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ANDERSON, WILLIAM

HOWES O' BUCHAN : BEING NOTES,
LOCAL, HISTORICAL, AND
ANTIQUARIAN, REGARDING THE

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J. Shivas, Photo.

Peterhead.

11
THE

Howes o' Buchan,

BEING

NOTES, LOCAL, HISTORICAL, AND ANTIQUARIAN,
REGARDING THE VARIOUS PLACES OF
INTEREST ALONG THE ROUTE OF
THE BUCHAN RAILWAY.

11 //
BY THE LATE WILLIAM ANDERSON,

EDITOR, "PETERHEAD SENTINEL."

Peterhead :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE "SENTINEL"
OFFICE, BROAD PLACE.

DAVID SCOTT, PRINTER, PETERHEAD.

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The Howes o' Buchan.

SONG and story, brain and sinew, physical and material wealth, have made Buchan a famous country ; and now that the iron roads of civilization have penetrated its recesses, it becomes a pleasure, and at the same time a necessity, to place, alike in the possession of the intelligent native as in the hands of the tourist and stranger, such a Handbook to the district as shall prove a pleasant companion and a safe guide, while trustworthily imparting information to all. Such is the aim of the writer of this little work, who proposes taking his reader through those "Howes o' Buchan," which are intersected by railway. Sometimes he may carry the reader's attention away from the line ; but on such occasions a worthy object must be his excuse.

Peterhead.

First in order among those sights and scenes through which we purpose conducting our readers comes the town of Peterhead—an interesting, busy, and thriving little seaport. Though not able to boast of

very great antiquity, still it has an interesting history, in its rise from what it was when erected into a Burgh of Barony by Earl Marischal in 1593 to what it now is in 1865 ; and, notwithstanding its unmistakeable flavour now and again of whale oil and cured herrings, Peterhead proves a considerable attraction to tourists ; indeed, we know of no town of its size along the eastern coast of Scotland where a tourist may more enjoy himself for a couple of days in summer than here. The days are gone, it is true, when Peterhead held high rank as a watering-place—when crowds of the *elite* of this and the sister country resorted thither to “ kill their time ”—but the attractions it possessed then are still present, although the caprice of fashion may choose to think otherwise. It still has its chalybeate waters, and its great facilities for sea-bathing ; the fresh sea-breeze still blows over the town—the strong saline atmosphere, so bracing to the nerves and so grateful to the senses of “ inlanders.” From the situation of Peterhead being almost insular, it enjoys the sea-breeze to the utmost advantage ; and the inhabitants experience its good effects in a sanitary sense by the absence of noxious vapours, and a comparative immunity from epidemic disease.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF PETERHEAD.

We have said that the town has an interesting history ; and we note a few facts regarding it.

In the days of James V., a little dot might have been found on the Dutch charts of the east coast of Scotland, which pointed out the situation of a fishing station denoted Peterspol. It was visited by the Dutch fishermen every

year for the immense quantities of cod and ling which they then caught between Kinnaird's Head and Buchanness. At this time, perhaps, the number of its inhabitants was not over five-and-twenty, while it is more than probable that even that small number were scarcely permanent residents. By the inhabitants, the place was called Peterugie. The ground on which it stood then belonged to the Abbey of Deer. In 1560, Queen Mary appointed Robert Keith, son of William, fourth Earl Marischal, as Commendator of Deer; in 1587, James VI. created this Robert a Peer, under the title of Lord Altree—converting the lands into a temporary lordship in his favour. The peerage of Altree, however, becoming extinct, the Abbey lands fell to the lot of Earl Marischal.

It is not at all clear that the town was known by its present name of Peterhead till the reign of James VI., in whose Parliament at Edinburgh, on 21st July, 1593, an Act was passed in favour of the Earl Marischal anent the "Haven of Peterhead."

About this time, the Earl erected it into a Burgh of Barony. This year (1593), we may remark, saw the first of Peterhead—the inhabitants of which numbered fifty-six. The charter was granted to fourteen Feuars, who were fishers—the purchase money being 3000 merks, and the annual feu-duty £7 11s. Scots;—and the ground granted to them extended from Roanheads and the Keith Inch on the eastern side, to about the Kirkburn and its parallel points on the western. The original Feuars bound themselves to erect stone and lime houses, "sufficiently slated;" and some of these may still be seen—in Port Henry Lane and in the Longate.

Very little is known of how the good folks of Peterhead got on for about a century after this date, with the exception of the fact of their slow increase. In 1621, in an Act of Parliament, we find Peterhead mentioned; and again, in 1633—both Acts being “anent the collecting and inbringing of the taxation, and relief to prelates.” About the year 1647, the old Kirk in the Churchyard was built. The bell bears that date; and near the Church, and at the foundation of old houses close to it, coins of this period have been found in plenty. The first Session records bear date 1670; and the Superiority of the Burgh remained in the hands of the Earl Marischal till 1715, when the whole possessions of that family were forfeited to the Crown, in consequence of the part which they took in the Rebellion of that year. All being fish that came to net with the Hanoverians at this time, the lands were immediately exposed for sale, and bought by the York Building Company. This concern coming to the ground in 1726, the lands were again in the market. This time they were purchased by the Merchant Maiden Hospital of Edinburgh for some £3000 sterling; and in their possession they have remained ever since. About 1775, the lands, however, narrowly escaped going out of their hands. The laird of Troup bought them of the Governors for £10,000; but the price being, as he considered, very high, he stipulated for some time to consider of his bargain, with an option to relinquish it if he thought proper. He did relinquish his bargain; and on the back of the document intimating this decision, one of the Governors of the Hospital, on its being deposited in the charter-chest, *naively* marked

“a miraculous escape!” So it has turned out.

The Peterhead folks used to get the character of “rank Jacobites.” In 1715, the inhabitants, not only to a man, but to a *woman*, gallantly rose in support of the claims of the exiled family. No fewer than eleven worthy dames joined the Town-guard, being drawn up nightly along with the others, and being supplied with “ane sufficient gun charged with powder and bullets, and four spare shots besides, and ane sufficient suord !” The Keiths appear at all times to have been great favourites with the inhabitants of Peterhead, and their ruin proved a heavy blow to the town—a blow under which it staggered for a time. But the good Burgh was soon to lift its head a bit—if not by means strictly legal, at least by means of some sort. Smuggling was from a very early date indulged in to a greater or less extent; but it increased to a very great degree during the few years before 1780, and was carried on from that date to an almost fabulous extent for about ten years or so. Things now began to assume a different appearance; poor families grew rich, new houses were built, and the peatstacks began to disappear—indeed, there is little use in disguising the fact that it was smuggling which first gave Peterhead a thorough start. After two or three successful landings of gin and brandy, there would have been scarcely a cellar in town which was not full of contraband goods—in fact, so universally did the system obtain, that the floors of the old Town-house were often lifted, the earth dug out, and the vacant space filled with kegs of spirits. There were very few convictions for smuggling obtained, however—the folks of Peterhead being true as steel to one another in their illicit traffic.

THE WHALE FISHERY.

But this sort of work soon gave way to lawful industry, for people begin to get cautious "when they have anything to lose." The first whale ship was sent out from the port in 1788, and was named the "Robert." She was commanded and manned by Englishmen for ten years, and her success was very poor. At this time, Hull was the principal port engaged in the fishery; and the crew of the "Robert" were all obtained there—being supposed, of course, to be the most likely men for the work. Daunted at their poor success, the owners of the "Robert" were about to give up the trade in 1798; but two of their number—Mr John Hutchison and Mr James Arbuthnot—prevailed upon their co-partners to send out the vessel for another season, and this time to get her commanded and manned from Peterhead. As a last resource, this was tried. The result well rewarded the experiment, as the "Robert" returned full ship. Year after year, capital voyages were made; and after this date the progress of the town has been very much identified with the northern fisheries. Year after year the number of vessels multiplied; and year after year the population increased. Disastrous years would occur occasionally—even a series of unprofitable fishings—but the good generally covered the bad. In 1821, finding the whales scarce in the usual fishing-grounds, four of the vessels tried their luck at Davis' Straits, and were successful. Gradually from that time a number of the Greenland vessels fished at the Straits—where they were uniformly more successful than at the former grounds—until 1830, in which year all the vessels went there. The success in this year was not very

good, so Greenland was again resorted to by one or two—the numbers gradually increasing till 1841, when none went to the Straits. Since that time, the numbers of the vessels going to the Straits and Greenland have fluctuated pretty much as the success. Although from the commencement of the Greenland trade till 1831, the seal fishing was prosecuted when seals would come in the way, it was not till that year that it was carried on with the energy which has since characterised it. A good few of the vessels go seal-fishing alone; and taking it as a whole, the successful years with those of clean ships, the success has been fair, and even good. Those of the ships going to both branches rarely fail to bring home a fishing of some kind or other.

THE HERRING FISHERY.

Next to the whale-fishing we must notice the rise and progress of our herring trade. It was first commenced by a joint-stock company in 1818. The said company had a few boats engaged in the fishing with more or less success, till 1821, when the concern collapsed. From this time onwards a few boats from Boddam would try their luck; but it was not till 1832 that the fishing became a regular and organised branch of commerce here. One-and-twenty boats was then the number which fished off Peterhead; and these boats all belonged to Boddam. In that year, however, the virulence with which the cholera broke out in Wick, drove the Caithness fishermen south; and they fixed upon Peterhead as their station for the season. The crews having been examined by doctors in case of infection, the fishing was commenced. The southern

curers who had Caithness stations followed the fishermen, with sloops laden with salt and barrels. The work was carried on vigorously, and the fishing was very successful. The southern curers rented stations (some of which still remain in the hands of their original occupiers) and returned next season. Peterhead now became a fishing station of some note, and was acknowledged as such in 1836, by the Fishery Board appointing an officer for the port. Gradually increasing, the number of boats fishing off Peterhead will this season number nearly four hundred. The success has been good and bad in this fishing as in all others by turns; but year by year, it is the means of the circulation of a vast amount of money in the north.

THE HARBOURS.

The Harbours deserve notice in a sketch like the present. The earliest mention of them is in the charter of Earl Marischal which provided for the erection of Port Henry. It is not certain when the South Harbour was first formed; but in its primitive condition it was not of much account, and could only accommodate vessels of a very small size. In 1705, in 1729, in 1740, and 1771, it was extended, and put into shape bit by bit. In 1807 it was extended and deepened—and at this time it is worthy of note that the mason's pay was 1s. per day, and that of their labourers 8d.—and in 1822 the North Harbour and Old Dock were finished from the plans of Telford. The Canal connecting the two Harbours was made in 1849 and 1850; and in 1855 the new graving dock was erected. Taking them as a whole—perhaps, for their size, Peterhead

possesses the two finest tidal Harbours on the east coast of Scotland.

A WALK THROUGH THE TOWN.

We propose now taking out the reader for a walk through the town—discoursing to him as we go.

Peterhead (with the exception of Aberdeen) is the largest town in the county. It is situated, according to Mr Hamilton Moore, in lat. 57 deg. 34 min. N., and long. 1 deg. 25 min. W. from Greenwich ; by others, the computation is lat. 57 deg. 34 min. N., and long. 1 deg. 35 min. W. Standing upon a peninsula, the isthmus by which it is connected to the mainland (on the west side of the town) is only about 800 yards across ; and it is, therefore, bounded on the north, east, and south, by the German Ocean. It is distant from London, by sea, about 550 miles, and from Edinburgh about 140.

In its shape, the town almost presents the form of a cross. It is divided into four districts—*The Kirktown, the Roanheads, the Keith Inch*, and *Peterhead* proper. The Keith Inch (or “Queenie”) is an island, but is connected to the town by a draw-bridge over the “cut” between the North and South Harbours. To those tourists coming from Edinburgh—that “Valhalla of a nation’s thanks”—or such-like places, and expecting to find here “objects of interest” in proportion, we may at once impart the information that we have nothing to show them. But those who come, willing to take what we have to give them, we imagine we can both amuse and instruct, in a couple of days spent in Peterhead and vicinity, both in a historical sense and otherwise. We can show them, in the first place, the noble harbours, with their piers of massive,

time-defying masonry ; we can show them the boil-yards (if their olefactory organs be not offended therewith, and if they are willing to brave a little nasal inconvenience for the sake of acquiring practical scientific knowledge). We can show them the shipbuilding yards—neither few in number nor insignificant—which can turn out ships able to compete for the belt of the ocean with the best of the Aberdeen clippers. We can show them, if they come at the proper season, the herring-smoking houses in working order, with their long lines of fish in process of becoming tinged with all the different hues of pale lemon and golden orange. If the tourist stay out on the piers on an evening in late summer or early autumn, we can show him our beautiful bay, glittering in the golden sunset, literally studded with herring boats, busily plying their fatiguing but remunerative vocation—"a perfect sea of life and motion." When the weather is unpropitious in the early part of the evening, the boats do not proceed to sea till later ; if the weather do not clear up, they remain in harbour. We can conceive no finer scene than may be witnessed from our piers any time in August or September. The boats have been prevented by bad weather from going out at their usual time in the evening. As the night wears on, it clears up ; and about an hour before midnight the boats commence to go to sea. From two-hundred-and-fifty to three-hundred boats' crews are all activity and earnestness ; and in the scanty moonlight, they thread their way to the harbour mouth—which is most likely blocked up by twenty or thirty boats abreast of each other—all determined to get out, and none inclined to give way. Then volleys of "Billingsgate"—a collision or two, and the

passage is opened. The boats spread their sails to the wind, and, in the course of another hour, appear but as specks on the moonlit sea. Morning comes, and with it, let us say, "good shots." The piers are crowded with gutters, salters, and all the multifarious sort of workmen and workwomen required for herring-curing; work is proceeded with at lightning pace; the catch of the morning is put into its first brine in barrels; and by ten o'clock in the forenoon, scarce a trace of a herring is to be seen along the quays.

Another scene often to be beheld in Peterhead, as calculated to interest a stranger, may be noteworthy. It may be beheld (*but by chance* only) from early summer to latest autumn. A sealer or a whaler appears in the bay. The news spreads through the town like wildfire; and almost in the twinkling of an eye, the quays and piers are lined with hundreds of anxious wives, mothers, sweet-hearts, and Greenland owners, all interested in the success of the oily fleet in their several ways, and all as anxious as one another to be the happy bearers of good news up town. The interest and anxiety manifested by the inhabitants for intelligence from Greenland during the fishing season is amply shown by such scenes as we have described. Gentle and simple—the man worth thousands of pounds, and the servant girl just run off from her half-washed lobby with her "scourin'-dud" in her hand, may be found on the quays at that time.

But we are departing from our subject—objects of interest to the stranger. First among these, besides those we have already mentioned, if not in importance, at least as being likely the first to attract the notice of the

stranger, are the Reform Monuments. There are two of these in the parish of Peterhead—one built by the Whigs, and the other by the Tories! The Whig Monument is by far the prettiest and most imposing structure. It stands on Meethill—the property of George Whyte, Esq., land-surveyor. From some inadvertency, however, it is believed the right of way to the Reform Tower (which is fitted up as a capital observatory) has been lost; but this may yet come to be a nice legal question. The other Reform Monument stands in the centre of Broad Street, and was erected by the Tory party. It consists of a handsome round pillar and pedestal, with a figure of a lion rampant surmounting it. It is now used as the market cross of Peterhead.

Next in order as an object of interest comes the Town-house. It is by no means a beautiful building, although, considering everything, the wonder is that it is as it is. It was built in 1788, at an expense of about £2000. Building certainly must have been cheap in those days! The spire of the Town-house (containing a clock and bell) is 125 feet in height.

The Parish Church next claims our attention. It is situated at the entrance to the town from the south and west turnpikes. It was built in 1803. Like the Town-house, it is not a pretty building; but it is a large and commodious one. The spire is in the Sir Christopher Wren style, is 118 feet high, and contains a clock and bell—the latter much inferior in tone to the one in the Town-house.

The other churches worth seeing we may dispose of in a paragraph. The Free Church, in St Peter Street, is a large and massive specimen of what may be called the

Tudor-Gothic style of architecture. It is both elegant and commodious inside. The U. P. Church, in Charlotte Street, is a pretty little place of worship, erected some years ago. The Independent Chapel, situated in Windmill Street, is a rather gloomy and clumsy-looking building, while the Methodist Chapel, situated in Chapel Street, possesses much of the same character. Neither of these last two places of worship appear to advantage from the outside. The Episcopal Chapel, in Merchant Street, dedicated to St Peter, is a pretty enough, but rather dusky-looking edifice from the outside ; but inside it is about all that could be desired. It was built in 1814. The Roman Catholic Chapel, situated in St Peter Street, is a small but very neat building, erected a few years ago—in the early English style.

We come now to the Kirkburn Mills—situated a few hundred yards in a southerly direction from the Parish Church ; to Mr Murray's Bone and Saw-Mills, close to Kirkburn ; and the Commercial Company's Bone and Saw-Mills, in Windmill Street. In all establishments, very creditable articles in the separate departments are turned out ; and all carry on a large trade, both with the north and south. These places are worthy of a visit from strangers.

In a notice like the present, it would be unpardonable to omit mention of our granite quarries and granite works. The principal quarries for the red or Peterhead granite are at Stirlinghill, and on the Aldie estate. The latter quarries are the only ones wrought by a native company, the others being leased by companies from Aberdeen and elsewhere ; and in the carriage of blocks from these latter,

the Railway Company receives something like a hundred tons of traffic per week. The quarries are well worth visiting, as also are the polishing works of Messrs John M'Glashan & Co., near Boddam. These works employ upwards of sixty men, and have turned out some of the finest blocks, pillars, and monuments of polished granite to be seen in the Metropolis and in the Colonies, where a very considerable portion of their productions has been sent.

There is but one public Museum in Peterhead—the Arbuthnot collection—bequeathed to the town by the late Adam Arbuthnot, Esq., and under the charge of the Magistrates and Council. It is well worthy of a visit, containing curiosities alike calculated to interest the naturalist, mineralogist, and geologist. It is displayed in Catto's Hall, about half-way down Broad Street. The collection of coins belonging to this Museum—part of which (the Saxon, Scotch, English, and British) has been arranged—is a very valuable one, and is worth about £1000. The English coins embrace the whole period from Edgar to Victoria; the Scotch from William the Lion to James VI.; the Grecian those of Philip of Macedon, Alexander the Great, and most of the petty States; the Romans, those of the Emperors, Consuls, and Usurpers. There is scarcely a country on the face of the globe whose coins are not here represented. Another Museum—that of the Institute—is now amalgamated with the Arbuthnot collection.

Of schools we have plenty—generally of a superior class—viz., the Parish School, Free Church Seminary, Academy, Episcopal School, and Union Industrial Schools.

The Baths, in Bath Street, deserve special notice, particularly those cut out of the solid rock at the back of the bath-house, one of which is 90 feet by 30, the bottom being quite level and covered with sand. It is capable of holding any depth of water from three and a-half to six feet, and is filled every tide by pure sea water, its depth being regulated by a large sluice opened or shut by a valve at pleasure. The house at the back is used for dressing and undressing; and bathers are defended from the view of spectators by a breast of rock on the land side some twenty feet high—thus uniting all the conveniences of house and open sea-bathing. This bath is the admiration of every stranger visiting the town. While on the subject of baths, it may be mentioned that, shortly ago, a small Hydropathic Establishment was fitted up in St Peter Street, containing a Turkish Bath, and accommodation for all the various other baths used in such establishments—although, of course, on a small scale.

In hotels, we have but two worthy of the name, and these are first-class—The Inn, in Broad Street, and Laing's Temperance Hotel, in St Peter Street.

Having given a short note of most of the interesting objects in the town, we will now proceed to

THE RAILWAY STATION.

The station buildings, which stand on the property of the Feuars of Peterhead, at the west end of Queen Street, are by no means pretending-looking erections, although durable enough and substantial in their build. The passenger station, for its size, is a very well-laid-off and commodious little place, having a platform upwards of five

hundred feet in length. On a smaller scale (of course) we have in our station at Peterhead all the advantages and facilities possessed in the large terminal stations in the south. The space is divided thus :—luggage-room, guard's room and closet, store-room, station-master's-room, ticket-office, gentlemen's waiting-room, ladies' waiting room, boiler-room, lamp-room, and water-closets. A few yards to the south of the passenger-station is erected the carriage shed, a long and somewhat unshapely wooden building, but well enough fitted for its purpose—that of holding spare carriages. Then we have the goods station, the arrangement and build of which is all that could be wished for. Beside the goods station stands the engine-house and water-tank, the water for the supply of which is brought all the way from Howe o' Buchan. The water is forced up by two powerful "rams" (the design and work of Mr White, coppersmith, Peterhead) to the top of the brae on the old road overlooking Blackhouse, in order to give it sufficient fall. The "rams" are well worthy of the inspection of the mechanically-curious.

Suppose we now seat ourselves about ten minutes before starting-time. Let us cast our eyes around us from the carriage-window. On our right hand we have at once in our view the broad blue expanse of ocean—Ratrayhead appearing in full relief. Close to the sea yonder in the hollow lies the little village of Buchanhaven, the property of Admiral Ferguson of Pitfour—a flourishing little place in its way. The inhabitants are a hard-working, industrious class ; and report will have it that some of them are pretty wealthy. Some of the houses are sadly in need of repair—perhaps, too, a number of the dung-heaps which one meets

in a walk through the village might be dispensed with. Within the past few years, in addition to the old pier, a substantial new pier has been erected, at which the boats discharge their fish. On the top of the hill there, above Buchanhaven, lies the Windmill farm, in the occupation of Mr Creighton, wood merchant, Peterhead. Close to the station, there, on the left hand side, is the Washing-house Croft, occupied by Mr Charles Will, who, as the sign appended to the end of his dwelling informs us, pursues the profession of "chemist." His chemistry, however, we believe, is pretty much confined to the distillation of aromatic essences from sweet herbs, such as peppermint, &c. ; and nowhere can better peppermint water be obtained than from honest Charles. Before his door is the Washing-house Green, used by the inhabitants generally for bleaching their clothes. The green is a commonity on the lands of the town, and, on a fine day, is usually fully occupied—the boon afforded by old Earl Marischal (who gifted this green to the townsfolk) of free bleaching being very generally appreciated.

But the bell so smartly rung just now brings us to our bearings again from our leisurely observation. Passengers quickly scramble to their seats, the guard smartly shuts the doors, "whew!" screams the engine, and we are off. Leaving Peterhead behind us, catching a hurried glimpse of the Manse and Cairntrodlie as we rattle along, the house of Clerkhill, (the farm of which is in the occupation of Mr Laing of the Horse Repository) catches our eye on the left hand side. Lower down on the same side of the line stands Middle Clerkhill, in the occupancy of Mr Thomas Alexander. At this part, the line skirts the

Fraserburgh turnpike till it diverges into a deep cutting—nearly the deepest, we believe, on the line—(of 15 feet) at Coplandhill. Before we come to this point, however, we catch a glimpse on our left hand of the Granges—Lower Grange, occupied by Mr Pickard ; Middle Grange, occupied by Mr Cunningham ; and Upper Grange, occupied by Mr Robb. On each of these farms there are large market gardens, in which flowers, fruit, and vegetables are supplied on the spot in their season. On the right—but scarcely observable from the deep cutting here and the rising ground—is the estate of Blackhouse. Passing Mr Andrew Kidd's house and farm, a little to the left we pass under the new bridge connecting the new west turnpike to the old Longside road, and forward, about 400 yards, we come to another bridge, connecting the same roads. Passing through the centre of Mr Mess's garden at Coplandhill, we come on to

HOWE O' BUCHAN,

Where the line crosses the road on a level. On the left we have a capital view of the east side of the mansion-house (see photograph). The estate of Howe o' Buchan is possessed by John Brown, Esq., shipowner. The mansion-house is a very neat and handsome building, and appears to great advantage from the west turnpike, which skirts the garden, through which runs the Burn o' Howe, greatly adding to the beauty of the grounds. The estate was purchased by Mr Brown from Mr Thomas Walker some years ago ; and, since he came into possession, he has added a new wing to the house, greatly improving its appearance. From the level crossing at Howe, we pass close by the farm of South Balmoor, occupied by



J. Shivas, Photo.

How O'Buchan.



J. Shivas, Photo.

Inverugie

Mr Mutch, and on the left we catch a glimpse of the house and estate of Richmond, the property of Robert Walker, Esq.; the farms of Cocklaw, occupied by Miss Leed; Gate-side, occupied by Mr Mitchell; Cowsrieve, occupied by Mr Urquhart; Forehill, occupied by Mr Garden; and Clubscross, by Mr A. Henderson. But the engine warns us again—we come to our first stoppage.

Inverugie.

At this station there is a large amount of excursion traffic, attracted by the beautiful walks and interesting ruins in the vicinity. To the left we see the house and estate of Hayfield, the property of John Smith, Esq., draper, Peterhead. A little to the southward of Hayfield, stands the house of Berryhill, possessed by Crawford Noble, Esq. of Meikle Cocklaw. Beside the station here are the estate and house of Mountpleasant—a beautiful little place, skirting the river, and possessed by John Young, Esq., late of Peterhead. The estate is mostly laid out in grass parks. Nearer us than Mountpleasant, lying in the hollow, on the right of the line, Katburn Cottage, with its beautiful, tasteful, and neatly laid-off garden, will claim the attention of all passers-by. The cottage is occupied by William Mitchell, Esq., shipowner, Peterhead, as a summer residence. Lying, as it does, in the hollow, sheltered by trees, and surrounded by many objects of natural beauty, it forms in itself quite a little paradise. The best view is obtained just before we come to the station. From this point, on the right, we have a view of an old ruin likely to attract many strangers, and which is a constant source

of interest even to dwellers in the district—

INVERUGIE CASTLE.

This beautiful and picturesque ruin is situated about a mile from the station, on the road towards St Fergus. The walls of the Castle still stand, and to the top of one of the towers there is a winding stair, in capital preservation. The site of the Castle is one of the most interesting, and at the same time most useful, that could have been selected for such a building. Standing on a slight eminence, the river winds round it on three sides, the banks being finely wooded; and a beautiful view of the valley of the Ugie is obtained from the top of the tower, which is accessible by the stair.

The greater part of the present building is of comparatively modern origin, having been built by George Earl Marischal (the founder of Marischal College), who died in 1623. One portion of the Castle, however—that known as Cheyne's Tower—is of great antiquity, dating back, it is believed, to the fourteenth century. This portion was probably built by the Cheynes of Ravenscraig, in whose possession the lands then were.

THE KEITHS.

The earliest possessor of the lands of Inverugie and Ravenscraig would appear to have been Ralf dé Naym, a Norman noble, for we find that one of the first benefactors to the Abbey of Arbroath (founded 1178) was the said Ralf, who gifted to it the patronage of the "Church of Inverugy." Probably the next possessors were the Cheynes, who were proprietors of the parish of St Fergus

in the 13th century. This family had, besides, extensive possessions in other parts of Scotland. Robert le Chein was Sheriff of the Mearns in 1263, and in 1266 was succeed in that office by Reginald, who, in 1267, was Lord Chamberlain of Scotland. He was succeeded by his son of the same name, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Halidon Hill, and died about 1350, leaving two daughters, Marioth and Mary. The latter married Nicol Sutherland, the second son of the Earl of Sutherland, receiving as her portion the barony of Duffus. Marioth married, first, Sir John Douglas, and on his death, without issue, John de Keith, the second son of Sir Edward Keith, Great Marischal of Scotland, who became, in her right, proprietor of St Fergus. Their issue continued a separate branch of the Keith family for several generations. Sir William fell at Flodden in 1513, leaving two daughters, the eldest of whom married, about 1538, her kinsman, William, fourth Earl Marischal; and thus the estates became, by marriage, part of the extensive possessions of that family, continuing so till 1715. In that year the Marischal and his brother (the celebrated Field Marshal, who fell at Hochkirch) espoused the cause of the exiled Stuarts.

At the time of the rising in 1715, the Marischal and his brother were but young men, and were not supposed to have any particular leaning towards the exiled Stuart family. Had their father been alive, in all likelihood they would have never have found their way to Sheriffmuir; but their mother, who was a blood relation of the Earl of Mar, influenced them to the gallant and chivalrous but rash step which they adopted. A local poet, in the "Lays of

Inverugie," thus describes the scene on the morning of the ill-fated march :—

On a sunny Sabbath morning,
In the days of long ago—
Ere a loyal Scot regarded
Royal Stuart as a foe ;
Ere the bee, in quest of honey,
Filled the air with busy hum,
Inverugie's towers re-echoed
To the summons of the drum.

" Arm ye, arm ye, loyal henchmen ;
" Don your armour as ye sing ;
" Furl your standards to the morning,
" And advance to meet your King.
" His ancestors led our fathers
" Over fields of old renown ;
" He is King by grace and birthright,
" And comes back to claim his crown.

" Yesterday the Royal standard
" Flaunted o'er the Braes o' Mar,
" While the gallant clansmen mustered ;
" And their Chief begins the war.
" And while that fair silken standard
" Floated in the hazy air,
" Forth burst glittering golden sunbeams—
(" See ye not an omen there ?)

" When we heard the welcome tidings,
" We resolved to take the field,
" Strike a blow for James of Scotland,
" And we'll rather die than yield.
" We have staked our fortune with him—
" Castle, lands, to signet ring :
" Say then, vassals will ye follow
" To the banner of your King !"

(So outspake the younger Marischal,
With the manly fire of youth,
With a noble sense of honour,
And a conscience wed to truth.
His was not the craven nature
That could count the loss or gain ;
Honour marked his forward pathway—
His the road to death or fame.)

With a cheer the brave retainers
Heard the words of noble Keith ;
With a cheer they quickly mustered,
Bent on victory or death :
With a cheer they drain their goblets,
And the glasses from them fling,
Marching out from Inverugie,
To the standard of their King.

And they marched out never to return. Amidst the universal ruin which overtook the Jacobite families in 1715, that of the Keiths occupied a melancholy prominence. They were attainted, and their lands forfeited. Before the forfeiture, however, the family plate and other valuables were removed from Inverugie to a hut which stood in one of the parks now on the estate of Mountpleasant, and was believed to have been removed bit by bit.

The ruined and moss-grown towers of Inverugie are now all that remain to remind Scotland of the existence of a family of whom she well may be proud—a family, which, for seven centuries and a half, occupied a prominent place in the councils of the Sovereign. The sun of the Keiths arose with splendour, in the person of the valiant founder of the family, who drove the Danes from Scotland,

in the year 1005, and restored to his monarch the freedom of his realm ; while the last of the noble race, driven from that country which their ancestor had restored to its king, showed themselves to be no unworthy representatives of their line. Both the Earl George, and his brother, the Field-Marshal, have left a name and a fame which can never be effaced from European history—indeed, as has been well said, the Field-Marshal “stands prominently among the most illustrious sons of Scotland, as a soldier, a diplomatist, and a Christian gentleman.”

To attempt, within the limits of space at our command, to give a history of the Keiths of Inverugie, would be alike useless and foreign to our present purpose ; yet, as a halo of interest still surrounds the two last representatives of the race, a brief biographical sketch of both may not be unacceptable.

THE LAST EARL MARISCHAL.

Earl George (the last Earl Marischal) was born in 1693. He succeeded his father in 1712 ; and at the time of the Rebellion of 1715, was only twenty-two years of age. In all probability, he never would have joined in the ill-fated rising, but for the influence of his mother, who was a near relation of the Earl of Mar, and who strongly urged her sons to raise the followers of the family, and march with them to the assistance of the Pretender. Previous to this, the Earl had served under the famous Duke of Marlborough ; and, for meritorious service, was made Captain of the Guards, by Queen Anne herself, while yet a mere boy. It is said that he offered, at the time of Queen Anne's death, to proclaim the Pretender at the head of his troop ; but this story is gravely doubted by good authori-

ties. Before taking part in the Rebellion, however, he honourably resigned King George's commission. Shortly after this, he was at the head of a regiment of the rebel army, along with his brother James, who was then only eighteen years of age.

Then came the battle of Sheriffmuir, and its consequent disasters. Like others of the nobility, Earl Marischal was attainted, his estates forfeited, and a price set on his head by the Government. Both the brothers, however, succeeded in escaping to the Continent. The Earl, after wandering about from place to place for a time, at last went to Spain, where he entered military service. He was offered the rank of Lieutenant-General, by Cardinal Alberoni, but refused to accept it, giving, as his reason, that he did not consider himself qualified for the post, and proving the sincerity of his views by accepting a subordinate command. By this time his brother had come to Madrid, and had obtained a commission in the "Irish brigade;" and in 1718 both brothers were drafted by the Spanish King to the duty of landing in Scotland, with an army, and again raising the standard of the Stuarts. This affair and its results are thus referred to by Mr Hill Burton:—

The two young men were intrusted with eighteen thousand crowns by the Cardinal, who engaged to put at their disposal six companies of foot. The elder brother remained in Spain, and sailed with the expedition when it was completed, while the younger undertook to visit the Jacobite exiles dispersed through France, and make arrangements for their secretly leaving the country and joining the expedition—a delicate and difficult duty, which was fraught with extreme risk, at a time when France and Spain were at war, and when, consequently, the young diplomatist

must have carried everywhere with him the evidence that he was in correspondence with the enemy.

James Keith at last left Havre with his Jacobite friends in a small vessel, which narrowly escaped the English fleet; and he found his brother with the Spanish troops at Stornoway. Their attempt led to the incident in history called the Battle of Glen-shiel. The project was acutely conceived. It was intended that, while Ormond landed with a large expedition in England, the little body of Spaniards and Scottish Jacobites should march through the glens and surprise Inverness; but an unexpected attack by Wightman, with a superior force, on the borders of the wild Loch Duich, crushed the attempt at its opening. The battle was not in itself decisive; and had there been ulterior hopes for the Jacobites, they might have defended the narrow gorge running through a range of the loftiest and most precipitous mountains in Scotland; but news had come of the failure of Ormond's expedition, and after a consultation the Spaniards surrendered as prisoners of war, "and everybody else took the road he liked best." "As I was then," says James Keith, "sick of a fever, I was forced to lurk some months in the mountains; and in the beginning of September, having got a ship, I embarked at Peterhead, and four days after landed in Holland at the Texel, and from thence, with the Earl Marischal, went to the Hague, to know if the Marquis Beretti Landi, then the king's minister at that Court, had any orders for us; and his advice being that we should return with all haste to Spain, we set out next day by the way of Liege, to shun the Imperial Netherlands, and enter France by Sedan, judging that route to be the least suspected."

But this proved a miscalculation. On their arrival at Sedan, the town-major, finding them without credentials or passports, ordered them to be carried to prison, "which," said Keith, "was executed with the greatest exactitude." They had just time to destroy their commissions from the King of Spain, which might have brought them to the gallows as spies, when they were searched. The only available document found on them appears to have been a complimentary and familiar letter from the Princess

of Conti, which bore so strong a testimony to their rank and favour at court that they were at once liberated.

Returning to Spain with his brother, the Government refused to renew their commissions, and the Earl afterwards resided a short time at Avignon, and then went to Rome, where he was employed by the Pretender, in a number of secret negociations, the nature of which has never come to light, as the papers regarding them were all burned. For these secret services, the Chevalier invested him with the Order of the Garter—a decoration which, it is said, he was never known to have worn. He remained in Rome for a considerable period of time ; and in 1733, when Spain declared war against the Emperor, the Earl wrote the King, requesting to be employed in his service. The King refused at first, on the ground that the Earl was a Protestant ; but, while negociations were going on, the news arrived that his brother (who was now a Field-Marshal in the service of Frederick the Great) had been severely wounded at the siege of Okzakow. The Earl immediately set out for the field, and arrived just in time to prevent the amputation of one of the Marshal's legs, about which the surgeons were deliberating. It is noteworthy, too, as the most prominent episode in his career for ten years after this, that he endeavoured to prevent Prince Charles Edward Stuart from attempting to raise the Rebellion of 1745. The Earl regarded the whole proposals on the part of the French King to assist the Pretender as mere feints. He earnestly attempted to dissuade the Prince from listening to the idea, warning him that nothing but disaster would be the result. The Prince, however, gave no heed to his counsels ; and the

result was Culloden and ruin. Conceiving himself slighted by the Spanish Court, the Earl left Spain, and resided for some time in Venice, which, in turn, he left for Berlin at the request of his brother, the Field-Marshal. Soon after this, he was appointed by Frederick as Prussian Ambassador at the French Court ; and he resided in Paris for several years in this capacity, being removed at his own wish to be Governor of Neufchatel. Remaining in this office for a year or two, he made the acquaintance of Jean Jacques Rousseau ; and that worthy, who generally quarrelled with his acquaintances, and invariably with his benefactors, hardly had the heart to fight with Earl Marischal. "My Lord Marischal," says the French black-guard-philosopher, "is not without faults ; he sometimes suffers himself to be deceived, and never recovers his error ;" but again, "I could wish incessantly to speak of George Keith ; from him proceeds my recollection of the last happy moments I have enjoyed." This was written after the Earl left Neufchatel, from which he was removed to be Ambassador for Prussia at the Court of Spain. While in Madrid, he came to know of the family compact then in negotiation between the two branches of the Bourbons ; and of this compact he is believed to have sent the Earl of Chatham early and reliable information. Be that as it may, however, shortly after this compact was known, a bill was brought into Parliament to reverse the attainder on "George Keith, late Earl Marischal ;" which bill was passed unanimously on 25th May, 1759. When these proceedings were intimated to the Earl, he immediately made preparations for returning to Scotland. He had a farewell audience of the Spanish King on 3d July, 1760 ;

and on the 16th August of the same year, he was "graciously received" by George II., who appears to have acted towards him in the most kindly way, presenting him with the right to a sum of £3618 which was unpaid by the parties who had purchased his estates, and offering him back his titles and honours. These latter the Earl declined to accept. On 9th September he arrived at Edinburgh, where he was received with great distinction, the Magistrates conferring on him the freedom of the city. He then made a tour to the north and west of Scotland. "Wherever his Lordship went," says a contemporary record, "his presence diffused such a joy as might naturally be expected on the appearance of so worthy a representative of so illustrious and ancient a family, after an absence of nearly half a century." About the time of his pardon, the Earl had the good fortune to succeed to the Kintore estate, which had been preserved in a colateral branch of the family by an entail. Afterwards he immediately set about re-possessioning himself of Inverugie ; and in 1761, he purchased the estate of St Fergus, from the Trustees of the York Building Company for £12,620 10s. In 1764 (under date 23d Feb.), writing to David Hume, the historian, Earl Marischal says—"I am now laird of Inverugy. I bought my estate farthest north. There was no bidder against me, and great applause of the spectators." It is believed that he intended to shelter Rosseau at Inverugie Castle ; but before any arrangements were made, Rosseau had changed his mind.

The Earl resided at Keith-hall for some considerable time ; but he grew tired of life in his native land ; and but another straw was required for "the back of the camel"

to make him leave that land for ever. Taking a northward journey, he resolved to visit Inverugie, and formally take possession. He proceeded no further than the Bridge of Ugie, however—being completely overcome by the sight of his home in ruins. He was moved to tears, it is said, at the sad spectacle; and grieved by this, as well as harassed by the fact that he could not manage to pay up the full price of his estate, he sold the lands in 1766, to James Ferguson of Pitfour (in the possession of whose representatives they still remain), and returned to Prussia. He was a great favourite at the Court of Berlin, where he remained till his death in 1788.

FIELD-MARSHAL JAMES FRANCIS EDWARD KEITH

Was born at the Castle of Inverugie. The precise date of his birth is a matter of dispute; but he was baptised, as appears from the records, on the 16th of June, 1696. It was the intention of his father to have made James a lawyer, and in all probability this intention would have been carried out but for the Rebellion of 1715, which he joined along with his brother the Earl. He was wounded at the battle of Sheriffmuir, though not seriously, and, along with his brother, he escaped to the Continent. For some time he remained at the French Court, receiving military education; but in 1718 he joined his brother in Spain, where he obtained a commission in the army. In the following year he was induced by the King of Spain to undertake command of an expedition, for the purpose of once more raising the standard of Rebellion in Scotland. With this expedition, young Keith landed on the Island of Lewis, on the 4th of April, 1719; but

the Jacobite leaders refused to co-operate with him, and his little force was compelled to disperse. He himself was obliged to seek shelter and hiding among the hills for some months ; but, eventually, he reached Peterhead, and, as will be seen in our quotation regarding the expedition, got on board a vessel sailing for the Texel. Keith again made his way to Spain ; but the King, in consequence of the failure of this expedition, refused to continue his commission to him. Nothing daunted, however, our hero served for a time as a volunteer, and subsequently applied (representing his past services) to the King for command of a regiment, which application his Majesty offered to grant, provided Keith would embrace the Catholic faith. This condition he refused to comply with, and asked from the King a recommendation to the Empress of Russia, in whose service he was at once employed, with the rank of Major-General. This was in the year 1738. In the Russian service he remained for several years, invariably distinguishing himself when called upon to display his abilities, either in the field or in the Council. As a proof of his talent in this latter, Keith was sent to England as Special Ambassador regarding the war between Russia and Sweden. In this capacity he was received by George II. at St James's—not as a “rebel,” but as a great General, and the Ambassador of a powerful monarch.

After taking part in many battles and sieges, and being entrusted with most important offices, Keith began to find that Russian honours were but a splendid kind of slavery ; so he retired from the service in 1747, when Russia was at peace with all her neighbours. He now joined his brother

the Earl, at Berlin, intending to retire into private life.

But this was not to be, however. Whenever Frederick heard of Keith's arrival, he saw his opportunity of employing in his service one of the first military commanders in Europe. After much hesitation and reluctance, Keith consented to serve the King, upon which he was immediately raised to the rank of Field-Marshal. In the course of two years, he received the important office of Governor of Berlin—a most lucrative position—and had conferred on him the Order of the Black Eagle, and the honour of membership of the Royal Academy. For several years, the Marshal lived in this polished retirement. But he was again summoned to the camp in 1756, when Frederick took possession of Saxony. In this campaign Keith was entrusted with the army of Bohemia; and, after fighting the battle of Lowositz, was left in sole command for a time—being subsequently employed on a special mission to the Court of Poland. In the following year (1757) the Marshal led the van of the army into Bohemia, along with the King. He was in command at the battle of Prague, and drove the Austrians within the walls of the city for shelter. Under Frederick, he conducted the siege of Prague with singular ability; but, as it was found impossible to reduce the town, Frederick ordered a retreat; and this retreat in the face of an enemy Keith conducted with consummate skill.

Death, however, was now hovering over our brave and illustrious countryman. After a severe sickness, from which he had scarcely recovered, Marshal Keith was entrusted with the escort of a grand convoy to the King's army, which he was now to rejoin. When on his way thither, his escort was attacked at Hochkirch, in Lusatia,

by the Austrian General Count Daun, in the dark of the morning of the 14th of October, 1758. Hastily getting his troops in order, the Marshal repelled the attack again and again. But at last he is overpowered ; and the last sad closing scene is thus described by Thomas Carlyle :—

At length, quite surrounded and overwhelmed, Keith had to retire ; opening his way by the bayonet, and before long suddenly stopping short—falling, shot through the heart. Two shots on the right side he had not regarded ; but this on the left side was final ; Keith's fightings are suddenly all done.

Croats had the plundering of Keith ; other Austrians, not of Croat kind, carried the dead General into Hochkirch Church. On the morrow, Sunday, Oct. 15th, Keith had honourable soldier's burial there—"twelve cannon" salvoing thrice, and "the whole corps of Colloredo" with their muskets thrice ; Lacy as chief mourner, not without tears. Four months after, by royal order, Keith's body was conveyed to Berlin ; re-interred in Berlin, in a still more solemn public manner, with all the honours, all the regrets ; and Keith sleeps now in the Garnison-Kirche :—far from bonny Inverugie ; the hoarse sea winds and caverns of Dunottar singing vague requiem to his honourable line and him.

"And thus disappeared," as has well been said, "one of the greatest men of his age—one whose name stands among the foremost of heroes, whether of ancient or modern times."

The body of the Marshal, as Carlyle has mentioned, was removed to Berlin, where it was interred with great pomp and splendour. A monument was also erected to his memory in Berlin ; and in the words inscribed thereon we conclude our notice—

"PUGNANS UT HEROAS DECET
OCCUBUIT."

After Marshal Keith's death, an M. Formey, member

of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin, applied to his elder brother, the Earl, for materials to get up a biography. The only reply the Earl made was—“*Probus vixit, fortis obiit*”—“He lived a pure life, and died a brave death.”

TRADITIONS OF INVERUGIE.

Inverugie Castle, like other residences of old families, has a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer's connected with it. Thomas visited Inverugie, and while “on the muse” stood on a stone, with reference to which he wrote :—

As lang's this stane stands on the craft
The name o' Keith shall be alaft;
But when this stane begins to fa',
The name o' Keith shall wear awa'.

The stone was removed to build the church of St Fergus in 1763, when certainly the prediction was undergoing fulfilment. There is another prophecy by the same bard, about Inverugie Castle; but it is a mistake to suppose that it was uttered with regard to the Inverugie of the Marischals. It refers to an old castle—all traces of which have now almost disappeared—near the mouth of the river Ugie, which had been inhabited by the Cheynes. The prophecy runs thus :—

Ugie, Ugie, by the sea,
Lairdless shall thy lands be,
And beneath thy ha' hearth stane
The tod shall bring her bairns hame.

There is another Inverugie prophecy (one which refers to the present Inverugie) that a white hind should come from afar, and give three roars at the gate, when the key-stone should fall from its socket, and break the threshold

in three. Whether or not the white hind ever appeared we are not informed—but one thing is certain, that the threshold was broken in three, and that the keystone has been out of its place.

Several traditions we have come to the knowledge of in our researches as to the Marischals, have a strong tinge of likelihood in their composition. One of these is with reference to the estate of Mountpleasant, the lands of which belonged to the Marischals before the lands of Inverugie came into the family by marriage. One of the younger members of the Cheynes had accidentally killed one of the Keiths. A feud arose between the families; and, in order to secure its discontinuance, Mountpleasant was given to the Keiths as a “blood-weight.” Another tradition refers to the death of Sir Alexander Guthrie, one of the lairds of Ludquharn. Guthrie was married to a sister of the then Earl Marischal. Marischal had been hunting in Ludquharn, and passed Guthrie’s house without calling on his sister, who complained bitterly to her husband of the discourtesy. Guthrie, in order to be revenged for the insult, went to hunt on the lands of Inverugie, and passed the castle without calling on his brother-in-law. Marischal observing him on the lands, asked his servant who the stranger was, and, on being told, immediately shot him from the castle wall. This Guthrie lies buried in the Churchyard of St Fergus.

The last story has reference to the Marshal. An old retainer of the family used often to deprecate the mad pranks in which the young Keith would engage, shaking his head and saying—“O laddie, laddie, gin ever ye mak’ a puddin’, I’ll eat the *prick* (a small piece of wood inserted

at the end of Scotch *white puddings*, to keep in the meat). Keith, in the hey-day of his fame in Prussia, remembered his old friend, and, it is said, sent him a small piece of wood, cut out as the prick of a pudding, along with something more substantial and valuable.

Another story is a well-authenticated one. Mr Anderson, (grandfather of the Rev. Mr Anderson, late of St Fergus), tenant of English Mills, on the lands of Inverugie, was rather a handy sort of man, combining a general knowlege of carpenter work and other things with that of his trade of miller. He had been tenant of Scots Mills, on the opposite side of the river, but had been persuaded by Lady Marischal to become one of her tenants. At the time the young Marischal and his retainers left to join the rebels, he related that, on a Sunday morning early, he was knocked out of bed to turn drumsticks for them. A staunch Whig, with not a little of the Puritan element in his composition, the miller by no means liked this sort work, which he conceived to be a sin just in some little degree removed from sacrilege. But it was no use resisting. The drumsticks had to be made, and the miller was obliged to turn to. As he was getting on with his work, one of the rebel officers, then staying at the castle, remarked to him, "You Whigs don't like this sort of work." "I dinna like," said the miller, "at ony time to work on a Sunday ; and, forbye, I thinkna muckle o' the cause." The drumsticks supplied, the party prepared to march. Drinking King James's health in the Castle close, they flung their glasses over their left shoulders, and marched.

RAVENS CRAIG.

Though the ruined castle of Ravenscraig is not seen



J. Shivas, Photo.

Ravenscraig

from the line, still, as parties visiting the ruins of Inverugie would likely feel interested in the older structure, we shall proceed to tell what we know about it.

Ravenscraig stands on the opposite bank of the river from Inverugie, about a quarter of a mile from the latter castle. It is built upon a rock. Extremely little is known of its history ; but there are strong probabilities for fixing the date of its erection about the middle of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. It is a very good specimen of the ancient Scottish Baronial style, in the square form so common to the beginning of the thirteenth century. Its walls are cemented with run lime, and are of such strength as, previous to the use of artillery, would have rendered the place impregnable. In some places the walls are eleven feet thick, and traces of a moat are still distinctly discernible, which, receiving the Ugie on the south, while the natural channel protected the north, would entirely surround the castle. Tradition has it that King Robert Bruce, after the defeat of Comyn Earl of Buchan at Inverury, visited this castle.

The Cheynes, so far as history throws any light upon them, appear to have been of Norman origin. We find Le Chiens in the court retinue of David I. However, as to whether or not these were the possessors of the Craig we are not disposed to hazard an opinion. We rather quote from Chalmers' "Caledonia," the only reliable account of the Cheynes which is to be found. This account brings down the dates to the intermarriage with the Keiths, when the lands fell into the hands of the Marischals :--

The Cheynes, who settled in Scotland, soon after the

thirteenth century began, were undoubtedly of Anglo-Norman lineage. Three descents had occurred in this race, before the year 1260. They do not, however, appear in any of the public Acts of Alexander II.'s reign: neither do the Cheynes appear among the two parties who struggled for pre-eminence, in 1255. But Reginald le Chene was one of the *magnates Scotiæ*, who entered into a treaty with Welch, in 1258: and in 1267, he became Chamberlain of Scotland.

Reginald Chene, the father, and Reginald Chene, the son, were both present in 1284, among the *magnates Scotiæ*, who engaged to accept the Princess Margaret for their Queen. In 1290 they were present in the Parliament, at Brigham: and both father and son were appointed in 1291, nominees of Baliol. But Sir Reginald, the father, died soon after—an aged man. Sir Reginald Chene, the son, was Sheriff of Invernarn in 1292. With other persons of the same name and family, Sir Reginald swore fealty to Edward the 1st in 1296, when all men in Scotland submitted except Sir William Wallace: Henry Cheyne, the Bishop of Aberdeen, swore fealty to the English King, at the same time. When Edward settled the government of Scotland, in 1305, Sir Reginald Chene was appointed one of the justiciaries, in the northern parts, beyond the mountains. He died before the 6th of November, 1313, when Robert I. confirmed a convention, which was made with regard to the lands of Duffus, between Domina Maria, the spouse of the late Sir Reginald Chene, and Alexander Fraser of Philorth, who married Jane, the second daughter of William, Earl of Ross. He left a son, Reginald, who inherited the extensive estates of his father. He was one of the Scotch Barons who wrote the spirited letter to the Pope, in 1320. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Halidonhill, 1333. And he died about the year 1350: leaving by his wife, Mary, two daughters, who inherited his estates; Marioth married first, Sir John Douglas, and secondly, after his death, without issue, John de Keith, the second son of Edward de Keith, the Marischal, by whom she had a son, Andrew, who inherited her estates; Mary married Nicol Sutherland, the second son of Kenneth, Earl of

Sutherland, who obtained with her the Barony of Duffus, and other lands; and from this marriage sprung the family of Sutherland, Lord Duffus. In this manner ended in female heirs, the male line of the chief family of the Chenes; though many branches sprung from the principal stock, which still exist in Aberdeenshire.

Sir Reginald Chene witnessed a charter of Alexander the Earl of Buchan in 1261—Chart. Abred. 323. He had, for some years, been in possession of the manor of Inverugie in Buchan, though by what title does not appear. In 1272, Reginald Chene, the father, and Reginald, the son, witnessed a charter of Alexander, the Earl of Buchan. In 1281, Sir Reginald Chene, the father, was present with the Earl of Buchan, at a perambulation of the Moor of Nigg. Chart. Abred. No. 4.

Ravenscraig would not appear to have been the original name of this stronghold, but the *Craig of Inverugie*. The name of *Ravenscraig* is said to have originated in the fact of two ravens' nests being built in a certain part of the Craig for nearly a century running.

The ground around the castle belongs to the farm of Ravenscraig, occupied by Mr Charles Brand, whose neat and tasteful residence skirts the road along the river side.

THORNDALE, ELLISHILL, &c.

But we must to the station again. The train has hardly started ere we see on the left the farm of Windyhills, occupied by Mr John Gillespie, and pass Thorndale House, the property and residence of James Lumsden, Esq., druggist, Peterhead. Thorndale is a very neat and chaste-looking house, and shows to great advantage from the line. About this point we enter the property of Ellishill, between which and Windyhills the embankment is $18\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, being the heaviest on the line. To the right we

may catch a glimpse of the mansion-house. The property is possessed by Mrs Anderson, relict of the late Captain Anderson. The policies are neatly and tastefully laid out. The house dates from about the commencement of the present century. The family, for the most part, reside in the south. A little further on, on the same side of the line, we pass the farms of Easter Barnyards (Mr J. Mess), Middle Barnyards (Mr J. Milne), and Westerton, or Wester Barnyards (Mr R. Brand.) The house on this latter farm is a large and fine one, surrounded by a beautiful garden. From this point onwards the line proceeds for about a couple of miles on a dead "straight," without a single curve. This is the longest "straight," we believe, on any of the Great North lines. Passing Westerton, a little to the north there is the farm of Roundhillock, occupied by Mr Wm. Kidd, and on the left is the farm of Tor-torston, occupied by Mr John Kidd. Farther on, on the the same side of the line, we come to the farm and village of Glendavney. We come now in a twinkling to

Newseat Station,

A little to the north of which stands the farm and house of Newseat, in the occupation of Mr Wm. Taylor. The house is old, with a beautiful lawn in front, surrounded by thriving plantations. A little on to the left we come to the house and grounds of Willowbank, the property of Miss Arbuthnot, occupied as a summer residence by Mr Robert Kidd, merchant, Peterhead. To the right, a short distance forward, lies the farm of Mains of Buthlaw, occupied by Mr William Pennie, and on the left is Cadgerhill,

occupied by Mr Marianus Cumming (a grand-nephew of the author of "Tullochgorum"). The view of Rora obtained from the line at this point is a most enchanting one. The slightly rising ground, the neat and compact farm-houses characteristic of this part of the country, and the fields arrayed in their thick mantle of living green, all tend at once to gratify the sense and charm the eye by their silent suggestions of honest plenty and well-rewarded toil. The farmers of Rora are a prosperous, thriving, and contented class almost to a man, ever ready to extend their hospitality to the wayfarer, and smoke "the pipe of peace" with friends and foes. Further on from Mains of Buthlaw, on the opposite side of the Ugie, but the same side of the line, we pass the farms of Middleton of Rora (Mr Chivas), Howe of Rora (Mr Cumming Lillie), and Wester Rora (Mr William Scott)—all beautiful residences and fine farms. But to the left hand again. After passing Cadgerhill, we come in view of Langhill of Buthlaw, occupied by Mr T. Gray. Further on we obtain a glimpse of Monyruy, occupied by Dr Hay. About this point the river Ugie is crossed by a handsome and substantial metal bridge of three spans, with metal girders, the arches being about eighteen feet apart, and the piers of solid masonry. To the right of the line, down in the hollow, the ruins of

THE AUCHLEE MILLS

Catch the eye. These mills were first started about the end of last century, by Thomas and Robert Kilgour, from Kinmundy. The first mill was on the opposite side of the river from where the present ruins stand. It, however, was not large enough for the trade carried on, and new

buildings were erected on the opposite side of the water, the Loch of Auchlee being brought down to a convenient point to drive them. The manufactory was for woollen cloth, and employed a large number of hands—a number of them being at Kinmundy as woolcombers. But a crisis came on; the Kilgours were not able to weather the storm, and they became bankrupt in 1828, to the intense consternation of the inhabitants of Longside and the neighbouring parishes, many of whom had their all invested in the manufactory. It was not the rich alone who suffered. Every cottar or labourer who had scraped together a few pounds put it into the hands of the Kilgours. Nowhere, in their opinion, could it be so safe—not even “in the bank.” The consternation, then, can hardly be wondered at. A large amount of misery was caused by this failure throughout the district; and those still alive who lost their money by the Auchlee Mills can hardly refer to the subject yet without a shudder. The liabilities of the Kilgours, when they failed, were some £30,000; and their assets, when realised, only amounted to a dividend among the creditors of 2s. 10d. per pound. The machinery was sold, and the mills were allowed to go to ruin, their progress towards which goal has been pretty rapid, considering the comparatively short time which has elapsed since they ceased working.

On the same side of the line as the mills is the farm of Auchlee. To the left, we pass quite closely Little Auchlee, and about this point catch a back view of the mansion-house of Cairngall, which we notice more particularly anon. But a station again; here we are, in a twinkling, at

Longside,

Which demands particular notice at our hands. The station is a neat and commodious little place, distant about half-a-mile from the village, on rising ground; and from the line at this point a capital view is obtained. Longside is perhaps the prettiest village of its size in the northern half of Buchan. Embowered in trees, it strikes the stranger as a sort of oasis in our district, generally so bare of wood.

Longside, in olden times, formed part of the parish of Peterhead, the church service being supplied from that place. In 1620, however, this arrangement ceased, and the present parish was "erected." The church was at first termed "the ower (upper) kirk of Peterugie;" but, from the name of the farm on which it was situated, it was soon after called "Longsyd." This church still stands in the centre of the burying ground, and was only left in 1836, when the present church was built, in consequence of its being too small. The first minister of Longside we have notice of is Mr Alexander Martin, who occupied that office from 1619 to 1635; then Mr Alexander Robertson, till 1662, when, we are told, "he and other six members of the Presbytery of Deer chose rather to demit than to violate conscience by submission to impious and unconstitutional power." The vacancy was supplied in the same year by the appointment of a Mr Thomas Robertson. Referring to this portion of the history of Longside, the late Rev. Mr Imray, in the "Statistical Account," writes—"Though Episcopacy was established for nearly thirty years after this, no change seems to have been made in

the mode of worship or discipline. During that period, the parochial records contain no allusion to the use of a liturgy, to the keeping of Christmas, Lent, Easter, or any other fast or festival (except those occasionally enjoined by authority), and the Communion was regularly celebrated on two successive Sabbaths about midsummer." In 1687, this Thomas Robertson died ; and his son, who had a few months previously been *instituted* his assistant and successor, succeeded to the parish. This minister, by name Alexander Robertson, continued in office till 1716, when he and some other ministers in the district were deposed for "aiding and abetting" the Rebellion of 1715. The congregation, for the most part, left with Mr Robertson, and set up a regular Episcopal Chapel. On the deposition of Mr Robertson, Mr John Lumsden was appointed in 1717 ; Mr John Brown, in 1733 ; Mr William Greig, in 1790 ; Mr Thomas Kidd, (who died only three days after his ordination) in 1829 ; Mr John Imray, in 1830 ; and the present incumbent, Mr John Robb, who was ordained in 1848.

The village of Longside is entirely modern ; dating back only to about the beginning of the present century. It was designed by the father of Mr Whyte of Meethill. The design was an original and chaste one, and so far as the *positions* of the houses are concerned, has been carried out as yet. The streets and lanes are laid off to run transversely in semicircles. The manner in which the *building* of the houses has been managed, however, has, in some degree, marred the original design, as these have been erected of all shapes and sizes. At the time of the foundation of the village, the estate on which it stands—

Inverquhomery—belonged to Pitfour. Shortly after the foundation, however, that proprietor sold it to the late James Bruce, Esq., whose representatives still remain in possession. Most of the houses belong to the proprietor, having been erected on building leases, which have fallen out. The population of the village, by last census, stood at about 450—that of the parish amounting to 3008. Little building has been going on about the village for many years ; but now, with fair encouragement from the new proprietor, in consideration of the advantages Longside offers to Peterheadians in the way of summer lodgings, the probability is that it will soon increase in size.

In its own way, Longside has every wished-for convenience within its own limits. It has its merchants' shops of all kinds, a couple of pretty good inns, plenty of facilities in the way of schooling, &c. The oldest inn is Smith's ; the newest and largest is the Commercial Inn. Both houses, however, are good in their way. Of schools, there is the parish school, taught by Mr A. Center, and three female schools. In the way of places of worship, we have the Established Church (before noticed) ; the Free Church (a building somewhat in the Gothic style), standing on the hill beside the market stance, a little to the west of the Established Church. This church was built in 1845, the congregation having worshipped from the Disruption till that time in the old inn or ale-house known as "Sandhole" (now razed), beside the Established Church. Then we have the Episcopal Church, standing at the east end of the village. It is dedicated to St John ; and, in the opinion of the author of "Buchan" (no mean authority on the point), is "strictly correct in its ecclesiastical char-

acter." It consists of a nave, with north and south aisles, and a chancel. Between the nave and the chancel, a central tower rises to the height of about ninety feet, the upper story of which is pierced on each of its faces by a double lancet and quatrefoil, under a hood-moulding. It is finished with a "pack-saddle" roof. The style of architecture, we are told by Mr Pratt, is the "severest style of the 13th century." The first minister of the Episcopal Church was the Alexander Robertson (above-mentioned), deposed from the Established Church in 1716. Among his successors stands the Rev. John Skinner (of whom more anon), who was succeeded by the Rev. Mr Cumming, succeeded again by the Rev. Mr Lowe, the present incumbent.

Opposite to the Chapel stands the mansion-house of Cairngall, possessed and occupied by William Hutchison, Esq., who came into possession by purchase four years ago—the estate having previously belonged to his deceased uncle, Robert Hutchison, Esq. The house is modern, and is a very pretty erection, surrounded by a fine lawn planted with trees.

Although hardly either in the village of Longside or in our course as describing the line, we cannot overlook the quarries of Cairngall, as these are likely to be objects of considerable interest to strangers. The Cairngall quarries are wrought by Mr Macdonald of Aberdeen. They yield granite of a light greyish hue, considerably lighter than the Aberdeen stone. It is much harder to work than the Aberdeen granite, and more frequently turns out large blocks. When polished—like all the other granites—it looks remarkably well. It is in considerable

demand for exportation ; and fine specimens of it, we believe, may be seen in the Duke of York's monument in London, the Houses of Parliament, &c. There are other quarries in the parish—in Rora—but these are chiefly wrought for local purposes. The stone is of a darker hue than that found at Cairngall.

Nor must we omit to note (though hardly in our way) that the two branches of the Ugie unite in the parish of Longside :—

Muckle Ugie said to Little Ugie—"When shall we twa meet?"

"Doon i' the Haughs o' Rora, when a' men are asleep."

The northern branch rises in the Den of Glasslaw, parish of Aberdour, and is known by the name of the Gonar, as it passes New Pitsligo. It flows into the Water of Strichen ; below which place it takes the name of the North Ugie. The western branch rises in the Bonnykellies, parish of New Deer, where it is a mere rivulet. Here it goes under the name of the Water of Deer. Continually gathering strength till it passes the Castle of Brucklay, it rolls on towards Old Deer, receiving various tributaries on its route. After this point it receives the name of the South Ugie.

Longside, in its day, has had a fair share of eminent and note-worthy characters. Foremost among these stands General Gordon of Buthlaw and Cairness, who fought in the Greek war of independence and wrote its history, and the Rev. John Skinner, the genial author of "Tullochgorum."

The revered and genial divine entered upon his duties as Episcopalian minister of Longside, in November 1742, when only twenty-one years of age. Before this time, his

poetical faculty had begun to develop itself; but it is to Longside, where the poet spent nearly sixty-six years of his life, that we are indebted for most of his productions in this way. It was a trying time that in which Mr Skinner settled in his new charge. After the rebellion in 1715, those supposed to be friends of the exiled Stuart family were punished pretty heavily by Government, and deprived, even for fancied offences, of many of their just and legal rights. But the persecution which followed the '15 was nothing to the fierce resentment with which supposed favourers or friends of the exiled royal race were treated after the fatal rout of Culloden in 1746. The Episcopalians in general were Jacobites; but there does not appear to have been the slightest reason for suspecting Skinner or his flock either of aiding or abetting in the rebellion. In fact, in his own case, the supposition was entirely on the opposite side, as he had been brought up in his father's house, at Monymusk, as a strict Presbyterian—remaining so, indeed, until he almost had reached the years of manhood. But no distinction was made by the Ministers who then presided over affairs—the innocent as well as the guilty, if they only were Episcopalians, came in for the persecution. Skinner had often to leave his house, in case he should fall into the hands of the soldiery, who literally infested any suspected district at the time; and for some time, we are informed, he was a prisoner on parole. On coming home one evening, after having been out visiting, while his wife was in childbed, he found his house in possession of the military, who plundered everything it contained, even to changes of linen. His little chapel was burned at this time; and the lady of a neigh-

bouring proprietor is said so far to have exhibited her hot-headed bigotry as to ride round the blazing edifice, encouraging the soldiers, and in particular giving them strict injunctions to "hold in the Prayer-books." Parallel with these cruelties, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1746, prohibiting Episcopal clergymen from officiating to more than four persons besides the members of their household; and in 1748, the crowning-piece was put upon the persecution by the declaration of the Legislature that to Episcopal ministers it was "illegal to exercise the function of chaplain in any family."

True, however, to his conscience and his God, Skinner disregarded these iniquitous edicts, and preached regularly to his flock, assembled outside of his house, from one of the windows. He visited among them steadily, and they became much attached to him. But worse events were in store for him. After labouring away as he best could for several years after the proclamation of these infamous edicts, he was unexpectedly apprehended on a warrant from the Sheriff-Substitute of Aberdeenshire, and committed to prison. When brought before the Sheriff, he at once acknowledged having been in the practice of officiating as a clergyman to more than four persons, and was immediately sentenced to six months' imprisonment, which commenced in May and ended in November 1753.

Better times, however, were dawning. The worthy clergyman experienced no further interruption to his ministerial labours; and he laboured on among his flock till he left them for his son's roof but a few days before his death.

As a poet, Skinner's name already stands so high in the scroll of fame that we need express no opinion on the

point. As a man, his domestic and ministerial life render him entitled to rank among the best of our national worthies. He enjoyed the esteem and friendship of Burns, and is universally known and read wherever our national songs are sung. To copy any of these into our pages would be merely useless—they have a world-wide reputation, and none of them certainly would be new to even the most illiterate of our Buchan readers.

Infinitely more to our taste is the task of announcing to strangers—for it is no news to Buchan people—that the identical house in which the poet resided, still stands about half-a-mile or so south of the village, on the farm of Linshart. It is a low thatched house, in the form of a half-square, the kitchen being in the angle, the bedrooms in the east end, and the poet's sitting-room in the west.

Passing up the village to the churchyard, we find Skinner's last resting-place. A large marble tablet, inserted in a granite border, marks the spot, which is situated at the east end of the churchyard. His grave, at his own request, was selected as close as possible to that of the Rev. John Brown, who was parish minister in his time, and who died in 1790. "I would like to be buried," said Skinner, "beside old John Brown; we were good neighbours in this world, and I don't want a better companion in the next."

In the east side-wall of the churchyard, in the centre of what appears to have been an old gateway, is a stone containing an escutcheon of what we suppose to be the arms of the lairds of Ludquharn. The figures and designs are now nearly all moss-eaten or broken, and the only

word decipherable is that surmounting the escutcheon
“Sparo”—“I hope.”

In connection with the churchyard, we have to notice Jamie Fleeman, “the laird of Udney’s fool.” Jamie was born at Braeside of Ludquharn, in 1713. His father appears to have been a farm-servant, or to have followed some labouring employment there ; and in the registration books of Longside, we have fished out the following registry of his baptism :—“Fleming, James, son to James Fleming, in Ludquharn—7th April, 1713.” Of his father but little is known ; but his mother, it is said, drowned herself in the Burn of Cairngall, at the spot known as “Fleming’s Pot.” Jamie’s many adventures are as patent to the world, in their own way, as those of much more pretentious men. Indeed, if one-half of the *bon-mots*, &c., ascribed to Jamie be true, it would take a very clever man to make another of the laird of Udney’s fool !

After many weary wanderings, Jamie at last succumbed to the King of Terrors, in his sister’s house at Kinmundy, in 1778—in the 65th year of his age. When he was about his last, some friends of his sister’s were around the bed reasoning together on the propriety of speaking to him on the subject of the future state. Some of them had remarked—“Oh, he’s a fool ; what can he know of such things ?” when Jamie, looking him in the face, said that he “never heard that God sought what he did not give.” Then, looking at another who stood near, he uttered his last words—“I’m a Christian ; dinna bury me like a beast.” Jamie was buried in the churchyard, near the north wall, adjoining the new church. As near as is known to his grave, a handsome polished granite

obelisk has been erected, bearing the following inscription :

E R E C T E D
IN 1861,
TO INDICATE THE GRAVE OF
J A M I E F L E E M A N,
IN ANSWER TO HIS PRAYER,
“DINNA BURY ME LIKE A BEAST.”

The inside of the old church, we may mention, has been laid off for graves ; but these, of course, are all modern.

The oldest of the gravestones in the churchyard date from the commencement of the seventeenth century. On the most ancient of them, the majority of the inscriptions are illegible.

But we must continue our route.

“FACTOR'S LOUP,” BRIDGEND, &c.

Over to the left, from the station, we obtain a view of the Home Farm of Cairngall, and several crofts on the estate. Over (at the same side), in the hollow, is a part of the water (pretty broad) known as the “Factor's Loup.” At the time this part of the water was so named, the succession to the estate of Cairngall had been in dispute for a considerable number of years, during which the old factor had collected the rents. On the succession being settled, he was called upon to pay up, which he either would not or could not do ; and officers being sent to his house to seize him, he fled, leapt the water here (which none of his pursuers cared to do), and escaped successfully—like many another scoundrel.

Leaving the station, about a hundred yards above which the road is connected by a fine bridge over the double line of rails, and passing, on the left, a little thatched house occupied by one of the officials in the service of the company, we come (on the right) immediately to the farm and house of Bridgend of Auchlee, occupied by Dr Lawrence. Lying so close to the line, with its fine "ancestral trees," and terraced garden, sloping downwards, Bridgend House is sure to be the admiration of all. The farm and lands of Bridgend were originally planned by the late Mr William Whyte, land-surveyor—a gentleman of the clearest head and most refined taste. In its original style, as laid out by him, it used to be much admired by the famous Duchess of Gordon. The farm of Bridgend is of considerable extent, and has now been occupied by Dr Lawrence for several years.

From this point we may get a glimpse of the old bridge of Auchlee, on the road leading into Longside. The bridge was built, we may mention, by a Mr Tait (grandfather, we believe, to the present Bishop of London), and is sadly in need of repair. Between this bridge and the village of Longside, the road is flooded (often to the depth of four feet) whenever there is a "spate" in the Ugie—the meadows all around being also, of course, covered with water; and this state of matters sometimes continues for a week at a time. To cure this evil, we understand, it is in contemplation both to divert the course of the river and to heighten the road. The Railway Company and Admiral Ferguson are both willing, we are informed, to bear their share of the required expense; and we should hope that, when such a great sanitary and

general public improvement is to be executed, the other neighbouring proprietors will not hold back, but come forward with their assistance in the most liberal spirit.

As we pass Bridgend on the line, we obtain perhaps the best view to be had from the Railway of the village of Longside, the three churches appearing to the eye in the leading positions. On the same side of the line as Bridgend—at the distance perhaps of six or eight hundred yards, the first house we come to is

B O O D I E B R A E,

So named from its having had the reputation of being “haunted.” The house is now occupied by Mr J. Smith, mason, with a croft attached; but it formerly was the farmhouse of Braehead, which farm is now attached to Bridgend.

It was during the tenancy of James Wyllie, in the year 1824, that the strange things happened in the house. Wyllie complained of hearing strange noises, and feeling strange sensations in his house at night. The noises were loud and sharp. Sometimes “something,” he averred, would attack him in bed and nearly smother him; and on one occasion he insisted that the “very staff had been taken from his hand” by an unseen agent. An aged residenter in the parish was informed by Wyllie that one night he had beheld an apparition. The strange visitor, he said, rose from out the hearthstone. It was very tall, and arrayed (of course) in the orthodox white. It approached the bed, and was like to smother him, when he gave a loud cry, which caused its immediate disappearance

beneath the hearthstone (in the most obliging manner).

To such an extent did the noises continue, that Wyllie's nerves were so shaken that he grew ill, and took to his bed in consequence. The "ghost" stories got noised about in the parish, and were almost everywhere implicitly believed—old folks shaking their heads and speaking in whispers on the subject ;—to such an extent did superstition hold sway even at the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Some braver than their neighbours would watch for nights in the "Boodie hoose,"—ministers, doctors, and all sorts of folks attended, in order, if possible, to exorcise the wicked and noisy spirits of Braehead ; but all to no purpose. They heard strange and unaccountable noises (which one of those present characterises as like that noise which could be produced by a smart crack on a table with a cane) ; but nothing could be seen.

At last Wyllie's patience and nerves were fairly worn out, and he left the house, which remained for some time vacant—the ghosts disappearing meanwhile ; and since then they have not been heard of.

The cause of the noises was never properly ascertained ; but they are supposed to have arisen from the bending and cracking of the green wood (with which Wyllie had repaired his house) as it got dry ; and this explanation is an extremely likely one. At any rate, as none of the many who watched and heard the noises ever beheld an apparition, the one mentioned by Wyllie as appearing to him may be set down as the effect of disordered nerves, and the taking of his staff out of his hand as purely imaginary.

INVERQUHOMERY, GLENUGIE, &c.

From about this point, to the left, at a considerable distance, we catch a glimpse of the house and lands of Inverquhomery (possessed by the representatives of the late James Bruce, Esq.), and also of Yockieshill, and several other fine farms. Passing on the right the croft of Ugiebank, we come almost immediately, on the left, to the Glenugie Sawmills, occupied by Mr James Mackenzie, carpenter, Longside. The Sawmill occupies only the east end of the buildings, which were formerly all occupied as the Glenugie Distillery. The remaining part of the erections are going to decay. If everybody followed the example of the parishioners of Longside, and converted their distilleries into sawmills, the world would be none the worse, we opine, for the transformation.

CROOKEDNOOK, &c.

Passing, on the right hand, the croft of Glenugie, we come in view, on our left, before we pass under the bridge, of the house and farm of Crookednook. Still looking to our right, at the end of the woods of Ardlawhill, we obtain a capital view of the Hill of Mormond, brown with furze and heather, finely contrasting with the many-coloured hues of the crops on the cultivated land at its base. The "white horse," with his head standing to the west, appears in full relief. Crossing a metal bridge over the road from this point into the Fraserburgh turnpike, we come in view, to the right, of the crofts of Auchtydonald, and to the left of the farm of Netherton—the house, however, not being seen from the line. Passing the level crossing on the Auchtydonald road, we catch a view,

on the right, of the Mintlaw Crofts, and in a twinkling pass the village of

M I N T L A W.

The village of Mintlaw, containing a population of about 300, is entirely modern—having been planned by the late William Whyte, Esq., in the year 1813, when the feus were given off on ninety-nine year's leases. Mintlaw—which, on the whole, is a pretty little village—is built in the form of a diamonded square, according to the original plan—the said square covering nearly two acres; but, of course, the feus are not all nearly given off.

The village lies in the parish of Longside, and has no church of its own, though it possesses a side school, taught by the Rev. Mr Farquhar. The female school possesses an endowment, settled on it by Mr Mitchell, late factor for Pitfour.

There are two inns in the village—the Buchan Railway Hotel, and the Pitfour Arms; and without expressing good or bad opinion of either of these houses of entertainment, we think it is pretty clear that one of them could be easily dispensed with.

But we must to the line again. Passing under a handsome bridge, erected over the Fraserburgh turnpike, we have in our view, on the left, the Home Farm of Aden (farmed by the proprietor), and to the right, the farm of Balring, occupied by Mr Macrobert, factor for Pitfour, and the house of Mr Pennie. A few moments now bring us to the station of

Old Deer and Mintlaw,

Rather a stirring little place. Since the advent of the railway, a number of buildings have been erected here.

At the station there is a comfortable and commodious hotel, kept by Mr Davie ; and Mr Alexander Anderson, merchant, carries on an extensive wholesale and retail business.

A D E N.

To the left, from the line, we here obtain a view of the lands and policies, though not of the house, of Aden. The grounds are of considerable extent, and are laid out and kept up with that exquisite taste so characteristic of the proprietor, Mr Russell. The house is a large and massive building—chaste and plain, though beautiful, in its architectural design. The woods are deep and thick, forming quite a delightful contrast to the greater part of Buchan, generally so bare of trees. A little to the right we now pass the grounds of

P I T F O U R.

From the line we do not see the house, which is a magnificent structure, fronted by large Corinthian pillars. The grounds, however, are the greatest attraction to those who might care to spend an hour or two in the locality. Admiral Ferguson has expended a large amount of money in beautifying and adorning his policies ; and we must say that he has succeeded to a nicety. Laid out in long avenues, winding through luxuriant grass plots or along beautiful parterres of flowers, intersected at almost every half-dozen yards by neatly-fanciful water-jets, and all under the shelter and protection of the thick woods, the visitor is led to imagine himself anywhere than in Buchan while strolling through this noble property. But by far the most attractive feature in the policies is the fine artificial lake, which covers forty-five acres, and is abundantly



J. Shivas, Photo.

Pitfour House

stocked with carp, trout, &c. On the brink of the lake—at the place where the spare water escapes, there is erected a pretty little temple, constructed on the model of the temple of Theseus at Athens, and surrounded by thirty-four granite columns. The interior of the temple is fitted up as a cold bath. The lake is crossed by three stone bridges at different points—the one leading to the house being of three arches. As a whole, the house and grounds of Pitfour are truly a noble possession—fit for a king in gorgeousness, for a poet in beauty, or a hermit in delightful shade.

Losing sight of Pitfour, we catch a glimpse on our left of the village of

OLD DEER,

The old Chapel of Deer being the first object that catches our eye. This old Chapel has a history, interesting, perhaps, in some degree; but the first Church of Deer occupied a rather prominent position in the annals of Christianity. On the margins and blank vellum of a manuscript of the gospels, which bears to have belonged to the Abbey of Deer, and which appears to be of the tenth century, are a few charters and memoranda of grants to the Church of Deer. The first relates to the introduction of Christianity, and runs as follows:—

“Columkille and Drostan came from Hix, as God had directed them, as far as Aberdover; and Bede, a Pict, was then Mormaer of Buchan, on their arrival, and it was he that granted them that city in freedom for ever. They came afterwards to another city, but the King of it gave refusal to Columkille, for he was not endued with the grace of God, and after refusing the Clerics, a son of his took a disease. Afterwards the Mormaer went to the

Clerics, and undertook that he, and Domnail, and Cathal, would make all offerings to God and Drostan from beginning to end till the day of judgment."

Among other names of benefactors we find Colben, Mormaer of Buchan, Eva, daughter of Gartnait, his wife, and "the clan Magan."

In the beginning of the thirteenth century, there are three charters of Deer, showing the interest taken in the Abbey by Marjory, Countess of Buchan, two of them witnessed by Magnus, son of Earl Colben, and Adam, son of Earl Fergus, from the latter of which families it may be assumed the parish derives its name.

In connection with the establishment of the first Church here, there is a well known legend. As site after site was selected on which to build the Church, and until the ultimate site was chosen, it is said that there was a voice heard repeating the words :—

"It is not here, it is not here,
That ye're to big the Kirk o' Deer,
But on the tap o' Tillery,
Where many a corpse shall after lie."

The site selected was "on a knoll or small mount, embraced by a semicircular bend of the Ugie, and, as was customary, a piece of ground around it was set apart for a burial place, so that the weird is fully verified, in the great number of interments that have taken place, during the lapse of centuries, in a wide and populous parish."

Deer was quite a stronghold of Episcopacy in ancient times. In 1711, the villagers rose *en masse* against a Presbyterian teacher, whom "some people of Aberdeen, in conjunction with the Presbytery of Deer, to the number

of seventy horse or thereby, endeavoured to foist upon them." After a stoutly-contested battle, the Presbytery and their satellites were beaten off by the people—not, however, without blood being spilt on both sides." But the parishioners had, after all, to give in. The matter of the riot was taken up by the Lord Justice Clerk at Aberdeen; and the gentlemen, hearing that they were likely to come off second best, proposed an accommodation, refunding all the "expense of the prosecution and rabble," and providing also for the peaceable settlement of the Presbyterian minister.

There are two Episcopal chapels in the parish, one built on the property of Mr Russell of Aden, and another built within the grounds of Pitfour. The Free, United Presbyterian, and Independent churches for the parish are in the village of Stuartfield, about a mile to the south of Old Deer.

THE ABBEY OF DEER.

The Abbey of Deer (the remains of which come into sight on the right of the line after we pass Old Deer), was founded in the year 1218, by William Comyn, first Earl of Buchan. About the general buildings but little is now known, almost all trace of them having now been effaced. The Rev. Dr Pratt (a good authority on such a matter) gives the following account, however, of them:—

"The church was built in the form of a cross, and consisted of a nave with a north aisle, transepts and chancel.

"The nave was divided into five bays, the chancel not extending beyond the line of pillars which divide the aisle from the nave. The bases of the pillars might, till very lately (1854) be traced along the nave. Those forming the angles of the transepts

with the nave were of greater diameter. In all probability, they had supported a central tower, and perhaps a spire. From the few mouldings, and top arches of windows which, till lately, were to be found amid the heap of ruins, it is evident that the church was built in the style peculiar to the age, namely, the first pointed, or early English. The arches were lancet-shaped, and the mouldings deeply cut in red sandstone, which is said to have been brought from a quarry at Byth, a distance of twelve miles.

“The church formed the north-west portion of the Abbey buildings. The monastery, and other houses round it for the accommodation of the monks and secular servants, were very plain—most of the doors and windows having circular arches, and without any ornament. The church stood east and west; and from the fragments which till lately remained, we are able to form a tolerably accurate idea of its design and proportions. Standing at the western entrance, we may fancy a building, lofty and long, with no great profusion of architectural ornament, yet chaste and graceful in all its parts. Slender pillars, a high-pitched roof, long lancet-shaped window of narrow lights; the front near the door; the high altar in the far east—all meant to shadow forth some article of the Christian faith.”

The Abbey was first occupied by Cistercian monks, an order which afterwards received the name of Bernardines; and it was well supported by the Earls of Buchan “until that memorable revolution which placed Carrick on the Scottish throne,” when the Comyns were so utterly overthrown that “of a name which numbered three Earls and more than thirty belted Knights, there remained no memorial in the land, save the orisons of the monks of Deer.” But though Carrick robbed its founder, he supported the Abbey. He made several grants to it; and the monks appear to have got on cannily and cosily enough, till Robert Keith, brother of William, fourth Earl Marischal (and last Abbot of Deer) died, and was succeeded by his

nephew, Robert (mentioned in connection with Inverugie, as the Commendator of Deer). This Commendator, it would appear, was a sordid and double-minded man ; and, while sharing largely at the Reformation in the spoils of the ancient faith, attempted to deprive the Reformed ministers of their stipends. "It is difficult to suppress a smile," says Dr Pratt, "when we see this same stickler for the temporalities, if not for the faith, of the old regime, on finding the Reformation to be clearly on the ascendant, turning suddenly round, and, in the most venal terms, abjectly craving for these 'housis, biggings, orchardis, and yairdis,' to be made a temporal Lordship in his own favour." But the money-grub died, and the estates and title descended in due course to his nephew, George Earl Marischal, who had a hard fight to obtain his new possessions, notwithstanding the assistance lent him by Aberdeen and other northern counties and burghs. It did not seem to have been a respectable thing, however, in these days, to have ado with church property ; and the wife of the Earl, after having besought him to "have done with his sacreligious meddling with the Abbacy of Deer," dreamt a dream and saw a vision, thus described by a contemporary writer :—

"In her sleepe she saw a great number of religious men in thir habit com forth of that abbey to the stronge craigie of Dunnot-ture, which is the principall residence of that familie. She saw them also sett themselves round about the rock to gett it down and demolishe it, having no instruments nor toillies wherewith to perform this work, but only penknyves, wherewith they foolishly (as it seemed to her) began to pyk at the craigie. She smyled to sie them intende so fruitles ane interpryse, and went to call her husband to scuffe and geyre them out of it. When she had fund

him, and brought him to sie these sillie religious monckes at thir foolish work, behold the wholl craigie with all its stronge and stately buildings, was by ther penknyves wudermynned and fallen in the sea, so as ther remained nothing but the wrack of thir riche furniture and stuffe floating on the waves of a rageing and tempestous sea.

“Some of the wysest sort divining upon this vission, attrebut to the penknyves the lenth of tym before this should come to pass, and it hath been observed by sindrie that the earles of that hous before wer the richest in the kingdom, having treasure and store besyde them, but ever since the addition of this so great a revenue, theye have leased the stock by heavie burdens of debt and ingagment.”

It was with reference to this appropriation of property, to this legendary dream, and to the noise which at the time it created, that the defiant boast of the Marischals, inscribed on Marischal College (removed with the old buildings in 1836)—

Thay say.

Quhat say thay?

Thay haif said;

Lat thame say.

—was uttered.

But in 1715, the Keiths went to the wall, and the possessions fell into other hands. The Abbey, being untenanted, soon went to ruin. In 1809, the late Mr Ferguson of Pitfour repaired the crumbling pile, and arrested to some purpose the progress of decay, enclosing the ruins by a wall; and his successor has cleared the view from obstruction by trees, so that the remains of the ancient fabric can be seen from the line.

DRUIDICAL REMAINS.

In olden times, Deer was famous for Druidical remains, but few of these now exist. The most complete, according

to the statistical account, were those on the Hill of Park-house, a mile or two to the south-west of the village. The principal or altar stone of this circle, "placed on the south side, and lying with its ends east and west, is fourteen and a half feet long, five and a half feet broad, and four and a half feet deep. The diameter of the space enclosed, or comprehended by the circle, is forty-eight feet. Only four of the upright stones remain, and are about fourteen feet asunder."

The same authority tells us that, "at the distance of five hundred yards, on the north side of the same hill, were, not long ago, the ruins of a small village, supposed to have been the residence of Druids, (but commonly called by the country people Pights' or Picts' houses.) A number of little yards were to be seen all around it, every vestige of which is now obliterated by the process of culture. It consisted of fifty or sixty mossy huts, from six to twelve feet square, irregularly huddled together. Hence it got the name of the *Bourachs*."

New Maud Junction.

Passing, on the right, Mains of Bruxie, Mains of Clachriach, and Oldmaud, we come to New Maud Station, where the Fraserburgh line goes off the main rails. New Maud is a thriving little place, with a good inn and several shops. A considerable trade is also carried on here by agricultural and other commercial companies. The village of Bulwark lies about a mile to the south of this station.

We purpose now slipping a mile or two, and beginning our notice of the new Extension at

Fraserburgh.

The town of Fraserburgh is situated at the distance of eighteen miles from Peterhead by the turnpike road, and sixteen and a quarter by railway from the junction formerly known as Brucklay Station, and now as New Maud.

The town was originally called Faithly, Faithlie, or Faithla,* as indifferently spelt, and was made a burgh of barony by Queen Mary, in the year 1546, forty-seven years prior to Peterhead receiving the same honour.

Faithly was founded by the family of the Frasers of Philorth, the head of which house has continued ever since to hold hereditary jurisdiction over the town. Concerning this family, a recent writer says that every antiquarian knows it to be a family of great antiquity, lustre, and eminence. It has been supposed that it may have sprung at a very remote period from the Frasers of the south, although at this time the precise relationship, owing to loss of documents, cannot be ascertained. The Frasers of Philorth have sometimes been confounded with the Frasers of Lovat; but it is clear that the two families have been separate and distinct for centuries. Still, it would seem that both come of the same stock—the Frasers of Lovat being the senior branch. From an old authority, we learn that the families of Lovat and Saltoun are

* It may be interesting to notice that there is now in Madras a girl who has been named after the ancient name of the town, Margaret Faithla, and who has been maintained and educated in the Orphanage at Madras, at the expense of the Parish Church Sabbath School of Fraserburgh. Several letters, manifesting a grateful disposition and loving heart, have been received from Miss Faithla, and read to the scholars, who now propose to adopt another girl, give her a name, and educate her.



J. Shivas, Photo.

Fraserburgh.

maternally descended from Walter, First Great Steward of Scotland, who had a daughter named Marion, who married Alexander Fraser, Eleventh Cheftain and Thane of Man. The issue of this marriage was Sir Simon Fraser of Oliver Castle (from whom maternally descended the famed Sir William Wallace), and Bernard Fraser, who married Mary Ogilvie, daughter of Gilchrist, Earl or Thane of Angus, from whom sprung Sir Simon Fraser, ancestor of the Lords Lovat and Saltoun. The descent of the Frasers of Philorth can be directly traced back as far as the early part of the fourteenth century. Their undoubted male ancestor was Alexander Fraser of Cowie and Durris, who flourished about that time. In the reign of Charles the Second, the then representative of the family succeeded as heir of line of the noble family of the Abernethies of Saltoun, whose peerage they have ever since inherited.

The name of the toyn was changed, in 1592, from Faithly to Fraserburgh, in honour to Sir Alexander Fraser, the representative of the family at that time; and in 1601, under the reign of King James the Sixth, Fraserburgh was erected into a free port, free burgh of barony, and free regality.

The progress of Fraserburgh during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was not very rapid. Almost the whole of the great improvements which have given the town the clean and orderly appearance it now presents, have been effected during the present century. The present Lord Saltoun, in a speech recently delivered to the feuars and householders of Fraserburgh, brought forward some statistics to show that the progress made by Fraser-

burgh since the year 1799 had exceeded the progress comparatively made by the City of Glasgow during the same period! This may create a smile; but his Lordship's statements were nevertheless correct enough, so far as they went—his figures being taken from the harbour revenues, which in Fraserburgh have increased, since the period named, from fifty pounds to two thousand.

The population of the parish, in 1801, was 2215—of the town, in 1861, 3501. As in Peterhead, the population is largely augmented during the fishing season.

The town stands on the north-west side of a bay, two miles in depth, about one mile broad, and three miles in length, immediately south of Kinnaird's Head (well-known to be the north-east point on the map of Scotland, and supposed to be the *Taixalorum Promontorium* of the Romans), on which stands an old Castle, formerly the property of the Frasers, now belonging to the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses, who have erected thereon, and now maintain, a lighthouse, which no visitor to Fraserburgh should depart without personally inspecting. The situation of the Castle and Lighthouse is picturesque and romantic, and an excellent view of the country for many miles round is obtainable from the top.

The houses in Fraserburgh are built substantially of stone, a few having granite fronts. The town has been carefully planned—the streets, which are wide and clean, being laid out in squares. Of the buildings and places worthy of notice, we may specify the following:—The Union Bank (in the corner of Seaforth Street, near to the Railway Station), which is a handsome and substantial edifice, with a spacious garden. The North of Scotland

Bank has not the same pretensions, but is a good house, in a convenient locality, near to the Saltoun Arms' Hotel. The Town and County Bank, and Post Office, are in Frithside Street. The Bank of Scotland have recently purchased the house until lately occupied by the Acting Chief Magistrate of Fraserburgh; this building is nearly opposite the Harbour Commissioners' Hall, and will at once arrest the stranger's attention. It is surrounded by a railing, and has an elegant flight of stone steps leading to the principal entrance. The Saltoun Arms' Hotel, opposite to the Parish Church, is a very large and commodious building. It is the only hotel of any pretensions in the place. In the hands of the present landlord, it enjoys the reputation of being a comfortable and well-conducted establishment. The New Manse, about which there has been so much noise, is situated on the west side of the south turnpike, near to the Toll-bar, at the entrance of the town. It was constructed at a cost of about £1700, and will make a cheerful and comfortable residence. The Reading Room is in Fish Cross Street, at the corner of Mid Street. It has a good variety of newspapers, and strangers are admitted on payment of one penny per visit. The Cross and Town House, both handsome erections, are in the Square, near to the Parish Church.

The Harbour Commissioners' Hall next claims our attention. It is erected near to the Harbour, in the centre of the town, and is specially suited for balls, soirees, public dinners, concerts, and such-like entertainments. It is a spacious hall, beautifully decorated, and altogether an ornament to the town. The Town Hall, which is graced by a portrait of the Founder of Fraserburgh, and by

another of the late Lord Saltoun, uncle to the present Lord, is in the Town House, and is better suited for smaller gatherings. Besides these, may be mentioned Howitt's Hall, of which possession has now been taken by the Young Men's Christian Association, who have changed its name to Bethel Hall, and have fitted it up in a suitable way for their meetings.

The Churches are numerous, and, generally speaking, well attended. The Parish Church, built rather more than half a century ago, and recently renovated, is a neat and commodious building, capable of accommodating about 1400 persons. The Free Church is one of those unsightly edifices erected at the time of the Disruption, and which it would be well to see pulled down and rebuilt in a more tasteful manner. It accommodates, on a stretch, from 800 to 1000 persons. Besides the Established and Free Churches, which embrace in their membership the majority of the church-going population, there are several smaller churches or chapels—one belonging to the Congregational body, in Mid Street, an elegant little house erected a few years ago—one belonging to the Evangelical Union, situated in Manse Lane, an offshoot from the Congregational Chapel — one belonging to the Scotch Episcopal, in Mid Street (the two last-named have organs)—besides a small, unpretending-looking building, bearing the appellation of the United Presbyterian Hall. There are also in the town a few Baptists, who meet together, but have no regular place of worship.

At the west end of the town, there stood some years ago, a quadrangular building, of three stories, designed as a college by Sir Alexander Fraser, who, in 1592, had

obtained a crown charter for the institution of a college and university ; but although the charter was ratified by Parliament in 1597, and renewed and enlarged by the Crown in 1601, the plan was never carried out, and the building is now demolished. There are, nevertheless, educational facilities in abundance. There are—1, The Parish School, erected nearly thirty years ago, situated at a short distance from the town, on the Aberdeen Turnpike Road ; 2, The Free Church School, a very neat building, erected a few years ago, near to the Free Church ; 3, The Episcopal Schools, also erected recently, near to the old Manse, which are large and commodious ; 4, The Strachan School, erected last year, which is endowed by Miss Strachan of Cortes, and which owes its existence, and much of its success, to the Rev. Mr M'Laren, the indefatigable minister of the parish. And besides these there are several private schools.

The description at page six of our Guide of the scenes witnessed from Peterhead piers during the fishing season, in August and September, will answer for the same scenes enacted in Fraserburgh at the same periods. The number of boats fishing at Fraserburgh averages about 240—the largest number fishing in any one year having been about 280. Fraserburgh has done something also in the whale and seal-fishing line. At one time she possessed a fleet of six fine vessels, specially fitted for this trade ; but from various unfortunate causes, the number is now reduced to two. The ships belonging to the port consist chiefly of vessels about 120 to 130 tons register, with some small traders. The total tonnage of the port is now about 4500 tons. There is only one shipbuilding establishment, the

proprietor of which, Mr Webster, has turned out some schooners, than which finer vessels of the size do not sail the seas. There is also a patent slip. The harbours were constructed at a cost of about £50,000. The chief exports are cattle, oats, barley, meal, potatoes, cured herrings, and cod.

Lord Saltoun, as has already been noticed, is the hereditary Superior or Provost of the town. The town's affairs have hitherto been managed by a Baron Bailie and twelve Councillors, chosen by his Lordship. Some steps, however, have latterly been taken towards the enfranchisement of the Burgh—Lord Saltoun having expressed his willingness to make a free gift to the town of the right to elect the Magistrates and Councillors. We regret to say that difficulties have turned up, in consequence of the strict nature of the entails on the Philorth estates, to prevent his Lordship's generous proposals being carried out. It is likely, however, the same purpose will be accomplished by his Lordship giving over the right to the jurisdiction during his own lifetime.

The Railway Station at Fraserburgh is rather a handsome building—outside elegant, and inside commodious—with goods' shed, engine-house, &c. The accommodation in the way of waiting-rooms, &c., is very complete. The tourist will obtain a fine view of the town from the east end of the station.

Leaving Fraserburgh Station, the route of the railway is past the Churchyard, through the Links, and on to

Philorth,

Where a large and commodious station has been erected under arrangement with Lord Saltoun, to whose mansion-

house of Philorth it stands in close proximity. Philorth House is an irregular building, and part of it is very ancient. Information regarding it is not very precise. It is certain, however, that part of the building existed in the sixteenth century. Thomas the Rhymer is reported to have prophesied that

“Quhen there’s nae a Cock o’ the North
You’ll find a Firzell in Philorth.”

The Dukes of Gordon are extinct ; but the Frasers are still a numerous and sturdy family.

The next station after Philorth is Rathen ; but about and between the two landing-places we pass through a country rich in historical and legendary lore.

THE CAIRNS OF MEMSIE

Will be interesting to many travellers. They are supposed to be the burial places of the Danes slain at the battle of Gamrie, by Mernane, Thane of Buchan.

THE OLD HOUSE OF AUCHIRIES.

This mansion stands on the south bank of the Burn of Cairnculter, about half a mile east from Philorth House. It now belongs to Mr Hunter of Tillery ; and among the many strange scenes of which it has been the theatre, there are few more singular than the following episode in the life of the last Lord Pitsligo, as related by Lord Medwyn :—

“In March, 1756, and of course long after all apprehension of a search had ceased, information having been given to the then commanding officer at Fraserburgh that Lord Pitsligo was at that moment in the house of Auchiries, it was acted upon with so much promptness and secrecy that the search must have proved

successful, but for a very singular occurrence. Mrs Sophia Donaldson, a lady who lived much with the family, repeatedly dreamt on that particular night, that the house was surrounded by soldiers. Her mind became so haunted with the idea, that she got out of bed, and was walking through the room, in hopes of giving a different current to her thoughts before she lay down again; when day beginning to dawn, she accidentally looked out at the window as she passed it in traversing the room, and was astonished at actually observing the figures of soldiers among some trees near the house. So completely had all idea of a search been by that time laid asleep that she supposed they had come to steal poultry—Jacobite poultry-yards affording a safe object of pillage for the English soldiers in those days. Under this impression, Mrs Sophia was proceeding to rouse the servants, when her sister, having awaked, and inquiring what was the matter, and being told of soldiers near the house, exclaimed, in great alarm, that she feared they wanted something more than hens. She begged Miss Sophia to look out at a window on the other side of the house, when not only soldiers were seen in that direction, but also an officer giving instructions by signals, and frequently putting his fingers on his lips, as if enjoining silence. There was now no time to be lost in rousing the family, and all haste that could be made was scarcely sufficient to hurry the venerable man from his bed, into a small recess behind the wainscot of an adjoining room, which was concealed by a bed, in which a lady, Miss Gordon of Towie, who was there on a visit, lay, before the soldiers obtained admission. A most minute search took place. The room in which Lord Pitsligo was concealed did not escape. Miss Gordon's bed was carefully examined, and she was obliged to suffer the rude scrutiny of one of the party, by feeling her chin, to ascertain that it was not a man in a lady's night-dress. Before the soldiers had finished their examination in this room, the confinement and anxiety increased Lord Pitsligo's asthma so much, and his breathing became so loud, that it obliged Miss Gordon, lying in bed, to counterfeit and continue a violent coughing, in order to prevent the high breathing behind the wainscot from being



J. Shivas, Photo

Carinbuluk Castle.

heard. It may easily be conceived what agony she would suffer, lest, by overdoing her part, she should increase suspicion, and lead to a discovery. The *ruse* was fortunately successful. On the search through the house being given over, Lord Pitsligo was hastily taken from his confined situation, and again replaced in bed; and, as soon as he was able to speak, his accustomed kindness of heart made him say to his servant, 'James, go and see that these poor fellows get some breakfast, and a drink of warm ale, for this is a cold morning; they are only doing their duty, and cannot bear me any ill-will.' When the family were felicitating each other on his escape, he pleasantly observed—'A poor prize, had they obtained it—an old dying man!' That the friends who lived in the house—the hourly witnesses of his virtues, and the objects of his regard, who saw him escape all the dangers that surrounded him—should reckon him the peculiar care of Providence, is not to be wondered at; and that the dream which was so opportune, as the means of preventing his apprehension, and probably of saving his life, was supposed, by some of them at least, to be a special interposition of Heaven's protecting shield against his enemies, need not excite surprise. This was accordingly the belief of more than one to their dying hour."

Besides those objects of interest hereabout,

CAIRNBULG CASTLE,

Now a hoary old ruin, is likely to command attention. Standing on a rising ground, at the distance of about a mile from the sea, this old baronial residence had once been a fortress of no inconsiderable note. The square tower at the west angle (the principal object shown in our photograph) is now almost all that remains of the original building in anything like a discernible shape. The lands of Cairnbulg are now the property of Mr Duthie, ship-builder, Aberdeen. The history of the estate and castle is thus related by Dr Pratt :—

The lands of Cairnbulg, with the Castle, formed part of the

extensive domains of the Comyns, Earls of Buchan, and were, with the other estates of that family, confiscated to the Crown in 1306. King Robert the Bruce, however, with a generosity not always the accompaniment of success, made a grant of half the territories of the proscribed Earl, to John, son of the Earl of Ross, who had married Margaret Comyn, the niece of Comyn. Having no family, Ross disposed these lands, by charter, in 1316, dated at Inverness, to his brother Hugh, Earl of Ross; and failing him, to Hugh, his second son, and after him, to Walter Leslie, who had married the eldest daughter. These were severally designated *of Philorth*, until the year 1375, when that barony, including Cairnbulg, came into the possession of Sir Alexander Fraser of Cowie, by his marriage with the youngest daughter and co-heiress of the Earl, and the sister of Euphemia, Countess of Ross. By this marriage Sir Alexander acquired the valuable estates of Philorth, Pitsligo, Aberdour, and others in the counties of Aberdeen and Banff. The Frasers, for two centuries, seemed to have made Cairnbulg their principal residence; but whether the most ancient part of the castle—the Square Tower—was erected by the Comyns, the Rosses, or the Frasers, cannot now be determined. The other portions were built about the year 1545, by Sir Alexander Fraser, the eleventh laird of that family, whose grandson and successor, in 1619, sold the castle and lands of Cairnbulg to Andrew Fraser of Stoneywood, father of the first Lord of Muchalls. It would appear that he who thus disposed of the estates, had succeeded to them on the death of his grandfather, which took place on the 12th of April, 1569. In the following year (1570), he erected the castle at Kinnaird's Head, where he resided till his death in 1623. Spalding, in his *History of the Troubles in Scotland* in 1644, mentions the Castle of Cairnbulg twice, and, in both instances, in connection with its then proprietor, the Lord Fraser of Muchalls, a strenuous supporter of the Solemn League and Covenant. In the year 1703, Charles, the last Lord Fraser, sold the castle and estate to Colonel John Buchan; and, in 1739, it came, by purchase, into the possession of Alexander Aberdein, Esq., whose son, in 1775, disposed of it to George, third Earl of Aberdeen, who at his

death, in 1801, bequeathed it to John Gordon, Esq., of Cairnbulg.

Notwithstanding the ruined condition of the general building, a considerable part of the Castle is capable of restoration to at least a habitable condition. The present proprietor might do worse, we think, than attempt to utilize the square tower for this purpose, for it seems a pity to see all our noble historical fabrics dropping into destruction and decay.

Taking up our route again at

Rathen Station,

which accommodates the fishing villages of Inverallochy and Cairnbulg, along with the surrounding country, we soon come into view of

INVERALLOCHY CASTLE,

Rather a picturesque ruin. Like Cairnbulg, this Castle was one of the strongholds of the Comyns. Whether it was built by the Earls of Buchan seems uncertain. Very little is known concerning it; but that a Comyn was its first possessor seems pretty clear. No date, from which to gather data, can be found about the place; but the lintel-stone—"a relic some time since sacriliciously taken away," bore the following inscription:—

"I Jurdun Comyn, indwaller here,
Gat this house and lands for biggin the Abbey of Deer."

RATHEN TO LONMAY.

Resuming our route again at Rathen Station, we pass through a beautiful patch of country before reaching

Lonmay,

In passing which, we also obtain some good views of the mansions of Craigellie and Cairness. A little way from the station are the house and farm of Nether Cortes, the policies and mansions of Mormond House, and Knowsie or Blairmormond—respectively occupied by Miss Strachan, and Miss Lumsden Sheriffs. There is a fine loch in the policies of Miss Strachan. The water covers a space of several acres, and is but ineffectually fenced on the side nearest the road. In fact, in its present state, the loch at this point is by no means unlikely to form a trap to the unacquainted or unwary traveller. Blairmormond or Knowsie lies to the eastward of the station. Close to the properties we have mentioned lie the estate and house of Craigellie, the property and residence of Wm. Shand, Esq. The house is modern (having been erected about a quarter of a century ago by the father of the present proprietor). From this station also, we can reach Crimonmogate House (the residence of Sir Alexander Bannerman), a fine modern building. Conspicuous, however, among the objects of interest hereabout—especially as seen from the station—is

CAIRNESS HOUSE,

A building which has some pretensions both to age and beauty. The mansion was built from the designs of Playfair, and was finished in 1799. The architecture is Grecian ; and it is said that above £25,000 were expended in its erection. The main structure is of greenstone, quarried in Rora ; but the porch (with its Ionic columns) is of Cairngall granite. The building was erected by Charles Gordon, Esq. of Buthlaw (father of the famous

General who so distinguished himself in Greece), and, as a whole, can be pointed to as one of the most chaste specimens of Grecian architecture in the whole country. The interior of the house is a perfect specimen of art—a curiosity in the shape of polished granite tables being worthy of notice. After the return of General Gordon from Greece, he lived at Cairness ; and among the many mementoes of the General which are extant may be seen a full-size portrait of his Turkish servant. “John Turk,” as the country people called him, had stood by his master in many a hard-fought field ; and at Cairness he seemed to regard himself as entitled to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*. “John,” who was fully more pompous than his master, literally *lived* in the smoking-room ; till at last, when old age began to tell upon him, his heart yearned after his native land, for which he set out, but which he never was able to reach—having, it is said, died by the way. The present proprietor (John Gordon, Esq.) does not reside on the estate ; and the mansion house, with the policies and gardens, are not kept in such ship-shape trim as they might be.

P A R K.

A little to the right of the Lonmay Station lies the estate of Park, the principal buildings on which are the premises of Messrs Willox, who carry on a very large trade as carriers and wholesale merchants. Large as is the trade of the Messrs Willox at the present time, it is a mere shadow to what it was some thirty or forty years ago, when they had almost a monopoly of the carrying trade in Buchan. The central depôt for the purchase or

barter of goods, the only firm in Buchan which at that time possessed regular and established communication with London, "Willox o' Park" was a name which stood to the people of those days in the place of railway, steamer, commission agent, retailer, and sometimes banker!

CRIMOND.

A little to the east of Lonmay Station—at the distance of a mile or so, is the village and parish of Crimond—rather a classic spot, and which holds within its boundaries the scene of the famous ballad of "Sir James the Rose." Besides the remains of Druidical circles likely to interest the antiquarian, the poet may pass an interesting hour in the scene where—

"Logie o' Buchan and Logie the Laird,
Took awa Jamie wha delled in the yard."

The author of this song, George Halkett, taught a school near Logie Crimond.

LONMAY TO STRICHEN.

Resuming our journey, we are conveyed in a short space to the small siding called

Mormond,

which is only a passenger station, and has a neat little stone-built office for the agent. The inhabitants of New Leeds, Park, and the surrounding country, join the railway here. We have now a run of some two and a half miles through a rather uninteresting country (black with the shadow of Mormond). In a twinkling, however, the country redeems its character as we draw up at



J. Shivas, Photo.

Strichen

Strichen,

which is, without exception, the most attractive and picturesque spot on the whole line. Lying in a snug little valley, with the towering crest of Mormond on the one side, with the limpid waters of Ugie on the other, and embowered among trees—Strichen is, without doubt, one of the prettiest little villages in Buchan.

THE VILLAGE.

The village of Strichen is of no very ancient date, as might be guessed from the regular manner in which its streets are laid out. It was first known as *Mormond Village*, and was commenced in 1764, by direction of Lord Strichen, then one of the Judges of the Court of Session. The Parish Church (a plain-looking building) was erected in 1799, to replace one built in 1620, which was found to be too small for the requirements of the district. All the seats are rented and paid for yearly. Strichen was erected into a parish in 1627. The shape of the village is triangular; and one of the most prominent objects it contains (as seen by our photograph) is the Town-house, built in 1816, by direction of Mrs Fraser of Strichen—her son (the present Lord Lovat) having just then succeeded to the estates in the counties of Inverness and Ross. At the north-east end of the building is a square embattled tower, “surmounted by an octagonal lanthorn, also embattled, and a very elegant spire, with an embattled belt about half-height. The corners of the Tower are surmounted by round, flat-headed turrets.” The Town-house is also furnished with a very good clock and bell.

MORMOND, AND ITS WHITE HORSE.

This, the highest hill in Buchan, is some 800 feet above the sea level. Conspicuous as the hill itself is, yet more so is the *White Horse*, a figure which covers half an acre of the south-western brow of the hill. The *Horse* is formed of white pebbles, to admit which the turf of the hill has been cut. The precise date of the "birth of the *Horse*" cannot accurately be ascertained; ~~but~~ for many years ~~he~~ has served as a landmark—while, before the days of east-coast lighthouses, ~~he~~ was of considerable value to mariners, as on a clear day ~~he~~ can easily be seen far out at sea. His usefulness in this capacity is aptly described in a couplet well known among coasting sailors—

"Keep Mormond's Hill a handspike high,
And Rattray Briggs you'll not draw nigh."

Various are the traditions extant as to the origin of the mountain steed. One—and the most likely one—is contained in the idea of a landmark; other three (each of them very unlikely) have connection with a certain laird, who was out in the wars, and whose horse was slain and thus commemorated by the tenantry on his return; or who drove a carriage and pair over the hill and thus commemorated his feat; or who obtained shelter at an Inn on this site, which he thus practically addressed:—

"O the Inn! the famous Inn!
The White Horse Inn o' Brans Bog."

ROB GIBB'S LODGE.

On the western brow of Mormond the passing traveller gets a glimpse of a ruined hunting lodge. The object is nearly as conspicuous on a clear day as the White Horse



J. Shivas. Photo

Strichen House

himself ; and, unlike the latter, the lodge is said to hide somewhat of a mystery in the shape of ghostly tenants. On one of the stones of the building may be seen the inscription—

“This hunter’s lodge Rob Gibb commands.”

Whether it be Rob’s ghost which gets the credit of present habitation, we know not ; but there is a rather well-authenticated story extant of a clever fellow of a keeper, who so traded upon the evil reputation of the place as to induce the laird to raise his salary once or twice. But the appeals for increase became so frequent that the laird resolved to entrap the unwary spirit, which came to grief for the nonce by the discovery that the keeper’s wife produced the “erf” sounds identified with the visits of the ghost by a cord connected with a piece of wood in an empty barrel!

STRICHEN HOUSE,

(The subject of our photograph), though not seen from the line, is one of the finest mansions in the neighbourhood. It is a chaste modern edifice, having been built in 1821, from designs by Mr John Smith, architect, Aberdeen—the grounds being laid off by Gilpin, the celebrated English landscape gardener. The style of architecture is Grecian—the front (looking southward) being adorned by a beautiful portico and fluted Doric pillars. The granite for the house was quarried on the estate. Both gardens have been considerably remodelled of late—a very great air of neatness being imparted to them by the plain and ornamental iron fencing so extensively used in them as at other portions of the estate.

The estate of Strichen was one of the ancient posses-

sions of the Fraser family in Aberdeenshire. It was sold by the present representative of the name to George Baird, Esq.—a scion of the house of Gartsherrie—a house as well known and as widely famed in modern times as the Frasers were in the days of old. Mr Baird, since the estate came into his hands, has very greatly improved it.

The principal approach to the mansion and policies is from the side nearest the village—entrance being obtained by a handsome gate, flanked by pillars of granite, quarried at Pitsligo ; and at the gate, a beautiful little lodge has been erected by the present proprietor. A little way from the gate we come upon the pretty artificial lake—the features of which have almost been entirely remodelled since the property came into the hands of Mr Baird.

There are a great many fine trees in the policies of Strichen. So long ago as the time of Dr Johnson, this was a noticeable feature in the estate. The great literary *whale*, as represented by Boswell, declared that he had travelled two hundred miles through Scotland without seeing a tree older than himself ; but, when he came to Strichen, “he saw trees at full growth, worthy of his notice.” The hurricanes of last year, and of 1860, played sad havoc among the trees ; and one in particular which the Doctor admired very much (which, in fact, was known as “Dr Johnson’s tree”) also succumbed to the blast.

Amongst the furnishings of Strichen House are some fine paintings—not the least noticeable of these being the portraits of the father and mother of Mr Baird. The worthy old man, with his fine open face, with that quiet determination (marked in every line of his kindly countenance) which has raised his race to a position of European

greatness and world-wide fame—seems to look down a welcome to every visitor to the domains of his son. Mrs Baird is a fine type of the true old Scotch matron—one of Lord Cockburn's specimens of the Scottish lady—adorning her sphere, however lofty or humble.

IMPROVEMENTS ON THE ESTATE.

When Mr Baird came into possession of Strichen, there were only eight slated houses on the whole estate; but the number of comfortable farm-steadings, bearing the marks of recent erection, which may be noticed here, there, and everywhere, reveal a different state of affairs. Reclamation of waste land has been a prominent feature in the estate of late years; fresh wood has been planted and nurtured; and still the work goes on. Under Mr Sleigh, we are sure the work will prosper, if brains and energy can command success.

DRUIDICAL REMAINS, &c.

There are few antiquities about Strichen likely to interest the traveller. We may note, however, that the remains of a Druid circle may be found within Mr Baird's policies, while at no great distance from these remains may be seen the ruins of an old prison—a building which is said to have seen the days of “pot and gallows,” and which is known to have been used in old times when “market days were wearin' late,” for those who were incapable of reaching their destination, or who might happen to be riotously inclined.

STRICHEN TO BRUCKLAY.

Rejoining the train at Strichen Station, we are whisked rapidly along the west side of the policies, through the

farm of Backhill, across the New Deer Turnpike, through the farms of Carnichel and Newlandshill, across the march burn separating Mr Baird's territories from the estate of Brucklay, on to the farm of Auchechoch ; and then to

Brucklay Station,

The stopping-place for the House of Brucklay, as also for the thriving village of New Pitsligo. Antiquarians and lovers of history will also find, at no inconvenient distance from this point, the ruined old Castle of Fedderate. These three objects of interest we notice in order.

BRUCKLAY CASTLE,

Is the residence of Wm. Fordyce, Esq. This fine edifice is built on the north bank of the Ugie, known at this point as the Burn of Brucklay. The original portion of the Castle consisted of a round and high tower, inside which was a staircase and some few apartments. It is not known by whom this tower was originally built ; but there have been at least four additions made to the first building ; and the result is now a fine baronial residence in the old Scottish Castellated style. Not the least noteworthy among the many noticeable features in this fine edifice is a little cottage perched at the top of one of the wings—quite a complete little place in itself, and seemingly independent of the Castle in all but its foundation. It is said that in the entail deeds of the estate there is a stipulation that each succeeding proprietor shall make a certain addition to the building. The most important of these additions have been made by the Fordyce family—the present proprietor (since he came into possession about

a year ago) having added a fine new wing on the left side of the Castle. The grounds around the house are laid out with the very finest taste, and if opened to the tourist or stranger during the summer months, would form a great attraction to the district.

IMPROVEMENTS ON THE ESTATE.

Many hundreds of acres of waste land have been improved on this estate (says a writer in the local press), and thousands in this parish within the last fifteen or twenty years. There are yet portions to reclaim, but they are growing "smaller by degrees and beautifully less." What the district was about the close of the seventeenth century may be gathered from the simple fact, that one of some forty to fifty farms which now adorn one of the ancient estates in this neighbourhood pays nearly twice as much rent at present as the whole estate yielded in 1690. Take Fedderate, for example, just over the way there, now the property of Sir Henry Brydges, and divided into some fifty farms and crofts. In the year just mentioned, the total rent, payable in money and kind, amounted to about £103 sterling of our present money; and now the farm of Mains of Fedderate alone, pays £185! In the period extending from 1690 to 1860, the rental of the Fedderate lands rose from £103 to £1101 odds—which, in round numbers, is simply a rise from hundreds to thousands!

THE VILLAGE OF NEW PITSLIGO,

(A thriving little place), is distant about four miles from Brucklay Station. The population is about eighteen hundred—chiefly of the industrial class. The village stretches over upwards of a mile of ground, and is composed

of two parallel streets, with branches. The place, was founded about seventy years ago, by Sir William Forbes, grandfather of the present worthy baronet who now bears the family name and owns the estate. The Pitsligo folks get the name of being rather go-a-head sort of people. They possess an Established Church, a Free Church, an Episcopalian Chapel, a Gas Company, a Choral Union, a Cricket Club, &c., and claim to rank their village as a Burgh of Barony.

A visit to the village will well repay the trouble of the sight-seer.

THE CASTLE OF FEDDERATE,

A hoary old ruin of pretty much the same features as Ravenscraig, stands about a mile to the westward of Brucklay Castle, on the opposite brink of the burn. The Castle now belongs to Sir Henry Brydges ; and though there is no clear tradition as to the name of its founder, it is supposed to have belonged to Fergus, Earl of Buchan, who flourished about the year 1200. It is also supposed that at a subsequent date to its erection it was the seat of the Lindsays. We append all the information to be obtained about the ruin :—

In a “Description of the Parish of New Deer, 1723, with a draught of Ugie, by Mr Fergusson,” in *Macfarlane’s Geographical M.S. Collections*, we find the following account of this once famous stronghold : “The house of Fedderate was of old reckond a great strength ; and, about the Revolution, some days after the battle of Cromdill, several gentlemen of the king’s pairty came there, and caused the country people to carry in a great deal of provisions for them ; but after the regular forces had lyen some

four weeks before it, they surrendered, and were carried abroad on the Government's charge."

In Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account*, mention is made of Fedderate as follows:—"About two miles north from the church (New Deer) stands an old Castle, Fedderate, which appears to have been a place of considerable strength. It is surrounded partly by a fosse, and partly by a morass, so that there could have been no access to it but by a causeway—which is still visible—and a draw-bridge. Water, it seems, had been conveyed to it by means of pipes; for pieces of them have at different times been torn up by the plough." The state of the Castle in 1840 was given by Mr Welsh in the *New Statistical Account* of the parish: "Nearly all the best stones," says he, "have been taken away by the farmers for building. It now stands in the middle of a field; a morass, now drained, surrounded it. There is no tradition as to when it was built. The floors are all arched with stone. It came into the possession of the Irvines of Drum, and is now the property of Mr Dingwall Fordyce of Brucklaw. It is said to have been one of the last strongholds of James II.'s (VII.'s) partisans, who, after the battle of Killiecrankie, possessed themselves of Fyvie Castle, and, being obliged to abandon it, took refuge in Fedderate, but were pursued and expelled from thence by King William's troops."

In Dr Pratt's *Buchan*, also, we find the following facts regarding the ruin:—

"The plan of the Castle had been an incomplete square of fifty-four feet, with a space of thirty feet by sixteen wanting at the north-east corner. The south-west corner is razed to the founda-

tions—eighteen feet of the south wall, and fifteen of the west, being entirely gone. The corners are not angular, but rounded off. The walls are of great thickness, occupying half the area of the site. Part of a small chamber, in the south wall, where it is broken down, is still seen. Although much has been demolished, a great portion of this building remains. It may be seen from the tiers of windows, that the Castle had been carried up to the height of six or seven storeys. The breaches in the walls show clearly that it has sustained a seige, and been exposed to the action of heavy artillery.

“Although far from being a picturesque ruin, and without any remarkable architectural feature beyond a plain string course carried round the building, Fedderate is not altogether devoid of interest, as carrying the mind back to a period and a state of society when, in the construction of a residence for the great, strength was deemed of more importance than elegance of design and an impassable morass of greater consideration than a smooth lawn and easy approach.”

TRADITIONS OF FEDDERATE.

There is a tradition connected with the Castle of Fedderate similar to that of Shakespere's Dunsinane. It is possible the good people of New Deer may have appropriated a legend as belonging to themselves, which the Bard of Avon poetically assigns to the region of Perth—

“Fear not till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane.”
“If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.”

The northern tradition is, that Fedderate should never be taken till the wood of Fyvie came to the siege; and that the soldiers of William of Orange, on dislodging the adherents of the Stuarts from Fyvie Castle, and knowing that they had taken refuge for Fedderate, cut down the

wood at Fyvie, and carried it with them, to aid them in the siege of the place.*

Another tradition (of which there are several versions extant) has reference to the "Crawee Stane"—*Crawee* being a corruption for "Crawford." The most correct version is that one of the Lindsays, known as "Mauns," was looking over the Castle wall and observed an ill-looking "crooked carle" coming up the howe. The said "crooked carle" is reported to have stopped at the Crawee Stane, (which was then used as a landmark), and taking up the gigantic mass like a pebble, hurled it forward two or three hundred yards. The story goes on to relate that this feat, having been observed by Mauns, he immediately resolved to try his strength alongside of his strange-looking visitor. Challenging the "crooked carle," he asked him if he thought no other body but himself could left the "Stane"—which brought out the retort that he at least could not do it. Mauns now proceeded to his trial of strength, resolved, if successful, to punish the "carle" for his insolence. The "Stane," however, was obdurate; and in one determined attempt to lift it, the laird is said to have "broke the strings of his eyes, and burst himself." Immediately upon the occurrence of this catastrophe, it is recorded that the "crooked carle" transformed himself into his true shape—that of Beelzebub—and whisked off the laird among a shower of sparks and sulphurous flame.

The "Crawee Stane" has been preserved, and may now be seen in one of the dykes on the farm of Fedderate, now in the occupation of Mr Forbes.

* Pratt's Buchan.

BRUCKLAY TO NEW MAUD.

Time and tide and railway trains "wait for no man ;" and here we are reminded that we must resume our journey. Passing Moss-side, and obtaining a side view of the policies of Brucklay as we rattle along, we see in succession the farms of Shevado, Honeynook, Mill of Old Maud, and the Bank. We again emerge from the train where we formerly broke our journey—New Maud—which, besides many other advantages, possesses the additional qualification of being the station where passengers come off to visit

THE VILLAGE OF NEW DEER.

This thriving and prosperous little place stands something like three miles from the New Maud Station. It was founded by the then laird of Pitfour about eighty years ago. For many years the village remained about stationary ; but during the last decade—and especially since the opening of the railway—it seems to have started into new life. The population now numbers between eight hundred and a thousand.

New Deer, which has a long straggling appearance, presented a decidedly rural appearance some twenty years ago ; but the family of Fordyce (to whom the land of the village now belongs), have encouraged the building of houses more substantial than the old clod and thatch erections ; and, as a consequence of the facilities afforded, the place is assuming what might almost be denominated a "civic" aspect. A large number of merchants and tradesmen have now settled in the village, which has become the commercial emporium of the surrounding country. Agencies of the local banks have

been opened, a public hall has been erected by a "limited liability" company, a public reading-room has been also established; agricultural, horticultural, and literary societies flourish in the parish and village; and, altogether, the folks of New Deer can with reason point to their village as an example of progress which more pretentious places might do worse than follow.

Auchnagatt.

Passing through Gilkhorn Moss, past the plantation of Oldmaud, skirting the Ebrie, and catching a glimpse of the House of Nethermuir for a time, we come to Auchnagatt Station. A good inn stands opposite; and there are several capital limestone quarries in the neighbourhood.

Arnage.

Between Auchnagatt and this station there is but little of interest. Passing in view of the manse and kirk of Savoch of Deer, we are effectually shut out from a view of the house of Arnage, by a belt of trees. The house is a castellated building of some antiquity. The proprietor, Mr Ross, is said to be descended of the Roses of Kilravock. Passing close by the substantial-looking farm-house of Mains of Arnage, we enter, in a short time, a deep cutting, emerging from the foot of the Gallowhill, on the farm of that name. This Gallowhill was used of old (like others), by the resident lairds, for the erection of the gibbet—the Ebrie being conveniently near to be used as the "pot." Though not very deep, perhaps, where we skirt its course upon the line, still there are many spots in the stream deep enough to do such fatal work.

Catching a view of the farms of Hilton of Turnerhall (with its wierd-like windmill), Hayhillock, and Gowkstone, we may get a peep, to the east, of the house of Turnerhall. Emerging from the deep cutting, to the left, we pass the farm of Yonderton; to the right, the farm of Auchterellon; and in a twinkling we stop at the next station—

Ellon.

From the line we have a capital view of the village and the country between it and the sea, the most prominent feature in which is Ellon Castle. Ellon is a beautiful little place, with all those rural charms of wood and water so pleasant to the eye and grateful to the senses of town-confined mortals.

Ellon at one time was a place of no small importance. Before the Reformation, the Church lands belonged to the Cistercian order of monks, who were largely supported here, as elsewhere, by the Earls of Buchan. The town was also the head-quarters of the Thanedom of Buchan; and “pot and gallows law” was dispensed twice a year from the Moot Hill, known in later times as the Earl’s Hill—a spot situated about ninety yards below the turnpike bridge over the Ythan (on the left bank).

As a resort for summer visitors, the advantages Ellon offers are unrivalled. Every convenience may be had almost that is attainable in a large town. The air is salubrious, and the river affords capital fishing.

Ellon is the station from which passengers generally will go off to visit Slains Castle, Collieston, the Bullers of Buchan, and other noteworthy places in the parishes of

Cruden and Slains. As some of these spots cannot fail to prove of interest to strangers, we subjoin brief notices of the most noteworthy.

COLLIESTON

Is a pretty little fishing village, lying seaward about seven miles from Ellon Station. It occupies a most picturesque site—built as it is on the ledges of what seems half a precipice half a mountain. Some of the houses stand at an altitude of many feet above their neighbours. The sea washes the rocks at the foot of the hill upon which the village is built; and one wonders, as he sees the fisher children rollicking and tumbling about in careless glee, how he does not hear of their now and again being picked up among the rocks, many thousand feet below their play-places.

In one of the small bays of Collieston, the “St. Catherine,” one of the largest ships of the Spanish Armada, was wrecked in 1588. This tradition was doubted for some time; but in 1855 the minister of the parish (the Rev. James Rust) succeeded in raising one of the cannon which had belonged to this famous ship. The gun, which the writer has often seen, is in capital preservation as it now stands on a carriage in Mr Rust’s garden. Its dimensions are these—length, 7 feet 9 inches; diameter of bore, $3\frac{1}{4}$ th inches. The gun had been loaded and shotted at the time the “St. Catherine” was wrecked, as the ball and wadding (both in good order) were taken out of the piece. The fishermen affirm that there are more guns in St. Catherine’s Bay.

Collieston was a perfect nest of smugglers during the memory of many old people still residing there. The

smuggling was generally successfully carried on, for the many caves with which the neighbouring coast abounds gave extraordinary facilities for the work. There are many well-authenticated stories of daring fights and hairbreadth escapes extant in the district to this day.

THE BURIED PARISH OF FORVIE.

Close to the village of Collieston—a little to the south—we come upon the sands of Forvie, the site of the buried parish.

These benty sand hills are all that remain to mark the site of what was a thriving scene of industry less than two hundred years ago. There are various traditions afloat regarding the manner in which the sad catastrophe happened whereby the parish was buried. The real cause of the disappearance, however, was a violent storm which raged for nine days from one particular direction. The sand blew upon the parish, covering the farms and settling deeper and deeper, until the inhabitants were compelled to escape to save being buried.

It was found impossible to reclaim the lands, so they were left to their fate—a state of affairs which accords wonderfully with the legend entitled the “Fate of Forvie,” which goes on to relate that the then laird, having bequeathed his lands to his three daughters, these were ruthlessly despoiled of them by their uncle, against whom they are said to have uttered the following malediction:—

“Yf evyr maydenis malysone
Dyd licht upon drye lande,
Let nocht be funde on Furvyes glebys
Bout thystl, bente, and sande.”

The legend goes on to relate that the spoiler lived to see

the fulfilment of the malison; but whether the tradition have a basis or not, the fact is patent that the parish of Forvie has disappeared. A rent-roll of the parish, with the names of the tenants occupying the farms, is known to have existed among the documents of the Erroll family as late as 1830, although it cannot now be found.

Evidence has lately come to light which, while casting no discredit on the story of the final disappearance of the parish, still goes to show that the calamity could not have been totally unexpected, as the parish had evidently for some time before been subject to overblowing by sand. A gentleman who occupies a farm on the Slains property, who is well known as an energetic improver of land, and who has reclaimed several bits of the old parish, in trenching, has come upon the old "rigs" of the farmers of Forvie, covered with layers of sand,—layers of earth covering these again and again. This proves that the farmers had struggled with the sand on various occasions, and had trenched up the earth to cover it—being always successful till the late fatal storm.

SLAINS CASTLE.

About nine miles from Ellon Station, and about half-a-mile north-east of Cruden Bay, stands Slains Castle, the seat of the Earl of Erroll, Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland. The old Castle of Slains was demolished by James VI., in 1594 when the Earl rebelled, along with Lord Huntly and others, against His Majesty. A Castle on the present site was then erected, and was added to by succeeding Earls; but in 1836 the whole edifice was rebuilt, "with the exception of the lower part of the original tower on the brink of the precipice, a small

portion at the north-west corner, and the piazza formerly running round the inner square."

The new Castle is a most elegant and ornate building ; and sitting as it does, perched like a seabird on a pinnacle of rock, it seems the very idea of calm and security overlooking the wildest storms of ocean. In noticing Slains Castle in his "Scottish Tour," the famous Dr Johnson says :—

"We came, in the afternoon, to Slains Castle, built upon the margin of the sea, so that the walls of one of the towers seems only a continuation of a perpendicular rock, the foot of which is beaten by the waves. To walk round the house seems impracticable. From the windows, the eye wanders over the sea that separates Scotland from Norway, and when the winds beat with violence, must enjoy all the terrific grandeur of the tempestuous ocean. I would not, for my amusement, wish for a storm : but as storms, whether wished for or not, will sometimes happen, I may say, without violation of humanity, that I should willingly look out upon them from Slains Castle."

THE BULLERS OF BUCHAN.

These great natural curiosities are situated about a mile from Slains Castle. The finest rock of the whole forms a natural archway, of tremendous height, leading into what is known as "The Pot" — the entrance being only a few feet in breadth. On a calm day, it is quite safe to visit the "Bullers" by sea ; and boats may almost always be had from the fishermen at North-haven, a fishing village in the immediate vicinity.

Having now, as we may presume, spent a day on the coast with our reader, we must again find our way back to the iron road, and resume our journey at Ellon, the next station to which is—

Esslemont,

Between which and Ellon there is little particular to note, nor indeed till we come to Uday. The next station to Esslemont is

Logie-Ricbe,

From which we see nothing but a house or two planted among acres of moss. Leaving this dull and barren prospect, we journey on a mile or two; and just before reaching Uday, to the left, we obtain a view of the Old Castle of Uday, at a distance of about three miles. This old and venerable pile dates back to the thirteenth century and is in pretty good preservation. The farm in the vicinity is occupied by Mr A. Cruickshank, the famous cattle-breeder.

Uday.

We are hardly yet out among the moss, with its long-stalked flocculent flowers, so pretty during summer. Leaving the Uday station, in a short time we enter into the deepest and most difficult cutting on the whole line. Some sepulchral urns were found during the progress of the works here. A cracked one—the only one preserved by the navvies—was secured for Mr Thomson of Banchory.

Newmachar.

From the station here we have a good view of the village—a quiet and pretty little place—having little, however, in its composition particularly worthy of note. Before we come into Newmachar, and for a mile or two after we leave it, we have in full view the Donside country, with Bennachie and the Deeside hills.

Parkhill.

Between Newmachar and this station, we pass through a number of fine farms, and catch a glimpse now and again for about a mile of Parkhill house. Crossing the Don we soon arrive at

Dyce,

About which there is nothing particular to be said, except that it is a rising village and the junction station, at which our Buchan line of rails commences to run alongside that of the Great North to Aberdeen. The next station is

Buxburn,

A thriving little village, mostly inhabited by the workers at Pirie's paper mills, a view of which may be obtained in the hollow on our left.

Woodside.

Woodside is in its decadence, though perhaps better off in regard to population, &c., than it was half a dozen years ago. Like Buxburn, a large number of its population are connected with, and dependent on, the mills in the vicinity.

Kittybrewster.

Three or four minutes from Woodside brings us to this station, about which there is little particular to note. To the left, we obtain a good view of Powis House and Old Aberdeen, the College Tower and Cathedral being the most prominent objects. After two minutes driving through the centre of the Granite City, we arrive at the Aberdeen terminus—the end of our route.

