

**REMINISCENCES OF
A CLACHNACUDDIN
NONAGENARIAN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649690138

Reminiscences of a Clachnacuddin Nonagenarian by John Maclean

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JOHN MACLEAN

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REMINISCENCES

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OF

A CLACHNACUDDIN ✓

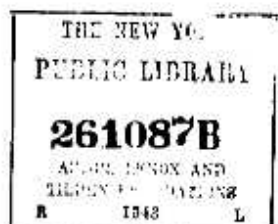
NONAGENARIAN ✓

BY THE EDITOR OF THE "INVERNESS HERALD."

INVERNESS:
DONALD MACDONALD.

1886.

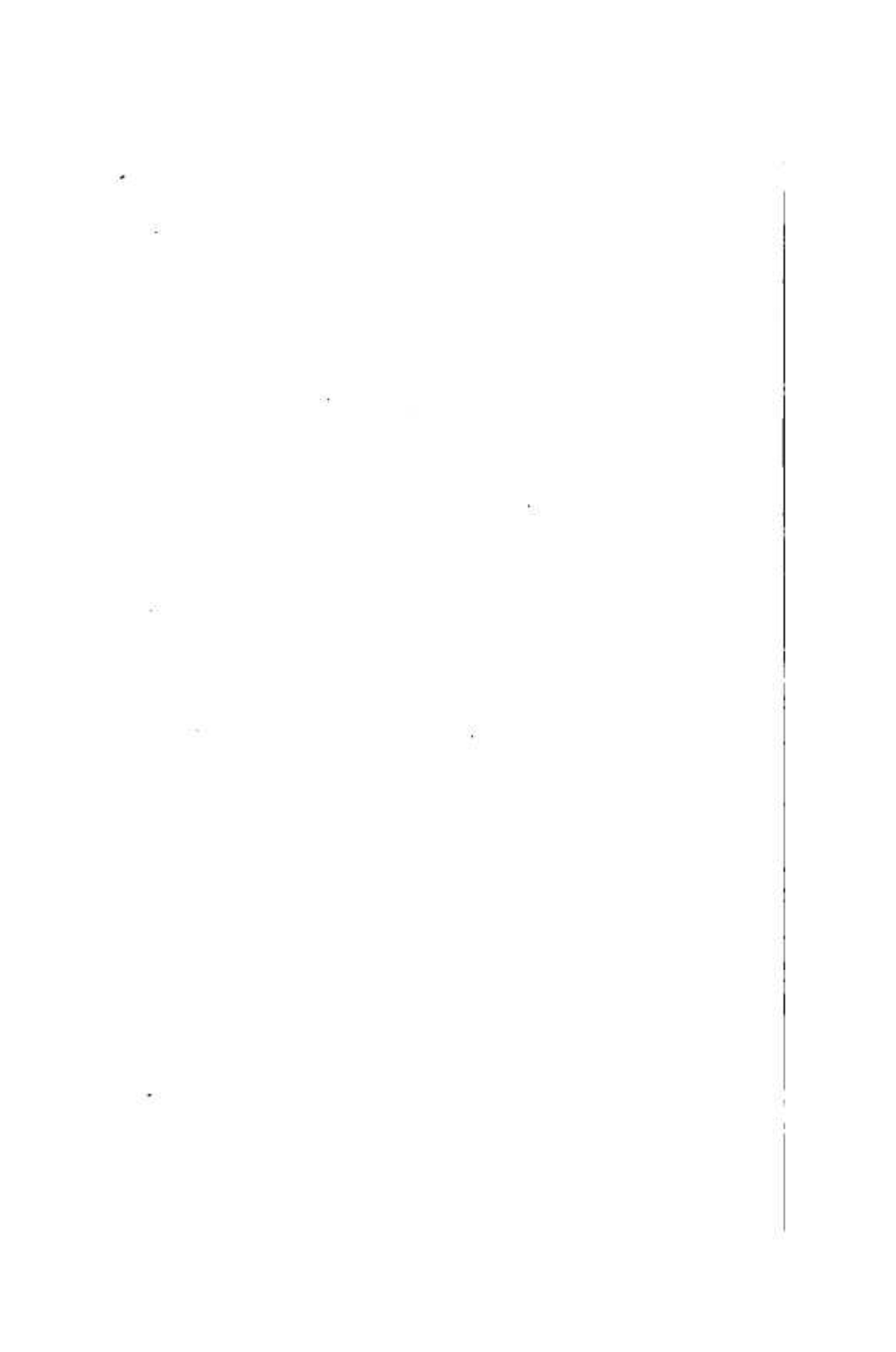
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PREFACE TO PRESENT EDITION.

The Reminiscences of Maclean, the Nonagenarian, were issued in 1842, and copies are now extremely rare. The following pages are a reprint of the work as it came from the "Herald" Office. During the forty-four years that have since elapsed many changes have occurred. The Nonagenarian sets before us the town as it was within his recollection, and those who now read his pages will see what immense progress has been made during the present century.

Inverness, 21st December 1886.



REMINISCENCES OF A CLACHNACUDDIN NONAGENARIAN.



INTRODUCTION.

There are some readers who dislike a "Preface," for our own parts we cannot place ourselves among the number, as we generally look to the preface, not only to get some hint respecting the author, but also in expectation of obtaining an outline of the plan of the work itself; and even though the preface begin with "Gentle Reader," the polite way in which the writers of the two last centuries were wont to introduce themselves, we have so much reverence for the olden time, that we are never offended, provided the preface itself be tolerably brief. We doubt not our sentiments on this subject prevail among our readers, and that some Clachnacuddins may be anxious so far to remove the incognito from our nonagenarian as to be satisfied at least of his individuality. Now, whether such Clachnacuddins are denizens in the northern metropolis itself; in the great city of the South; in the back woods of America; amid the sands of Africa, or under the burning sun of Asia; whether employed in teaching civility at Pekin *a la mode barbare*, or whether among our subscribers in the 78th Highlanders, who have gallantly gone to "the rescue" in Afghanistan of their fair captive countrywomen, and of their unsuccessful comrades in arms; we feel that we shall contribute to the interest which the reminiscences of our Nonagenarian

may excite, by assuring such, that he is no ideal creation of our own; that although the snows of ninety winter's rest upon his head, and his frame, is not unscathed from the warfare of time, yet were the Clachnacuddin reader to catch but a sight of his time-worn person and features, even in the outlandish regions to which we have alluded, he would at once recognise a Highlander. Unlike many of his countrymen, who tear themselves from "the land of the mountain and the flood," to push their fortunes in the south, he has passed through the periods of infancy and manhood, without ever quitting his native scenes, and shortly expects his mortal coil itself must there mingle "with the clods of the valley." His mind, however, not only maintains its empire, but endures with all the retentiveness and vivacity of youth. The *bothy* in which he has lived from infancy to old age, and in which he has passed many days of humble and domestic happiness, is now comparatively silent, save when those whose prattle once enlivened it, snatch a short period from the engrossing claims of their occupation, to administer to his wants; or when *their* offspring are deputed to perform duties at once peculiarly grateful to old age, and which present youth in its most engaging and attractive features. Some time too an occasional acquaintance or visitor seeks our Nonagenarian's residence, to hear of times and persons long departed, and in return for the gratification they experience, they help in some measure to minister to the necessities or comforts of his departing days. We must, however, give a description of the *bothy* itself, and when we state that it is supposed to have stood for 200 years, some readers may imagine it to be built of the most durable kind of stone; such, however, it is not. Large posts (locally termed, couple-trees), of black oak, which probably belonged to some substantial building of still more