lumsden, senior, of Clova. Previous to her marriage she was a Miss Gordon of Wardhouse, and in letters to the writer Mrs Chisholm always described her as "Beautiful and sweet Magdalena Gordon of Wardhouse."

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Last Sunday was "Stookie Sabbath," and all the land is fair with golden grain ; there are cheerful sounds of voices and signs of rejoicing labour everywhere, for harvesting is going on, and in the fields below men and strong-armed women in sun-bonnets and white "wrappers" are "leading" and getting up the corn. In the stackyard a loaded cart comes rattling over the stony road, with a clatter of horses' hoofs and the rustle of ripe sheaves.

A herd of cows stand patiently at the gate, and a couple of collie puppies with their sedate-looking mother greet the stranger with smiling, innocent faces and wagging tails, ignorant as yet of refractory cattle and bewildered sheep. Farther away, in a little croft in the woods, a solitary girl is reaping and singing to herself, reminding one of Wordsworth's "Sweet Highland Girl," and down below, nearer the river, there is a still more animated scene, for a threshing-machine has taken its stand in a full stackyard, and men and women are hard at work filling its capacious mouth with rustling sheaves as fast as they can lift them. Forks and rakes ply busily, aprons flutter in the wind, and now a great tub of water is being fast borne by two men from the spout in the rocky hillside, for the great panting machine is a thirsty creature, and needs a plentiful supply ; and over and through it all rises the busy humming heard far and near in the still autumn air, and never ceasing for a moment. It is a scene of cheerful rural labour, pleasant to the eye and ear ; for, notwithstanding its modern appliances and associations, a threshing-machine in a full stackyard, with its busy assistants and cheerful humming, is as picturesque and charming a sight as one can see on such a day as this, with surroundings such as these.

All this speaks of to-day, of its peaceful life and simple labour ; and in the midst of it, but a little apart, stands the old house, in strong contrast, with a certain look of melancholy, and in every part seeming to belong to the



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times of long ago and another order of things. It has, however, no especial dignity of size or of architecture to recommend it to notice, and there seems little that savours of romance about it; a date over the door shows that it was built little more than a hundred and sixty years ago, and the initials below the date were no doubt the initials of the married pair who built and first inhabited the house. There is no sign of any earlier building; no remains of tower or keep, such as mark the age of so many Scotch houses of an earlier date. This was simply the house of a Scottish gentleman of good family, and probably of very moderate fortune—a member of the Jacobite family of Innes; and it would have no special interest but that it is so little changed since the days when Scotland was in the midst of her “trouble,” and when the habits and domestic lives of families in the like condition must have been more or less affected by it.

In 1735, about the time when the house of Balnacraig was built the “trouble” had lasted for over a hundred years, and at that time there seemed little prospect of quiet in the near future. Twenty years before, the standard of King James had been raised in Braemar, less than thirty miles away, and Balnacraig had been built but ten years when the fortunes of the young Chevalier were put to the test and lost at Culloden; and as the Inneses were zealous Jacobites and Roman Catholics, every member of the family must have held himself ready for defence.

Very soon after Culloden the house had a narrow escape of being burnt to the ground. It remained, however, in the family for many years; and then, passing away to strangers, it became a farmhouse, as it remains to-day.

Many members of the proscribed family sought a home or became wanderers in other lands, and some became, like many other members of Scottish families, remarkable abroad for qualities which had no scope at home.

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We hear of a daughter of the house who for many years was abbess of the community at Haggerston ; several of the sons became priests, notably one who held for many years an important position in the Scots College in Paris, and who was probably a man of taste and culture, as he is said to have brought to the Roman Catholic College of Blairs, near Aberdeen, the fine portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, known as one of the most valuable now existing.

This Henry Innes was remarkable in various ways ; he was intimate with the family and adherents of the exiled Stuarts, and was in Paris sharing the dangers and vicissitudes of the Clergy during the French Revolution of 1793.

He lived to return, however, and to end his days at Balnacraig, which had then become the dower-house of the family ; the lands, together with the larger property adjoining, having passed into the possession of a member of the Farquharsons of Inverey, who took the name of Innes.

There are no relics now in the house—only a rusty bell hanging in the quaint belfry, and the small arched windows of what once was the chapel tell of the days when mass was celebrated there. In the kitchen there is an old meal-girnel, which might be of any age, and a mighty iron pot hangs on the “swee,” as those primitive contrivances are called which Scotch housewives still use for their cooking.

To the right and left are the old gardens and what might once have been a “pleasaunce,” which are dignified by entrance-gates and stone piers with balls on the top, and these are continued round the enclosure at intervals. The garden, with sundial and turf walks, and walls on which grew, it is said, long ago, fine fruit—French apples and pears—mixed with a rambling growth of old-fashioned flowers ; and the ample size of the whole seems to show that the owners, when they built their house a century and a half ago, thought something of the pleasures and refinements of life besides its mere necessities.

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There is a curious hiding-place in the hill behind the house, hidden among the rocks and roots of trees, which might be taken for a fox's earth, but which leads to a subterranean passage going far into the hill, and ending in one of those curious underground circular chambers, built of rough stones, supposed to be Picts' houses; but in the days of the Inneses of Balnacraig this is more likely to have been made as a hiding-place for valuables, money, and plate, and perhaps dangerous papers, when a sudden surprise might have involved the loss of all they possessed. At any rate, some years ago, a fine inlaid standing clock was found there, of French workmanship; and it stands in the house of the present owner of Balnacraig, three miles away, ticking away the time now, with its "never—for ever" voice of warning, as it did long ago, before it was hidden by its owners for years, and then forgotten in the anxieties and alarms of the time.

In April 1746, the battle of Culloden was fought and lost; and Scotland was weeping the loss of many who had fallen in battle and on the scaffold, and of others who were flying the country, exiles for the rest of their days, or who, like the foxes, were hiding in the dens and caves of the earth. The land shuddered under the iron heel of the Duke of Cumberland, who exercised his power with the utmost rigour and cruelty, burning and destroying the houses and farms of those suspected to have been disaffected, and punishing with death and imprisonment master and servant alike. Whether or not Innes of Balnacraig had actually been in arms against the King at St. James's, he was known to be a strong and active Jacobite, and deep in their counsels; and as such he had fled into hiding to avoid being dealt with as many of his friends had been; perchance leaving his wife a widow, and his children fatherless.

News soon came that the soldiers of the Duke were in the neighbourhood, and one summer morning the lady of

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Balnacraig saw the red coats of a company of soldiers crossing the fields which lay between her house and the road to Aboyne, six miles away. Her heart had sunk when she heard of their approach from the north the day before ; but she was a brave and clever woman and resolved to do all she could to save her house and her husband's property.

The servant lassies had screamed and run away to hide their heads under the blankets on their bed in the attics when they heard of the soldiers coming, till they were bidden to come down and help their mistress in her trouble, for all hands were wanted ; and then began the work on which the lady's heart was fixed. Such a slaying and plucking of hens, boiling and roasting of meat, and making of barley broth had never been seen before in the house of Balnacraig ; and it continued far into the night, long after the terrified and excited children were asleep in their beds.

With the next mid-day came the soldiers and company under a young captain with two officers under him. It was very hot ; the river below glittered in the sun ; the corn, just turning into gold, basked in the heat ; and far up the wide strath of the Dee lay the noonday mist, hiding the long ridge of Ben-y-Bourd and Ben A'an, and hardly revealing the dark rock of Craigdarroch which overhangs the Pass of Ballater.

A halt was called when they reached the front of the house, and the captain, a young Englishman who had seen his first battle at Culloden, advanced to the door, bidding his men keep back, for there in the close stood a young woman alone—only her little daughter of ten clung to her skirt, trying hard to be as brave and as calm as her mother. "Madam," said he, courteously uncovering, "I am come for one James Innes, reported to be one of the disaffected against his Majesty King George. If he is in the house I must see him ; and if he refuses I must come in and search for him."

Mrs Innes replied that he was not at Balnacraig, adding, with truth, that she knew not where he was, as he had been

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absent for some time. There was a pause, and then calling up his two officers, the captain in their presence, produced a paper, and read the indictment against the owner of the house, concluding with an order to bring him prisoner to Inverness, and to burn and destroy the house as that of a rebel and traitor to the King's Majesty and Government.

There was a silence after these dreadful words, and then came the answer; "You must do your bidding. I have none but womankind and children in the house; and God help me and them, for if you drive us from here we have nowhere to hide our heads." Little Betty, when she saw her mother's tears, who had been so brave and busy till now, hid her head and dared not look up. One of the officers said a few words aside to the captain, and after a short conversation he spoke again.

"My men have had a long march this morning," he said, "and upon empty stomachs. We reached a farm some miles below, thinking to get a meal, and we found the house empty and the people fled, and they had not left a peck of meal nor a mouthful of whisky behind them. Every cow and sheep had been driven off, and there was nothing left but water out of the burns, for which my men had no fancy. At any rate, before we proceed to business, get us something to eat. I will keep my men on the green if you will bring out what you have, or we must come in and take it." Then the lady spoke again: "Make your men sit down in the shade yonder," she said, "and I and my maids will bring out what we have, and come you and these gentlemen into the parlour, and take your meal there."

"Meanwhile, by your leave, Madam," said the captain, "I and my officers will come in—in case Mr Innes may not be gone so far from his home but that we may find him." And in a few minutes their heavy steps were mounting the stair, opening and looking into cup-boards, and searching into every corner which could have hid a mouse. They

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found no one but the children, who had been shut up in the nursery, where one of the officers began to turn over the bedding and to thrust his bayonet into the mattresses, when the mother, with a scream, started forward, and snatched up a one-year-old child fast asleep among the pillows, and Betty threw herself before the man with a loud cry.

And now the feast was ready, and the women were carrying out to the hungry men great iron pots of savoury broth, piles of bannocks, fresh and crisp, cans of new milk, and whisky in the large jars called in those days, "grey-beards." The soldiers, who had not fared too well in the country where every mouthful had been grudged them, sat down in the welcome shade, and the lasses, Kirsty and Beenie, were received with such rough but flattering welcome, that ever after, the day the soldiers came to Balnacraig was remembered as a white day in their lives. Meanwhile, within the house, the officers were equally well regaled with boiled chicken and new laid eggs, currant and gooseberry tarts and cream; and with many a sigh from the housewife that her husband's good claret should be drunk by his enemies, cups were filled again and again and drained to pledge King George. And then, as good cheer and good wine raised their spirits and confused their politics, they toasted the lady of Balnacraig, and declared that rebel though her husband was, she had given them of her best, and that her house should be safe from harm for the sake of her hospitality.

The sun had sunk below the western hills and the dew was falling before the soldiers departed from the house of Balnacraig; and as they marched in broken ranks down the hill, it was a hard matter for the most of them to keep their legs; nevertheless, as they turned down the road which led to Aboyne, they gave a shout and another cheer to the lady and her household.

The children fell asleep that night in their beds talking of the soldiers. Their mother sat sad and alone in her dis-

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ordered parlour, her courage departed and her spirits lowered, now that the danger had passed ; but she had saved Balnacraig. Betty, upstairs in the nursery, was telling how she had seen one of the soldiers empty the whisky jar, and in a frolic—for the whisky had flowed freely—had put his head into the “grey beard” that he might get the last drop ; and in the midst of the shouts and laughter of his companions, how he had rolled down the hill with his head still in the jar.

The soldiers never came again to Balnacraig ; and the home which might have been left a blackened ruin, remains very much as it was then, though all the fine furniture and precious relics are gone, and the garden and pleasure grounds are grown wild.

Until recently there were people alive who remembered Miss Betty and Miss Jean¹ who lived in the old house till they died, and who told the story of King George’s soldiers, and how their mother saved the house ; and Miss Betty especially was never tired of telling how the soldier had rolled down the hill with his head in the jar, that had held the whisky.

Miss Betty and Miss Jean have lain for many years with their kindred in the vault of the Innes family in the old churchyard of Aboyne, lying to the east of the Lake beside the railway ; but there stands the house, as we see it to-day, with the great trees sheltering it, which, in their youth, were witnesses of another order of things in the troubled days that followed on the battle of Culloden.

The above old world tales may be taken as examples of many that fell from the lips of the Lady of Glassburn, and which she had heard in happy far-off days in old Ballogie. Although her mind was steeped in the legends and stories of the past she was not allowed to become morbid. Pleasures and recreations of the passing hour were afforded her ;

¹ Fine miniatures, painted upon ivory, of Miss Betty and Miss Jean were in the possession of Mrs Chisholm, at Glassburn ; these now belong to Captain Hugh Lumsden, of Clova, Aberdeenshire.

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shows and spectacles were her delight. When a child of eight years she saw Queen Victoria returning from her coronation in Westminster Abbey, in the gorgeous state coach, and with the crown on her fair young head. "The Queen looked so tired and so shy" were the words of comment upon the great occasion.

When a very young lady she had the honour and pleasure of dancing at a ball in London with the great Duke of Wellington—the "Hero of a Hundred Fights." The Duke was old and feeble, but "his eye was young."

In the year 1852 her father rented the ancient and beautiful castle of Murthly on the banks of the Tay, a few miles south from Dunkeld, in Perthshire. The castle and property belonged to the late Sir William Stewart of Grandtully and Murthly, who was the representative of an old branch of the House of Stewart. The family had become Roman Catholic, and a very fine chapel was built near the castle where mass was regularly celebrated by the priest who acted as private chaplain. A part of the edifice was used as a mortuary chapel where several members of the Stewart family lay buried, including the Abbé Stuart who, while bathing at a sea-coast resort in Italy, was set upon by robbers and barbarously murdered. His body was brought home to Murthly and laid to rest in the chapel. The situation of Murthly castle is one of exceptional beauty, and the surroundings and policies having been laid out on such a scale of grandeur and with such artistic taste that the place was at once recognised to be one of the lordly homes of Perthshire, premier county as it is for beauty and general attractiveness. A splendid and gorgeous new castle was built a little distance from the old one, but it stands unfinished to this day. The interior of the old castle was in keeping with the ancient character of the building. The rooms were filled with old French furniture; family portraits and trophies of the chase lined the walls. There was the

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usual ghost or haunted room, and one apartment, because of the fine seventeenth century tapestries which lined its walls, was called the Tapestry room.

To this home of dignity and beauty Mr Dominic Lynch, his wife, Margaret Farquharson, and family of several sons and one daughter, Maria Frances, came in the year of grace above-mentioned and took up their residence. Previously they had lived at Traquair house, the historic residence of the Earls of Traquair, but after seeing Murthly they became enamoured of it and a lease of the castle and policies was taken. Very soon the Lynch family became favourites in the neighbourhood, and were on intimate terms of friendship with the Mackenzies of Delvine, the Stewarts of Dalguise, the Murrays of Atholl and of Scone, and many other well-known Perthshire families. Otter hunting in the Tay was a favourite sport, and Lord James Stewart Murray, a son of the Duke of Atholl, was frequently one of the party who took part in this pastime.

Being devout Catholics, Mr and Mrs Lynch attended mass regularly in the chapel. Maria Frances, the only daughter of the house and the darling of her family, acted as sacristan, and used to rise early in the mornings and decorate the altar with flowers and make other preparations for the priest who officiated. In the Autumn of the same year the usual Hunt or County Ball took place in the neighbouring city of Perth, only twelve miles distant. Maria Frances was allowed to attend the ball, which was held in the County Hall of Perth. As her mother was indisposed, an elderly cousin, a Miss Kirkpatrick of the Closeburn family and one of the many cousins of the Empress Eugenie on that side of the house, accompanied her as chaperone. The County Ball of Perthshire at that time was the most brilliant and select annual function of the kind in Scotland, and in 1852 it was as noteworthy as ever. The officers of the 42nd Regiment (Black Watch), then stationed in Perth,

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were all present. The only Catholic among them was Lieutenant Archibald Macra Chisholm, a young Highlander, of the Strath Glass family of the name. He was in the Grenadier Company being the tallest officer in the regiment and of singularly handsome appearance. Standing in the hall beside his brother-officer and afterwards life-long friend, Major Graham-Stirling of Craig-barnet, he beheld the young lady of Murthly for the first time, and turning to his friend, immediately said, "Oh Graham, how I wish that girl had been a Catholic;" "but," replied his friend, "she is a Catholic." It was a case of love at first sight. Hearing that Lieutenant Chisholm was the only Catholic in the regiment Mr Lynch called for him and invited him to dinner at Murthly. By invitation frequent attendance at mass in the chapel on the Sundays and other holy days followed. After some time love began to do business. Archibald became very fond of Maria and she of him. Mr and Mrs Lynch seemed to like the devout young officer, and so he and Maria became engaged.

The families of Captain Chisholm and his fiancée were on terms of intimate friendship with that of Lord Lovat, and shortly after the engagement Mr and Mrs Lynch accompanied by their daughter paid a visit to old Mrs Fraser of Strichen, the mother of Lord Lovat, at Balblair House, near Beaully. In a letter to the writer Mrs Chisholm describes this visit:—"I must tell you the story if I never did, of the connection between my dear mother's family and the Lovats. You know their title was attained and an old priest said to Mr Fraser of Strichen, 'You should marry, for if you have a son he might be Lord Lovat if the title is restored.' Mr Fraser said, 'I am getting old, who would have me?' The priest said, 'There is Miss Leslie of Fetternear, an only child and rich, you should ask her.' Mr Fraser did so, and they married and had just one child, who became Lord Lovat. When Mr Fraser died, my grandfather, Lewis

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Farquharson Innes, helped and aided his widow (Miss Leslie that was) in bringing up her child, Thomas, who became Lord Lovat, and she was ever much indebted to him (my grandfather)—they were neighbours in Aberdeenshire, and she was one of the Leslies of Balquhain, who were Counts of the Holy Roman Empire in old days. Old Mrs Fraser lived and died at Balblair, and when dear Archie and I became engaged we all drove up from Murthly Castle, all along the Highland road in a carriage with coachman, valet, and maid, and were all on a visit to old Mrs Fraser, at Balblair, who could not make enough of us for the sake of grandpapa and the old Inneses. Mrs Fraser praised Archie and his family to the skies to my parents, her husband and Dr Stewart Chisholm being intimate friends, and one story regarding the latter, she recalled—‘ Mr Fraser and Dr Chisholm, when the latter was a student in Edinburgh, were walking arm-in-arm in the old town when they unexpectedly saw a man being led forth for execution. The executioner did his work very badly and the poor man was left suspended but not dead. Dr Chisholm, being a medical student, rushed forward and cut the rope, and thus saved the life of the condemned man. Dr Chisholm, fearing consequences, hurried home and changing his garments to those of an invisible green, he took the stage-coach to Perth where his father lived. Meanwhile, a reward was publicly announced for his capture. His father advised him to give himself up to the authorities and to explain that he was prompted to help the criminal because of the suffering he was enduring. His explanation was accepted and the reward given to Edinburgh Royal Infirmary.’ ”

Captain Chisholm was born on the banks of the romantic river Glass, in Strath Glass, in July 1824. He received his education at the College of St. Sulpice, Montreal, in which town his father was stationed on military service for some time.

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His sister (the late Madame Rolland of Montreal) in the following letter to the Reverend John Stirton (present writer) gives a vivid description of some of the experiences of the family when their father was ordered home in 1840 :—

The Manor,
Les Hurons de Rouville,
Montreal, September 2nd, 1910.

Well, my dear Cousin, as usual I was just charmed with your letter. I do like your letters, but I am afraid you are too generous in thinking so kindly of mine. Did Archie, my brother (Captain Chisholm) ever tell you that he was in Mid-Atlantic in a canoe quite alone? My father (Dr Stewart Chisholm) was ordered home from Canada in 1840. We were in Kingston, Upper Canada, a military station. There were no steamers in those days, so my father procured three large barges, or batteaux, rowed and conducted by Indians all the way from Kingston in Ontario to Montreal, 180 miles. We rowed down Lake Ontario through the Thousand Islands, when we came to a grand array of magnificent and gorgeous rapids ;—the rushing of waters amid no end of rocks gave a very fearful feeling of dread, and to see the Indians, as we entered the gorge, cross themselves (as we did) imploring the mercy of God and the protection of Our Blessed Lady, and then out again to smooth water, until the next set of rapids. There are five or six of them—the Cascades, the Soulanges, the Long Sault, the Cedars, and one other—until we came to La Chine, when we entered the Grand La Chine rapids just a mile from Montreal. The barges were moored and fastened securely to boulders of rock or large trees at night and we started early in the mornings. The two barges were fitted up for our family—my father and mother and my sister, Mary, in the first one ; the next barge for my other sister, Emily, myself, and my two brothers, Archie and Loudoun ; and third barge for the

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luggage. Now, I was nine years old then and fifty years afterwards I have come down several times these same rapids in a steamer. I have seen wrecked steamers in the rapids. Indians always guide the steamers—the wrecks are not by Indians. We took three or four days to get to Montreal from Kingston. Well, we wandered our way to Quebec where we went on board a sailing ship, named the "Amy Robsart," and off to England. Now, in mid-ocean we got becalmed and Archie begged the Captain to let him have a little row on the ocean in his grand canoe. At last the Captain gave in, and Archie was rowing about so gladly, and he rowed out about a mile from the ship when a little breeze began, and then the Captain and my parents got nervous, and the Captain had to tack about and about, and at last the canoe and Archie were rescued. We took six weeks to get to England. That canoe was a curiosity from Canada for years in the Round House, in Woolwich. It was about 15 feet long and made completely of birch bark, and light as a feather.

Now, dear John, do excuse this blundering description and my very extra long letter, and God bless you and Our Blessed Lady protect you is the prayer of your old Cousin.

J. M. ROLLAND.

In 1841 Captain Chisholm received a commission in the Black Watch in recognition of his father's great military services. He was ordered to Malta in July 1843, and being now the tallest officer in the regiment (six feet two inches) he was appointed to the Grenadier company. Captain Chisholm was fond of telling an amusing story about an incident which happened while he was stationed at Malta, and which, in view of the interest which is being evinced in the nationality of the Highland regiments at the present time, may prove worthy of being repeated. At this period the officers and men of the 42nd Royal Highlanders were all Scotsmen without exception, and many of them Gaelic-

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speaking Highlanders. Before leaving Malta, unfortunately an English ensign was appointed to the Black Watch. His reception was by no means effusive, several of the younger officers especially resenting his presence. However, the difficulty was eventually overcome in the following humorous manner. The Englishman was compelled to swallow a Scotch thistle, prickles and all, and to wash it down with a glass of "Mountain Dew." All then shook hands with him as a brother Scotsman.

In 1846 Ensign Chisholm received his lieutenancy. In the following year he got twelve months' leave of absence, during which he visited Greece, Sicily, &c., and spent some time, with great pleasure, amid the scenes of his childhood and early boyhood—Ardintoul, Raasay, Harris, Uist, and other romantic spots.

Soon after the death of his uncle, Sir John Macra, of Ardintoul, in 1847, Captain Chisholm was put in possession of his famous silver-mounted Kintail bagpipes. The chanter, for several generations, was one of the heirlooms of the Mackenzies of Kintail. It is considered to be much older than the drones, and the note holes are very much worn. It was badly broken at some time or another, and is now held together by no less than seven silver rings. The two top rings have engraved on them the words, "a smeorach aigharach" (the merry thrush). The other rings have "Scur Orain," the slogan of the Macraes; "Caisteal Donain," "Cinntaille," "Loch Duich," and on the bottom ring "Tulloch Aird," the slogan of the Mackenzies. On the chanter stock is fixed a stag's head and horns in silver, the Mackenzie crest, surmounted by a baron's coronet, and underneath it the inscription, "Lord Seaforth Baron Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail, 1797," and below this inscription the words "Tulloch Aird."

The stock of the blowpipe has the following inscription:—
"This silver-mounted black ebony set of bagpipes, with the



FEADAN DUBH CHINTAILLE
OF BLACK CHANTER OF KINTAIL.

For several generations the heirloom of the Mackenzies of Kintail. Belonged to Lord Seaforth, High Chief of Kintail. Presented by him to Sir John Macra of Ardintoul. The latter presented it to his nephew, Captain Archibald Macra Chisholm, Glassburn, Strathglass. Keith Stewart Mackenzie offered to purchase it from Captain Chisholm at a high price. The offer was declined.

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Feadan Dubh Chintaille, was the property of Lord Seaforth Baron Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail, 1797," and on the blowpipe itself is the figure of a Highlander in silver, in full costume, with drawn claymore, surmounted by the motto, "O Thir nam Beann" (from the land of the mountains).

The stock of the big drone has the following inscription:—"From Lord Seaforth, Baron Mackenzie, High Chief of Kintail, to Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Macra, K.C.H., of Ardintoul, Kintail, late 79th Cameron Highlanders." The big drone has three shields, and the top shield has the following inscription:—"All Highland bagpipes, till after the battle of Waterloo, had but two or three short or treble drones," the second shield has "Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Macra, K.C.H., late 79th Cameron Highlanders, was the first to introduce (and it was on this set of pipes) the use of a big or bass drone;" and the third shield has, "The big or brass drone was pronounced a great improvement in the harmony and volume of sound."

The stock of the second drone has the following:—"From Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Macra, K.C.H., to his nephew, Captain Archibald Macra Chisholm, late 42nd Royal Highlanders, the Black Watch." The shield on the second drone has, "The introduction of the big or bass drone was approved, and the example was soon followed in the making of military bagpipes."

The stock of the third drone has the following inscription:—"From Captain A. M. Chisholm, late 42nd Royal Highlanders, Black Watch, Freicadan Dubh, to his cousin, Lieutenant Colin William MacRae of the Black Watch." The shield on the third drone has "Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Macra was an excellent performer on the bagpipes. He made pipes and chanters; and when military secretary to his relative, the Marquis of Hastings, Viceroy of India, he taught the natives of India to play on the Highland bagpipes."

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The late Keith Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth and Brahan castle, wrote to Captain Chisholm in 1849, expressing his most anxious desire to possess this old Mackenzie heirloom. He made a handsome offer for it, but Captain Chisholm declined it. The pipes remained in his keeping until shortly before his death, when he presented them to his cousin Major Colin MacRae, c.B. (late of the Black Watch Royal Highlanders, now Exon of the Yeomen of the Guard), who himself is a skilled performer on the bagpipes.

The writer has heard Mrs Chisholm describe with deep emotion the last occasion on which the Captain played his famous historic bagpipes. "There was one air the 42nd used to play at sunset," she said, "which he played most exquisitely—a Higland lullaby, and I loved it best of all. When his dear hand was failing, and he had resolved to give away his grand old Kintail pipes to his cousin, Colin MacRae, he took them and played to me that tune for the last time. We were seated on the lawn. It was a glorious Autumn afternoon. How the memory of it haunts me, and the sweet air returns to me in the still hours. But I try to put away thoughts of him on earth, and think of him as my noble prince, a grand spirit before the Throne of God, and the melody his soul was so full of, ever is now perfected amid the harps of the angelic choirs above."

In August of 1848 he joined his regiment at Bermuda which was shortly afterwards ordered to Nova Scotia.

From early youth Captain Chisholm had a keen sense of humour. In a further letter from Montreal, Canada, his sister, Madame Rolland, relates to the writer an amusing incident of his youth:—

My dear good cousin, John,—What a pleasure it was to me to get your letter, but your letters are always a pleasure to me and such pleasant reading—you have the gift indeed. . . . I was married in 1851, and Archie, my brother, came on a visit to me and my husband from

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Halifax on a three months' leave. During his stay with us there was a big demonstration in Boston for Lord Elgin, who was then Governor-General of Canada—I do not remember now for what. My father was invited to this function as were many of the officers of Montreal. My father took Archie with him and with the rest went off to Boston. Carriages were at the station awaiting their arrival, so my father got into one with Archie. Of course Archie was in Highland dress, and as he wanted to see Boston as they drove along, he was standing in the carriage. Well, he was cheered. In the evening there was a grand ball. Archie was delighted as he was fond of dancing. The Mayor introduced him to many young ladies but not one would dance with him. O', they could not dance with bare legs like that! At last one lady braved the others and danced with him; then he became the hero of the evening and they each danced with him. In Boston the ladies never spoke of legs—too indecent, too immodest, so they used to say your "pedestals"—the pedestals of a piano or table but never legs! Dear Archie had lots of fun in Canada. The races with very fine crack horses and then also the Indian races. I remember also the following practical joke—When we were at Kingston we had a very nice house and a comfortable stable for my father's horse. The maid had to open the door when the man came to do up the horse. Of course Archie played a joke upon her. When she was asleep Archie with needle and thread in hand would come to sew her in bed. She wore a night-cap. He would sew her cap to the pillow and would sew the knot that she could not open it. He would also sew her night-gown to the bed. In the morning when the man came for the horse and would knock at the door she would try to get up but could not, and trying to disentangle herself was great fun to Archie, who, of course, was at the door enjoying it

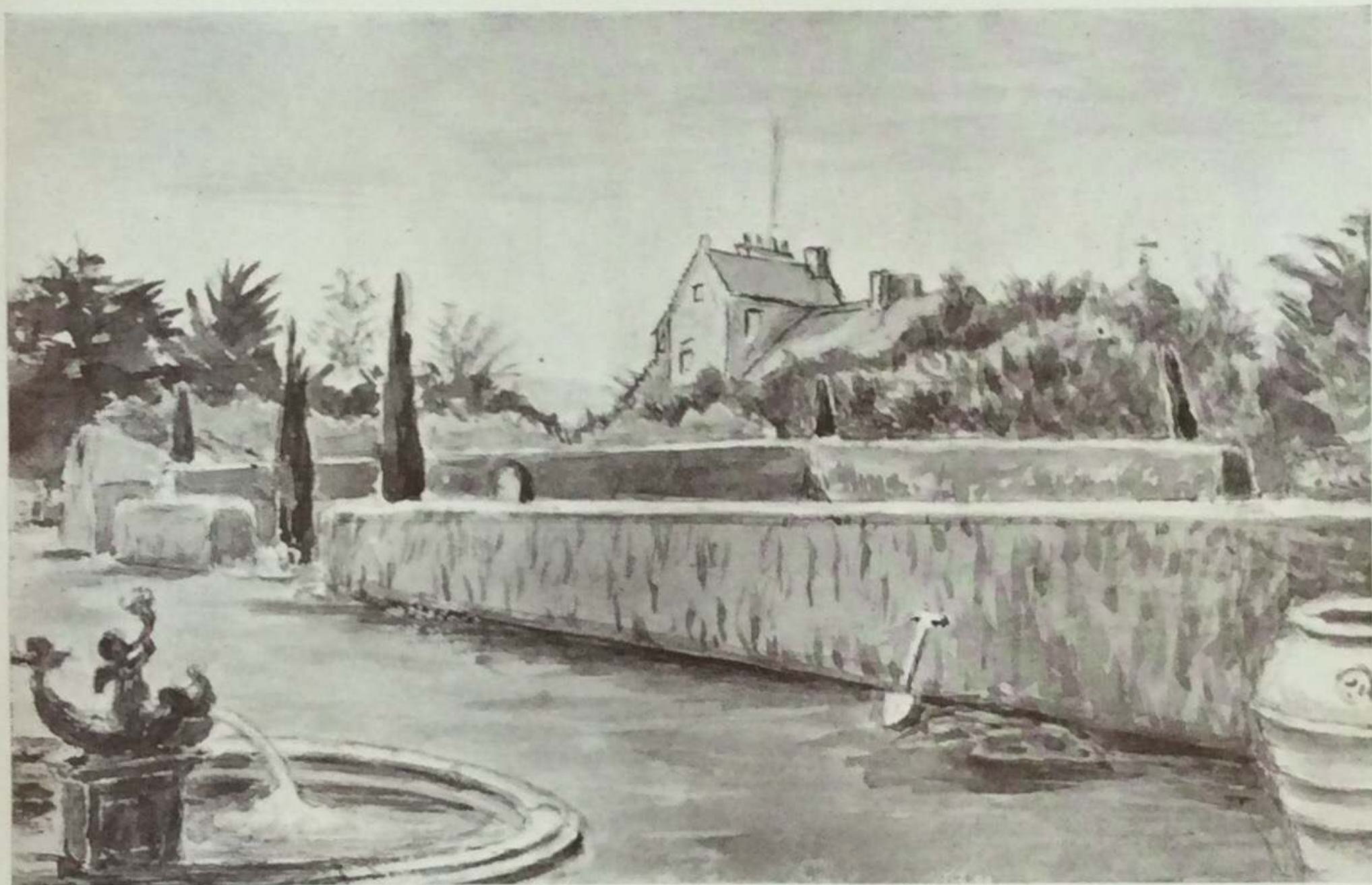
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all. Well, that was Archie in youth. We always had great fun together. Loudoun was much quieter.

Your loving cousin,

J. M. ROLLAND.

Such then were Archie and Maria at the time of their engagement. Both were bright and high spirited as well as strikingly attractive in appearance. A revered friend speaking of seeing the engaged couple, said—"They were a happy sight upon the terrace at Murthly; he, the handsomest of men; she, the most beautiful of women." When wearing a dress of blue silk one of Maria's brothers always named her "Mrs Siddons." Another brother, Captain Edward Aloysius Lynch of the 13th Light Infantry (Prince Albert's Own), did not view the engagement with favour. He was jealous of Archibald's prowess as a sportsman and soldier as well as of his appearance. He sneered when Archibald's name was mentioned and endeavoured to influence his sister against her affianced husband. Failing in this he won over to his side his mother's sister, the late Mrs Louisa Farquharson, or Barron, and Lord James Stewart Murray, who was now married. Meanwhile the affianced couple were very happy and Maria always looked back with no ordinary delight to the period succeeding her betrothal and previous to her marriage. The halls of the old Castle resounded with merriment. Many were the practical jokes practised in the "Tapestry Room" and the "Haunted Chamber." Family portraits even were requisitioned for some purpose of the moment; old dresses were brought out from musty chest and cupboard; mirth and masquerade filled the evenings, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Together the lovers knelt daily before the altar at early mass in the chapel; hand in hand they wandered along stately corridor, down terraced garden and open glade to the banks of the "Lordly Tay," which, to them in their happy mood, seemed to sound the refrain :—



THE OLD GARDEN, MURTHLY CASTLE.

A Day that is Dead.

“ If Love do follow thee
 Beneath the greenwood tree,
 Tho' fortune frown thou'lt wear a crown
A King may never see.”

Surely never was there a happier bride and a more high-spirited bridegroom. Mr George Borrow, of Union College, Oxford, and a friend of Captain Chisholm, wrote the following lines in honour of the engagement :—

Cupid, that little rogue whose sharpen'd darts
 Can pierce all hearts,
With graceful cunning and with wit refined
 Hath sent a messenger too true,
 A Royal Highlander t'imbue
With love, that wondrous gift that opes the mind.

He likewise hath entrapped a lady fair,
 Successful snare !
And with the self same stroke hath hit the twain.
 The bonnie lassie's graceful charms
 Compel him to lay down his arms,
Nor will he face the foe in war again.

The Royal 42nd was his pride,
 But now—his bride !
His lofty mind awak'd by Beauty's calls
 Ponders on Scotland and his home,
 On hills where he was wont to roam,
On valleys, mountains, lakes and waterfalls.

He deems how soon in the fair woods of Perth,
 Replete with mirth,
His bride shall with him watch the streamlets flow,
 How they shall wander through the vales,
 And, smiling, whisper lovers' tales,
And breathe the joy lovers only know.

Ah ! Happy Castle Murthly to behold
 Scenes as of old,
To see a blushing bride at the altar kneel ;
 Festivities within thy halls,
 Splendour and mirth surround thy walls,
And music through thy lofty turrets peel.

Ah ! Bonnie Scotland ; it for thee remains
 To chase all pains,
And give the happy twain a joyous life ;
 To cheer them with thy summer's sky,
 In winter give them gaiety,
And send thy sunshine on the man and wife.

A shadow fell.

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It was arranged that the marriage should be solemnised in the private chapel of Murthly Castle. Relatives and friends began to arrive in leisurely groups, including Mr and Mrs Gordon of Manar, Aberdeenshire, Mary Stewart Chisholm, Archibald's sister, and Maria's aunt, Mrs Louis Farquharson or Barron, whom Maria had dubbed "Aunt Vinegar." A plot had been arranged by Maria's brother, Captain Lynch, and this lady to prevent the marriage. Mrs Barron sought an interview with Mr Lynch, her brother-in-law. She railed at him for allowing his only daughter to marry a penniless subaltern, and poured forth all the reasons she could devise and invent to persuade him to break off the engagement, and to stop the marriage. Her efforts met eventually with success and in the evening after dinner Mr Lynch summoned the young couple to the drawing-room, and announced before the assembled company that he desired to break off the engagement. In a letter to his cousin, the late Mrs Stewart Stirton, Perth (mother of the writer), Captain Chisholm thus describes this interview:—"When Mr Lynch announced in the drawing-room at Murthly Castle that our engagement must be broken off, and stated his reason, my noble and true-hearted affianced lady, stepping forward, took my hand and declared before all present that she did not regard the reason as a sufficient one for breaking her engagement with me."

It was a trying *contretemps* both for Archibald and his poor sister, Mary Stewart Chisholm. The hour was late and they had perforce to remain over-night, but they arranged to leave in the morning. All then retired to rest, but Archibald had formed a plan by which it would have been impossible to separate him and his bride. He said to Maria "we will have a Scotch marriage." In the middle of the night Maria was summoned down to the Tapestry Room. She immediately rose, dressed, and came down to this apartment as directed. Here were Archibald, his sister Mary,

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and the priest's housekeeper as a second witness. Archibald and Maria knelt upon the floor and taking each other's hand declared that they were man and wife, and they signed a paper which Archibald had drawn up before. All then retired to their respective apartments. In the morning Lieutenant Chisholm and his sister left Murthly Castle and proceeded to Edinburgh. The young bridegroom called for Bishop Gillies to ascertain if he could claim his bride. The Bishop told him it was a legal marriage. To make certain of his position Chisholm went to London and called for Cardinal Wiseman who corroborated Bishop Gillies's statement. Losing no time Archibald returned to his friends and brother officers at Perth, told them what he had done and asked them to help him by walking along the road to Murthly and stopping any carriage that appeared to be in pursuit of the one he and Maria hoped to occupy. He then started for Murthly Castle in a handsome carriage and pair. On arriving at the hall door he saw Maria all dressed in travelling garb, seated beside her father in the family carriage with the trunks and luggage on the top, just starting for Paris. The moment Archibald got out of his carriage Maria saw him. She jumped out of the carriage and ran over to meet him. Her father called out "Maria, come back at once." She called out "No, papa, I must go with my husband." Mr Lynch became very excited. He rushed from his carriage into the hall and called for his pistols. Meanwhile Lieutenant Chisholm led his bride into his own carriage, but Maria's brother, Captain Lynch, who had caused all the trouble, appeared upon the scene. He rushed forward and a tremendous struggle took place between him and Lieutenant Chisholm. The two men grappled and wrestled. Eventually Chisholm gave Lynch what he used afterwards to call "The Lochaber hug," and just threw him from him upon the grass. The young couple then started off. Stopping at the lodge they took the keeper's daughter

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as maid to Maria, and arrived in safety at Perth station where they took train for Edinburgh. Here they were met by Archibald's parents who accompanied them direct to Glasgow where in the Cathedral Church of St. Andrew they were married by Bishop Murdoch, on the 14th of October 1853. The notice in the newspapers was as follows:—
“At St. Andrew's Catholic Cathedral, Glasgow, on the 14th inst., by his Lordship the Right Rev. Bishop Murdoch, Vic. Apos., of the western district, Archibald McRa Chisholm, Esq., of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, son of Stewart Chisholm, Esq., senior surgeon, Royal Artillery and Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, to Maria Frances, only daughter of William Dominic Lynch, Esq. (late of Devonshire Place, London), residing at Murthly Castle, Perthshire.”¹

After a short honeymoon spent at Mount Stuart,² the home of the Marchioness of Bute, who was a cousin of Captain Chisholm, the young couple settled down to the business of life. Two years elapsed before Mr Lynch forgave his daughter. Soon the gallant officer was ordered out to Crimea, and hard, bitter hard, was the parting. The Black Watch, fifty strong, landed at Scutari, in Asiatic Turkey. From there the army was suddenly sent to Varna to check the Russian advance at Silistria. Shortly afterwards Captain Chisholm was ordered home on promotion. In 1855 he sold out and retired from the service, and he and

¹ The late Father R. H. Benson, the well-known novelist, intended to write a novel based upon the romantic incident of Captain and Mrs Chisholm's marriage. His sudden and unexpected death prevented the accomplishment of his desire, and the story now sees the light for the first time, from the pen of one who frequently heard it in full detail from the late Mrs Chisholm herself.

² When at Mount Stuart, Captain and Mrs Chisholm met the Reverend Dr Norman Macleod, Queen Victoria's Chaplain and friend. He was very genial and warm-hearted. The plate used at dinner at Mount Stuart was of gold, “but the dinner did not taste any better. The late Marquis of Bute was a little boy then and very pretty, but with a peculiar frown upon his countenance.”

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his wife went to reside at Ratachan, near Glenelg, in the Highlands of Scotland.

At Ratachan, Captain and Mrs Chisholm's kindness and hospitality won all hearts. The minister of Glenelg, the Rev. John Macrae and his daughters, Forbes, Madeleine, and Kate became intimate friends. A splendid ball given by Captain and Mrs Chisholm at Ratachan was long remembered by all who were present. Many of those who took part in it compared it to one which had taken place about a hundred years before in Skye and which had become historic, because of a jingling quaint description of it written by a lady who danced at it. After the ball at Ratachan, a Miss Sibella Macleod, who was an aunt of the daughters of the minister of Glenelg, and who lived at the manse with them, lent a copy of this description to Captain Chisholm, who returned it with an imitation of it written by himself, bringing in some of the merry party, who attended the ball at Ratachan, which took place in 1859.

Sir William Mackinnon, who was a very great friend of Captain Chisholm, and who was with the 42nd Regiment in Stirling when Captain and Mrs Chisholm were married, and who went through the Crimean War and to India with Sir Colin Campbell, stayed at Ratachan with Captain and Mrs Chisholm. His favourite song was "Hail to the Chief." He was of the Clan Alpine line and his badge was the Pine. The following copy of the parody by Captain Chisholm was found among the papers of Sir William after his death in Australia, and sent home to the Macraes at Glenelg:—

WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN CHISHOLM ON RETURNING
FROM "THE SKYE BALL."

Dear Miss Macleod accept many thanks,
Glad to peruse about Skye and its pranks,
The Ball, it was fine, the ladies were smart,
The music was good, the gents did their part.

But I think that we, at this season,
Have kept them pace and done it with reason;

A Day that is Dead.

First we will mention Rev. Mr Macrae,
Affable always, to help us to play.
He and his daughters are ever the same,
Dignity, Prudence, and Beauty their fame.

And can we forget our dear Miss Macleod ;
No ! For her name is apart from the crowd,
She's everything nice, so witty and gay,
None can excel her when reels she does play.

And the worthy old soldier, Captain Farquhar Macrae,
A hero in battle, a Gael to this day.
His lady so courteous, warm-hearted, and kind,
With manner so stately and so cultured a mind ;
And Helen, their daughter, gentle and fair,
Meek and retiring, and so modest an air.

And what of Donald, the handsome and brave,
Where can you match him this side of the grave?
A favourite with all, a true son of the Gael,
The pride of his Clan, the pride of Kintail.

Hail to Mackinnon, the hero celestial,
Honoured and blest be the evergreen pine,
Long may he live, the delight of each festial,
Flourish and strengthen the grace of his line.
Skye send him mountain dew,
Love send him one of you.

Bravely he acted Crimea does know,
Glenelg and Kintail then both wish back again,
William Vic Alpin-Dhu Ho hiero.

Now I must stop, 'tis time for our tea, yours most
affectionately, A.M.C.

Miss Sibella Macleod gave the above "lines" to Sir William Mackinnon, who expressed great amusement on receiving them.

The Rev. John Macrae, minister of Glenelg, was the life and soul of all the merry gatherings then held at Ratachan. He was also a splendid sailor and had a passion for the sea. Captain Chisholm shared Mr Macrae's love of the sea and became an experienced yachtsman. On one occasion he and Mrs Chisholm, accompanied by the latter's faithful maid, Elizabeth Chisholm, were having a trip in their little yacht when they were caught by a sudden squall and nearly drowned, the water was breaking over the little craft when

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by skilful manipulation Captain Chisholm was able to guide the bark into safe waters. On being asked afterwards how she felt when about to be submerged, Elizabeth, the maid, replied, "Oh! I just prayed to the Lord to *catch* my soul."

After leaving Ratachan, Captain and Mrs Chisholm settled at Applecross, Ross-shire, their home being Hartfield House, which had formerly been occupied by Captain Chisholm's cousins, the Mackenzies of Hartfield. After a few years they again removed and rented Balblair House, near Beaulay, from Lord Lovat, where they remained for eight years. At Balblair they received great kindness from their old friends and neighbours, Lord and Lady Lovat. Later they removed to Glassburn House, Strath Glass, which became their home for the rest of their days.

In 1860, when at Hartfield, Captain Chisholm took an important part in the demonstration arranged for the reception of the new Chief of the Clan Chisholm at Erchless Castle upon his arrival from Canada. The latter's name was James Sutherland Chisholm, and upon the death in 1858 of Duncan Macdonell Chisholm, the former Chief, who was unmarried, he was proved to be the next lawful heir. The new Chief had been employed in some mercantile house in Montreal previously, and Dr Stewart Chisholm had befriended him on several occasions when he was in difficulties. An address of welcome was presented to the Chief by Captain Chisholm, and various functions also were held to celebrate the event. The following is an account of the proceedings:—

Tuesday, the 17th July 1860, was a great day in Strathglass and in all the district of the Aird and Beaulay. The new proprietor and chief was that day to pay his first visit to the picturesque territory to which he has happily and unexpectedly succeeded, and the tenantry resolved to meet and give him a cordial welcome to the land of his fathers.

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Some seventy or eighty years since the Chisholm of that day executed an entail of his estates (now worth above £7000 per annum) on certain members of his family and others, their successors. He had five sons and two brothers then living, but all these, in the comparatively short interval, have died without issue, and the succession has, according to the deed of entail, devolved upon the representative of a collateral branch long settled in Canada. This gentleman, James Sutherland Chisholm, Esq., recently crossed the Atlantic, and is now amongst us. He had deferred visiting his property until Tuesday last, and he then obtained his first sight of it, and was inaugurated, as we may say, under the most favourable auspices. The day was one of the finest of the season. Kilmorack and the Drhuim never looked more beautiful. The recent rains had given freshness and richness to the whole country, the mountains were free from mist, the birch trees were in full leaf, and the waters glanced and foamed, amidst their succession of rocky falls and pools under genial sunshine. Numerous vehicles, with visitors, proceeded from Inverness, and along the road groups might be seen descending the hills to join the gathering at Erchless Castle.

At Phopachy we observed the first token of rejoicing—a flag, the Union Jack, being hoisted by the tenant, Mr Duncan Chisholm. At Moniac, by the side of the bridge, a flag of Chisholm tartan, with another banner, was displayed, and at Teanassie Bridge, an arch of birch boughs and flowers was erected with the following inscription painted on cloth :—*Fàilte air Cean cinnidh na Shiosaleach* (Hail to the Chief of the Clan Chisholm.) The Chisholm crest, a boar's head, was also represented, with festoons of the clan badge, the bracken or fern, in profusion. A considerable number of person was assembled at this point, and the circumstance, as it turned out, gave a tinge of sadness to the scene, for these were former tenants on the estate who

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had been removed from their holdings, as they said, in consequence of their having voted against the brother of the late Chisholm in his contest with Mr Charles Grant, now Lord Glenelg. They appeared a most respectable body of men, most of them arriving in gigs or on horseback. About three o'clock, The Chisholm, having left Hill Park, Inverness, in a carriage drawn by four greys, with postillions equipped in Chisholm tartan, stopped at Teanassie Bridge, when the following address was read by Captain Macra Chisholm :—

“ Most Respected Sir,—It is with feelings of no ordinary emotion, that we, who were once tenants and descendants of the native happy tenantry of Strathglass, present ourselves before you. By those alone who know the depth of the Highland heart, or know the intensity of the sympathies proverbially subsisting between the Highland tenant and his landlord, not to speak of the case where that landlord is the chief of a clan, can these be appreciated. If we have, therefore, come here to express, however inadequately, those feelings which animate us on the arrival of an heir and successor to the title and estates of Chisholm, we feel assured that they will be regarded by you as conveying not flattery, but the expression of feelings far more deep and sincere than our words can convey.

“ Most Respected Sir,—Personally, we know, that we are as yet but strangers to you ; and yet this very circumstance it is which causes us now to hasten to your presence, and prove how eager is our desire that you would no longer regard those as strangers to you whom so many ties and recollections of the past forbid that they should regard the rightful heir of the lands and chieftainship of that name otherwise than as one whose very name is of itself a title to their affection and regard. We beg, then, to assure you that it is with the warmest feelings of cordial welcome and congratulation that we hail your advent amongst us. We should, indeed, do injustice to our own feelings should we

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endeavour to conceal how often and how sincerely we have, for a long period of years, regretted that these beautiful estates have been devoid of a resident proprietor, and therefore also of the opportunities of cultivating that mutual affection and good-will which ought to subsist between a chieftain and his clan. It would still more argue want of candour on our part, if, on such an occasion as the present, we sought to conceal from you, that it causes us no small pang to think that we should be obliged to address you as those who were once tenants, and as the sons and descendants of those who were born and bred on the Chisholm estates, but whom, in most cases, circumstances to which it is unnecessary now more specially to advert, have been compelled to seek the countenance and protection of less hostile proprietors. The circumstance of your arrival here, therefore, to take possession of your ancestral lands—lands with which our earliest thoughts and feelings have been associated—and withal, the conviction that in your person these estates shall not only once more have a resident proprietor, but one, moreover, who, we have reason to believe, shall know how to value those feelings of devoted attachment which the natives of Strathglass are ever ready to accord, and at the same time so anxious that they should be reciprocated, is to us, though enjoying not ourselves the pleasure of ranking now amongst your tenantry, nevertheless, the cause of sincere congratulation. Permit us, then, to express, what we so ardently hope, that, with your advent amongst us, shall be inaugurated an era in the history of the Chisholm estate, an era which shall witness a happy landlord ruling over a happy and contented people, and that when that general eagerness which has animated us all to behold you amongst us shall have been gratified by your continued presence, mutual experience shall lead to a still stronger desire that these mutual relations may not be disturbed.

“Most Respected Sir,—We have no wish to trespass on

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your time upon this early occasion by a more detailed expression of the feeling which animate us, and of the many thoughts which this auspicious occasion awaken in us. We thank you, then, most respected Sir, for the opportunity you have to-day afforded us of expressing to you thus, however briefly and inadequately, those sentiments which we cherish towards you.

“ Permit us, in conclusion, to offer you our warmest and heartfelt congratulations on this your first entering upon your beautiful estates, and to assure you that as we have felt a happiness in declaring to you those sentiments which animate us all, our earnest prayer to Heaven shall be that He from whom every good and acceptable gift descends, may grant you, as landlord of the Chisholm estates and Chief of the Chisholm clan, that length of days and happiness of every kind which we so earnestly desire.

<p>Thos. Chisholm, R.C.C., Glassburn John Chisholm, Crochail Allan Chisholm, do. William Chisholm, do. James Chisholm, do. Alex. Chisholm, Inchully Roderick Chisholm, do. William Chisholm, do. John Chisholm, Midmain Finlay Chisholm, Eskadale Colin Chisholm, do. Colin Chisholm, Fanellan Archibald Chisholm, do. Alex. Chisholm, do. John Chisholm, do. John Chisholm, Bruiach Alex. Chisholm, Clunvackie Æneas Chisholm, Auchnacloich Duncan Chisholm, do. Hugh Chisholm, Balblair Duncan Chisholm, Phopachy Peter Chisholm, Kirktown Muir Alex. Chisholm, do. John Chisholm, Inverness John Chisholm, do. Valentine Chisholm, do. Donald Chisholm, do. Christopher Chisholm, Clunes</p>	<p>Stewart Chisholm, Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, London Colin Chisholm, Customs, do. John Chisholm, M.D., H.E.I.C.S., do. John Chisholm, col., H.E.I.C.S., Cheltenham Colin Chisholm, Roscommon Colin Chisholm, do. Wm. Chisholm, do. Duncan Chisholm, Culbo Colin Chisholm, do. Roderick Chisholm, do. Roderick Chisholm, Badrain Roderick Chisholm, Farley Arch. Macra Chisholm, Hartfield, Applecross, late captain, 42nd Royal Highlanders Duncan Chisholm, Torgyle Theodore Chisholm, Beauty Wm. Chisholm, Barnyards Wm. Chisholm, do. Roderick Chisholm, Beauty Alex. Chisholm, do. Wm. Chisholm, do. Colin Chisholm, do. Alexander Chisholm, do. John Chisholm, Farley John Chisholm, do.</p>
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Wm. Chisholm, Teanassie	John Mackenzie, Crochail
Alex. Chisholm, do.	Alex. Macrae, Wester Main
Donald Chisholm, Craighdu	Ewen Macdonald, Ardblair
Kenneth Chisholm, Little Struy	Colin Macdonald do.
Theodore Chisholm, do.	Finlay Macdonald do.
Theodore Macrae, Struy	Wm. Mackenzie, Ruifour
John Macrae, do.	John Mackenzie, Braefindon
Christopher Macrae, do.	Colin Mackenzie, do.
Wm. Macrae, do.	James Macgregor, do.
Christopher Macdonell, Teachnig	John Forbes, Ruilick
Alex. Macdonell, do.	Donald Mackenzie, do.
Hugh Macdonell, do.	John Mackenzie, do.
Valentine Macrae, Carnach	Duncan Mackenzie, do.
Angus Macrae, do.	Alex. Macpherson, do.
Colin Macrae, do.	Donald Macpherson, Broadlan
Valentine Mackenzie, Crochail	

The Chisholm read the following reply, which he afterwards presented to Captain Chisholm :—

“My Clansmen and Friends,—I thank you most sincerely for your warm hearted and affectionate address. I receive the expression of your feelings of welcome and congratulation with the highest gratification ; and as a proof that the mutual affection and good will which ought to subsist between the Chief and his Clan continue to be preserved and maintained.

“In appearing among you this day as the rightful heir of the lands of Chisholm and of the Chieftainship of that Clan, you may feel assured I do so with no ordinary emotion. In setting my foot on the soil of my ancestors—in looking upon the mountains and glens of Strathglass—and in receiving your enthusiastic welcome, it is no easy task for me to give utterance to the fulness of my heart.

“You touch tender feelings when you remind me of events which have settled many of you beyond the limits of the Chisholm Estates. But it is gratifying to me, that notwithstanding the adverse circumstances alluded to, you continue to preserve an affectionate remembrance of the homes of your fathers, and to maintain with unabated affection your attachment to their owner. I cordially share your sentiments as regards the beneficial results to be looked

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for from the residence of a proprietor. I trust health and strength may be accorded me, that I may have opportunities of cultivating those relations which ought ever to subsist between landlord and tenant.

“Clansmen and friends, I have come from a distant land, where are settled many who are the descendants of natives of these hills and glens, and where there are many who stand in close relationship to a number of you who have now addressed me. I rejoice to be able to inform you that happiness and prosperity reign among them; and I rejoice too, to be able to speak of the warm attachment which continues to be cherished among them towards their relatives here, and to this the land of their fathers. Far removed as they are, they cling to the language and customs of their sires. Among them I found many zealous friends and supporters. I am proud to acknowledge their kindness, and I do it all the more willingly, because I know your proceedings here to-day will be hailed by them with satisfaction and delight. Most sincerely wishing you and yours all health and prosperity, with every blessing, I subscribe myself with affectionate regard, your friend and well-wisher,

“JAMES SUTHERLAND CHISHOLM.”

This ceremony over, the Chief and his friends proceeded to Erchless, the cavalcade increasing as it went along. When about two miles distant from the castle, a crowd of Highlanders was found waiting their arrival. The horses were then taken from the carriage, and ropes being fastened to it, a band of sturdy athletic mountaineers drew it along amidst vociferous cheering. A long avenue leads to the lawn and on the cavalcade emerging from its shade, the piper played up, cannon were fired, and fresh cheers rent the air. The guns were admirably managed, and though old (having been with the Clan at Culloden) they made the mountains around reverberate with each discharge. An artillery salute was given by Mr A. Chisholm, late of Glen-

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garry, Canada West. Erchless Castle, built between 1594 and 1610, lies on the Beauly where its stream is formed by the union of the Glass and the Farar, about eight miles above Kilmorack; and near an eminence the site of an older building now enclosed as a family cemetery. The lawn is spacious, and studded with noble old trees, while in the distance a range of lofty hills forms the background. A more exquisite Highland scene was never drawn by Horatio Macculloch or conjured up by imagination, and on this occasion with all the auxiliaries of well-dressed groups traversing the green, flags flying, cannon firing, and its owner the Chief (a man of middle age) gazing on it for the first time, suddenly raised to opulence and ancestral honours, the scene could not be witnessed without emotion. Life has few things better than such a consummation, and we trust The Chisholm may long live to enjoy and reflect upon others the peculiar happiness of his lot.

Three arches of evergreens, surmounted by banners, were erected on the lawn. The inscriptions, besides the armorial bearings, were as follows:—"Let Strathglass flourish by encouraging its natives," "Welcome home to your Fatherland." One flag represented St. Andrew's Cross, another the Lion Rampant, &c., and these memorials were borne before the Clan at Culloden. A spacious marquee (which Mr Forbes of Culloden furnished) stood on the lawn, and three rows of tables were ranged in the interior, well covered with viands of all sorts, wine, and spirits. About five o'clock 220 gentlemen sat down to dinner. The price of the ticket was rather high for many of the Clansmen (it was 10s 6d, and included a pint of sherry and whisky punch *ad libitum*), but ample refreshments were distributed outside. The chair was taken by Mr Alexander Fraser, Mauld, one of the oldest and most extensive farmers on the estate, and Mr Stodart Macdonald (Edinburgh), Mr Macgillivray of Dumnaglass, and Mr Charles Stewart, Inverness,

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officiated as croupiers. On the right of the chairman was the honoured guest of the evening, The Chisholm, and on his left the Right Hon. Lord Lovat, and at the head of the table were Colonel Inge, Mr White of Monar, Mr Fraser of Bunchrew, Mr Mackenzie, Conan Bank (factor for The Chisholm), &c., &c. Speeches and merriment followed, and the gathering was long remembered."

Being a strong and devout Catholic Captain Chisholm was concerned to hear in 1868 of the threatened attacks upon the Pope by Garibaldi, the Italian patriot. He lost no time in raising a body of plucky volunteers who proceeded without delay to Rome. Mrs Chisholm accompanied her husband, and for a whole year they lived in Rome and were the centre of a large circle of leading Scottish and English Catholics, dispensing a lavish hospitality and aiding and encouraging every effort then put forward to help the old Belief and its great representative. They had several audiences of Pope Pius IX., who was a very genial, witty man. One audience in particular Mrs Chisholm used to describe with great feeling and pleasure. The Pope had held her hand for a quarter of an hour, suddenly Mary Chisholm, sister of Captain Chisholm, to the consternation of all, asked the Pope's prayers for a priest in Scotland whom the family knew and liked, but who had become somewhat dissipated in his habits. "The poor priest is ruined," thought Mrs Chisholm, and breathlessly she watched the Pope's countenance. Her uneasiness was increased when His Holiness asked the name of the diocese in which the priest was stationed. All fears were, however, dispelled, when suddenly, with a twinkle in his eye, the Pontiff said, "Poor man! we shall have a three days' Ave for him to Father Noah."

Many of the officers in the Pontifical Zouaves had reason to thank Captain and Mrs Chisholm for kind and thoughtful attentions paid to them in that troubled time. Difficulties

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seemed to disappear in their presence ; a halo of success seemed to crown their every effort.

The gallant Scottish cavalier and his lady, during their stay in Italy, had also the honour of an audience from the King and Queen of Naples, who complimented them heartily upon the great work they had been able to accomplish for the Church.

On their return to Scotland, Captain and Mrs Chisholm identified themselves with the life of Strathglass. They became interested in all their dependents, and in the farmers and people generally, throughout the Strath. An enthusiastic Highlander, Captain Chisholm excelled in all manly exercises and sports. He loved everything connected with his native land,—its song and music, its Gaelic speech, its picturesque dress, and its sports and pastimes. He was an enthusiastic upholder of the game of shinty, and the progress of the game in the North owed much to his encouragement.

In 1879 the famous "Strathglass Shinty Club" was formed. "Glassburn" was elected chief, and occupied that position for many years. He published a booklet of rules, regulations, and diagrams for the game of shinty, and issued a revised edition in 1888. He had the gentleness of his race, but when he played the pipes the spirit of the Gael seemed to flow from the instrument, and excited his hearers to irrepressible enthusiasm. As a piper he had few equals. In 1848 the Highland Society of London presented Captain Chisholm with an old and "celebrated pipe chanter," he being in their estimation, the best amateur performer on the Highland bagpipes.

The Grenadier Company of the Black Watch had once the privilege of being Guard of Honour to Queen Victoria at Balmoral. On one occasion Queen Victoria attended a torch-light ball at Corriemulzie, and Captain Chisholm had the honour of playing selections on the bagpipes before

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Her Majesty, who expressed her delight with the stirring martial music.

When the Master of Chisholm, only son and heir of The Chisholm, chief of the clan, came of age in 1883, the following address was presented to him by Captain Chisholm, chief of the Shinty Club, in name of all the members, at Erchless Castle, in presence of The Chisholm, his mother, Mrs Chisholm of Chisholm, and the Misses Chisholm.

A guest who was present thus described the scene:—
“Never shall I forget the stirring and romantic spectacle. All the gentlemen and ghillies were in Highland dress, the ladies being gaily attired in summer garb with scarfs of Chisholm tartan round their shoulders. The sun shone gloriously upon the walls and quaint turrets of the old castle, situated as it is surely in the most romantic surroundings possible, the mountains rising tier above tier around it, the foliage, both on trees and shrubs, hardly yet assuming their autumn tint, being of the richest description. Suddenly there was a pause in the flow of conversation. All eyes were turned upon the avenue, and a faint sound as of pipe music in the distance was heard. The sound gradually came nearer and nearer and assumed greater volume until at last all eyes were dazzled by the spectacle of a figure, surely as tall and handsome as Sir Galahad, that knight of old, whose ‘strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure,’ approaching alone in full Highland dress and at a swinging pace playing, as no one else could play, the stirring and inspiring ‘Highland Gathering of the Clan Chisholm.’ The address presented and replied to by the young master, the pent up feelings of the gathering found vent in rousing cheers for the House of Chisholm, which Captain Chisholm accompanied upon the pipes, the sound reverberating up the glens and over the corries of the mountains of Glen-Strathfarrar.”

[Address to the Master of Chisholm.

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The terms of the address were :—

ADDRESS
TO
THE MASTER OF CHISHOLM,¹
PRESIDENT,
STRATHGLASS SHINTY CLUB.

ERCHLESS CASTLE, 20th September 1883.

We, the undersigned Office-Bearers, for ourselves, and for each Member of the STRATHGLASS SHINTY CLUB, desire, on the happy occasion of your attaining your Majority, to present to you, and to your Parents, our heartfelt congratulations, and the expression of our sincerest wishes for many happy returns of your Natal day.

We also thank you for allowing us the opportunity and pleasure of meeting you here to-day, and telling you, face to face, how earnestly and truly we wish you health and strength to enjoy a long life, in the midst of your Clansmen, among the Hills and Glens of Strathglass.

May your happiness be abundant, that those around you may rejoice in your happiness, and your influence increase more and more, that you may preserve, uphold, and extend the honour, dignity, and spirit of a Highland Chief, and especially of that Clan whose present revered Chief is so near and dear to you, and dear to us also, for The Chisholm, your Father, has won and deserved the praise and respect of all men.

Praying, then, that the Giver of all Good may accomplish in you our best wishes, and pour His blessings ever upon you and yours,

We remain, with all respect and devotion,

Always yours faithfully,

CAPTAIN A. M. CHISHOLM, Glassburn,
Chief of the Club.

Chieftains of the Club.

Mr ROBERTSON, Comar.

Mr FRASER, Mauld.

Mr CHISHOLM, Craskie.

Mr MACDONALD, Easter Crochiel.

Mr D. MACKENZIE, Fasnakyle.

Mr A. MACDONALD, Cruive of Eskadale.

Mr CHISHOLM, Breacachy.

Mr D. CAMPBELL, Crelevan.

Mr JAMES MACDONALD, Cannich.

Mr D. CHISHOLM, Wester Invercannich.

Secretary and Treasurer.

Mr DUNCAN CHISHOLM, Raonabhraid.

The Presentation Address is surmounted by the Crest, Shield,
and Supporters of the Club.

¹ It was the immemorial custom to style the eldest son and heir of The Chisholm "The Master of Chisholm," as his father held the rank of a Baron. In the same way the heir of Lord Lovat is styled "The Master of Lovat."



“THE CHISHOLM.”
RODERICK DONALD MATHESON CHISHOLM.
THE LAST CHIEF WHO OWNED THE LANDS IN STRATHGLASS.

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The Master of Chisholm—Roderick Donald Matheson Chisholm—who received the address, succeeded his father as Chief of the Clan in 1885. He died in 1887. He was the last Chief who owned the lands of Chisholm.

Captain Chisholm was also an accomplished player on the violin. He learned many of the Highland “cuts” from his uncle, “Hushinish”—Alexander Macrae of Hushinish, in the island of Harris. Alexander was “pre-eminently a man without guile,” and as an amateur musician possessed unusual taste and cultivation.

Captain Chisholm acted as judge of pipe music at the Northern Meeting Games for thirty years without intermission, and earned the entire confidence of both committee and competitors. He was one of the first members of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and was chairman at the annual dinner of the Society in 1878. This was one of the most enjoyable meetings ever held under the auspices of that learned body. The chairman delivered a stirring Gaelic address, and, in addition, played on the bagpipes with such spirit, that every kilted Highlander in the hall was soon in the mazes of the “Reel of Tulloch”! Those who were present described the entertainment as one of the most delightful they ever attended. The well-known Gaelic poetess, the late Mrs Mary Mackellar, composed a Gaelic song, with music, in honour of Captain Chisholm. The English translation is as follows:—

Hurrah to the chieftain—a happy New Year—
Delighted we'll pledge him the bold Mountaineer ;
In the tongue of the Celt we the Captain shall hail—
He has set with his chanter a-dancing the Gael.

When sounded the pibroch aloud in the hall
The glorious days of the past to recall ;
As the brave Highland captain his war pipe did blow,
The clansmen replied with a martial hurrah !

In the field, while commanding, the Chieftain is bold—
A soldier as brave as his sires were of old ;
His ancestors' valour hath won them their fame,
And well he preserves both their mettle and name !

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Like his sires he delights in the Garb of Old Gaul—
The garb for the battlefield, forest, or hall ;
As his freedom and vigour the grey trousers mar,
His joy was the kilt both in peace and in war.

The Captain of Glassburn in tartan array,
He rescues the tongue of the Celt from decay—
With his sporan and dirk who can with him compare
In courage and splendour, at kirk or at fair ?

His wisdom and valour are marks of his race,
Like the honour that beams in his fair Highland face ;
O where was there one 'mong the nymphs of the land
That would not fly with him and give him her hand ?

Oft sallies he forth on the track of the deer,
Where the eagle floats high o'er the stag's swift career ;
With his death-dealing musket behold him go forth,
To tread with a light step the hills of the north !

The stags in the corrie are oft in the morn
Aroused from their sleep by the sound of his horn :
To his rifle's report the lone echoes reply—
" The red-deer has fallen, has fallen to die " !

In the hall of the mansion he's sportive and gay,
When his music breathes softly his magical sway,
While in midst of grim battle triumphant he'll charge
'Gainst the foes of his country, with broad-sword and targe.

While a glance of his eye will a foeman control,
The sound of the pipes will enrapture the soul :
His delight is the glory of Alban to save,
And his joy is the land that has nurtured the brave.

Then high be his banner, and welcome the strain
Of his warpipe when sounding aloud in the glen ;
Let clansmen their chieftain with cheering all hail—
And long may he cherish the tongue of the Gael !

Then hurrah to the chieftain—a happy New Year—
Delighted we'll pledge him, the bold mountaineer ;
In the tongue of the Celt we the captain shall hail—
He has set with his chanter a-dancing the Gael !

(From the Daily Free Press, Aberdeen, March 16, 1878).

Captain Chisholm died on the 19th October 1897, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

By his own express desire he was buried in the Catholic Cemetery, near the old Priory of Beauly, where so many of the Frasers and Chisholms were laid to rest in former times. The funeral, according to the Highland usage, was headed by two pipers, who played " The Land of the Leal " as the



CAPTAIN A. M. CHISHOLM,
42ND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS.

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cortege wended its way to the churchyard. It was a typical Autumn day, and as the procession passed along the route, showers of dead leaves fell from the trees. Nature itself seemed dying, and the morning air, chill, and clammy, breathed of winter—a fitting time truly, to lay to rest a devout member of his Church. As the solemn procession passed through the town of Beauly, signs were abundant that the deceased had been held in high esteem by the inhabitants. Every shop and place of business was closed, and the blinds of private houses were drawn. On arrival of the funeral at the Chapel, the coffin was carried inside. A requiem Mass was celebrated by Father Macdonald. The service was one of much solemnity. At the Elevation of the Host—the most solemn moment in the Mass—suddenly the low wail of the pipes could be heard outside. Gradually the sound increased in volume, and that matchless coronach, “The Lament of the Chisholms,” could be distinguished, rising and falling in melancholy cadence, searching the subtlest windings of the soul and binding together the whole being, past and present, in one unspeakable vibration. At the burial Father Macdonald blessed the grave, and recited the prayers for the dead, and then, all that was mortal of Captain Archibald Macra Chisholm was laid in its final resting place, “in sure and certain Hope of the Resurrection to Eternal Life through Jesus Christ, who shall change this vile body, so that it may be made like unto His glorious Body, according to the mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things unto Himself.”

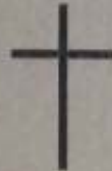
The broken-hearted widow, left to mourn his loss, in her home among the hills, lived to cherish his memory. His presence seemed near her in every effort of thought and life. Having the comfort of a small private Chapel at Glassburn, her leisure hours were spent in prayer and holy meditation ; in fervent intercessions, that grace and strength might be given her to prepare for the day when she would

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once more meet him whom her soul had loved, and whom she fondly described as the "grandest, the handsomest of men, the gentlest, tho' the bravest, and so good, so pure, so holy. Never had he to reproach himself for any stain upon his life; and to look upon him so beautiful as he looked in death after his spotless life, one felt certain that he was with the God he served so faithfully."

Mr Francis W. Grey, who married one of Captain Chisholm's nieces, wrote some lines in memory of Captain Chisholm. Mr Grey, "a grandson whom the great Earl Grey has given to the Church," is a contributor to "The American Catholic Quarterly Review," "The Westminster Gazette," and other periodicals, and is the author of "The Curé of St. Philippe." He received the degree of Doctor of Letters from Ottawa University, *hon causa*, 1908, and he is a confrater of the English Benedictine congregation. He holds the Government appointment of Inspector of Canadian Archives, London.

The lines are as follows:—



SO HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

In Memoriam, Captain A. M. Chisholm. R.I.P.

Soldier of Christ, sleep well! Thy conflict done;
Well hath the fight of Faith by thee been fought,
Who at thy life-task patiently hast wrought,
As in thy Master's Presence: who hast run
The way of his commandments, nor didst shun
To follow where He led, but who hast sought
To please Thy Lord by word, by deed, and thought,
In whom, by whom, thy victory was won.

Rest thou in Him; though we who love thee weep,
Ours only is the loss, for thou shalt share
His joy, His glory, who for him didst bear
His Cross along the pathway rugged, steep,
That leadeth Home; peace be thy portion there,
With Christ, who giveth His beloved sleep.

F. W. G.

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Captain Chisholm was the elder son of Dr Stewart Chisholm, Senior Surgeon in the Royal Artillery, and Deputy Inspector-General of Army Hospitals. Dr Chisholm attained to high distinction in his profession. When only 21 years of age he was present at the battle of Waterloo, and was in advance of the British Army with the Prussians on the march to Paris and at its surrender.¹ During the rebellion in Canada of 1838 he gave his services as a volunteer, and several times narrowly escaped with his life. On one occasion in the war at Prescott, the officers in command of the company to which he was attached were, one after another, disabled; in the emergency, Dr Chisholm took command, and discharged his duty with great ability, receiving high commendation in the official communications of the Commander of the Forces, "in admiration of his conduct," and for the "valuable services" he rendered on occasion of the conflict with the rebels and Americans. The General commanding in chief directed "his congratulations" to be sent to Dr Chisholm "with reference to his exertions in that affair"; and the Master-General expressed "by minute" his gratification "at conduct so creditable and so honourable to him."

Dr Chisholm held many appointments in Canada, and had to pay official visits frequently to this country. It is said he crossed the Atlantic 14 times. In his later years he held a high appointment in Ceylon, but his health having broken down, he resigned his office and returned to Scotland. He was the last of the Waterloo officers who served on full pay. He died at Inverness, on 30th September 1862, in the 69th year of his age and 50th of his military service. He was buried in Eskdale churchyard, near the spot where the

¹ Dr Chisholm received a large sum of Prize Money in recognition of his services at the battle of Waterloo. With this money he purchased articles of silver upon each of which he caused to be stamped the Chisholm crest with his cypher—S.C.—and the words "Waterloo Prize Money." These articles are greatly prized by his descendants and relatives.

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brothers Sobieski Stuart, who claimed to be grandsons of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, lie buried, and a little beyond the mortuary chapel of the Lovat family. Being well known as a thorough Highlander, a devoted clansman, and of great kindness and warmth of heart, the Chisholms of Strathglass, and other residents in the Glen came out in large numbers to the funeral. Some time before his death, Dr Chisholm, when sitting at his window, was much affected by hearing a lament played by two pipers at a funeral in Inverness. "The finest band in the world," he said, "could not move the feelings so deeply as that last wail over the grave of a Highlander. I should like the pipes to be played at my own funeral." His wish was carried out. Pipers preceded the hearse from Eskadale to the burying-ground, playing the "Lament of the Chisholms" and "MacRimmon's Lament."

The wife of Dr Chisholm and mother of Captain Chisholm was Mary Macra, daughter of Archibald Macra, Esq., of Ardintoul, Kintail, and of Janet Macleod, daughter of John Macleod, Tenth Baron of Raasay, his wife. Mary's brother was Sir John Macra, K.C.H., Colonel of the Cameron Highlanders. He was present at the battle of Corunna, and many other engagements in the Peninsular war.

Sir John afterwards acted as Military Secretary to his relative the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India. His mother, Janet Macleod, was one of the ten beautiful daughters of that chief of the Macleods who entertained Dr Johnson on his famous tour to the Hebrides.¹ Her eldest sister, Flora, married the Earl of Loudon, and was the mother of Flora, Countess of Loudon in her own right, who married the Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General of India. One of their daughters was the famous Lady Flora Hastings,

¹ The china tea service used by the Raasay family at the time of Dr Johnson's visit was in the possession of Captain Chisholm at Glassburn; it now belongs to his cousin, Major John Macrae-Gilstrap, of Ballimore, Argyllshire, and Constable of Ellandonan Castle, in the County of Ross. The late Rev. John Macleod Campbell of Row was a cousin of this family of Macleod of Raasay.

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Woman of the Bedchamber to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and another, the Marchioness of Bute.

Captain Chisholm's younger brother, Loudon Hastings Chisholm, was a Lieutenant in the 43rd Regiment, H. E. I. C. S. He died under canvas during the Burmese War of 1853.

Dr Stewart Chisholm was a descendant of the ancient House of Chisholm in two lines of ancestry—through the main line of the Chisholms of Strathglass and also through one of the cadet lines, the Chisholms of Cromlix, near Dunblane, Perthshire. A most beautifully written pedigree of the Chisholms, tracing the family from its origin to the present time, is in the possession of the writer.

Dr Chisholm's grandfather was Roderick Chisholm, who was an officer in the Black Watch shortly after that gallant regiment was first raised at Aberfeldy bridge in 1729. General Stewart in his "Sketches of the Highlanders," says of the men of the Black Watch that "Many who composed the companies were of a higher station in society than that from which soldiers in general are raised; cadets of gentlemen's families, sons of gentlemen farmers, and tacksmen, either immediately or distantly descended from gentlemen's families; men who felt themselves responsible for their conduct to high-minded and honourable families, as well as to a country for which they cherished a devoted affection. In addition to the advantages derived from their superior rank in life, they possessed in an eminent degree, that of a commanding external deportment, special care being taken in selecting men of full height, well-proportioned, and of handsome appearance. When this regiment was first embodied, it was no uncommon thing to see private soldiers riding to the exercising ground followed by servants carrying their firelocks and uniforms." Such were the materials of which "Scotia's darling Corps" was originally composed. Dr Chisholm's father inherited the same martial spirit. An

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exceedingly handsome man, six feet three inches in height, he joined one of the numerous independent companies then being formed for a contemplated expedition to the Nootkha Sound. This expedition, however, was abandoned, and the young Highlander had, like so many of the Highland gentlemen after the abolition of the clan system, to engage in mercantile pursuits. His son, however, was more fortunate, and nobly carried on the martial traditions of his ancestors.

The Chisholm family is a very ancient one. Their original seat was in Roxburghshire, and the only person of the name who signed Ragman's Roll is Richard de Chisholme del Counte de Rokesburgh, and in that county the family still remains. Undoubtedly the family originally was Norman. The earliest document extant in which mention is made of the name, is a Bull of Pope Alexander IV., in which John de Chisholme is named in the year 1254. A descendant of John, Alexander de Chisholme of Chisholme married Margaret, Lady of Erchless, Strathglass. By this marriage Strathglass and neighbouring lands came into the possession of the family. Wiland de Chisholm, the descendant of the latter, was the first who took the title—The Chisholm. He is mentioned in records of 1499. The Chisholms in the south spelt their name with a final e, but those in the north dropped that letter at the end of the name.

The family of Chisholm, as chiefs of the clan of that name, has been settled in Strathglass for nearly six centuries. In the charter chest of the town of Inverness is a deed, beautifully executed, by which Robert de Chisholm, Knight, grandfather of the above Alexander de Chisholme, in the year 1362, at the Feast of the Epiphany of the Holy Cross, grants "for the weal of his soul and the souls of his ancestors and successors" six acres of land lying within the "auld castle lands of Inverness." The land is known by the name of Diriebucht or *Tir-na-bochd*, the "lands of the poor," and

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it is still partly in the possession of the Kirk-Session of Inverness, and is now graced with some handsome villas. Sir Robert Chisholm received the honour of knighthood from King David II. under whom he fought, and was taken prisoner at Redhills in 1346. He was married to a daughter of Sir Robert Lauder of Quarrelwood, Constable of Castle Urquhart, on Loch Ness, to which office he succeeded, and thus became established as an important person in the County. Subsequent members of the family married into the families of the Baron of Duffus, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Mackenzie of Kintail, Farquharson of Invercauld, Maclean of Ardgour, the Mackenzies of Gairloch, Applecross, and Coul. The estate was forfeited to the Crown owing to Roderick Chisholm having joined the rising of 1715.

The Jacobite chief afterwards repented, and made submission. The estate was restored. Roderick Chisholm, however, was still at heart a Jacobite, and when the standard of Prince Charles Edward was raised at Glenfinnan, in 1745, he joined his father-in-law, Macdonell of Glengarry, in expousing the cause of the exiled Prince. He fought with one of his sons by his side (who was slain at Culloden), and he was one of the marked men excluded from the Act of Pardon, and his estates forfeited. Fortunately, however, the chief had a good friend in President Forbes, and through his influence he escaped by paying a fine. The estate was bought back for behoof of the family in 1774, and three years later it was entailed in heirs male. Every year the possessions have increased in value, and a finer Highland estate can hardly be imagined. It includes wood, lake, river, and mountains, in their most picturesque forms, particularly Glen-Affric or "The Pass of the Chisholms," the most beautiful glen in Scotland, with stretches of fine arable and pasture land; and the family seat is a stately old tower, built between 1594 and 1610, with modern additions surrounded by flourishing plantations. The last chief who

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owned the property was Roderick Donald Matheson Chisholm who died in 1887. He left the estates to his mother who, on her death, bequeathed them to her daughters, the Misses Chisholm, the elder of which is now dead, the younger, Miss Annie Chisholm, being sole proprietor.

The Piobaireachd or Gathering of the Clan is called *Failte Siosalach Straghlais*, being a Welcome or Salute. There is a traditional story applied to its origin, which has also been applied to "MacNeil's March," and alludes to the hospitality of the chief, who kept a table always spread for the entertainment of visitors. The pipers of the Chisholms were originally Camerons. There is a curious relic preserved from time immemorial at Erchless Castle. A story regarding this relic is told in "Mackenzie's History of the Clan," as follows:—

On the return to their homes of those who survived Culloden, the people of Strathglass were not at all surprised to learn that Ian Beag, The Chisholm's piper, should have performed feats quite beyond the powers of any other of his craft. He had, in addition to his natural abilities, other great advantages. Exceptional and extraordinary powers had always been attributed to the Black Chanter, the famous "Feadan Dubh." The tradition regarding it was that long ago a chief of Chisholm stayed for a time in Rome, and on his return brought home, among other valuables, the celebrated Black Chanter, which combined in itself all manner of musical charms. But though manufactured of the hardest and blackest ebony, it was not impervious to the gnawing effects of time. Consequently it had been strapped with bands and hoops of silver by successive chiefs. This, gave it the familiar name of "Maighdean a Chuarain," or the Maiden of the Sandal. It is said that along with its musical charms it had other qualities the reverse of charming. When a member of the chief's family was about to die, the Black Chanter would be quite silent, or if not entirely mute the

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best piper that ever handled a set of pipes could not get a correct note out of it. So says the legends. A native poet, Donald Chisholm, determined to perpetuate his admiration of the Feadan Dubh, says in one of his sweet effusions—

Fraoch Eadailteach binn,
'S e gu h-airgiodach grinn,
Cha robh an Alba
Na fhuair cis deth an ceol.

James Logan, author of "The Scottish Gael," in an unpublished manuscript note left by him, makes the following reference to this famous instrument. "There is," he says, "a curious relic preserved from time immemorial at Erchless Castle. It is a feadan or bagpipe chanter, to the possession of which a superstitious importance is attached by the clan. Whenever the laird died, this sympathetic instrument is said to have announced the event, at whatever distance it might then be, and it is related that the piper, when one night playing it at a wedding in a part of the country far distant from Strathglass, heard his chanter suddenly crack, on which, starting up, he exclaimed: 'It is time for me to be gone, for The Chisholm is no more!' It was found that he died at that very moment. This instrument, cracking so often, is now considerably shattered, and has been very carefully bound together, whence it has got the name of 'Maighdean a Chuarain,' from a fancied resemblance to the lacing of the cuaran, or Highland buskin, now disused." "The Chisholms," he continues, "were accounted excellent musicians, and the chiefs had often both fiddler and piper in their establishment, and two of these, being contemporaries, were remarkable for having each had five wives."

Comar, in the heart of the district, was usually the residence of the chiefs of Chisholm when the heir-apparent was unmarried. When the heir was married his father always established him in Comar, while, until the Castle was built, he himself resided at the Old House of Erchless. The

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practice was continued long afterwards. Thus a Highland Court on a moderate scale was established in the very centre of the people. From these centres of genuine hospitality a virtuous and exemplary mode of life used to flow. If tradition speaks aright the ties of friendship and mutual confidence never stood on a firmer basis anywhere between landlord and tenant than they generally did in the country of the Chisholms. The alacrity with which, when asked, the tenants furnished their chief with the requisite number of men to procure commissions for such of his sons as made choice of the profession of arms was simply wonderful, and nothing could illustrate the feeling of good-will which existed between them better than their action on such occasions.

As was customary of old, with chiefs, and great lairds, every family retained a fool or jester. One of the Chisholms was afflicted with bad legs so much that he was deprived of the power of walking and had to be carried about. When, one fine summer evening, he was carried to a couch placed for him in the garden, seeing his fool there he called him, in order to remain with him, for the purpose of keeping the flies off his legs. The fool carried a large stick in his hand, and seeing a swarm of flies resting on his master's leg, he suddenly aimed a blow at them, but to his astonishment, instead of destroying the flies, he nearly broke the chief's legs, and threw him into a swoon. Thinking that he had killed his master, the fool ran away as fast as he could to the neighbouring wood. When the servants returned to the garden to take their master home, they were much alarmed to find him in such a pitiable condition. On coming to himself, he told them what the fool, who was nowhere to be seen, had done. A search was made, but when they were on the point of giving it up as fruitless, the fool, from the top of a thickly branched tree, bawled out, "Ye needna, sirs, for mysel' has juist got mysel'." Having decoyed him down, and expostulated with him on the injury he had done to his

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master, he said, "It was the flies that did it, not me." But in the end it turned out, as the story goes, that the Chisholm's jester was the best physician his master ever had; for the disease in his legs disappeared altogether shortly after the sound slashes given them by Donald, the fool.

The "Fear na Bratach," or standard-bearer of one clan, was by Celtic usage selected from another, or bore a different name, as was the Macgregors whose banner-men were Macphersons. That of the Chisholms was Ian na Bratach, who had carried it at Culloden, and survived long after the "affair of the '45." [His name was Macdonald. He afterwards emigrated to Canada].

In a List of "Rebel Colours" taken at the Battle of Culloden, and brought to Edinburgh Castle on 31st May 1746, and received from Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, appears the following:—

"On a staff a white linnen colours, motto *Terores ferio*, Chisholmes."

"On a staff a white linen colours belonging to the Farquharsons."

"On a staff a white silk colours with the Stewart's Arms, *God save the King.*"

"A blew silk colours with the Lovat Arms, *Sinc Sanquine Victor.*"

Which colours I am to deliver to Lord Justice Clerk at Edinburgh.

(Signed) HN. WENTWORTH.

Inverness, 11th May 1745.

Castle of Edinburgh,

31st May 1746.

Received from Major Wentworth the above Colours, which are to be marched on Wednesday next, betwixt twelve and one, with a sufficient guard, to the Cross of Edinburgh, and there to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman. By order of the Lord Justice Clerk.

(Signed) RUSSELL, Chapman.

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The Colours were accordingly burned at the Market-Cross of Edinburgh on 4th June 1746, chimney sweeps assisting the common hangman.

The Chisholms of Cromlix, Perthshire, were descended from Sir Edmund Chisholme, fourth son of Sir Robert Chisholme VIII. of Chisholme in Roxburghshire. One of this family, Sir James Chisholm, was a man of great learning. He entered into Holy Orders and was made chaplain to James III. In 1486 he was dispatched on a royal mission to Rome, when he made such an impression upon Pope Innocent VIII. that he appointed him to the See of Dunblane, and he was consecrated Bishop of Dunblane in the following year. He was a careful administrator and a good Bishop. William Chisholm, nephew of Sir James, also became Bishop of Dunblane. He, in turn, was succeeded in the Bishopric of Dunblane by his nephew, also named William. He was in high favour with Mary, Queen of Scots, by whom he was much employed in public affairs. He was the prelate who was sent to Rome to procure a dispensation from the Pope for the marriage of Queen Mary to Darnley.

Under date, 1565, Tytler writes—"It was now the end of July, and Chisholm, Bishop of Dunblane, having arrived from Rome with a dispensation for the marriage, it was intimated to the people, by a public proclamation, that the Queen had resolved to take to her husband an illustrious prince, Henry, Duke of Albany, for which reason she commanded her subjects to give him the title of King." Bishop Chisholm was ultimately forfeited, when he retired to France, and was appointed Bishop of Vaison, in Normandy. He, however, continued to take an active part in the affairs of the Scottish Catholics. In his latter years he seems to have become weary of the ceaseless intrigues of his former life, and resigning his French diocese to a nephew, or third Bishop William Chisholm of the Cromlix family, he became a Carthusian Friar of Grenoble, and died, very advanced in

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years, at Rome, in 1593. He was the last Roman Catholic Bishop of Dunblane. A Prayer-book bearing the name of Bishop Chisholm on the fly leaf in autograph, is one of the treasured possessions in the old library at Inverpeffray, near Crieff. The arms of Bishop Chisholm appear high up in the tower of Dunblane Cathedral, a part of which he is said to have built. The "meikle silver sconces," given by Bishop Chisholm to the Cathedral of Dunblane, disappeared at the Reformation. The Bishop's arms also appear upon the carved choir stalls and misereres, dating from the sixteenth century, in the Cathedral.

Dr Stewart Chisholm's mother was Isabel Stewart, daughter of John Stewart, who was one of the fifteen children of Alexander Stewart of Strath Garry, Perthshire, the representative of a branch of the well-known "Stewarts of Appin," immortalised in Hogg's well-known poem. Alexander Stewart of Strath Garry was a son of the Reverend Duncan Stewart, A.M., minister of Blair-Atholl and proprietor of Strath Garry. The Reverend Duncan Stewart was formerly minister of Dunoan. He was intruded at Blair Atholl prior to 11th October 1709. He purchased several estates in the counties of Argyll and Perth, and died about 10th March 1730. At 21st February 1716, he is stated as having "intruded into the Kirks of Blair Atholl and Struan, these many years bygone, never having prayed for King George, but only in general terms for the Sovereign, having read the proclamation for the thanksgiving for the Pretender's safe arrival, on the 22nd January last, having also a great hand in influencing the people to rebellion, and read all the proclamations emitted by the Earl of Mar." He married first the grand-daughter of Hector, Bishop of Argyll, and had issue, Alexander of Strath Garry; secondly, Janet McCalman, and had a son, Allan Stewart. The Reverend Duncan Stewart published a "Short Historical and Genealogical Account of the Royal Family of Scotland

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from Kenneth II., and of the surname of Stewart," at Edinburgh, 1739. This rare work is a very reliable and accurate one. Alexander Stewart of Strath Garry, the son of the latter, had, in addition to his son John, two other surviving sons who became parish ministers. These were the Reverend Alexander Stewart, who became minister of Blair Atholl, and the Reverend Allan Stewart, who became minister of Kilspindie.

Dr Stewart Chisholm had two sisters. Ann Chisholm,¹ the elder, married Lawrence Lawson, son of John Lawson of Inveralmond and Langrove, near Perth, and their daughter, the late Mrs Stewart Stirton (name-child of Dr and Mrs Stewart Chisholm, and mother of the present writer) was their daughter. The younger sister, Allan Stewart Chisholm (name-child of Reverend Allan Stewart, of Kilspindie, her mother's uncle), married a Mr Miller. Their only son, John Stewart Miller, settled in Montreal, Canada. He married and had two surviving daughters—Laura (name-child of Lawrenza Lawson, daughter of Lawrence Lawson above-mentioned) who married a Mr Anderson, and another who married Mr Robert Graham, brother of Sir Hugh Graham (now Lord Atholstan), proprietor of the "Montreal Daily Star." The latter had one daughter, Marion Laura Chisholm Graham, wife of William, the second and present Lord Shaughnessy, whose father was the pioneer of the great Canadian Pacific Railway.

Dr Stewart Chisholm had two surviving daughters—Mary Stewart, who married Philip Skene of Skene, and died in 1895; and Janet Macleod, who married Colonel Charles o Rolland, Seigneur of Sainte Marie de Monnoir, Montreal.

¹ Ann Chisholm was the writer's grandmother. The writer has a visiting card belonging to her and which was printed in the year of Waterloo—1815. It is gilt-edged and bears her name printed in beautiful Gothic letters. A brooch belonging to her, on the back of which was a beautifully painted miniature of her brother, Dr Stewart Chisholm, surmounted by some of her hair and his entwined, was unfortunately lost on the sands at Broughty Ferry.

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He was the son of Chief Justice Rolland and Marguerite D'Estemauville his wife. The latter was the daughter of the Baron de Beaumuchel, whose father fled from France at the time of the Revolution. He had been equerry to King Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette, and his brother had been secretary to the King's brother the Duc de Conde. The dress worn by the Baroness de Beaumuchel at the Court of Louis XVI., also the knee buckles of the Baron adorned with forty beautiful brilliants, are now in the possession of Mrs Marie Terroux, grand-daughter of Dr Chisholm. Madame Rolland was a lady of great spirit, gifted with a lively intelligence, and with much charm of manner. She lived until her nintieth year, and was able almost to the last, to give lively descriptions of the scenes and places she had visited and the people she had met in her youth. She had a large family of sons—Archibald, Frank, Alexander, Roch, Charles, and Stewart, and two surviving daughters—Marie, wife of the late Mr Robert Terroux, who was a favourite niece of her uncle and aunt, Captain and Mrs Chisholm, and who has two sons, Loudon and Stewart, the latter of whom is likely to maintain the martial traditions of his ancestors, the Chisholms; and Jessie McLeod, wife of Mr Frank W. Grey, son of Admiral the Hon. George Grey, and grandson of the renowned Earl Grey. Mrs Grey died in 1928.

In 1832 a number of Chisholms who had settled in Canada, "many of them in high and responsible positions, transmitted an address to The Chisholm through Dr Stewart Chisholm of the Royal Artillery, who had for many years resided and rendered distinguished service in the Dominion." This address, surmounted by the Arms of Chisholm with supporters, was presented by Dr Chisholm to Alexander, The Chisholm, on behalf of Dr Chisholm's Canadian countrymen, at the St. James' Hotel, Jermyn Street, London, in presence of Mrs Chisholm of Chisholm (mother of the Chief)

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and several members of the clan. "Many of the names attached to the address are historical, and the positions occupied even then by so many of the Clan Chisholm in Canada, make the completed document, with the signatures as we now have it, particularly interesting." One of the names is that of James Sutherland Chisholm, who afterwards became Chief of the Clan, and his son, Roderick Donald Matheson Chisholm, who died in 1887, was the last Chief who owned the ancestral lands in Strathglass and neighbourhood. The document¹ is as follows:—

Glengarry, Upper Canada, September 1832.

Dear Chief,—It is with great pleasure that we embrace the present opportunity of transmitting to you through our respected clansman, Dr Stewart Chisholm of the Royal Artillery, who is now on his route to Scotland, our warmest expressions of regard and attachment to you, Chief of our clan.

It is true that a wide sea rolls between us, our native glens and heathclad hills, the land of our forefathers, but divided as we are, we have still hearts to appreciate the value of the institutions of our country.

At a time like the present, when Britain seems to be insulted by a Democracy that would destroy all order, and when her ancient and perhaps noblest enemy² has made order a song, we, clansmen of yours inhabiting the wilds of Upper Canada, declare that whatever the rest of governors or governed may do, we at least shall still be proud to act upon the old principle. It may not be irrelevant perhaps to say that, while all other institutions are on the wane, our patriarchal ones remain firm.

The king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke an' a' that,
A Highland chief's aboon his might,
Gude faith he mauna fa' that.

¹ The writer has a lithographed copy of it.

² In allusion to the abolition of the hereditary peerage in France.

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The Highland Chief of a thousand years is still the father of his family, and we are proud to acknowledge him. Dear Chief, that you may long live to enjoy health and prosperity is the ardent and sincere wish of your clansmen.

SIGNED.

George Chisholm, of Burlington Bay, head of Lake Ontario, now in his eighty-seventh year. Sixty years ago he emigrated from Springton on the Leys, near Inverness, N.B. [He died in the year 1843, aged 98.]

John Chisholm, of East Flamboro, Gore District, J.P., Colonel Commanding 4th Regiment of Gore Militia, and Collector of Customs and Tolls.

William Chisholm, of Oakville, Member of Parliament for the County of Halton, Colonel Commanding 2nd Regiment Gore Militia.

George Chisholm, Lieutenant-Colonel 2nd Regiment Gore Militia. The three above are sons to Mr George Chisholm, of Burlington Bay.

A. M. Chisholm, W. D. Chisholm, John B. Chisholm, James B. Chisholm, sons of the above Colonel John Chisholm.

George R. Chisholm.

John A. Chisholm, Robert K. Chisholm, William Mackenzie Chisholm, sons of the above William Chisholm, Esq., of Oakville, M.P.

Alexander M. Chisholm.

Duncan Chisholm, George B. Chisholm, William K. Chisholm, sons of the above Lieutenant-Colonel G. Chisholm.

George Chisholm, of Queenstown Heights, Niagra.

Angus Allan Chisholm, Archibald Charles Chisholm, James Halking Chisholm, sons to the late Alexander Chisholm, who emigrated forty-seven years ago from Middle Knockfin, Strathglass.

Charles Alexander Chisholm, James Allan Chisholm, sons to the above Mr Angus Chisholm.

Alexander Chisholm, Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Regiment Hastings Militia, emigrated forty-seven years ago from Middle Knockfin, Strathglass, named after the chief Alexander, grandfather to the present chief.

Colin Chisholm, James Chisholm, John Chisholm, Stephen Gilbert Chisholm, Allan Taylor Chisholm, William Fraser Chisholm, sons to the above Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Chisholm.

Archibald Chisholm, Captain 1st Regiment Hastings Militia, brother to the above Alexander, and emigrated at the same time.

John Chisholm, William Henry Chisholm, Murcheson Chisholm, sons to the above Colin Chisholm.

Donald Chisholm, from Achlian in Glenmoriston, and emigrated from thence about ten years ago. He is grandson to that celebrated and noble-minded Highlander, Hugh (Macphail) Chisholm who spurned at the reward of £30,000 offered for betraying Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and who never gave his right hand to a man after having bid farewell to his Royal Master. Mr Donald Chisholm is the son of Alexander, eldest son to

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the hero of Corriglio, and now lives near Lochiel, County of Glengarry, Upper Canada. The sword of his grandfather is in the possession of Dr Stewart Chisholm, Royal Artillery, with affidavits attached to it from Isabella, his daughter, and others. [The following foot-note is added— "London, 21st March 1845. The above sword was this day placed in possession of The Chisholm, where it ought to be. Signed, Stewart Chisholm, Senior Surgeon, Royal Artillery." On the death of The Chisholm the sword was returned by his housekeeper to Dr. Chisholm. When Dr. Chisholm died, on 30th September 1862, the sword came into the possession of his son, Captain Archibald Macra Chisholm (late of the Black Watch, Royal Highlanders, Hartfield House, Applecross, now (1890) residing at Glassburn, Strathglass.)]

John Chisholm, Alexander Chisholm, Peter Chisholm, sons to the above Mr Donald Chisholm.

William Chisholm, son of John Chisholm, from Strathglass, now in Lochiel, Glengarry, Upper Canada.

Valentine Chisholm, from Strathglass, now in Lochiel, Glengarry, Upper Canada.

John Chisholm, from Strathglass, now living at Roxborough, Eastern Division, Upper Canada.

John Chisholm, Alexander Chisholm, sons to the above Mr John Chisholm.

Donald Chisholm, Charles Chisholm, grandsons to the celebrated Hugh Chisholm, by his daughter Katherine, and sons to John Chisholm from Strathglass, now in Glengarry, Upper Canada.

Duncan Chisholm, son of Donald (Macphail) Chisholm, brother to the hero of Corriglio, emigrated from Blairie, Glenmoriston, in the year 1769.

Hugh Chisholm, Donald Chisholm, Alexander Chisholm, William Chisholm, sons to the above Mr Donald Chisholm, residing near Bishop Macdonell's, in Glengarry.

Archibald Chisholm, son of Hugh, son to said Donald (Macphail) Chisholm.

Alexander Chisholm, son to the above Archibald Chisholm, both living on the Black River, Glengarry.

Lewis Chisholm, Captain 1st Regiment Glengarry Militia, son to the above Donald (Macphail) Chisholm, residing on the Black River, Glengarry; emigrated with his father and brother from Blairie, Glenmoriston, in 1769.

Alexander Chisholm, Donald Chisholm, John Chisholm, sons to the above Captain Lewis Chisholm.

William Chisholm, son of John Chisholm, and grandson to Alexander, brother to the hero of Corriglio, living in Glenmore, Glengarry; emigrated years ago from Glenmoriston.

John Chisholm, Alexander Chisholm, Donald Chisholm, Peter Chisholm, Duncan Chisholm, William Chisholm, sons to the above William Chisholm.

John Chisholm from Strathglass, emigrated previous to the American Revolutionary War, and was the first settler on the Indian Reserve, north branch of the Black River, Glengarry.

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David Chisholm, eldest son of the above John, being the first European christened in that part of the country.

John Chisholm, Hugh Chisholm, Donald Chisholm, Ronald Chisholm, Alexander Chisholm, James Chisholm, Roderick Chisholm, sons to the above John Chisholm, who emigrated from Strathglass previous to the Revolutionary War.

Alexander Chisholm, John Chisholm, Duncan Chisholm, sons to the above Mr David Chisholm (the first christened).

Archibald Chisholm, John Chisholm, two sons of Donald Chisholm, and grandsons to J. Chisholm, from Strathglass.

William Chisholm, son of John Chisholm, and grandson to the above John Chisholm from Strathglass.

Kenneth Chisholm, from Strathglass years ago.

John Chisholm, St. Andrew's, Knoydart, near Glengarry, Upper Canada.
Colin Chisholm, brother of the above.

Alexander Chisholm, emigrated with the Honourable and Right Rev. Bishop Macdonell from Strathglass, gardener to the Bishop at his palace, St. Raphaels.

Archibald Chisholm, emigrated from Craskie, Glenmoriston, in 1830.

Archibald Chisholm, from Strathglass in 1828, residing near Bishop Macdonell's Glengarry, Upper Canada, brother to Dr A. B. Chisholm, Portland Place, London.

Duncan Chisholm, from Invercannich in 1828.

Alexander Chisholm, student of Divinity, son to Colin Chisholm, Strathglass, carrier.

James Sutherland Chisholm, son to Roderick Chisholm (who died at Montreal during the cholera of 1832), and nephew to Captain Donald Chisholm, H.P., Royal Highlanders. He is heir of entail to the Chisholm estates, failing issue to the present chief, Duncan Macdonell Chisholm, Captain and Adjutant of the Coldstream Guards. His sister Jemima Chisholm, was married at Kingston, Upper Canada, on the 8th January 1840, to Mr Milner, a Government contractor.

Alexander Chisholm, J.P., late a Lieutenant of the Royal African Corps, emigrated from Kerrow in 1817. He is now Member of Parliament for Glengarry, and Colonel-Commandant of the 2nd Battalion Glengarry Militia.

Duncan Chisholm, father to the above, emigrated in 1822; resides on his farm, which he has called Achagiad.

Duncan Chisholm, Colin Chisholm, Roderick Chisholm, Theodore Chisholm, sons to the above Achagiad, all living in his neighbourhood.

Christopher Chisholm, brother to Roderick and Duncan Chisholm, of Middle Crochel, lives on south side of Lake St. Frances, at a place called Kintail; has twelve sons.

The following account of a festival in commemoration of the victory of Alexandria, held by the Highland Society of

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London, in the Freemasons' Tavern, London, is of much interest to members of the Clan Chisholm, as the Chief of the Clan was in the Chair, and other leading members of the family were present, including Dr Stewart Chisholm and Sir John Macra, his brother-in-law, who made a speech in Gaelic. A deeper interest attaches to the gathering from the fact that two sons of the Scottish national poet, Robert Burns, were present, Colonel and Major Burns, and that Burns's beautiful lyric, "O, a' the airts the wind can blaw," was sweetly sung by the poet's son, Major Burns. The account which appeared in "The Evening Sun" of March 24th, 1845, is as follows:—

This convivial Society held, on Saturday, at the Freemasons' Tavern, their anniversary festival in commemoration of the victory of Alexandria, in which so many Highlanders had distinguished themselves, on the 21st of March 1801. Good Friday having this year fallen on that day, the gathering took place on the 22nd. It is usual for the Society to invite all the officers who had been present with the army in Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercromby, but the hand of time has made sad havoc amongst those brave men, and the present long and severe winter has been the means of confining several of them to their homes by indisposition, so that only a few of these veterans were present, viz., Col. Sir John M. Wilson, Col. Elwin, Capt. Kelly, R.N., and Captain Fead, R.N. The gallant President of the Society, Lord Saltoun, was prevented from attending in consequence of the death, on the previous day, of his brother, the Hon. Wm. Frazer. The chair was, however, very ably filled by The Chisholm. Amongst the general company present we observed Major-General Duncan M'Leod, Major-General Briggs, Colonel Sir John M'Ra, James Matheson, Esq., of Achany, M.P., who wore a magnificent Highland dress, Lord Reidhaven, Colonel and Major Burns, sons of the poet; Captain Maitland, R.N.; Captain Rigmaiden, R.N.; Captain Lamont, R.N.; Captain Kelly, R.N.; Captain Innes, R.N.; Captain Charles Forbes, Captain Kincaid, Dr Power, Captain Tulloch, W. Spratt Boyd, Dr Stewart Chisholm, R.A.; Robert Coates, Esq.; W. W. Scrimgeour, Esq.; Thomas Lawrence, Esq.; D. C. Guthrie, Esq.; J. Gordon Duff, Esq.; J. Tulloch, Esq.; J. Masterman, Esq.; Geo. Bain, Esq.; John Burnie, Esq.; John M'Gregor, Esq.; Hugh J. Cameron, Esq.; W. Judd, Esq.; T. Archer, Esq.

Before dinner the Society held a general Court, at which the proceedings of the Society, and other matters of business connected therewith, were brought before the Court by Mr G. Bain, the Honorary Secretary, after which the company proceeded to the banquet, in the magnificent hall of the Freemasons' Tavern, preceded by Her Majesty's piper, Mr Angus Mackay, and his brother Donald, the Society's piper, formerly in the service of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

About one hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner, the majority of whom were attired in full Highland costume. This gave a most picturesque appearance to the gathering. It looked like a *tableau vivant* from Sir Walter Scott. The gallery was occupied by ladies. During the dinner, which was an excel-

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lent one, and which included most of the national dishes of Scotland, in addition to the most *recherché* of the products of the *cuisine* of France, and the solid roast and boiled of Old England, the band of the Scots Fusilier Guards played several popular airs. At the conclusion of the dinner, the pipers paraded the room, playing a Highland national air, which was received by the company with shouts of enthusiasm. Grace having been said, the cloth was withdrawn, the toastmaster Toole, *the Toole*, proclaimed silence for

The Chisholm, who in proposing the first toast, briefly alluded to the circumstances under which he had been unexpectedly called upon to assume the chair. Their President, Lord Saltoun, was unavoidably absent in consequence of the death of his brother, the Hon. W. Frazer, and in alluding to that melancholy event, he could not forbear paying a passing tribute to his memory.—(Cheers). They had not only to regret the loss of his valuable services to that Society, but to the world.—(Cheers). In consequence of that unexpected calamity he had been called upon to fill the chair. He would not ask their indulgence on the occasion, as that might imply a presumption on his part, on the one hand, that any exertions of his might contribute to the hilarity of the evening, or on the other that his short-comings might damp it—(Cheers)—but he would ask them all cordially to unite in assisting to pass the evening with true Highland feeling, and true Highland enthusiasm.—(Cheers). He had now to propose a toast, dear to them as British subjects, most dear to them as Highlanders—"The Queen."

Drunk with all the honours.

"God save the Queen,"—By the band.

The Chisholm, in proposing the health of the Queen Dowager, alluded to the well-known benevolence of that respected lady, and stated that on being recently applied to for her patronage for a benevolent institution at Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, her Majesty had not only granted her patronage, but had also sent a liberal subscription. The toast was drunk with three times three.

The Chisholm then rose to propose the Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family.—(Cheers). He proposed that toast under peculiar circumstances. He could not but recollect that this was the year '45.—(Cheers). A hundred years ago the ancestors of some of those present would have told a different tale.—(Cheers). But what brought them out in '45? In what character did they appear? They appeared as the gallant subjects of their Sovereign. It was their loyalty that made them take the field.—(Loud cheers). It was to support that Prince who was the lineal representative of the heir to the British Crown that their ancestors went to the battle-field—(Cheers)—and that same feeling of loyalty would induce them now to stand up as firmly and undauntedly in support of those who now occupied the throne.—(Cheers). They were now, in 1845, surrounded by English officers, but he could not forget that their ancestors, in 1745, met them on other terms at Preston Pans.—(Cheers and laughter). So far from forgetting it, the remembrance of it should excite in them the spirit of emulation as to who should best serve their Sovereign and their country.—(Loud cheers). As the descendant of one of those clans which had been out in '45—(Loud cheers)—he would not be ashamed to do or afraid to suffer in the cause of his Sovereign anything that his ancestors had done or suffered for the sake of the Stuarts. He called upon them heartily to respond to the toast of "The Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family."—(Cheers).

The toast was drunk enthusiastically.

The Chisholm next proposed "The Health of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Chief of the Highland Society."—(Loud cheers). From all they had heard and seen, it was evident that true Highland feeling reigned para-

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mount at present in high places.—(Loud cheers). He proposed the toast should be drunk with Highland honours.

The toast having been drunk, each man placed his left foot on his chair, and his right foot on the table, and waving his plumed bonnet, gave that enthusiastic and inspiring shout which is so often heard on the battle-field, when the clans

“Like reapers descend to the harvest of death.”

The appearance of the Hall at this moment was most picturesque. The magnificent costume of the Highlanders, the animation of their features beaming with delight as they cheered, the enthusiasm with which the sound of the bagpipes, which immediately struck up, was greeted, until impelled as it were, by an irresistible force, they rushed to the dance, and began a Highland reel, contrasted forcibly with the tame, dull matter-of-fact manner in which the *business* of the evening is usually gone through at English dinners.

The Chisholm then proposed “The Army and Navy,” a toast never omitted at any public festivity, but one which more peculiarly appropriate to the present military festivity, inasmuch as the Highlands had devoted so many of her gallant sons to the defence of their country in both services.

Drunk with three times three.

Sir J. M’Ra, on the part of the army, returned thanks in Gaelic.

Captain Kelly, in returning thanks on the part of the navy, said, that he was proud to believe, from the manner in which the toast was always received, that the services of the members of his profession had met with the approbation of their countrymen in the effort which they had made to protect this sacred island from the invading foe.—(Loud cheers). All the attempts of the French, who at that time had extended their tyrannous grasp over the whole of Europe had been ineffectual.—(Cheers). This sacred isle had by the efforts of the navy been preserved from violation by the foe.—(Loud cheers). And if an enemy should again be induced to make the attempt, that same patriotic feeling which now slumbered in their breasts would be again aroused, and again would the navy deserve the approbation of the country.—(Loud cheers). He thought that those now growing up would find, if necessity should require it, that the navy would protect them against any inroads which an enemy might be daring enough to attempt.—(Cheers). He believed that those who came after us would be as well protected by the navy as those who went before us had been.—(Renewed cheering). He returned his grateful thanks to the Highland Society of London and to the Highlanders of Scotland, of whom they were the representatives, for the manner in which the toast had been received.—(Loud cheers).

The Chisholm said, that the last toast which they had drunk was, “The British Army and Navy,” but there was another army which comprised in it many British soldiers and officers, whose services had of late years been no less remarkable than the services of the Queen’s regiments.—(Hear, hear). He was proud to see among them that evening, two general officers of that service.—(Cheers). They had all heard of the glorious deeds which that branch of the service had performed.—(Loud cheers). They had all read of the sufferings of the Highland regiments at Kurrachee. He therefore proposed, and he was sure they would drink the toast with enthusiasm,—“The British and Native Soldiers of the Indian Army.”

The toast having been drunk with three times three, Major General M’Leod returned thanks.

The Chisholm, in alluding to the enthusiasm with which the last toast had been received, said, that the one which he was about to propose was calculated to excite somewhat different feelings. It was emphatically the toast of

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the evening—"The Memory of Sir Ralph Abercrombie and the Heroes who fell with him at Alexandria." The Highland Society had selected the anniversary of that battle for their annual meeting because they considered that on that day their country had attained the zenith of its fame. Other toasts followed, and mirth and music continued until early hours of morning.

The Chisholm, above-mentioned, was Duncan Macdonell Chisholm, who died in 1858. He was the son of William Chisholm of Chisholm, whose funeral in 1817 was the occasion of a remarkable display of clan sentiment as well as conviviality. He died at Bath, and the body was sent to Inverness by sea and lay in state there for several days in one of the inns, where "Wines and refreshments were laid out for all visitors; after which it was removed to the family burial-place in Beaulieu Priory, attended by almost the entire population of the town. The tenants of the deceased met the funeral procession at Beaulieu Bridge, resolved on removing their chief from the hearse, and carrying him on their shoulders; but the coffin being a leaden one, they were glad to desist from their purpose. A granary adjacent to the Priory was the scene of the banquet after the interment. The company was so numerous that it was apprehended the floor would have given way. Those of 'gentle kindred' occupied the upper room, whilst the commons caroused in the lower storey. To use a rude but familiar phrase—the claret ran like dish water; and the old women of the village brought pails to carry off the superfluous whisky, when those for whom it was designed could drink no more; nay, further, the voice of scandal has hinted that every one of them kept public-house for six months afterwards, from the relics of the feast. When the fiery beverage had inflamed their blood, the tenants, indignant at being debarred from tasting the claret, made an irruption into the quarters of the more favoured class, but were easily repulsed. Night closed on the revellers; several of whom (if my information be correct) were to wake no more, for a sharp fall of snow overpowered individuals of the senseless and straggling people. On

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rising in the morning to claim their horses, some of the gentlemen were astonished to find that the flaps of their saddles had been cut off, the Highlanders having discovered they would make excellent brogues! and made free with them accordingly."

The two sons of the poet Burns, above-mentioned, were on terms of intimate friendship with Dr Stewart Chisholm and his family. Madame Rolland, Dr Chisholm's daughter, in a letter to the writer says, "The two brothers, Willie and James Glencairn Burns came down on several occasions to see us at Chatham, and my father invariably had them to the Mess at the Barracks, and James Glencairn always was asked to sing 'O, a' the airts the wind can blaw,' and it was so acclaimed, the poet's son singing it. You may be sure the officers all enjoyed it—The Earl of Glencairn, I believe, he was named for—and Colonel Burns, Willie, I believe, was named after Burns's old friend, 'Willie brew'd a peck o' maut.' He did not sing. Then James Glencairn had a very nice daughter, and she used to come and stay with us. She sang so prettily—a favourite song she used to sing was, 'Twas a beautiful night and the stars shone bright.' She gave it to me and I used to sing it, but then I was not Burns's grand-daughter, so there is the difference! She became Mrs Hutchison, and lived in Cheltenham, and died some years ago. Willie was Colonel and James was Major in the 'John Company Service' of India, and the two brothers came to us also in Woolwich—they were so appreciated, and, of course, they would be at the Mess, and delight the officers, especially if they were any Scotch ones such as my father, who so enjoyed his songs—always a treat. This was just before my father was ordered to Canada in 1849. The 'John Company' after the Indian Mutiny was broken up and came under the British Control. It was then my father was ordered out to Ceylon where he was two years. Just my father and mother. Then he was retired—age limit,



GLASSBURN HOUSE.

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and they were back to London, and then to Inverness where he died in 1862. My dear father sang such a number of Scotch songs, and he played so sweetly on the flute—and there was no end to my songs learned from him. I sang a great deal, very sweetly as I thought, just sweetly and simply with no operatic twists or trills, so there is myself to you as I was and not as I am, an old woman, but the love of music is in me still. I play Highland pipe marches, and my son-in-law, Robert Terroux, is very fond of them and whistles them so sweetly—I cannot play reels any more. I am not sure if I ever told you that my father at the battle of Waterloo saw a French surgeon cut off the smashed and broken leg of a soldier, after it was off the poor fellow asked for his leg, and waving it about in the air, cried out, ‘Vive l’Empereur.’ Was there ever an Emperor beloved by his army as Napoleon was! My father was filled with admiration at the loyalty and devotion of the poor fellow.”

During the fifteen years of her widowhood Mrs Chisholm continued to live at Glassburn. The simple life of the country had more attractions for her than the change and movement of the city. Here, annually, the writer had the pleasure of visiting her and of hearing from her own lips the story of her name and race. Could it be possible to find a more romantic setting for so romantic a theme? The dwelling itself, with its covering of greenery and creepers, with its quaint Gothic stone-mullioned windows and cross of stone above the chapel,¹ would seem to tell a story of “a day that is dead.” One look around only added to the keenness of interest; the mighty water-fall on the burn beside the house,²

¹ This cross was in the form of a “Cross crosslet” or “Crusaders’ Cross” as it is called in Heraldry. It was the design used by Crusaders from the Papal Dominions who placed transverse pieces on each member of the plain cross, and by this means transformed it into four small crosses springing from a centre.

² This water-fall resembles those that may frequently be seen in Norway. It makes no less than seven leaps down the rocky face of the hill at the back of Glassburn House. In wet weather the fall is a magnificent sight.

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the sound of which was the sweetest lullaby in the world to one resting in the "Fall Bedroom" after a tramp of twenty-five miles through the far-famed "Chisholm's Pass";¹ the flower garden of St. Peter on the terrace in front of the house, with its paths formed in the design of the cross of that saint; the wooden thistle-topped gateways; the spreading deodars and flowering shrubs; all spoke of simple faith and quiet hope, of "Pleasure past and Pain o'erworn," the recollection of which, to-day, the stress of the "daily jar and fret" cannot remove, although "the aching void the world can never fill" remains.

The drive of fifteen miles up Strathglass from Beauly was itself a refreshing experience. The Glassburn carriage and pair of beautiful ponies, "Wallace" and "Bruce" by name, driven by "good faithful Rory"; the very harness with its quaint Chisholm emblems and thistles curiously wrought in silver, seemed to be in keeping with the character of the scenery. Surely there is no more beautiful Glen in Scotland than Strathglass. Nothing could be more superb, more solemnly grand than the "Dhruim" or defile by which the river Beauly forces its way through the mountains; or the view near Struy, where Glen Strath Farrar meets Strathglass, and Erchless Castle, the ancient stronghold of "The Chisholm," is seen among the trees. This typical home of a Highland chief stands a little below the confluence of the rivers Glass and Farrar, and still belongs to the descendants of that old chief, who said there were but three persons in the world entitled to be called "The"—"The King, The Pope, and The Chisholm." A wag, however, is said to have added a fourth—The Devil.

The place is beauty personified. The Castle is a venerable whitewashed old tower, so entirely surrounded by a

¹ The Chisholm's Pass is Glen-Affric, probably the most beautiful Glen in Scotland. MacWhirter, the famous Scottish artist has immortalised it in his well-known pictures of "The Dog Fall," now the property of Colonel Ogston, Kildrummy Castle, Aberdeenshire.



ERCHLESS CASTLE, STRATHGLASS.
HOME OF "THE CHISHOLM."

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wreath of hills, that the Glen seems scooped out on purpose to hold the house and park.

Mention may very appropriately be made here of the two brothers, Sobieski Stuart, who claimed to be the grandchildren of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and who lived for a number of years at Eilean Aigas in Strathglass, and who now lie buried in Eskadale Churchyard in the same Strath. Their story is a mysterious one, but many including the Lord and Lady Lovat of the day believed in the genuineness of their claim. Lord and Lady Lovat allowed them the use of the romantically situated house upon Eilean Aigas, where they pursued their studies and engaged in sports to their heart's content. Captain and Mrs Chisholm were frequently invited to meet them at dinner at Beaufort Castle by Lord and Lady Lovat, and Mrs Chisholm used to remark to the writer that the elder brother, "the Prince," as he was called, was very slovenly in his habits but had "such a look of Prince Charlie." When rowing in the River Beaully, if the elder brother dropped his handkerchief, the younger presented it to him on bended knee. Mrs Chisholm gave the writer a photograph of the children of one of the brothers from a painting by their father. It bears the following inscription in the handwriting of Lady Lovat:—"Photograph of the great grandchildren of Prince Charles Edward Stuart from a painting by their father, Charles Edward Stuart, Count D'Albany.—Eilean Aigas, by Beaully."¹

The brothers were visited at Eilean Aigas by Viscount D'Arlinecourt, then on a tour through Scotland, in 1843. He speaks of his visit in his book, "The Three Kingdoms: England, Scotland, and Ireland." He was invited to visit them during his stay in Inverness, and he cordially accepted

¹ Monsignor Sir Edward Hunter-Blair, Abbot of the Benedictive Monastery of Fort-Augustus has given expression in "Scottish Notes and Queries" to the belief held by many leading Highland families in the genuineness of the claim of the Sobieski Stuarts. He also had heard frequently from Captain and Mrs Chisholm, who were warm friends of the Abbey of Fort-Augustus, of their meetings with the two brothers.

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the invitation. "I had long promised myself the pleasure of visiting the Isle of Aigas. A noble lady residing in that part of the country, the mother of Lord Lovat, Mrs Fraser, came one morning to Red Castle (Inverness-shire); she was commissioned by Lady Lovat, her daughter-in-law, to invite me to pass some days at Beaufort Castle. She promised to conduct me to the abode of Charles Edward's grandchildren. I accepted her offer eagerly, and we set off. . . . Ere long, the most picturesque and extraordinary prospect possible presented itself to my view. The River Beauly, violently forcing a passage among gigantic crags, which the hand of the Lord appears to have shattered for some mysterious purpose, forms there a singular island. This island is a mountain covered with tall trees and pointed rocks, around which forms a circle of waterfalls, called Kilmorack. In order to reach this spot, hemmed in by marvels, where the loud voice of the cataract is continually sounding, it is necessary first to cross a light wooden bridge, boldly thrown over abysses and cascades at a fearful height. Then passing among silent defiles and gloomy rocks, we ascend the hill of the Stuarts, and arrive at our journey's end.

"There, beneath trees a hundred years old, in a solitude where one seems transported a thousand leagues from civilisation, stands a building, the architecture of which is in the style of the Middle Ages, with ancient windows and painted glass. This strange hermitage, shaded by firs and oaks, has the pediment of a whole mansion, on which are displayed the arms of the Scottish monarchy. Underneath the escutcheon of Charles Edward is this affecting inscription—'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"The two Stuarts were absent; the wife of the youngest came alone to meet us, and welcome us to her abode. The principal part of the ground floor of this interesting dwelling was occupied by a long hall hung round with flags. The

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walls were covered with trophies; several statues were placed there; and rays of daylight, which could only penetrate through windows gloomy as those of a cathedral, gleamed in the most fantastic manner amid the banners, orgues, and effigies of this warlike sanctuary. There were collected together all the memorials of Charles Edward: his arms, his banner, his garments, his portrait. I admired his fine and noble countenance, which I then beheld for the first time. A picture painted by John Sobieski struck me much. Its subject was 'The Battle of Culloden.' . . . The execution of this picture was as fine as the conception. Opposite to it hangs one no less remarkable, 'Napoleon at Waterloo.' The Emperor is mounted on a white horse, which is bearing him through the midst of the wind and the storm. Here are blood and rain, there laurels and corpses. Two meteors illumine his path: one is glory, the other—a thunderbolt. The bust of Napoleon is in this extraordinary *salle d'armes*. . . . No imagination, however cold it might be, could remain calm and without emotion under the roof of the brothers Stuart."

Viscount D'Arlincourt waxes very enthusiastic over the abode of the Stuarts, and evidently firmly himself believed in their royal descent.

Such was the house of these two remarkable men, and here they lived until 1846. They passed their time in fishing, shooting, carpentering, and painting, and in writing their various works. They made occasional visits to Edinburgh, where they were well known and received by the best families. In the North their claims to be grandsons of Prince Charlie were believed by many, and they were everywhere received as befitted their supposed rights. They visited Macpherson of Cluny and other Highland Chiefs, and occasionally went to the Continent, where they were honoured as royal princes. John Sobieski Stuart was the more literary of the two, and spent more time than his

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brother in his literary work. Those of his letters that I have seen are all written well and carefully, and in a good style, but through all there runs that strain of melancholy that was to be noticed in both the brothers, and which fitted in so well with their claims to belong to a fallen and exiled royal house. There is a dignity about them, too, and one can see how firmly the writer believed in himself and his claims. He believed he was the true grandson of Prince Charles Edward.

The family of Mrs Chisholm as well as that of her husband had a connection with Strathglass. In the following interesting letter Mrs Chisholm tells of this connection and makes interesting mention of the Farquharsons of Inverey and the Inneses of Balnacraig and Ballogie :—

Glassburn House,

Beauly, 11th December 1907.

My dearest Reverend cousin John,

I am happy to get your kind letter for I began to think it long since I heard from you, for I look upon you as my own and loved Archie's younger Brother, and much do I value your kindness and friendship, and you know I ever have the feeling that he sent you to me to comfort me in my loneliness. Thank you also for the sweet music of Hebe. I cannot at all thank you, as I wish, for your great kindness in giving me the pleasure of having the sweet air, which is so taking and uncommon. The words are, as you say, quaint and very pretty. It is when you play it it is so perfect, and many a time I shall hope to hear you again, for you are a most wonderful and delightful musician. You know Archie's ear for music was perfect and he loved music intensely. Do you, my dearest friend, be sure to ask his aid when you need it, for I am sure he is at the feet of God in Heaven. About the swords Archie left to the Town Hall of Inverness, I think you are quite right, and I leave it to you when you come to Inverness, for I know you will get

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Archie's name as the donor put and all nicely and safely arranged. The Provost is a nice man, and I tell you this in case you might like to call on him rather than the Town Clerk. I do not want A. McD. to have anything to do with it. I do love the dear little post card you so kindly sent me of Inverey, and often look at it. Now, I want to tell you that I do not think the Invercauld Memoirs are to be trusted, as regards Inverey, for you see in old times Inverey Farquharson of Balmoral was thought to be the Chief, and now tho' the Castle is a ruin and glory and riches and possessions have passed away, the Invercauld proprietor is a Ross, and only took the name of Farquharson since the heiress of Invercauld married into the family; but he has a beautiful place and used to be much with royalty. When I was a young girl and at the Braemar Gathering, my dear Aunt, Eliza Farquharson, mama's eldest sister, and a Miss Farquharson of Invercauld, about Aunt E.'s age, and both old maids, and full of zeal about their clans, were there, clad from head to foot in Farquharson tartan, and both *scooled* at each other, as if they could fight a duel, and I, who knew of the feud, can never forget how it amused me. Yes, the two Jesuit fathers, Fathers John and Charles Farquharson, were my great uncles. Aunt Louisa Farquharson always told me Farquharson of Whitehouse was the Chief. I rather think Farquharson of Finzean may now be the Chief. Yes, a Chief of the Chisholm's, old Theodore Chisholm, did live in a cottage near this, but is dead, and his brother, who succeeded him, is dead also, but they had no estate and no money. I seem to have so much to tell you. I have found a large handsome old Prayer-Book of Aunt Louisa's. She got it in 1834, when I was four years old, and it belonged to Catherine Gordon, who married James Innes of Drumgask. This book has all the names and account of the pedigrees of the Innes family, and

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giving the days of their death, and asking prayers for them. Now before I finish this lengthy manuscript I must tell you I have had two visits from Lady Lovat; the first a short one with the Honble. Mrs Maxwell, who lives near here, and who I knew as a child; the second time she came alone and remained two hours, and I quite enjoyed it. I felt I could talk to her about what I wanted, so I said, "Oh! Lady Lovat, I have been wanting to ask you about the Stuart Papers and relics of Prince Charlie, which Mr Barron, who married my mother's sister, left to Lord Lovat when he died." She replied at once, "Oh yes! and I wanted to ask you, how the Prince Charlie relics were got? my son values them so much." I said, "Were there papers?" And she said, "No, there were no papers." I told her how they belonged to the Innes family, and came to Father Henry Innes and other Chaplains, at St. Germain's, to the King James 2nd, the Chevalier de St. George, and Prince Charlie, and given by them to the Innes family. I took her upstairs and showed her the old miniatures,—Father Henry Innes, Misses Jean and Betty Innes, and the one of the "Old laird" with his wig—Lewis Innes, and she was much interested and very nice about everything. I finished off by telling her, I was the last of that Race of Innes. What can have become of the Stuart Papers,¹ dear Revd. Cousin John? Surely Mr Barron cannot have sold them! I know he sold her Jewellery (Aunt Louisa's). I always thought the Stuart Papers were given to Lovat and I know Aunt Louisa had a number of them. Best love, with many many thanks again and again,

Your sincerely attached and affectionate Cousin,

MARIA F. CHISHOLM.

¹ The writer understands that these valuable Stuart Papers are indeed in the possession of the Lovat family, having been given to them by Mrs Chisholm's uncle and aunt, Dr and Mrs Luke Netterville Barron. Mrs Chisholm had a certain number of them in her own possession. These now belong to the writer.

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p.s.—The present Chief of the Chisholms is the son of a Colonel Chisholm, and not young, but unmarried—and after him, dear Archie said, a young man of the Knockfin family in Strathglass.”—M.F.C.

Father John Farquharson, whom Mrs Chisholm speaks of in the above letter and who was her great-uncle, was well-known in his day as a collector of old Gaelic poetry. When at Dinant he committed to manuscript the result of his researches. In 1773 he returned to Scotland, unfortunately leaving his manuscript behind him at Douai, where, in course of time, it was neglected and finally became irretrievably lost. Father John¹ took up his abode with his nephew, Alexander Farquharson, at Balmoral, acting in the capacity of chaplain there. He died at Balmoral, in 1782, and lies buried beside his brother, Charles,² and other Catholic clergymen in the churchyard of St. Andrew, Braemar.

Father John Farquharson went to Strathglass in 1723. Settling at Fasnakyle, he there built a chapel and house. After years of peaceful labours, travelling from house to house, instructing the young, and exhorting the more

¹ The famous Abbé Paul Macpherson visited Father John Farquharson at Balmoral in 1779. He is said to have walked all the way to Balmoral from Stobhall, Perthshire, in a single day. At Stobhall he had been visiting Mr William Hay, his former companion in Scalán and Rome, and who was then chaplain at Stobhall.

The Abbé was most hospitably received by the laird of Inverey and Balmoral (Alexander Farquharson) and by his uncle, Father John Farquharson, and spent a whole day in their company, which was “truly agreeable and instructive.” Father John Farquharson is described by him as a man of “great piety, of primeval simplicity, and great experience as a Missionary.” From Balmoral the Abbé went to Glenlivet, and, by Bishop Hay’s orders, took up his quarters at Scalán, until the Bishop himself should go north.

The property of Stobhall, where eventually the Abbé Macpherson was resident priest from 1783 to 1791, was part of the estates belonging to the family of Perth, and was consequently forfeited after the Rebellion of 1745. Being the jointure of the widowed Duchess of Perth, she was allowed to retain it during her lifetime. She died in 1773. After her death, part of a farm house was made the chapel. Here the Abbé officiated. The Mission at Stobhall no longer exists.

² Father Charles Farquharson wrote an account of the change of Religion in Braemar after the Reformation. His manuscript of it is in Blair’s College, Aberdeenshire.

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advanced in life to the practice of their religion, he entered upon a time of trial and strain. The persecuting laws against Catholics, dormant for some time in Strathglass, were, in 1745, renewed with unwonted rigour. Orders were issued, under the severest penalties, to all proprietors of lands to apprehend such priests as they might discover on their estates, that they might be sent out of the country. The Chisholm, the principal proprietor of the district, was sympathetic towards the Catholics, although he himself was a Protestant. He directed two of Father Farquharson's hearers to go to him, more with his compliments than threats, and send him to the nearest point beyond his territory, whence he might return. Of this privilege, Father Farquharson, on the very day of his banishment, availed himself, but it was only to encounter more formidable opponents. Sometime afterwards, a party of *saighdearran dearg* (red soldiers) came in pursuit of him. On entering the chapel, as he was celebrating Mass, they tried to force their way to the altar to tear him away, when a struggle ensued between them and the congregation, which would have led to serious consequences had Father Farquharson not pacified the people, by exhorting them against resistance and assuring them of his speedy return. Upon this, the soldiers dragged him violently out of the chapel in his sacerdotal robes; but, after a short absence, he redeemed his pledge to the people, by returning to them. The circumstances of the times rendered his situation now truly perilous, and, for some time after, he lived in places of concealment, several of which are pointed out to this day, and the writer has seen them frequently.¹

¹ Father Farquharson was frequently accompanied by his "Clerach," and many incidents in which both took part have been recounted. A great granddaughter of the "Clerach"—the late Miss Kate Campbell—the writer knew well. Anecdotes of Father Farquharson and her ancestor the "Clerach" Miss Campbell frequently narrated to the writer when on visits to Glassburn House, Strathglass. Miss Campbell was Mrs Chisholm's faithful and attached maid for many years.

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In such places Father Farquharson was joined by his brother, Father Charles Farquharson, and by Father Alexander Cameron. These two would appear to have retired to Strathglass as a place of greater security, both on account of the nature of the locality and of the Catholic sympathy displayed by its inhabitants ; but neither could protect them from the enemies of their Faith, to whom Father Farquharson's retreat became known. At the very time when the two priests named above were taking shelter with him two men were despatched to apprehend him in his cave. The people represent him as endowed with the fore-knowledge of coming events, and in this instance he is said to have told his two companions that his pursuers were making fast towards him—that flight in his case was impossible—but that they might still save themselves as the intelligence of their arrival had not, as yet, gone abroad. After this conversation, the more effectually to cover their retreat, he set out to meet those who were in search of him, and soon fell into their hands. Father Farquharson was hurried out of Strathglass and sent to England, where he was for some time detained prisoner on board a vessel lying in the Thames. On his way to England he wrote to the missionary of Glengarry to extend his pastoral care to the mission of Strathglass until God should restore him to his flock. In the meantime Father Cameron had been captured in the house of a relative, and soon after became a prisoner in the same vessel in which Father Farquharson was detained. He died on board, having been attended in his last moments by Father Farquharson, and was interred on the banks of the Thames. Father Farquharson was released shortly afterwards, and returned once more to Strathglass, where he continued to serve the mission there for several years.

According to tradition the Catholic Revival in Strathglass took place between the years 1660 and 1680. Previous to this time severe enactments had been passed against the

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Catholics in that glen. In 1579 Thomas Chisholm, laird of Strathglass, was summoned before the court for his adhesion to the ancient creed. About the middle of the seventeenth century The Chisholm of Strathglass, owing to some pecuniary embarrassment, retired to the continent and travelled to Rome. While he sojourned in the Eternal City the marks of attention which he received from the Holy Father drew from him a promise that, in the event of Catholic Missionaries penetrating into Strathglass, he would afford them as much shelter as the stringent laws then in force against Catholics would allow. On his return he was so well disposed to fulfil his promise that he even began to instruct his family in the truths of the Catholic Faith. This ended in the conversion of his son, Colin, who settled at Knockfin, and was the first of the family afterwards styled of Knockfin. This circumstance became known to the missionaries, who, about this time, found their way to Glengarry, and two of them proceeded immediately to Strathglass. They were received by Colin of Knockfin, who informed them of his own conversion and of the friendly disposition of his father. Finding thus a confirmation of the reports they had previously heard, they determined to settle in that country, hence the mission in Strathglass.

The history of Father John Farquharson's manuscript, above referred to, is quite romantic and interesting. All the details may be read in Browne's "History of the Highland Clans." Had the manuscript been saved, probably the Ossianic controversy, which arose after the publication of James Macpherson's translation, would never have taken place. The correspondence between Sir John Sinclair and Bishops Cameron and Chisholm and the Reverend James McGillivray of the College of Douai, throws a flood of light upon the question of the poems of Ossian, and proves to a considerable extent the genuineness of Macpherson's translations.

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The last letter of Bishop Cameron to Sir John Sinclair, mentioned above, is interesting, and may be quoted here :—

From the year 1776, when he came to Scotland, to 1780, when I went to Spain, where I resided more than twenty years, Mr McGillivray and I lived in a habit of intimacy and friendship. Our interviews were frequent, and we were not strangers to Macpherson's translation of the poems of Ossian. It was then Mr McGillivray gave me the first account of the manuscript. The Rev. John Farquharson, to whom it belonged, lived at that time with his nephew, Mr Farquharson of Inverey, at Balmoral. Amongst many others who visited in that respectable family, it is probable Lord Fife may still recollect the venerable old man, and bear testimony of the amiable candour and simplicity of his manners. I knew him, and he confirmed to me all that my friend, Mr McGillivray, had told me. He added that when he was called to Douai, I believe about the year 1753, he had left another collection of Gaelic poems in Braemar. He told me by whom and in what manner it had been destroyed ; and made many humorous and just observations on the different points of view in which different people may place the same object. He seemed to think that similar and even fuller collections might still be formed with little trouble. He was not sensible of the rapid, the incredible, the total change which had taken place in the Highlands of Scotland, in the course of a few years.

Bishop Cameron also makes the following reference to Mrs Fraser of Culbokie, who had taught Father Farquharson to read the old Gaelic manuscripts, of which she had made a collection when in Strathglass, where Father Farquharson had lived for upwards of thirty years :—

The Right Reverend Dr Aeneas Chisholm informs me that the late Mr Archibald Fraser, Major in the Glengarry Fencibles, son of Mrs Fraser, Culbokie, so renowned for

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her Gaelic learning, assured him that his mother's manuscripts had been carried to America. Her son, Simon, emigrated thither, with his family, in 1773. When the American War broke out, Simon became an officer in the British service, was taken prisoner, and thrown into a dungeon, where he died ; I can learn nothing of the fate of his manuscripts.

A drive of four miles from Erchless Castle up Strathglass brings us to a well of water by the wayside surmounted by a stone cross and sheltered by trees. This is described by Mrs Chisholm in a little memoir she wrote of a faithful servant at Glassburn, called "Our Donald" who died young. "There is a lovely spot, a little way off the high road, near our home in Strathglass where, in the midst of birch, alder, and hawthorn, a well of the most refreshing cold water has gladdened the weary traveller for years and years. So attractive is the spot that, at the suggestion of a great and valued friend who was on a visit to us and admired the spot especially, my husband resolved to make the well more convenient, beautify it, and place seats making it a resting place as well as a refreshment. He and the friend alluded to planned all, and Donald was employed to carry out the plans. He entered greatly into it, working quietly with his usual zeal and taste, and the little spot was soon transformed into a fairy bower, while in the centre, behind the fast flowing, sparkling water of the well, rose a grand cairn of remembrance. It was formed in three or four tiers with stones, and roses, honeysuckle, and many other creeping plants were trailed on it, having a beautiful effect when in flower. On the top of the cairn was placed a venerable old cross of stone which had been on the Catholic Church before the Church at Marydale was built. This, and a large slab of stone, with inscriptions in front, gave the well so ancient an appearance, that many asked in what year long ago this antique monument had its origin. This amused us and

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delighted Our Donald with whom now our hearts must ever associate the recollection of how we built and adorned 'The Holy Well of St. Ignatius' as we called our fountain. On a morning in summer the walk to the well is charming, and the birds seem to have a special pleasure in singing their best, and answering matins to each other there. One day in the last summer of Our Donald's life I found him tending the flowers and shrubs, and he showed me in the very midst of the clusters of white roses on the cairn, the nest of a mavis, and the mother bird sitting on it, and looking fearlessly at him as all other creatures did."

The Inscriptions on the well are as follows :—

Friend of my heart this goblet sip,
'Twill chase the pensive tear ;
You'll find it better than a nip
Of whisky or of beer.

It cheers the thirsty soul,
Brings hungry men relief ;
Then quaff the Blessed Bowl,
Imbibe the Old Belief.

Drink, weary traveller ! Rest and pray
For the good estate of those this day,
Who built this cross and well.

THE HOLY WELL OF ST. IGNATIUS.

Water, bright water, pure water for me,
The drink of the wise, the wine of the free,
It cooleth the brow ; it cooleth the brain,
It maketh the faint one grow strong again ;
Comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
All freshness, like sweet infant purity.
Then, fill to the brim, fill, fill, to the brim,
Let the flowing crystal kiss the cup's rim,
For my eye is steady, my heart is true,
For, like the flower, I drink nothing but dew.
So, water for me, bright water for me,
The drink of the wise, the wine of the free.
Crois nan Siosalach.

Looking across the Strath on the left, a huge cross, dug out of the soil was seen on the face of the hill. Captain Chisholm had it made, in order that when looking from the

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windows of the private chapel at Glassburn, in the morning across the hills, the first thing his eyes should behold would be the emblem of our Christian faith. On the right was Glassburn in its autumn setting of russet brown and gold. A strange over-powering fascination seemed to settle upon one when passing up the avenue to the front door of the house. Not all the wild grandeur he had just seen; not all the beauty of mountain, wood, and stream, could match the subtle charm of this sweet retreat—so saintly beautiful, so calm in repose, so suggestive of a former time, of “a day that is dead.” Here, the Past and Present seemed to meet; present joy blending, as it were, with past sorrow, and present sorrow with all past joy.

The door was suddenly opened and there, standing on the threshold, was the Lady of Glassburn herself, with happy greeting in her eyes. No need to hear the spoken word, “Welcome to Glassburn”; one saw it in every line and lineament of that beautiful countenance crowned with its aureole of snow-white silken hair; in that stately form, whose every movement of grace and dignity betokened birth and breeding. Those privileged to receive that welcome will never forget it; real it was, but with a certain dream-like charm or glamour, that one felt it to be hardly real; as if a far-off mighty Love had descended and claimed us for his own.

The threshold crossed of this enchanted dwelling, a fresh world of interest was revealed to one’s delighted vision. Having passed through the Entrance Hall, the walls of which were adorned with antlers of stags and other trophies of the chase shot by Captain Chisholm, the visitor ascended the stair-case. On the landing stood a figure of the Virgin, a gift from good Bishop Amherst; on the right, through the half-open door, a glimpse might be had of the Lady’s room—its pictures, its cabinets, and the sweet little oratory where were kept her special mementoes. The doorway of the

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chapel was in front. Above it was written the quaint motto—"Vigilate et Orate."

Oftentimes, in the silence of the night, the writer has closed his eyes and beheld in fancy, once more, that little chapel amid the gathering shadows of evening; there, as of yore is the white figure kneeling in prayer before the altar, with its crucifix of ebon and ivory, its vessels, richly jewelled, and its relics of silver. The shadows deepen, gradually encircling roof and wall, altar and casement, the white kneeling figure alone seeming to stand out clear and with almost unearthly brightness, until darkness finally descends, and

"Sweetly o'er the valley
The Angelus has sounded."

telling to all the world that the hour of prayer has passed.

The chapel, the altar, the rich appointments are now no more; the kneeling figure has passed from the shadows of earth to the Light of the Nearer Presence, but the memory of that evening scene will ever remain fresh and green; its glory will never pass away.

Leaving the chapel the visitor descended the stair and, turning to the left, he entered the Dining-room. Here, the sense of mystery, mingled with simplicity, seemed stronger than ever; the portraits of the Balmoral Farquharsons in their heavily gilded frames, as well as the splendid portrait of Mrs Chisholm's father, by Graham of Edinburgh, lent to the general aspect of the room a sombre dignity which, at evening time, in the dim light shed by the candles in their silver sconces, seemed only to be renewed and intensified.

The Drawing-room on the other side of the hall conveyed a totally different impression. Its aspect was clear and bright; the white and gold wall-paper was early Victorian in design; water-colours adorned the walls along one side of the room. Near the fire-place hung a fine oil painting of Captain Chisholm in full regimentals; on the wall opposite

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was a large painting of Mrs Chisholm's mother, by Graham of Edinburgh—the companion portrait of the one of her father in the Dining-room. A valuable portrait of Prince Charles Edward Stuart hung beside this picture of Margaret Farquharson, whose people fought for him. The scent of old lavender completed the old-time impression.

Such was the house; meet dwelling-place for so interesting an occupant. How shall we estimate in words the sweet gentleness of her nature, her warmth of heart, her boundless hospitality, her kindness to all her household, awakening as it did an answering devotion on their part, as "kind and faithful Kate," her maid, has so constantly shown; her interest in the poor, her high intelligence, her capacity to see at once the right way and to choose it, her quick intuitiveness. No language can indeed sum up her character and personal attractiveness; only those who were privileged to know her could thoroughly understand and appreciate her true worth, and to one like the writer who knew her most intimately, the loss of such sympathy and worth is great. He can truly and sincerely say—"The tender grace of a day that is dead will never come back to me."

Mrs Chisholm died on the morning of the 20th December 1912, in the 83rd year of her age. Her funeral took place on the 24th. Mass was said at a very early hour in her little private chapel at Glassburn. At eight o'clock the cortege left for Beauly, a distance of fifteen miles. The funeral arrived at Beauly Bridge about eleven o'clock, where a large number of clansmen had assembled with other mourners. The procession moved slowly through the town of Beauly, where shops and places of business were all closed in token of respect. The coffin was carried into the chapel and a solemn Mass of Requiem was said, the body resting in front of the altar. Thereafter, a procession was formed, the clergy leading the way, followed by the coffin, which was carried shoulder high, the mourners forming the rear. At a slow

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pace the procession moved to the grave, and after the last prayers had been said, the coffin was lowered into the grave next to that of Captain Chisholm. The writer, as chief mourner, was supported on the right, by Lord Lovat, the representative of a family who had been ancient friends both of her husband's family and her own; on the left by the revered Bishop Chisholm, an old friend of youthful, happy days. Sad and lonely it seemed, yet fitting the season to lay to rest the last of a race, famous in story. The landscape round stretched bleak and bare. Nature seemed cold and dead. The shadowy form of distant Ben Wyvis as well as the flowing lines of the Strathglass mountains were clad in snow. No coronach was heard; no dirge was sounded. Words and tears seemed poor in that supreme moment; yet over the sorrow and desolation sounded the message of Hope:—

“I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, write, from henceforth, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. ‘Even so,’ saith the Spirit; ‘for they rest from their labours.’” “And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.”

Reliquiae

I.

A Prayer Book.¹

A LITTLE volume, and, considering its age, in wonderful preservation; the leather covers beautifully stamped and gilded in the style of the period; the title page, in clear type, declaring the nature of the contents, reads thus:—

DEVOTIONS.

FIRST PART

In the Antient way of
OFFICES.

WITH

PSALMS, HYMNS, and
PRAY'RS; for every day
in the Week and every
Holiday in the Year.

RO. AN. MDCLXXXV.

Across the front page of the fly-leaf is written—"Louisa Farquharson, Ballogie, April 1834." She was the daughter of Lewis Farquharson Innes, of Ballogie, and married Luke Netterville Barron, Staff-Surgeon. Mrs Barron purchased the estate of Denmore, near Aberdeen. She died in 1880.

At the top of the second page of the fly-leaf appears the following—"To James Innes, of Balnacraig." He was the

¹ There is a missal in the Library at Blair's College, Aberdeenshire, which belonged to Queen Mary of Modena, and bears the following inscription in the handwriting and with the signature of Lewis Innes, her almoner:—"This missal was used several years by my Royal Mistress, of ever blessed memory."—"Signed, Lewis Innes."

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builder of the house of Balnacraig. The name of his wife—the heroine of the incident in the '45 already related—is written across the title-page thus :—

Cath.	Gordon
her	Book.

On the page preceding the Preface is written the following inscription in a bold hand, although the ink is yellow with age—“This book was used several years by Mr Louis Innes, Almoner to the Queen of Great Britain and Principal of the Scots College at Paris.” Louis, or rather Lewis Innes, was the original owner of the volume. He was the eldest son of James Innes, wadsetter of Drumgask, and was born at Walkerdale in the Enzie of Banff in the year 1651. Early in life he was sent to the Scots College at Paris, to study for the priesthood, and in this way a connexion began between his family and that college which ended only when the French Revolution had put an end to an institution so long established. In 1682 Lewis Innes was appointed Principal of the College, an office which he continued to hold till the year 1713, when he was appointed to the important post of Almoner to the Chevalier de St. George. He had been Almoner and Private Chaplain to Mary of Modena, the Queen-Consort of King James II. and VII., and was one of a Privy Council of Five at the Court of King James at St. Germain.

He accompanied Prince James to Scotland in the Rising of 1715, and this Book of Devotions was the identical one which he used at Kinnaird, Glamis, and Scone, when officiating before the Prince and Court. Historians relate that the Prince strictly banished all religious services by Protestants from his household, which resounded with the paternosters and aves of his Confessor, Father Innes, while even the Protestant bishops, whom he had created himself, were not allowed to say so much as a grace.

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Lewis Innes¹ was a man of the greatest prudence, and during the years that he acted as Almoner to the Chevalier he was often employed on matters of great delicacy. He received into his charge the original Memoirs written by King James II., which form the principal source of information of the reign of that monarch, and it is generally thought that Father Lewis was the author of the Life of James that was later compiled, for the original papers were long at the Scots College. Lewis Innes died at Paris, 22nd January 1738. The notice of his death is written in a clear hand at the top of page 519 in the Prayer-Book, thus—"Our Dear Uncle, Mr Louis Innes, Almoner to the Queen of Great Britain, dyed the 22nd January 1738. Pray for him." The handwriting is, in all probability, that of his nephew, James Innes of Balnacraig. The esteem in which Lewis Innes was held is shown by a letter of the Chevalier to Mr Thomas Innes in which the exiled King states that he greatly regrets to have lost in Mr Lewis a most faithful servant, who possessed a capacity and zeal for his service not always to be found in the same person. Thirty-seven years before, similar testimony had

¹ In the "Stuart Papers" at Windsor Castle there are many references to Lewis Innes, who was a trusted Counsellor of James II. and his Queen at St. Germain. The following letter from Innes to the titular King James III. (Chevalier de St. George) appears in the latest volume of the above papers at Windsor.

"1718, August 23.—Being informed by Mr Nairne that, after he had communicated to your Majesty the particular accounts I sent him of the value of the two trunks of vestments that had not been used since they were brought from England at the Revolution, your Majesty, even after that information, had bestowed them on Dr Ingleton and me. I give your Majesty my most humble and dutiful thanks for my share in that Royal present, as well as for the fine manuscripts, old Church books which shall be kept in our archives, together with the royal papers, the English manual, St. Francis de Sales' Conduite, and the Latin Invitation shall be sent as you order by the first occasion, and a fair copy shall be made and bound up, of the late King's papers of piety to be also sent as soon as they are ready."

As Lewis Innes was Principal of the Scots College, and as the papers and other treasures such as vestments that belonged to that Institution were brought to Blair's College, Aberdeen, it is possible that these vestments and manuscript books are now in that College.

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been borne to the zeal, discretion, and affection of Lewis Innes by the Chevalier's father.

The death notices of different members of the family appear on various pages of the book.

Under Matins for the Dead at various places the following notices are inscribed :—

Page 520, "My Dear Mother, Mrs Claud Irwin, dyed Nov. 19th, 1733, pray for her."

Page 528, "My Brother, Louis, dyed May 26, 1726, pray for him."

Under Lauds for the Dead the following are written :—

Page 532, "November 28, 1686, dyed James Innes, my Grandfather."

Page 533, "January 22, 1704, dyed Jean Robertson, my Grandmother."

Page 535, "My Dear Brother, Mr George Innes, dyed at Paris the 29 Aprile 1752, New Style, he was principal of ye Scots College."

On the fly-leaf, at the end of the book, the names and dates of death of the last members of the old branch of the Inneses are written in the handwriting of Mary Innes, the Abbess of the Community at Haggerston, who, with her brother, William Innes, having entered religion, the properties of Balnacraig, Ballogie, Mid-Beltie, and Carslogie, passed to a cousin,—Lewis Farquharson, of Balmoral and Inverey, who was the grandson of Alastair Farquharson, of Balmoral, and Claudia Innes, of Drumgask, his wife. Here is the list :—

R.I.P.

My Dr Grandmother, Mary Gray, died the 6th of May 1774.

My Dr Grandfather, James Innes, died the 11th of Feby 1780.

My Dr Grandmother, Cathn. Gordon, died the 5th of May 1790.

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My Dear Mother, Elizabeth Young, died the 15th March 1799.

My Dr Uncle, Charles Innes, died the 15th June 1803.

My Dr Uncle, Alexander Innes, died the 15th September 1803.

My Dr Father, Lewis Innes, died the 27th November 1815.

My Dr Aunt, Jean Innes, died the 12th of August 1828.

My Dr Aunt, Elizabeth Innes, died February 10th, 1829, aged 91.

Alexander Innes, above-mentioned, was a man of great endurance and determination. In the French Revolution, when the blood of priests was running in streams in the streets of Paris and all the other members of the Scots College had fled, Alexander Innes remained at his post. He was imprisoned and sentenced to be guillotined, but was saved only in consequence of the death of Robespierre taking place on the day appointed for his execution. Two of the most valuable of the volumes of the Records of the Scots College were a history of the reign of King James II., written by himself, and a sort of historical narrative compiled from this and most probably the work of Lewis Innes, the Almoner to Queen Mary. The work by King James was in that monarch's own handwriting and consisted of papers of different sizes bound up together. The Royal manuscripts were carefully packed up and sent to a Frenchman, a friend of Mr Stapelton, President of the English College of St. Omers. They were laid in a cellar. The patriotism of the Frenchman becoming suspicious, he was put in prison; and his wife, apprehensive of the consequences of being found to have English MSS. richly bound and ornamented with Royal Arms in her house, cut off the boards and destroyed them. The Manuscripts thus

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disfigured, more easily huddled into a sort of bundle, were secretly carried, with papers belonging to the Frenchman himself, to his country house and buried in the garden. They were not, however, permitted to remain long there; the lady's fears increased, and the Manuscripts were taken up and reduced to ashes. Mr Alexander Innes bitterly regretted that he had not kept the Royal MSS. in the College as he did some of his great uncle's papers. These eventually survived all dangers and were brought to England by that remarkable man, Abbé Paul Macpherson, in 1798. Some of the papers known as the "Stuart Papers" remained in the possession of the family for many years; these were eventually presented to the Lovat family by Mrs Louisa Farquharson or Barron.

On a loose leaf inserted in the Prayer Book is written in the hand-writing of Lewis Farquharson Innes—"From Lewis Innes to his beloved wife, Margaret Innes, Good Friday, 1826." Lewis Innes, or rather Lewis Farquharson Innes, married Margaret McVeagh, who belonged to an Irish family that settled in Aberdeenshire. He had a son, Lewis Farquharson Innes, of Ballogie, and four daughters; Catharine, Eliza, Margaret, and Louisa. Catharine and Eliza died unmarried. Margaret married William Dominic Lynch, Esq., London, and was the mother of Mrs Chisholm of Glassburn. Louisa married Dr Luke Netterville Barron, and died without issue in 1880. Lewis Farquharson Innes, their brother, died unmarried, at the age of thirty years, in 1840.

Such is the story which this little book can tell—the story of a sainted race now passed away. May it never fall into unworthy hands!

II.

A Letter.

FEW writers of Scottish History attained a distinction so well merited and deserved as Thomas Innes, the author of the standard work known as "A Critical Essay on the Ancient Inhabitants of the Northern Parts of Britain or Scotland," published in London in 1729. For "sweet reasonableness" in dealing with his predecessors, for breadth and toleration in his attitude towards those who differed from him, he was pre-eminently distinguished; and, even to-day, when so much is talked of "the Science of History," his accuracy is regarded as unquestionable, and historians read his work with hearty appreciation and delight. True, he was a worshipper of the old order, but at a time when party feeling ran high, and fierce partisanship blinded men to much that was excellent in their opponents' opinions, the unbiassed judgment of the true scholar never seemed to forsake him. An atmosphere of calm enveloped him, and we picture to ourselves the old ecclesiastic poring over ancient tomes and faded vellum-bound manuscripts in the library of the Faculty of Advocates of Edinburgh, searching for Truth among the relics of a troubled past, and apparently not concerning himself in the least with the bitter conflicts, political and ecclesiastical, that were rending his country in twain. He was, indeed, like all his family, a strong Jacobite, but he kept himself, his views and opinions, well in hand.

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Thomas Innes was a brother of Lewis Innes, the Almoner to the Queen of Great Britain. He was born at Drumgask in 1662. He was educated at the Scots College of Paris where, in 1692, he assisted his elder brother Lewis, the Principal of the College, in arranging the records of the Church of Glasgow, which had been deposited partly in that College, partly in the Carthusian Monastery at Paris by Archbishop James Beaton. Repeated allusions to Thomas Innes are to be found scattered through the printed volume of the "Stuart Papers." Thomas Innes was in London while his Essay was in the course of being printed. There has always been some doubt of this fact, as the only corroboration of it hitherto available is a reference in his letter to the Chevalier which accompanied a copy of his work. In it he speaks of the danger to which he would personally have been exposed at that time had the object of his work been fully explained. This slight reference, however, hardly conveys the feeling of absolute certainty, as he might have been in personal danger abroad, as well as in this country, and the shadow of doubt regarding this point would have still remained, had not a letter written by Innes come recently into the writer's possession, which proves beyond all question that he had indeed been in London immediately before the publication of the Essay, as the letter was written there. It is a long, most interesting, and valuable letter, in that it removes the doubts above mentioned, and refers mainly to the author's critical work and its publication. It was addressed to the titular "Earl of Panmure" whose title and estates had been forfeited because of the part he had taken in the Jacobite Rising. It bears the date 5th April 1729. The letter is as follows :—

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“ My Lord,

“ I had the honour of your Lordship's of 2nd March, and am sensibly concerned that you have suffered so much last winter by your old disease. At the same time it is a singular satisfaction to me that my Lord Maule is in a way of a perfect recovery.

“ My wearisome task is now, God be praised, near an end, and were not for these Holydays, which will take up near a week in the ale house to our workmen of the press, the printing might have been over in eight days, there being nothing now but the preface to do; and by the time that it will be ready I am thinking to leave this, for it will not come out, nor, I hope, be announced till I be gone. It makes fifty-three sheets, with a little appendix of pieces, besides the Preface and contents, which will make about three sheets more in the form your Lordship saw, in octavo. It is indeed written with as much impartiality as one can write of one's own country, but at the same time with all regard for the true honour of it which truth could allow of it.

“ The schemes of our history by all our famed historians are discussed to the bottom, but I have taken all the care I could in the last chapter by describing the times, circumstances, and prejudices that reigned when they wrote, to bring them off as handsomely as I could in showing that in these circumstances they could not write otherwise than they did, and that if we had lived under like circumstances we had probably believed and given the same account of our history and antiquities as they have done. This is necessary chiefly of Boece and Fordun, whom I look upon as having written *bona fide*. I have another opinion of Buchanan, and have given my reasons for it.

“ As to Boece's history, besides the other reasons set down in the Essay that obliged me to give it up, this alone sufficed, that till the year 1526 that Boece's history was printed I could hitherto never meet with any piece before that year either printed or MS. that contained, I do not say, the particulars that he gives of the lives, actions, and exits of the first forty Kings, but their genealogy, such as he gives it, or even their bare names. Nor could I hitherto meet with any man that could say that he had ever seen history or record written before that year 1526 that contained either the genealogy or names of those forty Kings such as Boece found in his Veremundus, and yet these names are the foundation on which all the history is built. As to Fordun, I assure your Lordship that in former times I left no stone unturned to have preserved his scheme of our antiquities with some few amendments, and took more pains and wrote to make it probable than one-half of the Essay amounts to; but two things rendered all my pains useless, and my Labor lost. One was that upon all the enquiry I could make I find no ground to believe that the Scots were settled even in Ireland at the time that Fordun brings them thence into Britain, but, on the contrary, for the reason that I have set down, which, I am afraid, will bring all Irish upon me, though I am full persuaded their country was peopled from Britain, and probably from the North of it, many ages before the Scots came into it. The other reason is that by the uniform testimony of all the remains of the Scottish History till the publishing that of Fordun (which, I suppose, was not generally known till Bower's came out about 1447 or 1448), and by the testimony of Winton, who lived in or about Fordun's own time, but never saw his work (by the agreeing testimony of all our writers till Fordun's history appeared). I say Fergus son of Erchs (commonly called Fergus II.) was constantly unanimously held and asserted to have been the first King of the Scots in Britain: and not one

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word to be met with anywhere of Ferco, Fergo, or Fergus son of Feradach or Ferchar (commonly called Fergus I.), he being the first King, or indeed, a King at all, of the Scots till Fordun's two copies of the genealogy of our Kings came out with his lists, with the additional title of Fergus first King of the Scots.

"All this I venture to write to your Lordship, and to you alone. For, except Good M. Maule, I have hitherto communicate it to no Scotsman here (except one I wanted to help the language, to whom I was obliged to read parcels of it); nor do I desire so much as the contents of my essay to be known till I be at the other side, but I know I can confide fully in your Lordship and in my good Lord Maule, to whom I beg this may be common with my humble duty to his Lordship. I have several times seen a friend of his here, Mr Erskin, Garter King at Arms, who hath been very kind, and encouraged me to publish with the other pieces in my appendix the Instrumentum of Henry, Bishop of St. Andrews, done by order of a Parliament of Scotland, A.D. 1415, containing the renunciation of K. Edward III. of all claim of superiority over Scotland from the—in codi Scot. Par. whereof your Lordship hath a copy.

"It was not possible to give accounts of the occasion of Buchanan's history without speaking of Queen Mary's cause, which I have—so far in the body of the Essay and in the preface, but have not so much as named M. Anderson. However, I doubt not but the little I have said will set all her enemies and Buchanan's admirers against me, as the account that I have given of the loss of historical monuments by the zeal of our Reformers will raise against me anger enough from that quarter, but I refer my cause to more impartial judges. As I have communicated all to M. Maule, I needed not troubled your Lordship with this long letter since I left him at liberty to give your Lordship such accounts of it as he thought fitt, which will be more impartial than what I could say upon this head. I beg leave to present my humble duty to my lady and to all the noble family, and again with profound respect, my Lord,

"Your Lordship's most humble and most
obedient servant,

"THOMAS INNES.

"Lond. 5 April."

"Perhaps I may take the liberty to write once again to your Lordship before I leave this if I gett time."

The writer of this quaint epistle lived for fifteen years after his "Critical Essay" was given to the world. He died, full of years and honours, at the Scots College in Paris, on the 28th February 1744, as noted on page 529 of the Family Prayer Book—"February 28, 1744, dyed our uncle, Mr Thomas Innes"—leaving a fragrant memory behind him, of unbounded loyalty and devotion to his King and his Church, united to a scholarship that was ripe and searching.

III.

A Portrait.

“SEVERAL interesting relics of the Stuarts are still in the possession of the present proprietor of Balnacraig.” Such is a quotation from a manuscript account of Father Henry Innes of the Scots College, Paris, who died at Ballogie in 1833. It is in the hand writing of Father William Innes, his nephew. In the same account reference is made to the celebrated Cardinal Innes, who was a member of the family. These relics included : a lock of Prince Charlie’s hair ; an antique silver case, given by King James II. and VII. to Lewis Innes, the Almoner ; a shagreen pocket-book, having a secret spring concealed in its folds, which, on being pressed, revealed a miniature, exquisitely painted on ivory and in gold frame, fixed in a steel case, of the Chevalier de St. George—a gift from the Chevalier to Lewis Innes ; and a portrait of Prince Charles Edward Stuart as a youth—also a gift from the Chevalier to Lewis Innes, shortly before the death of the latter in 1738.

On the death of Lewis this portrait passed to his niece, Claudia Innes, who married Alexander Farquharson of Balmoral and Inverey. The portrait remained for some years in old Balmoral Castle. When Lewis Farquharson Innes, the grandson of Claudia Innes, succeeded to the properties of Balnacraig and Ballogie in 1815, it was brought along with the portraits of the Balmoral Farquharsons to Ballogie

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and hung in the dining-room of the old house, now demolished. When the estates were sold in 1850, Mrs Louisa Farquharson or Barron, daughter of Lewis Farquharson Innes of Ballogie and Balnacraig, retained the portrait in her own possession, after having handed over as gifts the other Stuart relics of her family, to Thomas, twelfth Lord Lovat. After her death in 1880, the picture came into the possession of her husband, Dr Luke Netterville Barron, Staff-Surgeon, R.N., who bequeathed it to his wife's niece, Mrs Maria Frances Chisholm, widow of Captain Archibald Macra Chisholm of the Black Watch. In a letter from Glassburn to the writer, dated 7th July 1901, Mrs Chisholm speaks of it:—"Mr Barron's special legacy to me of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie' came safely. It is a true likeness of the Prince; a large, old-fashioned picture I remember so well as hanging in the dining-room at dear old Ballogie, and it now hangs in my drawing-room, near my mother, whose people all fought for him, and some died at Culloden.

"The portrait came into our family through Claudia Innes, the Prince having given it to her uncle Lewis. Mr Rule tells me it is probably worth £500."

Mr James Faed, the well-known Scottish artist, who has examined the portrait of Prince Charles Edward, pronounces it to be the work of an Italian artist of high merit. The portrait is that of a young man of fair, open countenance, with large, beautiful hazel eyes, and full ruddy lips. The head is held erect, and the neck and shoulders are most graceful in their proportions. The Prince is wearing a wig, beneath which some of his own hair is seen falling in graceful curls over his shoulders.

He is dressed in a bluish-grey embroidered coat, over which a mantle of crimson velvet, lined with ermine, has been flung. On his breast is the Star of the Garter, and across his left shoulder is displayed the blue ribbon of the same Order. His neck cloth is of delicate lawn. The

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frame of the picture is a contemporary one. It is richly gilt and moulded in the ornate style of the period. Looking at the picture, one is struck with the resemblance between the Prince and his unfortunate ancestress, Mary, Queen of Scots.

A recent writer speaks of this resemblance—"Strangely alike, in some ways," says the writer, "were Mary Stuart, and her equally hapless descendant, Prince Charles Edward. To both these members of an ill-fated line the fairies at their birth were kind. To them was given the gift of beauty—brown eyes, radiant chestnut hair, gold-tipped, fair complexion, graceful figure. A light and happy heart, full of generosity, and kind thought for others, was possessed by both. Both owned the saving grace of humour, the endearing quality of recklessness, a gallant spirit, and a dauntless courage, and above all, with all these possessions, both Queen and Prince were endowed with that indefinable possession that we call 'charm.'"

This "charm" is noticeable in the portrait which is undoubtedly a fine one, and the fact of its being a gift from the Prince himself to a member of so intensely Jacobite a family as that of Innes, and having been retained and cherished by that family for so long, renders it of the greatest value and interest, both historically and intrinsically. Its existence has been comparatively unknown, because its owners always maintained a discreet silence regarding their Jacobite possessions, and were most reticent when any mention was made of relics associated with the Royal Family of Stuart. The subject to them was a sacred one, and only second to their devotion to the Church of their fathers was their zeal and fervour for the Cause of their King.

"Not a man in all that clan
Had ever ceased to pray
For the Royal Race they loved so well,
Tho' exiled far away."

IV.

A Highland Quaigh and Brooch.

A QUAIGH or cuach was a drinking cup which was usually in the possession of a Highland chief or other leading member of the clan, and which was used, sometimes with great ceremony, on all important occasions in the life of the clan, particularly when hospitality was extended. Captain Chisholm possessed a fine drinking cup of this description, which originally belonged to the chiefs of the Clan Chisholm in Strathglass, Inverness-shire, from whom he was descended. The quaigh is of pure silver, and bears the monogram of Roderick Chisholm and his wife. The quaigh also bears the arms of Chisholm—on a shield gules, a boar's head coupé, or ; with the crest—a dexter hand, coupé at the wrist, holding a dagger proper, on which is transfixéd a boar's head of the second, with motto "Vi et Virtute."

The monograms of the successive owners of the quaigh since the above Roderick are also engraved upon it, including those of Dr Stewart Chisholm, of the Royal Artillery, Deputy-Inspector General of Army Hospitals, and his son, Captain Archibald Macra Chisholm of the Black Watch (Royal Highlanders) of Glassburn, Strathglass. The Inverness hallmark of 1708 and the maker's initials also appear on the rim below the bowl—A.S.I.N.S. The letters I.N.S.

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stand for Inverness. The initials A.S. are those of Alexander Stewart, who belonged to a family of goldsmiths who worked in the North of Scotland for about two centuries. They lived to all intents and purposes the lives of gypsies, moving about from town to town, the material which they wrought being found by their customers, as was the practice in the old days. They stayed at each place long enough to execute the work with which they were entrusted and then tramped to the next town, returning after a time, and repeating their round of travels as before. Hence their marks as makers are found on plate with the town-marks of Dundee, Elgin, Inverness, Tain, and Wick, in each of which they worked in turn, while strictly speaking, they belonged to none. The earliest known Inverness mark is simply I.N.S. Early in the eighteenth century an additional stamp representing a cornucopia—the crest of the burgh—was used. From about 1740 a dromedary—dexter supporter in the burgh arms, was added. In the nineteenth century a thistle is occasionally used. One or two anomalous marks have also been occasionally added. The oldest known Inverness quaigh was in the possession of the late Marquess of Breadalbane, who had a very fine collection of old Scottish silver. It was inscribed as follows :—M.K. I.N.S., and the date, 1640.

The brooch is of silver, heart-shaped, surmounted by a crown, and bears the initials, C.J., which stand for Charles Jamieson, a well-known Inverness silversmith from 1780 to 1810. This is a museum piece. Charles Jamieson's initials are found on a silver quaigh, dated 1780, in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, Scotland, and also on a silver brooch exhibited at the International Exhibition, Glasgow, 1888, where in addition to the initials a dromedary is added.

V.

A Gold Watch, Seals, and Pin.

THIS fine old English lever watch of gold with London Hall mark of 1804 belonged to Dr Stewart Chisholm, and was present with its owner at the battle of Waterloo in 1815. Some years before his death Dr Chisholm presented the watch to his son, the late Captain Archibald Macra Chisholm of Glassburn, Strathglass, who used it when he took part in the Crimean campaign, so the watch has seen much active service. It bears the cyphers both of Dr Chisholm and his son.

Two gold seals belonged to Captain Chisholm. One was an amethyst mounted upon gold. On the face of the amethyst appeared the full figure of a Highlander with the motto in Gaelic, "O Tir nam bean" (from the land of the mountains). The other seal was in the form of a Scottish thistle. It was of topaz, also mounted on gold, and bore on the face the cross of the Chisholms, surmounted by the crest of the family, with motto, "Vi aut Virtute."

A gold pin in the form of the labarum of the Emperor Constantine—a cross with the Greek letter R, forming together the first three letters of Christ's name and commonly called the "Chi, Ro" symbol. This pin was worn constantly by Captain Chisholm.

VI.

Two Swords and a Dirk.

DR STEWART CHISHOLM, of the Royal Artillery, Deputy Inspector General of Army Hospitals, had two interesting Jacobite swords. One was a real Andrea Ferrara, basket-hilted, Claigh Mor, which was wielded by a Chisholm at the battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715. The other was also an Andrea Ferrara. It originally belonged to Hugh Macphail Chisholm of Strathglass, the Corrie-Ghoe hero, who fought at Culloden in 1746, and slew five Red Coats with the weapon. This Hugh Mcphail Chisholm was one and the captain of the seven men who sheltered and protected Prince Charles Edward in a cave in the Braes of Glenmoriston, during his wanderings after Culloden; and who, with another of the men named Grant, safely conveyed the Prince to the coast of Arisaig, resisting the temptation of £30,000 offered for his capture, alive or dead. It is said that he never gave his right hand to anyone after he bade farewell to the Prince, his Royal master, unless on one occasion, when he broke his rule and gave Mary Chisholm, the daughter of The Chisholm and known as "The fair lady of Strathglass," the right hand of fellowship. Sir Walter Scott knew this man personally, and in his "Tales of a Grandfather," gives some interesting details regarding him. After the death of Dr Stewart Chisholm, his son, the late Captain Archibald Macra Chisholm (the Black Watch) of Glassburn House,

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Strathglass, became possessed of them. He bequeathed them to the Town Hall of Invernes, and they are now hung on shields on either side of the platform.

The Dirk has a handle made from the horn of the first stag Captain Chisholm shot. Amethysts and a cairngorm set in silver adorns the dirk and the Boar's head couped on a shield gules (arms of Chisholm) are engraved in silver upon the case. It was in the deer forest of Doris-Dhuan, Kintail, in 1841, that Captain Chisholm shot his first stag. He was sixteen years of age at the time.

VII.

Passports.

THE PASSPORTS of Captain and Mrs Chisholm when they travelled to Rome in 1868 are in the possession of the writer. They are enclosed in a beautiful little old-fashioned leather-bound booklet with flap and band, the word "Passport" in gilt letters on the band and "Capt. A. M. Chisholm" in gilt letters on the flap. Quite a number of the leaves in the booklet are filled with the necessary permission to travel in the countries designated. There is also the official seal and the autograph signature of the important personage who represents each country. Among the Continental parts represented are Paris, Naples, and Rome. Below is the Passport which is signed by the well-known John, Earl Russell, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and bears the Royal Arms:—"We, John, Earl Russell, Viscount Amberley, a Peer of the United Kingdom, &c., &c., Request and require in the Name of Her Majesty, all those to whom it may concern to allow Captain Archibald M. Chisholm (British Subject) late of 42nd Royal Highlanders, accompanied by his wife, mother, and sister, travelling on the Continent, to pass freely without let or hindrance and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he may stand in need. Given at the Foreign office, ninth day of December 1868. RUSSELL."

The Arms of the Earl Russell appear at the bottom.
"Archibald M. Chisholm."

VIII.

A Sporrán.

LEWIS INNES, or, as he was commonly called, "The Auld Laird," was the last proprietor of Balnacraig and Ballogie of the older branch of the family. He was the grand-nephew of the Almoner and brother of Henry Innes. He married Elizabeth Young, daughter of William Young, Aberdeen, and had two children, a son, William, and a daughter, Mary. William became a priest, having studied at Douai, whilst his sister Mary joined the Poor Clares. William died at Balnacraig in 1836, having been predeceased by his sister, who died at Scorton in 1831. Her prayer-book or missal, having her name inscribed on one of the pages, was in Mrs Chisholm's keeping. Her father's gold ring, set with black "charm" stones, was also one of the family relics at Glassburn. After his death, some of his hair was inserted in the ring, and his name and the date of his death, 1815, engraved on the surface in the inside.

It is commonly stated that Lewis Innes left his properties of Ballogie, Balnacraig, Mid-Beltie, and Balnacraig, to his cousin, Lewis Farquharson, of Balmoral, who added the name of Innes to his own. Mrs Chisholm, however, always maintained that Lewis *gave* the properties in his own lifetime to her grandfather, Lewis Farquharson, because his own children had entered religion, and because he was so pleased that Lewis Farquharson had a son and heir born to him, who was also named Lewis.

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The last named, Lewis, succeeded his father in 1830. In course of time he became engaged to be married, but died suddenly in 1840, at the early age of thirty years. He was a fine, handsome young man who was an adept at all manly exercises. He always wore the Highland dress, and it is said that few could surpass him as a dancer of the Highland reels. At local county gatherings the old Marquis of Huntly always insisted on "Ballogie" being his vis-a-vis as he new full justice would then be done to the spirited measure. The ornaments of her uncle's Highland dress were bequeathed to Mrs Chisholm by Dr Luke Netterville Barron who had married her aunt Louisa. They arrived at Glassburn in July 1901. Mrs Chisholm makes the following interesting reference to them in a letter to the writer from Glassburn, and dated July 7th 1901 :—"I am glad to tell you I got three cases with the Scottish relics in them, and have got some very nice things, and many with such memories to me of my early life in Aberdeenshire, that I feel the sight of them much, and could not keep thinking how wonderful that they should come to me (the last left of my family) in my old age. But, above all other feelings, was the one when I find myself the possessor of the elegant and very handsome ornaments of my uncle's Highland dress (which he always wore), my mother's brother, 'Lewis Farquharson Innes'—of longing that my 'most beautiful of the sons of men,' my darling Archie, my incomparable husband, was still beside me to see and enjoy with me what he would have so fully appreciated and looked so splendid in when he would wear them. There is a dirk to which the one I gave Lord L——could not compare, the large dark cairngorms in it are grand (the dark ones are scarcely to be got now), and those in the dirk and a splendid powder-horn are most beautiful, and some day I shall enjoy showing all to you. You will be amused to hear—a fine claymore—an Andrea Ferrara that was

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wielded at Culloden by a Farquharson—and a lovely brace of pistols came to me also; so Glassburn is well armed. Uncle Lewis, who died young, had all things of the best. I think, what I value most in the case, is a most lovely Purse, or sporran, with silver filigree tassels, and a most exquisite silver plate or ornament at the top, and so large, combining the Farquharson arms and the Innes crest; a bee on the thistle, with mottoes—the Innes, 'In Labour, Sweetness,' and the Farquharson, 'Not always under a Cloud;' both mottoes, of course, in Latin, and I knew them so well from the old times in happy days."¹

The untimely death of young Lewis Farquharson Innes was deeply regretted, as, with him, passed the male representation of the families of Farquharson, of Balmoral, and Innes, of Ballogie. He was interred in the family vault of the Inneses, of Ballogie, in the old churchyard of Aboyne.

A lock of his hair, beautifully set in gold and pearl forget-me-nots, having his name and the date of his death engraved on the setting, was another of the treasured possessions at Glassburn.

His father, also named Lewis Farquharson Innes, was a splendid example of the Highland Cavalier "all of the olden time." It is related of him that, on one occasion in his latter years, he was present at the Braemar Gathering, and was made very welcome for "Auld Lang Syne." The hearts of the people yearned to him; and they felt sad when the memory of old times came over them; Balmoral and other lands having passed from the family, owing to the extravagance of James Farquharson, brother of Lewis. But it was Mr Innes with them; Mr Innes this and Mr Innes that. "Not Innes," replied he, "I am that at Ballogie, but I am Farquharson in Braemar." That went to the

¹ This sporran as well as the case which contained the Highland armaments is now in the possession of the Rev. John Stirton, D.D. (present writer). The powder horn Mrs Chisholm gave to Lord Lovat's eldest son and heir. The dirk and claymore she gave to Major Colin MacRae.

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people's hearts; there was a tear in every eye. But they cheered him; yes, they did it heartily, though their cheers were like to choke them; and then he went away.

The next thing—yes, and the last, is written on the blank leaf of another Missal belonging to the family:—"27th September 1830—Obiit Dominus Ludovicus Innes (quondam Farquharson de Inverey) novissime antem de Balnacraig et Ballogie, anno ætatis suo 67."

"Oh! never shall we know again
A heart so stout and true—
The olden times have passed away,
And weary are the new;
The fair white rose has faded
From the garden where it grew,
And no fond tears, save those of heaven,
The glorious leaf bedew,
Of the last old Scottish Cavalier,
All of the olden time."

Armorial Bearings.

THE CHISHOLM carries, on a shield gules, a boar's head coupé, or

CREST—A dexter hand, coupé at the wrist, holding a dagger proper, on which is transfixed a boar's head of the second.

SUPPORTERS—Two savages wreathed about the head and loins, and bearing knotted clubs proper.

MOTTO—Above the arms, "Feros, ferio," I smite the fierce animal. Feros, however, is more particularly applied to the wild boar. Underneath is "Vi aut Virtute,"
—By strength or by worth.

SHORTLY after the First Edition of this work had been published, the late Miss Amy Frances Yule, of Tarradale House, Muir of Ord, Ross-shire, wrote to the author, who had not previously been acquainted with her, expressing her high appreciation of the book which she had just read, and asking for more copies. The author was able to send her three more copies. In reply Miss Yule wrote the following letter which the author has much pleasure in publishing:—

Tarradale, Muir of Ord,
Ross-shire, 3rd March 1914.

Dear Mr Stirton,

I am much obliged for your kind letter and for allowing me to have other three copies of your delightful book. You may be sure that these will be only worthily bestowed. The first copy is destined to a cousin (of your own Church) in the North of England. She is married to a Lincolnshire soldier squire, but is of Scottish descent, with a very warm feeling for the land of her mother's forefathers, as well as being a very cultivated woman of historic tastes. So I think your book will be in congenial surroundings. You are happy to have had such a cousin as Captain Chisholm, and I can with difficulty express all I think of the lovely reliquary in which you have enshrined the fragrant memories of both your noble cousins. I am very sure that such work for the conservation of what is beautiful—work all too rare in these days of "bustle"—must be truly blessed, both in the present and the future.

With all kind and friendly good wishes,

I remain, Yours sincerely,

A. F. YULE.

The Rev. John Stirton, B.D., F.S.A. (Scot.), Glamis.

The above Miss Yule was an outstanding Highland personality. She was the only child of the late Colonel Sir Henry Yule, C.B., and was born in India during her father's period of service there. Miss Yule was a close student of the sciences, and took special interest in archæological and antiquarian matters. She was passionately attached to the traditions of the Highlands, and was an enthusiastic supporter of the Gaelic movement. She was a woman of many accomplishments, of strong individuality, outwardly brusque in manner, but kindly, business-like, and methodical in all her interests and transactions. Her business habits and student tastes she inherited from her father, who, on retirement from official life, made his home in Greece, where he devoted his later years to archæological research, in which he had the constant assistance of his daughter as companion and amanuensis. After his death Miss Yule resided for some time at St. Etienne, in France, but latterly made her home in the Highlands, purchasing Tarradale House from the Baillies of Dochfour. She died a number of years ago, and was buried in a vault within the grounds of Tarradale House, which she had prepared some time previously, and by her express instructions her funeral was strictly private.

Miss Yule was the possessor of an extensive library, at Tarradale House, of nineteen thousand volumes. She bequeathed her house and library in trust for the benefit of students of literature and science who have the privilege, during the summer months, of staying and consulting the books at Tarradale. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch is a trustee, and he and Lady Marjory Mackenzie take a warm and deep interest in the library.