

Culbin Sands. From the immediate neighbourhood, though not actually found among the sand hills, I have two bronze axes, and from the east side of the Findhorn two bronze spear heads, one bronze axe and one curved knife and one flat knife, found in opening a drain there two years ago. From Culbin I have also bronze curb chain, bronze harness mount (?), brooches, &c. Indeed, I forget the things, as many of them have been stowed away so long for want of suitable place to put them in."

The following paper on Lochindorbh Castle, prepared by Mr R. Thomson, Ferness, was read by the Secretary:—

THE CASTLE OF LOCHINDORBH.

In the following paper there may be little that is new. Hitherto the story of "Lochindorbh," so far as known to me, exists only in a very fragmentary condition over the literature of the country, and this, I think, is the first attempt to consolidate the facts into one continuous narrative. For this purpose I have listened to local tradition, and consulted every available work on the subject within my reach—such as "Edward I. in the North of Scotland"; Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's "Wolfe of Badenoch"; "The Thanes of Cawdor"; Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather"; and Bain's "History of Nairnshire," &c.

The Castle of *Lochindorbh*, now in ruins, is situated on a small island less than an acre in extent in the Loch of this name. The larger water area lies chiefly in the parish of Cromdale, while on the western side, the remainder trends for a short distance into Edinkillie. From end to end the surface measures slightly over two miles by about three quarters of a mile at the greatest breadth. In general the water is rather shallow, but the dip is considerably more than the average as we approach the Castle.

All around the landscape is monotonous, tame, and disappointingly dreary. A mountain tarn, shaded with dark frowning pines, and overhung by rough beetling crags, is grand and impressive, but here there is neither precipice, rock, nor steep bank, simply the brown undulating moorland stretching gradually upwards towards the base of the neighbouring hills. Lying amid this uninterrupted quiet, it reflects at the present moment no other image than that of the sky overhead, and only presents on its unruffled waters a tinge of the dullest mossy hue. Thus, though there is little that is picturesque or striking about the

environment of this lonely spot, yet most visitors, after a little experience, come to enjoy the scene and drink in health from the tonic mountain breezes. The Castle itself, either from a historical or antiquarian point of view, is an object of the greatest interest. It would appear to have been a development of the still older Castle Roy in Abernethy.

The date of its erection, however, has never been ascertained, nor do ancient records throw any light on the founder's name. Tradition, indeed, tells of a wooden structure, perhaps in the form of a rude crannoge or log peel, as having originally occupied the site of the present Castle, but no remains have ever been discovered to indicate the likelihood of such an early lake dwelling. For centuries before, and even after the Castle comes into view, the whole district round the loch formed one continued pine forest as dark and wild as the most gloomy imagination could well picture.

At a very early period, however, the Comyns of Badenoch held a great part of the Northern Highlands, with Lochindorbh as a chief stronghold. The family claims to be descended from Charlemagne, and derives their name from the ancient house of de Comines, near Lillie, on the French Border. When the Norman Invasion took place in 1066 A.D., one branch elected to follow the great Conqueror, and under his influence soon rose to eminence and power, both in England and Scotland. In the year 1230 A.D., a Comyn was Lord of Badenoch, and we find him frequently taking up his abode in this all but invincible fastness. Here, the semi-barbarous Chief, in the plenitude of his unquestioned supremacy, administered with a red hand those terrible powers of barony and regality by which the Royal authority, in the Highlands, was at times practically superseded. On the death of the infant Scottish Queen, the Maiden of Norway, the Black John Comyn became a candidate for the Throne, as being descended from the old Celtic dynasty of King Duncan, through the daughter of his son, Donald-bane. Comyn accepted the oaths offered to him by Edward I.—“The Longshanks” of English history—acknowledging him as Feudal Superior of Scotland. After Baliol was appointed to wear the vacant Crown, Comyn seems to have retired in disgust from public life, and died soon after at Lochindorbh, about the year 1300 A.D.

Hearing that his troops had been defeated in the North, Edward, in the exercise of his obstinate will, resolved to invade the rebel territory, and extend his iron rule from Berwick to John O'Groats. Meantime, Sir John Comyn had succeeded to the Lochindorbh estates, and become the popular Regent. Though

aided in this capacity by Wallace and other patriots, he was unable to collect a sufficient force to meet the enemy in the open field. The English army, therefore, was practically unopposed in its advance through the kingdom, and its progress was marked with bloodshed and heartless devastation at every step. The country lying in the line of his march was deserted by the terrified inhabitants, who fled to the mountains, forests, and inaccessible morasses over the Highlands. On his way north, the Lord of Lochindorbh and his cousin, the Earl of Buchan, meeting the King, had a private interview with him, and demanded that their other estates, which had been unjustly bestowed upon English nobles, should be restored. Their propositions were treated at once with an unceremonious refusal, and in consequence Edward and the Scottish barons parted in great wrath. Finding themselves unable to make any headway against the Royal power, they each retired to their respective strongholds, where they resolved to defend themselves to the bitter end. On the 25th of September 1303 A.D., Edward arrived at Lochindorbh Castle from Kinless Abbey, where the monks, in the hope of substantial favour, gave His Majesty an entertainment such as became their distinguished visitor. His object was, by carrying the war into the country of the Comyns, to crush them, and bring others of the nobility into due subjection. Having captured their chief fastness, the King found himself in a convenient position to despatch troops from his victorious army to overrun Badenoch and the adjacent districts. During his sojourn, not a few of the vanquished chieftains presented themselves before him at the Castle, and on bended knee did homage for their estates.

The King and his Court devoted the intervals of public business to his favourite pastime of hunting, for which the district afforded ample opportunity. In view of this exciting sport, he had brought with him from England several packs of deer and wolf hounds. Spending the day in the great forest, the Royal party, usually bearing heavy bags, returned at night to their island retreat. No sooner was the King descried on his way down the adjacent wooded slopes than all in the Castle became astir with bustle and excited clamour. Boats were immediately despatched to the opposite shores, while the dull battlements and watch towers were anon lit up with fir torches on every side. Reflecting their gloomy shadows on the dark surface of the loch, the whole scene was wild and weird in the extreme. Hungry and fatigued with the day's hunting, the nobles and higher state officials assembled with all possible speed in the great hall, and, under the presidency of Edward, partook of a splendid feast,

listening the while to the minstrels, who struck their harps and sang of love, chivalry, and war. The proud monarch, who sat in pomp and pride, where nettles and cow-parsley now grow, was the Conqueror of Wales, the Terror of France, and the Scourge of Scotland. But "Old times are changed, old manners gone," and a melancholy silence has succeeded to music and dancing, and the screech owl alone is heard, where the voice of joy and boisterous mirth resounded under the banner of England as it waved in the chill mountain breeze. The common soldiery, doomed to a harder fate, were less carefully provided for. Pitching their rude huts by the water's edge, or sheltering themselves as best they could among the neighbouring pines, they nightly lit up, for their cheerless comfort, a thousand camp fires, which, sparkling and flickering in the gloomy darkness, chequered the margin of the loch with an inconstant fringe of ruddy light.

During the stirring times which followed, this fortress is occasionally mentioned in history. There is reason to believe that Edward greatly strengthened the defences, if he did not even rebuild the castle, between the years 1303 and 1306 A.D. The ramparts cover the whole island, which seems to be chiefly composed of gravel and shingle. The masonry, which is believed to have been originally three storeys high, is built of granite, whinstone, and slate from the neighbouring hills, indicating an immense expenditure of time and money. It presents no trace of Norman architecture, nor, indeed, has any been observed among the early castles in Scotland. The oldest baronial remains show a style rather midway between the Classical and the Gothic. The ruins, which still exist, suggest to the mind a grim old strength of the same type as that of Bothwell and Kildrummy. Like them, the walls are blind on the outside, cemented with grout, or run lime, and are more than seven feet thick. In form, Lochindorbh is an irregular quadrilateral, defended by a strong bell-shaped tower at each of its four angles. One only now remains. The curtain walls, which are tolerably entire, run down to the water's edge, if not even stretching into it on the south and partly on the east side. Every port, window, and loophole, has the lintels, mouldings, and facing of freestone, which must have been carried from the seaboard somewhere between Nairn and Forres. The principal gateway, which now appears as a large breach in the wall, was a pointed arch after the English style. It contained a portcullis, but there was no barbican or flanking towers. From the insular position, as well as close proximity to the water, these defences were considered unnecessary. During the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries,

the loch was a perfect security. No artificial fosse was at all to be compared to the wet ditch with which it was, and is still surrounded. Within the enclosed area at the east end of the chapel, on the south side, is the usual dungeon keep—a square, strong erection with a round tower at one end. Here, many a poor captive has pined and groaned. Lying on a bed of heather or bracken, in this dark, loathsome cell, the prisoner's sufferings were often embittered by hearing sounds of mirth and revelry prolonged far into the midnight hours. The great hall was, no doubt, built entirely of wood, as was the case in most of the castles during that period. According to custom, the interior was hung round with armour, and adorned with numerous trophies of the chase.

The Water Pit Vault may still be seen grinning with open mouth in the west wall and dipping well into the surrounding loch. It was, we may be well sure, a horrible dungeon, where many a poor, miserable wretch, after suffering a short confinement, has passed gladly away into the eternal world. Like an ordinary draw-well, it originally descended as far under the level of the loch as to leave about three feet of water over its paved bottom. The only entrance was by a narrow aperture from the adjoining courtyard, into what appeared to be no more than a small recess covered with large flags on the floor. By raising one of these as a trap-door, the spectator was able to look down several feet through the dim shadows into the dreary vault below. From the upper chamber, the unhappy victim was lowered by a sturdy warder into the obscure depths beneath; always to shiver, and often to freeze, while standing thigh deep among the water. Shut up in such a dark hole must have been torture in its most refined stage. The prisoner could only stand, any other position being certain death by drowning.

To a visitor approaching Lochindorbh, the walls, now covered with lichens, present a yellowish tint, and seem from the low foundation on which they rest to spring immediately out of the surrounding loch. As a royal fortress, it was erected with the view of being able to resist a lengthened and determined siege. Though strong in war, it was a dull and lonely place of abode in peace. Buried in the heart of a boundless forest, far away among the pathless hills, in a broad and cheerless lake, men looked upon it as all but impregnable to ordinary military tactics. During the fourteenth century, indeed, it rivalled in extent, and in the strength of its defences any of the national castles over the country.

During the interregnum which followed the death of the

Maid of Norway in 1290, the Red John Comyn was one of the Wardens or Governors of Scotland, and for a time greatly distinguished himself by his gallant resistance to the English claim. At a conference which took place in Stirling Castle, he entered into an agreement with Robert the Bruce to place him upon the throne. Suspected of betraying their plan to Edward, Comyn fell under the dagger of Bruce before the High Altar in the Church of the Minorite Friars at Dumfries, on the 4th of February 1306 A.D. Two months afterwards, Bruce was crowned at Scone, and the Lord of Badenoch having revolted, Lochindorbh, as well as his other estates, were forfeited to the nation. In the struggle which followed, to avenge the murdered Earl, the power of the Comyns was effectually broken after the battle of Inverury, in 1308, and the name of this great house so utterly sank into obscurity that, in the words of a contemporary Chronicle, "There was no memorial left of it in the land, save the orisons of the monks of Deer," whose monastery had been founded by William Comyn, Earl of Buchan, in 1219 A.D.

Sir Andrew Moray of Petty and Bothwell was a faithful friend of Bruce's party, and by it was more than once elected Regent of Scotland during the minority of David II. For a time, Comyn, the Earl of Athole, held the same office under Baliol in the English interest. Kildrummie Castle, near the head of the River Don, was one of four fortresses which stood out for the King. This nobleman laid siege to it while under the charge of Lady Christian Bruce, sister of Robert, and wife of Sir Andrew Moray. Her husband, with a considerable force, hastened to relieve its heroic defender. A severe struggle took place in a neighbouring wood, where the Earl was defeated and slain under a great oak tree, and his followers put to flight. His widowed Countess, now in great alarm, immediately fled with her infant son and heir, for safety to Lochindorbh Castle. Thither, Sir Andrew pursued her, but as the place could not be easily taken, he encircled the loch, and tried in vain to batter down the walls with heavy missiles thrown across the lake from the nearest shore. The spot on the south-east bank where the besiegers directed their engines against the ramparts is still pointed out. Hearing from the poor Countess herself of this terrible state of affairs, Edward III. started from Perth at the head of an army twenty thousand strong, and pushed on to rescue the captive at Lochindorbh. In these circumstances, the brave Sir Andrew was too prudent to risk a conflict with such a force, but he did not move his troops until the English were close upon him, and all his outposts driven back. In a great panic, the soldiers pressed him

to order a retreat. "There is no need for haste," replied the Regent calmly, and being about to hear mass, would not permit his devotions to be hindered. At length, when his equerries had brought out his horse, and every one expected that the march was to begin, he turned with great coolness to see that all the girths were tight and secure. When buckling on his armour, one of the things chanced to break, but he leisurely took a skin from his baggage, cut a suitable strap, and, with his own hand, mended the fracture. Then arraying his men in close column, he mounted his charger, entered the forest by a well-known road, and retired along the Findhorn until they came to Sluie, where they forded the river by a secret pass, and were again safe under the ramparts of Darnaway Castle. Baffled with all his followers to get on his track, Edward returned to Lochindorbh, and, to the great joy of the distressed Countess and her son, bore them away in his train to England. No sooner had the enemy gone south, than the Regent appeared upon the scene and captured many of the castles which Edward had garrisoned, with Lochindorbh among them. Sir Andrew died in his own castle at Avoch, on the Moray Firth, in 1338, while the war was still raging on all sides. He was a good patriot and a great loss to his country.

For a short time this Highland fortress seems to have been used as a State prison and confined, at least, one personage of national importance. William Bulloch was a warlike churchman of unknown parentage, but possessed of great military talent. Under Edward Balliol, the vassal king, he was appointed Chamberlain of Scotland and Governor of the Castles of St. Andrews and Cupar. In this capacity he was greatly trusted by the English party. A year or two before his death, Sir Andrew Moray laid siege to the Castle of Cupar, then defended by Bulloch, but finding it impossible to make any impression on the stronghold, he was obliged to raise the siege. Soon after, however, for an adequate consideration, Bulloch was induced to sell himself to the Scots, and deliver up the Castle of Cupar. Such a transaction was ill calculated to maintain implicit confidence in his future official integrity under Sir Andrew Moray's government. In course of time, fearing that he had, for selfish reasons, again entered into secret communication with his English friends, the Regent accused him of treason, and ordered him to be deposed from his high office. Immediately thereafter, he was thrown into the dungeon keep at Lochindorbh, where he was soon forgotten, and ultimately allowed to die of starvation and neglect.

Shortly after the death of Sir Andrew Moray, the Castle

Lochindorbh
 Avoch
 Moray
 St. Andrews
 Cupar

became the property of the Crown. In recognition of some important national service David II. bestowed the forest of Lochindorbh upon Symon Reed, his Constable of Edinburgh Castle, on condition that he would deliver to the King as Feudal Superior three arrows at Inverness, whenever they might be wanted. The terms appear easy enough, yet the estate does not seem to have remained long in the Constable's possession. Robert II. ascended the throne in 1371 A.D., and among his first acts we find him conferring, by Royal Charter, the Lordship of Badenoch, as well as the Castle, forest, and land of Lochindorbh, upon his fourth son, Alexander Stewart—"In the same manner as the deceased John Comyn and his predecessors had held the same."

In history, this nobleman is styled the Earl of Buchan, but from the savageness of his nature, he is better known in the north as the Wolfe of Badenoch. Few young men were ever better provided with lands and lordships, both by marriage and Royal Charter, than he was. Yet, notwithstanding his wide domains, he speedily quarrelled with the Bishop of Moray that he might obtain more. As Lord of Badenoch he insisted that all the Church lands in that province were held under him. Refusing to own a superior, the Bishop was summoned to appear at the Standing Stones of Easter Kingussie. As might be expected, the findings of the Judges were in favour of the Earl. In return the Bishop threatened the censure of the Church upon any one who should venture to enforce the decreets of Court. Next day, in presence of a large company of local gentlemen, the Bishop and Wolfe of Badenoch met in Ruthven Castle. Here the discussion was renewed, and angry words were freely passed between both parties. At length his Lordship was persuaded to drop the claim, and in proof of good faith in this agreement, all the documents relative to the process were immediately committed to the flames. Thus far, all seemed right. But in his domestic capacity the Lord of Badenoch was unprincipled, heartless and cruel. He ill-treated his wife, the Countess of Ross, who was forced, on that account, to leave him. In her absence, he became enamoured of a woman named Mariota Athyn, who lived with him on the most intimate terms for many years. By her he had five illegitimate sons, each of whom, in a high degree, inherited the reckless impetuosity and lawless violence of his father's character. At last, the Church was invoked to interfere on behalf of his lawful wife—a proceeding which exasperated the Wolfe of Badenoch in a terrible manner. Disregarding the bargain in Ruthven Castle, he seized the Church lands, and, in consequence, was excommunicated at the High Altar by the Bishop of Moray from the "Holy

Mother Church, to be cut off, like a rotten and diseased branch, to fall headlong into the Pit, there to be consumed by eternal fire."

When this Anathema was announced to the Earl at Lochindorbh by an accredited monk from Elgin, the cleric was at once ordered to be arrested and plunged into the Water Pit Vault, where he remained for some hours. Furious with rage, the Wolfe, having matured his plans, sallied out from his stronghold in May 1390, and at the head of a fierce band rode by way of Darnaway to Forres and reduced the manse of the Archdeacon to ashes. This done, he next set fire to one end of the church, which shared a similar fate. Just as he and his incendiaries were about to mount their horses and gallop to the hills, they heedlessly fired one or two of the adjacent houses. These tenements, being chiefly composed of wood and roofed with thatch, blazed up with such vehemence that the conflagration threatened for some time to embrace the whole town.

Nor was this all. The Wolfe, still burning with rage, vowed that the Bishop must be bearded in his own den. One night, therefore, a few weeks later in June of the same year, the burghers of Elgin had just retired to rest at the usual time, and the echoes of the Vesper Hymn had scarcely died away within the long aisles of the venerable Cathedral when a band of armed horsemen from Lochindorbh was heard entering the town on the west side. From the drawn windows along the main street they were noticed to pull up near the College, and in a short time the whole city was moved to its very centre with shouts of "Fire! Fire! The Wolfe! The Wolfe!" This name alone was enough to strike terror into the heart of every man, woman, and child to its utmost bounds. Anon, the towers and spire of the Cathedral were observed to be wrapt in one devouring blaze, while the interior was lighted up with a brilliant sheet of dazzling flame. The church at St. Giles, the Maisondieu, together with eighteen manse of the Canons, in a few hours showed only as blackened skeletons in the dark uncertain gloom. This terrible deed was the work of a raving maniac, and an act of purest Vandalism for which no earthly punishment could adequately atone.

Heedless of the misery inflicted on the innocent people, the Wolfe returned to his island stronghold at Lochindorbh, exulting in the hope that the interference on the part of the Bishop in his domestic affairs had been fully avenged. The dull monotony, however, within the surly fortress only served to sharpen the stings of conscience, and quicken the gnawings of an ever present and pitiless remorse. Thus tortured by a cruel mental reaction.

his iron frame began to give way, and gradually he sank into a state of sullen inactivity. A week or two more, and he was completely prostrated on a sick bed—the victim of a low but rapidly consuming fever. To all appearance, subdued and broken, the Wolfe of Badenoch lay as a helpless child in the terrible grasp of the Last Enemy. Fully convinced that he would never rise again, all his minions deserted him and attended to their own interests. Chief among these was his guilty paramour, Lady Mariota Athyn, the mother of his five illegitimate sons. For this woman he had shamelessly neglected his own lawful wife, and even braved the malediction of the Bishop of Moray. And now, in his dire affliction, instead of watching by the sick bed and trying to quench his burning thirst, Mariota ranged the castle, using every possible opportunity to ransack her Lord's private repositories, in order to possess herself of their most valued contents, the moment she found him a powerless corpse. But, "where there is life, there is hope"; and so it proved in the case before us. By and by when the climax was passed, strength began to return, and with it a great improvement in his natural character. The Lady Mariota had now shown herself in her true colours, and the Earl at last came to appraise her at a proper value. Cowed and disgraced, she was immured in a distant stronghold, where she spent the remainder of her life in poverty and neglect. Soon after, the Wolfe was persuaded to seek, by penance, to be again received within the pale of the Holy Mother Church. To this the Bishop agreed, and the strange humiliation actually took place in the Black Friar's Monastery at Perth, in the presence of a great concourse of the highest dignitaries both in the Church and State.

"There has always," says Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, "been a very common belief in the country, that when a wicked man suddenly and unexpectedly reforms his life, the circumstance is a sure forewarning of his approaching death. It was so with the Wolfe of Badenoch, for he lived only two or three years after the great reformation that was so surprisingly wrought in him. That the Earl did not fail to make good use of the remnant of his life in wiping off old scores with the Church by making it large donations from his well-filled coffers may be guessed from the curious epitaph—'Bonæ Memorix,' to his Good Memory—which still exists in raised black-letter characters round the edge of the now empty sarcophagus in which his body was deposited in the Cathedral of Dunkeld. He died on the 20th February 1394 A.D."

For some forty years from this time, there is a pause in the history of Lochindorbh, but this castle comes again into prominence during the early part of the fifteenth century.

James II., of the Scottish King of the Fiery Face, succeeded to the vacant throne in 1437. During his minority, the turbulent nobility, missing the strong arm of the Poot King, "did every one that which was right in his own eyes," and boldly carried on their private feuds with an impetuosity and appalling bloodshed, which seemed to defy all constituted authority. Plunder and rapine, as a consequence, filled the land, while the poor inhabitants were distracted and torn with oppression and terrible misery. Chief among the rebel Lords was the great Earl of Douglas, whose overgrown power, for a few years, threatened even the existence of the throne itself. Proud, daring, and chivalrous, William, the eighth Earl, managed to captivate the young King's affections so entirely that he appeared to exercise almost complete control over him and his policy in the State. For the greater aggrandisement of his own family, this nobleman induced James to confer the vacant Earldom of Moray upon Archibald Douglas, his third brother. It was not long after when the young King discovered to his cost that he had done far too much for that ambitious House, and he therefore resolutely set himself to correct his early mistakes by every means in his power. Becoming aware of the Royal intention, the Douglas prepared himself to maintain his position by force of arms. Fierce and prolonged was the struggle which followed, but in due time the crisis came, in the supper-room at Stirling Castle, where the unsuspecting Earl fell beneath the dagger of the Fiery Monarch in February 1452. In revenge, Archibald, the newly created Earl of Moray, attacked and set fire to the town of Stirling. Fleeing immediately thereafter to the Highlands, he strongly fortified the castles of Darnaway and Lochindorbh, and raised the standard of rebellion against the King. The contest, however, was short lived, for, notwithstanding the aid received from the powerful House of Douglas, he was overthrown and slain at Arkinholme, Dumfriesshire, in 1453, and all his followers scattered to the winds. Six weeks later, for this and similar acts of treason, the deceased Earl of Moray was disgraced and his estates and title forfeited to the Crown, while James himself took possession of Darnaway Castle. No sooner had the young King felt the fascination of the district than he took means to enjoy it. "He chose Darnaway," says Cosmo Innes, "for his own hunting seat, and completed the extensive repairs and new erections which the Douglas Earl had begun. The massive beams of oak and solid structure of the roof of the new work described in these accounts are still in part recognisable in the great hall at Darnaway, which popular tradition, ever leaning toward a fabulous antiquity, ascribes to Earl Raudolph, but which is certainly of this period."

Almost contemporary with the building of Cawdor Castle, we find James II. granting a commission under the Great Seal, on the 5th March 1455, at Aberdeen, to William, Thane of Cawdor, his beloved squire, to raze and destroy the House and Fortalice of Lochindorbh, in a moorland loch beyond the Findhorn, as its situation and strength were considered dangerous to the Royal power. The deed itself runs in the following terms:—

“Quia per alias litteras nostras fecimus ordinavimus et deputavimus dilectum nostrum Willelmum Thanum de Caldor nostrum factorem pro dejectione destructione et subversione domus et fortalicij de Lochindorbh prout in eisdem litteris nostris desuper confectis plenius continetur. Nos heredes et successores nostri warrantizabimus et warrantizabunt defendemus et defendunt contra omnes mortales dictum Willelmum Thanum de Caldor, heredes suos et assignatos penes dejectionem destructionem et subversionem dicte domus et fortalicij de Lochindorbh.”

The work of demolition was duly carried out, and the Thane left the place very much as we now see it.

In the Exchequer Accounts for the year 1458 there is an entry recording the payment of £24 to Campbell of Cawdor for the razing of the Castle of Lochindorbh, by command of the King, two years before he was killed at Roxburgh. The original is in Latin:—“Et Thano de Caldor pro dejectione castri de Lochindorbh de mandato Domini Regis testantibus Domino Episcopo Moraviensi et thesaurario mandatum ipso Thano fatente receptum super computum de anno compoti xxiiii li.”

A local tradition asserts that the massive iron grated door now on the dungeon keep at Cawdor Castle was carried a distance of at least thirteen miles across the hills on the shoulders of a powerful Highlander, known in Gaelic as “Donal gun mhatbair,” or Donald without a mother. For many years the lands of Lochindorbh formed part of the princely domains of the Earl of Moray. But by an agreement, dated at Darnaway on the 31st October 1608, he sold certain holdings to Sir John Campbell of Cawdor, “together with the loch, buildings, and adjoining sheilings, lying within the forrestric of the Knock.” Some time afterwards Lochindorbh was transferred from the Cawdor Estate by exambion or exchange to the Earl of Seafield, in whose hands it has now remained for many years.

MEETING OF 24TH NOVEMBER 1896.

The Society met on this date in the Caledonian Hotel. Mr Wallace, the retiring President, who was in the chair, read a Council minute which proposed to celebrate the 21st anniversary

