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THE
LYON IN MOURNING

**OR A COLLECTION OF SPEECHES LETTERS
JOURNALS ETC. RELATIVE TO THE AFFAIRS
OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART
BY THE REV. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.**

BISHOP OF ROSS AND CAITHNESS

1746-1775

Edited from his Manuscript, with a Preface by

HENRY PATON, M.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES

III



EDINBURGH

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PREFATORY NOTE

It was originally intended to add to the third volume of the *Lyon in Mourning*, as a key to the work, an Itinerary and Map showing the Prince's movements day by day from the date of his landing in Scotland to his departure in September 1746.

This Itinerary, which has been prepared by Mr. W. B. Blaikie from many sources, printed and manuscript, confirming or correcting the data of the *Lyon*, and indicating the movements of the Government armies as well as of the Jacobites, has so far exceeded the length at first contemplated, that it has been thought well to issue it separately along with the Map as a supplement to volume iii. This supplementary issue will therefore be treated as belonging to volume iii., and will be due to subscribers for the year 1895-96.

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WEDNESDAY, March 7th, 1750.—Mr. James Grant,¹ merchant in Inverness, dined with me in my house at Leith, in company with the Revd. Mr. Alexander Mitchell in Edinburgh, the Revd. Mr. James White in Cupar of Fyffe, and Mr. Patrick Baillie, writer in Edinburgh.

fol. 1482

After dinner I presented to the said James Grant the original paper, a folio in his own handwriting, which the Revd. Mr. James Hay in Inverness had transmitted to me by the hands of the foresaid Patrick Baillie in May 1749. Mr. Grant, after looking at the paper, acknowledged it to be all in his own handwriting, and said, “Had I known that Mr. Hay was to have transmitted this paper to you, or that it could be ever useful in making out a history of these times, I would have taken more pains and have been more exact and particular. For as I imagined Mr. Hay desired such an account of me only for his own information and satisfaction, so I was the less particular and circumstantial. However, such as it is, I do assure you I could with confidence subscribe my name to it, as there is nothing in it but truth, and what is well known to others as well as to myself; and indeed I can hold up my face to the world for everything I have written in that paper.”

I then informed Mr. Grant that I had written a long and particular letter to Mr. James Hay,² containing several queries concerning the contents of the papers which Mr. Hay had transmitted to me, and as I had taken an exact copy of said letter, I would read the copy in Mr. Grant’s hearing and in that of the company (if he pleased), in order to have from him such answers to my queries as he could give me. Mr. Grant was very well pleased with the proposal, and frankly promised to give me answers as far as his knowledge and memory served him. Of which answers here followeth an exact account:

fol. 1483

1.—As to the first query, Mr. Grant said, “I know the servant maid well, but have forgot her name. However, as she still lives in Inverness, I will get her name and send it to you, and I will endeavour to procure you, if possible, the name of the dragoon and the names of the two low countrymen that were murdered by the said dragoon, for I know the house in which the said two men were murdered.”

2.—Mr. Grant said he would easily procure the name of the gentleman whose throat was cut in a high fever, but alleged there would be difficulty in finding out the names of the dragoons who did the deed. However, he would do his best to find out their names.

3.—That man was called (said Mr. Grant) “by some Ewan Mackvee and by others Ewan Mackay.” Mr. Grant and Mr. Baillie agreed in saying that there is a tribe of the Camerons distinguished by the name of Mackvee.

4.—Mr. Grant said he believed it was General Husk that gave Provost Hossack the severe kick at the head of the stair, but he promised to get me certain account.

fol. 1484

5.—This query is answered by Mr. Hay himself already.³ “But,” said Mr. Grant, “the sogers took away all the books in the Meeting House.”

6.—Here Mr. Grant said he really could not affirm anything certain about the poisoned bread, but only that it was a common report in and about Inverness, and that the said report met with credit in that country. Mr. Grant promised to make further inquiry about this matter according to the terms of my query.

¹ See ff. 1463-4.

² See ff. 1425-35.

³ See f. 1456.

7.—Mr. Grant knows not, but will endeavour to discover.

8.—Mr. Grant, if he can, is to find out the names of the three compassionate officers.

9.—Mr. Grant knows not, but will endeavour to discover.

10.—Right

11.—Mr. Grant said, “Alexander MacIntosh of Issich, being much wounded in the battle of Culloden, did save himself by crawling on his hands and feet the night immediately after the battle. But then Mr. MacIntosh was obliged to procure two shillings sterling to give to the sentinels whom he was obliged to pass through in his crawling, and who were appointed (among others) to guard the field of battle; the said sentinels taking the two shillings sterling, and saying that the money was better to them than the taking of his life.” However, Mr. Grant added, he could not affirm that the said MacIntosh of Issich was the person meant by Mr. Hay; for that he (Mr. Grant) had reason to think that more than one had been saved in the same way, and in the same night with the said Mr. MacIntosh. Mr. Grant promised to make further inquiry about others that were thus preserved.

fol. 1485

12.—Right as to Fraser; and as to the other parts of this query, Mr. Grant is to endeavour to make them out. Here Mr. Grant told a remarkable narrative which is as follows: That Lauchlan Grant (writer in Edinburgh, and foreman to Mr. Alexander Lockheart, advocate), travelling up the country immediately after the battle of Culloden, and crossing the field of battle, came to a country house near the field, where he halted, and in which house he saw one of the name of Shaw (a Badenoch man, being a handsome, well-looking fellow), wounded and stript, to whom the said Lauchlan Grant gave a shirt and some shillings in money. That in the same country house the said Lauchlan Grant did see likewise, at the same time, another man whose head he (Lauchlan Grant) believed was cloven to the harns, and whose tongue was so hanging out that the poor man himself could not put it in again. But Lauchlan Grant put in the poor mans tongue, and tied a napkin about his cloven head, upon which the poor man thanked Lauchlan Grant in Erse, and prayed God to reward him. That same night Lauchlan Grant came to Inverness, took up his quarters with the often-mentioned James Grant, merchant, and gave the said James Grant an account of what he had seen and done in the country house near the field of battle. The next day afternoon the said James Grant, meeting accidentally upon the street of Inverness with Mr. Angus⁴ Shaw, Presbyterian preacher at Pettie, upbraided him to his face (not sparing the whole fraternity of Presbyterian preachers), for not doing more and interceding for the distressed, particularly those of his own name, and then narrated to him all that he had heard from Lauchlan Grant about poor wounded Shaw (the Badenoch man), lying in the country house. But Mr. Angus Shaw (notwithstanding the pressing importunity of James Grant) did not give himself any manner of trouble about poor wounded Shaw, though afterwards the said Mr. Angus Shaw thought fit to give out in his own vindication (as James Grant expressly and positively affirmed to me, Robert Forbes, and the company, and calling it a downright lie), that he went to the field in quest of the poor wounded Shaw, and that when he came to the field of battle, he (Mr. Angus Shaw) chanced to see the said wounded Shaw set up with some others to be instantly killed in cold blood, and that then he (Mr. Angus Shaw) did not think it proper to interfere, from fear of personal harm to himself from the soters employed to execute the orders. “But,” said James Grant, “the plain matter of fact is this, that one Lauchlan Shaw, quartermaster to Sempil’s regiment, upon hearing the dismal story, sent a

fol. 1486

fol. 1487

⁴ Lauchlan, says Mr. Innes, p. 1500.—F.

brother of his own,⁵ Alexander Shaw, and a surgeon to the field of battle in order to seek out the said wounded Shaw (the Badenoch man), and to take care of him if possible; that when the said brother of the quartermaster and the said surgeon were approaching towards the field of battle they spied carts bringing wounded men from different quarters to a certain spot on the field, that upon coming near the said spot they saw wounded Shaw (the Badenoch man whom they were seeking for), placed among the wounded, and the soldiers making ready to kill them in cold blood: upon which the surgeon stopped short and told the quartermaster's brother he would not go further for fear of the worst; and the quartermaster's brother, looking the poor wounded Shaw (his own relation) in the face, saw him put to death, and durst not venture to say a word for saving of his life lest he should have been made to bear him company to the other world. This," said James Grant again and again, "is the true matter of fact as to the fate of poor wounded Shaw, the Badenoch man."⁶

13.—Mr. Grant cannot tell, but will enquire.

fol. 1488

14.—Mr. Grant takes this man⁷ to be a tenant of the Laird of Inches, but will enquire about this and the other particulars of this query.

15.—Mr. Grant could tell nothing about this.

16.—Mr. Grant cannot tell, but will enquire.

17.—"This," said Mr. Grant, "is very true; but then I know not the names of the men. However, being well acquaint with Grant of Daldriggan, I hope I may easily find out their names."

18/19/20/21/22. As to the particulars in these several queries, Mr. Grant said he could not tell, but he would enquire.

22.—The foresaid often-mentioned James Grant, merchant in Inverness.

23.—The name of the poor lame man is John MacKenzie. Mr. Grant is to enquire about the dragoon's name.

24.—The forementioned Lauchlan Shaw of Strathspey by birth.

25.—Mr. Grant is to enquire about these names. Meantime he declared he saw at the doors of the King's Milns twelve or fifteen dead corpses, some lying upon dry ground, and others lying in the water.

26.—Mr. Grant said he can easily get the names of these three women, as he has some acquaintance of them.

In a word, Mr. Grant promised again and again that upon his return to Inverness he would wait upon the Rev. Mr. Hay, from whom he would ask the use of my letter, and would direct his inquiries by the contents of it, and that he would moreover lay himself out to find out other things, of all which he would transmit accounts to me.

fol. 1489

ROBERT FORBES.

In talking of the Glenmoriston men, who after the battle of Culloden were prevailed upon by the Laird of Grant to surrender themselves and to deliver up their arms at Inverness, Mr. James Grant

⁵ Commonly called Cripple Sandie Shaw, because of a lame leg.—F.

⁶ See f. 378.

⁷ See f. 379.

was very plain and full in his expressions. He said that the bad and harsh treatment of the Glenmoriston men was not owing to any treachery in the Laird of Grant, for that the Laird had actually got assurances that the Glenmoriston men should be safe and should meet with no hardship upon their surrendering and delivering up their arms. But the harsh and cruel treatment used against these men of Glenmoriston was owing altogether to a pique the Duke of Cumberland entertained against the Laird of Grant for not raising his men in the service of the Government. For no sooner had the Glenmoriston men made their appearance at Inverness and delivered up their arms than the Duke of Cumberland (to be revenged upon the Laird of Grant for not raising his men) gave orders to make them all prisoners, when the poor men were in full expectation of being sent home in safety. It is very remarkable (as James Grant observed) that the Duke of Cumberland was very much mistaken as to the pique he entertained against the Laird of Grant, for that no man was more zealous and firm in the interest of the Government and had a greater inclination to promote it than the Laird of Grant. In a word the Laird of Grant did actually use his utmost endeavours more than once to raise his men, but they positively refused to stir a foot unless the Laird would assure them that they were to join the Highland army.

fol. 1490

When James Grant had given this account of the matter the foresaid Patrick Baillie happened to differ from him as to the case of the Glenmoriston men, and did insinuate that the Laird of Grant was blameworthy as to the harsh treatment they met with. But James Grant stood to his tackling, and was positive that the representation he had given was the truth of the matter. “Not,” said James Grant, “that I say this with a view to vindicate the Laird of Grant. Let him vindicate himself. But then truth obliges me to say what I have said, because I had it from those very persons who were interested in prevailing with the Glenmoriston men to surrender in hopes of safety.” Mr. Grant and Mr. Baillie agreed that there were about 150⁸ of the Glenmoriston men thus cruelly used; some dying on ship board, some in Tilbury Fort; others were banished, and only about half-a-dozen of them returned home. Mr. Grant said, “He made no doubt at all but the Laird of Grant in the event of the surrendering of the Glenmoriston men had it in his view to make a merit of this piece of service thereby, and ingratiate himself with the Duke of Cumberland. But, as Mr. Grant truly observed, “the Laird met with a terrible disappointment, and even let him take up his thanks for what he did.”⁹

fol. 1491

As to the refusal of the Grants to rise in arms even when desired by their own chief and their attachment to the Prince and his army, James Grant said, he needed only to appeal to the kind and compassionate usage the sculking gentlemen met with among the Grants after the battle of Culloden, who took such care of them (and numbers of them did sculk in the country of the Grants) that they were absolutely safe and wanted for nothing.” “But,” added James Grant, “it is a thing well known that the Grants would not rise in arms even at the importunity of their own chief.” Here the Rev. Mr Alexander Mitchel said, he remembered nothing better than that some of the Grants did rise in arms before the skirmish at Inverury, and came down the country as far as Strathbogie, but when they had learnt there that they were to join the Laird of MacLeod and his following and to march towards Aberdeen, they then (every one of them) refused to go a foot farther, and instantly went home again. In this rising it would appear that the Grants had been imposed upon, and made believe that they were to have joined the Prince’s adherents. It is well known that the Laird of MacLeod used this deceitful dissembling art to raise his own following, insomuch that the

fol. 1492

⁸ See f. 1679.

⁹ See ff. 312, 1329.

MacLeods had white Cockades in their bonnets at their rising, and in passing from the Isle of Sky to the continent, which I, Robert Forbes, have had affirmed to me by several persons of the Isle of Sky who had access to know this affair well. As to the arts of dissimulation used by the Laird of MacLeod, see f. 883.

Monday, March 12th, 1750.—The foresaid Mr. James Grant dined with me, renewed his promises to me, and bad farewell to me, being upon his return to Inverness.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a LETTER to MAJOR MACDONALD of Glenalladale.

fol. 1493

MY DEAR SIR,—When Boradale’s son did me the favour of a visit he was in such a haste that I had scarce time to acknowledge the receipt of your obliging and satisfying letter of November 10th.¹⁰ I now gladly embrace the opportunity of Milton’s return to the Long Isle, in order to do myself the pleasure of writing to you at some length, for truly it is a pleasure of the highest relish to me to correspond with you and such as you are.

I would not have you rash in transmitting any accounts to Dr. Burton, even though he has desired it as a favour of you. The Dr. is indeed an honest, worthy gentleman. But then he is too ready to go to the press with the narratives he receives, and (in my humble opinion) this is far from being a proper season for publishing some certain truths to the world. Before the Dr. made his appearance in print he informed me of his design, to which I writ him an answer without loss of time, and intreated him not to entertain any such thoughts till a more safe and seasonable opportunity should offer. But he and his friends in England were so keen to inform the world that (notwithstanding my remonstrance upon the point) his pamphlet soon appeared, a copy of which he sent directly from the press and desired me to amend and to make some material additions. But I absolutely refused to have any hand in the affair for reasons obvious enough to Scotsmen, whatever Englishmen might happen to think,¹¹ and I writ a letter to the honest Doctor, wherein I used him with great plainness and freedom.

fol. 1494

Since Boradale’s son was with me I have had leisure to consider your kind and long letter (the longer the better) with attention, and to compare it with your Journal, and I find a small difference between them, which indeed is only a mere circumstance. But then I make it my study to be as exact as possible, not only as to facts but likewise as to the circumstances attending them. The difference is as follows. In your Journal you have these words.¹² “They stayed in the same place till 8 o’clock at night, when, setting out, the Prince travelled stoutly till it became dark, and climbing a steep hill called Drymchossey, to the top, they observed the fires of a camp directly in their front, which they could scarcely shun, at Glen Chossey. However, being resolved to pass at any rate, they came so near without being observed as to hear them talk distinctly,” etc. In your letter you have these words.¹³ “It was in climbing up that hill called Drymchossey, immediately after passing by a small camp pitched in the bottom of the valley or glen of that name, viz., Glen Chossey,” etc. Now (Dear Sir) whether did you first climb up the hill Drymchossey (according to the words in the Journal), and then pass near the camp in Glen Chossey, or did you first pass near the camp in Glen Chossey (according to the words in your letter), and then climb up the hill

fol. 1495

¹⁰ See f. 1447.

¹¹ See f. 1362.

¹² See f. 615.

¹³ See f. 1448.

Drymchossey? Though this difference be but very small and inconsiderable, yet I would gladly have it rectified, and it is in your power to do it.¹⁴

I thank you kindly for ascertaining to me the truth of the fall upon the precipice and of the danger of tumbling headlong from it. You oblige me particularly in giving me so exactly the names of the faithful Glenmoriston men, and in favouring me with your animadversions upon that subject, for I was not a little anxious to have their names upon record. I hope they are still alive. May God bless and preserve them and reward them for their strict fidelity which was proof of the gilded dust and all its glittering charms.

I earnestly beg you'll continue your laudable endeavours to find out (if possible) the true account of Rhoderick MacKenzie's death, and to collect for me all the well-vouched accounts you can have of plunderings, pillagings, burnings, and murders, in doing of which pray have a particular attention to the names both of the perpetrators and of the sufferers where they can possibly be had, for, in the event of a history, the recording of proper names and surnames will prove mighty useful in order to strengthen and fix the facts in opposition to all contradiction and cavilling, as in a point of fact one can never be too strict and nice, especially in an age when even glaring facts are most impudently denied and contradicted with the greatest boldness.

fol. 1496

Pray, Dear Sir, will you be so good as to call to mind what passed in conversation betwixt the Prince and you and his other attendants during the time you happened to be his guardian, and to take it down in writing. This you have omitted to do in your excellent Journal, which indeed is one of the most valuable papers I have ever yet received. In taking down some Journals from persons own mouths, I was particularly careful to ask them questions about what passed in conversation, and have thereby discovered some excellent sayings expressed by the Prince, and likewise how cheerfully he bore up under all his sufferings.

I have heard that Clanranald, during his confinement on board a ship, kept an exact Journal of the sufferings he himself and his fellow-prisoners underwent. If this be so, may I expect to be favoured with an exact copy of Clanranald's Journal, which I would take as a singular favour?

I had almost forgot to mention one thing, which is as follows. In your Journal you mention a Glengary man¹⁵ who was chased by the troops very providentially to the place where you was with the Prince, and whose father had been killed by the military the day before. Pray can you give me the name of the said Glengary man? For in that part of your Journal there is something very remarkable and interesting.

fol. 1497

Thus, Sir, have I assumed the freedom, oftener than once, of cutting out work in plenty for you. But I hope your honest zeal to have important truths fairly and exactly represented to the public, when a proper and seasonable opportunity offers, will be sufficient to apologize for me at your hands for any trouble of this kind. My best wishes ever attend you, your Lady and family, and all your concerns. With much sincerity and esteem, I am, Dear Sir, your most affectionate friend and very humble servant,

DONALD HATEBREEKS.

Tartanhall, March 14th, 1750.

¹⁴ See f. 1497.

¹⁵ See f. 617.

**COPY, etc., from Glenalladale, received from DONALD MACDONALD, Merchant in
Edinburgh, August 3rd, 1753.**

The fall the Prince was like to gett over a rock was climbing up the hill Drimchooise, after passing by the camp formed in Glenchosy.

The original of the above, on a little bit of paper without date or subscription, in Glenalladale's own handwriting, is to be found among my papers.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Monday, March 12th, 1750.—I, Robert Forbes, received a continuation of Narratives, transmitted to me from the Revd. Mr. George Innes, at Forress (of date Fasting's Even, February 27th, 1750), all in his own handwriting, and consisting of nine pages in 4^{to}, an exact copy of which is as follows:—¹⁶

fol. 1498

[giment came up to the supporting Barrels and the centre of the Highlanders was almost surrounded. Then all went to wreck.] The Prince was forc'd off the field by Sullivan and others about him. The Duke of Perth, who commanded the left, having at the beginning of the action observed the disorder of the right wing, rode gallantly along the whole line to see what could be done; but, before he could return, the rest of the army had fled. The officers of the MacIntoshes suffered prodigiously, but not so many of the private men as might have been look'd for from their dangerous situation. The greatest slaughter was in the pursuit, for Lord Ancrum, who commanded a regiment of dragoons, and Kingston's light horse spar'd few or none. 'Tis hard, if not impossible, to say what was the precise number of the kill'd on either side. The best accounts of the loss in general that I have been able to get are from a Presbyterian minister who lives within a few miles of the place. He tells me that one of the surgeons of the Duke's army, a very sedate, grave man, had counted all the bodies that lay on the field of battle as exactly as he cou'd, and inform'd him that the kill'd on both sides amounted to about 750, of which he did not doubt but the one-half were of the regular troops, and that he did not believe the number of the slain, both in the field and in the pursuit, exceeded twelve hundred. Among those on the Prince's side was that loyal and brave gentleman, the Viscount of Strathallan, who, resolving to die in the field rather than by the hand of the executioner, attack'd Collonel Howard, by whom, 'tis said, he was run thro' the body. His character as a good Christian, setting aside his other personal qualities and rank in the world, as it endear'd him to all his acquaintances, so did it make his death universally regretted.

fol. 1499

But the most shocking part of this woefull story is yet to come; I mean the horrid barbarities committed in cold blood after the battle was over. I do not now precisely remember how many days the dead bodies lay upon the field to glut the eyes of the merciless conqueror. But certain it is that there they lay till the stench oblig'd him to cause bury them. In the meantime the soldiers, like so many savages, went up and down knocking such in the head as had any remains of life in them, and except in a very few instances, refusing all manner of relief to the wounded, many of whom, had they been properly taken care of, wou'd undoubtedly have recover'd. A little house into which a good many of the wounded had been carried was set on fire about their ears, and ev'ry soul in it burnt alive, of which number was Collonel Orelli, a brave old gentleman, who was either in the

fol. 1500

¹⁶ This is in continuation of the narrative at f. 1278, where the passage in brackets is already given, but is repeated in the manuscript, probably to make the connection quite clear. It is printed in *The Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 295, *et seq.*

French or Spanish service. One Mr. Shaw, younger, of Kinrara, in Badenoch, had likewise been carried into another hut with other wounded men, and amongst the rest a servant of his own who, being only wounded in the arm, cou'd have got off, but chose rather to stay to attend his master. The Presbyterian minister at Petty, Mr. Laughlan Shaw,¹⁷ being a cousin of this Kinrara's, had obtain'd leave of the Duke of Cumberland to carry off his friend in return to the good services the said Mr. Laughlan had done the Government. For he had been very active in dissuading his parishioners and clann from joining the Prince, and had likewise, as I'm told, sent the Duke very pointed intelligence of all the Prince's motions. In consequence of this, on the Saturday after the battle, he went to the place where his friend was, designing to carry him to his own house. But as he came near, he saw an officer's command, with the officer at their head, fire a platoon at fourteen of the wounded Highlanders whom they had taken all out of that house and bring them all down at once. And when he came up he found his cousin and his servant were two of that unfortunate number. I question'd Mr. Shaw himself about this story, who plainly acknowledg'd the fact, and was indeed the person who informed me of the precise numbers. And when I ask'd him if he knew of any more that were murder'd in that manner on the same day, he told me that he believed there were in all two-and-twenty. At the same time they were busy at Inverness, hanging up the poor men whom they call'd deserters, many of whom had been oblig'd to list in the Highland army for mere subsistence, the Government never vouchsafing to send any relief to such of their men as were taken, well knowing what a mercifull enemy they had to do with. And so great was the pleasure they took in looking at these unhappy creatures, that they never buried any of them till the gallows was full, so that I'm credibly informed there were sometimes fourteen hanging in it altogether. There was one Christy, who had been a Serjeant in the government service, but was taken prisoner, I think, at Falkirk, and had afterwards joined the Prince and was adjutant in the Duke of Perth's regiment. This man, I am credibly inform'd, was recommended to mercy by the whole court martial that sentenc'd him, because it appear'd at his tryal that he had offer'd to the officers who were taken at that time to be their conductor if they wou'd attempt to make their escape. But so great was the thirst for blood that no mercy was to be found.

fol. 1501

fol. 1502

Their treatment of their prisoners may easily be guess'd at from what I have already said. And, indeed, history, I believe, can scarce afford a parallell to it. For some days it was dangerous for any person to go near them, or to pretend to give them the least relief; so that all of them, especially the wounded, were in a most dismal state. And after they were put on board the ships, numbers of them died every day and were thrown overboard like so many dogs; and several of them, I'm told, before they were really dead.¹⁸ Yea, one of them, 'tis said, came alive to shore near Kessack, tho' as to this last circumstance I will not be quite positive. But the best idea I can give you of their usage is

fol. 1503

¹⁷ This is the same with that in this vol., fol. 1485, etc. Perhaps it may be true that Mr. Laughlan [Angus, says Mr. Grant, ff. 1486, 1520] Shaw (as well as Cripple Samlie Shaw and the surgeon) went to the field in quest of his wounded kinsman; but Mr. James Grant was mightily positive in asserting the contrary. I could indeed well see that James Grant had great indignation at Mr. Laughlan Shaw for not going instantly (upon receiving information) to the field of battle to seek out his own kinsman. And, indeed, from this account of the Rev. Mr. George Innes, it plainly appears that the said Mr. Laughlan Shaw was most shamefully dilatory in his motions by his own confession. However, at any rate, Mr. Laughlan Shaw's affirmation upon the point is a plain and strong proof that the wounded Shaw (the Badenoch man) and several others were cruelly put to death in cold blood.—F.

¹⁸ See f. 1346.

by transcribing part of a letter from one of themselves, an authentick copy of which lies just now before me. The writer was one William Jack, sometime a merchant, and after that a messenger at Elgin, who had been with the Prince and was taken prisoner some weeks after the battle and sent aboard one of their ships from Inverness to London. The letter was directed to several of his friends at Elgin, and came in common course of post. Tho' his stile be none of the best, I chuse to give it you in his own words.

Gentlemen,—This comes to acquaint you that I was eight months and eight days at sea, of which time I was eight weeks upon half-a-pound and 12 ounces of oatmeal, and a bottle of water in the 24 hours, which was oblig'd to make meal and water in the bottom of an old bottle. There was 125 put on board at Inverness on the *James and Mary of Fife*. In the latter end of June we was put on board of a transport of four hundred and fifty tun, call'd the *Liberty and Property*, in which we continued the rest of the 8 months upon 12 ounces of oat sheelin as it came from the miln. There was 32 prisoners more put on board of the said *Liberty and Property*, which makes 157, and when we came ashore there was only in life fourty-nine; which wou'd been no great surprize if there had not been one conform to our usage. They wou'd taken us from the hold in a rope, and hois'd us up to the yardarm and let us fall in the sea for ducking of us, and tying us to the mast and whipping us if we but made water in the hold. This was done to us when we was not able to stand. I will leave it to the readers to judge what condition they might be in themselves with the above treatment. We had neither bed nor bed cloaths, nor cloaths to keep us warm in the daytime. The ship's ballast was black earth and small stones, which we was obliged to dig holes to lie in to keep us warm till the first of November last, that ev'ry man got about three yards of gross harn filled up with straw, but no bed cloaths. I will not trouble you no more till I see you. There is none in life that went from Elgin with me but William Innes in Fochabers. James Brander in Condloch died sev'n months ago. Alexander Frigge dy'd in Cromarty Road. John Kintrea, that liv'd in Longbride, died also. . . . Mr. James Falconer is well and remains on board of a ship call'd the *James and Mary*, lying off Tilbury Fort.—I am, Gentlemen, your most humble servant,

(Sign'd) WILL. JACK.

Tilbury Fort, 17th March, 1747.

P.S.—I keep full as good heart as I ever, and have done during all my confinement; yea, ev'n when I was in a very bad situation. If it had not been so, I shou'd not been in life, for the fish of the sea shou'd got my bones to gnaw, for they wou'd got nothing else. From such another sight, good Lord, deliver me! for it's impossible to describe the condition we was all into, for you shou'd thought we had no intrails within us, and all our joints of our body as perceptible as if we were cut out of stone or wood. God be with you all.

Directed to Messrs. James Sutherland, Alexander Skeen, Alexander Alves, James Peterkin, and William Griggar, at Elgin.

From this letter you may easily see wherein consisted the great lenity of the government to their unfortunate prisoners, viz., in starving and murdering them in the most barbarous manner that it might not be said there were many brought to public execution. And indeed, their public executions were the least part of their cruelty.

I should now return to Inverness, where almost innumerable other instances of barbarity were perpetrated, but I suppose you have got better accounts of them from other hands. I likewise intended to have sent you particular histories of the cruelties of Major Lockhart, Caroline Scot, and others, which they exercised throughout the Highlands, but the gentlemen who promis'd me

fol. 1504

fol. 1505

fol. 1506

particular and well-vouch'd accounts of these things have never yet made good their word, and I don't care to write you bare hearsays. I shall therefore only tell you one piece of Caroline Scot's conduct, by which you may judge of the rest, and it is his hanging up three men at a milnspout in Lochaber, two of them nam'd Smith, and the third Grant, after they had come and surrender'd their arms to him. The truth of this I was assur'd of by a captain of militia in the government service who saw the three men hanging.

fol. 1507

N.B.—The original of the above in the handwriting of the Revd. Mr. George Innes at Forress, is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a return to the Rev. Mr. GEORGE INNES at Forress.¹⁹

fol. 1508

MY DEAR SIR,—Your large and agreeable pacquet of Fastings Even I gladly received on the 12th instant, and I must frankly own that when once you get the better of your *dilatory sauntering way* and take courage to lift the pen, you write to some purpose indeed and very much to my satisfaction; and therefore I heartily wish you would not observe such an extraordinary de-li-be-ra-ti-on in your epistolary communications with me, whatever you may do with others.

By the 15th instant I had your curious paper (for which I return you my hearty thanks) transcribed into my black register, and I beg your particular attention to the following remarks and queries upon it.

1.—Lately I had a conversation with a gentleman of Inverness about the particular of the wounded Mr. Shaw, a gentleman of Badenoch, and he called the Presbyterian minister of Pettie, Angus Shaw, whereas you name him Laughlan Shaw. Which of the two is right? This Presbyterian minister's plain acknowledgment is a manifest undeniable proof of the murdering in cold blood.

2.—The particular of throwing some overboard before they were really dead is a fact that I have well vouched from Inverness.

3.—Did William Jack (whose letter is a most curious piece) ever return to Elgin again? or was he transported? Is he dead or alive? for he has been blessed with a most surprizing constitution. Is it possible to procure for me in a present his original letter? For you know how valuable originals are for vouchers in the event of a history which, in the present case (I trust in God), will appear at a proper season. Pray use your good offices to procure this for me, which I look upon as a medal, and would gladly purchase it rather than not have it. Can the said William Jack give me the name of the Commander of *the James and Mary of Fife* and the name of the Commander of *the Liberty and Property*?

fol. 1509

4.—As to the gentlemen who promis'd you particular and well-vouch'd accounts of Major Lockhart's and Caroline Scott's cruelties, I beg you may keep them in mind of their promises; for these monstrous doings ought to be faithfully and circumstantially collected. Your scrupulosity and nicety as to the accounts you transmit to me please me much; and very commendable it is in you not to write me bare hearsays.

5.—Can you give me the name of that Captain of Militia who told you that he saw the three men hanging whom Caroline Scott had cruelly put to death after their surrendry? Consider these particulars and favour me with exact answers if in your power so to do. Most kindly farewell.
March 16th, 1750.

fol. 1510

¹⁹ See f. 1520.

AN ACCOUNT of the seizing of the *Hazard* Sloop in the harbour of MONTROSE.²⁰

On Thursday the day of November 1745, the *Hazard* Sloop (in the government service) carrying 16 guns, 24 swivels, and about 80 men, Captain Hill, commander, came into the harbour of Montrose and anchored at Ferriden, and fired upon the town for three days and nights, though none of the enemy were there. On Monday thereafter Captain Hill carried the Towns guns from the fort, viz., 4 six pounders and 2 four pounders. He unrigged the shipping and put guns and rigging aboard a vessel of tons, Robert Arbuthnot, master, and by a gross oversight left the vessel at the key, which afterwards afforded the enemy an opportunity of taking out the cannon and with them to take his ship.

fol. 1511

On Tuesday Captain Hill burnt two barks, one of 50 tons, James Henderson, master, the other of thirty tons, John Orkney, master. He had also entered into an association with some of the townsmen to go in the night time and surprize about 100 of Lord Ogilvie's men, who were at Brichen at five miles distance with their officers, Captains Erskine and Ferrier; but had not the resolution to execute it.

On Wednesday evening a party of Lord Ogilvie's men, under the command of Walter Young, serjeant to Captain Erskine, came to Montrose and carried off Cummin, a supervisor and two gadgers, prisoners to Brechin. And next night Captains Erskine and Ferrier came to Montrose with their men. Erskine possessed the island on the South side, opposite to the town, and where the *Hazard* Sloop lay. Ferrier lay with his men on the north side next the town. While they were there on Friday morning at sun-rising, the *Hazard* sent her boat up to the pier, where the coxon and his men landed, but being fired upon, run back to their boat. One man was killed and another wounded in the back. They rowed off to the Isle and were taken prisoners by Captain Erskine, who saved the coxon from being shot by one of Erskine's men. The *Hazard* fired on all sides of the town and Isle, but none were hurt.

fol. 1512

Saturday, Captain Erskine went to the fort at the south point of the water mouth, and at 4 afternoon saw a ship at sea with French colours. He then hoised a waif directing her into the harbour, and she accordingly came in without a pilot, having six guns, 3 pounders, a good many French officers, and about 150 of Lord John Drummond's regiment, and the Irish picquets. She also brought in her hold two brass cannons, 16-pounders, two of 12 and two of 9, which being landed, the last two were carried to the battery. The *Hazard* upon seeing the French ship fired again to the leeward a signal of decoy. But upon a signal from Captain Erskine her officers landed on the south side, and he directed the frigate to run aground out of reach of the *Hazard*. They then landed her six guns, three on the south side and three on the north, and got them ready to fire on the *Hazard* next morning, but did her no damage, save cutting some of her rigging. Meantime Captain Ferrier carried Arbuthnot's ship, which had the town's cannon, from the pier to the fish shore, and on Sunday at 4 afternoon got out the cannon, the *Hazard* firing on the town and that ship all the while, and one of the shot pierced the ship through while they were working, but nobody was hurt. They carried 4 of the six pounders to the Dial Hill, on which the *Hazard* also fired some few shot. Against 12 at night they got their cannon on the Hill ready, and fired on the *Hazard* and continued so to do untill morning.

fol. 1513

On this Sunday afternoon, Captain Erskine sent a serjeant with some French and some of his own men to Ferryden-town, very near to which the *Hazard* lay, who fired musket shots upon her,

fol. 1514

²⁰ Printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 112, footnote.

but did no execution. And if Captain Hill had had foresight and resolution he might have easily got out to sea with the *Hazard* on the Sunday night, the wind being fair, and nothing to hinder him, and as the small French frigate wanted her guns, which had been taken ashore and was just in his way, he might have carried her along with him or burnt her, most of her men being on shore.

On Monday morning the *Hazard* hoisted a flag of truce. Then his lieutenant and his brother came ashore in his boat, and asked liberty to go off with the King's ship which was refused. The lieutenant and the Captain's brother were carried up to the town to Mr. Carnegie of Balnamon, governor of the county for Prince Charles, and the lieutenant wrote to the Captain with the boat; upon which the Captain came immediately ashore and surrend'ed himself and his ship. The officers were lodged in public houses, and the common men, being about 75, were put in prison.

fol. 1515

The day before (being Sunday) Captain Erskine (having been informed that a boat sent by the *Hazard* Sloop to Admiral Bing in the Firth of Edinburgh was returned, and had put in to Usan harbour, about a mile off, and had dispatches to Captain Hill from that Admiral) sent a party and seized the boat and men. But the midshipman who commanded had gone to Dunenald, where he was taken, but he had thrown his dispatches and all the arms into the sea.

Monday night (the day Captain Hill surrendered), a French frigate called *Le Fine*, of 32 guns, came to the back of the Ness and landed Lord John Drummond and about 300 men; and next day (being Tuesday) about midday appeared the *Milford* man-of-war of 40 guns. This made the French ship cut her cable and make for the shore, but the wind being right down against her she was obliged to run ashore within the water mouth. The *Milford* came after her and dropt anchor at the water mouth, and fired on the French ship and on a boat crossing the river, in which boat a young French officer was killed. The *Milford* finding herself aground cut her cable and fired to windward and leeward to get off, but in vain, untill she sent her boat to the south side and fixed a rope to a rock by which she haled off. And had not the French captain and most of his men deserted their ship, they could with their guns have prevented this boats passing or fixing the rope; or had the *Milford* been kept 10 or 15 minutes longer she had never got off, but would have been fixed on the bank till next tide as the Nov. water was then ebbing. The French had carried down 2 twelve pounders (which came by the first small frigate) and made a battery on the north side to attack the *Mitford*. But she got off before it was ready.

fol. 1516

N.B.—The preceding copy I transcribed from a copy sent to me from the right reverend Bishop Keith in Edinburgh, upon Friday, March 16th, 1750. Bishop Keith had got the account from the foresaid Captain Erskine's own mouth, brother to Lord Dun. I returned to Bishop Keith his own copy, which was in the handwriting of the Revd. Mr. Alexander Mitchel. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

fol. 1517

**Copy of part of a Letter to me, Robert Forbes, from the Revd. Mr. James Hay in
Inverness.²¹**

DEAR SIR,—I do assure you that I am doing all in my power to get what you want. One may think it may be easily and soon done, but it is not so. For the beloved C—d and favourite followers could do no harm; therefore some do all in their power to conceall what they know. But to steal it from them may be allowable, though it takes the longer time.

I was told last day that Mr. Grant was again called to Edinburgh. He hase not been here for many months. I doubt not but Mr. Baillie will make you acquaint with him. I want but two or three of

²¹ See f. 1425.

what can be got. There will be some additions.

March 16, 1750.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

N.B.—*Saturday afternoon, March 31st, 1750.*—I was favoured with a visit of Miss Flora MacDonald, when I asked her particularly about the names of those who were on board the boat with the Prince (when in the female dress) from the Long Isle to the Isle of Sky.²² fol. 1518

The names of all on board are: Flora MacDonald, Betty Burk, Neil MacDonald MacKechan, John MacDonald (cousin german to Glenalladale) at the helm, Duncan Campbell, Macmerry, and Alexander MacDonald. All the said five attending the Prince and Miss MacDonald were people belonging to the Long Isle.

The above John MacDonald at the helm was afterwards drowned in passing from the Long Isle to the continent. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

N.B. — *Wednesday Forenoon, April 25th, 1750.* — I waited upon the old Laird of MacKinnon²³ and his lady, at their lodgings in Carrubers Close, Edinburgh, where I asked them particularly about the name of that man of MacKinnon's following, whom Captain John Ferguson of *The Furnace* caused whip so unmercifully that the blood gushed out at his sides, etc. fol. 1519

They told me that the name of the man was John MacGinnis; that after the above whipping bout he was carried a prisoner to London, and that he returned home again to the Isle of Sky, and was still alive.²⁴

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of part of a LETTER to me, ROBERT FORBES, from the Revd. Mr. GEORGE INNES at Forres.²⁵ fol. 1520

Now for William Jack and your queries; and in answer to your **1st**—Mr. Shaw's name is Angus, and not Laughlan Shaw, as your gentleman very rightly told you. My mistake proceeded from my thinking upon one Laughlan Shaw, Presbyterian minister at Elgin. **2.** William Jack was transported to Barbadoes, where, I suppose, he yet lives, his friends having got several letters from him since his transportation. And to make you quite happy as to this point, know that I have got the original letter you seem to value so much, and shall transmitt it to you by the first sure bearer, for I don't care to trust this hyrer, as he is given to drink. I cannot learn the names of the commanders of the transports. 'Tis possible Mr. J. Falconar at London may know them. **3.** The gentlemen who promised me particular accounts of Lockhart, etc., have not yet been so good as their word. You may be sure 'tis not my fault. **4.** The name of the Captain who told me of the three men hang'd by

²² See f. 529.

²³ Who (as he himself told me) had been prisoner three years, six months, and ten days, and was at last liberate by a order from one of the Offices.

ROBERT FORBES, A. M.

²⁴ See Alexis, Part 1st, printed page 22nd, and Appendix to the *Scots Magazine* for 1749, page 637, column 1st. [see also hereof, ff. 201, 1224].

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

²⁵ See ff. 1500-1508

Caroline Scot is (I think William) M^cKintosh, captain of the company of militia rais'd by the town of Inverness, under Lord Loudon's command; and the place where he told it was in the house of Earlmilns, where my Lord Moray's chamberlain lives.

Forres, 29 April 1750.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

**COPY of part of a LETTER from the Revd. Mr. JAMES TAYLOR at Thurso to me,
ROBERT FORBES.**

fol. 1521

I have sent you under the same cover with this by the bearer, George Cordner, A true and circumstantial Account of my Sufferings from the sixteenth of April, 1746, till the same day in April 1747, interspersed with some other occurrences which it could not well be separated from. If you, after perusing it, find any particulars worth your notice and excerpting I shall be glad: if otherwise, you may return it to me, for I have not another copy.

8th March 1750.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

**COPY of the forementioned true and circumstantial Account, etc., taken from the
handwriting of the said Revd. Mr. JAMES TAYLOR, in 23 pages 8^{vo}.**

Some days after the people of Cathness had got certain accounts of the action at Culloden, on the 16th of April, in the year One thousand seven hundred forty and six, Daniel Gilchrist, son to Master James Gilchrist, the famous Presbyterian minister in Thurso, came from Inverness, accompanied by one David Forbes, a mean fellow of a very obnoxious character (who had serv'd in Captain Alexander Mackay's Company, and been made prisoner at the battle of Gladsmuir, and confin'd in the Abbey of Holyrood, with many others of his way, who shar'd very remarkably in the Prince's clemency and beneficence, notwithstanding which they, contrary to their engagements to him, rejoin'd their respective corps how soon they dar'd make any appearance, as did the most of their worthy and honourable officers—brave men of the sword!), and by what means they and their discrete advisers must best know, brought with them a sort of warrant from the puissant Earl of Sutherland (who had no authority for that end), directed to the Laird of Ulbster, then sheriff of Cathness, or his deputy, to apprehend the Reverend Mr. James Taylor, Episcopal minister in Thurso, and to burn his meeting house (the usual way of reformation observ'd by the followers of Core), though he could be charg'd with no crime, unless his being a nonjuror be deemed one.

fol. 1522

This unwarrantable warrant was delivered to Mr. James Campbell, sheriff clerk of Cathness, then Ulbster's deputy, whereof Mr. Taylor was advis'd about two hours after by a friend of his from the Gerth, the residence of the said Mr. Campbell. This and the many uncommon monstrous barbarities acted by the orders of a certain great officer at Inverness, etc., upon the persons, etc., of those were called, or supposed to be Jacobites, whereof he had daily accounts, made Mr. Taylor judg it would be prudent to retire from his own house to lodge with some friends in the country, to prevent being insulted by the two above-named fellows, and other furious zealots, who might have join'd with them to distress him. For in these times of prevailing iniquity the saints believ'd they had a just right for promoting the interest of the good old cause to seize upon or destroy the effects, and banish and butcher the persons of all who oppos'd their novel tenets in Church or State.

fol. 1523

Mr. Taylor continued for a few weeks after this in Cathness in as private a manner as he thought

consistent with his safety and health, till he received two letters from Sir James Stuart of Burray, and one from his lady, earnestly intreating him to go to Burray (as he had us'd to do several summers before), to read prayers and administer to them the holy supper of our Lord. To which he made answer, that he would most readily comply with their request if they thought it safe for him to be in their bounds, after such a warrant had been sent to the deputy sheriff of Cathness against him.

Accordingly, about three of the clock in the morning of the seventeenth day of May, he received another letter from Sir James, urging him to come to Burray with a boat he had sent to bring him over the frith, assuring him of all the security his interest was -capable to afford. Upon which he took boat at Scrabster Rings, and got to Flottay in the afternoon, and arrived at Burray the next day, where as usually he met with the kindest reception.

fol. 1524

About two days thereafter Sir James was informed that Master Moodie of Melsater, then a lieutenant of foot in the British service, had accepted a commission to come north, in company with some ships of war design'd for the Orknays and Western Islands, in order to search for and apprehend his person, and to burn his house, etc. And on Friday the 23rd of said month Sir James was again warned by a gentleman of integrity that if Moodie was not already in Orknay, he was certainly hovering near its coast, and earnestly press'd him to provide for his own and ladie's security. The next day, in the forenoon, several ships appear'd and made to Holm Sound, where some of them anchor'd, and others held on their course to Stromness. About eight of the clock at night two or three big ships past by Burray the same way. About ten o'clock Sir James commanded to send a boat to Holm Sound for intelligence, which was detain'd by Mr. Moodie; and this might have convinc'd Sir James that it was high time to for himself. But neither this nor any other warnings could prevail with him to leave his own house and avoid the impending danger, which proceeded (perhaps) from a consciousness of his innocence, though some people believ'd it to be the effect of another cause. For had he duly considered the unwearied malice which the numerous party that follow'd the Earl of Morton in that country (who had for several years gone all lengths heedless fury was capable to drive them, to blacken his character and ruin his interest) continued still to bear against him, he would have certainly retired to some other country, and remain'd till the heat of the prosecutions had somewhat abated.

fol. 1525

Between three and four of the morning on Sunday the 25th, Mr. Taylor was alarm'd in his bedroom by one of the servants, who begg'd him immediately to get up and shift for himself, for Mr. Moodie, with a great number of redcoats, had landed in the island, and were hastening towards Burray to burn the house, etc. Upon which Mr. Taylor made ready to get from the house, and when he had gone out of the close, saw Sir James and his brother in law, Mr. Carmichael, running towards the old barnyards, but had not got a furlong from the house, when Moodie with his party surpriz'd them, and apprehended Sir James, but Mr. Carmichael got off by speed of foot.

fol. 1526

Mr. Taylor and William Watt, merchant in Kirkwall, made all the haste they could towards the Little Ferry, but on their way thither they were advis'd that some of Moodie's people, detach'd for that end, had broke the boats lying near the store house, which made them turn towards the east end of the Island, and on their way applied to one of Sir James's tenants to carry them about Burrayhead to South Ronaldsay in a boat which was lying near to the kirk, promising him a very large reward. But he stily refused to gratify them, tho' he might have done it with all ease and safety, being a consummate coward and traitor, as the bulk of his neighbours commonly are. This necessitate them to proceed further eastward to the rocks within the East park where they might have probably lien conceal'd till the redcoats had withdrawn from the Isle. But Mr. Taylor being

confident of his having acted all along in so cautious and irreprehensible a manner that he could neither be apprehended nor imprison'd by any British law in being, left the rocks and walked westward, and within a few minutes Mr. Watt and he were surprized by two of Mr. Moodie's men arm'd with musquets, pistols and swords, who, with many others, were now traversing the whole Isle in quest of Mr. Carmichael, who was lurking in a tenant's house, but basely betray'd and catch'd by the pursuers, and carried to the house of Burray, where Master Taylor and Watt were confin'd under a guard some time before.

fol. 1527

Sir James was, immediately after being apprehended, hurried away under a guard of soldiers to a boat, and carried to a tender anchor'd in Holm Sound, to which Messieurs Carmichael, Taylor, and Watt were caried some few hours thereafter.

While on board this cutter, Mr. Taylor saw a letter which he had wrote from Thurso to Sir James, containing some accounts of the action at Culloden, which was taken out of Sir James's pocket, and by his uncommon penetration, Moodie believ'd it contain'd some very exceptionable expressions, and communicated it to Mr. Andrew Ross, the then deputy sheriff of the Orkneys, who being of Master Taylor's acquaintance, he expected might befriend him, and therefore wrote him twice from the cutter, but was favour'd with no answer. This and *his mild and Christian behaviour* to many others in these days of confusion and scene of inhumanity, is well known to many, but highly detested by all Christianly dispos'd and honest men, and must fix indelible slur on his character while time lasts.

Copies of this letter were sent to the captain of every ship on board whereof Mr. Taylor was confin'd, and the original, as he was inform'd, was at length sent to the Duke of Newcastle's office in London, where it was judged quite irreprehensible.

fol. 1528

Sir James and his three fellow captives continu'd on the cutter till 'twas determin'd by Messieurs Moodie and Ross to have them carried to the Tolbooth of Kirkwall, in pursuance of which resolve they were landed after seven at night, and oblig'd to travel to the burgh aforesaid, guarded by all Moodie's command, who, with Mr. Ross, strutted before them all the way like two bashaws after some remarkable victory. When they enter'd the town they were met by the train'd bands of Kirkwall, who made no small and martial an appearance, and were kept for some time in the streets to display the glories of the young hero's triumph and to gratify the malice of the Mortonian faction, who, like heedless asses, implicitly followed the subverter of their interest and liberties, and, indeed, mortally hated Sir James, yea, and all that oppos'd their follies or tender'd the good of their country without a cause. After this parade they were carried into the town house and guards plac'd within, and around it without, where they were lodg'd till about four of the clock the next afternoon, when they were taken out and carried in triumph through the streets and led on their way for Stromness, which lies about twelve miles from the burgh.

Some of the poor redcoats who had slept very little for two days before, and had drunk somewhat too much, which had render'd them incapable to march on foot, were soundly drub'd by Moodie with his feet and pike till he broke the last over one of their heads. Fine discipline this for brave military men! And he forgot not to add weight to the correction by loud *magnanimous curses* and horrid imprecations.

fol. 1529

The prisoners came to Alexander Graham's house in Stromness about ten at night, and were allow'd to take a small refreshment. During which time a poor man, of the name of Johnstone, had come in to see Sir James Steuart, and was mournfully condoling his present confinement, which, Mr. Moodie hearing, enter'd the room in a hideous fury, curs'd and unmercifully beat him with his

feet, till the poor old man fell to the floor. And immediately the four captives were hurried to a boat and carried to the *Shark* sloop of war, commanded by Mr. Middleton, then lying of Stromness. This gentleman is famous for his faithful services done to some English merchants by whom he had been employed some years before to find out the north-west passage. And here they were confin'd under many hardships and indignities till the 11th or 12th of June, when they were turn'd over to the *Old Loo* man of war, commanded by an English gentleman, Captain Noreberry, who us'd them with the greatest humanity and kindness.

Some days thereafter, the *Loo*, with some other ships of war, were order'd to sail for the west Highlands to prevent any ships that might come from France their landing in that country. They cruis'd several days off the Long Island, St Kilda, Skie, etc., and to the westward of Barrahead. While on this cruise the four prisoners had frequently very melancholy news concerning the narrow searches were made to find out Prince Charles and his followers, and the monstrous barbarities exercis'd by the D— of C—d, and many of the savages under his command upon the persons of many poor gentlemen and others who had the bad luck to come in their way, and of the incredible havock of many innocent people's effects, to the utter ruin of them and their families. Simon, Lord Lovat, MacNeil of Barra, John Gordon, younger, of Glenbucket, were by this time apprehended, as were great numbers of inferior persons, severals of whom were treated most cruelly by some of the officers, specially by Captain Ferguson, a fellow of very low extract, born in the county of Aberdeen, who, being naturally of a furious, savage disposition, thought he could never enough harass, misrepresent and maltreat every one whom he knew, or suppos'd to be an enemy to the goodly cause he himself was embarked in.

fol. 1530

On the first day of July Sir James Steuart and his three fellow-prisoners were turn'd over from the *Old Loo* to the *Terror* sloop, commanded by Mr. Duff, son to Patrick Duff, sometime Laird of Craigstown in Buchan. Good Captain Noreberry sent his first lieutenant, Mr. Manwaring, along with them, desiring him to inform Mr. Duff how they had been treat by him while on board the *Loo*, and to tell him that whatever civilities he should show to them he would resent as done to himself. To which the haughty Duff paid very small regard.

fol. 1531

Within some hours after they came to this sloop, they were, by the great indulgence of their new captain, coop'd up in an ugly hole of about six foot long and somewhat less in breadth, where they suffer'd extremely for many weeks; nor could a Turkish bashaw have born himself higher towards these prisoners than the young officer did towards them while under his command.

This sloop loos'd from the Island of Barra on the third of July, where the crew had done all the mischief they could, and within three days was on the coast of Buchan opposite to Rosantie, and the next day was opposite to Banff, where the brave captain went ashore to visit some of his near relations. That afternoon she made for Cromarty Road where she anchor'd and continu'd for some days, whence she was order'd to the road of Inverness, and there lay at anchor till the first of August, when she sail'd as a convoy to the *Pamela* of Barrowstownness, then a transport in the Government's service, on board of which were several scores of prisoners who (poor men!) had each of them the allowance of half a pound oat meal, such as it was, a day, and a chopin of water. On the seventh they anchor'd on the Thames opposite to Woolwich, and the ninth, Sir James was carried by a messenger to New-prison, where he was clapt in irons, soon after fever'd, and died within a week or two.

fol. 1532

It is well known how much this honest gentleman had been abus'd and oppress'd by the present Earl of Morton and his brainsick underlings in the Orknays, and the scandalous injustice he met with before a certain court held some years ago in Edinburgh, whose judges had, by his lordship's

influence receiv'd peremptory orders from the then prime minister, etc., to pass sentence at all hazards against Sir James, which was accordingly done in plain opposition to common law and national practice. And during his confinement, yea, and after his death, the scurrilous Court scribblers were not ashamed, perhaps from the honest accounts they receiv'd from the Orknays, to publish the most arrant falshoods that Hell could invent; such as: That Sir James had been one of the Young Chevalier's chief officers, and had been frequently with him in some of his adventures, tho' the writter hereof can faithfully declare he never saw that prince in his life. *Calumniare audaciter*, etc. And they added that Sir James had been at the head of three hundred men in Orkney, whereby he had cruelly harass'd the Earl's partizans and the valuable fautors of the good old cause there; which was as real a truth as that *Presbyterianism* is the only government should obtain in the Christian Church, or that usurpation is no breach of our civil constitution.

fol. 1533

After Sir James was carried from the *Terror*, the three remaining prisoners were more harshly us'd than ever before. For tho' the hold to which they were confin'd had neither air nor light but from the door, and very little of either that way, their humane countryman, the tender hearted Captain, commanded the door to be shut and padlock'd upon them about eighth at night, and not to be opened till after eighth in the morning. And besides, two centinels were placed at the door with swords and pistols for the more security. In this situation Master Taylor was often necessitate to suck in air through the chinks of the door to prevent being stifled. Some days being spent under these new hardships, they were turn'd over to the formention'd *Pamela*, where many of the poor prisoners had died, and their bodies were thrown into the river. But the dead after this were interr'd at the charge of the inhabitants of Woolwich. Many were still heavily sick, and it was dangerous to be shut up in the hold with them. Here the three foresaid captives met with MacNeil of Barra and Young Glenbucket, who had been brought prisoners on the *Pamela* from Inverness.

fol. 1534

On the 24th, the *Pamela* was order'd down the river to anchor between Gravesend and Tilbury Fort, where some other transports were lying with prisoners, which was no convenient station for people so confin'd, for the country on each side the river is very wet and marshy, which occasions frequent unwholesome fogs, and all the grand necessaries of life sell there at a much higher rate than in many places in England.

At length by the indulgence of the Court every prisoner was allow'd half a pound weight of bread a day, and an quarter of an pound weight of cheese or butter for breakfast, and on the flesh days half an pound boil'd beef for dinner, but no ale or beer. But by the avarice and villainy of the victualler, one Bonny, a broken taylor, they seldom or never receiv'd above three-fourths of the said weights, and sometimes not so much. Besides, it was the opinion of many that the fleshes were none of the wholesomest kind,²⁶ as being purchased from butchers who were suspected to deal in diseased cattle. But they were oblig'd to use such victuals or starve. And even such of the prisoners as had money were greatly straitned to obtain healthy provisions by the boundless avarice of the soldiers and backwardness of the sailors to bring them honestly from Gravesend.

fol. 1535

Upon the night of of September, Master Carmichael made his escape by getting out at the cabbin window, falling into the river, by which he was born up by four bladders which, it seems, he prepared for that end, and was carried to the Southwark side whence he got safe to London, and there remain'd in the safest way he could till after the Act of Indemnity was publish'd in Summer 1747.

This elopement occasion'd no small confusion among the guard and shipmen, and the following

²⁶ See f. 313.

night, Mr. Taylor, upon a mere suspicion that he must have been privy to and favour'd his escape, because they had slept together on the same bed, was after a long and strict examination by the commanding officer, Lieutenant Laurence (tho' otherwise a discrete and very sympathising man), forc'd down to the hold, among the throng of the prisoners, many of whom were now sick of fevers, fluxes, and other distempers; and here (notwithstanding all his caution to prevent it) he fever'd within three or four days, and continued very bad for the space of two weeks; and had he not been most tenderly car'd for during his sickness by Mr. John MacDonald,²⁷ a brother of Kinloch-moidarts, who had been bred a surgeon, and was one of the prisoners, he had good reason to apprehend it would have been fatal.

fol. 1536

How soon he began, by God's blessing, to recover he much desir'd to be above decks for the benefit of the open air, but was denied that freedom, especially when the foresaid officer was on board. And thus was he treated for the space of six weeks till Mr. Laurence was advis'd that his guard was to be very soon reliev'd by another party, and then he condescended to converse with and use Mr. Taylor more friendly; from his being convinc'd that he had no concern in Mr. Carmichael's elopement, and the day he was remov'd recommended him most warmly to the officer that was to succeed him, and to the sympathy of Thomas Grindly, master of the Ship. But this last was as void of this Christian quality as a Libyan tyger; and Barker, the new officer, was a rank atheist of a most scandalous life and lost character; who had not the least tincture of the social virtues and a very shame to human nature itself. Cruelty was one of his darling qualities, and had he not been restricted by his commission, he would probably have sacrificed all the poor prisoners to gratifie his impotent fury and madness. He catch'd some letters which Master Taylor had directed to some of his well-wishers in London and elsewhere, acquainting them with the state of his case and the hardship he had felt and yet fear'd (tho' they contain'd nothing reprehensible, and sent them to the Secretary's office). But his malicious design was (to his regret) fairly disappointed. He oblig'd honest Mr. MacNeil of Barra and Mr. Gordon, younger, of Glenbucket, who was almost blind, to sleep in the hold, and put all the hardships he was capable of inventing upon them and all the captives there.

fol. 1537

On the first day of November, Barra and Mr. Gordon, in company with the Laird of Clanranold, Bysedale, etc., were carried by Mr. Dick, a messenger, to his house in London, where they were confin'd till Summer 1747. After this Mr. Taylor made application to Grindly for the benefit of the cabin now and then to get the use of the fire during the cold winter season, which he sometimes allow'd, and as often denied. But this harsh treatment did not in the least surprise Mr. Taylor, for Grindly is an ignorant, irreligious, intolerably forward, avaritious and self-conceited Whig, who possesses no greater share of sympathy toward his fellow creatures in distress than he does of good manners and common sense. He had been guide to the party that apprehended Sir Alexander Dalmahoy.

About the beginning of December Mr. Kirk, a surgeon, who was appointed by the Court to attend the sick on board the transports and those confin'd in Tilbury Fort, seem'd much dissatisfied with Grindly's neglecting to wait of him with his ship's boat so punctually as he desir'd, and as 'twas said, complain'd thereof to the Admiralty, from which, on the 25th, there came an order to discharge the *Pamela* from the Government's service, and to bestow the prisoners in other transports lying off the said Fort. Accordingly Mr. Taylor, with other three prisoners, were carried on board the *James and Mary*, an English transport, where they met with a great number of

fol. 1538

²⁷ See f. 1441.

prisoners, among whom were four gentlemen who had been allow'd, for some time before, to sleep on a platform above the hold, to whom Mr. Taylor join'd himself. But a few days thereafter, upon the change of the guard, these poor gentlemen were order'd to the common hold which had not been clean'd from the horse's dung and piss, which were sometime before brought over in it from Holland. And here they were confin'd in a sad enough condition long beyond the time when Mr. Taylor was made to look for his liberation. For he was advis'd on the first day of the preceding October by a worthy friend, who had his intelligence from those who managed the then prosecutions against those who were called rebels or disaffected persons, that there had been no legal information enter'd against him, and that therefore he was judged entirely innocent. This gave him ground to expect he would, within a few days, be set at liberty. But either by the hurry of business the gentlemen at the helm of affairs were then really in, or by their indifference about relieving the poor innocents from their misery and distress, he obtain'd not his freedom till the thirteenth of February 1747. On the 15th he came to London and found by his long confinement and bad entertainment he was hardly able to walk the streets without great uneasiness, and had he not receiv'd assistance from some well dispos'd people there, especially from a worthy, right reverend nonjurant clergyman,²⁸ his sufferings would have proved next to intolerable.

fol. 1539

Master Taylor had expected, from the time of his imprisonment, that when his innocence should have been examin'd into and discover'd, and his liberation obtain'd, the ministers in the administration would allow him a reasonable consideration for the losses he had sustain'd by so tedious a confinement, and for bearing his charges to Thurso. But after he had receiv'd his pass by the Duke of Newcastle's orders from Mr. Larpent, one of his clerks, he was by him advis'd to go to Captain Eyrs of Battera's regiment who had receiv'd some cash to be distributed to several prisoners (who were liberate at the same time with Mr. Taylor) from whom he got the liberal allowance of a guinea and an half, a sum very equal to the expenses he must be necessarily oblig'd to, considering his character and the valetudinary state he was reduc'd to by his undergoing so many hardships. This is a convincing proof of the justice and compassionate disposition of the celebrated administration to give such a trifle to a clergyman for his dammages and to support him from London to John of Groat's House, a distance of 515 miles.

On the fifteenth day of March he took his passage on a trading sloop bound for Leith, where he landed the twenty second. He went thence to Edinburgh, where he staid about fourteen days to gather some strength, and from that set out for Cathness on the seventh of April by the Highland Road, and on the eleventh came to Inverness, and the next forenoon was attending prayers with the Reverend Mr. James Hay in his house there. But when the half of the Litany was near read, the company heard one calling rudely at the door, which good Mr. Hay himself open'd and found it to be the fellow Forbess, made honourable mention of in the beginning of this paper, who had inform'd his Captain, Mr. Alexander Mackay, that he had learn'd Mr. Taylor was at Mr. Hay's incog. Upon which the brave, well-thinking Captain informed General Blakeney, who ordered some dozens of his musqueteers to be martial'd on the High street to apprehend Mr. Taylor and carry him to prison. When Forbess enter'd Mr. Hay's house and was ask'd why he had call'd there so very unseasonably, he answer'd that he was sent to call Mr. Taylor to his Captain's lodgings to commune with him about the time he design'd to take journey, for the Captain was going north and wanted to go in his company. Whereupon Mr. Taylor went immediately towards John Paul's where he lodged the preceding night, and on his way thither was surpris'd to see such numbers of

fol. 1540

²⁸ Mr. Taylor means here Bishop Gordon. — ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

soldiers drawn up in order on the High Street, who allow'd him civilly enough to proceed to his quarters where his pass was secur'd with his baggage, which he put into his pocket and then went to Mr. Mackay's lodging to whom he show'd it. The Captain after reading it went to the street where his General with other inferiour officers were at the head of the musqueteers and acquainted the General that he had seen and read Mr. Taylor's pass; upon which his Captainship was severely reprehended by Mr. Blakeney for putting him and his men to so unnecessary a trouble upon so lame information from the villain Forbess who had been lately punished for his shameful malverses.

fol. 1541

The Captain soon return'd to his lodging, where Mr. Taylor still remain'd, and told him that he might go about his affairs when and how he inclin'd.

The next day Mr. Taylor took horse for Cathness, and came to his own house in Thurso on the afternoon of the sixteenth.

He had heard at London, and on his way homeward, from several persons, that about the 25th of the preceding June, by an order from the then sheriff, the wise and mighty zealous Laird of Ulbster (who had neither advice nor commission from any superior Magistrate for that purpose, except from the Earl of Sutherland, as above hinted in his sham warrant, or by a letter from his uncle, the honourable Laird of Brodie, urging him as he regarded the Government's good graces forthwith to set about so acceptable a work), Dr. Theodore Dunnet, and John Donaldson, then bailies in the town of Thurso, the pulpits and seats, with the ten commandments affixed to a very large frame, were broken down and carried by great numbers of the Thurso saints of both sexes out of Mr. Taylor's Meeting-house to a void place benorth the town and there burnt to ashes, in presence of the godly sheriff and all the numerous crowd that attended the long wished for show. Would not this have merited mighty favours to the prudent actors from any wise Court? And

fol. 1542

That such a zealous people might be blest with a priest worthy of them, Mr. James Gilchrist, the Presbyterian incumbent at Thurso, who generally puts his sickle into other men's corn, had (as was believed at the desire of all his brethren in the county of Caithness except one) gone to Edinburgh and thence to London to misrepresent and asperse the bulk of the Cathness gentry as enemies to the present Establishment; and believ'd he would soon have the pleasure to see them and their families totally undone.

But this wicked design was shamefully frustrated. However Gilchrist's expedition turn'd to some account for he went a begging through his friends in London, etc., whom he made believe that he could not continue in Cathness for the wicked Jacobites who had threatened to take away his life and destroy his family. Honest Whigey that never thinks shame of lying for worldly interest! It is well known by many in Cathness that this busiebody could not keep his own house upon the account of his numerous debts for which he was daily threaten'd with captions. It was said he begg'd more than two hundred and fifty guineas at London, but is not like for all this to get out of his difficulties. The blessing of the Lord maketh rich, and his curse must make poor.

fol. 1543

N.B.—The original of the proceeding true and circumstantial account, etc., in the handwriting of the Revd. Mr. James Taylor, in 23 pages 8^{vo}, is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Thursday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, May 31st, 1750, I, Robert Forbes, was sent for to go to David Watson's house, vintner on the Shore of Leith, to see one Mr. MacPherson. When I came I

fol. 1544

found Mr. MacPherson of Breackachie,²⁹ younger, and Donald MacPherson, Cluny's youngest brother. After conversing a little Breackachie delivered to me a letter from Mr. MacPherson of Strathmashie inclosing a paper consisting of twelve pages in folio, which twelve pages are all in the handwriting of the foresaid Donald MacPherson, youngest brother to Cluny, as he himself acknowledged to me. Breackachie said there were some things omitted in the said 12 pages, and that he would gladly go to my house in order to have a private hour to go over the 12 pages with me, and to give me the omissions from his own mouth, that I, might note them down, all which was accordingly done.

Copy of foresaid Letter from Strathmashie to me, Robert Forbes.³⁰

MY DEAR SIR, — I must with regrate confess to you that I account myself at an exceeding great loss for the too great a pause in the corresponding with such an agreeable and valuable correspondent. And indeed when I reflect that I have the favour of the last letter from you (tho I doe not really think I'm any one in debt) I can scarcely forbear chideing myself for soe long a silence. Its true I cannot say that hitherto I was furnished with any materialls fit for seting your pen agoeing, which I hope will apologize in part for me. What is confusedly set furth in the enclosed papers, take as from a friend who wants noe more than ability to doe you a pleasure. I assure you the fault is not in the will, and that assures me of pardon from you; tho' my escapes and other faults, which proceed only from weakness in the intellects, and may be many, when you may rest satisfied that truth is sacredly observed. I cannot indeed say of this as of the last that I myself was ey-witness to any transaction. But I have all from very good authority that was, and to whom I give equall credite as if I were in person present, who I well know would assert noe falshood.³¹ . . . And ever am, with much esteem, My very Dear Sir, Your most obedient and faithfull servant,

fol. 1545

(*Sic subscriptur*) JOHN MCPHERSON.

Strathmashie, 1st May 1750.

Copy of the forementioned 12 Pages in folio, etc.

After the fatal catastrophe of the Prince's army at Culloden upon the sixteenth of April 1746, and that they meant to make head again about Achnicarry,³² till upon the Earl of Loudon's approach with an army the few of 'em that had got together were made to disperse; Lochiel being then bad of his wounds was obliged to shift from his own country the length of the Breas of Rannoch, near which, about the 20th of June, in a hutt called Benvrichk, Cluny McPherson and McPherson of Breackachie met him and Sir Stewart Threpland, physician, who attended him for the cure of his wounds. Cluny brought them from thence to Benalder, a hill of great circumference in that part of Badenoch next to Rannoch, and his own ordinary grassings, where they remained together without ever getting any true notice of what had become of his Royal Highness for near three months when they received the agreeable news of his being safe and at Locharchaik from one

fol. 1546

²⁹ See ff. 1473-1481.

³⁰ See ff. 890-910.

³¹ A portion of this narrative is printed as Appendix 46 to Home's *History of the Rebellion*, where it is stated to have been dictated by Cluny himself.

³² See f. 162.

John MacPherson³³ *alias* McColvain, a tenant of Locheil's, who was sent by Cameron of Cluns to find out Locheil and Cluny in order to discover to 'em that his Royal Highness was safe, and where he was to be found. And upon McPherson's return to Cluns and the Prince being certified where to find them, Lochgarry and Doctor Archibald Cameron were by his Royal Highness dispatcht to 'em on some certain private message, when, upon those gentlemen's meeting with Locheil and Cluny, it was concerted amongst 'em all the Prince shou'd come to their assylum as the safest place for him to pass some time in. On which Lochgarry and Doctor Cameron were immediately return'd to his Royal Highness to acquaint him of the resolution taken by his other two friends and them, and that Cluny wou'd on a certain day then fixt meet his Royal Highness at Achnicarry in order to conduct him to Badenoch. Upon Lochgarry and Doctor Camerons return to the Prince (they having set off a day or two before Cluny) his Royal Highness was so impatient to be with his two friends whom he had not for a long time seen, that he wou'd not wait for the Achnicarry trist, believing he woud intercept Cluny on the way, and accordingly set out for Badenoch immediately, where he arrived the 29th of August, having in the meantime missed intercepting Cluny on the way as he believed he woud, by which means Cluny went the length of Achnicarry, where he was acquainted of the turn his Royal Highness had taken, on which he made all the dispatch possible, but did not come up with his Royal Highness untill a day or two after his arrival in Badenoch.

fol. 1547

The Prince lay the first night at Corineuir at the foot of Benalder after his coming to Badenoch, from which he was conducted next day to Mellanmuir in Benalder, a sheiling of a very narrow compass where Locheil with McPherson of Break-achie, Allan Cameron, his (*i.e.* Lochiel's) principal servant, and two servants of Cluny were at the time. It cannot but be remarked that when Locheil saw five men approaching under arms, being the Prince, Lochgarry, Doctor Cameron and two servants, taking the five to be of the army or militia who lay incamp not above five miles from them and probably in search of 'emselves, and as it was in vain to think of flying, tho' the numbers had been greater, Locheil at the time being quite learn and not in any condition to travel, much less to fly, it was resolved, (which a message beforehand would have prevented) that the attackers as they judgd 'em to be sho'd be received with a general discharge of all the firearms, in number twelve firelocks and some pistols, which they had in the small sheil house or bothie (as we commonly call such little huts) in which they at the time lodged. Whereupon all was made ready, pieces planted and levelled from within and (in short) they flattered 'emselves of geting the better of the searchers there being no more than their own number, and likewise considering the great advantage they had of firing at 'em without being at all observed and the conveniency of so many spare arms. But as the auspicious hand of Almighty God and his Providence, which was so conspicuous in the escorting his Royal Highness at all times prevented those within the hut from firing at the Prince with his four attendants they came so near at last that they were known by those within, and then Locheil tho' lame made the best of his way to meet his Royal Highness without, who it may be believed received him very graciously. The joy at this meeting was certainly very great and much easier to be conceived than express'd. However, such was his Royal Highness circumspection that when the other would have kneeld at his coming up to him he sad, "Oh! no, my dear Locheil," claping him on the shoulder, "you don't know who may be looking from the tops of yonder hills, and if they see any such motions they'll immediately conclude that I am here, which may prove of bad consequence." Locheil then ushered him into his habitation which was indeed but a very poor one as to the accomodation and make.

fol. 1548

fol. 1549

³³ Vol. i. f. 173, where the name is not mentioned but the fact is narrated.

The Prince was gay, hearty, and in better spirits than it was possible to think he could be, considering the many disasters, misfortunes, disappointments, fatigues, and difficulties he had undergone, which are not necessary here to be repeated, as they are before now too much felt and known. However, into the hut his Royal Highness with his retinue went, viz. Lochgarry, Doctor Archibald Cameron, and two servants, where there was more eatables and drinkables provided for his entertainment than he expected. There was plenty of mutton newly killed, and an anker of whiskie of twenty Scotch pints, with some good beef sassers made the year before, and plenty of butter and cheese, and besides, a large well cured bacon ham; provisions formerly laid in for Locheil by MacPherson of Breackachie, younger. Upon his entry he took a hearty dram, which he pretty often called for thereafter to drink his friends healths; and when there were some minch'd collops dress'd with butter for him in a large sawce pan that Locheil and Cluny carried always about with 'em, which was all the fire vessels they had, he eat heartily, and said with a very chearful and lively countenance, "Now, gentlemen, I leive like a Prince," 'tho at the same time he was no otherwise served than by eating his collops out of the sawce pan, only that he had a silver spoon. After dinner he asked Lochiel if he had still lived during his skulking in that place in such a good way. To which Locheil answer'd, "Yes, Sir, I have for now near three months that I am here and hereabouts with my cousin Cluny and Breakachie, who has so provided for me that I have still had plenty of such as you see, and I thank Heaven that your Royal Highness has come safe through so many dangers to take a part." In two days after his Royal Highness lodged with Locheil at Mellanamuir. Cluny came to 'em there from Achnicarry, and upon his coming into the hut, when he wou'd have kneeled, his Royal Highness took and prevented him, and kissed him, as if he had been an equal, and soon after said, "I'm sorry, Cluny, you and your regiment were not at Culloden. I did not hear till of very late that you was so near to have come up with us that day."

fol. 1550

fol. 1551

Upon the next day after Cluny's coming he thought it was time to remove the quarters, and brought the Prince about two miles further into Benalder, to a little sheill called Uiskchilra, where the hut or bothie was superlatively bad and smockie. Yet his Royal Highness took with everything. Here he remained for two or three nights, and then from thence removed to a very romantic comical habitation made out for him by Cluny, at two miles farther distance into Benalder, called the Cage. It was really a curiosity, and can scarcely be described to perfection. 'Twas situate in the face of a very rough high rockie mountain called Letternilichk, which is still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the *Cage* in the face of that mountain was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down in order to level a floor for the habitation, and as the place was steep this rais'd the lower side to equall height with the other; and these trees, in the way of jests or planks, were entirely well levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which with the trees were interwoven with ropes made of heath and birch twigs all to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape, and the whole thatched and covered over with foge. This whole fabrick hung as it were by a large tree, which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happen'd to be two stones at a small distance from other in the side next the precipice resembling the pillars of a bosom chimney, and here was the fire placed. The smock had its vent out there, all along a very stonny plat of the rock, which and the smock were all together so much of a colour that any one could make no difference in the clearest day, the smock and stones by and through which it pass'd being of such true and real resemblance. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of which number were frequently employed in playing at cards, one idle looking on, one becking, and another firing bread and cooking.

fol. 1552

Here his Royal Highness remained till he was acquainted that the shipping for receiving and transporting him to France was arrived. In the meantime of his Royal Highness's having his quarters in the Cage, he sent Cluny and Doctor Cameron on some private affair to Locharchaick, a part of Locheil's country, who in their way, before they left Badenoch, in a very dark night, had the good luck to meet with the beforementioned John McPherson, *alias* McCoilvain, he having been sent by Cameron of Cluns to find out Cluny, that if it was possible he might fall on some way to get his Royal Highness acquainted of the arrival of the ships. And this chance meeting was certainly a very great providence, since if it had happen'd otherwise the Prince would not have known of the shippings' arrival till the return from Locharchaik, which delay, as the arrival was sometime before, might have proved of very bad consequence. But it pleased God to dispose better for his Royal Highness, who seemed to be still the Almighty's particular care. For tho' the night was the very darkest, as is before observed, the express met the other gentlemen in the teeth, and was known by 'em, whereupon, having got his news, and knowing him to be trustee and might be believed, Cluny immediately provided a trustee guide, one Alexander McPherson, son to Benjemin McPherson in Gallovie, who brought the express directly to the Cage, where they arrived about one in the morning the thirteenth of September, on which minute his Royal Highness began his journey for the shipping, and against daylight arrived at his old quarters in Uiskchilra.

fol. 1553

fol. 1554

Here it must be remarked that before the Prince removed his quarters to the Cage, Breackachie was dispatched from Uiskchilra to find out John Roy Stewart, and then to go together to the East Coast, with a view to hire a ship and take off the Prince, Lochiel, Cluny, and those formerly mentioned about him. When Cluns dispatched the courier to the Prince in the Cage to certify him of the arrival of the ships on the West Coast, he at the same time dispatched Murdoch MacPherson (a near relation of Invereshie's) to Mr. MacPherson of Breackachie, younger, desiring him to stop his progress to the East Coast, and to repair immediately to the place where the Prince was. The said Murdoch came to Breackachie when going to bed, and then Breackachie's lady (one of Cluny's sisters), finding out the matter, began to talk of her dismal situation, having so many children, and being then also big with child. Upon which Breackachie said, "I put no value upon you or your bairns unless you can bring me forth immediately thirty thousand men in arms ready to serve my master." Instantly Breackachie set out on his return to the Prince, and took along with him John Roy Stewart (whom the Prince used to call THE BODY), but did not allow John Roy to know that the Prince was in Badenoch, but only that they were going to see Lochiel, etc. When the Prince heard that Breackachie and John Roy Stewart were coming near the hut Uiskchilra, he wrapped himself up in a plaid and lay down in order to surprize John Roy the more when he should enter the hut. In the door of the hut there was a pool or puddle, and when John Roy Stewart just was entering, the Prince peeped out of the plaid, which so surprized John Roy that he cried out, "O Lord! my master!" and fell down in the puddle in a faint. Breackachie likewise brought along with him to Uiskchilra three fusees, one mounted with gold, a second with silver, and the third half mounted, all belonging to the Prince himself, who had desired Breackachie to fetch him these pieces at some convenient time. When the Prince saw the fusees he expressed great joy, saying, "It is remarkable that my enemies have not discovered one farthing of my money, a rag of my cloathes, or one piece of my arms," an event which the Prince himself did not know till he came to Benalder in Badenoch, where he was particularly informed that all the above things were still preserved from the hands of his enemies.³⁴

fol. 1551

fol. 1556

³⁴ Portions of this narrative have been printed by Mr. Chambers in his *History of the Rebellion*.

The Prince (as is already observed) arrived at his old quarters at Uiskchilra in his way to the ships against daylight in the morning of September 13th, where he remain'd till near night, and then set off, and was by daylight the 14th at Corvoy, where he sleep'd some time. Upon his being refresh'd with sleep, he being at a sufficient distance from any country, did spend the day by diverting himself and his company with throwing up of bonnets in the air and shutting at 'em to try the three foresaid favourite fusees, and to try who was the best marksman, in which diversion his Royal Highness by far exceeded; and in the evening of the fourteenth he set forward and went on as far as Uisknifichit, on the confines of Glenroy, which marches with a part of the Breas of Badenoch, in which last place he refresh'd himself some hours with sleep; and before it was daylight got over Glenroy the fifteenth, and kept themselves private all day. As they were approaching Lochiel's seat, Achnicarry, they came to the river Lochy at night, being fine moonshine. The difficulty was how to get over. Upon this Cluns Cameron met them on the water side, at whom Lochiel asked how they would get over the river. He said, "Very well, for I have an old boat carried from Lockharkaig that the enemy left unburnt of all the boats you had, Lochiel." Lochiel asked to see the boat. Upon seeing it he said, "I am afraid we will not be safe with it." Quoth Cluns, "I will cross first and show you the way." The matter was agreed upon. Cluns upon reflection said, "I have six bottles of brandy, and I believe all of you will be the better of a dram." This brandy was brought from Fort Augustus, where the enemy lay in garrison, about nine miles from that part of Lochy where they were about to cross. Lochiel went to the Prince and said, "Will your Royal Highness take a dram?" "O," said the Prince, "can you have a dram here?" "Yes," replied Lochiel, "and that from Fort Augustus too." Which pleased the Prince much that he should have provisions from his enemies, etc. He said, "Come, let us have it." Upon this three of the bottles were drunk. Then they passed the river Lochy by three crossings, Cluns Cameron in the first with so many, then the Prince in the second with so many, and in the last Lochiel with so many. In the third and last ferrying the crazy boat laked so much that there would be four or five pints of water in the bottom of the boat, and in hurrying over the three remaining bottles of brandy were all broke. When the Prince called for a dram it was told that the bottles were broke, and that the common fellows had drunk all that was in the bottom of the boat as being good punch, which had made the fellows so merry that they made great diversion to the company as they marched along.

fol. 1557

fol. 1558

After the morning of the 16th the Prince arrived in Achnicarry, Locheil's seat, where he was as ill off as anywhere else for accommodation, as the enemy had brunt and demolished all there. All the sixteenth he stayed there, and set out at night and arrived the seventeenth at a place called Glencamger, in the head of Lochharkaig, where he found Cluny and Doctor Cameron, who had prepared for him, expecting him. By a very great good chance, Cluny understanding that he himself and others of 'em would be necessarily obliged to travel often betwixt Badenoch and Locheil's country, and knowing that it was scarce possible for people traveling that way, even those that cou'd be seen, and much less they that cou'd not, to find provisions in their passage, as all was rummaged and plundered by the enemy, planted a small store of meal, carried from Badenoch, in the house of one Murdoch McPherson in Coilerig of Glenroy, a trustye man and tennant to Keappoch, in the road, and about half way, to be still a ready supply in case of need, from which secret small magazine he and Mr. Cameron brought some with 'em as they went forward from Benalder, and had it made into bannocks against the Prince's coming to Glencamger. And when he and his company arrived there was a cow kill'd, on which bannock and beef his royal highnes with his whole retinue were regalled and feasted plentifully that night. On the eighteenth

fol. 1559

he set out from Glencamger with daylight, and upon the nineteenth arrived at the shipping,³⁵ what was extant of the Glencamger bonnacks and beef having been all the provisions till then.

The whole time his Royal Highness took in Badenoch was from his arrival there upon the twenty-ninth of August till his leaving it, and being in Uisknifichit upon the fifteenth of September, during which he was still in good health and hearty, and in such a close private way, tho' within six or seven miles at most of Loudon's camp of militia at Shoromore, or Sheriffmuir, in the head of Badenoch, a large mile from Garviemore, and no more than four or five miles from Dalchunnie, which is one of the most publick and best frequented stages betwixt Edinburgh and Inverness, upon the Highland Road, that all his own party except the few that kept him company were at a loss to think what had become of him, and his enemies quite nonpluss'd. They some times thought he had got himself removed to the east coast through the hills of Athol, and laid an imbargo upon all the shipping from that quarter. At other times they had information that he lurked in the shires of Angus or Mearns, and a search was made for him in the most suspected places of those shires, and particularly Mr. Barclay of Ury's house in the shire of the Mearns, whose lady is aunt to Locheil by the father, and to Cluny by the mother, was most narrowly searched, while he was quite safe and unconcern'd about 'em in the Cage and others his dwellings in Benalder. When he came there he was indeed in a pretty deplorable way, interely destitute not only of the comforts but even of the necessaries of life. His royal person had not as much as one shirt to put on his back except that which he then wore, untill Cluny set his sisters german, Isobell, relict to M^cIntosh of Aberarder, Christian, married to McPherson, Breackachie, and Unn, then unmarried, now married to M^cPherson of Dalrady, who were all three together in one house at Breakachie, about making some for him in all haste, whereby he was soon provided. He sat and drank all the time pretty well and hearty, and seem'd to be quite reconcil'd with his entertainment, which was generally sent from Breakachie by the above three ladies, as there was no family at Cluny, all having been burnt there, and his lady being then at Edinburgh. His Royal Highness (as is well known) went thro' a rare scene and train of difficulties from the unhappy day of Culloden till he went on board for foreign parts, and was no doubt in many places in the Highlands and Islands, sometimes private enough. But 'tis a question if at all he pass'd so much of his time anywhere so private and secure as he did that he spent in Benalder, being always within the circumference of six miles. 'Tis true indeed Cluny kept good trustee spies of his friends in Loudon's camp so that one man cou'd not stir there without intelligence being brought to the Prince's quarters. And when laying out the best intelligence, safe passage from the kingdom was not found out, there was actually a plan laid of his passing the whole winter, which was approaching, with Cluny and as he wou'd direct, which, if there had no safe mean of getting over seas cast up, wou'd in all probability have succeeded with equal privacy to the time his Royal Highness had already spent in Benalder, and the beginning to put this scheme in execution by some of those then with his Royal Highness their otherways shifting for 'emselves, as a throung cou'd not as well keep together privately as a less number, was only put off till Cluny's return from Locharchaik.

All about his Royal Highness during his abode in Benalder of Badenoch were Locheil, Cluny, Lochgarry, Doctor Cameron, and Breakachie, one Allan Cameron, a young genteel lad of Calard's family, who was principal servant to Locheil, and four servants belonging to Cluny, particularly James M^cPherson, his piper, Paul McPherson, his horsekeeper, Murdoch and Duncan M^cPhersons. This Murdoch the Prince generally called Murik, who and Paul cou'd speak no English and were commonly employd in carrying provisions from Breakachie.

³⁵ See ff. 1476, 1572.

fol. 1560

fol. 1561

fol. 1562

fol. 1563

N.B.—The original of Strathmashie's letter to me, and the original of the 12 pages in folio, are both to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a LETTER to me, ROBERT FORBES, from CAPTAIN DONALD ROY MACDONALD.

fol. 1564

REVEREND SIR,—I give you this trouble to convince you of Captain Malcolm McLeods lys in part of what he reported to you. He mentions that the Prince being about to part with him after delivering the charge of him to the Laird of McKinnon, said to him, “Don't you remember that I promis'd to meet Murdo M^cLeod, the Doctor, and Donald Roy M^cdonald at Cammistinavaig, so I must write them a letter of apology for not meeting, which he wrote verbatim, or to the same purpose, mention'd in the Appendix of the *Scots Magazine*, 1749. As he intimats, the letter was directed to the Doctor, tho' he intended to pass a complement upon him, he rather does him ane injury. For according to Captain Malcom's tale the Doctor ought have met the Prince at Cammistinavaig, since he had made such a promise.³⁶ But to vindicate the Doctor, if he had promis'd such a thing, any that is acquaint with him wou'd believe he wou'd stand to his word, and therefore I take his words and confute his cousine, Captain Malcom. For he told me when I came early in the morning accompanied with the young Laird of Raarsay to the Byre under Nicolson's big rock, that the Prince with Captain Malcom went off (he knew not no better) about 8 o'th'clock at night, and left orders that Donald Roy M^cdonald shou'd meet him late upon Sunday next or early Monday at Cammistinavaig, without making the least mention that himself had receiv'd the like orders.

fol. 1565

I went alone to the place appointed. If the Doctor promis'd to come there, why did not he goe alongst with me. I receiv'd my orders from the Doctor, and the Doctor from the Prince, so the Doctor ought have been more ready to execute them. If the Prince's letter was directed for the Doctor, why did Captain Malcom under night send a boat with it to me from Raarsay to Cammistinavaig in Isle of Sky, or if he only sent me a perusall why did he never ask it back. Perhaps he'll say the Doctor cou'd not come to the place upon account of his wound being not fully cur'd then. In objection to that, I say his wound was thwart the two shoulder blades and cou'd not infect his feet and leggs, whereas my wound was in the foot, and consequently more uneasy for me in time of travelling. I cou'd find several objections against Captain Malcom, but what I said may be sufficient in the meantime. I know he meant to robb me of the honour receiv'd of the Prince and conferr the same upon the Doctor.

fol. 1566

I allow him to tell as many lys as he pleases to his own advantage, but let him tell no lys to my disadvantage while I'm in life to deny them, otherwise if I tell reall truth of him, shall make him blush. He believes he cou'd aggrandize himself by words since he cou'd not do it by actions.

Quæ sine teste gerit, quorum fuga conscia sola est. Ov. Met. 1. 13.

I am, reverend Sir, your most humble servant,

(Sic subscribitur) DONALD MACDONALD.

Edinburgh, May 31st, 1750.

P.S.—In the lines made upon my lame foot,³⁷ where you *Sibilans per auras*, mark it *Volitans per auras* by blotting out *Sibilans*.

³⁶ See ff. 233, 247, 764, 867, 871.

³⁷ See f. 780.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my Papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

**NARRATIVE of a Conversation about the Prince's landing in Scotland, with Mr. HUGH
MACDONALD, brother to the Laird of Moror.**³⁸

fol. 1567

Leith, Friday, June 15th, 1750. — Mr. Hugh MacDonald, brother to the Laird of Moror, of Clanranald's family, favoured me, Robert Forbes, with a visit, and told me that when the Prince came first upon the coast of Scotland he himself was in Edinburgh, and that in returning to the Highlands he happened to meet with MacDonald of Kenlochmoydart crossing the water of Lochy, who asked him, "What news?" "No news at all have I," said Mr. Hugh. "Then," said Kenlochmoydart, "I'll give you news. You'll see the Prince this night at my house." "What Prince do you mean?" said Mr. Hugh. "Prince Charles," said Kenlochmoydart. "You are certainly joking," said Mr. Hugh, "I cannot believe you." Upon this Kenlochmoydart assured him of the truth of it. "Then," said Mr. Hugh, "what number of men has he brought along with him?" "Only seven," said Kenlochmoydart. "What stock of money and arms has he brought with him then?" said Mr. Hugh. "A very small stock of either," said Kenlochmoydart. "What generals or officers fitt for commanding are with him?" said Mr. Hugh. "None at all," replied Kenlochmoydart. Mr. Hugh said he did not like the expedition at all, and was afraid of the consequences. "I cannot help it," said Kenlochmoydart. If the matter go wrong, then I'll certainly be hanged, for I am engaged already. I have no time to spare just now, as I am going with a message from the Prince to the Duke of Perth." They then took leave and parted.

fol. 1568

When Mr. Hugh MacDonald came to Kenlochmoydart he met there with Angus MacDonald, banker, brother to Kenlochmoydart, who told him that the Prince was still on board in Lochnannuagh, that he might see him tomorrow if he pleased, but that he behoved to take no notice of him at all in quality of a prince, as he was known to none of the crew, with whom he passed for a Monsieur L'Abbee, being in the habit of one.

Next day, Angus and Mr. Hugh MacDonalds went on board the vessel in Lochnannuagh when the Prince happened to be above deck, to whom Mr. Hugh made up, saluting him as an abbee, welcoming him to Scotland, asking how he liked the country, etc. The Prince soon learning what Mr. Hugh was, went to the cabin desiring Mr. Hugh to be brought to him and discovered himself to him, informing him upon what design he had come. Upon this Mr. Hugh paid his respects to him as to a prince, and begged he would be exceedingly cautious and keep himself very private, as the garrison at Inverlochic was not far off, and the Campbells in the neighbourhood thereof, who (all of them) would be too ready to take him, and give him up to his enemies, etc. "I have no fear about that at all," said the Prince.

fol. 1569

In talking about the expedition Mr. Hugh suggested his own fears as to the event, and hinted that he was afraid the Prince would find it the most eligible course to return again to France and wait a more favourable opportunity, as he had brought no forces along with him, etc.

The Prince said he did not chuse to owe the restoration of his father to foreigners, but to his own friends, to whom he was now come to put it in their power to have the glory of that event, and as to returning again to France, foreigners should never have it to say that he had thrown himself upon his friends, that they turned their backs upon him, and that he had been forced to return from them

fol. 1570

³⁸ Printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 20 *et seq.* See also the beginning of the Appendix of *Scots Magazine* for 1747, and the volume for 1749, pp. 165, 166.

to foreign parts. In a word, if he could get but six stout trusty fellows to join him, he would chuse far rather to skulk with them among the mountains in Scotland than to return to France.

Young Clanranald and Allan MacDonald, senior (brother to Kenlochmoydart), had been dispatched by the Prince to Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod, and when they returned with their absolute refusal, and with instructions from them to importune the Prince to return, then friends became more pressing than ever in persuading a return to France; insomuch that the few that had come along with the Prince (Sir Thomas Sheridan not excepted) joined in urging him to return. The Prince was single in his resolution of landing. Mr. Hugh MacDonald observed to the Prince that Sir Alexander MacDonald's and the Laird of MacLeod's refusal would make many others backward that liked the cause well enough, and would throw a great damp upon the design. In this he was supported by all present. But the Prince still insisted in his resolution, and gave always the same answer as above.

fol. 1571

Dr. Archibald Cameron came from his brother Lochiel to urge the Prince to return, and was very positive that Lochiel would not join. To him the Prince gave likewise the same answer and desired to know of MacDonald, younger of Scotus (of Glengary's family), who had come of himself to pay his respects to the Prince, if he would go a message from him to Lochiel, and endeavour to persuade Lochiel to do his duty. Young Scotus complied, and succeeded so well that he brought Lochiel along with him to Borodale, the Prince being by that time landed.

When Mr. Hugh MacDonald saw the Prince positive (before leaving the ship) to make a trial of what could be done, he importuned his young chiftain to go ashore immediately and raise as many men as might be sufficient to guard the Prince's person and to preserve him from being surprized by any small party of redcoats or Campbells that would attempt to make him prisoner, for it must be remarked that Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod endeavoured to procure a promise from Young Clanranald not to join, and indeed they prevented so far as to make him backward enough in joining. But Mr. Hugh MacDonald and other friends joined in persuading him to consider the urgency of the case, and to consult the safety of the Prince's person, to which he listened and immediately raised his following upon the continent.

fol. 1572

As Mr. Hugh MacDonald had gone off for France in 1746, at the same time (though not in the same ship) with the Prince, I asked him about the particular time of their setting sail. He said they weighed anchor about 12 at night of September 19th, or about 1 in the morning of the 20th.³⁹

June 20th, 1750. — At 10 o'clock in the morning I was with Mr. Hugh MacDonald in his own room at Edinburgh and read my *prima euro*, (which is to be found among my papers) of the preceeding narrative in his hearing, and he approved of it as true and exact.

ROBERT FORBES, A. M.

Tuesday, July 3rd, 1750. — I, Robert Forbes, received a letter from the Revd. Mr. James Hay at Inverness, containing in it eight pages in 4^{to}, in the handwriting of said Mr. Hay, and three pages in folio in the handwriting of some other person, perhaps of David Taylor, wright, in Inverness, as would appear from the tenour of the paper.⁴⁰

fol. 1573

³⁹ See ff. 1476, 1559.

⁴⁰ Printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 311 *et seq.* See of this Collection ff. 1425-1435. 1482-1492.

COPY of part of the foresaid LETTER from the Revd. Mr. JAMES HAY at Inverness.

REVEREND DEAR SIR, — As I have been expecting to get a sure bearer, but found none, I have ventured to send the inclosed by post. Pray let me know when it comes to hand.

June 30.

COPY of foresaid eight pages in 4^{to} in the handwriting of Mr. JAMES HAY.

Answers to your Queries.

1. Margaret Grant, a servant maid in town was commanded by one in the habit of a dragoon to hold his horse on the street when he went into the well-house and kill'd two unarm'd men who fled there for protection. He was one who came there first after the battel. When Margaret Grant heard the poor mens cryes she run away from the horse and at some distance saw him come out and take his horse and go to Mr. Hay⁴¹ the minister's house, when he told he was a volunteer from the county of Cumberland come out to feight for his religion and liberty, and that he had a billot upon that house, for ministers had always good things. He had blood upon him. His name was Rea. The volunteers being abhorrd and disregard by the officers who believed they did nothing but go with storys to C—d. That house was appointed by the quartermaster for others, and Rea being turnd from one bed to another was told by his landlady that she had no more beds, and said he was ill rewarded. He replyd he was so. He had doupt into that affair without thinking as many others had done, and was it to do again they would not get one for ten. To which she replyed that she was very glaid. His return was he believd that. He would not leave the house, was very oblidging to the family. Upon his being desired by his landlady to get a youth into the kirk to see a near relation who was prisoner, he went willingly and ordered the guard to let in that youth. The sogar told him he was orderd to let all men and boys in, but none out; upon which Rea pulld him back, and said he could not get in at that time: of which he advised his landlady, which prevented others going there. The sogars name cannot be known.

fol. 1574

fol. 1575

2. The gentleman kill'd by the dragoons in Inverness was James Aberdeen, merchant in Old Aberdeen, who had a wife and six children. It was in Widow Davidson's house. The dragoon's names cannot be known.

3. I am told Ewen M^cCay, not Kay, to be of the M^cCays of Ha, an old tribe of the M^cIntoshes from David son. His fathers name is Donald. They lived in Lochils lands.

4. When Generall Hally commanded that all the ports in town should be shut that no rebell might escape, and that the meeting house with the seditious preacher in the midle of it should be burnt, Generall Husk said: It was his opinion that the meeting house should be taken down and the timber given to the ovens, as there was great scarcity of fireing. When Provest Hosack said they shoud mix mercy with judgement, as their enemies were now at their mercy, Hally said, "Damn the puppie. Does he pretend to dictate to us? Carry him away." And another cryed, "Kick out," which Sir Robert A or Odair did on the top of the stairs with such a force that he did not touch them till he was at the end of the first flat.

fol. 1576

5. The meeting house was not burnt, but taken down. The sogars went to Mrs. Hay with the books, cups, flagons, paten and gown, and said they were come to give her the first offer of these, because they were her own. She offerd so much, which they rejected, saying their D. knew they

⁴¹ *i.e.* the forcmemioned Revd. Mr. James Hay. — ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

were not to work for nought. Upon which she said, He had another way to pay them than by her effects. In the mean time the officers forbad her to buy them for they would take her mony and return for them as they had done in other places. It was not known that any meeting house or effects were destroyed untill they came into town.

fol. 1577

6. There can be no exact account got of the poisoned bread. The gentleman nor sogsars name (I mentiond) cannot be known and the person of credit had it only from hearsay. (See the paper inclosed).⁴²

8. Lieutenant Hugh Fraser in Bleckny's regiment, Captain Urquart and Lieutennant Ward in Ballero's, did all the good offices in their power for the prisoners. I refer this to the paper!

9. The young Captain who was heard more than once say that he saw 72 men killed was young M^cLeod.

10. Your conjecture about Belfinly is right.

11. The man who crawld from the field of battell to the house of Cantray was Donald Dallas, Cantrays lieutennant. Its about 2 miles. He hase recovered.

12.⁴³ The gentleman whose body was taken up twenty days after it was coverd with a litle earth was James Dallas of Cantray, a loyall, kind, brave young man, who rais'd his company at a great expence to serve his royall master.

13. The other was Alexander McGillevry of Dumnaglass who was more than six weeks unburied, and without smell. He was collonell of the Clan Chatton, the Mackintoshes, in this country. I may add many have not produced a finer youth. Had all acted the part that these two gallent young gentlemen did with Gallish M^cBain, major, Angus M^cIntosh of Far, Alexander M^cGillevry and Robert M^cGillevry, all three captains (who fell upon the field) and the rest of that clan with some others, that day would have brought forth other things than it did.

fol. 1578

14. Alexander Young in Inches, not knowing of a battel that day, was with his yok'd plough two miles from the field of battel, who, upon seeing the retreat advance, he went speedily towards his house, whom Kingstoun's horse followed and shot in the leg, and went after him into the house and shot him dead; and a son about 8 or 9 years of age they shot also. An elder son made his escape by going into the next room, and making a hole in the wall, sav'd himself. The said Alexander and his sons corps's were cover'd with earth near his house untill about Christmass, when they were taken up and carried to Inverness to their burriall place without any disagreeable. smell. The poor disconsolate widows horses, cattle, and effects were taken away, and she borrowed money to buy some of them back.

fol. 1579

15. The gentleman lying on the ground wounded was young Inverallachy. It was told by the sogsars that one officer of distinction and then another were orderd by C—d to shot that man, which they refusing to do, C—d inquired a common sogar if his gun was chargd. He replying it was, C—d ordered to shot that man, which he did. His corpse ly yet on the field of battell, a place on the opinion of some of his friends preferable to the finest burriall place.

16. 'Tis impossible for me to find out the place where the woman in labour of childbirth, with nine others, were burnt alive, it being in the Highlands. Collonell Desaing told it in Banff, and thankd God that he was not the person who commanded there; and Mr. Jno. Stuart, the

⁴² *i.e.* the three forementioned pages in folio. — ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

⁴³ Should be 13.

Presbyterian teacher in Lochaber, told that it was true and consisted with his knowledge.⁴⁴

17. Hugh Fraser and his son, about 18 years of age, and John M^cdonald were shot⁴⁵ when harrowing, by Lockhart's party, in Glenmoristoun. Daldrigan was forced in a naked condition to witness the hanging up of the corpses of the said three men by the feet on a gallows. Old Lady Glenmoristoun witness'd this, whose house and all her effects were burnt. The first party that went to her after that, threatnd to take her plaid and napkin from her, but by importunity they left them; but the second party took her napkin, and the third party her plaid, so she was left destitute of both.

fol. 1580

18. The above-named lady says she was informd that Isoble M^cdonald, in Glenmoristoun,⁴⁶ was ravishd by some of Major Lockharts party while her husband, Alexander M^cDonald (skulking), did see it. And Kathrin M^cdonald, in Knoidart, big with child, was ravishd, with many more whose names I cannot get.

19. Hugh Fraser, who had Mr. Chisholm, the Presbyterian teacher in Kilmorack in the Aird, his protection, was shot dead by Lockart's orders (I always mean the famous Major), and when Mr. Chisholm spoke to Lockart about him, he said he would do so with him.

20. The woman brought to bed, Sunday before the battle, was Elspet McPhail, in Gask. Her husband is Donald McIntosh, and the child born on Sunday is Alexander, whom one of the dragoons took by the leg or thigh and threw it about his hand, not head.

fol. 1581

21. Paul McBain, near Faillie, his wife, Jean Clerk, had her nose slit and head cut, out of which came severall bones. Its impossible to get the officers or sogars names, for none durst ask them questions.

The author⁴⁷ of the paper in folio tells me he satisfied you about the rest of the queries.

Addenda.

The women running races at Fort Augustus, having no cloaths but their shirts, and women upon horses, some with April short coats, others with sogars coats, who, by turning of the stoup, fell from the horses, which was fine diversion to C—d and his h—l—ish followers, is a certain fact which many do assert.

Three men of Slanes, going to deliver up their arms at Fort William, were orderd by the famous Caroline Scot to be hung over the miln spout with the ropes of a salmon net, which was done until they died.

fol. 1582

Lieutennant Parsons, in Blyths regement, travelld from the one end of Locherchal to the other

⁴⁴ I myself heard the said Mr. John Stewart (some time in Summer, 1747), declare in general in the house of my Lady Bruce, in Citadel of Leith, that many strange cruelties, shocking things, had been done by the redcoats in the Highlands after the battle of Culloden. In Summer, 1747, the said Mr. John Stewart had come up to Edinburgh with Keppoch's son, a young boy whom the Duchess Dowager of Gordon had desired to have to give him his education.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

⁴⁵ See f. 1680.

⁴⁶ See f. 1681.

⁴⁷ *i.e.* James Grant, merchant in Inverness, who formerly sent me a paper in folio in his own handwriting. See f. 1482. — ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

and saw not horse, catle, sheep, goat, or any man or woman, untill he came to the end of it, where there were in a hutt seven dead men. Upon one saying to him that these men had starvd for want of food, He answer'd, No. But by holding out his hand discoverd it was by shoting them.

Alexander Thomson, gardener in Culloden, and William Ross, grive there, declair'd that there was sixteen or seventeen wounded men taken out of a byre at Culloden by a party of men commanded by an officer to whom the grive applied for a young boy whom he asserted coud not have carried arms. But the officer said he coud not leave him. However, he left him at last, and the rest were thrown into carts and waggons. The persons who saw this, believing the poor wounded were to be carried to the town to an hospitall, saw them taken up to the field of batle, where they were all shot. The officer nor sogars names cannot be known. The above-named men may be believed, as they wish'd well to C—d, of whom they would not designdly tell a bad thing.

fol. 1583

All the wounded on the field of batle were killd on the Thursday, and the wounded in houses were carried to the field on Fryday, where they were killd.

You are right about John Fraser. But, as I have no acquaintance where he is, I cannot answer your queries about him.⁴⁸

Copy of the fore-mentioned three pages in folio,⁴⁹ etc.

A MEMORIAL of David Taylor, wright in Inverness, his usage and confinement after the batle of Coloden, being the 16th Aprile, 1746, when many were kill'd in cold blood and att three or four miles distance from the field, besides many beggars they met on the high way. And next morning they kill'd all the wounded that lay in the field. This I was told by Ballfinlay, who was providencially saved by ane officer who came by when two souldiers were disputing, the one for saving and the other for killing him. This officer took a cordial out of his poket and gave him, and hade him carryed to the next houses, and next day to an hospitall. And as the souldiers were rude to him, Doctor Adare hade him and Mr. Nairn carryed to a privat place, where he ordered care to be taken of there wounds; and some good gentlewomen took care to get all necessaries conveyed to them. The eavening of the batle they sett a litle town on fire, where they burnt a great many wounded, whose bodies were a most melancholly sight next day. And on the Fryday, being the third day after the batle, they gathered all the wounded they found in the houses and other wheres about Coloden, and carryed them to the field, where they sett them in rank and shott them.

fol. 1584

The next morning after the batle, Robert Mathies, servant to Governor Caulfield, came with a partie and planted one sentrie within my house, one other without, and one at my shope door, ordering them to let nothing out, where they continued for two months. About ten o'clock in the morning of the day after the batle, five of Generall Blackney's officers took possession of my house, where they meass'd for two months, when their followers took and demolished what they pleas'd. And when they left the house, they carryed be way of borrowing all the furnitur they thought usfull for themselves, but never return'd any.

fol. 1585

On the 27th Aprile, I was taken up by ane officer and put into the Tolbooth, which was full of wounded and dead men; and all the roome that twentie five of us hade was a litle pleace call'd the Justice of Peace loaft, and no person durst come to give any support to these wounded for nine days, untill the Judge Advocat came and caus'd carry away the dead, and ordred a pound of meall

⁴⁸ This should have been Article 12. See ff. 1429, 1577. F.

⁴⁹ See f. 1573.

a day to each prisoner. On the 2nd of May, fortie five of us were gaurded down to the harbour and ship'd aboard of a small sloup, and as the sailors look'd on us from the quarter decke, the carpenter call'd me and told me that their hould was alreadie full of prisoners, and that how soon they came to the road we were to be divided betwixt four other ships and only four of us to be kept, and that they made choice of me, and desired that I should pick out other three, and they would do their best for us. I humbly thanked them, and told them I would. How soon we came to the road it happened as they said, and in this sloup I was most civily us'd. The master's name was Thomas Nicle, of Alaway. He was verie good to the prisoners in generall, and as their was no officer on board but a Serjeant's command, I gott the favour of a dozen of prisoners on dake att once till they came all by turns from morning till eaven, for they were in a most miserable condition in the hould. Besides, he gave them a pound of meall a day, when Walker, ship master of Leith, gave them but half a pound a day, and hade near to three hunder prisoners that were sick.

On the 30th May we sail'd down to Cromertie Road where I was liberated by Mr. Bruce, Judge Advocate, and after comeing home I was taken up by Captain Massie (one of the officers that meass'd in my house), on a second sign'd information given in to Generall Blaikney. One of these signers was Forsyth, merchant in Cromertie, a man that knew nothing of me. Then I was put up into the clerks chamber in the Town house with Messrs. Halden and Irvin, two young gentlemen who dyed of their wounds. The last of June Mr. Nill of Barra, Glenbuickt, younger, Doctor John M'donald, a brother of Kenloackmuider's and I were put up to a higher roome by the Judge Advocat. And at the end of July orders came to ship off all the remaining prisoners that were then in goale when orders came to stop me from being shipt. After the prisons were clean'd out I was brought over to the Tolbooth, and some wounded that were carried on blankets. After this came on my greatest hardships and misery, the number of prisoners daylie increass'd, and new hardships always put on us, no access to us, no pen, ink, or paper alow'd. The midle of September my wife, my two children fell into fevers and great sickness, of which my wife dyed, when severall strong petitions were given to General Blaickney and strong solicitations made to him and any securitie he could ask for to alow me goe under a guard to see my dying spouse; but his cruell heart would not alow me. Tho' a minister offered to secure his person in my pleace untill my return and likways offered him any securitie the magistrates or town could give; but nothing would do with him. He told I was most active in the rebellion and if I had a hunder wives dying that he would not alow me go to see them without orders from Lord Albemarle. Att this time and still after we are under the greatest hardships, a great number of sentries within and without. Two officers (Lieutennant Jo Ward in Ballero's and Lieutennant Hugh Fraser in Bleckneys regement) confined and suspended for allowing two poor women come in to the prison.

The last two days of October and first of November was my tryall before the Shirieff when a great number of witnesses were examined; when I was brought these three deferent days to the town house under a strong guard, and a vast number of witnesses were examined in my absence. Captain Dunlop of Blaikney regiment, a Scotsman, was my principall persecuter as a lawier, and did not alow the Sherrief to ask one querie. He interupted me in every word I spoke, telling me I was too much indulged when I hade libertie to be present at the examination of a witness, and at last he told me he would send for a drumstick to gagg me. This Captain Dunlop has put the prisoners under all the hardships possible he could. In December he ordred his Serjeant to put out and take away all our candles, and had it put in orders next day that no fire or candle should be allowed into goale. In this dark condition were we in untill Captain Urquharts turn came to be captain of the guard, who sent his serjeant to ask if we wanted to light our candles. This most be thought verie comfortable to distress'd prisoners who were in the dark in this season of the year I

hade almost forgot Colquahoun, Fort Ajitant, who satt the whole time of my precognition, starting a great many new articles not lybelled, but non of the witnesses could say, but they were all pointedly payd their wages, nor was their a shilling to be asked by any workman or labourer or for materialls of any kind within the town of Inverness so far as I could find out before the Prince and his armie went to the field.

On the 23rd of Aprile 1747 I was sett at libertie by the return of a petition sent to my Lord Justice Clerk upon giveing a thousand merk beall. *fol. 1591*

Severall ladies, gentlewomen and others in this town were verie kind to the prisoners. Some both cloath'd and fed the poorer sort and severall contributions of money were sent the gentlemen; and their would have been a great many more good deeds of this kind done them hade it not been the terror that Dunlop and those of his disposition put them under.

N.B.—The original of the Revd. Mr. Hay's forementioned letter to me, and the original of the forementioned eight pages in 4^{to} in the handwriting of the said Mr. Hay, and the original of the forementioned three pages in folio are to be found among my papers.

ROBERT FORBES, A. M.

COPY of a LETTER to Miss FLORA MACDONALD at Armadale in the Isle of Sky.

fol. 1592

MADAM, — The agreeable accounts of your safe arrival at Armadale by your letter to Miss Main, afforded me no small pleasure, as I will ever think myself interested in every event of life that happens to Miss Flora MacDonald whether prosperous or adverse; a mixture of which we must pass through in this lower state, which is a chequered scene at best. You have already experienced both sides of fortune, and your conduct in each of them has engaged the attention of the public, and has justly entitled you to the esteem of every well thinking person. You have had a recent instance of that blending of sweet and bitter which inseparably attends the transactions of human life. Methinks I feel somewhat of that mixture of joy and grief which would ensue upon your first meeting with your mother, — joy to see one another once more in health and safety, but grief in your mutual condolences for the affecting loss of two hopeful youths: if we dare take upon our selves to call any thing a loss that comes from the unerring appointment of Heaven. May God support you both under the trying affliction and grant all concerned in it the happy and proper effects of it.

fol. 1593

Your friend and fellow-adventurer, Donald Roy MacDonald, was lately with me and asked very kindly about you. He returned to Glasgow and is in a good way of getting into business again.

There are many worthy persons in your corner of the world for whom I entertain a great veneration. Pray be so good as to remember me kindly to them when they happen to come in your way. I beg leave to name some of them. Present then my most respectful and best wishes to Armadale and your mother, Rasay and his family and Malcolm MacLeod, Kingsborrow and his family, MacKinnon and his lady, Balshar and Milton, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc. I heartily wish you all things good and happy, and sincerely am, Madam, your most affectionate friend and very humble servant,

fol. 1594

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, July 11th, 1750.

COPY of part of a LETTER received August 10th 1750 (inclosing a Latin poem) from Captain DONALD ROY MACDONALD, to me, ROBERT FORBES, directed thus: To Mr. Donald Hatebreex, etc., but had no date, he being then in Glasgow.⁵⁰

fol. 1595

REVEREND SIR, — You have inclos'd the product of some idle hours concerning the year —46. I am, Revd. Sir, your most humble servant,

(*Sic subscribitur*) DONALD MACDONALD.

In Homicidium inclementissimum C—a D—m subnomine Neronis.

I satia mentem timidam, faucesque voraces,
Sanguine civili flagitiose Nero.
Quis nisi vel timidus vel qui cœlestia spernit
Numina devictos cædere victor avet.
Tu bene de patria meritos suspende, securi
Percute, semineces dilaniaque viros.
Orphanos, viduas, spolia, nee parce senecta
Sœvitiam vestram sexus uterque ferat.
Justa propositis et quæ potes omnia, ferro
Fatifero et flamma perde flagrante loca.
Quaque feres gressus, laniantia telaque; parias
Egregio nulli magne tyranne viro.
At tibi judicium non evitabile, vestris
Viribus invitis, haud procul esse scias.
Ultio te divina brevi captabit, iniquis
Debita tum factis præmia nactus eris.
Sit tuus invisum, rivalem cernere casus,
Gestantem, pulso te, diadema patrum.
Splendeat in solio, superatis hostibus, æquâ
Mente suum populum, justiciaque regens.
Sit tibi dispar amet cives, patriamque; propinquis
Regibus incutiat marte feroce metum.

fol. 1596

N.B. — The originals of the above are to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, M.A.

At Leith, Wednesday, August 29th, 1750, the Reverend Mr. George Innes at Forres was with me, Robert Forbes, and delivered into my hands the original letter of William Jack, an exact copy of which is as follows.⁵¹

GENTLEMEN, — This comes to acquaint you that I was eight mounths and eight days on sea, of which time I was eight weeks upon half pound and 12 ounces oat meall and a botle of watter in the

fol. 1597

⁵⁰ See f. 1564.

⁵¹ See ff. 1503, 1509, 1520.

twenty four hours, which we was oblig'd to make meall and water in the botam of ane old botle. Ther was one hunder and twenty five put on board at Inverness one the *James and Mary* of Fyfe. In the letter end of Jun we was put board of a tranceport four hunder and fifty tuns called the *Liberty and Property*, which we containued the rest of the eight mounths upon twelve ounces of oat shilling as it came from the milln. There was thirty two prisoners more put a board of the said *Liberty and Property*, which makes on hundered and fifty seven, and when wee came a shore we was but forty nine in life; which would been no great surprise if there hade not been on, conform to our ousages. They would taken us from the hold in a rope and hysed us to the yeards arme and let us fall in the sea in order for ducking of us,⁵² and tying us to the mast and whipping us if we but made watter in the hold. This was done to us when wee was not able to stand. I will leave it to the readers to judge what condition they might been in themselves with the above treatment. We hade neather bede nor bed cloaths nor cloaths to keep us warm in the daytime. The shipes ballast was black earth and small stons, which wee was obliged digge hols to ly in too for to keep us warm till the first day of November that every man gote about three yards of gross harn filled with straw, but no bed cloaths. I will not trouble you ane more till I see you. There is none in life that went from Elgin with me but William Innes in Fochabers. James Brander Smith in Conloch dyed seven mounths agoe. Alexander Frigg dyed in Cromarty Road. Jo Kintrea that lived in Longebride dyed also.

fol. 1598

During all this time I was but in a bade state of health. But blisssed be God I'm in a pritty good steat of health at preasant in spyte of my enimes, those I mean who pretended some time ago to be my frinds suppose they proved otherways. But its possable I'le make them a sutiball recompence sooner then they expect. But I know some of them will⁵³ strive to scrine themselves with some

fol. 1599

⁵² See f. 1786.

⁵³ Here begins vol. viii. of *The Lyon in Mourning*. It is entitled: "THE LYON IN MOURNING, or a Collection (as exactly made as the iniquity of the times would permit) of Speeches, Letters, Journals, etc., relative to the Affairs, but more particularly the dangers and distresses of

Vol. 8th, 1750.

*Exuttat, ah! princeps quo non præstantior alter
Dignior aut sceptro, gens male sana tuo.*

The following original letter is attached to the front board of vol. viii.: [Toni]ll Macdonalds respectfull compliments [to] Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, and is extreamly [griev]ed at the disagreeable news [he] had last post from the Highlands, which he cannot omitt communicating to Mr. Forbes, as he is fully convinced he will have an equall share of concern for the unexpected death of the good and truly worthy man Glenalladale. He died on a remarkable day, the 30th January, and was interred Wednesday last. To sum up his character, with which Mr. Forbes was not unacquainted, he was The Honest Man, and few such, if any, remain behind him in that country.

His eldest son, who is yet under age, is at his education at the College of Ratisbon. His father ordered him home some months ago, and I'm told he has devolved the whole charges of him and his affairs on me, which must oblige me, by all appearance, go there in the Spring. I know you'll esteem the son for the deserts of the father, and when he comes to Scotland he shall be made known to you. When Mr. Forbes calls in town would gladly see him.

Monday, 9 o'clock. [Added by R. F., "Febry. 9th, 1761."]

Addressed — *To the Rev. Mr. Forbes, at his house, South Leith.*

shadow or other. But all there reatrick will not take place, for once they gote me apprehended and put one board they thought they hade the ball at there foot, expecting they should never see me more.

Be so good as to acquaint the clerke that I leaft playing at cairds that he will see his frind werie soon, and that his cautioner in his suspenchan will take his head out of the pock with great deficualty; and that Mr. James Falconer is in good health and remaines on board of a shipe called the *James and Mary*, lying off Tilbury Fort. Be so good as to acquaint my father I received his letter in the first of February last, and will write him wery soon. Our newes gives ws account that the French since there war hase taken on thousand two hundred and upwards of our shipping.

Pray be so good as give my complements to all my reall frinds, not forgetting any of you and your famielys. I ame, gentelmen, your most humble servant,

fol. 1600

(*Sic subscribitur*) WM. JACK.

Tilbury Fort, 17th March 1747.

P.S.—I keepe full as good heart as ever, and hase done during all my confinement, ye, ewen when I was in a very bade sutituation. If it hade not ben so, I should not been in life, for the fish of the sea should got my bones to gnaw, for they could not got nothing else. From such another sight, good Lord, deliver me! for its impossable to descrive the condition we was all unto, for you should thought we hade no interalls within us, and all our jointes of our bodie as perceptele as if we were cute out in wood or stone. William, be so good as give my service to your brother, wife, and daughter. God be with you all. Tell also my father I gote the bill from Mr. King.

N.B.—The original of the preceding letter is to be found among my papers, directed thus: To Mesurs. James Sutherland, Alexander Skeen, Alexander Alves, James Peterkin, and William Griger in Elgin, N. Britain.

fol. 1601

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

*From the Latin of Dr. King.*⁵⁴

Here, too, the beauteous Flora's taught t'assume,
Than ere the goddess knew a brighter bloom.
The faithful canvass softens with her smile,
Who in the royal youth preserv'd the Isle.
She led thro' treach'rous firths and ev'ry storm
The hero lurking in the handmaid's form.
O born to better fate! O Heaven design'd
To succour nations and preserve mankind.
So to her son, as thro the wilds he stray'd,
The Cyprian goddess shone a sudden aid.
A veil of thick'ned air around she pours
And safely lands in Carthage lofty towrs.
What thanks, O wondrous maid, to thee we owe!
As long as verse shall soar or canvass glow
So long thy name, thy praises shall remain,
The pencil's labour and the poet's strain.

⁵⁴ See f. 1621.

October 1st, 1750. — Copies of the two following had I, Robert Forbes, transmitted to me
from Mr. J—s E—n, in Edinburgh.

fol. 1602

IPSEMET ecce Heros! summa ad penetralia surgens,
C—us effulget, spiratque coloribus arte
Eximia, et celebrem pictura fatetur Apellem.
Qualis heros! Quantus blando decor enitet ore!
Et vigor exurgens, et vividus ignis ocellis
Fulgurat, egregioque sedet constantia vultu.
O virtus invicta malis! O inclyte pr[ince]ps!
Consilioque gravi, sævoque in marte potentem,
Te caneret Musa, et Phœbi te carmine dignum;
Conscia sed metuit, coeptis ingentibus impar.

From the Latin of Dr. King upon the Prince's picture by J. E.

BUT, lo! the Heroe meets our wishing eyes.
See C—s himself in living colours rise!
Such master art seems nature to command,
The glowing canvass owns Apelles's hand.
What god-like man! what sweetness mix'd with grace!
What vigour flushes in the princely face!
What spirit sparkles in the radiant eyes!
What bold sedateness foes and fiends defies!
O virtue unsubdu'd! O glorious prince!
Thy fame nor pen nor pencil needs evince.
Yet thee, in council sage, in battle strong,
Thee, highly worthy our Apollo's song,
Thee, undated with the first success,
Thee, undetected in the last distress,
Thee, fain the Muse would sing, but wise refrains,
Unus'd, unequal to exalted strains.

Copy of a Letter from a Gentleman in London to his Friend at Bath.⁵⁵

fol. 1603

SIR, — Before I set out for Scotland you may remember you importuned me to make inquiry about several remarkable transactions within a certain memorable period of time, particularly the

⁵⁵ This letter, which, as will afterwards be seen, is from Bishop Forbes himself, was written with the object of endeavouring to incite the Government to make inquiry into the cruelties in the Highlands. It is printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 325 *et seq.*

case of John (Alexander) Fraser,⁵⁶ the printed account of which is looked upon by many in England as wild and romantic. In compliance with your repeated desires, I made it my business to find out the truth, and (woe's me!) I discovered much more than ever I imagined to have been done. The printed account of John (Alexander) Fraser's case is not only literally true, but likewise there are several remarkable circumstances in his history not yet known in England. I shall endeavour to give you a specimen of my discoveries, such as is consistent with the bounds of a letter, for to give the whole would serve to make up a volume.

John (Alexander) Fraser, commonly called Maclver, an officer in the regiment commanded by the Honourable the Master of Lovat, was about the beginning of the battle upon Drummoissie Muir shot through the knee, and was carried off in the heat of the action to a park wall pointing towards the house of Culloden. Some short time after the battle, he and about eighteen other wounded officers of the Highland army (who had made their escape towards a small plantation of wood in the neighbourhood of the place where Fraser was lying) were carried to the area of Culloden House, where they remained two days in the utmost torture, wallowing in their own blood, and without any the smallest assistance from physician or surgeon; but they met with very kind and compassionate treatment from one of President Forbes's doers, Mr. Thomas Stewart, who performed acts of beneficence to the wounded in and about the House of Culloden, at the hazard of his own life. Upon the third day, Fraser and his companions were tied with ropes and thrown into carts, and then carried to a park wall at some small distance from Culloden House. There they were dragged out of the carts like dogs by the soldiers, and ranged in order close along the park wall. Then the commanding officer of the party cried to the unhappy gentlemen to prepare for death, and those who had any use of their limbs, fell down upon their knees and began to pray to God for mercy to their poor souls. But alas! (*Horresco referens!*) they were scarce allowed any time for that purpose, for in a minute the soldiers received the word of command *to levell their pieces and to give fire!* which was instantly done; and as they were posted at the distance only of two or three yards from the breasts of the prisoners, they could not well fail to perform the service compleatly. However, that this butchery in cold blood should be performed in the most leisurely way, and to make sure work on't, the commanding officer gave orders to the soldiers to club their muskets and to dash out the brains of such as were not quite dead; which accordingly was done to the best of their observation. Most of them expired in an instant, and needed not a knock on the head, but though Mr. Fraser had received a shot, yet he was still in life, which one of the soldiers observing, he struck Fraser on the face with the butt of his musquet, broke the upper part of his nose and cheek bone, dashed out one of his eyes, and left him for dead. All this exactness of procedure proved vain and ineffectual as to Mr. Fraser, who appears to have been pointed out by Heaven not to fall a victim at this time to infuriate rage and cruelty, but to live a monument of such a deliberate massacre as would make the remotest savages blush at the infamy. The slaughter thus finished, the soldiers went off and left the dead bodies above ground. Lord Boyd happening to ride out that way, and seeing so many dead bodies, turned his eyes towards them with some attention. One of them he spied at a small distance from the rest, and observing him to be in life, called out to him and desired to know what he was. The poor mangled man answered that his name was John (Alexander) Fraser, and that he had been an officer in the Master of Lovat's regiment. Lord Boyd said he was well acquainted with his colonel, and made an offer of money to him. Mr. Fraser thanked him, and told him he had no use for money, but begged him, for God's sake, to cause his servant either put an end to his miserable life, or carry him to a cottage at a small distance, which

fol. 1604

fol. 1605

fol. 1606

⁵⁶ See f. 1239.

he named. The first part of the request was not a little shocking to this young Lord, but he ordered his servant to carry Mr. Fraser to the place he had named, where he lay concealed in the bottom of a kiln for about three months, in which time (under God), with the assistance of his compassionate landlord, he became so well recovered of his several wounds and bruises, as to be able to step about upon crutches, and is still a living object and witness of this interesting dismal narrative I now transmit to you.

fol. 1607

To render his case still worse and worse, upon returning to his own house, poor Mr. Fraser found his wife and children stript of all they had in the world by the soldiery, and making ready to beg their bread from door to door. What heart is there so steel'd in wickedness as not to drop a tear? But, behold! admire and adore the wonderful hand of Providence, that brings about unexpected reliefs in the greatest extremities of distress. While Mr. Fraser is sorrowfully viewing the desolation of his empty house, and weeping over the miseries of his hungry and starving family, he receives a letter advising him that his wife's brother (a surgeon by profession) had died in France, and by his will, in the hands of trustees in London, had bequeathed to his sister, Mrs. Fraser, upwards of four hundred pounds sterling, which sum Mr. Fraser accordingly received payment of some time in the month of May 1748, from the hands of an attorney in Edinburgh. A most providential and seasonable supply indeed! and which serves to make out a moderate subsistence for him in his present miserable state of body, deprived of the use of his limbs, one of his eyes, and being lame too in one of his arms.

fol. 1608

Upon Thursday, the day after the battle, a party was ordered to the field of battle to put to death all the wounded they should find upon it, which accordingly they performed with the greatest dispatch and the utmost exactness, carrying the wounded from the several parts of the field to two or three spots of rising ground, where they ranged them in due order, and instantly shot them dead.

Upon the day following (Friday) parties were ordered to go and search for the wounded in houses in the neighbourhood of the field, to carry them to the field, and there to kill them, which they did, as in the case of John (Alexander) Fraser and his fellow prisoners. To the honour of some particular officers (whom I could name) be it remarked that by their clemency some few of the wounded were saved.

John MacLeod of MacLeod, junior, Esquire, has had the honesty and courage to declare oftener than once, that he himself saw seventy two killed in cold blood.

fol. 1609

At a small distance from the field there was a hut for sheltering sheep and goats in cold and stormy weather. To this hut some of the wounded men had crawled, but were soon found out by the soldiery, who (immediately upon the discovery) made sure the door, and set fire to several parts of the hut, so that all within it perished in the flames, to the number of between thirty and forty persons, among whom were some beggars, who had been spectators of the battle, in hopes of sharing in the plunder. Many people went and viewed the smothered and scorched bodies among the rubbish of the hut. Sure the poor beggars could not be deemed rebels in any sense whatsoever.

In several parts of the Highlands in Scotland the soldiery spared neither man, woman, nor child, particularly those under the command of Major Lockheart, Caroline Scott, etc. The hoary head, the tender mother and the weeping infant, behoved to share in the general wreck, and to fall victims to rage and cruelty by the musquet, the bloody bayonet, the devouring flame, or famishing hunger and cold! In a word, the troops sported with cruelty. They marched through scenes of woe, and marked their steps with blood. Believe me, Sir, this is far from exaggerating. It is in my power to condescend upon particular instances of these more than Neronian cruelties, which I am ready to

fol. 1610

do when called upon by proper authority to bring to light, not the hidden things of darkness, but monstrous transactions that were deliberately perpetrated in face of the sun by gentlemen and (shall I say it?) Christians! In all I have said, I have omitted one thing, which is that even the yet unborn babe (I tremble to narrate it!) felt the effects of the fury of our *military butchers*.

I am afraid I have been too long upon the gloom, and therefore I shall shift the scene a little, and touch upon something that is farcical, if I dare take upon me to call anything farcical that rubs upon dignities. But if *dignities* will affront and insult *dignities*, let them answer for it at whose door the blame lies. When John Fraser, Esquire, the then Lord Mayor (in Scotch — Provost) of Inverness, and the aldermen (attended by Mr. April Hossack, the then late Lord Mayor), went to pay their levee to the Duke of Cumberland, the Generals Hawley and Husk happened to be deliberating and making out orders about slaying the wounded upon the field of battle, etc., Mr. Hossack (a man of humanity, and the Sir Robert Walpole of Inverness, under the direction of President Forbes) could not witness such a prodigy of intended wickedness without saying something, and therefore, making a low bow to the generals, he spoke thus: “As his Majesty’s troops have been happily successful against the rebels, I hope your excellencies will be so good as to mingle mercy with judgment.” Upon which this General Hawley bawled out, “Damn the puppy! Does he pretend to dictate here? Carry him away.” Another cried: “Kick him out! Kick him out!” The orders were instantly and literally obeyed, for good Mr. Hossack received kicks upon kicks, and Sir Robert Adair had the honour to give him the last kick upon the top of the stair to such purpose, that Mr. Hossack never touched a single step till he was at the bottom of the first flat, from which he tumbled headlong down to the foot of all the stair, and then was he discreetly taken up and carried to the Provo’s guard. A notable reward for zeal, in which Mr. Hossack was warm enough, but with discretion and good nature, as I was informed.

fol. 1611

fol. 1612

But this is not all. Mr. Mayor himself (John Fraser) behoved to have a specimen of their *good sense* and *genteel manners*; for he was taken from dinner at his own table by an officer and some musqueteers with a volley of oaths and imprecations to a stable, and was ordered to clean it instantly upon his peril. Mr. Mayor said he never cleaned his own stable, and why should he clean that of any other person? After some debate upon the dirty subject, Mr. Fraser was at last indulged the privilege to get some fellows to clean the stable. However, he was obliged to stand a considerable time almost to the ancles in dirt, and see the dirty service performed! O notable treatment of a king’s lieutenant!

This singularity of military conduct towards Messrs. Hossack and Fraser is the more amazing as none in Great Britain can be more firmly attached to the present establishment as settled in the illustrious House of Hanover than they are. But whether or not, this unaccountable treatment has thrown a dash of lukewarmness into their zeal I shall not take upon me to determine. Had it been my case, I am afraid my zeal would have turned as chill as ice itself.

fol. 1613

The wanton youngsters in and about Inverness distinguish these two gentlemen by the names of the Kick-provost, and of the Muck or Dirt-provost.

Several others who were zealous friends to the Government were thrown into jail at the same time with Mr. Hossack. Liberty and Property with a witness! mere empty sounds without a meaning.

In the north of Scotland I happened to fall in with a venerable old gentleman, an honest Whig, who looking me seriously in the face asked if the Duke of Cumberland was not a Jacobite. “A Jacobite!” said I. “How comes that in your head?” “Sure,” replied the old gentleman, “the warmest

fol. 1614

zealot in the interest of the Prince could not possibly devise more proper methods for sowing the seeds of Jacobitism and disaffection than the Duke of Cumberland did. I wish I could draw a veil over the shocking cruelties and many other illegal doings committed by the army under his command. These I pass over as now too well known for me to insist upon. But what do you think of the unaccountable treatment of Messrs. Hossack and Fraser, and of some other honest whigs who could have hazarded all in support of the present Government? Above all, what do you think of the return the Lord President of the Court of Session, *the sagacious Duncan*, met with for all his remarkable services? Remarkable indeed they were, and yet the utmost scorn and contempt he had in return for them! When his Lordship was paying his levee to the Duke of Cumberland at Inverness, he thought fit (as it well became his character and station) to make mention of the laws of the country, etc. To which the Duke of Cumberland was pleased to say, 'The Laws of the Country, my Lord! I'll make a brigade give laws, by G—d!' A plain indication this of a hearty desire to introduce a military government. It was well," continued the old gentleman, "that President Forbes escaped a *kicking-bout*, as the Duke of Cumberland uses his friends with freedom. For my own part," added he, "I would not wish to be the person that had received the sage advice of *the sagacious Duncan* with derision, because it would have been a lasting imputation upon my judgment and discretion. For certain it is that his Lordship was a gentleman of very extraordinary and uncommon parts, and had an extensive knowledge of men and books. It was not beneath the dignity of a crowned head to listen to his words. He was one of a very high spirit, and the usage he met with for all his services, joined with the miseries of his country, bore so hard upon him that it is indeed a prevailing opinion among us in Scotland that he died of heart-break." Thus spoke the old honest Scotch Whig, and I must own, I found myself unable to make him any return.

fol. 1615

I am quite tired with writing, and by the time you come this length I doubt not but you will be tired with reading. For I /o/. i616 know you are not much in concert with long letters. However, I find an inclination to say still some few words more.

Do you think, Sir, that the wisdom of the nation could be better employed than in engaging their attention to bring about a Parliamentary inquiry into the uncommon doings that happened to be transacted in Scotland by our gentlemen of the sword in 1746. Sure I am there is much need for such a procedure. Suppose a man to be a rebel, a murderer of father and mother — the most flagitious wretch the sun ever shone upon, yet, I hope, even this very wretch should be put to death only by the laws of the land, and not be knocked in the head instantly without trial, without proof, without doom or law. It is a maxim of wisdom: *Better ten guilty escape than one innocent suffer*. But, perhaps (through the degeneracy of the times), this is now inverted into a political maxim: *Better ten innocent suffer than one guilty escape*. If this be our case, then every free Briton (falsely so called) has reason to lament his condition in sackcloth and ashes. It is an excellent proverb: *When our neighbour's house is on fire it is high time to be looking to ourselves*. Many of our fellow subjects in Scotland have suffered death itself in a most barbarous, illegal manner, and, God knows, how soon we in England may come to feel the same effects of *military, lawless power*. We have already had a very odd piece of military conduct in Shrewsbury, and how far the frenzy may spread, where is he can tell? unless a timely stop be put to the prevailing military madness. Woe's me! that our protectors should so far forget themselves as to become our cut-throats. To make such a parliamentary inquiry, the more disinterested and free of all suspicion of any bias whatsoever on the part of the sufferers, be it humbly proposed that not a single Highlander (those Highlanders only excepted who served under the Duke of Cumberland) should be admitted as a evidence, but let the whole affair be examined into by the affidavits of the Presbyterian parsons in and about Inverness, of the Mayor and Aldermen of Inverness for the year 1746, of the other inhabitants in

fol. 1617

fol. 1618

Inverness whose firm attachment to the present Establishment can admit of no dispute, of the gentlemen and soldiery that appeared on Drum Mossie Muir under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, and of the servants of the late Lord President Forbes of Culloden.—I am, Sir, your humble servant, etc.

London, September 17th, 1750.

N.B.—Leith, Monday morning, 8 o'clock, October 22nd 1750. I delivered the original of the preceding letter to Robert Chessor, staymaker in Edinburgh, to be by him carefully transmitted to James Bayne, taylor in the Strand, London. Meantime I ordered the said Chessor to write in his own letter to the said Bayne the following words precisely, of which I gave him an exact copy. "I now transmit to you much more than you desired,⁵⁷ with full liberty from the author to publish it to the world in as prudent and cautious a manner as possible, and in the same form in which you receive it, viz., as a letter from a gentleman in London to his friend at Bath. He bids me assure you that every sentence is strictly and literally true as to the facts mentioned, all which could be proved as clear as the light, and, indeed, much more than he has said. He expressly forbids you ever to mention his name in the matter to any person whatsoever, and, therefore, you must not let it be known from whom you have the paper. He is desirous that even you yourself should be as little seen in the publication as possible for your own safety whatever may happen, and that any Scoticism in the language may be corrected, but that not a single sentence of what he has said be left out."

fol. 1619

Bayne informed Chessor that the paper was published at London some time in the month of February 1750/1. Upon this Chessor writ to Bayne desiring to have some few copies, and at length after writing five or six letters, Chessor received twelve copies (by a private hand) sealed and directed to himself, upon Wednesday, August 21st, 1751. Upon Thursday, August 22nd, Chessor waited upon me and delivered to me the said twelve copies, four of which I returned to him, and one I dispatched by him to William Gordon, Bookseller in Edinburgh, in order to have it reprinted there, which accordingly was done, and several hundreds were cast off privately, and as privately

ROBERT FORBES A.M.

N.B.—Mr. David Chisholm, Presbyterian minister at Kilmorack in the shire of Inverness, when in Edinburgh at the General Assembly in May 1758, told that said Fraser or MacIver still lives in said parish of Kilmorack, at a place called Wellhouse; that his name is Alexander and not John; that the preceding account of said Fraser was all literally true, as he had seen the printed copy of it; and that he himself, Mr. Chisholm, is a blood relation to said Alexander MacIver's wife.⁵⁸

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

⁵⁷ Some time in Summer of 1750, the said James Bayne was in Scotland and called for me, Robert Forbes, when we had a conversation about the case of John (Alexander) Fraser, the printed account of which (as he said), met with little credit in England. I told him it was all fact, but that it was by far too short. Then he begged to have a full account of it, and this became the foundation of the preceding letter from me. — ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

⁵⁸ See f. 1242.

*Lines fit to be placed below the Prince's picture. Composed by the Rev. Mr. G. I.*⁵⁹

fol. 1620

When Heav'n would form a hero truly great,
It often trains him in a suffering state.
To greatest danger does his life expose,
Yet always saves him from his numerous foes.
And shews at last to thoughtless, giddy men,
That Heaven ne'er works its miracles in vain.

An acrostick by the same hand.

Make room below! Here comes a mighty don!
A soul that claims a place near Satan's throne.
Crimes of the deepest dye his worth proclaim.
Lewd, cowardly traitor speaks but half his fame.
Ev'n bloody monsters held him in disgrace.
O Judas! thou wast painted in his face!
Down with the traitor then with Judas to his place.

By Dr. King of Oxford upon seeing Miss Flora MacDonald's Picture.

fol. 1621

Hie calamo simulata viget pulcherrima Flora,
Nata Donaldorum, servatrix Principis. Illa
Per mare, per scopulos, per multa periclaque duxit
Mentitum ancillam juvenem, melioribus annis
Servatum fato, regnis succurrere avitis.
Sic Venus jEneam per devia lustra vagantem
Obscuro nebulae, circum dea fudit amictu,
Incolumemque altas tulit ad Carthagenis arces.
Quae tibi pro tantis non debita? Semper amata
Semper honorata, insignissima Virgo, manebis.

Wednesday, November 21st, 1750.—I, Robert Forbes, received a letter from my worthy Donald Roy MacDonald (dated at Glasgow, November 16th, 1750), which he ended with the following.

fol. 1622

P.S.

Esto memor nobis transmittere, chare Roberte
De Carolo quicquid tu novitatis habes.

Vale.

In forementioned letter he sent me inclosed a Latin poem in his own handwriting, and of his own composing, an exact copy of which is as follows.

Montanus patriis vestimentis privatus, ad libertatem recuperandam Scotos hortatur.

Haccine libertas toties promissa Britannis,
Quæ facit ut Vestis nos peregrina tegat?
Vestibus antiquis rutilis spoliatur et armis,
Num gens servitium libera tale feret?

⁵⁹ Evidently George Innes.

Signa sequi nolet miles regalia, qui non
Pro victu aut cultu bella cruenta geret.
Surge, licet sero, de longo Scotia, somno
Clausaque, jamdudum lumina pande, precor.
Arma cape intrepidè, cæsos ulciscere natos
Sic tibi libertas est repetenda vetus.
Det Deus, in reges veteres tua turpia cernas
Crimina, Germanum decutiasque jugum.

fol. 1623

N.B.—The originals of the preceeding are to be found among my papers.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Leith, Saturday, December 8th, 1750. — Donald Roy MacDonald was with me, Robert Forbes, when he gave me a Latin poem of his own composing, an exact copy of which is as follows.

Montanus, arma et braccas deponere coactus, queritur.

Ne studeam martis pugnacis munera, ferre
Impius oppressor bellica tela vetat.
Me, vice braccarum femoralia sumere cogit
Georgius, antiqua ne levitate meem.
Hei mihi! difficile est montanos scandere montes
Impedit insolitus nexus utrumque femur.
Non mihi per campos vestigia stringere fas est,
Lex brevibus gradibus carpere cogit iter.
Nulla mihi sexus muliebris blanda videtur
Quod dare consuetum gaudia career habet.

fol. 1624

Leith, Monday, December 10th, 1750.—Donald Roy MacDonald was with me, Robert Forbes, when he gave me a Latin poem of his own composing, an exact copy of which is as follows.

Montanus Campbellos, ob fidelitatem erga Georgium, nil mercedis adeptos, irridet.

Ingemo, deletæ, flammis lanionis et armis
Cum patriæ miserum mente revolvo statum.
Plaudite, Cambelli, lanionia signa secuti,
Redditus est vobis quem meruistis, honor.
Montani reliqui cultu spoliantur et armis
Vestitus⁶⁰ vobis armaque ferre datur.
Lex corrupta licet veteres mutavit amictus
Mens⁶¹ eadem nobis quæ fuit ante, manet.
Non procul esse diem spero, quo fulgidus armis
Belligeris habitu multicolore tegar.

fol. 1625

COPY of a LETTER from ALEXANDER MACDONALD of Kingsborrow to me, ROBERT FORBES.

REV. DEAR SIR, — For fear our acquaintance should wear out, I thought fitt to give you this

⁶⁰ Ironicè dictum.

⁶¹ Vide proverbium, *Lupus pilum mutat non mentem.*

trouble by ane express goeing there, tho' I have litle more to say than to acquaint you that all your welwishers here are well, except Malcom M^cLeod of Brea, who is in such a bad stat of health that I am affrayed he will not gett the better of it. Seeing he was not able to obey your comands, he sent your letter to me in order to be sighted to the new maryed couple, which, you may easily believ, was acceptable to old and young, tho the young folk has the gaity of youthood to cheer them, the old must become spiritless for many reasons, needless to trouble you with, unless it were in your power to let us partake of the proper medicine, which, if not speedily aplied, will be of no use to some of us, as I beynn my sixty third tomorow. Old MacKinnon has been very bad, but is now better. I and the great man here are not on speaking terms on account of the unhallowed letter (which I have still be me), which, I assure you, gives me no maner of pain. My rihb and I offers you our kind service, as does as my son and daughter. Pray mind us to worthy Lady Bruce, Mr. Rattry and his lady, and Mr. Lader, the surgeon, if you be acquaint with him, and all others that will be soe good as enquire for us, and am, with esteem, Reverend Dear Sir, Your most humble servant

fol. 1626

(Sic subscribitur), ALEX. M^cDONALD.

Kingsborow, December 31st, 1750.

I wish you a happy New Year, and many of them, in order to be doing good to the souls and bodys of all true Scotsmen.

Copy of a Return to the preceeding Letter.

fol. 1627

MY DEAR KINGSBORROW, — Your handwriting of December 31st proved a real cordial to me, especially as I had some anxiety to have agreeable accounts about you and your nearest concerns, though, I must own, the melancholy narrative you give me about honest Malcolm MacLeod served to throw a dash of bitters among my sweets in the perusal of your letter. May God Almighty grant him a happy and speedy recovery, (woe's me!) the faithful are minished from among the children of men.

The welfare of the happy pair I heartily rejoice at, and shall be glad to have the like information renewed to me as frequently as possible. That match is much to the good liking of all friends and wellwishers, who agree in affirming it to be one of the best judged events of life that could be devised by any sett of honest folks. Pray make an offer of my best wishes, in the kindest manner, to my worthy Mrs. Flora MacDonald, and tell her, from me, that I looked for some few lines under her own hand to let me know her marriage day, which I and some others are quite ignorant about.

fol. 1628

I am glad to find that your birth proved to be a new years gift, which has turned out to be so in more senses than one. And though you be advancing well in age, yet may God grant you to see many happy and agreeable returns of your birthday, and that you may live to see your children's children at their own firesides in health and prosperity, and then your gray hairs will go with joy to the grave. I most earnestly wish it were in my power to apply the proper medicine. In that event you should have a fair chance for renewing your age.

Sometime ago I writ to Dr. Burton accounts of your son's marriage, upon which he writ me the following words. "I heartily wish my worthy Flora as happy as it is possible to be on this side the grave, and that she may live to see her children's children so too; and also peace upon Israel, which God grant that we may soon see and we be saved. Amen."

fol. 1629

Honest old Nestor! I am glad to hear of his recovery. May he live to enjoy all he wishes and all he wants, and to have a son and heir to chear his heart in his old days.

I truly deem you at no loss in not conversing with a certain “notorious, grand etc., for there is neither comfort nor credit in conversing with those whose hearts are steel’d in wickedness and treachery. For God’s sake, take care of a certain extraordinary letter, and let it not depart out of your family, for (besides other considerations) it may prove of no small use to you and yours in a certain event. Pray will you favour me with an exact and faithful copy of said letter, which I solemnly promise to preserve as a dead secret till a proper and seasonable opportunity shall offer of bringing to light the mysteries of iniquity and the hidden works of darkness.

fol. 1630

All friends here join with me in wishing all things good and happy to you and Mrs. MacDonald, the young pair, and Mr. and Mrs MacAllastar, and in praying that all of you may enjoy a happy and prosperous year with large amends.

What is become of Donald MacLeod’s family, and what are they doing? I have a respect for them all upon account of that honest old cock, now in eternity, the faithful Palinurus. With great sincerity and esteem, I ever am, My Dear Sir, Your most faithful friend and humble servant,

DONALD HATEBREEKS.

Floradale, January 18th, 1751.

P.S.—Pray, how does the worthy Armadale? Make my good wishes acceptable to him and his nearest friend, MacKinnon and his lady, the family of Rasay, etc. etc. etc. May they all be as happy as I wish them. Adieu.

N.B.—The original letter from Kingsborrow is to be found among my papers.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Wednesday morning (twixt 8 and 9 o’clock), March 6th, 1751, I waited upon Mr. MacDonald of Kingsborrow, senior, at his quarters in the Canongate, when (among other things) he told me that the Laird of MacLeod had complained to one Lieutenant MacDonald (a relation of Kingsborrows) that he (MacLeod) had been ill used by Kingsborrow in that Kingborrow would not deliver up to him *the original letter*, nor give him a copy of it; for that he MacLeod had forgot what he had written in that letter. Lieutenant MacDonald said he was persuaded that the Laird behoved to be mistaken as to Kingsborrow’s giving a copy of said letter to the Laird himself, and accordingly engaged to procure a copy, to which the Laird agreed. Soon after Lieutenant MacDonald brought a copy of the letter from Kingsborrow’s own hands to the Laird of MacLeod, who perused it with great attention and expressed himself in these or the like words, “I have never seen a genuine copy of the letter till now, and I believe this to be a genuine copy indeed; but O! this is the devil of a letter! this is the devil of a letter!”

fol. 1631

fol. 1632

At the same time Kingsborrow declared that the copy which was handed about was not genuine, but that it contained the substance of the original, though the original was still worse. He refused to give me a copy of the letter, because (as he said) he was unwilling to give any offence to several worthy persons who were connected with the Laird of MacLeod; and withal he positively declared that he had never given a copy of the letter to any person whatsoever, but that some person or other from perusing the original letter with attention and leisure had endeavoured to draw out a copy from strength of memory, which came far short of the original letter. Kingsborrow gave me a most wretched character of the Laird of MacLeod in more instances than one.

He informed me that his (*i.e.* Kingsborough’s) son and Flora MacDonald were married at

Armadale in Sky, upon Tuesday, November 6th, 1750.⁶²

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Monday, April 22nd, 1751.—Alexander MacDonald (Dalely's brother)⁶³ made me, Robert Forbes, a visit, when he put into my hands the four folio pages all in his own handwriting, an exact copy of which is as follows. *fol. 1633*

Upon the 3rd of April 1746, Lieutenant Thomas Brown, an Irish gentleman with a command of 80 men, did sail with a tender from the *Baltimore* man of war by Captain Ferguson's order, which layed then at the harbour of Lochnadaal at Sky, at whose end Lord Loudon had a camp then, came to the haven of Canna, and after sending for James M^cDonald, bailie of the Island, and uncle to Glenaladal, told him he was sent by Captains Ferguson and Dove for some fresh beef and mutton, vizt., 20 fat cows and so many wedders. The gentleman asking his orders was answered he would show him no commission of that kind, but if he would not present his demands without further controul he would take them *brevi manu*. He had 60 armed men at his heels; the flower of the Islanders was with the Prince; soe that the bailie judged it safer both for himself and inhabitants to grant his request, and consequently sent off to the meadows for the above number of cattle, and took them up in proportion to the number of the tenements the Isle consisted of. But being wind-bound for 4 days in Canna harbour, behold! they complained to the said bailie the beef of the cattle slaughter'd stunk, and that the country should give them the same number over again. The bailie reckoned this both unjust and cruel, and that it was enough for the poor inhabitants to gratify him of what they received already. Upon which the officer was petted and said with a rage he knew where and by whom he would be served. He meant Laaig's cattle, whom he heard was in the Prince's army. So he hurls away his 60 armed men, gathers all the cattle of the Isle into a particular creek, shot 60 of the best dead, threw the old beef overboard and would not allow the poor distressed owners to finger a gobbet of it, no, not a single tripe of the first or former. 40 of the last cattle belonged to Laaig, 20 to the tennants. Captain Duff and Captain Ferguson aboard the *Commodore* came again a little, or about the 15 of April, harrass'd all the Isle, and at a certain night when they became fully acquaint through all the country, they (I mean all the young luxurious men among them) combined to make ane attack upon all the girls and young women in all the Isle married or otherwise. But a certain marine who had some grains of Christian principles about him advertised the whole, and was obliged to climb and hide themselves in grottos and in the hollow of hideous precipices that were somewhat unaccessable, which rescued them from the unhumanity of those libidinous hounds. A certain company of them came to execute their sensuality into a certain family, Evan More Maclsaac, his house, from which fled two girls, the landlord's daughters. Their mother who was fifty years old, worn with sickness and within a month of her time, stayed at home as dreading no danger of that sort. But they missing their aim and getting none of the females within a houseroof but that poor creature, they setts a strong guard with drawn swords upon the door of her house, fettered her husband in order to quench their concupiscence on his spouse. Providence favoured the creature so far that she wonn out through the guard, and the darkness of the *fol. 1634*

⁶² ¹ Her husband was Allan MacDonald, then a Captain in the 84th regiment. They lived at Flodigary till 1766 when Kingsburgh died, then removed to Kingsburgh, but in 1775 emigrated to North Carolina. The War of Independence, however, breaking out, involved them in much trouble, and at its close they returned to Skye, where Flora died on 5th March 1790. See ff. 265, 701, 793, 851.

⁶³ See f. 576. *fol. 1635*

fol. 1636

night concurrd to make her rescue. For they got out in pursuit of her in a great hurry, and 12 of them was at her heels, when she meeting and sinking down into the very depth of a quaggmire, they leaps over her believing she was still before them. The poor woman contented herself to continue there all the night, till she understood they were all back to their ships. But then she was so much afflicted with the rigour of the cold, and she being bigg with child, turned ill, aborted and died next night. The rest continued their sculking in a starving condition till the men of war sail'd off. After the battle of Culloden was hard fought, Captain Dove and Captain Fergusone went to Canna successively and committed several branches of cruelty upon the poor people, wanting them to inform them of the Prince or any of his officers. After General Campbell turned back from the search of his Royal Highness from the Western Coast, he calls at Canna, and hurls away the honest bailie prisoner into his ship without allowing him to speak for himself, or as much time as to shift himself or take leave of his wife. At this stretch he was brought the length of Horseshoe in the shire of Argile, from Horseshoe was brought back to Canna. Then he believed he would be liberate, but instead thereof they caus'd 40 of his cows to be slaughtered, would not permit him as much liberty as goe ashore to take leave of his wife or children, or to bring his cloaths with him, but brought him prisoner to London where he continued upwards of 12 month, notwithstanding of Loudon's protection in his pocket.

fol. 1637

Sometime about the 20th of June 1746, Captain Duff went, be orders of his superiour officer, to the Island of Eigg in the shire of Inverness, of Clanrannald's property, for executing the disarming act; called the inhabitants into one place, and were strictly charged to carry with them all their arms upon their peril. They conveend, delivered up some arms, but got onely receipts for them. The poor people afterwards looked on themselves out of the reach of any danger. But then some weeks thereafter, Captains Ferguson and Duff went to Eigg to look after one Captain John MacDonald, commonly called Doctor, brother to the late Kinlochmoydoirt, whom they heard to be under covert in the Isle. After examining some of the inhabitants to that purpose, they stifly denyed the Captain to be there with their knowledge. With this they sends about 100 men, divided into small corps, in search of him. One Mr. Daniel MacQueen, minister of the Gospell at the Isle of Rum, happend to be then at Eigg, being a parte of his parish, and was both agent and interpreter 'twixt the inhabitants and the enemy. He, Mr. MacQueen, well knew the very place where MacDonald was hiding himself, and understood by reason of the narrow scrutiny they were resolved to make after him, they would fish him out. Therefore he goes himself in person where he was, and, after explaining him the danger he was under, prevailed with him to surrender and yield himself prisoner to Captain Fergusone. Accordingly he did. He was first well us'd. But behold the unluckiness of the poor Eigg people; for one of the party that was traversing the country back and forward, glens and mountains, found out so many stands of arms that they reserved for their own use. Captain Ferguson did not seem to be much disoblighd at this; but reflected that, notwithstanding what they formerly delivered him, they still reserved their full compliment. However, he bespeaks Captain MacDonald, the doctor, and earnestly desires him, for the poor people's own safety and good of the country, he shoud call them all and perswad them to come in, the whole inhabitants with their whole arms of all kinds, and that he woud give them full protections for both their persons and effects that woud save them against any future danger: otherwise, and if they shoud not come in heartily, all of them come to the years of discretion and to the age of bearing arms, he woud immediately (after elapsing of such an hour of the day) cause his men burn all their houses, destroy all their cattle and carry the whole men away. Mr. MacQueen advises Captain MacDonald to send for the men with the remainder of their arms in the terms spoken by Ferguson. He sends some dozen of lads for them. They were seen coming in a body.

fol. 1638

fol. 1639

fol. 1640

Immediatly Ferguson ordered Captain MacDonald to be seizd upon and made prisoner of, brought into a house to be confin'd thereto for ane hour. The men laid down their arms, such of them as had any. The few old people that came among them were pickd out and dismiss home. Then Captain MacDonald was brought out of the house, was stript of all his cloaths to the skin, even of his shoes and stockins, brought aboard the *Furnace*, barisdall'd in a dark dungeon. And to the poor people's additional misfortune, there was a devilish paper found about him, containing a list of all the Eigg folk that were in the Princes service. Then that catalogue was read by their patronimicks in the name of giving the promised protection, which ilk one answered cheerfully, and was drawn out into another rank, so that there were noe fewer than 38 snatched aboard the man of war, were brought to London, from thence transported to Jamaica, where the few that lives of them continue slaves as yet. Many of them dyed and starved ere they arrove at the Thames. The most of them were marryed men, leaving throng families behind them. They slaughtered all their cattle, pillaged all their houses ore they left the isle, and ravished a girl or two. This relation I had from the bailie of Canna and the bailie of Eigg.

fol. 1641

fol. 1642

N.B.—The original of the above, in the handwriting of the forementioned Alexander MacDonald, is to be found among my papers.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Three Epitaphs upon, etc.

fol. 1643

Here lies Fred'rick the Silly.
I'd rather it had been Willie.
The whole generation
Woud been no loss to the nation.
But since God's ta'en the best,
May the D—I take the rest.

March 20th, 1751.

Had I ten thousand pens and ink,
Had I ten thousand brains to think,
All I can think, all I can say,
Is that Prince Frederick died this day.
The Oxford Aloa⁶⁴ liv'd and died;
Then let another plant be tried.
To mourn too long nothing avails;
Give us another Prince of Wales.
Forgive our sins, Lord! Bless the Nation!
And send a speedy restauration.
Here lies within this sacred place
(Have mercy, Lord! upon him!)
A weasel in a leaden case,
Exempt from human plagues, unless
You lay his brother on him.
And yet, methinks, 'tis odd that he

⁶⁴ A remarkable tree.—F.

Should he so long deserted.
Death! canst thou longer cruel be,
Since all good people do agree
'Tis pity they were parted?

I, Robert Forbes, had a letter from Donald Roy MacDonald, dated at Fort William, May 15th, 1751, in which he sent me inclosed a Latin poem, an exact copy of which is as follows: fol. 1644

In Fredericum Germanum Principem Epitaphium.

Vermibus Angligenis Germani corpus edendum,
Hie procul a patria gleba Britannia tegit,
Georgii erat natus, frater Ianionis iniqui,
Est tamen in dubio quis fuit ejus avus.
Desidia totam vitam tenebrisque peregit
Iste, boni pariter nescius atque mali.
Cum per lustra novem gereret nil Principe dignum,
Insidio melior non nebulone fuit.
Sunt qui non dubitant atro periisse veneno,
Id quaque Germano fratre fuisse datum.
Ut tulit hunc; patrem, patris cunctosque nepotes,
Trans Stygium fluvium Mors properata ferat.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a MEMORANDUM for Mr. ALEXANDER MACDONALD (Dalelys brother), given by me, fol. 1645
ROBERT FORBES, June 10th, 1751.

1. To try if Clanranald will favour a friend with a copy of that journal which he kept of the hardships and cruelties used against himself and the other prisoners while on board the ships, etc.

2. To put Glenalladale and Boradale's sons in mind to draw out an exact and circumstantial account of all the pillagings and plunderings, burnings, and other cruelties committed in and about their bounds, being a thing much wanted. To find out, if possible, the true history of Rhoderick Mackenzie's death, a thing earnestly desired.

3. To make out as exact and compleat a list as possible of the names of the several Episcopal ministers in the Highland parishes upon the continent and in the Isles, at the Revolution, as to the following classes:—

1st. Which of them were put or thrust out of their charges.

2dly. Which of them kept their kirks, and by what means, whether by interest of friends, without qualifying or turning Presbyterian, or by qualifying and continuing Episcopal, or by qualifying and turning Presbyterian. fol. 1646

N.B. — A copy of the preceeding third article, about the Episcopal Clergy at the Revolution, I transmitted to Alexander MacDonald of Kingsborrow, in the Isle of Sky, and another of the same to Malcolm MacLeod of Brea, in Rasay, upon Saturday, August 31st, 1751, by young Rasay's servant.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Monday afternoon, July 22nd, 1751. — I, Robert Forbes, was favoured with a visit of Donald Cameron of Glenpean, with whom Donald MacDonald, taylor in Edinburgh, came along. I talked over with him his part of The Escape, and he declared my information had been good and exact.

fol. 1647

He said that Glenalladale accidentally saw him coming through the mist,⁶⁵ and made directly up to him (Donald Cameron), and thereby preventing his missing the Prince, which otherwise would have happened; that the precipice (at the top of which the Prince slipped a foot) was so very high that the Prince would unavoidably have been dead before he could have tumbled to the foot of it, had not he (Donald Cameron) caught hold of him,⁶⁶ which he did only with one hand, being obliged to grip fast by the heath with the other hand to preserve the Prince and himself from tumbling headlong down together, and to cry to Glenalladale to haste him down to their relief; which Glenalladale accordingly did, and assisted Donald Cameron in recovering the Prince. Donald Cameron likewise said that the story about the yuicking of his nose was very exact, as I had got it from Macpherson of Breackachie,⁶⁷ and that one day sculking on the side of a hill and happening to spy the military and the Campbells driving away some of his own cattle, he said to the Prince, “Does your Royal Highness see yon? Yonder are they driving away my cattle.” “How many cattle may you have?” said the Prince; “500 or 400?” “No, not so many,” replied Donald,” only about two or 300.” “Well,” said the Prince, “I am sorry to see this. But keep up a good heart, Donald; I hope to see you yet taking five for one from the Campbells.” This speech from Prince pleased Donald Cameron very much. Donald said he was only six or seven days with the Prince in his sculking, and that the Prince had been a night or two in his house at Glenpean in his way to Boradale after the battle of Culloden. Donald Cameron alledged he had the best evidence in Europe to prove the taking away of his cattle, as the Prince was looking on and them driven away by the enemy.

fol. 1648

fol. 1649

After talking over the part he had acted in the Escape, I asked if any friends in and about Edinburgh had taken any notice of him. To which Donald Cameron very modestly answered, “No. Nobody has taken any notice of me. I did nothing worth anybody’s taking notice of me. I have used freedom with none but with yourself.”

Upon this I said ‘twas pity he should not be taken notice of by friends, and importuned him to dine with me on the next Monday, July 29th, when he would have his business at a period for that session, and that I would employ my thoughts about him till he should make me the second visit. But I could not prevail upon him to give me a promise, even though his companion, Donald MacDonald, seconded me in my importunity, the honest worthy still insisting that he had done nothing worthy of notice, and that he longed much to be at home again with the wife and the bairns, and therefore he would immediately set out for home when he had got his witnesses examined in his process before the Court of Session.

fol. 1650

Upon Friday, July 26th, I was in Edinburgh, and once more took an opportunity of begging Donald Cameron, in a very earnest manner, to be with me on the Monday following, assuring him that I had devised a scheme for him which would make him better known, and would fetch him as much at least as might bear his charges home. But still he modestly refused. I then had recourse to Donald MacDonald, expressly desiring him to keep sight of Donald Cameron, and to be sure to

⁶⁵ See f. 608.

⁶⁶ See f. 1449.

⁶⁷ See f. 1474.

conduct him down to Leith the Monday following, to dine with me, which accordingly was done.

Upon Monday, July 29th, 1751, I gave Donald Cameron several letters, which I desired him to deliver out of his own hand to the persons for whom they were severally addressed.

COPY of a LETTER to Mr. WILLIAM GORDON, Bookseller, at his shop in the Parliament Close, Edinburgh.

SIR, — I am sorry I miss'd seeing you on Friday last at your own shop, when I intended to converse with you upon the subject of this letter, which will be delivered to you by that remarkable man, Donald Cameron of Glenpean, the personal conductor of the Prince through the chain of camps, and consequently (with great truth it may be said) through his greatest dangers. I should be sorry if this worthy should be allowed to go out of Edinburgh without some small acknowledgment of his merit, which is not the less by his being a most modest, disinterested person; for when I made an offer of some small present to him, I behoved to press it upon him before he would accept of it. Besides he is engaged in a just and well-founded plea before the Lords against some of the Campbells, which I am afraid may turn out to his loss, as it serves to empty his light purse without any great view of reimbursement. This hint, I am persuaded, is sufficient to prevail upon you to try your interest with friends in Edinburgh in behalf of this truly heroic man; and did I not imagine that hereby I afford you a pleasure, I assure you I should not have given you the trouble of this. He brings along with him a voucher,⁶⁸ who knows him personally, and whose assertion in this matter you may rely upon.

fol. 1651

fol. 1652

After making a proper use of this, pray commit it to the flames, and thereby oblige, Sir, your humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, July 29th, 1751.

N.B.—After sealing, having got notice that the said Mr. Gordon had lately set out upon a jaunt into England, I writ below the seal the following:

N.B.—Let this be made open by the Revd. Mr. William Harper, if Mr. William Gordon shall happen to be from home.

Accordingly the letter was made open by the said Mr. Harper, who shewed much civility and kindness to Donald Cameron, and introduced him to several persons, who were generous and liberal to him, as Mr. Harper himself was.

At the same time I gave Donald Cameron letters for Mr. William MacDougal, wine merchant in Edinburgh, and for Mrs. Christian Cochran, at her house in Edinburgh, both written much in the same strain with the preceding one to Mr. William Gordon. Mrs. MacDougal, and Mrs. Cochran were likewise generous and kind to Donald Cameron, and made several persons know about him.

fol. 1653

I likewise gave Donald Cameron a letter for Mr. John Rattray, surgeon, at his house, foot of Foulis's Close, Edinburgh, an exact copy of which is as follows:

SIR,—Forgive the freedom of this address in favours of the bearer, Donald Cameron of Glenpean, the personal conductor of the Prince through the chain of camps, and consequently through his greatest dangers. He is engaged in a just and well-founded plea before the Lords against some of the Campbells, and has pitched upon Mr. Lockheart to plead his cause. But so

⁶⁸ The foresaid Donald MacDonald, taylor.

bashful he is that he cannot think of informing Mr. Lockheart about the above particular of his history. However, says he, "I could with freedom inform Carnwath about it could I see him by any recommendation." For this end, Sir, it is that I give you the trouble of this, as Mr. Cameron tells me that Carnwath's son (with the oldest Lochiel) lodged in his house four nights after the battle of Culloden; and this he assigns as the reason why he could use such freedom with Carnwath. A few lines from you will serve to introduce him to Carnwath, and, if you judge it proper, you may transmit this in one inclosed from yourself to that gentleman. For well did I know all Mr. Cameron's history as to the escape long before I ever had the pleasur of seeing him, and my information proceeded from the best hand, MacDonald of Glenalladale, who procured Donald Cameron to do the important deed, "which," to use his own words, "was a little difficult to do."

fol. 1654

He brings along with him a voucher who knows him personally, and whose word you may rely upon, for I have experienced his fidelity before this time.

To you and yours I heartily wish well.

After making a proper use of this order it to the flames, and oblige, Sir, your affectionate humble servant,

fol. 1655

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, July 29th, 1751.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers, for Carnwath returned it to me in a cover from himself. ROBERT FOIBES, A.M.

COPY of Mr. RATTRAY'S LETTER to GEORGE LOCKHART of Carnwath, Esq., at Dryden.

DEAR SIR, — I send you the inclosed by Mr. Cameron, who brought it to me himself this morning. I make no doubt but you will comply with his request, as you have always shown your self very ready to assist people oppressed and in distress. I am, Dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant

(Sic subscribitur), JOHN RATTRAY.

Edinburgh, Tuesday, 11 o'clock forenoon.

N.B.—The originall of the above was likewise returned to me from Carnwath, and I gave it to Mrs. Rattray, who committed it to the flames in sight of

fol. 1656

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a LETTER from CARNWATH to me, ROBERT FORBES.

REVERED SIR, — I have seen your friend here, and shall do him every service in my power. But to be honest with you, my brother needs not spur when honesty calls on him to assist in a just cause. Yet Mr. Cameron shall not suffer from my not telling my brother all his titles to our assistance. — I am, Reverend Sir, Your most humble servant

(Sic subscribitur), G. LOCKHART.

August 2, 1751.

If any collection is making throw in the enclosed guinea for me.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a LETTER to Mr. DONALD CAMERON of Glenpean.

DEAR SIR, — I am sorry I had not the favour of seeing you once more before your going from Edinburgh, especially as I have in my hands a guinea and a half for your use, which you may command when you please. I had the guinea from Carnwath and the half-guinea from my Lady Bruce. If you desire any person to call for the cash, pray fail not to send me a letter under your own hand with that person.

fol. 1657

I am glad it is in my power to assure you with great truth that Carnwath has spoke earnestly to his brother upon your account, and that nothing will be omitted to make out your process to your own hearts content, which I pray God to bring about.

Make my respectful compliments acceptable to the worthy Glenalladale and his family.

To you and all your concerns I heartily wish all things good and happy, and most sincerely am, my dear Donald, your firm friend and humble servant, Robert Forbes.

Leith, August 26th, 1751.

COPY of a LETTER to me, ROBERT FORBES, from the said DONALD CAMERON and his co-plaintiff in the process.

fol. 1658

Glendessary, 1st October 1751.

REVEREND SIR, — We have been favoured with yours some time ago, and we are infinitely obliged to you for the care you have taken of our affairs, and returns you our most dutiful thanks; and we beg of you and acquaint Mr. Lockhart that we are singularly obliged to him, and wherein we can serve him that we are always ready. Or wherein we may be deficient we hope sometime or other (will thank and reward not only him but all friends). Some people who cannot at present make the due returns that their inclination is well known to you. The post going off you ll hear further from us very soon. And we are, Reverend Sir, Your much obliged humbell servants,

(Sic subscribitur), DONALD CAMERON.

ALEX. MCPHIE.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

N.B.—*Friday, September 27th, 1751.*—I, Robert Forbes, was dining with my Lady Bruce in her own house in the Citadel, the Revd. Mr. William Law, Dr. John Clerk of Edinburgh, and my wife being in company. My Lady Bruce happening to turn the conversation upon the Duke of Cumberland and President Forbes, Dr. John Clerk said that the Duke had a very odd unlucky expression when in Inverness, which made him very low in the opinion of many, and it was this that when the Duke spoke of the President he used to say “*that old woman that talked to me about humanity.*”

fol. 1659

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Leith, Friday, October 18th, 1751. — At my own house by ten o'clock forenoon, taken down from the mouth of Patrick Grant (commonly called Black Peter of Craskie), one of the famous Glenmoriston men, Donald MacDonald, taylor in Edinburgh, being interpreter, as the said Patrick Grant could speak nothing but Erse.

fol. 1660

Patrick Grant agreed exactly in the names of the Glenmoriston men as given me by Major

MacDonald of Glenalladale,⁶⁹ and moreover told me that the first seven of them had, after the battle of Culloden, entered into an association (by oath) of offence and defence against the Duke of Cumberland and his army (he and the Laird of Grant having betrayed so many of their countrymen upon giving up their arms)⁷⁰ never to yield, but to die on the spot, never to give up their arms, and that for all the days of their lives. That Alexander MacDonald (MackDonell) and Alexander Chisholm are now dead, and that Macmillan did come accidentally upon them as narrated by Glenalladale and did enter with them into the same association.⁷¹

fol. 1661

Patrick Grant said they used to call the Prince for certain Dougald MacCullonoy, the better to conceal him. This rectifies a mistake of memory in Glenalladale.⁷²

Then I began to read such parts of Glenalladale's Journal as I knew Patrick Grant to be interested in, he having been an eyewitness of what was narrated therein, in which parts Patrick Grant agreed, but telling moreover that when the Prince, Glenalladale, and those with him came towards their cave there were only three of them together, viz., John MacDonald, *alias* Campbell, Alexander MacDonald (MackDonell) and Alexander Chisholm, the other four being out a foraging, or providing provisions for the whole company.⁷³ These three, well knowing the Prince, were sorry to see him in that condition, and immediately complied with taking an oath of fidelity and secrecy at the Prince's own desire, which oath was administered by Glenalladale in the following or like dreadful terms, "That their backs should be to God and their faces to the Devil; that all the curses the Scriptures did pronounce might come upon them and all their posterity if they did not stand firm to the Prince in the greatest dangers, and if they should discover to any person, man, woman, or child, that the Prince was in their keeping, till once his person should be out of danger, etc." Which oath they most sacredly observed, never once mentioning that the Prince had been among their hands till about a twelvemonth after he had set sail for France.

fol. 1662

The Prince and Glenalladale, etc., got a refreshment of whiskie and mutton, butter and cheese, but no bread from the above three.

Next day the other four (who likewise knew the Prince at first sight) came with their purchase, being a dead deer which they had shot, and an ox in life which they slaughtered in the Prince's presence. But they had got no bread yet. Upon this meeting the four took the same oath with the three, and when Macmillan joined them afterwards (about two weeks) he likewise took the same oath of fidelity and secrecy.

fol. 1663

It is remarkable that the Prince and Glenalladale, much pleased with the resolute behaviour and firmness of the Glenmoriston men made an offer (which was indeed first suggested by the Prince himself) to take a like oath of fidelity to them, viz., "that if danger should come upon them they would stand by one another to the last drop of their blood." But the Glenmoriston men refused to take any oath at all of the Prince and Glenalladale.

Upon this the Prince said that they were the first privy council that had been sworn to him since the battle of Culloden, and that he should never forget them or theirs if ever he came to his own. Upon which some of the Glenmoriston men hinted to the Prince that a Churchman (a Popish priest)

⁶⁹ See f. 1452.

⁷⁰ See f. 312.

⁷¹ See f. 1679.

⁷² See f. 1452.

⁷³ See ff. 623, 1451, 1690, 1777.

who used to come among them in their own country frequently had told them that King Charles the Second after his restauration was not very mindful of his friends. The Prince said he was very heartily sorry for that, but that he hoped he himself would not follow the same measures, and that they might depend upon his word as the word of a Prince.⁷⁴

fol. 1664

Patrick Grant affirmed he was very sure that the Prince came to them about eight days before Lammass, for that he minds nothing better than that they took a hearty drink at the beginning of that quarter of the year, and that the Prince had been with them some days before that. This rectifies (among others) Glenalladale's mistakes as to dates [See his Journal throughout from beginning to end] and shews that I, Robert Forbes, am pretty right in the draught of dates I gave to John Finlayson for his map, which map see.

F. 625 Coirmheadhain—Patrick Grant called this place by the name of Coirskreaoch, no less romantic indeed, said he, than the former cave.

fol. 1665

F. 626. Left two and not one (Alexander MacDonald [MackDonell] and Alexander Chisholm) to watch Campbell's motions.

F. 627. Climbed a hill (says Patrick Grant) called Peinachyrine, which hill will be about 40 miles (*i.e.* Highland miles) from Polliew, that part in Seaforth's country which the Prince was desirous to be at

This hill Peinachyrine, is the farthest place in the North that the Prince was at towards Polliew.⁷⁵

F. 629. When returned to Glenmoriston Braes the Prince was pretty positive to proceed forward sooner than the Glenmoriston men thought it safe for him, and they would by no means allow him to go till they should think it safe for him so to do. In a word the kind contention ran so high that they threatened to turn their backs upon him and to leave him if he did not listen to their counsel, as they knew the country best and what danger might happen to him in it; and immediately insisted upon his taking some little refreshment and rest, and staying there as long as they judged it safe for him. But the Prince refused to eat or to drink because they would not do as he desired. Upon this they plainly told him that if he did not eat and drink heartily he could not well hold out with the fatigues he was obliged to undergo in his present situation; that if he should happen to turn faintish by abstaining from meat and drink too long and then danger should come nigh them, he would not be in a condition, either to get away from it, or to act his part in any shape so well as he would wish to do. And therefore they urged him more than ever (as being absolutely necessary for him) to take some refreshment and rest, which accordingly he did. The Prince said, "I find kings and princes must be ruled by their privy council, but I believe there is not in all the world a more absolute privy council than what I have at present, etc. They added they had rather tie him than comply with him, so well did they know his danger. The Prince was at last obliged to yield the point, as he found them positive to the last degree, and as they assured him, if he complied with their requests in behalf of his safety, the enemy should not get within two miles of them without being discovered.

fol. 1666

fol. 1667

This was the only time, said Patrick Grant, that we ever differed with the Prince in any one thing, and we were very sorry for it.

When at this time in the Braes of Glenmoriston, Patrick Grant and Alexander Chisholm one day were set out a foraging and happened accidentally to meet with the Laird of Glenmoriston, who asked them many questions, *viz.*, "Where they now lived, as they were now seldom seen? What

⁷⁴ See f. 917.

⁷⁵ See f. 1617.

were they doing and how they made purchase for sustenance, etc.? What is become of the Prince (said he) as I have heard that he has passed the Braes of Knoydart,” etc. “I wish,” added he, “if he came this way that I might know of it, for he should be taken good care of.” But as to all this they kept Glenmoriston much in the dark and would not at all acknowledge that they knew anything about the Prince or his motions, etc., “that as the enemy were pillaging and plundering the country it were pity not to share in the spoil, upon part of which they made a shift to live rather than that the enemy should have all,” etc.

fol. 1668

Upon their return to the Prince and his small retinue, they informed him exactly what had pass'd between them and the Laird of Glenmoriston, assuring the Prince withal that they had not revealed the smallest thing to Glenmoriston about him or his motions, but that if the Prince pleased they would fetch Glenmoriston to him, he being a faithful and trusty friend. The Prince said he was so well pleased with his present guard, that he wanted none other, and that he had experienced poor folks to be as faithful and firm as any men, rich or high, could be.

F. 638. Patrick Grant was the one who shot the hart, Alexander MacDonald (MackDonell) now dead, being then with him. All their provisions now consisted of this hart and half a peck of meal. They sometimes had salt.

F. 637. The Glenmoriston men (Patrick Grant⁷⁶ excepted, who stayed with the Prince till he set out for Badanoch to find out Lochiel and Cluny MacPherson), were dismissed three days before Glenalladale was sent off to the West coast to look out for ships.

N.B.—Having gone through all the parts of Glenalladale's Journal in which Patrick Grant had any knowledge or concern, I then began to read such parts of Mr. John Cameron's Journal as consisted with the knowledge of the said Patrick Grant, upon which he made the following observations and remarks.

fol. 1669

Patrick Grant affirmed that they were not within seven miles of Glenstrathferran, in which he cannot well fail to be right, as he himself was then with the Prince, and Mr. John Cameron was not, who therefore tells this part only from hearsay or conjecture. The man's name was, indeed, John MacPherson, *alias* MacColvaine, a tenant of Lochiel's (said Patrick Grant) as given by MacPherson of Breakachie.⁷⁶

F. 174. True of the Prince's long beard and dress, etc.

F. 175. True of the bread from Fort Augustus or Killywheman.

“The Prince had a good appetite,” said Patrick Grant, “and we all sate in a circle when eating and drinking, every one having his morsel on his own knee, and the Prince would never allow us to keep off our bonnets when in his company.” The prince used sometimes to roast his own meat, and sometimes to give directions about the homely cookery, taking a bit now and then from off the speet while roasting.

fol. 1670

F. 176. In the wood of Torvaulit it was that the Prince⁷⁷ had the interview with the two French officers (said Patrick Grant) whose names he has forgot.

F. 177. The alarm was true, but by whom given Patrick Grant remembers not.

F. 179. The Prince when about crossing the water of Lochy in going down the country to Lochiel and Cluny MacPherson, ordered MacDonald (MackDonell) of Lochgary to give some

⁷⁶ See f. 1546.

⁷⁷ See f. 634.

money to Patrick Grant for himself and the other Glenmoriston men. For Patrick Grant had been kept purposely (after his companions had been dismissed) till the Prince should have some money to gratify his Glenmoriston guard. Lochgarry accordingly gave Patrick Grant twenty four guineas, being three guineas to each of them, and then Patrick Grant took his leave of the Prince and his company at the side of the water of Lochy and instantly made off to the Braes of Glenmoriston to share in the fortune of his own associates.

fol. 1671

*N.B.*⁷⁸—When at Fassanacoil,⁷⁹ the farmer there, John Chissolm, used to furnish Patrick Grant, and the other privors with meat and drink for themselves and their company; John Chissolm, in the meantime, knowing nothing at all about the Prince. When the Prince heard that John Chissolm had furnished him with provisions, he desired that John might be brought to him; and accordingly Patrick Grant and Hugh Macmillan were dispatched to John Chissolm with that intent. They desired John to come along with them to see a friend whom he would like very well to see without telling who the friend was. John answered, “I believe there is some person of consequence amongst you, and as I have one bottle of wine (the property of a priest with whom I am in very great friendship), I will venture to take it along with me.” Patrick Grant said, “What! John, Have you had a bottle of wine all this time and not given it to us before this time?” Away they went to the Prince, whom John Chissolm knew at first sight, having been in his army. Upon delivering the bottle of wine to the Prince, Patrick Grant desired the favour of his Royal Highness to drink to him [Patrick Grant] for, added he, “I do not remember that your Royal Highness has drunken to me since you came among our hands” Accordingly the Prince put the bottle of wine to his mouth and drank a health to Patrick Grant and all friends. John Chissolm having received good payment for any provisions he had furnished, and finding they had been purchased for the use of his Prince, immediately offered to return the whole price, and pressed the thing much. But the Prince would not hear of that at all, and ordered him to keep the money. John Chissolm took the same oath of secrecy with that before mentioned as taken by the Glenmoriston men; who were so lucky that the Prince was in absolute safety, during the time he was in their hands, and (under God) they would have promised for his safety to this very day, had he thought fit to have continued amongst them. And (said Patrick Grant) we were the more fit for such a service as all the eight of us had been bred to military discipline, having served some part of our lives in the Highland Independent Companies. Patrick Grant particularly was in Lord Lovat’s Independent Company about four years.

fol. 1672

fol. 1673

As to Gregor MacGregor, his history is somewhat singular. He had enlisted in Lord Loudon’s regiment in Inverness, and had deserted to the Prince’s army before coming to Corierag, as that regiment had been a raising some time before in the Highlands, and it is notour that Cluny MacPherson, Lochgarry and others, had commissions in that intended regiment. Some time after the troubles in Scotland, Gregor MacGregor had the misfortune to be made prisoner in the Tolbooth of Inverness, and was to have been tried as a deserter, but (very luckily for him) he broke prison and got off, and is still alive and in good health, as ready for a good play as ever. “All the eight of us Glenmoriston men,” said Patrick Grant, “had been in the Princes army.” Patrick Grant said he doubted not that they used the expression *Haos Ian* or *Hose Ian*, but he was surprized that the Prince could mind such little things. He said that John MacDonald (MackDonell) is a bold,

fol. 1674

⁷⁸ This should be insert in fol. 1665.

⁷⁹ See f. 628.

resolute, sensible, pretty fellow.⁸⁰

Patrick Grant said that the Prince, when with them, used to declare that he had great confidence in the King of France as a true and fast friend,⁸¹ and that the king, his father, and his own brother, Henry, would risque all to save him [the Prince]. He used to say much in praise of Prince Henry as one preferable to himself in all respects, and as one of great spirits and activity.

There was one thing which Patrick Grant was very unwilling to tell, and he needed much solicitation before he would speak it out, and it was this, that as the Prince did always sleep in his cloaths and plaid, in his wig and bonnet in caves, and often in the open air upon the tops and sides of mountains, in woods and among the heath and ferns, so he would not have changed a shirt (having only four in number) but (perhaps), once in a fortnight, whereby it happened that he was troubled with lice. Upon this I told Patrick Grant, I had heard the like before from Malcolm MacLeod,⁸² and that it was not at all to be wondered at, considering the coarse way of living in every respect to which the Prince was then reduced. Patrick Grant added that the Prince upon rising in the morning used to retire for some time by himself to say his prayers, and, said Patrick, “I believe the Prince is a very good Christian indeed.” He likewise said that the Prince, while with them, was sometimes troubled with a looseness, and that he bore up under all his misfortunes with great resolution and cheerfulness, never murmuring or complaining at the hardships and severity of his condition. “Glenalladale,” said Patrick Grant, “was interpreter between the Prince and us, and it was agreed upon that we should say nothing but what the Prince should be made to understand, and that the Prince should say nothing but what we should likewise be made to understand. By this means the Prince discovered that we were much addicted to common swearing in our conversation, for which he caused Glenalladale reprove us in his [the Prince’s] name; and at last the Prince, by his repeated reproofs, prevailed on us so far that we gave that custom of swearing quite up.” Patrick Grant assured me that the Prince, while with them, could not speak many words in Erse, and that he knew but very little about that language.

fol. 1675

fol. 1676

Patrick Grant remarked that the Prince walked so nimbly in the daytime that few persons could hold out with him.⁸³ But then he was as bad at it in the night time, for, not being used with such rough and plashy footing as is commonly to be found in the hills, braes, and glens of the Highlands in Scotland, he was every now and then (through the darkness of the nights) slumping into this and the other clayhole or puddle, insomuch that very often he would have been plashed up to the navel, having no breeches, but a philabeg, and when he had arrived at any place to take a little rest, he would have taken a nook of his plaid and therewith have rubbed his belly and thighs to clean them the best way he could. In narrating this Patrick Grant smiled and said, “I believe this story is not so fit to be noted down, though it be literally true.” This account agrees exactly with what is narrated by Malcolm MacLeod.⁸⁴

fol. 1677

Patrick Grant cannot read. He said he had come to Edinburgh in his way to go beyond seas to seek out his master, the Prince. “For,” said he, “if he be on the face of the earth, I’ll find him out, as I hear they are good Christians on the other side of the seas. And, meet when we will, the Prince and I shall never part again.” In a word, it cost him some pains to persuade him not to think of

⁸⁰ See ff. 1477, 1872.

⁸¹ See ff. 214, 626.

⁸² See f. 236.

⁸³ See f. 300.

⁸⁴ See ff. 238, 243.

going abroad, as he could speak nothing but Erse, and that it was impossible for him to find out the Prince, as he had thought fit to conceal himself even from many who were among his best and greatest friends. At last he was persuaded to think of returning once more to the Breas of Glenmoriston, and to desist from an enterprize he was exceedingly fond of.

fol. 1678

Patrick Grant promised to brush up his memory, and to call to mind any other passages, etc., he might have forgot; and if he remembered any more, I should be sure to have them, when I thought fit to appoint another meeting with him.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

N.B.—I gave Patrick Grant a certificate desiring him to try if he could make anything for himself among friends in and about Edinburgh, to whom Donald MacDonald (his interpreter) would direct him, and even attend him. Here follows an exact copy of said certificate:

Leith, October 18th, 1751.

That the bearer hereof, Patrick Grant, is one of the Glenmoriston men, so noted for the amazing preservation of One in the greatest extremity of danger and distress, at the manifest hazard of life and all, the IMMENSE SUM notwithstanding, is attested by ROBERT FORBES, Clergyman.

fol. 1679

N.B.—The bearer can speak Erse only.

A second meeting with said Patrick Grant and his interpreter, the said Donald MacDonald, at Leith, in my own house, on Friday, November 1st, by eleven o'clock, 1751.

Vol. 2, pages [ff.] 312, 313. Sixty or seventy Glenmoriston men, betrayed by the Duke of Cumberland and the Laird of Grant, said Donald and Malcolm MacLeods. Vol. 6, page [f.] 1329. Here likewise the said betrayed Glenmoriston men are mentioned. Vol. 7, page [fol.] 1490. The betrayed Glenmoriston men said to be 150. But Patrick Grant, who must know best, said that there were betrayed sixty-nine Glenmoriston men and twelve men out of Urquhart, in all 81; that those who did not die on shipboard or in prison were banished to Barbadoes; that two of them had returned (Alexander Grant about three years ago, and Donald Grant in August was a year) to their own country, Glenmoriston. Both of them being married, their wives and children were overjoyed at the unexpected sight of them. They left only sixteen of their companions alive in Barbadoes, as they themselves had told.

fol. 1680

Vol. 6, pages [ff.] 1330, 1331. Lord Lovats country, Aird and Glenmazerin. Is there such a place as Glenmazerin? Patrick Grant knows no such place, but says that Glen Strathferran, Glencormigle, etc., belonging to Lord Lovat, were pillaged and plundered severely.

Ibid. Lockhart shot two old men and one young man (viz., Hugh Fraser and his son, James Fraser, and John MacDonald (Vol. 7, page 1579), when harrowing, etc.; stript Grant of Daldriggan quite naked, tied him hand and foot, etc., and made him thus witness the hanging up of the three said dead bodies by the feet on a gallows. Daldriggan's life saved by one Captain Grant, of Lord Loudon's regiment, etc. All true, said Patrick Grant.

Ibid. In Braes of Glenmoriston a party ravished a gentlewoman (viz., Isabell MacDonald (MackDonell), in Glenmoriston, while her husband, Alexander MacDonald (MacDonell), sculking did see it, and tenants wives.⁸⁵ True, said Patrick Grant. That said Isabel MacDonald (MacDonell) was ravished as here described in the Brae of Coiraghoth, about two miles from the cave, and about six weeks before Lammas; and that one Flora MacDonald (MackDonell), wife of

fol. 1681

⁸⁵ See ff. 1580, 1707.

John MacDonald (MackDonell), was ravished by the same party at the same time and at the same place.

Ibid. Lockhart shot a man wading a water, and having the Whig teacher's protection in his hand to show him, viz., Hugh Fraser, with a protection from Mr. Chissolm, preacher at Kilnwrack (Vol. 7, page 1580). True, said Patrick Grant, that one was thus shot (though having Mr. Thomas Chissolm's protection), named Fraser; but Patrick does not remember his Christian name.

Ibid. Thereabouts ravished a woman big with child, and left her on the ground almost dead. "I have heard such a thing," said Patrick Grant, "by report, but cannot be certain about it."

Ibid. About the 8th day of July 1746, "I distinctly remember," said Patrick Grant, "that Campbell, chamberlain to Seaforth, did so behave (as here mentioned) to Fraser of Kilbokie, and his poor lady, brought to bed about eight or ten days before that, to the best of my remembrance. I may well remember this," said Patrick, "as my own house and effects, being then a farmer, were plundered and pillaged by the same party the day before." The parties that thus came a ravaging to the Braes of Glenmoriston, after the battle of Culloden, stript the women and children of all the cloaths that could be useful to them [the sogers], and left them only the rags.

fol. 1682

As to Glenmoriston's own house, Patrick Grant said that Lord Loudon, Sir Alexander MacDonald, and the Laird of MacLeod, coming from the Isle of Sky, lodged a night in Glenmoriston's house, and next day burnt it to the ground, destroying at the same time all the ploughs, harrows, and other such like utensils they could find. The Militia of the Isle of Sky (at the same time) dividing themselves in three parties, went a rummaging up and down the Glen, destroying all the ploughs, harrows, etc., pots, pans, and all household furniture, not excepting the stone quarns, with which they grind their corn, breaking them to pieces, and driving along with them such cattle as (in their then hurry) they found in the Glen. "Our country," said Patrick Grant, "blame the Laird of MacLeod more than any other for this piece of military execution, that Lord Loudon was against it, but that MacLeod should have insisted upon it as a meritorious piece of service, fit to recommend them to the good graces of the Duke of Cumberland."

fol. 1683

As President Forbes was a man of great humanity, and having fled with Lord Loudon, etc., to the Isle of Sky, I, Robert Forbes, asked at Patrick Grant if the President was along with them when they thus burnt Glenmoriston's house and pillaged his Glen? To which Patrick Grant said he could not be positive that the President was then with them, as he knew nothing about his being present at these doings.

fol. 1684

Patrick Grant affirmed that three men were shot in Glenkengie by a party of Cumberland's army, tho' they had a Presbyterian minister's protection in their custody. They were three Camerons, two of them being brothers. "I know," said Patrick Grant, "the very spot upon which these three were killed, viz., Tommadow in Glenkengie. This happened in the beginning of their bloody doings through the country towards the end of May 1746."⁸⁶

In Summer 1746, said Patrick Grant, as the Glenmoriston people were forced to keep the hills, so when any of them died they would have been kept unburied three or four days, because of the parties then scouring up and down the country, and when they could, they would have carried the dead bodies privately in the night time to the kirkyards to bury them. Hereby the Glenmoriston people, having suffered much both by hunger and cold, so in the ensuing winter, 1746, a great mortality happened among them.

fol. 1685

⁸⁶ See f. 168.

Patrick said that some time after the battle of Culloden (about the beginning of June) some bickerings happened between some parties of red-coats and Lochgary, who had along with him about a dozen of stout, resolute fellows, taking care of his cattle, that in Glenkiaig, Lochgary, and his said attendants killed three red coats in defending his own cattle, and that about eight days thereafter they killed, much about the same place, eight red-coats more, and chased the party to the distance of some miles. Lochgary, finding such difficulty in preserving his own cattle, sold them afterwards to Cluns Cameron,⁸⁷ who (tho' he had never joined neither the one side nor the other) had these and all his cattle taken from him at last. Some short time after Lochgary and his partizans had killed the red coats, a stronger party came to seek out Lochgary, but not finding him nor any of his accomplices, they were resolved not to return without blood, whether innocent or guilty, no matter to them; and therefore they basely murdered in Glenkiaig one Alexander MacDonald (MacDonell), a Glengary man, about eighty years of age.

fol. 1686

In Glencanna, upon Lammass day (said Patrick Grant), the Prince spoke much to the praise of one of the daughters of the King of France, and drank her health, and made all the company do so likewise. Patrick does not remember her name, but that the Prince told them that her hair was as black as a raven, that she was a mighty fine agreeable lady, being sweet natured and humble; that he (the Prince) could not fail to love her, as he was very sure she entertained a great regard for him, as did likewise the Dauphin, whom the Prince commended much. Upon this John MacDonald (MackDonell) said, "As that lady is so good-natured, agreeable and humble, would to God we had her here, for we would take the best care of her in our power, and if possible be kinder to her than to your Royal Highness." This made them all laugh very heartily, and the Prince answered, "God forbid. For were she here and seized, to ransom her person would make peace over all Europe upon any terms the Elector of Hanover would propose." They spoke upon this lady about a whole hour without intermission.⁸⁸

fol. 1687

"About twenty days before the Prince came to us Glenmoriston men," said Patrick Grant, "seven redcoats going from Fort Augustus to Glenealg with some provisions (wine, loafbread, etc.), upon two dragoon horses, had gone out of their way about six miles, whether designedly by their guide (Archibald MacPherson of Sleat in Sky, afterwards a corporal in Loudon's regiment, and now living in Inverness) or to take a shorter way to Glenealg (which last seems most probable), I will not say. But so it happened, that as the seven sogers, with their two dragoon horses, came among some rough rocks, four of our number (viz., Alexander and John MacDonalds (MackDonells), Alexander and Donald Chissolms) made up to them, and firing upon them, killed two of them. The other five threw away their arms and made off with themselves, desiring the guide to do the best he could for himself." They buried the two soldiers. In the end of the fray Patrick Grant came up to his companions. They lived like princes (for some time) upon the good bread and wine." And "O!" said Patrick Grant, "we made a bonny bonfire of the two sogers redcoats. The wine being contained in square hampers of leather with padlocks, we fell to breaking up the hampers with stones, whereby (wo be to the stones) we brake some of the bottles; and when we got them opened, we were very angry we found no money in the hampers." They held a council of war upon the two horses what they should do with them, whether they should kill them or not. But after some debate, they allowed the poor beasts to shift for themselves, taking them three miles from the place where they had slain the two sogers, which was near the Cave of Coiraghoth. They put some of the bread under ground, which when dug up again was all spoiled. The wine did last

fol. 1688

fol. 1689

⁸⁷ See f. 166, 7.

⁸⁸ See ff. 293, 1690.

but about five days. When the Prince came to them, they were angry with themselves for living so lordly upon the wine, as they might still have had some of it for the Prince's use, who was much pleased to hear this narrative from them, as it convinced him that such men would by no means trust to the mercy of their enemy, but would stand out to the last, and die rather than yield or deliver up their arms; and consequently they were the fitter for his purpose in his present circumstances. This action happening upon Chissolm of Strathglass his ground, just upon the march of Glenmoriston, he was much threatened upon that account, and therefore Strathglass undertook to take the suspected Glenmoriston men prisoners. Accordingly John MacDonal (MackDonell) *alias* Campbell was at last made prisoner in his bed sometime in November 1746, and carried to the prison of Inverness, but there being no proof against him that he had any hand in that affair, he was therefore dismiss, especially as the Act of Indemnity too was past before he was liberate.

fol. 1690

Patrick Grant said, "Had the daughter of France been with us we would have made the best bed we could of heather and ferns for the Prince and her, and would kept sentry upon them that nobody should have disturbed them."⁸⁹

Patrick Grant remarked that when the Prince came to the three of them at the Cave of Coiraghoth he declared himself very well pleased with them alone and that they needed not wait for the other four, but that they might go immediately with him whithersoever it should be thought most proper. The three desired Glenalladale to tell the Prince that they could not comply with that desire as they were under a mutual oath of engagement to one another which they would by no means break; and that if the Prince wanted them to be useful to him, which they would gladly be with all their heart he behoved to trust himself to the other four as well as to them. This is a strong instance of the steady resolution and good sense of these three, for they were resolved inviolably to adhere to their oath of association, and in the meantime to do their duty to the Prince to much better purpose with the assistance of the four than they could possible do without them, as thereby they could more strictly keep a sentry post where they lay most open to danger or alarm, and could more easily detach one or two of their number now and then to procure provisions. [This should be insert in page [fol.] 1661 of this volume.]

fol. 1691

fol. 1692

ROBERT FORBES A.M.

COPY of a PARAGRAPH to MR. JAMES WINRAME at EDINBURGH from CAPTAIN MACNAB⁹⁰

The bearer is one of the seven⁹¹ lads that preserved our Master under God Almighty for the space of five or six weeks in the most dangerous times he met with, and it gives me unexpressable pain to think that poor lads of soe great honour should now suffer by poverty till they happen to see him again. Therefore I presume to offer you the trouble, knowing it will be rather a pleasure to you, to imploy proper agents for him, to see what collections can be made for him to preserve him for a short time from starving; for he never was brought up to any work. He will tell you the whole history himself if you have an interpreter; which you may rely upon his veracity. His name is Patrick Grant from Glenmoristone; and if any doubts him to be an imposter they may be fully satisfied of the truth of what I write from the Laird of Glenmoriston or any gentleman in that country. For I should be sorry to impose upon honest men, and I remain unalterable, dear Sir, Your most sincere and affectionat humble servant

fol. 1693

⁸⁹ See f. 1687.

⁹⁰ See f. 1870.

⁹¹ Eight it should be.

Inishewen, 7th October 1751.

Leith, Monday, December 16th, at 12 o'clock, 1751, the foresaid Patrick Grant brought along with him to my house one Martin MacDonald, whom I was glad to see, as I knew him to have been principal servant to Sir Alexander MacDonald in 1746, and therefore capable (perhaps) to clear up some things to me.

I asked the said Martin MacDonald whether or not he April attended Sir Alexander MacDonald from the Isle of Sky to Inverness after the battle of Culloden? To which he answered, Yes. Then, said I, Did you see the Laird of Glenmoriston's dwelling house set on fire and burnt down to the ground? Were Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod present at burning of the said house? And who was to be blamed for said burning? To all which the said Martin MacDonald answered, "I was (with a sore heart) an eyewitness to setting fire to the Laird of Glenmoriston's house, and its being burnt down to the ground; that Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod were present at said burning, and that Lord Loudon had orders from the Duke of Cumberland for so doing, and also for scouring the Glen of Glenmoriston, which was accordingly done exactly enough, tho "I believe," added he, "much against Lord Loudon's own inclination both as to the house and the glen: and that among Sir Alexander MacDonald's following there happened to be two MacDonalds who were nephews to old Lady Glenmoriston, whom they pitied much in her then distress, and honestly told her it was not in their power to do her any other service than to take her furniture out of the house and to put it into a hut which they accordingly did, and then they were obliged to witness the burning of their aunt's house to ashes."

fol. 1694

fol. 1695

Then I desired to know if President Forbes was along with Lord Loudon, etc., at burning the house of Glenmoriston. To this Martin MacDonald answered, "President Forbes was not present at burning the house of Glenmoriston; for," said he, "the President instantly, upon having accounts of the battle of Culloden, left the Isle of Sky and went directly for Inverness."

I likewise asked if the young Laird of MacLeod was present at burning Glenmoriston's house? To this Martin MacDonald answered, "The young Laird of MacLeod was not present at burning of said house, as he happened to be in Ross-shire at the time of the battle of Culloden; and I believe," added he "that he was at Inverness the day after the battle."⁹²

fol. 1696

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

A third meeting with the said Patrick Grant and his interpreter, Donald MacDonald, at Leith, in my own house, on Friday, January 3rd, 1752, 'twixt ten and eleven o'clock, forenoon.

"About July 17th, 1746, some days before we joined the Prince," said Patrick Grant, "we, coming from the Cave of Coiraghoth met with a herd-boy upon the hill of Lundy, who informed us that that day about 12 o'clock a body of redcoats and militia (about 100 men as the boy conjectured) had taken away all Patrick Grant's uncle's cattle (viz. Allan MacDonald (MackDonell), brother german to the late Arnaby), and no sooner had the boy done with informing us than the said body of men appeared in our view, driving the cattle to the hill of Lundy by a narrow pass on the high road leading from Fort Augustus to Glenealg and about 8 miles from Fort Augustus. Upon which we the 7 Glenmoriston men made up directly with all speed to the party till we came within musket shot of them, and then roared out to them with a volley of oaths that made all the rocks about us resound not to advance one step farther but to leave the cattle to us and to

fol. 1697

⁹² See ff. 1608, 1683.

march off. The officers (three in number) immediately drew up their men (being 60 redcoats and 7 militia men, with one Donald Fraser for their guide) to engage us the said seven Glenmoriston men, and dispatched to us the said Donald Fraser to know what we wanted, and to desire us to surrender ourselves and we should have protection. Upon this I, Patrick Grant, cocked my piece and swore by Him that made me that I should give them all protections that would serve them to the day of Judgment. Donald Fraser answered, I come to you as a friend and not as a foe. To this all of us joined in making an absolute answer, that we would have no other terms but that the whole party should immediately retire and leave the cattle to us; that we would die upon the spot rather than surrender, and that we had a great party of men (though, by the bye, there was really no such thing) in our rear coming up to our assistance. Donald Fraser went back to the principal officer who was upon horseback and told him all that had passed between himself and us Glenmoriston men; upon which a march was instantly beat and the party advanced on in their way towards Glenealg, driving the cattle along with them. This so irritated us that we ran before them and fired two muskets, viz., Patrick Grant and Alexander MacDonald (MackDonell), we having so ordered matters as to keep a street fire upon them two at a time. This obliged the party to make a halt and the officer dismounted, causing a man then wounded to be put upon his horse, and then the officer drew up the men a second time. One of the soldiers (before orders given) fired upon us, for which the principal officer caned him heartily. Then the party marched on with the cattle, and we made off to another narrow pass through which the party behoved to march, and there took up our ground for a second attack, and when the party came up we fired three shot upon them, which so terrified the party that some of them fell down upon the ground, and others threw away their arms and ran off with speed, leaving the cattle to us according to our orders, the officers being unable to command their men and to make them stand to a defence. Upon this the principal officer dispatched a second message to us by one MacDonald, one of Mr. Alexander MacDonald's following and an officer of militia, to capitulate with us, which MacDonald asked, what we were about? and if we were mad making such an attempt, being so few in number, to resist the King's forces? To this we answered, Were your king himself there, he should meet with the quarters he deserved. Then MacDonald spoke most discreetly and kindly to us, assuring us he was our fast friend, and that we would do well to keep to our resolution to die rather than surrender, because though protection was promised, that we would meet with no such thing, but would be sure to be tied neck and heel; that if we should fire a third time he begged we would mark better, for if that we shot the principal officer we would have all the cattle and the baggage too. We thanked MacDonald kindly for his remarkable friendship and begged if a third firing should ensue he (MacDonald) would endeavour to keep himself and the militia men aside from among the redcoats. MacDonald returned to the principal officer and assured him of our fixed resolution not to yield but to have the cattle. The cattle having run away and dispersed with the firing the principal officer ordered his militia men to gather the cattle together and to give them up to us, we and our enemies (the few that remained with the officer) being then under a cessation of arms; and accordingly we received all the cattle (60 in number) at the hands of the militia within half a pistol shot of us in the rear of the party. Then we demanded some provisions to be left to us, keeping two of the militia men as hostages, till we should have our said demand. The officer said he had none to spare. Well (said we) if you will not share your provisions with us, we are as ready to fire for provisions as we were ready to fire for the cattle, and as you have two horseloads, you may leave us one of them. The officer then thought fit to send us some bread and cheese and whiskie. Upon this we bade them farewell and desired them when they should come that way again, they might fetch more provisions with them.

fol. 1698

fol. 1699

fol. 1700

Sometime in November last, the foresaid Donald Fraser, happening to be in Edinburgh, fell into company with the said Patrick Grant, Dr. John MacDonald (brother to Kenlockmoydart), and the said Donald MacDonald, interpreter, when they conversed over the whole of this surprizing story, and Donald Fraser acknowledged the truth of it, adding withal a most comical incident, which was that as the said Patrick Grant had taken from Donald Fraser, when dispatched by the officer to the seven Glenmoriston men, a quarter of a pound of tobacco, so Patrick should now pay him for it or give him the like again. What! said Patrick Grant, as you was an enemy then, your tobacco was lawful spoil to me, and I will never pay you for that. This occasioned a hearty laugh to all the company.

fol. 1701

Donald Fraser told likewise at said interview in Edinburgh that the principal officer of the party used to declare that the said Glenmoriston men were surely not men, but devils, and that 10,000 of such bold men would do more service abroad than all the British forces had done.

fol. 1702

Donald Fraser was, and still is, a miller in North Uist, which belongs to the family of Sir Alexander MacDonald.

Patrick Grant likewise told that two or three days before the foresaid bickering, they, the seven Glenmoriston men, happening to meet with one Robert Grant, a Strathspey man who had formerly served in the Highland regiment (commonly called the Black Watch), and who now had become a most villainous spy and informer against all that had been in the Prince's army as far as he could find them out. They therefore shot him dead, and then cutting off his head, placed it upon a tree (in a little wood) upon the high road between two farmer towns in Glenmoriston, viz., Innerwick and Downcathick, about three miles from Fort Augustus; and there the head remained about a year as a terror to others (as we designed it, said Patrick Grant) not to do such villainous things as the said Robert Grant had done against his own countrymen, and even his own flesh and blood. And now the head still lies at the foot of the said tree, to be seen by any traveller that shall happen to pass that way.

fol. 1703

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

N.B.—Poor Patrick Grant was press'd and forced to go to North America, sometime in Summer, 1759. He returned to Glenmoriston in 1761 or 62, upon Chelsea pension.⁹³

The Birth-day Ode, 1751.

fol. 1704

1.

Phoebus, strike thy golden lyre!
Ev'ry loyal breast inspire!
Music, raise thy charming voice!
Ev'ry honest heart rejoice!
British bards, your tribute pay!
Hallow this auspicious day.

2.

Hail, lovely youth,
Pattern of honour, wisdom, truth!
Britons, search the globe around.

⁹³ See f. 1873.

Where's such virtue to be found?
Where in the old records of fame
Is there a more illustrious name?

3.

The deeds by fabled heroes done,
That in poetic annals shine,
Which deified Alcmena's son,
Are now surpass'd, great Prince, by thine!

4.

Those talents which thy mind adorn
Compel thy enemies to own
That, wert thou not for empire born,
Thou sure deserv'st the noblest throne.

5.

Majestic Pallas! Warlike maid!
Come to thy fav'rite Heroe's aid.
Once more assume sage Mentor's form,
Display thy power and art,
And ev'ry faithful heart,
Great goddess, into action warm!

fol. 1705

Grand Chorus—

In the cause of our Prince let all Britons unite;
To his merit allow what he claims as his right.
Let the genius of England resume his command,
And corruption for ever be banish'd the land!
Let Britannia no more bow to Br[unswic]k her knee!
Let her sons of all orders for ever be free!
While the Muses themselves the grand chorus shall sing.
And pronounce our isle blest when Great Charles is our king.

**To perpetuate the Memory of Edward Burk, who died in Edinburgh, on Saturday morning,
November 23rd, 1751.** *fol.* 1706

Born in an humble Cottage,
And of mean parents,
In the Island of North Uist;
Ignorant of the first principles
Of human learning;⁹⁴
Doom'd to converse with the meanest
Of mankind,⁹⁵
And exposed to the various temptations

⁹⁴ He could neither read nor write.

⁹⁵ He was a chairman in Edinburgh. [See ff. 326-345.]

Of poverty.
Happy in these disadvantages
Since thereby
His genuine worth
Was the more conspicuous.
Fidelity
And disinterested friendship
Eclips'd his other virtues.
Let the venal tribe behold and admire,
And blush,
If yet a blush remains!
Learn by his example, O ye great!
He preferred a good conscience
To thirty thousand pounds.

NARRATIVE of a CONVERSATION with YOUNG GLENGARY.

fol. 1707

Leith, Thursday, April 9th, 1752.—Alexander MacDonald (MackDonell), younger, of Glengary, did me the honour to dine with me, when I read in his hearing Patrick Grant's Journal, in this volume, pages [ff] 1660-1703. When I came to the top of page 1681, he made an observation, which was, That when lately in the Highlands the Laird of Glenmoriston had told him in presence of the two husbands that Isobel MacDonald (MackDonell) and Flora MacDonald (MackDonell), after being ravished, formed a resolution not to allow their husbands to lie with them till nine months should be expired, lest they should have been with child, which resolution the husbands agreed to. But they happened (luckily) not to fall with child by the ravishing, nor to contract any bad disease.

Young Glengary likewise told me that some time in the month of May 1745, he set sail from New port, Glasgow, carrying along with him a packet subscrib'd⁹⁶ by several of the Highland chiefs, and desiring the Prince not to make an attempt at that time without foreign assistance; that he was actually landed in France, and was in Paris before the Prince's setting sail; and that though he had taken care to have his being in France, and the business upon which he had come, communicated to Sir Thomas Sheridan, in order to find out the Prince (who then had thought proper to be incog.), and to be introduced to him, yet Sir Thomas would not own where or how the Prince was to be found, and denied that he knew anything at all about him. In a word, Glengary, junior, laboured in vain to get at the Prince, and could not discover anything about him till after he had set sail for Scotland, and had dispatched a letter to the King of France, intimating his having set sail, which was the first notice of his motions.

fol. 1708

In the course of this conversation, I told young Glengary that I had oftener than once heard the Viscountess Dowager of Strathallan tell that Lochiel, junior, had refused to raise a man, or to make any appearance till the Prince should give him security for the full value of his estate in the event of the attempt proving abortive. To this young Glengary answered that it was fact, and that the Prince himself (after returning to France) had frankly told him as much, assigning this as the weighty

fol. 1709

⁹⁶ See a Letter to the Right Honble. The Earl of Traquair, particularly my copy (at page [f.] 1419) bound up with Ruddiman's Dissertation upon Logan, etc., and his Animadversions on Mr. Love's pamphlet. — ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

reason why he (the Prince) had shewn so much zeal in providing young Lochiel (preferably to all others) in a regiment. "For," said the Prince, "I must do the best I can in my present circumstances to keep my word to Lochiel." Young Glengary told me moreover that Lochiel, junior (the 9 April above bargain with the Prince notwithstanding), insisted upon another condition before he would join in the attempt, which was that Glengary, senior, should give it under his hand to raise his clan and join the Prince. Accordingly Glengary, senior, when applied to upon the subject, did actually give it under his hand that his clan should rise under his own second son as Colonel, and MacDonald (MackDonell) of Lochgary as Lieutenant-colonel. Then, indeed, young Lochiel was gratified in all his demands, and did instantly raise his clan.

fol. 1710

Glengary, junior, likewise assured me that Cluny Macpherson, junior, made the same agreement with the Prince before he would join in the attempt with his following, as young Lochiel had done, viz., to have security from the Prince for the full value of his estate lest the expedition should prove unsuccessful; which the Prince accordingly consented unto and gave security to said Cluny MacPherson, junior, for the full value of his estate. Young Glengary declared that he had this from young Cluny Macpherson's own mouth as a weighty reason why he (Cluny) would not part with the money which the Prince had committed to his care and keeping.

fol. 1711

Tuesday morning, April 14th, 9 o'clock, 1752. — I, Robert Forbes, waited upon young Glengary at his own lodgings in Edinburgh, when I read in his hearing all that is written in the proceeding narrative, and he agreed to every single sentence thereof. At the same time I delivered to him a copy of an Abstract, etc., which he was very well pleased to have, and he promised to furnish me with some curious papers.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a LETTER from London, received on Thursday, October 3rd, 1745, and addressed thus: To the REVD. MR. ROBERT KEITH, Minister at Edinburgh and delivered by the said BISHOP KEITH to SECRETARY MURRAY.

fol. 1712

Ruxby, who wears his own black hair, aged twenty seven, of a middle stature, and who dined with the Marquis of Tweeddale, the 20th, from whom he got a pass, is in Scotland, with the design of assassinating the Prince. If this do not come too late, for God's sake, stop the blow.

N.B.—Friday morning, September 29th, 1752. — I, Robert Forbes, waited upon Bishop Keith at Bonnyhaugh, and in his presence transcribed a copy of the above extraordinary letter, he informing me that he received it by the common post, that (immediately upon receipt thereof) he went to the Abbey of Holyroodhouse and delivered it into the hands of Secretary Murray, who, after perusal thereof, told Bishop Keith that he (Secretary Murray) had that very same. morning, at 3 o'clock, been raised out of bed to talk with one (a Scotsman) who had rode post from London; that the said Scotsman (having no letter but a verbal message) had plainly told him (Secretary Murray) a narrative exactly conformable to the contents of said letter, and that the poor man was very much distressed with posting so expeditiously as he had done. Bishop Keith likewise told me, Robert Forbes, that he left the original letter with Secretary Murray, but had taken a copy of it for his own use; of which copy the preceding is an exact transcript; and that he did not know anything about the handwriting of the original letter. Bishop Keith added that the foresaid Ruxby had never cast up so as to be seized by any of the Highland army.

fol. 1713

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Friday, October 20th, 1752.—I, Robert Forbes, received a paper of eleven pages, 4^{to}, sealed,

fol. 1714

addressed, and transmitted to me from Malcolm MacLeod of Brea in Rasay,⁹⁷ an exact copy of which is as follows.

The 4 of July I parted with the P—s at Strath, came to Rasay the fift.⁹⁸ I spoke to the old Laird and his tow sons, the young Laird and the Doctor, I mean the Laird of Rasay. My brother was with them, Normand. So I told them that my freind went to the meanland alongs with the Laird of MacKinnon, Rasay, the Doctor, and my brother went to Rona with five lads more. Rasay desired me, if I would heard anything, to send him word that moment. So I went to Trotterneis the 7. The 8 I was going to Kingsborrow, how mett me within a mile of her house, but the Mrs. of Kingsborrow, and her daughter, and some womens servantts with them. So the Mrs. of Kingsborrow and I sat near the rod. We began to speak a litle of my servent and master.⁹⁹ What did we see going by in great haste but six of the M^cLeods under Sandy McLeod of Balmainach command, who did command a parity of the M^cLeods of Harries near Mogstote. Then as the soldiers was going by, Mrs. M^cdonald asked what news they had. They did answer, Very cold. They had no news. Only that General Campbel and Captain Farguson landed at Moystote with fifteen hundered soldier with them. Says I, Its time for me to turn. So I took live of Mrs. M^cdonald and her daughter. I cam to my brother in law house at Snizort. It was let. Next morning early we saw some of there shipes landing some of there men. So I went of in great heast, my wife being on the island of Rasay, the old Laird, his son, the Doctor, and my brother, without any word, I could not help going to Rasay, tho' it wou'd cost my life. So I went on straght to Rasay, and got a boat whenever I cam to the ferrie side. I was not far from the shore when some soldiers cam to the shore side. They began to cry after uss. The people of the boat said they would turn. I told them I woud make use of my arms first. Then the soldier began to fire after us. I desir the men to go on. Whenever I landed at Rasay I sent tow or three lines to the Laird, telling hime how it was, and to take good care of himself.¹⁰⁰ I had not a home. I cam where my wife was with some cows. It was night then. I got word that they saw ships at the other end of Rasay. I took little rest. At break of day I went to the top of the Island with my servantt and told nobody where I was going. When I came to the top what did I see but fourty redcoats very near me. I heard a shot nearer then that to me, then a soldier apeired to me and began to pursue me, and cryed to me to halt. I ran as fast as I could. There was another partty before me with there officers. When they saw me runing so fast, and having on a clen shirt and good closs, they thought it was the P—s. After coming very near them I turned another way. They did fire at me. They took the man that was my servantt and I left them. The man was by name Donald Nilcolson.¹⁰¹ They tyied him to a ston and worked at him there, asking of him if it was the P—s that was his Master and left them, or how was the man that left them. But Donald gave them no answer at all. They left him there for dead. He was a long time before he did recover it. Then I got another servantt, John Roy Montgumury. All that day there was not anywhere that I wou'd turn my face but a partty of rid coats would meet me. At last my servantt told me that he knew a rock that no body woud find use.¹⁰² So I went with him to that rock and stayed there tow days and tow nights without meat or drink, seeing the soldiers passing and repassing every day. The third day we cam out of the rock, and my wife met me and told me she did not know if they left Rasay or not. Then I

fol. 1715

fol. 1716

fol. 1717

fol. 1718

fol. 1719

⁹⁷ See ff. 228, 266.

⁹⁸ See ff. 247, 262, 767.

⁹⁹ See ff. 235-245, 249.

¹⁰⁰ See ff. 305, 873.

¹⁰¹ See ff. 249, 875.

¹⁰² See f. 250.

sent my servantt to a freind of my own, on Murdo McLeod, tacksman of Brea. Murdo sends me word all the soldiers wer away and left Rasay, that I might go to his house, and so I did, and got meat and drink, which I had need of. However, I told him that I woud not slep within a house that night. So I went to a top of a hill near the house. This was the 12 of July.

About tow in the morning there came on a pure of rain that I was not able to stay there. So we got up and went to an old barn near the houses. My servantt, John, said that he was feard some poeple cam to the country because his dog he left with his mother three days before that he met him. Go, say I, and look about the town. So he did and saw nothing. We did slep without any cloess but body does. I desired him to tell the servent maid who was his sister if she wou'd see anything that he was in that barn. About six in the morning I heard the lass claping her hands, crying, "John, John, the soldiers are about the house." I started up and went out. I saw them in Highland cloese. I heard the Commander saying, "Donald, throu off your plaid—there he is. This was Captain McLeod of Tallisker, and I took them for Campbells, for I never thought that my own freinds and relations wou'd use me in that way. I ran of very fast. They ran fast after me. When they saw they woud make nothing of me they did fire at me. Whether it was Tallisker that desired them to do that or not I cannot tell. However, I left them. I saw fourty more of them the way I was runing. I past by them myself and servantt. Another boy met me. I cou'd not turn him from me. I got to the old habitation, the rock, was there three days and three nights without meat, but litle thing that a wife brought me once. She was the only person that know of my being there. The third day I could not keep the boy with me any longer. I was for keeping him, but my servantt and himself prevealed that I allowed him to go for meat, and that he woud come back that night with meat and news. So Tallisker and his hunder men were sicking me for tow days. The third day he caused all the country poeple to go after me. When that did not do, he and his men took up all the cows and horses¹⁰³ and sheep and goats that was left befor that on the Island of Rasay and brought them to on pleave, and swered he wou'd ferry them all out of the Island if I was not got. That was a poor sight. What women and children was after them starveing for want of meat when they catle was taking from them. So then he got word that this boy was with me. The boy was brought to him. He offered silver and gold if he wou'd tell where I was.

Then he told him he wou'd hang him if he wou'd not tell where I was. At last he told them he wou'd let them see where I was that night. Tallisker sent his lieutenant, Donald M^cLeod, with fifty of his men with the boy where I was. The boy brought them to the rock and told them where I was. The rock was very ugly place. There was but on way to come to the part where I was in, and when my enemy came that way I had not any other way to go. I used alwas to send my servantt befor day for watter that wou'd sarve use all day. At daybreak, John, says I, you best go for watter befor its day. So my servantt went his way. He did not went far when I saw him coming back. John, says I, what turned you so soon? John said, Sir, we are prisoners, for I did see so many men coming down the rock and rid croses in there bonets. Befor he ended his teal, they did apear at hand, six of them, and all there guns cokt, desired me to hold my hands, that there's were ready. I told them I had non. If I had that I had better hands to make use of gunns. I told them that I wou'd give them all the money I had if they wou'd go back and tell the rest they could not find me, and befor any more wou'd come I wou'd go out of the rock. They said they wou'd not. I said no more, went with them. I myself nor my servantt had not gun nor sowrd nor pistol nor a weapon of any kind. Donald M^cLeod, the lieutenant, said he was very sorry for my misfortune. I told him there was not any neame in Scotland wou'd take me prisoner but thairsalvies. He brought me to Tallisker. My wife

fol. 1720

fol. 1721

fol. 1722

fol. 1723

fol. 1724

fol. 1725

¹⁰³ See f. 876.

was sent for to take live of her. I left all my shirts at Inverness but the one I had on me that day. I got another from my brother. That shirt I left with my servantt, and some of Tallisker's men took it away. My wife told this to Tallisker. He asked her how was saying that. She told him it was her own woman servantt. Bring her here. So she was brought. He caused to bor a hole and put the woman finger in it, and stricking a wadge asid her finger that anybody wou'd see her in that condition woud pittly her case. For my own part it did wext me more then taking myself prisoner. I spoke to Normand M^cLeod of Watterstien, who was a captain with Tallisker, and desired him to go where Tallisker was, that I ask as a favour to let the woman go. Sir, said Normand M^cLeod, I did as much as I could already. Go yourself; I'll go with you. So I went, but he wou'd not hear me, but desired to strick the wadge harder. Normand MacLeod of Watterstain offered his purse to me. I thanked him and told him I had plenty of my own. Weel, say he, I wish to God it was for money you was to be got this day while I had of the world, and you would not go this day. So Tallisker went with me to Porttree, and delivered me to Captain M^cNail, who commanded a company half red coats and half Campbells. That night I was put with the rest of the prisoners they had to the gard hous, amongst whom was Donald M^cLeod of Garttigill (Gualtergill).¹⁰⁴ They took all the rum befor I went in, for they puts us all one sid of the fire, for I was under the ridcoats feet. I send out for Captain M^cNail. I beg'd of him as a favour to let me the other sid of the fire. He told me that Tallisker desired him to keep a duble sentry and a duble gard on me. If I would leave them they woud not take me again. That is very kind, say I.

fol. 1726

fol. 1727

fol. 1728

I stayed at Porttree that day and the nixt day. The third day we was send abourd of a tender: the fourt day we were sent abourd of Captain Farguson, being the 19 of July 1746,¹⁰⁵ where General Campbell was for twenty days after we were sent abourd. We wer illus'd for went of meat, and beds we had non but the cable. Captain Farguson brought us to London. We wer sent abourd of a transport befor Tilberri Fort. I was brought from them the first of November, and brought up to London, and put to Mr. Dick's house, where I was kept till the fourt of July 1747. As I live this is all trouth, and much mor. Written by me

(*Sic subscribitur*), MALCOM MACLEOD of Brea in Rasay.

Make your own use of this. If you do puplish this I hope you'll put it in better dress.

fol. 1729

REVEREND DEAR SIR, — I could not make out your memorandum¹⁰⁶ as yet to my contentment, as I was tender and every cross coming in my way. My only brother dyed about a month ago, who was as pritty a man is was of his neam or any other neame. If you went that as yet acquaint me per bearer, or any news that will give me comfort, and how all my weel-wishers are. Excuse went of paper, I cannot get a but where I'm. Wishing you and lady all happyness, I'm your most affectionatly humble servantt

(*Sic subscribitur*), MAL. MACLEOD.

Scouzar, August 5th, 1752.

This is to let the world know how I was taken prisoner, and the people that took me.

N.B.—The original of the preceeding narrative, all in the handwriting of the said Malcolm MacLeod, in 11 pages 4^{to}, is to be found among my papers.

fol. 1730

¹⁰⁴ See f. 266.

¹⁰⁵ See ff. 257, 311.

¹⁰⁶ See f. 265.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a LETTER to me, ROBERT FORBES, received on Monday, August 31, 1752, by post.

fol. 1731

DEAR SIR, — I fancie upon the first sight of this you ll say that Anderson's acquaintance begins now to be troublsom; but that is what I cannot help, for I most be pelting my friends with letters, tho there be little in them of either good sence or stile. But pray what coud be weell expected from a skull as thick as a deall board. If there is anything good coud perspire throw such thickness, my inclination leads me to give it to Mr. Forbes, upon which account receive it kindly, as it is diverting to me to be scribbling somthing to divert melancholic upon the sad news of the Young Pretender's appearing publickly now at one of our Protestant Courts of the Empire, and going publickly to one of the Lutheran Churches every Sunday. No doubt you'll in your merry mood laugh at this piec of my news. But Alas, Sir, so true it is that the whole members of the Privie Counsell are summoned from their country houses to a generall counsell this night upon it. I wish I had him and his adherents at Tyburn. Then we shoud be quite of our fears, which (I am afraid) we have more reason for now than in former times, whilst that family's bigotry in a principall quite contrary to ours continued. But this young man has thrown that bigotry away, and is now at Berline publickly a protestant declared. What deplorable effects may this produce — an in tost in war, loss of blood, confusion, stop of trade, the support of our nation, father fighting against the son, the son against the father, women tearing other by the hair; in a word, nothing to be seen but desolation. And we cannot now say that he's the Popish Jesuiticall pretender, but a protestant one. O that word *protestant* may cause many of the unthinking foolish mob turn disloyall to our best of sovereigns, in whose golden age trade flourishes and wholesome laws are made. But I hope still that the better kind most know the loss of wanting such a king, and will not be for a change. But the Divell! O the Mob! Mob and protestant does much in this unthinking country. Its said he's married too there, but this I do not assert as a fact. I leave this Saturday first. My compliments to you and Mrs. Forbes, and propagate my dismall news to all your worthy brothers, and belive me allways to be your most humble servant

fol. 1732

fol. 1733

(*Sic subscribitur*), JOHN ANDERSON.¹⁰⁷

London, Agust 26th, 1752.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. It is remarkable that not a word more did we hear of the proceeding particulars but once or twice a surmise in the newspapers about the protestantism, till Saturday, January 13th, 1753, when David Brodie, shipmaster of Leith, did land in Leith from Dunkirk, and brought letters along with him importing that the Governour of French Flanders had notified to the Governour of Dunkirk the marriage of Prince Edward or Charles with the Princess Royal of Prussia. But this was speedily and industriously contradicted and suppress'd in private conversations, insomuch that some who had received letters from Dunkirk denied their having received any such at all. Some few believed both the marriage and the protestantism, and for so doing were laughed at by others.

fol. 1734

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

¹⁰⁷ *Alias* John Farquharson of Aldlerg. See f. 1782.

**COPY of part of a LETTER from the Revd. Mr. WILLIAM ABERNETHIE, by post, to me,
ROBERT FORBES.**

POOR DR. CAMERON!¹⁰⁸—I believe I should say Happy Dr. Cameron! — for never did man make a more glorious exit. He met the last great enemy with as much intrepidity and as much decency as even the great Balmerino. When he was loosed from the sledge on which he was drawn to the gibbet, he sprung up with great alacrity, mounted the steps into the cart from which he was to be hung off, and viewed the spectators with as much serenity and as much firmness of mind as if at the head of his company he had been about to give the word of command. Then beckoning to the Sheriff to approach, he told him that he came there to pay his last duty to his king and his country, which he did the more chearfully as he had all along acted in the affair which the Government called the Rebellion according to his conscience; that he died a stedfast tho' unworthy member of the Church of England, heartily repented of his sins, and hoped for forgiveness thro' Christ's merits, but did not reckon that for which he died among the number of his sins, and therefore never did, never would repent of it. In fine, he forgave his enemies and offered up his departing soul to God in the words of our blessed Lord, "Father, into thy hands," etc. But I need not trouble you with more on this subject, for Mr. Fal—r, who attended him from the Sunday before his execution and at the gibbet, will no doubt soon give you a fuller and more exact account than I can, who only write by hearsay. I may, however, add that he has done the Government more hurt by his death than 40 such lives could have done, and certainly his Majesty was not well advised to take away a life against the inclinations, the wishes, and (if ever the folks of this country did pray), against the prayers too of all ranks and degrees of people, high and low, rich and poor, Whigs and Jacobites; for never were they more united than in their wishes for his safety, nor could there a more acceptable thing been done them than to have spared his life. — I am ever, Dear Robin, yours,

fol. 1735

fol. 1736

(Sic subscribitur), W. A.

London, June 12th, 1753.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers.

ROBERT FORBES, AM.

COPY of part of a LETTER from said Mr. WILLIAM ABERNETHIE to the Revd. Mr. WILLIAM ERSKYNE, at Muthill, which letter came open to me, ROBERT FORBES, by post, under my cover. London, July 14th, 1753.

fol. 1737

You would see by the papers an account of Dr. Cameron's death and behaviour, and probably, too, his speech to the Sheriff at the gibbet, and therefore I need not trouble you with a repetition of it. There is, however, one clause in the speech, which he left with his wife, and which will be printed when she is gone, that will probably entertain you as a piece of news, though it can give you no joy as a well-wisher to the illustrious house. It is to this purpose, "I do declare on the word

¹⁰⁸ Dr. Archibald Cameron was the brother of Cameron of Lochiel, and references are made to his lady at ff. 374 and 547, as also to a pamphlet purporting to be a history of his life. A notice of him will be found in the *History of the Camerons*, by Alexander Mackenzie, pp. 276-280, where are printed the following fragments of the Doctor's intended speech (pp. 132-137), from a copy made by Oliphant of Gask, and which is printed in the Appendix to the *Jacobite Lairds of Gask*, pp. 473-478.

of a dying man that the last time I saw my dear Prince, he told me, and bid me assure his friends, that he is a member of the Church of England.” This, I believe, are the *ipsissima verba et hisce oculis vidi*. This is an authority above all objection, and (what every friend to his Majesty, King George, must regret), this will be believed how soon it is known that Dr. Cameron has said it, for all the world here have a great opinion of his honour, integrity, etc., as everybody indeed must, and do admire the wonderful constancy and firmness of his mind in the blackest and most awful moments of his life. The rest of his speech contains nothing particular. It relates only what services he did the friends of the Government in the ‘45 by preserving them from being burnt or plundered, complains of the cruel treatment he received in return, and declares how conscientiously he all along acted while engaged in his master’s service, whom he extolls to the skies.

COPY of what Dr. ARCHIBALD CAMERON intended to have delivered to the SHERIFF Of MIDDLESEX at the place of execution, but which he left in the hands of his wife for that end.

fol. 1739

On the first slip of paper dated—*Tower, 6th June 1753.*

Being denied the use of pen, ink, and paper [except in the presence of one or more officers, who always took away the paper from me whenever I began to write my complaints] and not even allowed the use of a knife with which I might cut a poor blunted pencil that had escaped the diligence of my searchers. I have, notwithstanding, as I could find opportunity, attempted to set down on some slips of paper in as legible characters as I was able, what I would have my country satisfied of with regard to myself and the cause in which I am now going to lay down my life.

As to my religion, I thank God I die a member [tho’ unworthy] of that church in whose communion I have always lived, *the Episcopal Church of Scotland*, as by law established before the *most unnaturall Rebellion* begun in 1688, which for the sins of these nations hath continued to this day; and I firmly trust to find at the most awful and impartial tribunal of the Almighty King Of Kings, through the merits of my blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that mercy [tho’ undeserved] to my immortal part, which is here denied to my earthly by an *usurper* and *his faction*, tho’ it be well known I have been the instrument of preventing the ruin and destruction of many of my poor deluded countrymen who were in their service, as I shall make appear before I have done, if opportunities of writing fail me not.

fol. 1740

[On the second slip of paper.]

In order to convince the world of the uprightness of my intentions while in the Prince of Wales’s army, as well as to shew the *cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude* of my murderers, I think it proper, in the first place, to take notice, how much better usage I might have expected of my country if humanity and good nature were now looked upon with the same eyes as in the times of our brave and generous ancestors. But I’m sorry to observe that our present men in power are so far sunk below the noble spirit of the ancient Britons as hardly at this day to be distinguished from the very basest of mankind. Nor could the present possessor of the throne of our *injured sovereign*, if he looked on himself as father and natural prince of this country, suffer the life of one to be taken away who had saved the lives and effects of more than 300 persons in Scotland who were firmly attached to him and his party. But it seems it is now made a crime to save the lives of Scotchmen.

fol. 1741

As neither the time nor the poor materials I have for writing will allow me to descend to a particular enumeration of all the services I have done to the friends of the usurper, I shall, therefore, only mention a few of the most known, and such as can be well attested.

In July 1745, soon after the setting up of the royal standard, and before our small army had

reached Corryarick, it was moved by some of the chiefs to apply to the Prince for a strong detachment of clans to distress Campbell of Invera's house and tenants in the neighbourhood, which my brother, Lochiel, and I so successfully opposed, by representing to our generous leader [who was always an enemy to oppression], that such proceedings could be no way useful to his undertaking, that the motion was entirely laid aside, to the no small mortification of the proposers.

fol. 1742

My brother and I likewise prevented such another design against Braidalbin, to the great satisfaction of our dear Prince. And on our return from England to Glasgow,

Archibald CAMERON.¹⁰⁹

[On a third slip of paper.]

My brother and I did service to the town of Glasgow, of which the principal gentry in the neighbourhood were then, and are to this day, very sensible, if they durst own the truth. But that might be construed as disaffection to a Government founded on and supported by lies and falshood.

On our march to Stirling I myself [tho' I'm like to meet with a Hanoverian reward for it] hindered the whole town of Kirkintulloch from being destroyed, and its inhabitants put to the sword by my brother's men, who were justly incensed against it for the inhuman murder of two of Lady Lochiel's servants but two months before. Here was a sufficient pretence for vengeance had I been inclined to cruelty. But, I thank God, nothing was ever further from my nature, tho' I may have been otherwise represented. Mr. Campbell of Shawfield likewise owes me some small favours done to himself and family, which at least deserved some return in my behalf.

fol. 1743

And Lady Duncan Campbell of Lochnell,¹¹⁰ now in London, can, if she pleases, vouch for the truth of some of the above facts. Archibald Cameron.

[On a fourth slip of paper.]

June 6, 1753.

I thank kind Providence I had the happiness to be early educated in the principles of Christian loyalty, which as I grew in years inspired me with an utter abhorrence of rebellion and usurpation, tho' ever so successful. And when I arrived at man's estate I had the testimony both of religion and reason to confirm me in the truth of my first principles. Thus my attachment to the Royal Family is more the result of examination and conviction than of prepossession and prejudice. And as I am now, so was I then, ready to seal my loyalty with my blood. As soon, therefore, as the royal youth

fol. 1744

¹⁰⁹ Mr. Cameron, as was his custom when interrupted, subscribed his name, as he told his wife, to make what he had written the more authentic, in case he should not have an opportunity of writing any more.

¹¹⁰ Sir Duncan Campbell waited upon the Duke of Argyll and earnestly solicited his grace to interceed with the Court for the preservation of Dr. Cameron's life. The Duke of Argyll spoke these or the like words, "Sir Duncan, were I to crawl on all fours to these men, they would not grant me that favour." Another gentleman went to one of the Secretaries of State and interceded for Dr. Cameron's life. The Secretary gave for answer, "Why come you to me? Why don't you go to your countryman, the Duke of Argyll? If he will ask the favour, it will not be refused. He is our first man in Scotland, and it is not our interest to deny him a favour when he thinks proper to ask it." Let the world judge between the Duke of Argyll's words and the Secretary's. It is indeed generally thought that the truth of the last seems to be the most probable of the two. — F.

had set up the king his father's standard, I immediately, as in duty bound, repaired to it, and as I had the honour from that time to be almost constantly about his person till November 1748 [excepting the short time after the affair of Culloden that his Royal Highness was in the Western Isles], I became more and more captivated with his amiable and princely virtues, which are indeed in every instance so eminently great as I want words to describe.

I can farther affirm [and my present situation, and that of my dear Prince too, can leave no room to suspect me of flattery] that as I have been his companion in the lowest degree of adversity that ever prince was reduced to, so I have beheld him too, as it were, on the highest pinnacle of glory, amidst the continual applauses, and I had almost said adorations, of the most brilliant court in Europe; yet he was always the same, ever affable and courteous, giving constant proofs of his great humanity and of his love for his friends and his country. What great good to these nations might not be expected from such a Prince, were he in possession of the throne of his ancestors! And as to his courage! None that have ever heard of his glorious attempt in 1745, can, I should think, call it in question.

fol. 1745

I cannot pass by in silence that most unjust and horrid calumny (viz. of giving no quarter to our enemy) raised by the rebels under the command of the *inhuman son* of the Elector of Hanover, which served as an excuse for the *unparalleled butchery* committed by his orders in cold blood after the unhappy affair of Culloden; which, if true, must have come to my knowledge, who had the, honour to serve my ever dear master in quality of one of his *aides de camp*. And I hereby declare I never heard of such orders. This above is truth.

ARCHIBALD CAMERON.

I likewise declare on the word of a dying man that the last time I had the honour to see his Royal Highness, Charles, Prince of Wales, he told me from his own mouth, and bid me assure his friends from him *that he was a member of the Church of England.*¹¹¹ Archibald Cameron.

fol. 1746

[On a fifth slip of paper.]

To cover the cruelty of murdering me at this distance of time from passing *the unjust attainder*, I am accused of being deeply concerned in a new plot against the government [which, if I was, neither the fear of the worst death their malice could invent, nor the blustering and noisy threatnings of the tumultuous Council,¹¹² nor much less their flattering promises, could have

fol. 1747

¹¹¹ See ff. 1731-1733.

¹¹² Dr. Cameron while on his examination was asked, "What had determined him to go to Rome (for that they had heard he had been there) as it was a long journey, and travelling was expensive?" The Dr. honestly and plainly answered, "I went to see my old master, and to receive his commands for my young master." "did you see your young master lately?" Answer, "Yes," "Where did you see him?" Answer, "At Paris." [Here a considerable pause was made, and orders were given to note down exactly the words of the Dr., they imagining now some mighty discovery to be made by him]. Then it was asked, "When did you see your young master (as you call him) last at Paris?" Answer, "In 1748." They were much enraged at this answer, as they conjectured the Dr. would have condescended upon some later time, viz. in 1751 or 1752- The Duke of Newcastle, in particular, was so provoked that he stormed furiously and bawled out, "This is the height of insolence! most insufferable insolence! insolence not to be borne with!" etc. etc. etc. In a word, such was the blustering that Dr. Cameron (as he acknowledged to a particular friend) was almost ready to smile, even in presence of the Council. — F.

extorted any discovery of it from me], but not so much as one evidence was ever produced to make good the charge. But it is my business to submit, since God in his all-wise providence thinks fit to suffer it to be so. And I the more cheerfully resign my life, as it is taken away for doing my duty to God, my king, and my country; nor is there anything in this world I could so much wish to have it prolonged for as to have another opportunity of employing the remainder of it in the same *glorious cause*.

ARCHIBALD CAMERON.

I thank God I was not in the least daunted at hearing the *bloody sentence* which my *unrighteous judge*¹¹³ pronounced with a seeming insensibility, till he came to these words, *but not till you are dead*; before which he made a pause, and uttering them with a particular emphasis, stared me full in the face, to see, I suppose, if I was as much frightened at them as he perhaps would have been had he been in my place. As to the guilt he said I had to answer for, as having been instrumental in the *loss of so many lives*, let him and his constituents see to that. *At their hands, not at mine, will all the blood that has been shed on that account be required.*

fol. 1748

God of his infinite mercy grant they may prevent the punishment which hangs over their heads by a sincere and timely repentance, and speedily return to their duty.

I pray God to hasten the restoration of the Royal Family [without which this miserably divided nation can never enjoy peace and happiness], and that it may please him to preserve and defend the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York¹¹⁴ from the power and malice of their enemies; to prosper and reward all my friends and benefactors, and to forgive all my enemies, murderers, and false accusers, from the Elector of Hanover and his bloody son, down to Samuel Cameron,¹¹⁵ the basest of their spies, as I freely do from the bottom of my heart.

fol. 1749

(*Sic subscribitur*), ARCHIBALD CAMERON.

I am now ready to be offered.
I have fought a good fight.
All glory be to God.

The above is a faithful transcript of my late dear husband's dying sentiments.

(*Sic subscribitur*), JEAN CAMERON.

COPY of a LETTER from Dr. ARCHIBALD CAMERON under sentence of death, to his son in France.

fol. 1750

Tower of London, June 6th, 1753.

MY DEAR CHILD, — It is with the highest satisfaction that I have for some time past observed in you a sense of honour and loyalty much beyond what could have been expected from a boy of your years, and tho' death will soon deprive me of the power of being of farther service to my king,

¹¹³ Justice Lee, or Lord Chief Justice Lee. — F.

¹¹⁴ Dr. Cameron frequently owned that he was under particular and personal obligations to the Duke of York. — F.

¹¹⁵ Brother to Cameron of Gleneavis, and a lieutenant in Lord Lewis Drummond's regiment in France. Upon Mrs. Cameron's going over to France, after her husband's death, the said Samuel Cameron was tried by a court-martial and thrown into a dungeon. — F.

prince, and country, yet what greatly adds to my satisfaction is the principle you shew in your letter to your mother on the news of my being in custody, and the confidence you have of my inviolable fidelity to the royal cause. I give you the joy to assure you that your confidence is well grounded; for I have been unalterable even in the smallest matters, and my approaching death and the most severe usage will rather serve to confirm than shake my fixed resolution of remaining so for ever.

I am far less concerned about myself than about my friends and ruined country. They, not I, claim pity, tho' I fall a victim to truth, honour, and uprightness, by the rage of Hanoverian counsels, the declared enemies to every virtue. I thank God I am hearty and in much better health than I have been for some years past, more especially since I saw that letter which gives me such hopes of your future conduct from the desire you express in it, that I should rather sacrifice my life than save it on dishonourable terms. [*Macht mur in d'hair*¹¹⁶ (as Rothie used to say) *i.e. the Son is like the father.*] I thank my God I was always easier ashamed than frightened.

fol. 1751

I have no money to leave you as a legacy, but take what is of infinite more value, viz.: Above all things first serve God, next your king, prince, and country; then be always in your duty to your mother, brothers, and sister; act honourably and honestly by your neighbour; meddle in no party quarrels; but when you are personally wrong'd, demand justice with coolness, regularity and resolution, without personal reflections. Beware of ever speaking to the disadvantage of the absent, even tho' they should deserve it.

fol. 1752

I recommend to you in a particular manner the care of your health. Observe great moderation in eating; at any rate abstain from heavy and late suppers; and, above all, avoid drinking and whoring. Be a good œconomist of your little money and cloaths. Let the company you frequent be rather of your betters than your inferiors.

My time and writing implements allow me only to recommend my most hearty thanks to my noble and worthy colonel.¹¹⁷ Don't neglect your duty to him.

My love and dying benediction to my children, affection to my brother's children, best wishes to all my friends, and hearty compliments to all my good acquaintance and . . .

Here this great, good man was obliged to leave off, probably for want of a knife to cut his bit of a pencil, and he never had another opportunity to add what he had to say farther to his son, except what he told a friend by word of mouth, the morning of his execution, in delivering him the last present he sent his son, which was a pair of steel shoe-buckles, with the charge (which, that it might not be forgotten, he repeated several times), viz.: "These I send by you to my wife as my last present to my son, and bid her tell him from me that I send him these and not my silver ones, and that if I had gold ones I would not send him the gold, but these steel ones which I wore when skulking. For as steel is hard and of small value, it is therefore an emblem of constancy and disinterestedness. So I would have him constant and disinterested in the service and defence of his king, prince, and country, and neither be bribed nor frightened from his duty."

fol. 1753

¹¹⁶ *Macht mur in d'hair* is an Erse saying. These and the other words inclosed thus [] were in the original letter; but Mrs. Cameron, from a delicacy of sentiment, earnestly begged and insisted they might be kept out of the printed copy, and her request was complied with. — F.

¹¹⁷ Lord Ogilvy. — F.

A genuine and authentic ACCOUNT of the behaviour of Dr. ARCHIBALD CAMERON at the place of execution, on Thursday, June 7th, 1753, by an eye and ear witness.¹¹⁸

fol. 1754

When this gentleman came to the place of execution, he looked on the officers and spectators with an undaunted and composed countenance; and as soon as he was unloosed from the sledge, he started up, and, with an heroic deportment, stepped up into the cart by the help of one of his executioners, whence looking round with unconcern on all the awful apparatus of death, he smiled; and seeing the clergyman that attended him coming up the steps, he came forward to meet him and endeavoured with his fettered hands to help him up, saying, “So, are you come? This is a glorious day to me! ‘Tis my new birth day. There are more witnesses at this birth than were at my first.” The clergyman asked him how he did. He said, “Thank God, I am very well; but a little fatigued with my journey. But, blessed be God, I am now come to the end of it.”

fol. 1755

On hearing one of the gentlemen who presided at the execution ask the clergyman whether he would be long about his office, Dr. Cameron immediately took the word and said, He required but very little time, for it was but disagreeable being there, and he was as impatient to be gone as they were. The clergyman then asked the gentleman who had spoke whether he was the sheriff,¹¹⁹ and on his being answered in the affirmative, he told him Dr. Cameron’s business there would be chiefly with him, that he had something to communicate to him if he would take the trouble to come near, which he very readily complied with, and endeavoured to bring his horse close to the cart. But, finding the horse a little unruly, and that he could not hear what the Dr. said by reason of the noise of the multitude, he beckoned with his hand for silence, but to no purpose. Whereupon he very obligingly alighted and came up to the steps, and with great civility and attention listened to the Doctor, who spoke to this purpose: “Sir, you see a fellow-subject just going to pay his last debt to his king and country?”¹²⁰

fol. 1756

I the more chearfully resign my life, as it is taken from me for doing my duty according to my conscience. I freely forgive all my enemies, and those who are instrumental in taking away my life. I thank God I die in charity with all mankind.

fol. 1757

“As to my religion, I die a stedfast (tho’ unworthy) member of that Church in which I have always lived, the Church of England, in whose communion I hope, thro’ the merits of my blessed Saviour) for forgiveness of my sins, for which I am heartily sorry.

The custom of delivering something in writing on such occasions as this, I should willingly

¹¹⁸ The Revd. Mr. James Falconar, a Scots, nonjurant, Episcopal clergyman, residing in London, and who attended the Dr. the last four days of his life. Mr. Falconar writes this to me, Robert Forbes (London, August 10, 1753), *inter alia*: “May you, nor I, nor none we wish well or who wish us well, ever have such another scene to act as I had on that melancholy yet glorious occasion. I was obliged (indeed, by his own desire) to go to the very gallows with my ever dear friend, and I had almost rather been hanged with him than be witness to his death. But he kept up my spirits, or otherwise I should never have been able to go through with my office,” etc. — F.

¹¹⁹ Mr. Missen, deputy-sheriff of Middlesex.—F.

¹²⁰ These words, “to his king and country,” were omitted by the newsmongers, for which reason the foresaid Mr. Falconer caused print off the account of the behaviour by itself in two 8^{vo} leaves (which see) and insert the above words. See *Scots Magazine* for 1753, May, p. 251, June, pages 279-305.—F.

have complied with, had not my uncommon hard usage, even after sentence, put it out of my power, being denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, except in the presence of some of my keepers. But what I intend my country should be informed of with regard to my dying sentiments, I have by the means of a blunt pencil endeavoured to set down on some slips of paper as I could come by them, in as legible characters as I was able; and these I have left in the hands of my wife, charging her, on her duty to her dying husband, to transmit with all convenient speed a faithful transcript of them to you, and I am confident she will honourably discharge the trust.”¹²¹

fol. 1758

He then told the Sheriff he would presume no longer upon his patience, but the Sheriff with looks that bespoke a good deal of concern and with much good nature, begged he would take as much time as he pleased, for they would wait till he was ready. The Doctor thanked him, then turning to the clergyman he said, “I have now done with this world and am ready to leave it.”

He joined heartily in the commendatory prayer, etc., then repeated some ejaculations out of the psalms. After which he embraced the clergyman and took leave of him.

P.S.—As the clergyman was going down from the cart he had like to have missed the steps, which the Doctor observing, called out to him with a chearful tone of voice, saying, “Take care how you go. I think you don’t know the way as well as I do.”

fol. 1759

N.B.—*Leith, Saturday, August 25th, 1753.*—I, Robert Forbes, received from the hands of the Rev. Mr. George Cheyne, a copy of Dr. Cameron’s last and dying words, as also a copy of his letter to his son, both in manuscript; and likewise a printed copy of the Dr.’s behaviour at the place of execution; all which three papers were transmitted to me from the foresaid Rev. Mr. James Falconar, through the said Mr. Cheyne’s hands, and were soon after printed at Edinburgh in one sheet 8^{vo}, which see. The marginal notes at the foot of pages [ff.] 1743, 1746, 1747, 1748, and 1757, I took down in writing from Mr. Cheyne’s own mouth as he had them from the mouth of said Mr. James Falconar.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Copy of a Letter (translated) from the Duke De Bouillon in France in 1745.

fol. 1760

MON MAITRE¹²²,—[After a compliment or two follows thus]— On the receipt of the charming letter with which you honoured me, I flew to the king, and on my knees with tears in my eyes conjured him to sustain the design which he knew to be so lawful. I pointed to him the perils to which you was exposed. I said every thing you might expect from the sentiments that attach my life to your Royal Highness.

Judge you the joy which the answer he made infused into me, when he assured me that he had taken to heart as much as it was possible for me the project you had formed, and that I might assure your Royal Highness that everything you might possibly have occasion for was ready. I insisted with the ministers to send the troops immediately. But they answered that it was absolutely necessary to have the news of your arrival before anything should be sent, and that then your Royal Highness had but to ask what should be convenient and useful for your design and it should be

fol. 1761

¹²¹ Which Mrs. Cameron most faithfully performed, sending along with it a letter from herself.—F.

¹²² *i.e.* “My master,” a compellation given in the French language by inferiours to persons of royal extraction.—F.

ready.

I dare flatter myself that you will not leave me long in this mortal inquietude through the ignorance of your being safely arrived, and that your Royal Highness will again permit me to assure you that all my estate and all my blood is at your disposal. And in whatever service you shall employ me, in me you shall find both fidelity and vivacity to serve you with all my power and most profound respect, with which I shall have the honour to be while I live, Mon Maitre, your most humble and most obedient servante,

(Sic siibscibitur), LOUIS DE BOUILLON.

N.B.—*Friday, February 15th*, 1754.—The proceeding and the following letter transcribed from copies in the custody of the right reverend Bishop Keith.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a LETTER (translated) from the Spanish resident in France in 1745.

fol. 1762

MON MAITRE,—When I received the order of my Court on the subject of the interest of your Royal Highness, I did not lose a moment to go and act with this Court. His most Christian Majesty did not hesitate to promise a prompt succour of men, money, and arms, and he ordered that all should be ready. I immediately dispatched a courier to the king, my master, to inform him of this resolution, and I can assure your Royal Highness that his Catholic Majesty has entirely conformed himself to the disposition of the most Christian king, his nephew, and that he will furnish a succour altogether equal to that of this Court.

But this is not all, for the most Christian king added that how soon he should learn that the dispositions of your people were fortified by your presence, and that they had taken their resolutions, he would augment these succours by making some more troops to pass to whatever place should be thought convenient for sustaining them. And I have reason to believe the brigade of Ireland is appointed for this. The king, my master, will furnish the same number of troops with his most Christian majesty.

fol. 1763

I have the honour to inform your Royal Highness of this disposition with a satisfaction of heart so very lively that nothing can add to it but the wishes I have to the happy success of so just an enterprize.

I pray your Royal Highness to receive this assurance, and also that of the most profound respect with which I have the honour to be, Mon Maitre, your Royal Highness's most humble and most obedient servant,

(Sic subscribitur), LE PRINCE DE CAMPO FLORIDO.

P.S.—We wait here with the utmost impatience the news of your Royal Highness's debarquement.

COPY of the EXAMINATION of JOHN GRAY of ROGART, a Highland drover, in 1746.

fol. 1764

Mr. Gray being called to the bar of the House of Commons.

MN. SPEAKER. What is your employment?

GRAY. I have a little estate of my own.

SP. Do you know anything about the Earl of Kelly?

GR. I do not particularly know that man, but I saw at Perth a person called the Earl of Kelly.

SP. What did you see him do there?

GR. I saw him drunk in the streets, and in the coffee-house forcing people to play with him at backgammon, but could get none.

SP. Do you know William, Viscount Strathallan?

GR. I do not know whether William or James be his name, nor never saw such a man till I was brought before him at Perth, and afterwards committed to prison by his orders, as I heard; but I did not see him give the order.

SP. Had he Highland cloaths on, and a white cockade?

GR. I am sure he had not Highland cloaths on; and as to a white cockade, I am not positive whether or not.

SP. Why did they commit you to prison?

GR. They told me no reason nor law for it.

SP. Withdraw, sir.

Gray withdraws.

Speaker asks if any here knew this man. To which Sir John Gordon of Invergordon answered, If General St. Clare were here, he knew him very well, for he was agent for him at two elections in 1740. For his own part he was not well acquainted with him. Gray was called in a second time.

fol. 1765

SP. Did you not believe Perth to be in the hands of the rebels, or in their possession then?

GR. The inhabitants and burgesses were in their own houses for anything I know. But there were a great many men in Highland cloathes going and coming to and from the place while I was a prisoner.

SP. What time was you prisoner there?

GR. About Christmas last.

SP. Do you know Lord Elcho?

GR. Very well.

SP. Where did you see him?

GR. At Dunrobin, in the Earl of Sutherland's house, some years ago.

SP. But I ask you, Did you see him among the rebels?

GR. I never saw him since he was at Dunrobin.

SP. Do you know William Drummond, eldest son to the Viscount of Strathallan?

GR. I do not.

SP. Did you see Simon Fraser, Master of Lovat, there?

GR. I know very little about him.

SP. Little as it is, let me hear it.

GR. As to the person called the Master of Lovat, I never saw him before I came to Perth. But a friend of mine told me he would interceed with the Master to get me enlarged. And when I was set

fol. 1766

at liberty I addressed a young lad in the streets and thanked him. But I do not affirm that person to be the Master of Lovat.

SP. What said that person to you?

GR. He said, I was welcome.

SP. Had he arms on?

GR. I cannot condescend on any arms but a cutlace by his side.

SP. Was the Master of Lovat at the head of the Frasers?

GR. He is not their head till his father die, for my Lord Lovat is their head or chief. It is true he is my Lord's eldest son.

SP. Were not the Frasers at Perth when you were there?

GR. Indeed, I believe, there might be Frasers there.

SP. But you seem to have a doubt that the Master of Lovat was the person you thanked for your liberty. And how could you address such a person when you are not certain it was he?

GR. Would not your honour thank a person had done you a good office, although you was not acquainted with him?

SP. Do you know the Duke of Perth?

GR. I do not. But I saw a person called the Duke of Perth at Stirling, but would not know him if I saw him again.

SP. Do you know James Graham of Duntroon, now Viscount of Dundee?

GR. I know nothing about him.

SP. Did you see Lord Nairn?

GR. I saw a chaise pass by Down, and I heard Lord Nairn was in the same.

SP. Did you see Lord Ogilvy?

GR. I saw a person called Lord Ogilvy at Stirling; but if he was here now otherwise dressed than what he was there, I would not know him.

SP. Did you see Lord Lewis Gordon?

GR. When I was on my way south, towards Aberdeen, six miles on this side of Huntly, there came a party of armed men, and carried me back with them towards Huntly on the Sabbath day, which was very stormy.

SP. To whom did these men belong?

GR. They told me I would be obliged to wait till the Lord Lieutenant came from Aberdeen. So I was kept there twelve days, but met with civil treatment, and was honoured every night with a couple of centinels on my lodging.

SP. Who was the Lord Lieutenant?

GR. After I was kept twelve days or thereby at Huntly, I was carried one night to the Castle of Huntly by six armed men, and brought into a room where there was a person called Lord Lewis Gordon (whether he was actually that person I cannot say), but he and those about him took an obligation of me, a copy whereof they gave me attested. This copy I gave in to the Lord Justice

Clerk when I was carried before him at Edinburgh.

fol. 1763

SP. What was the import of that obligation?

GR. So far as I mind, the import of it was that I should not carry arms against them for six months.

SP. Against whom?

GR. They worded it as they pleased. I think it was against the king or prince.

SP. Did you understand their meaning to be, by that king and prince, the pretender and his son?

GR. I make no doubt of that.

SP. Did they advise you to join in their service?

GR. They thought their labour would be in vain, so gave me no trouble that way.

SP. What do you know of Lord John Drummond?

GR. I saw a man at Perth called Lord John Drummond, and also at Aberdeen. Whether he was Lord or Laird I cannot be positive.

SP. What cloaths had he on?

GR. He had a short blue coat trimmed with silver, and a blue bonnet on.

SP. Did you never see him give any orders to the rebels?

GR. I never did.

SP. Did not he sign a declaration of war against his Majesty?

GR. So he might unknown to me.

SP. Recollect yourself as to this declaration.

GR. I saw a declaration in print at Aberdeen, and John Drummond printed at it. But whether he signed it or not I can't tell.

SP. Did you see Sir William Gordon of Park?

GR. I am not acquainted with that man.

SP. But did you not see him.?

GR. I saw at Stirling a person called Sir William Gordon.

fol. 1769

SP. Did you see that person do any acts of hostility?

GR. No.

SP. Was Stirling then in possession of the rebels?

GR. It was after the battle of Falkirk.

SP. Was General Blackney then in the castle?

GR. So they told me. I was never in the castle.

SP. Do you know John Murray of Broughton?

GR. No.

SP. Did you see John Gordon of Glenbucket?

GR. Yes.

SP. Where?

GR. In a house in Stirling.

SP. What was he doing?

GR. He was coughing. He is a very old man.

SP. Do you know Cameron of Lochiel?

GR. I know none of the Camerons.

SP. Did you see Donald MacDonald of Clanronald, junior?

GR. I might see him, but I would not know him by any other man.

SP. Did you see none of the MacDonalds?

GR. None that I mind now but Lochgary.

SP. Where did you see him?

GR. Going into a house near where I lodged.

fol. 1770

SP. What commission had he?

GR. I heard that he was once in Loudon's regiment, a lieutenant.

SP. But don't you know of any other commission he had?

GR. He never shewed me his commission.

SP. Did you not hear?

GR. I heard he was aid de camp to the Pretender.

SP. Did you see Evan Macpherson of Cluny?

GR. I never did.

SP. What do you know of Lachlan MacLachlan of Castle Lachlan?

GR. Nothing.

SP. What do you know of George Lockheart, younger, of Carnwath?

GR. Very little.

SP. Little as it is, let us hear it.

GR. I was in the prison of Stirling, after the battle of Falkirk, with Major Lockheart of Cholmondley's regiment, who was then prisoner at the same time. I saw a young man speaking with the Major, and after this man parted with him, I asked him who that was. He told me, It was young Carnwath. I never saw him before nor since, nor would I know him if he was standing here now.

SP. What do you know of Laurence Oliphant of Gask?

GR. I am not acquainted, nor ever spoke with him. I heard he was deputy governor of Perth.

fol. 1771

SP. From whom had he his commission, as you heard?

GR. From the Lord Strathallan. I never saw his commission.

SP. Had he Highland cloaths?

GR. The person shown me out of the prison window as Gask, had on a laced hat and long cloaths.

SP. Did you see Mr. Graham of Airth?

GR. I never saw him.

SP. Did you know John Stewart, commonly called Roy?

GR. I have been acquainted with him when he was quartermaster in some of the Dragoons.

SP. Did you see him among the rebels?

GR. I saw him at Stirling.

SP. What cloaths had he on?

GR. He goes always very gay. Sometimes he had Highland cloaths, and other times long cloaths on.

SP. What did you see him do?

GR. I saw him in the streets.

SP. Do you know Monaltery?

GR. No.

SP. Do you know Alexander MacIlvray of Drumnaglass?

GR. I can't say that I know him, for I never saw him but once at the Laird of MacIntosh his house of Moyhall in 1741.

SP. Did you see him in the rebellion?

GR. I saw a man called Drumnaglass one night in Perth. I am not positive if it was him or not; nor do I think I would know him if I saw him again.

fol. 1777

SP. Were the MacIntoshes at Perth at that time?

GR. There was such a mixture of people that I could not distinguish which was which.

SP. But was Drumnaglass at the head of them?

GR. I'm not positive.

SP. What cloaths had he on?

Gr. Highland cloaths.

SP. What arms had he on?

GR. I cannot condescend on any arms.

SP. Do you know Lachlan MacIntosh, merchant in Inverness?

GR. Yes, I am very well acquainted with him.

SP. Did you see him at Perth?

GR. Yes.

SP. What had he on?

GR. Highland cloaths.

SP. Had he any arms on?

GR. I know not.

SP. Did he speak to you?

GR. Yes.

SP. What did he say to you?

GR. He kissed and saluted me, and seem'd hurried. He said he would at greater leisure speak and drink with me. *fol. 1773*

SP. Are you acquainted with Malcolm Ross of Pitcalny?

GR. I have seen him.

SP. Where did you see him last?

GR. At the prison of Perth. I wrote a letter to him to come and see me.

SP. Why did you send for him?

GR. To see if I could be got out of prison.

SP. What interest did you think he might have?

GR. As he was my countryman, I thought he might assist me.

SP. Did you not know or hear of a commission he had?

GR. Yes.

SP. From whom?

GR. From his Majesty. I think it was an ensign in Lord Loudon's regiment.

SP. But you could not imagine he could have any interest that way at such a juncture?

GR. There was a great many officers in and about Perth when I saw him there, and I was applying to every one I could see, being so anxious about my enlargement.

SP. What cloaths had he on?

GR. He had a blue frock, a black wig, and no arms. *fol. 1774*

SP. But did you not see him among the rebels?

GR. I saw Sir Hary Monroe, Captain MacNab, Lieutenant Andrew Sutherland, and several officers in his Majesty's service, walk the streets among the Highlandmen as well as Malcolm Ross.

SP. This man knows nothing.

A MEMBER. Do not the Sutherland men wear Highland cloaths? And are they not loyal to the present Government?

GR. All the Sutherland men are most loyal to a man, for I ought to know; and I believe they gave proofs of that lately, and they all wear Highland cloaths.

Another member asks a question.

GR. I'll answer Mr. Speaker.

SP. Did you not hear those people talk treasonable expressions while amongst them?

GR. I heard them drink the king, prince, and duke's health.

SP. It is strange you know so little of the rebels when you was so long amongst them.

GR. Altho' I had the misfortune to be taken prisoner by them, I was not a spy to penetrate into their actions, or dive into their secrets. Moreover, I never thought I was to be examined before this honourable House till three days ago that Solicitor Sharp caused serve me with a writ. And it is not to be imagined that a person like me, who was about forty days prisoner, would know much about these people's transactions. Gray withdraws.

fol. 1775

SOLICITOR SHARP says—We might as well let you stay out still.

GR. If you were to torture me, you'll get no more of me, and I told you so when you caused charge me before this house.

N.B.—*Saturday, February 16th, 1754*, the preceding copy taken from a copy in the custody of the right reverend Bishop Keith.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

N.B.—It is worth the remarking, that the foresaid John Gray, upon coming from the House of Commons, after said examination, to his own lodging, found upon his table a letter sealed and directed to himself, which letter when opened was blank, but contained a bill of fifty pounds sterling for his own particular use.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

N.B.—*May 7th, 1756.*—Died at his house of Kilmane in the Isle of Sky, John MacKinnon of that ilk, *i.e.* the old Laird of MacKinnon, in the 75th year of his age, leaving issue two sons and a daughter, Charles, Lachlan, and Margaret, all born after the 71st year of his age. He used to say he *hoped* God would not take him off the earth but on the field of battle when fighting for his king and country. He frequently retired to the cave in which the Prince and he himself and his lady dined just before the Prince's leaving Sky in his sculking, and there he would have entertained himself with laying down a plan for the restoration, and with the execution thereof in theory, and then came home extremely well pleased.

fol. 1776

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

N.B.—At Edinburgh, Thursday, October 28th, 1756, I dined with the right reverend Mr. William Falconar in his own house, in company with Mr. Duncan Campbell of the family of Calder, and Patrick Grant,¹²³ one of the 8 noted Glenmoriston men in 1746, when the said Mr. Campbell took occasion to examine the said Patrick Grant very strictly and minutely about a matter that had hitherto prevailed, and met with credit universally, *viz.*, that John MackDonald who was hanged at Inverlochie upon Friday, May 31st, 1754, for cow stealing, had been one of the said noted Glenmoriston men. Patrick Grant assured us that this story was far from being true, for that John MackDonell (one of the above eight) was his door-neighbour, and still in life and good health, and that he was really and truly a Campbell, having changed his name to that of MackDonell upon his coming to live in the bounds and under the protection of the family of Glengary, it being the usual custom for those of a different name to take the name of the chiftain under whom they live in the Highlands of Scotland. Patrick Grant said as to the above story “the matter of fact was this, that the hanged John MackDonell, upon his being taken up, affirmed himself to be one of the 8 noted Glenmoriston men in 1746, the sameness of the name favouring his design, he vainly imagining that this story if once credited might be of use to him in the event of his being brought to a

fol. 1777

¹²³ See ff. 1660, 1703.

trial,—that the story was indeed so universally credited, never meeting with the smallest contradiction, that the people in and about Inverness, both gentry and commonalty, commiserated his case very much, and shewed him singular acts of kindness and sympathy, [insomuch that some of them exerted themselves for the preservation of his life, as may be seen among my papers], “and that the other John MackDonell, really and truly one of the foresaid eight, did not think himself at freedom to appear then or afterwards for the discovery of the cheat, because that would have tended to have set himself up as a mark to be aimed at some time or other; and therefore it behoved him to lie snug, to allow the imposition to pass from hand to hand and to consult personal safety by a profound and seasonable silence. Bishop Falconar and Mr. Duncan Campbell were extremely pleased with the whole of the conversation, but particularly delighted with the clearing up of the truth as to the foresaid current story. Mr. Duncan was not a little fond to discover that a Campbell had a share in the truly heroic conduct of despising £30,000 Sterling at the manifest hazard of life itself.

fol. 1778

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a PAPER from an EYEWITNESS concerning the cruelties after the battle of Culloden, in form of a letter to me, ROBERT FORBES.¹²⁴

fol. 1779

SIR,—The repeated solicitations of a man of your worth and merit for whom I have the greatest value has at last prevailed upon me to sit down and write in my form and language, a sketch of the cruelties were upon the rebell prisoners, fell in our hand at and after the battle of Culloden.

I had two great objections against this task (or you would have it sooner), the first knowing my own incapacity for it, and the second, that these more than Neronian cruelties ought not to be put to light, but burry'd in oblivion. But as I know you to be a curious man, and only wants to have this sketch for your own perusal in your cabinet, I have complied with your desires.

Mr. John Frazer's letter gives a pretty good account of what was done in the field of battle,¹²⁵ and the two Englishmen's letter¹²⁶ give yet a greater light into it, but not one half of what happened. But I design to confine myself only to their usage after these poor unhappy people were put up in goals, kirks, and ships. You'll find by the sequell (and I am sorry to say it) the tragedy of Richard the Third or Spitamenus's wife, who brought her husband's head to Alexander, is nothing in comparison to this, as the first was done out of avourice, and the last thorow love. Its known that Spitamenus was as great a rebell to Alexander and as dangerous an enemy, as any of these poor people could be to this present government. But when his wife appear'd at Alexander's tent with her husband's head, he was so choked at the sight that he ordered [her] to leave the army. “Mais enfin l'enormité du crime l'emporta sur la consideration du service si bien qu'il luy fit commandement de sortir de l'armee.” But our generall officers saw it in another light, for the more cruelties were committed, the better thought of and rewarded. I have known officers raise themselves from nothing by their cruelties. Richard the Third and Spitamenus's wife were induced

fol. 1780

¹²⁴ Printed in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 337 *et seq.*

¹²⁵ See ff. 1239, 1326.

¹²⁶ Meaning that letter in this volume, f. 1603, and, not knowing the real author of it, but supposing two English gentlemen to have writ it, who had actually come into Scotland in order to make all the inquiry they could about the cruelties, and they met with many shocking stories.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

to comitt their horrible crimes by their two different passions, which are the strongest of any with some, and it was over in a hurry; but ours was a continuall scene of cruelties, from the sixteenth of Aprile fourty six to Aprill forty seven, wantonly without any honourous cause, but for cruelty's sake. A Spaniard or Neapolitan falling into the hands of the Algeriens is not so ill used; for if they deny their Jesus, theyr set at liberty. But altho these poor people woud deny their Charly or Jamie, they meet the same usage, because they loved them once. The gallys is nothing to it, for there they have meat with their labour and confinement. Yea, even the Inquisition itself in the worst sense is not comparable to our scene.

fol. 1781

To begin. When we had filld all the goalls, kirks, and ships at Inverness with these rebell prisoners, wounded and naked as they were, we ordered that non shoud have any access to them either with meat or drink for two days. By means no doubt we thought at least the wounded woud starve either for want of food or cloaths, the weather being then very cold. The two days being passed there was a corum of officers pitched upon to goe and visit them in order to take down their names and numbers, which was dimished prety weell (without having the least regard to order the remaining part either meat or drink to suport nature). Amongst the number I was myself, but, oh Heavens! what a scene open to my eyes and nose all at once; the wounded feltring in their gore and blood; some dead bodies covered quite over with pish and dirt, the living standing to the middle in it, their groans woud have pirsd a heart of stone, but our corrupt hearts was not in the least touched, but on the contrary we began to upbraid them the moment we entred their prisons. Doctor Lauder's case of instruments was taken from him for fear he shoud end any of the wounded, and on, John Farqyson of Alderg,¹²⁷ who was, I believe, a kind of a Highland blooder, his lancet was taken out of his pocket for fear he should begin to blood them, after his Highland way, to save some few of the wound[ed] to have fallen in fevers. That night it was determined in the privy counsell that each prisoner should have half a pound oat meall per day (but Haly thought it too much) and accordingly they sent some of their commissarys to distribute the meall. I coud not help laughing in the time of the distribution when the poor things had nothing left them to hold their meall but the foreskirt of their shirts, rather exposing their nakedness to the world than want their meall. They made very odd figures every on with his half pound meal tied up in his shirt lap, and all below naked. Some were handcuffed, especially Major Stewart and Major McLachlan. Their handcuffs were so tight that their hands swelld and at last broke the skin so that the irons coud not be seen. I can compare their case to nothing better than a horse sore saddle-spoild which runs a great deall of thick matter and blood. In this excessiff agony were they keep ten days notwithstanding all the application they made only to get wider handcuffs, or their being changed and put upon their other hands. Amongst the rest I seed a Frenchman in the agonies of death lying in nastiness up to his stomack, and I myself put a great stone under his head that he might not be choaked with which he ly in. We allways took care not to bury their dead untill such time as we had at least a dozen of them. Only imagine to yourself what for an agreeable smell was there—their own excraments with the stink of the dead bodyis that seldome were taken away befor they began naturally to melt by the heat of the weather.

fol. 1782

fol. 1783

Captain Walker, aboard who's ship a good many prisoners were put, obeyed his master's orders so punctually that he, even he woud not give the poor prisoners the water he boild his beeff in, but rather threw it over, and said it was to good for rebels. A great many of those that were not wounded, by the ill usage and hunger sicknd, nor coud they have the benefite of a surgeon, it being

fol. 1784

¹²⁷ See ff. 1733.

absolutely defended,¹²⁸ by which many died that might still have been in life. Amongst the wound[ed] I pityed non more than on Cameron of Callort, who was a gentleman. He had his arm broke; a great many freends in the place, even in our army; notwithstanding all, he coud not have a surgeon to dress him for ten days time; that att last Mr. Menzie att Inverness made stolen marches to see his freend. The Sunday senight after the batle there was orders given that all the prisoners shoud be reviewed publickly in the streets of Inverness, and accordingly there was two lines of our men from on end of the Bridge Street to the other, and twixt these two lines the prisoners were to pass munster. Such a scene was never seen—some entirely naked, others in their shirts, and their meall tied as before. The wounded men even behoved to come out; neither crys nor intreaties woud save them; and those who were not able either to stand or wake were carryd by their fellow prisoners, amongst the loud huzhuza of officers and soldiers, non more delighted than Mr. Bruce.

fol. 1785

Any reasonable thinking man woud have thought their cruelty woud have ceased again the twenty-ninth of May, which day these poor people were set aboard the tenders to be carried to London. But it rather increased, for there was no more regard for them there than what they had shown at Inverness. They put so many aboard each ship that their own breath and heat made them swarm with vermine. You'd have laughed to have seen them lying 'twixt decks, like fish in a pond, and every one had a twig in his hand to defend himself from the atacks of his nighbour's lice. There was a little space 'twixt every two, and on the centure of this space was a mark distinguishing thir marchis. There you woud have seen the lice marching and centre marching in order for an asault; but the moment the lice of the one came to the forsaid mark, he took his twig and beat them back, because they said their nighbour's lice bite sorer then there own. But att last, by hunger, bad usage, and lying upon the ballasts and twixt decks exposed to all weathers, they were ceased with a kind of a plague which caryed them off be dozens, and a good many of those who woud have outlived their sickness was wantonly murdered by the sailors by dipping of them in the sea in the crissis of their fevers. This was the sailor's diversion from Buchanness point till we came to the Nore. They'd take a rope and tye about the poor sicks west,¹²⁹ then they woud hawll them up by their teckle and plunge them in the sea, as they said to drown the vermine; but they took specell care to drown both together. Then they'd hawll them up upon deck and ty a stone about on the leggs and over board with them. I have seen six or seven examples of this in a day. After we brought them up the river Thames, we got orders to seperat their officers from what they called soldiers, and bring the officers to Southwark new goall, and leave the comons att Tillburry Fort, without meat, drink, money, or cloaths, and actually they woud have starved had it not been for the charity of the English, the Government not giving them on sols to live upon except those few that turned evidences. Its no great wonder if they all had turnd evidences to get out of this miserable situation, the prospect of which behoved to appear worse than death; for, in my opinion, nothing coud come up to it save the notion we conceive of hell. And I do not know if hell itself be so bad, only that it may be of a longer duration.

fol. 1786

fol. 1787

But to return to our gentlemen officers; they were brought up in rank and file, exposed to the furry of a tumoultous mob, who nether spared them with their outrageous words, spittles, dirt, and even stones and bricks, and in that manner carryd through all the streets in Southwark, and at last

¹²⁸ *i.e.* denied. This letter writer was bred for some time in the business of a writer. Everybody knows what the terms “plaintiff” and “defendant” mean; the latter readily denying all that is complained. Besides he knows Erse much better than English.—ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

¹²⁹ See ff. 1345, 1597.

delivered over to the hands of a goaller who neither had the least fear of God nor humanity, a creature entirely after our own heart, who loaded them the moment they entered his gates with heavy irons and bad usage. Those amongst that had money to purchase the liberty of one leg, was relieved a little, but such as had not must groan under their weight. Nor would their friend be allowed sent the least necessaries of life. The Government was deaf to their cry and petition, so that this bloody rascal of a goaller might use them at discretion, which he very impiously and cruelly did; nor would their friends get to see them without paying for their liberty, not even to make up some sort of defences for their lives, which was wantonly taken away. After every execution the mangled bodies were brought back to the goal, and remained there some days to show the remaining prisoners how they were to be used in their turn. I am very sure nothing could be more shocking to nature than to see their comrades, their friends brought back in such a condition, all cut to pieces, the very comrades they parted with about an hour and a half before in perfect good health and top spirits. They had even the cruelty to keep up the reprimands of those that were to be saved till some hours before their execution. Of all that fell in our hands none were pardoned but two. All the rest were either transported or put to death, either with or without law. By this we see that the Government of England has fallen upon more cruel ways to punish their disobedient fellow-creatures than the Creator to punish even the disobedient angels and sons of men, with this difference—the one to eternal, and the other only for a time. But when the time of times shall come, woe be to them.

fol. 1788

I believe again you come this length, you'll be as tired reading as I am writing. So hopes you'll freely and frankly excuse all faults and failings. I am, Your etc.

fol. 1789

(*Sic subscribitur*), BRUTUS SCOTORUM.

Leith, November 24, 1752.

N.B.—The original of the preceding paper or letter (though disguised under the name of an officer, etc.) is the handwriting of John Farquharson of Alderg, commonly called “John Anderson my jo,” and mentioned in this same paper near the top of page [f.] 1782. He made his escape from London out of a messenger's hands after being under sentence of death. The said original is to be found among my papers.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a Protest, etc.

fol. 1790

Charles, P. R.

Charles, Prince of Wales, Regent of Great Britain, etc., to all the kings, princes, republics, etc.

Nobody is ignorant of the hereditary right of our royal house to the throne of Great Britain. It is needless to enter into a detail of it here. All Europe is instructed with the troubles which have so often harassed these kingdoms, and with the wrongs which we have experienced. It knows that no length of time can alter the constitution of that country, nor form a prescription contrary to its fundamental laws. It could not without astonishment see us remain silent when the powers at war are holding an assembly for peace, which might, without regard to the justice of our cause (in which every sovereign power is interested), statute and stipulate articles prejudicial to our interests and to those of the subjects of our most honoured lord and father.

For these causes, and authorized by the examples of our most honoured grandfather and of our most honoured father and lord, we both in the name of our most honoured father and lord, who has

fol. 1791

given us his full powers in confiding to us the regency of his kingdoms, and in our own and private name, as natural heir of that crown, Protest in the manner the most solemn, and in the best form that may be, against all that which may be said, done, or stipulated in the Assembly which is presently held at Aix-la-Chapelle, or in any other assembly which may be held in consequence of it in any place whatsoever to the prejudice and diminution of the lawful rights of our most honoured father and lord, of our own, of the princes or princesses that are or will be born of our royal house.

We protest in the like manner against all conventions that may be stipulated in the said assemblies, so far as they shall be contrary to engagements already entered into by us.

We declare by these presents that we regard, and will always regard, as null, void, and of no effect, everything that may be statuted or stipulated which may tend to the acknowledgment of any other person whatsoever as sovereign of the kingdoms of Great Britain, besides the person of the most high and most excellent prince, James the Third, our most honoured lord and father, and, in default of him, the person of the nearest heir agreeably to the fundamental laws of Great Britain.

fol. 1792

We declare to all the subjects of our most honoured lord and father, and more particularly to those who have given us recently strong proofs of their attachment to the interests of our Royal family, and to the primitive constitution of their country, that nothing shall ever alter the lively and sincere love which our birth inspires us with for them; and that the just gratitude which we have for their fidelity, zeal, and courage, shall never be effaced from our heart. That, so far from listening to any proposition that tends to destroy and weaken the indissoluble ties which unite us, we look and always will look upon our selves as under the most intimate and indispensable obligation to be constantly attentive to all that which may contribute to their happiness, and that we shall be always ready to spill the very last drop of our blood to deliver them from a foreign yoke.

We protest and declare that no defects which may be in this present protestation shall hurt or prejudice our royal house, and we reserve to ourselves all our rights and actions which shall remain safe and entire.

fol. 1793

Given at Paris this 16th day of July, 1748.

C. P.R.

N.B.—The above is only a translation of the original, which was in French, and which was presented to the members of the Congress then held at Aix la Chapelle.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

On the Duke of Cumberland's happy return to England in 1757.

fol. 1794

1.

Ye British bards; why thus asleep?
Awake as in the days of yore!
See William wafted o'er the deep
And landed safe on Britain's shore!
Wake then! and your united voices raise
To sing the hero's triumph and his praise!

2.

O! could I touch that tuneful lyre
Whose most melodious birthday odes

So oft have rank'd great William's sire
With heroes and with demigods!
Then would I sing in like harmonious lays,
The glorious William's triumph and his praise.

3.

I'd sing how valiantly he fought
At the fam'd field of Dettingen,
Where by his puissant arm, 'tis thought,
Some thousands of the French were slain.
Where, all at once, he learn'd the art of war,
At the expence of one poor harmless scar.

4.

Next wou'd I sing his martial skill
And conduct shewn at Fontenoy,
Which so much Gallick blood did spill,
And Saxe and Lewis so annoy.
Nor wou'd forget the column raised there
By the poetic pen of great Voltaire.

5.

But oh! what muse cou'd next rehearse
His warlike deeds beyond the Forth?
What poet could set forth in verse
His generous actions in the North?
His clemency—which made more hearts to yield
Than all he conquer'd on Cullodden field.

fol. 1795

6.

How good and great it was to see
The wounded freed of all their pain!
The many prisoners set free!
The decent burials of the slain!
The army with their leader so combin'd
To bless and save both man and womankind!

7.

Tis not indeed for ev'ry quill
To celebrate these deeds so bright.
Ev'n Homer, were he living still,
Wou'd puzzled be to paint them right.
To tell how deep recorded they will stand
In Fame's great book and Caledonia's land.

8.

Nor wou'd it be an easy matter
His other victories to trace.

At Va11, how much he got the better,
Tho' forc'd, in end, to leave the place.
For there four thousand British only fell,
Whilst, fifteen thousand French were sent to Hell!

9.

But still a noble scene remains,
For tho' at Hastenbeck defeated;
It wou'd require the loftiest strains
To tell how he to Stade retreated.
How there he bubbled the French politicians
And shew'd himself the flower of state physicians.

10.

Tho' Prussia murmurs and repines
At his most glorious convention,
Yet Richlieu ev'ry time he dines
Will drink his health with pure intention.
And ev'ry pen that truly tells the story,
Will say, This treaty crown'd his former glory!

11.

Ye British senators! make haste
And vote him some more thousands yearly.
Ye Londoners! prepare a feast
And treat him whom ye love so dearly.
Ye Britons all! exert your utmost spirit,
And give him the reward his glorious actions merit!¹³⁰

November 10th, 1757.

**COPY of a Paragraph from a LETTER from the Revd. Mr. LUDOVICK GRANT at Fortrose, to
me, ROBERT FORBES.**

fol. 1797

In the fatal year '46 I was forc'd to abscond, else had been sent prisoner by sea to London. Unroof'd the meeting-house and burnt the timber in the churchyard, for if they burnt it otherwise it woud endanger the town.

Fortrose, October 25, 1758.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Jan, *Edinburgh, January 18th, 1759.* The Revd. Mr. Alexander Mitchel informed me that there was before, and in 1746, an excellent library at Presshome in the Enzie, a part of Banfshire; that the said library belonged to the Roman Catholicks in the North of Scotland, Mr. John Gordon, a priest, being librarian, and dwelling in the said house of Presshome, one room of which was compleatly fitted up all around with books, there being likewise books in some other rooms, and a good many more books in chests, for which proper places had not been yet fitted up; that there were among

fol. 1798

¹³⁰ As a tail-piece to this poem Mr. Forbes has drawn the picture of a gibbet. [*Ed.*]

them good editions of the fathers of the Church, as also Protestant authors not a few; and that after the battle of Culloden a command of soldiers with an officer at their head came to Presshome, took down all the books of said library and put them in carts, dragging them to the burgh of Cullen of Boyn, at the cross of which they burnt them all to ashes in face of the sun and in presence of a crowded mob. So careful and exact were they in bringing them along that when any of the books dropt out of the carts the country people in the procession durst not touch them, but the soldiers gleaned them up and replaced them in the carts. O sordid, illiberal souls! Who would ever imagine that such low, dirty animals knew so much as a single letter of the alphabet? An instance of barbarous, savage conduct more truly Hottentot-like than anything else! Mr. Mitchel told me that he had been frequently in the said library, and that the books were all in good condition. Some short time after burning said books the officer who commanded the party was shot dead (undesignedly) on the spot where he had stood to preside over the burning of them, which happened thus. One Campbell, an officer (perhaps of militia), having been put under arrest for some malverse or other, happened to see a loaded musket in the room in which he was coop'd up, and levell'd the piece from a window at that officer who had been the principal instrument of his arrest, and who was then standing close by the commanding officer of the book-burning party, just where the infamous scene had been acted, the latter of whom Campbell shot dead, and missed the one he had aimed at. A most remarkable miss, and as remarkable the hit.

fol. 1799

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

COPY of a Paragraph of a LETTER from the Revd. Mr. JOHN STEWART at TAIN, to me, R. F.

My meeting-house was burnt to ashes in the moneth of May 1746, and my dwelling house was plunder'd of all that was not put out of the way before the plundering party came.

Tain, February 28th, 1759.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Copy of a return to the above paragraph.

I thank you for informing me about burning your meeting house, etc. But pray by whom or what party were the deeds done against you? Let me know likewise of all the other burnings and pillages within your knowledge. Can you give me any certain accounts of the death of Rorie Mackenzie?¹³¹ This is a particular I have long made inquiry about, but as yet to no purpose.

fol. 1800

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, March 7th, 1759.

COPY of part of a LETTER from said Mr. JOHN STEWART to me, ROBERT FORBES.

My best meeting house was burnt by a party of the Earl of Sutherland's militia, and by virtue of his lordship's order, and it was said that he had his from the commander in chief. My other house lay more retired, and was safe. Mr. Grant's house in Fortrose was burnt. The other was only shut up: and Mr. Urquhart's two meeting houses were both shut up. There was no other burning in this shire that now occurs to me.

¹³¹ See f. 146.

I can give you no authentick account of Roderick McKenzie's death. I know well that it was early, and generally believed over all this country and in the Highlands, in the neighbourhood of the place where it was said to be acted. And it was certainly in the pamphlets of those times, tho I cannot say that I conversed with any that were eyewitnesses of it. But few or none in this country call it in question. His mother and his sisters, I believe, still live at Edinburgh, and its probable they have made ane exact and sure scrutiny into it, of whom it might be proper to enquire.

fol. 1801

Tain, March 26th, 1759.

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers. ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Copy, etc.

Edinburgh, 5th June 1745.

George¹³² Blaw of Castlehill incarcerate upon the following warrant by Robert Craigie, Esq., his Majesty's Advocate, and one of the Justices of the Peace of the County of Midlothian.

Whereas there is just reason to suspect that George Blaw of Castlehill, lately arrived from France, and now in custody of a messenger in the Canongate, is guilty of high treason, these are therefore authorising and requiring you to committ the said George Blaw prisoner to the Tollbooth of Edinburgh for suspition of high treason, there to be detain'd till he is delivered by due course of law. Given at Edinburgh the fifth day of June 1745 years.

(Signed) ROB. CRAIGIE.

To Messengers att Arms, Constables, and other officers of the law, and to the keeper of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh.

Eodem die.

18th June 1745.—George Blaw, design'd as above, was liberate by the following order:

John, Marquis of Tweeddale, Earl of Gifford, Viscount of Walden, and Lord Hay of Yester, one of the Lords of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Councill, and principall Secretary of State. These are in his Majesty's name and authority to authorize and require you to deliver the body of George Blaw, prisoner in your custody on suspition of high treason, to the bearer William Haite, one of his Majesty's messengers in ordinary, in order to his being brought before me to be examined and further dealt with according to law. And for so doing this shall be your warrant. Given at Whitehall the 11th day of June 1745, in the nineteenth year of his Majesty's reign.

fol. 1802

(Signed) TWEEDALE.

To the keeper of the Tolbooth at Edinburgh or his deputs.

Edinburgh the 18th June 1745.

I acknowledge to have received, in pursuance of the above authority, the body of George Blaw from the keeper of the Edinburgh Tolbooth.

Per me, WM. HAITE.

N.B.—The following from the original:

Edinburgh, 15th June 1759.

¹³² A misnomer. It should be John.—F.

These do certify, that what is above written is a just copie of the warrand for committing George¹³³ Blaw of Castlehill to the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and an order for his and warrand for his being delivered to William Haite, one of his Majesties messengers, for his being carried to London. Extracted furth of the Records of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh by me, clerk thereto,

(*Sic subscribitur*) ROBERT SANDERS, Clk.

Leith, November 27th, 1759.—Several papers were delivered to me from the Revd. Mr. Robert Lyon, in Lady Cotton's family in London, which papers he had got from Thomas Bowdler, Esquire, at Ashley, near Bath (brother-german to the after mentioned Mrs. Gordon of Hallhead), to be transmitted to me. Here follow true and faithful copies of said papers.¹³⁴

fol. 1803

N.B.—The three following paragraphs are taken from the holograph of said Mr. Bowdler, as written to the said Mr. Lyon, without date, subscription, or address.

I herewith send you a copy of a letter from my sister, Gordon, to my sister, Jane Bowdler; also a copy of what I took down from her own mouth relating to her affair, and an inventory of what she lost, so far as she could recollect the particulars.

I believe I told you the paper was sign'd by her; but if I said so it was a mistake, for I now recollect that when I read over what I had wrote down from her mouth, I found the language so incorrect, that I resolved to alter it at my leisure, and then to give it to her to sign when put into a more perfect form. This, however, I delayed too long, for it pleased God to take her before I had done anything towards it. So you can only now have what I may call a rough draft.

Mrs. Jackson, a lady who had been long acquainted with Mrs. Gordon, and who knew the china, having seen it at Mr. Gordon's house in London, going one day along the streets, saw some of the china in the window of a china shop, and had the curiosity to go into the shop to ask the man of whom he bought it, and he said he had it from a woman of the town, who told him it was given her by the Duke of Cumberland.

Copy of the forementioned Letter to Sister Jane Bowdler.

fol. 1804

That you, my dear Mrs. Bowdler, Miss Hariott, and my brother, have been all very much astonished at not having for so long a time heard from me (especially as I have had several kind letters from you all), I verily believe; but what is worse, the reading of this will give you and all my friends great concern, and surprize you very much, when I shall tell you that the day before the Duke of Cumberland came here, which was the 23rd of Feberuary, Colonel Watson, one of General Hawley's aid-de-camps, my neighbour, Mrs. Thomson, and Provost Robinson, came to me and said that the College which was designed for the Duke was not found convenient, and that my house and Mr. Thomson's was what they must have. It was no difficulty for Mr. Thomson to find a place to go to, because all his and his wife's relations live here. But that was not my case. However, these gentlemen told me that when I had found a place to put myself in, all the difficulty was over, for that as to everything that was in the house greater care would be taken of it then of any other: for I might and ought to depend on it, that as I lent my house for their conveniency, they would not let me be a sufferer in any respect; that as to my chinea and linnen, I must lock it up, and put my kitchen furniture in the celler, that it might not be in their way, and lock them, only leaving

fol. 1805

¹³³ Still a misnomer. It should be John.—F.

¹³⁴ Printed in *the Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 211-230.

them a place for their coals, and two maids in the house to do anything for them, and make myself quite easie, for they would not stay above 2 or 3 days here. I did not know where to go or what to do, for everbody's house was filled. Whilst I was in this anxiety Sir Arthur came in and said I might send the child to his house in the country, which was a great releife to me. I then sent to ask my evening friend if he could lodge me and my maid, which he very obligingly did, by putting part of his family to shift for themselves. When I had provided myself with a lodging, the next was to set all things by as I was desired, and really thought that I had done everything in so right a manner, that there was no room to doubt but that what had been said to me would prove true. But as you will find by what follows it did not. For the very morning after they came, before I was out of my bed, General Hawley sent two messengers to command me to send him every key I had. And so I did, still thinking that when he had satisfied his curiosity he would send them to me again. But about six o'clock in the afternoon he sent one of his aid-de-camps to me (whose name is Wolf), who, after telling me rudely enough that he had a great deal of trouble to find me out, said that he was come to let me know that I was deprived of every thing I had but the cloths on my back. Do not wonder that I thought this an uncommon hard sentence, for I am very sure that I never either said or did anything that could offend any of them, or any of the inhabitants of the place. The gentleman told me that indeed the generall had been very strict in his inquirys about me, but could not find anything to lay to my charge. The next day there was a petition read to the Duke, setting forth the cruelty of this sentence, and desiring that at least I might have my cloths belonging to myself and child with my provisions, with what I could make plainly appear belonged intirely to me or other people. It was said he seemed quite amazed at it, and said he would take care that I should not be robed. And indeed the same gentleman came to me again, and said the Duke had ordered that my things should not be taken from me. So I thought I might depend on this message. But Generall Hawley, who lived in my house, took care prevent that, for he packed up every bit of chinea I had, which I am sure would not be bought for two hundred pound, all my beding and table linnen, every book, my repeating clock which stood by the bed in which he lay every night, my worked screen, every ragg of Mr. Gordon's cloths, the very hat, breeches, night gown, shoes, and what shirts there was of the childs, 12 tea spoons, strainer and tonges, the japan'd board on which the chocolate and coffee cups stood, and put them on board a ship in the night time, directed to himself at Holyrood House at Edenburgh. The flutes, musick, and my cane, he made presents off. I had 5 lb. and half of tea, 7 loaves of fine sugar, half a hundred of lump, 7 lb. of chocolate, a great stock of salt beef, pickled pork, hams, peas, butter, coals, peats, ale, verme jelly, rice, and spice, some cheese, brandy, rum, sago, hartshorn, salop, sweetmeats, Narbonne hony, two dozen washballs, with many things which 'tis impossible to mention, all which he kept for himself, nor would he give me any share of them, even my empty bottles he took. The morning he went away, which was on Tuesday the 8th, he took the blankets and pillows of the beds, even the larding pins, iron screws, the fish kettle and marble mortar, and yet sent me word by his own Serjeant but the day before that Mr. Bruce, who is their Judge Advocate, had made it appear to him that my case was very hard, therefore he would replace everything that was in my house. In short he has left nothing behind him but the beds without coverings. The chairs and tables, my writing tables, the corner cupboard and Mr. Gordon's desk he has broke as much as can be, and tho he had the keys, he has taken off the locks, and taken the part of it that was at the bottom for holding his acompt books to pack part of the chinea in. In short a house so plundered, I believe, was never heard off. It is not six hundred pounds that would make up my lose; nor have I at this time a single table cloth, napkin, nor towel, tea cup, glass, or any one conveniency. You may think what effect the low condition he has reduced me to has had on my health and spirits better than I can express it, especially as you know

fol. 1806

fol. 1807

fol. 1808

my affairs were not in a flourishing condition before, and that my furniture was what I chiefly depended on to enable me to do justice to those that had demands on me. There was ten dishes, 40 plates, and 3 dozen of plates that were sent in to me by two merchants to see if I would buy them. He knew they did not belong to me, yet he took them, and I have ten pound to pay for them. The cheif of my own clothes I brought away with me, meerly by the accident of the trunk, in which they were, not standing in the room without looking like a litter, or else they would have been gon too; for what was left I have lost. I have sent to my landlord to desire him to take his house off my hands, for it is left in such a way that it is impossible for me to go into it again. Nor am I any longer in a condition to keep it. I am puting away Bob's master, and Appy; then my family will consist of myself, Bob, and two maids, which I should be very much puzzled how to dispose off, but that my friend I am now with pittys me so much that he is fitting up a room for my accommodation, and will let me stay with him till you and my brother give me your advice what I should do. For I am in great distress and do not know which way to turn myself, and the only two that would serve me are gone to England, viz., Sir Arthur and Mr. Duff, who with his wife, I believe, you will see (and if you do, pray tell him how much I own myself obliged to him, for indeed he tryed very much to have been of use to me) for they talked of being at Bath, tho' they have sent all their furniture to London. Nor is here anybody left that can get away, which is what they think I ought to do. But, alas, my affairs are so intangled that I cannot tell how to behave. And I know nobody into whose hands to put them, for those that used to assist me are gone, and other people have behaved to me as lately did.

fol. 1809

fol. 1810

As to myself, whilst things are in this uncertain situation, believe I may be of some use to stay here a little. But the childs being here frights me terribly, for in some events I have too much reason to think he would not be safe; and can I get any opportunity of sending him to England, should be very glad to do it. If they will let him stay at Stretton, my brother would be so kind to make him mind his writting and book, so would hope he could not be very troublesome in the family. I know you and Miss Harriot cannot take him, nor is the place where you are proper for him (besides do not know how soon I may be obliged to come a begging to you myself) I am not able to pay for his board, or I would not have mention'd his being there.

The contents of this epistle I desire you will let my brother know, and give him my thanks for telling me he had got a son, of which I wish his wife and him much joy, and, if I can, will write to him soon. But I thought it proper to write this to you. The only worldly comforts I have had under my misfortunes has been that my friends did not know the ill usage I have met with. For as they were at so great a distance to help me I thought it a happiness that they were not feeling with me; and till the Duke and General was gone, and I found that they realy had taken every thing that was possible to carry away, I hoped it would not have been quite so bad as I find it is. But now I cannot help letting you know it, tho'I am sure it will give you great uneasiness.

fol. 1811

Mr. Gordon does not know what I have suffered, nor do I know where he is. But be that where it will, I hope he has had more peace of mind than I have lately known. After receiving this, if you should read in the newspapers that a handsome recompense was left by the general!, etc., to make up any loss that might have happened by the carelessness of his servants to the goods of the person in whose house he stay'd six weeks, perhaps you may wonder at it. But I have lately read such things in the papers that I should not be at all surprized at it, tho' he did not give either of the maids a farthing. The Duke gave them 4 guineas.

All the Episcopal meetings are pulled down. The alters, pulpits, and seats were imploy'd to heat the ovens. I am sorry to have wrote you so long a letter without having been able to say anything

that would be agreeable, but I hope that will not always be my case, etc. I expect Bob from the country this night. Then follows some love and kindness to me which is nothing to the purpose. Afterwards she says: Letters come very safe at present, but as I have changed my habitation, so pray direct to me at Dr. Rose's, phisician, at Aberdeen. When you have opportunity pray let my friends in London know what has happened to me, particularly Mrs. Martin.

fol. 1812

Aberdeen, 11 Aprill.

COPY, taken from the handwriting of the forementioned THOMAS BOWDLER, Esquire, of what he wrote, from the mouth of his sister, the foresaid Mrs. Gordon.

In the month of February 1745-6, George Middleton of Seton, Esq., came to me at my house in Aberdeen, and asked me what spare rooms I had in the house, for the English army was come, and some of them must be quartered in it. I told him I had but one room to spare, and that I would lie in that myself, and give up my own chamber if he pleased. He then said he would bring Colonel George Watson to be in my house; that the Colonel was an old friend of his father's and his, and would protect me from any insult. At night Mr. Duff came to me and brought Colonel Watson with him who supp'd with me, and lay in the house that night. Next morning the Colonel went out early, and returned in the forenoon with Provost Robinson and my next door neighbour, Mr. Thompson. They then told me the Colonel had been to see the apartment that was designed for the Duke of Cumberland in the College, but did not think it would do, and had therefore fix'd on my house for him. Upon my telling him it would be very inconvenient to me to go out of the house, because as the army would fill the town I could not tell where to get a lodging, he said that if I could anyway find a lodging he would take care that nobody should be quarter'd in the house I went to. I told him that I was not able to find linen and other necessaries for so many people as were to come with the Duke of Cumberland. He said that they would bring everything with them; that I should lock up everything I had; that my kitchen furniture must be put by, for they would bring their own, that I might put it into some of the cellars, not any of which need to be left open except one for them to put coals into; that I might lock up my linen, etc., in a closet; and that I must leave two maids to do the work of the house. He added that they would not come till the next night; that they would not stay above two days or three at the most, and that I might make myself very easy, for everything would be more safe than if I was to stay in the house myself, and if any damage was done to anything it should be made good to me. After this Provost Robinson and many other of my friends did during that day congratulate me on this affair, as they thought the Duke of Cumberland's being in my house would be a protection to me. The next morning, which was Thursday, the Duke of Cumberland came to my house attended by General Hawley and several others. The General lay in my bed, and very early on Friday morning sent a messenger to the house where I was demanding all my keys. My answer was that my maid was gone to market and that as soon as she returned she should carry them to him. But before she did return I received a second message that he would have them that minute or he would break open all the locks. I then sent him the keys by his messenger. That evening, one, Major Wolfe, came to me, and after asking me if I was Mrs. Gordon, and desiring a gentleman who was with me to go out of the room, he said that he was come to tell me that by the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley's order I was deprived of everything I had except the cloaths upon my back. After delivering this message he said that General Hawley having enquired into my character of several persons, who had all spoken very well of me, and had told him I had had no hand in the rebellion, and that I was a stranger there without any relations in that country, he, the General, would make interest with the Duke of Cumberland, that I might have any particular thing that I had a mind to and could say was my own.

fol. 1813

fol. 1814

fol. 1815

I then desired to have my tea, but the Major told me it was very good, and that tea was scarce in the army, so he did not believe I could have it. The same answer was made me when I asked for my chocolate. I mentioned several other things, particularly my china. That, he told me, was, a great deal of it very pretty, and that they were very fond of china themselves, but as they had no ladies travelled with them I might perhaps have some of it. I then desired to have my pictures. He said he supposed I would not wish to have them all. I replied that I did not pretend to name any except my son's. He asked me if I had a son, where he was? I said I had sent him into the country to make room for them. To what place? said he. I answered, To Sir Arthur Forbes's. He asked, How old my son was. I said about fourteen. Fourteen, said he, then he is not a child and you will be made to produce him. And thus we parted. This Major Wolfe was aid de camp to General Hawley.

fol. 1816

The next day a petition was drawn up and was read to the Duke of Cumberland at his levee by Captain Forbes, who was also aid de camp to General Hawley, and I was told the Duke said he would take care I should not be robb'd. That day Major Wolfe came to me again and told me that the Duke of Cumberland had sent him to let me know that my petition had been read to him and that he would take care that every thing should be restored to me. Notwithstanding this, when I sent to the house to ask for anything, as in particular I did for a pair of breeches for my son, for a little tea for myself, for a bottle of ale, for some flour to make bread, because there was none to be bought in the town, all was refused me.

Afterwards, hearing that many of my things were pack'd up, I wrote a letter to General Hawley and inclosed it in one to Sir Everard Fawkner, to which Sir Everard sent me this answer, that he could not deliver my letter to General Hawley, but that he had read it to the Duke, who said he would take care I should have everything again.

The Duke of Cumberland, General Hawley, etc., stay'd in my house about six weeks, and the day before General Hawley went away, a person came to me who told me he was the General's own Serjeant, and was come by his order to say to me that, as my case was very hard, he would take care that everything that belonged to me should be put into the hands of Mr. Bruce, the Judge Advocate, and that I should find everything as I had left it. But notwithstanding all these repeated messages, the best of my things were pack'd up, and actually shipp'd off a fortnight before they left my house; and the very morning that General Hawley went away, he had the blankets on which he lay, and several other things, pack'd up, and took them with him. That day I received a letter in the following words:

fol. 1817

“Madam,—I shall begin my letter by returning you thanks for the conveniency your house has been to me of, and in particular for the use of your young gentleman's room. But I must make you an apology at the same time for what necessity obliges me to do. It has not been in my power to find such accomodations for a field bed as my present circumstances require. I am thereby forced to occasion you perhaps some little inconveniency by taking with me part of the bedding of your son, viz., the quilt, two blankets, and the pillow, all which I have had valued by Ramsay, who has fix'd the price at £1, 14. Wherefore I herein inclose two Portugal eighteen shillings pieces, chusing rather to exceed than fall short of what may be your due. I wish some opportunity may offer wherein I may be of use to you, as I am with truth, Madam, Your most humble and most obedient servant,

fol. 1818

“Edward Mason.”

Who this Mr. Mason is, or what post he had, I don't know.

I should have mention'd above that Major Wolfe did one day bring me my sons picture, but

without the frame, and he then told me that General Hawley did with his own hands take it out of the frame, which was a gilt one and very handsome. This frame the General left behind him, and I afterwards found it in the house.

I have hereto annexed a list of many of the things that were taken from me.

Alexander Scott, the carpenter, who pack'd up my things for General Hawley, told me that he desired the General not to spoil the mahogany bureau by making use of it to pack china in, and offered to make him a box for that purpose, but the General refused it.

The beds and tables, etc. that were left behind them I found very much broke and damaged; and, upon the whole, six hundred pounds would not repair my loss.

fol. 1819

The above mentioned Alexander Scott, the carpenter, told me that the best tea equippage was pack'd up in part of the mahogany bureau, and was directed to the Duke of Cumberland at St. James's, and that the set of coloured table china was directed in the same manner. The rest of the things were directed to General Hawley, by whose directions the other two boxes were directed to the Duke of Cumberland.

I should have added above that when they refused to give me some flour to make some bread, my maid insisted on my having it or some bread, and said she would stay in the room till the Duke of Cumberland sat down to dinner, and would then speak to him for some bread for me, as there was none to be bought. They at last threw her a piece of the bottom of a loaf, and when she asked if that was all they would give me, they answered it was as much as I could eat, for they believed I had not then a very good stomach.

**COPY of a LIST of what GENERAL HAWLEY took from me when I lent him my house at
Aberdeen.**

One set coloured table china, viz., 10 dishes, a soop dish, and 4 dozen and 10 plates.

One set of blue and white, viz., 10 dishes and 40 plates, and 3 dozen plates. Note, these were not my own, but were sent to my house to see if I would buy them, and I was forced afterwards to pay for them.

fol. 1820

10 blue and white dishes, a large soop dish.

3 dozen and 7 plates of the same sort.

2 dozen of another sort.

2 dozen of another sort. 10 of another sort.

22 soop plates of 2 sorts.

10 coloured plates.

12 fine coloured water saucers.

6 blue and white ditto.

5 couloured bowls of different sizes, a scolloped china bowl.

A blue and white bowl holding 17 bottles.

3 couloured scollop shells.

10 ditto tea cups, saucers, and slop basin. A blue and white bowl.

6 half-pint basons, 4 pint basons.

4 blue and white large tea cups and 6 saucers.

A small coloured dish.

12 common blue and white cups, saucers, and slop basin.

12 coloured tea cups, saucers, milk pot, tea jar, sugar dish with a cover and plate, a slop basin and plate, 2 tea pots, one with a silver spout and scalloped plate for it. 12 tea spoons, strainer, and sugar tongs, silver.

fol. 1821

9 coloured chocolate cups and saucers.

6 coffee cups.

A coffee pot, slop basin, and sugar dish with a cover, and a true Japaned board on which they stood.

2 blue and white candlesticks.

4 ditto chocolate cups.

8 ditto coffee cups.

Sago, sallop, coals, and peats.

A coloured shaving basin.

A small blue and white mug.

A ditto tea canister.

A red ditto and teapot; with many little bits that I cannot remember, for he did not leave a single tea cup or plate.

2 dozen wine glasses, with several decanters.

For my own linnen, he took 11 table cloaths of the largest size that are made, 10 of them damask, and one bird's eye diaper; ten small ones and 2 kitchen ones; 3 dozen large damask napkins; 1 dozen smaller; 3 dozen bird's eye diaper, and 1 dozen diaper; a vast many towels; 6 pair of fine pillow biers; several pairs of sheets, some very good ones. Many dusting cloaths, for he left none; an embroidered fire screen; a repeating clock, with the stand for it, which stood by the bed in which he lay; all the books, 3 flutes, and music books; two canes with china heads; 2 maps; a large marble mortar and pestle; a very big copper fish kettle, with a fish drainer in it; several larding pins, and a dozen of iron scures; 3 pillows and 2 pair blankets—these were on the bed in which he lay; 12 shirts; 24 stocks; 2 pair of quite new black silk stockings; 20 white India dimety waistcoats; a great many thred stockings and handkerchiefs; a new black velvet waistcoat, and 3 pair of new velvet breeches. Many pairs of gloves, shoes, and 3 wigs, belonging to Mr. Gordon; and 3 pairs of breeches, a new hat (worth £2), and pair of shoes, with several shirts and nightgown of Bob's. He took of my provisions 5 lb. and half of very good green tea, 7 loafs of fine, ½ 100 lb. of lump sugar, 7 lb. of Venello chocolate, 2 large casks of butter, almost a 100 weight of peas, a vast deal of pickled porks and hams, salt beef, 17 or 18 dozen of ale, rice, all sort of spices, pickles, a good deal of Narbon honey, sweet meats, 3 lb. of Venny jelly, shavings of Hartshorn, 2 dozen of wash-balls, a pint of Lavendar water, two quart bottles of Hungary water, 6 of brandy, and 6 of rum, which was all I had, and a vast quantity of Chesser cheese; a gross and a half of new bottles to bottle his wine in, and those that were used was sold; a large painted cloth, and two strong chests to pack up what he had taken, and part of a mahogany bureau to put the tea china in. The writing table, bureau, and

fol. 1822

corner cupboard, tho' he had every key on asking them, were broke in an uncommon way, and the locks quite spoiled. A cod rill box and japan'd saucer for the fish; a new marble iron snuff box in pinchbeck; a mourning sword; ½lb. of small wax candle; a copper coffee pot; 6 new bottle stands; a brass candle-stic; 3 flasks of Florence oil; a small portmantua; a spit; 8 covers for chairs stuff; the bridle belonging to my own saddle, with many other things.

fol. 1823

Note, I have not a catalogue of all the books.

A master of a ship, Keith, I think, was his name, belonging to Aberdeen, told Thomas Bowdler that he saw at the Custom House at London several boxes in which were many of these things, and as he knew them to belong to me, having often been in my house at Aberdeen, he had the curiosity to look on the outside of the boxes to see to whom they were directed, and they were directed to General Hawley at his house in London. He told Thomas Bowdler some were directed to the Duke of Cumberland at St. James's House and some to General Hawley.

Mr. Dunlop, the watchmaker in Spring Garden, has own'd that he has since mended this repeating clock for General Hawley. The clock was bought by Mr. Gordon, of Dunlop, which was the reason of his knowing it again.

N.B.—Leith, January 9, 1760. This day I dispatched all the forementioned Papers to Mr. Robert Lyon for Mr. Bowdler by a private hand sailing for London.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Copy of a Narrative of the negotiation of John Blaw of Castlehill, in France, taken from the original in the handwriting of said John Blaw.

fol. 1824

1745. John Blaw of Castlehill was sent by the Duke of Perth to France to Charles, Prince of Wales, to let him know the situation of his affairs in Scotland, and those who would espouse his interest in that country, amongst whom the Laird of MacLeod was of the number. I choose to mention him because of his behaviour afterwards so nottarily known to the world. I left Scotland the week of Christinas, and about 24 days after I arriv'd in Paris, about Candlesmas (New Style) 1745, where I mett with the Prince and delivered my credentials. He kept me there about six weeks, during which time the then minister of France, having got intelligence that there was a Scots gentleman that had come to the Prince, he caus'd Sir Hector MacLean write me to come to Versailles, that he, the minister, wanted to see me. Upon receipt of Sir Hector's letter I went and acquainted the Prince of the matter, who desired me to go and acquaint him what past when I returned. Accordingly I went at the hour that was appointed me by the minister, which was seven a clock at night. This was about the middle of February, 1745. I had along with me my Lord Semple, who introduc'd me to the minister, and there wee had the honour of at least one hours audience, relating to all the affairs of Europe as they then stood, as well as of our own. In the course of our conversation, my Lord Semple demanded in his master's name 10,000 workmen for England, and the minister ask'd me how many we wanted for Scotland. I made answer very readily if the above number was sent for England, Scotland would do their own affairs themselves, but if they had two or three 1000 to spare, we should take them; but if not, we could do without them. He, the minister, then told my Lord and me, that had we made our demand two moneths sooner, we could have got them, but that at present there was not one regiment in France but what had their operations assigned them for the inshewing campaign. Upon which I made answer that if they answered the present demand that they would have England immediately upon their side, which would enable France to do with the Empress Queen what they pleas'd. The minister was for some time silent

fol. 1825

without ever giving a return. Then I told the minister that I was shortly to set out again for Scotland, and I wanted to know what I should say to the King my master's friends when I returned, how far his most Christian Majesty would do in that affair. Upon which the minister left us a little and went into the next room where his most Christian Majesty was, and when he return'd, directing his discourse to me,—That I might assure my master's friends in Scotland that his most Christian Majesty should give the men now demanded against the month of October next, if the campaign was any way successful to France. And how successful they were the annals of Europe will testify. The truth of the above narration I can go to death with.

fol. 1826

Some time about the beginning of March I left Paris for my return, and difficult enough I had to get back again to Holland, having both armies to go through, as I had come through them in my going in to Paris in time of war, is a task I would not undertake again. But by the providence of God, I in a manner miraculously escaped falling in bad hands, and got safe back to Scotland, and deliver'd my answer to the Duke of Perth about the first of May (new style), but was unfortunately taken prisoner the 5th of June along with Sir Hector, and we were both carried up to London, where we were detained for nigh two years and a half in different prisons. Some months of that time I was thrown amongst the thieves and pickpockets in Newgate in double irons, the marks of which I carry about with me to this day; and not one farthing I had from the Government for my subsistence, tho I was a state prisoner all the time, and was at last dismiss'd without ever bringing me to any trial or to tell me for what they so us'd me. *O the blest liberty and property of England!*

fol. 1827

N.B.—The original of the above is to be found among my papers.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

Leith, January 7th, 1760.

Wednesday afternoon, January 16th, in the house of James MacDonald, on the Coalhill in Leith, I met with Ranald MackDonell of Aberarder and his brother german, Alexander MackDonell of Tullucherom, on the Loch Laggan side of Badenoch, cadets of the family of Keppoch. The said Alexander told me that he had the honour to give a brown short coat, a shirt, and a pair of shoes to the Prince in his sculking, just on his entering Badenoch to go to meet with Cluny and Lochiel. After the battle of Culloden, Alexander MackDonell, having made his peace with Lord Loudon, and procured a protection, was now and then sent out to search for the Prince, and by his reports became an instrument in his preservation. The Prince told Alexander MackDonell that he had learned now to know the 4th part of a peck of meal, upon which he had once lived for about eight days. The Prince while in Badenoch had plenty of everything.¹³⁵

fol. 1828

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

On the death of Sir ALEXANDER MACDONALD of Slate, who died suddenly at Bernera in Glenelg, November 28th, 1746, on his way to Edinburgh.¹³⁶

fol. 1829

If Heav'n is pleas'd when sinners cease to sin;
If Hell is pleas'd, when sinners enter in;
If Earth is pleas'd, freed of a truckling knave;
Then all are pleas'd—MacDonald's in his grave.

January 30th, 1761, died in the 49th year of his age, Alexander MacDonald of Glenalladale, in

¹³⁵ See ff. 1473, 1545.

¹³⁶ See f. 253.

Moydart, a man well known for being proof of the gilded dust when no despicable quantity thereof, and his own personal safety, with that of his helpless family, the weeping mother and the hungry babes, stript of every thing, tempted his acceptance. Firm to his word and steady to every trust, his soul was impregnable as a rock amidst all the storms and tempests this fluctuating state of things could dash against him.

Let all the world say what they can,
*Glen liv'd and died the honest man.*¹³⁷

COPY of a LETTER to me, ROBERT FORBES, from RONA, alias YOUNG RASAY.

fol. 1830

Rasay, November 17th, 1760.

REV. SIR,—This will be deliver'd you by one John Mackinnon, whom upon a little conversation you'll know. He has been confin'd to his bed for three years past, having lost the power of his legs, by which means he is reduc'd to poverty and meer want, with the burden of a wife and four children. He was so low that we, his friends here, made a contribution for him to bring him to Edinburgh, as we make no doubt he will be taken care off once he arrives there. His scheme is to get into Infirmary if he can any ways recover his health, as in no other shape can he bestow upon his own cure. Once you know the man, I scarce need recommend to you to do him what service may be usfull to him; and by examining with yourself a little at home you'll be convinced who he is, and so will say no more. We all here salute Mrs. Forbes and you, and am with sincerity, Reverend Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

(Sic subscribitur) JOHN M^CLEOD.¹³⁸

Saturday, April 25th, at 11 o'clock, 1761, I was with John Mackinnon in the Infirmary of Edinburgh (see vol. 6, p. [fol.] 1226), when he acknowledged that John Walkinshaw of London was careless and in too great a hurry when taking down his account of things in writing, and therefore he gave me the following additions:¹³⁹

fol. 1831

On turning the point (vol. 6, page [fol.] 1219) they came so near to the enemy as that their oars struck upon the boat tied to the rock.

When they spied the five men with red crosses, John MacKinnon had the Prince sitting low down on the bottom of the boat betwixt his knees with his head leaning back on John's belly, and John's plaid spread over him, so that the Prince could not be seen at all. John said he was obliged to be very positive and peremptory as to keeping the Prince in his then snug situation when he offered to get up and to jump ashore, insomuch that he affirmed with an oath he would by no means allow of any such thing, as he well knew the danger of such an experiment. Meantime the Prince and John kept up a close conversation together, the Prince asking now and then how they kept their distance from the red crosses. John assured him they kept their distance very well, and that the red crosses did not gain a single foot on them.

John gave orders to the rowers to have their muskets close by them, but by no means to fire till he himself should fire first, which was to be the word of command, "And then, my lads," said he, "be sure to take an aim, mark well, and there is no fear. We will be able to manage these rogues if

fol. 1832

¹³⁷ See ff. 576, 1447.

¹³⁸ See ff. 241-245, 1216.

¹³⁹ The Narrative in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 488 *et seq.*, is partly taken from these Notes.

we come to engage them.” Upon this the Prince earnestly intreated John not to take any life without any absolute necessity. John said he would observe his direction and that he would not make an attempt unless better could not be; but that if they were forced to come to blows it was necessary that none should get off to tell tidings. John observed to the Prince that as the landing place they were sailing to was all wood down to the water, they would be very safe if once there, because the red crosses would be afraid of being fired at from behind the trees or out of the thickets, and, therefore, would be sure to sheer off for their own safety. Which, accordingly, happened without their coming near to the boat in which the Prince had been.

John MacKinnon narrated to me, with no small concern, what pass’d between him and old Clanranald. When John was going to Scotus’s house, he spied Clanranald at a short distance from it, who, upon seeing John coming towards him, made all the haste he could to get within doors. But John mended his pace and got hold of the tail of Clanranald’s coat just as he was entering the door of Scotus’s house. Clanranald turning about said, “O! Mr. MacKinnon, is this you? I did not know you. How do you do? It is not easy to know people that come to visit us now.” “Indeed,” said John, “it is hard now-a-days to distinguish friends from foes. But I come as a friend, Clan, and have something to impart to you, if you will please to take a turn with me.” They went to the back of Scotus’s garden, and then John told Clanranald that he came to him not only with a message but with orders to him. In some surprize and confusion Clanranald desired to know them. “Well then, Clan,” said John, “I am come from the Prince, who is not very far off from hence, and desires to know from you into whose hands he is now to be put, for that he will think himself safe with any person or persons you will recommend. He desires me likewise to tell you that he wants not to see you, or that you should run any personal risk on his account, as you did not join him in person, but that you’ll only name any one with whom you think he will be safe.” “Why,” said Clanranald, “Old MacKinnon was with me yesterday and did not mention a word about the Prince, or that he knew anything at all of him.” “In that he did right and like a wise man,” said John, “as he had no orders, and yet he knew as much about him as I do, as he and I came over with the Prince from Sky. But now I come to [you] with orders, and have faithfully delivered them to you and wait to have your return.” “Well then,” said Clanranald, “what muckle devil has brought him to this county again? For a second destruction to it no doubt, as the troops upon hearing of his motions, will be sure to follow him fast and raze us all to the ground, leaving us nothing that they can either carry off or destroy.” “It is truly astonishing,” said John, “to hear a gentleman like you, Clan, talk at such a rate, when you know the Prince to be in the utmost danger, and, therefore, that he stands as much in need of faithful care and assistance as ever. To whom can he go for a sanctuary in distress but to friends? And must he not move about from place to place, as shall be judged most fit, for to keep him out of the hands of his enemies who are continually hunting after him? I tell you over again that he expressly desires you may not run any risk whatsoever in your own person, not even by looking him in the face, but that you may name to me any person in whose hands you would judge him to be safe. It is very hard if you will not do that much for him in his greatest danger.” “I tell you, Mr. MacKinnon,” said Clanranald, “I know of no person into whose hands I can put him. But if my advice or opinion can be of any use, it is that you should directly return with him from whence you came and land him speedily in the Island of Rona.” “Indeed,” said John, “I would as soon give him instantly up to the troops as do any such thing as you advise. For you know, Clan, as well as I do, that Rona being a little grass island not a single goat or sheep could escape a search on it, much less a man. If this be the best advice or opinion you have to give, Clan, you had better keep it to yourself, for the following of it would be to throw the Prince directly into the hands of his enemies. I plainly see you are resolved not to do the smallest service to the Prince in his greatest

fol. 1833

fol. 1834

fol. 1835

fol. 1836

distress, and that you want only to be rid of him, therefore you shall have no more trouble about him. But remember, Sir, that I will honestly inform him of every word that has pass'd between you and me on this subject, be the consequence what it will."

Accordingly, John MacKinnon made a faithful report to the Prince, who received it without any emotion, and most easily said, "Well, Mr. MacKinnon, there is no help for it. We must do the best we can for ourselves."

In coming to the ford near Morar's house a comical adventure happened. Mr. MacKinnon desired the guide to be so kind as to take the poor sick young fellow (meaning the Prince) upon his back across the ford, as it was then pretty deep. "The deil be on the back he comes," says the guide, "or any fellow of a servant like him. But I'll take you on my back, Sir, if you please, and carry you safely through the ford." "No, no, by no means," said Mr. MacKinnon, "if the lad must wade, I'll wade along with him and help him, lest any harm should happen to him." Then John MacKinnon took hold of the Prince's arm and they went through the ford together. This adventure pleased Mr. MacKinnon very much, as it served to conceal the Prince more and more, for the guide had not the smallest suspicion that the sick lad was the Prince.

fol. 1837

When they came to Morar's house none could be more hearty and ready to serve the Prince, and to take all possible care of him than Morar was. But when he returned next day from seeking out young Clanranald, he became all at once very cool and backward. For when he told young Clanranald was not to be found, the Prince said, "Well, Morar, there is no help for that, you must do the best you can yourself." To which Morar answered, he was sorry to tell him he could do nothing at all for his Royal Highness, and as little did he know of any one to whose care he could commit his person. "This is very hard," said the Prince. "You was very kind yesternight, Morar, and said you could find out a hiding place proof against all the search of the enemies forces, and now you say you can do nothing at all for me. You can travel to no place but what I will travel to. No eatables or drinkables can you take, but what I can take a share along with you, and be well content with them, and even pay handsomely for them. When Fortune smiled upon me and I had pay to give, I then found some people ready enough to serve me, but now that fortune frowns on me and I have no pay to give, they forsake me in my necessity."

fol. 1838

This provoked John MacKinnon highly, insomuch that he told Morar very roundly, "I am persuaded, Morar, though you deny it, you have met with your betters and gotten bad counsel, otherwise you would not have changed your mind so much as you have done in so short a time. For yesterday you was as hearty as one could have wished to do everything for the preservation of the Prince, whose situation is just the same as when you left us; and as there is no change at all in his circumstances, why this sudden change in your resolutions? Morar still persisted in the denial of having seen young Clanranald, and of having received any bad counsel in the matter. But old MacKinnon and John were as positive on the contrary that he had certainly met with young Clanranald,¹⁴⁰ and that Morar's present conduct had been the result of the conference.

This dilemma vex'd the Prince greatly, insomuch that he cried out, "O God Almighty! Look down upon my circumstances and pity me; for I am in a most melancholy situation. Some of those who joined me at first and appeared to be fast friends, now turn their backs upon me in my greatest need, and some of those again who refused to join me and stood at a distance are among my best friends. For it is remarkable that those of Sir Alexander MacDonald's following have been most faithful to me in my distress, and contributed greatly to my preservation." Then he added, "I hope,

fol. 1839

¹⁴⁰ See ff. 601-606.

Mr. MacKinnon, you will not desert me too and leave me in the lurch, but that you'll do all for my preservation you can."

Old MacKinnon, imagining these words to be spoken to him, declared with his eyes gushing out the tears, "I never will leave your Royal Highness in the day of danger, but will, under God, do all I can for you, and go with you wherever you order me." "O no," said the Prince, "that is too much for one of your advanced years, Sir. I heartily thank you for your readiness to take care of me as I am well satisfied of your zeal for me and my cause. But one of your age cannot well hold out with the fatigues and dangers I must undergo. It was to your friend John here, a stout young man, I was addressing myself." "Well, then," said John, "with the help of God I will go through the wide world with your Royal Highness, if you desire me."

Then the Prince proposed to go to Boradale. "I am pretty sure," said he, "honest old Æneas MacDonald will be ready enough to do all he can for me." Then he asked at Morar if he would do that much for him as to give him a guide, seeing John MacKinnon, being a stranger in that part of the country, did not know the way thither. Morar said he had a boy, a son of his own, who knew the road very well and whom he would send with him as guide. The Prince very readily answered, "If that son of yours did never see me, well and good; he will do very well. But if he has ever seen me, let him not come near us; we will do the best we can for ourselves." Morar assured the Prince his son had never seen him, and therefore it was agreed to take him.

fol. 1840

The Prince said he longed much to hear what they were doing in the camp at Fort Augustus, and asked if Morar could procure any one to go and bring intelligence from that quarter. Morar said there was a packman or pedlar in that corner who used to go sometimes to Fort Augustus to sell his wares in the camp, and he doubted not but he might be prevailed upon to go. The Prince pull'd out a guinea and desired Morar¹⁴¹ to give it to the pedlar to dispatch him for intelligence in Morar's

fol. 1841

¹⁴¹ Here ends Vol. VIII., except that there is inserted a copy of the print intitled, ALEXIS; OR, THE YOUNG ADVENTURER: A NOVEL. *Qui capit, ille facit*. London, printed for T. Cooper, MDCCXLVI., 32 pp. 12^{mo}. At the foot of the title-page Mr. Forbes has written the following:—

"N.B.—This is not at all according to the MS. that was sent to London. To omit other instances, this makes Celestius recover (pag. 29), whereas the MS. made him die, and his head to be cut off and carried away in triumph." On p. 26, line 11 from foot, "love"-abandoned is altered with the pen to "low," etc. And in the "KEY," p. 31, Veracius—"MacLean" is scored out, and "MacDonald" written in.

Here, therefore, begins Volume Ninth of Bishop Forbes's manuscript. It is entitled

THE LYON IN MOURNING, or a Collection (as exactly made as the iniquity of the times would permit) of Speeches, Letters, Journals, etc., relative to the Affairs, but more particularly the dangers and distresses of

Vol. 9th, 1761.

*Aspicias hanc animam gemino succumbere fato?
Nec tua sunt veilis astra secunda meis?
Aspice nec rabido luctantem desere ponto,
Naufraga nec medio lina relinque freto.
Tende manum potius miseræ, Palinure, natanti,
Et mente digitos, subde, vocate, tuos.*

own name, and to tell him to return as speedily as possible. Morar said a guinea was too much, that the one half might do very well. To which the Prince scornfully replied, "Well, then, Sir, if you think so, give him the one half and keep the other to yourself." After this, the Prince and John MacKinnon slipt out of the cave and went to Boradale, the foresaid boy conducting them.

When John MacKinnon was under examination, General Campbell failed not to represent to him in very strong terms what a notable opportunity he had let slip of enriching himself and his posterity by not doing his duty as law directed, for that he could not fail to know what a high premium was to be given, and what good security there was for it to any one who should deliver up that young gentleman; whereby likewise great trouble and fatigue would be saved to the troops who were still in close search of him. To all which John gave for answer as follows: "It never was in my power, Sir, to deliver him up, for your excellency very well knows I am a man of no power, and therefore could not command the assistance of any men in such an enterprize. As little durst I attempt it by myself, though my inclination had led me to it, for he is able to tie two of me, neck and heel, at any time." "Tie two of you, Mr. Mackinnon! Why, he must be a dreadful young fellow. He must be remarkably strong indeed," said the General. "Truly," said John, "I can assure your excellency that he is as strong and nimble a young man as any one in all the Highlands of Scotland, and the fatigues he undergoes plainly prove him to be so." "By all the accounts I have had of him," said the General, "I believe him to be a pretty young fellow indeed. But, pray, Mr. MacKinnon, was he not troubled with a bloody flux when among your hands, as I have heard the like from others? And in that case he would have been easily subdued." "No," said John, "he was in health when with me, and stout and bold as a lion."

fol. 1842

N.B.—When John MacKinnon was narrating this part to me, he frankly owned that the Prince, when in his hands, was troubled with a bloody flux, though he held out wonderfully well. But then it luckily came into his mind that had he owned it, this might have encouraged them to have gone instantly in search of him as imagining him not in a condition to make his escape by moving quickly from place to place. He observed that his affirming him to be stout and strong, etc., had the desired effect.

fol. 1843

Moreover, John added, "But to be plain with your excellency, what a base, unworthy action would it have been in me who had been in his service, had received his pay, and broke his bread, to have given him up when in his greatest extremity he came to me and threw himself into my arms and desired me to do with him what I pleased. I would not have done it for the whole world. And had I done it, I dare say your excellency would have looked upon me as a monster of a wretch."

General Campbell, turning to Campbell of Skipness and MacLeod of Taliskar, who were then in the cabin, said: "Gentlemen, let us lay to heart what Captain MacKinnon has just now said, and let us determine from honour and conscience, and then surely we must applaud his conduct. For should any of us chance to be in the service of one, to follow his fortunes and to receive his pay, and let us only suppose that such an one should be reduced to the necessity of shifting for himself by the fate of war, and that he should come to us and throw himself into our arms, desiring us to do anything with him we pleased, would not our behaviour in such a case be the same with Captain MacKinnon's? To be sure it should be such." Campbell of Skipness and MacLeod of Taliskar readily assented to what the General had said.

fol. 1844

"Pray, Captain Ferguson," said the General, "fill up a glass for me to drink to Captain MacKinnon, and fill up another for him," which was accordingly done. Here John MacKinnon observed to me that his pride had never been more acceptably gratified than by Captain Ferguson's being obliged to stand and to serve him with a glass sitting. For the General would by no means

allow John to stand, and ordered Captain Ferguson to be sure to give Captain MacKinnon a good bed.

As in the course of the conversation General Campbell had oftener than once term'd John "Captain," he modestly refused it and said he merited no such title. The General said he had been informed John had bore such a commission under his late master, and therefore he gave him the name. John still refusing it, MacLeod of Taliskar affirmed he bore such a commission, as he himself (Taliskar) well knew that both John and MacKinnon of Coriechattachan had been the old Laird of MacKinnon's two captains by their proximity of blood.

fol. 1845

After this, the ships soon moved about to Lochnannuagh, and anchored there for some time. John MacKinnon, having the priviledge to walk on deck, often looked wishfully and with a very sore heart towards Boradale with his eyes fixed upon the very spot where the Prince then lay concealed, and where he remained for some days after anchoring of the ships till Glenalladale was found out to be his guardian in chief under God. So that the Prince would have been an easy prey had his enemies known his haunt, as he was only about a gunshot from the ships.

Here John MacKinnon desired me to take particular notice that part of the shore towards Boradale is a rocky precipice, so steep that some parts of it are almost perpendicular; that in a cleft, or between two rocks of said precipice, there was a bothie or hut, so artfully contrived with the grassy side of the turf outward, that it exactly represented a natural green brae. In this hut the Prince then was, so near to the enemy that one from on board of any of the ships might have killed a single bird on the hut with a musket.

fol. 1846

N.B.—Thursday, May 21st, between 11 and 12 o'clock, 1761, I was with John MacKinnon in the Infirmary of Edinburgh, when I read in his hearing all the above, from page [fol.] 1831 inclusive, and he declared it was all very right.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

A PROPOS.

fol. 1847

Since George has abus'd our good Common Prayer,
'By placing his name in large characters there,
I'll absent from the service so foully perverted,
And wait untill James for George is inserted.
For how can I tune out Amen to that part,
While the words of my mouth give the lie to my heart?
To join in one part and take snuff at the rest,
Is but shameful dissembling with God at the best.

January 16, 1762.

N.B.—Archibald MackDonell of Barisdale came out of the Castle of Edinburgh by a remission, on Monday, March 29th, 1762, after a confinement of about eight years, and instantly appeared before the Court of Justiciary, where he took the oaths of allegiance and abjuration. He was apprehended on July 18th, 1753, and was committed to the Castle of Edinburgh August 26th of that same year. Sentence of death was pronounced against him by the Lords of Justiciary on March 22nd, 1754.

fol. 1848

COPY of PARAGRAPH from THOMAS BOWDLER, Esq., near Bath.

Ashley, May 13, 1762.

Honest J[ohn] M[acKinnon] deserves an article in the *Scots Magazine*, in which might be told as much as you think proper of what he refused and of what he suffered. But it should also be told as an addition to his character, that being advised to come to Bath, and there finding his disorder would require great expence, he chose to go into the hospital rather than to be supported by the contributions of a few friends; that in that hospital he had the best advice, and was treated with the greatest care, till his death, which happened the day of, etc. Think of this, and if you approve of the hint, you will improve it as you see best.

COPY of a LETTER to Mr. RODERICK MACKINNON, at Broadford in the Isle of Sky.

fol. 1849

Sie,—With submission to the wise appointments of Almighty God, I am sorry it should fall to my share to inform you and all concerned of the death of the worthy John MacKinnon, who left this world of sin and misery on Tuesday morning, the eleventh instant. This intelligence I had only by last post, in a letter from a worthy gentleman¹⁴² about five miles from Bath, who visited him with frequency in his distress, and took particular care that he wanted for nothing. That gentleman tells me that the care which was taken of him, and the attendance that was given him, cannot be described, which, as he very justly says, ought to be a great satisfaction to his friends, that he died full of hope, faith, and resignation to the will of God, which, as the gentleman piously observes, should be matter of great comfort to all honest John's concerns; that one Dr. Haviland, and some other good gentlemen at Bath, had resolved to give him a proper and decent funeral in the very spot of ground where the said Mr. Haviland designs to be buried, and that they intend to put a stone upon his grave,¹⁴³ with a short inscription relative to his good character.

fol. 1850

Thus you see what respect and honour have been put upon your uncle both in life and in death, upon account of his superior merit and heroic conduct in a certain period of his life, and all by some worthy gentlemen who had never seen him before, but who well know how to value virtue under a cloud, and merit in distress.

I beg you'll make my compliments of condolence acceptable to the widow and her children, two of whom, the youngest boys, Mr. MacKinnon, I am told, express'd much anxiety about, particularly that they should be put out to trades. It is therefore my opinion that they should be bound apprentices in any employment they chuse at Inverness; for to bring them up to Leith or Edinburgh would be to ruine them altogether, such wickedness and perverseness do prevail in those places. And when they are at Inverness, they must be under the care and direction of the Revd. Mr. John Stewart, for their instruction in religious matters. But more of this afterwards, when I come to be certified what money the father has left for that purpose, which I cannot know till Mr. George Cheyne be returned to Bath, for which place he set out only some time this week, and it must be about the 29th instant before he get home; after which he will lose no time to inform me fully, and then you shall know all about that matter. Wherefore you need not write any answer to this letter till you hear from me again by a second letter. Meantime be it your province to have your thoughts employed upon what I have said about the two boys, that you may be the readier to make a proper return when desired.

fol. 1851

¹⁴² Thomas Bowdler, Esq., at Ashley.—F.

¹⁴³ This the Rev. Mr. George Cheyne told me.—F.

I beg you'll make a tender of my good wishes to all with you who are pleased to indulge me with a place in their remembrance, particularly Malcolm MacLeod, whose sister the widow is, if I be not mistaken.

I much respected the worthy John MacKinnon when alive, and now I do revere his memory when dead; and therefore to you and all concerned in this event I am sincerely, Sir, a most sympathising friend and very humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, May 22nd, 1762.

**Copy of a Representation in favours of the said John Mackinnon before his leaving
Edinburgh.**

fol. 1852

Leith, June 13, 1761.

Whereas John MacKinnon, from the Isle of Sky, afflicted with a lameness from the tops of the thighs down, has been in the Infirmary for several months past, and that now it is a declared opinion, nothing can be of any avail to him on this side the Bath. And whereas the said John MacKinnon is in very necessitous circumstances, with the additional burden of a wife and four children in Sky, it is therefore humbly hoped that those who look upon this will have a compassionate feeling for this gentleman in distress and indigence, and thereby be induced to contribute somewhat in order to defray his charges in going to Bath, especially as he is worthy for whom this is asked. And may God reward the givers.

Copy of a more explicit Representation in favour of Do., before leaving Edinburgh.

July 4th, 1761.

fol. 1853

To all whom it may concern. These are declaring that John MacKinnon is now discharged out of the Infirmary, where he has now been for upwards of six months, and is preparing to go to Bath, the only method of cure, under God, for his lameness in thighs, legs, and feet; and that, as this same poor distressed gentleman had the integrity of heart and greatness of soul to despise thirty thousand pounds sterling, so it is hoped some will be moved with a compassionate feeling for such distinguished merit in affliction and indigence, to give somewhat for defraying his charges in going to Bath. And may God reward them. Besides, Mr. MacKinnon has a wife and four children in the Isle of Sky.

ROBERT FORBES.

N.B.—The contribution amounted to eighteen pounds and eight shillings sterling. All glory be to God. Amen.

COPY of a LETTER to Mr. RODERICK M^CKINNON, at Broadford, in the Isle of Sky.

fol. 1854

SIR,—I hope my letter of May 22nd reached you in course of post. And now this comes to inform you that I have in my hands twenty pounds two shillings and sevenpence Sterling, to be expended on Mr. MacKinnon's two youngest boys, as expressed in that letter, and I would fain think it may do for binding them both apprentices to some honest calling or other.

But lest I should misjudge the case, I send this open under cover to the Revd. Mr. John Stewart, that he may peruse it and subjoin his opinion—whether it will do for both or only for one—as I am to deposite the money into his hands for the faithful application of it, as intended by the worthy

father. Meantime, I think proper to inform you that I intend, God willing, to set out upon a jaunt to Inverness on Monday, July 12th, and will be there readily on the Wednesday evening or Thursday morning at farthest of that same week, when I would be glad to see you there with one or both of the boys, as Mr. Stewart and you shall agree in opinion. At any rate, if you do not meet me at Inverness, which I would be sorry for, you must have a letter waiting me there against the time above prefixed, to let me know your whole mind in this matter. But allow me to repeat it. I had far rather see you face to face, and in that case you need not write to me at all. However, if you chuse the latter, direct to me thus: To Mr. Robert Forbes, by the care of the Revd. Mr. John Stewart, Inverness. Let all this remain dead betwixt you and the widow, to whom and her family I heartily wish all things good and happy; and am, Sir, your humble servant, Robert Forbes.

fol. 1855

Leith, June 21, 1762.

May 11th, 1762.

fol. 1856

At Bath died John Mackinnon, from the Isle of Sky,
Aged 48.

A person of distinguished merit
Ignorant of avarice
And the venal bribe,
He bravely preferr'd innocent poverty
To great riches,
Basely to be purchased
At the expence of character,
Tho' nothing in view
By the undaunted refusal
But the severest hardships,
A series of which he underwent
With Christian fortitude,
Influencing all his steady conduct.
Afflicted with an obstinate lameness,
By the best advice
He struggled to Bath,
Where some generous souls,
Enamoured with virtue under a cloud
And merit in distress,
Generously insisted to support him
In every article of expence.
But his goodness of heart,
Inflexibly the same,
As generously refused,

fol. 1857

fol. 1858

And chose
 To go into the Hospital,
 Rather than be burdensome to friends,
 Where he remain'd till his death.
 The tender care
 And assiduous attention
 So feelingly given him
 Are past all description.
 Virtue,
 Attractive of veneration,
 Has honourably deposited his remains
 In the burying place of a gentleman,¹⁴⁴
 By order
 And at the sight
 Of the generous proprietor,
 With a monumental inscription
 Descriptive of his character,
 For the instruction of posterity.
 Regarded in life;
 Revered when dead.

fol. 1859

N.B.—The above was published in the *Scots* and the *Edinburgh Magazines* for May 1762.

Here follows the Inscription intended to have been put upon his Grave.

fol. 1860

H. S. E.
 Joannes MacKinnon a Skià ,
 in Scotià.
 Denat. Maij 11, 1762.
 Vir,
 Nunquam sine laude nominandus.
 Filius et subditus fidelissimus,
 Nihilo auri emendus,
 Nullo periculo deterritus;
 Amicus sincerus, firmus,
 Maritus et parens amantissimis;
 Ut verbo omnia
 Christianas, verè orthodoxus, pius.
 Marmor hoc
 Mirantes posuere amici.

¹⁴⁴ Mr. Haviland, apothecary in Bath.—F.

N.B. — Friends at Bath were afraid, and therefore would by no means use the above as desired, though no harm would have ensued in the case.

At Leith, Monday, June 22nd, 'twixt one and two o'clock, 1761, when Sir William Dunbar of Durn, the Revd. Mr. Alexander Mitchell of Edinburgh, the Revd. Mr. John Skinner of Langside, and his son, Mr. John Skinner, were dining with me and Mrs. Forbes, the said Revd. Mr. John Skinner gave the following narrative, to which, he said, five hundred and more could give their attestation, and upon which he would make no observation. That it had been a common constant practice in the said parish of Langside in Aberdeenshire to have bonfires, and even to ring the parish bell, on April 2nd (old style), the birthday of Earl Marischal, and that on Thursday the 12th of February, 1761, being a general fast throughout Scotland, when the bellman was ringing the first bell, the news came to Langside containing the accounts of the Earl Marischal's having taken the oaths at London, and at that very instant the said bell rent from top downwards, and then across near the mouth, and that likewise soon after the bell had begun to ring.

fol. 1861

A gentleman walking in his own garden, about a quarter of a mile from the Church of Langside, asked at a man passing what the matter was with the bell in stopping so suddenly; the answer being that she was rent. "Well," said the gentleman, "do you know what the bell says by that? even, The deil a cheep mair sall I speak for you, Earl Marischal."

fol. 1862

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

N.B.—I sent a copy of the above to Thomas Bowdler, Esq., under cover to the Revd. Mr. Robert Lyon, who, being dead before receipt, it came into the hands of the right reverend Bishop Robert Gordoun, in London, who transmitted it to Mr. Bowdler, and wrote me the following paragraph in way of *N.B.*:

London, August 1, 1761.—*N.B.*—It has been sounded to me that the rent bell utter'd a dying groan in that peer's ear in London, no doubt to his no small mortification.

PARAGRAPH from Mr. BOWDLER to me, ROBERT FORBES.

Ashley, August 8th, 1761.—That story of the parish bell 8 Aug. was too good to be lost. I can assure you it has been sent to E[arl] Mfarischall], and I hope it has, crack'd as it is, made his ears to tingle. Am told said E[arl] Mfarischall] is much despised and neglected.

fol. 1863

N.B.—I had sent a copy of the 8 lines (page [f.] 1847) to Mr. Bowdler, who wrote me the following return, June 12, 1762.

Your lines on the good COMMON PRAYER are very imperfect. After the first six lines there is an omission of no less than ^{1?} twelve lines, and then come the two concluding lines as in your copy," *Take snuff at the rest.*" That you may understand these words, be it known to you that when Mr. Nelson agreed to go to the public churches, it was on condition he should be allowed to shew his dissent as to some prayers which he did not like, and accordingly he did rise from his knees and feel in his pocket for his snuff-box, and to this these words allude; and thus explained, they pretty well point out the date of them, for this transaction was not long before Mr. Nelson's death.¹⁴⁵

fol. 1864

Since G[eorge] has abused our good Common Prayer,
And fix't his vile name in large characters there;
I'll absent from the service so foully inverted,

fol. 1865

¹⁴⁵ He died January 16th, 1714, aged 59.— F.

And stay untill J[ames] for G[eorge] is inserted.
For how can I say an Amen to that part
Where the words of my mouth give the lie to my heart?
To pray an u[surpe]r may long rule the throne,
And in quiet enjoy what is none of his own;
To pray after him that his son may succeed,
And, after that wretch, a whole train of his breed;
To pray for the rebels that now rule the State,
That all their sham plots may succeed as of late;
To downright deny both my God and my king;
To pronounce these vain words when I mean not the thing.
Nor, sure, is the sin of those wise ones abated
Who stand up and break off when the words are repeated.
For Christ's coat was seamless, which seems to require
All forms in his Church should be whole and entire.
To join in one part, and take snuff at the rest,
Is basely dissembling with God at the best.

fol. 1866

**COPY of a LETTER addressed thus: To the Right Honble. LADY LUCY STUART TRAQUAIR, at
her Lodgings, Edinburgh.**

fol. 1867

MADAM,—I shou'd be at a loss what apology to make for offering your ladyship the trouble of a letter if your charitable disposition towards the distressed did not encourage me to entreat you to recommend to Bishop Forbes, or any other well inclin'd person, to make a small collection for poor John MacDonell, *alias* O'sian, the principall of the five honest thieves (forgive, Madam, the Irichism), who protected the Prince in his greatest distress. Let me assure your Ladyship that he is a reall object of charity, and never was consider'd for his services except by Glenalladell, who always supported while he liv'd, and now, since Glenalladell's death, the poor man is reduc'd with old age, infirmity, and a numerous, helpless family to the greatest misery. I am, Madam, your Ladyship's most obedient humble servant

fol. 1868

(*Sic subscribitur*), JOHN MACNABB.

Inshewen, 2nd December, 1762.

Copy of a Letter addressed thus: To the right reverend Mr. Robert Forbes, at Leith.

SIR,—It pains me to see those that are open hearted in our country get the whole burden to serve such as are in distress of their felow creatures, and tho you have not the least share of their repeated troubles, the present is to be an addition to your former. The person who was formerly mentioned to yow is called John McDonald (*alias* Osean), lives in the Brea of Glenmoriston, near the farm of Craskie, sixty years of age, very poor and tender, having a wife and several weak bairns near starving; as you already knows, refused ,£30,000 sterling rather than betray his trust. What pity it is a poor fellow that have done so much honour to his country should now starve for want of livelyhood in the heart of Scotland, when two or three pound yearly would make him now happier than £30,000 formerly. I thank God I hope there are still remaining of good people as many as will contribute to make poor Osean happy. Whatever you get for his relief, Mr. John Moir, merchant, will remit it to me before the moneth of Aprile next, which time I expect to see him and cheer his drooping spirits. I am sorry I did not meet yow according to appointment yesterday morning, being

fol. 1869

hindered with the badness of my cold, that I was too long before getting out of my room, tho I shall expect the happiness to see you before leaving the town. I beg you offer my sincere good wishes to Mrs. Forbes. Believe me always unalterable, Sir, Your most affectionate friend and servantt,

(*Sic subscribitur*), ALEXR. M^cNABB.

Edinburgh, 5th January 1763.

COPY of a LETTER to the right reverend BISHOP GORDOUN of London.

fol. 1870

RIGHT REVEREND DEAR SIR,—For some time I have wish'd for an opportunity to put the two inclosed letters into your hands, as it is not yet fit to transmit any such by post. And yet it is with reluctance I now do it, as I well know your great feelings for those in distress, especially WORTHIES, and your laudable zeal to fetch them all the aid you can. If, then, my dear Sir, you can procure easily any small assistance for poor O'sean, it shall be most thankfully acknowledged and honourable accounted for. *Easily*, I say, as I am afraid such applications are too frequently repeated to you; and therefore I beg you may not put your self to much trouble in the present affair. I could wish to have the two letters returned by the same hand, as they are my vouchers in applying to others; for I always knew the worthy O'Sean¹⁴⁶ to be in no opulent circumstances, but never imagined him to be so low and distress'd till now that I have it so well vouched. Alexander Macnab was a captain under the Prince. John is a brother of his, and both are gentlemen of character and reputation. John should have said *eight* and not *five* honest, etc., for such truly was the number. Is it not remarkable that the number 8 should have been amongst the most principall preservers of the son of J ... the 8 in the most trying and dangerous distresses of life? To put this beyond all doubt, take their names—and you are the only one to whom I have as yet given them¹⁴⁷—John MackDonell, Alexander MackDonell, Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholms, being three brothers, Gregor MacGregor, Patrick Grant (of this one I have an excellent original painting as he happened to come in my way), and Hugh Macmillan. Be it remarked here that all these 8, after having had the superlative honour to despise £30,000 sterling, etc., quitted their former way of doing and never did a dirty action. Alexander MackDonell and Alexander Chisholm died about 12 years ago. The reason of giving the name of O'sean to John MackDonell is as follows. When the Prince came at length to Lochiel and Cluny, he asked if they knew a pretty fellow called O'sean. They smiled and told him that there was no person of that name. He answered certainly there must be one of that name, for that when he was among the faithful Glenmoriston men, they used frequently to speak to one of their own number, and always to call him by that name. O," said they, "his name has been John, and they have been referring cases or debates to him; for that the expression means, "Hark you, John," or, "Hear you, John." Just so it happened to be, and John ever since goes by that name. The words should be, Hose, Ian,¹⁴⁸ or rather, according to the true spelling of Galic, "Aos Eain." I have told several Highland gentleman that John's children should all take this as a patronymic or sirname, and convey it down to their posterity from generation to generation. These gentlemen owned it should be so, and that the appellation was most honourably founded. I resolve to insist particularly upon this with John by proper mediation; for all the 8 could speak not a word but Galic.

fol. 1871

fol. 1872

¹⁴⁶ See f. 1692.

¹⁴⁷ See ff. 1452, 1660.

¹⁴⁸ See ff. 1477, 1674.

Perhaps these anecdotes may not be unentertaining to Mr. Bowdler, and therefore, if you think fit, you may communicate them to him. I ever am, right reverend Dear Sir, Your most affectionate brother and obedient humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, April, 1763.

COPY of a PARAGRAPH from Rev. Mr. JOHN STEWART.

fol. 1873

Inverness, March 24, 1763.

I had two visits this winter and spring from your old friend, Patrick Grant, whose picture, I “m told, hangs in Tartan Hall. This favour, no doubt, I owe you, as it is certainly on your account he pays me that compliment. He certainly has a most grateful sense of your obligations to him, and openly declares you are the man in the world he loves best and that he owes most to. But do you know a secret about him? He made a notable figure in North America¹⁴⁹ for one campaign only against the French, owing to a particular friend who would not dispense with his attendance, and he has returned safe and sound, and has Chelsea pension. He was a night in the neighbourhood of Leith, but had not countenance enough to visit a certain friend, being afraid of being banter’d for something. The last time he was here he gave me a pair of good Isle of Sky garters in order to be sent to you as a present, and Mr. Ross is so kind as undertake to carry them, so that you ll receive them, I hope, safe herewith.

fol. 1874

Copy of a return to the above.

It is most providential that you and Patrick Grant are become acquainted, for I was meditating to put a piece of service upon you in which he can be most useful, and it is this: There is one John MackDonell, *alias* Os'ean or Os'ian, *i.e.* “Hark you, John!” or, “Hear you, John!” who was chief of the 8 heroic Glenmoriston men who did much honour to their country by their most generous, disinterested conduct. Now this same John, I am well informed by the best authority, is old, has a family, and is extremely poor. What pity is it, then, not to say reflection, that he has never been considered for his most seasonable, superlative services! A plan, therefore, is now laid to raise a contribution for him, which, if it takes place, you are to be made almoner of. Do you then enquire at Patrick Grant about this same John, where he lives, and all about him, without allowing Patrick to know anything of your design, that so you may have him in your eye and at a call if *aliquid boni* chances to come in the way. He lives, if I am rightly informed, somewhere in the Brae of Glenmoriston, near the farm of Craskie. But Patrick can well inform you. Find out John’s age, and how many children he has, and inform me. Let me know the right syllabication of OS'ean or OS'ian according to the Galic, for I reckon this ordinary spelling to be corrupted. The foundation of this appellation to John is most honourable, insomuch that John ought to order it to be adopted by his posterity from generation to generation, as a patronymic or surname. Pray mind to enjoin this.

fol. 1875

I have Patrick’s picture indeed, and a most striking likeness it is, with a proper inscription upon it. I would not give it for any money. I did him some small services which he seems to overvalue. He was extremely fond of his own portrait. I knew well of his being press’d to North America, sometime in 1759, and that he returned to his own home by this place upon Chelsea pension. But all these old sinners, when they are inured to the paths of tergiversation, fly from me as they would do from a thing that would hurt them. But Patrick, I know, was forced, and therefore he might have

fol. 1876

¹⁴⁹ See f. 1703.

pull'd up as much courage as to see me. You say he made a notable figure in North America. Pray, then, be so good as to write down his feats from his own mouth, and let me have the history of them. Mind this by all means, and be particular. He has my thanks for the garters, tho' I have not yet got them. I dare say they are pretty, and I will wear them for his sake. I will get them from Mr. Ross when I have the good luck to see him. Remember me kindly to the stout, resolute, sogerly Patrick, and tell him I am still the old man whatever change may chance to be in him by smelling powder in the wilds of North America, I would wish to know the particular time of his return to the Braes of Urquhart and Glenmoriston. Here is work cut out for the leisurely Appinus of well known de-li-be-ra-ti-on.

fol. 1877

Leith, April 9, 1763.

A TRUE and Exact COPY, etc.

August 12th, 1762.

Assure my friends in Britain that I am in perfect good health, that I hope it will come like a thunderbolt, and that I shall not neglect to recompense every worthy subject as soon as it shall be in my power. They may be assured I shall live and die in the religion of the Church of England, which I have embraced, and that no kind thing can be said but what I wish to all my dear friends, for whose good I wish more to be amongst them than for any advantage it would be to myself, as I have no great ambition except for their welfare.

fol. 1878

N.B.—The above, transcribed from a true copy taken¹⁵⁰ upon honour from the original holograph of that faithful friend who wrote every word of it at the desire and from the mouth of C. P. R. When written, he desired the said friend to read it audibly to him, and then said, *It is very well.* After which he desired to have it in his own hands, to peruse it with his own eyes, and then he said, *It is perfectly right.* Let it be sent as it is.

COPY of a PARAGRAPH from BISHOP ROBERT GORDON of London.

fol. 1879

London, May 28, 1763.

I thank you, Dear Sir, for your entertaining anecdote relating to Os'ean, which I have communicated to our worthy friend Mr. Bowdler, and he, good man, will order five guineas for Os'ean this year, and I (God willing), if it shall please the divine mercy to spare me, will undertake for the like sum next year at the term of Midsummer. Mr. Bowdler will return Mr. Macnab's letters by Mr. Cheyne.

COPY of a PARAGRAPH from the Revd. Mr. JOHN¹⁵¹ STEWART.

Inverness, June 4, 1763.

Patrick Grant has not been here since the receipt of yours, nor will for two or three weeks to come. He only comes two or three times a year, according as his pension is paid termly. When he

¹⁵⁰ Deposited herein.—F. See a facsimile of the original in the handwriting of Lawrence Oliphant of Gask, the faithful friend here referred to, in *The Jacobite Lairds of Gask*, p. 322. Gask, and Bishops Forbes and Gordon were now plotting together for the revival of the efforts for restoring the Stuarts.

¹⁵¹ See f. 1874.

comes shall have a long chat with him on what you desire to be inform'd of. Osian is pretty well spell'd, and quite intelligible to all that understand Galic, but, perhaps, it would be more orthographical to spell it thus, Os'Ian. But the other does very well.

COPY of a LETTER to Mr. RODERICK MACKINNON at Broadford, in Sky, by the hands of Mr. MACDONALD of Kingsbarrow.

fol. 1884

SIR,—Yesterrnight our good friend, Mr. George Cheyne, came to my house from Bath, and brought along with him from some worthy friends in England twenty pounds sterling for the behoof of Donald MacKinnon, fourth lawful son of your uncle, John MacKinnon, who died at Bath, in order to bind him apprentice to some honest employment. I have therefore to have the money settled in some good hand in Inverness upon interest, and for that end to employ the Revd. Mr. John Stewart to have a bill drawn in the same terms with that which you saw for the money belonging to Charles.

Receive from Kingsborrow, the opportunity of whose return to Sky I gladly embrace, your uncle's silver stock buckle for his son Charles, according to the contents of a short note wrapt up with it. With joy I write this to be communicated by you to the widow and children of honest John. Mr. Cheyne has deposited into my hands a list of the contributors, thirteen in number, for poor Donald, whom may God Almighty bless with all health and happiness, and make him worthy of the attention of such generous and valuable friends. Be it your care to let me know from time to time, as opportunities come in your way, how these boys, Charles and Donald, are doing, as Mr. Cheyne and I are particularly interested in them. All glory be to God for all his mercies.

fol. 1881

Mr. Cheyne joins with me in all kind good wishes to you, the widow, and her fatherless children. I beg that Mrs. MacKinnon may remember me in the kindest manner to her brother, honest Malcolm MacLeod.—I am, Sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

ROBERT FORBES.

Leith, June 22nd, 1763.

N.B.—There is a decent grave-stone laid over your uncle, with the following inscription:

Here lies John Mackinnon, of the Isle of Sky, an Honest Man, who died at Bath, May 11, 1762.

COPY of a PARAGRAPH to the right reverend BISHOP GORDOUN of London, by the Honble. LADY GASK.

fol. 1882

N.B.—I must now tell you that this same lady is to consult you upon a point extremely interesting to herself and family, and about the marriage of a cousin, for whom her ladyship has a very particular regard. I give these hints, that the articles may not be forgot throw a crowd and hurry of business on hand. God grant success. Amen.

June 28, 1763.

Copy to the said Lady Gask to meet her at London.

MADAM,—Bishop Gordoun should by all means be consulted as to the fitness of the Revd. Mr. White's being about your cousin in the station you suggested to me; for he knows him full as well as I do. Besides, that worthy person ought to be consulted in everything relative to that cousin whom your ladyship rightly and so justly values. May this meet you in London in all health and safety. God bless, preserve, and direct you. Adieu, dear Lady, Adieu.

June 30, 1763.

COPY from the said LADY GASK.

fol. 1883

London, Wednesday, July 6, 1763.

DEAR SIR,—My companion and I arrived safe and in good health, thank God! Sunday the 3rd, about two o'clock. The continual hurry I have been in with my affairs, making and receiving visits, has prevented my writing to you sooner. Besides, I was willing to see the good honest Bishop, who did me the favour to come here to my lodgings this morning. We had a long conversation. He told me he had seen one that saw my cousin in May, and that she was in very good health, and even better than for some time past. He approves much of her marriage, and in his opinion one of a good family in her own country might suit her very well as matters stand. The Dutchess of Dowglass has done her the honour of a visit. He seem'd very well pleased with your little paper.¹⁵² The Bishop says he does not think Mr. Whytt a fit man for a chaplain. He would prefer Mr. Maitland, notwithstanding what I told him.

(*Sic subscribitur*), AM. WHYTT.

COPY of a PARAGRAPH from Mr. WILLIAM M^CKENZY, Schoolmaster at Tain.

fol. 1884

I happened to be two weeks ago in Strathglass, at the young Chisholm's house, and on the 25th ult., as I was walking alone by the river's side I met an aged man, who saluted me, as is ordinary in the Highlands, and asked if I had snuff, which I answered by giving him my box, which introduced a parley. I enquired whence and who he was. He answered, From Glenmorison, and that his name is John Macoilvee Eandue, or, if I pleased, John MackDonell. I enquired if he knew Patrick Grant. He said, Very well; and that he shared in the cause of Patrick's reputation; that he frequently attended *summâ fide* his Royal Master, ministering sometimes to his relief, and that the Prince called him often by the name of Os Ean. I told him if he could find good credentials for what he advanced, his fidelity at the critical juncture might yet avail him. He declared that Patrick Grant and others of repute could vouch what he asserted; that he is now reduced to great want. He had one of his sons, a pretty boy, with him, seeking service for him, having kept him a little time at a charity school. After giving him a mite to buy his supper, we bad good night. He told me he was prisoner at Inverness, but got off on the indemnity. Being two days thereafter in company with the Romish clergyman of that country, I enquired if he knew such a poor fellow. He said he did, and that he was the person already specified whom the Prince often called Os Ean.

fol. 1885

Tain, July 1, 1763.

COPY of a PARAGRAPH to the PHYSICIAN In ORDINARY.

As to the marriage, good Mrs. Whytt¹⁵³ spoke very seriously to me about it the morning (June 28) she went from Edina, and asked my opinion. I honestly and plainly told her "that in my humble opinion it was not in the power of man, as matters were circumstanced at present, to devise a better or wiser match than an English one, all things fairly considered and weighed in the ballance of sober reason." This startled her greatly. I then added, "that to be sure for soundness and healthiness

¹⁵² See f. 1877.

¹⁵³ Laurence Oliphant, sixth Laird of Gask, and his lady, are the persons designated in these letters Mr. and Mrs. Whytt.

of constitution, etc. etc. etc., I would prefer a Scots match, but then, who would be so mad as to entertain such a thought, as such an event would evidently make matters worse and worse still?" In a word, I reasoned this particular point fully, and the good lady came to see the force of my reasoning and the seasonableness of the plan, could it be brought to bear. She then urged the common objection. But I soon discussed that point, by showing her that this was truly a vulgar error, as it was only matter of precedent, and that there was no law in the case. However, I desired that my suggestion upon the interesting point might go for nought, but that the opinion of good Bishop Gordoun should be taken about it, and for that end I gave a written memorandum, that it might not be forgot, and you see he heartily approves, as indeed all sincere friends must see the expediency of such a measure if they will impartially take a view of the whole, and not confine their views to this or the other particular. The conversation ended with saying, "O Madam! if this same confabulation between you and me should happily end in a real match, how joyous should we be!" "Ay, that is true indeed," said she. God grant success.¹⁵⁴

fol. 1886

COPY of a PARAGRAPH from Mr. JAMES GEORGE, August 8th, 1763.

I received your favours of the 28th July, inclosing one to Mrs. Whytt, which I forwarded. I received by yesterdays mail a letter from that lady which mentions that she arrived safe among her friends, who were all well. Your cousin thanks you for the marmalade, etc. She, poor girl, like the rest of her sex, and it is too very natural, would be glad to see her friends after so long an absence, and waits, she says, for a convenient opportunity, which she hopes will cast up, to pay you a visit.

N.B.—A pot of marmalade was actually bought in Edina,¹⁵⁵ and safely delivered to the said cousin.

fol. 1887

COPY of a PARAGRAPH from L. GASK.

Char, August 9, 1763.

I have not made my visit yet, but will, God willing, in a few days. I cannot tell if I shall write to you the success, or delay it till meeting, as I am not fond of putting these things in writing, so that if you do not hear from me, imagine that is the case, which you will inform the Doctor of, and tell him his cousin is in good health and spirits. I heard of his laughing very heartily a few days ago.

COPY of a LETTER to FIDELIUS.

Dear Sir,—Your cousin was in perfect good health, God be thanked, on September 14 and 25. Having been well inform'd about a certain friend,¹⁵⁶ particularly that he had sacredly preserv'd the favourite brogs and made friends drink out of them. He laughed most heartily and said, "O! he is an honest man indeed, and I hope soon to give him proofs how much I love and esteem him—Adieu. *October 27, 1763.*

L[ady] G[ask] and her friend¹⁵⁷ arrived safe, God be thanked, in Edinburgh, on Wednesday, October 26th, at 5 o'clock afternoon, and I was with them at 7 o'clock, 1763, in Ramsay's house over against the Cowgate Port.

fol. 1888

¹⁵⁴ See ff. 1882, 1883.

¹⁵⁵ This was bought and sent by Mrs. Forbes.

¹⁵⁶ Bishop Forbes himself.

¹⁵⁷ Laurence Oliphant of Gask, senior.

Copy of a Paragraph.

Oldhall, March 19, 1764.

By a letter of March 4th, the amiable lady is in very good health, but her father is in a very weak way and ordered by the physicians to keep his bed.

Copy of a Paragraph.

Oldhall, May 24, 1764.

By a letter I had within these few days, of a late date, I am told your favourite young lady is in perfect good health; but her poor mother is so weak that she keeps her bed.

M. S.

Fratrum, illustriss. Jac. et Joan, Ducum de Perth
Antiquiss. nobiliss. familiæ de Drummond apud Scotos,
Principum.

fol. 1889

Jacobus, ad studia humaniora proclivior,
Literis excultus,
Artium bonarum et liberalium fautor eximius;
In commune consulens,
Semper in otio civis dignissimus.

Mirâ morum suavitate et animi fortudine ornatus,
Intamiuatâ fide splendebat humani generis amicus.

In pace clarus, in bello clarior.

Appulso enim Carolo P. in Scotiam,
Gladio, in causâ Gentis Stuartorum re, arrepto,
Cæterorum curâ posthabitâ,

Gloriæ et virtuti unicè prospiciens,
Alacri vultu labores belli spectabat;

Pericula omina minima ducebat:

In prælio strenuus, in victoriâ clemens, heros egregius.

Copiis Caroli tandem dissipatis,
Patriâ, amicis, re domi amplissimâ,

Cunctis præter mentem recti consciam, fortiter desertis,
In Galliam tendens, solum natale fugit.

fol. 1890

Verum assiduis laboribus et patriæ malis gravibus oppressus,
In mari magno,

Die natali revertente, ob. 13 Maij, 1746, Æt. 33,
Et reliquiæ, ventis adversis terrâ sacratâ interclusæ,
In undis sepultæ.

Joannes, ingenio felici martiali imbutus,
A primâ adolescentiâ, militiæ artibus operam dedit;
Fortis, intrepidus, propositi tenax,

Mausuetudine generosâ et facilitate morum, militis asperitate lenitâ.

Legioni Scoticæ regali, ab ipsomet conscriptæ,

A rege Christianiss. Lud. 15 præpositus.

Flagrante bello civili in Britanniâ,

Auxilia Gallorum duxit;
 Et post conflictum infaustum Cullodinensem
 In eadem navi cum fratre profugus,
 In Flandriâ, sub Imperatore Com. de Saxe, multum meruit:
 Subjectis semper præsidium,
 Belli calamitatum (agnoscite Britanni!) insigne levamen. fol. 1891
 Ad summas Martis dignitates gradatim assurgens,
 Gloriæ nobilis metæ appetens,
 In medio cursu, improvisa lethi vi raptus
 28 Septemb. A.D. 1747, Æt. 33,
 In Angl. Monarch. Sacello Antwerpiæ jacet.
 Fama perennis, lauru porrecta, vetat mori
 Principes immaculatis proavum honoribus dignos.
 Hoc Elogium
 D. D. D.
 T. D. LL.D.¹⁵⁸

N.B.—The above is engraven, all in capitals, on the tomb at Antwerp, with the coat armorial of the family on the top of the Inscription.

To the PRINTER of the *London Chronicle*.

fol. 1892

Sir,—By inserting the under written in your paper you will oblige a former correspondent and
NO FLATTERER.

Hic,
 Morte victus, jacet,
 Qui
 Victor olim
 in Agro Cullodense.
 Qualis erat,
 Scotia Moerens indicat

To the PRINTER of the *London Chronicle*.

Little Chelsea, November 19, 1765.

SIR,—As you obliged me in printing the Latin epitaph I sent you the other day I persuade myself you will not refuse room to the translation by the same hand, and hope it will prove equally acceptable to your readers. I am, sir, your humble servant, though

NO FLATTERER.

Here lyes a victim to all-conqu'ring death;
 The man who conquer'd on Culloden's heath.
 What else he was, or what his victims were,
 The groans of weeping Scotland best declare.

¹⁵⁸ *i.e.* Thomas Drummomd, Legum Licentiatu Doctor.

Upon the Death of King James 8, January 1, ¼ after 9 at night, 1766.

fol. 1893

Farewel, O pious Prince! the palm is won.
The everlasting crown of bliss thy own.
Why should I weep thy fate? Alas! thy life
Was one continued scene of injury and grief.
This guilty land was mark'd by angry Heav'n.
Thou, blameless infant, from her aether driv'n
Long mourn'd her woes. Now freed from wo, you rise,
But poor Britannia in dishonour lies!

O Power Almighty! stop th'avenging hand, i Jan.

In pity view the desolated land.
Restore her royal exile. On his head
Thy choicest gifts, thy richest bounties shed.
As thou hast made him good and great, bestow
The means that goodness and that worth to show.
Grant him o'er these repenting lands to sway;

fol. 1894

Grant all his people may with joy obey;
And with exulting voices all in one
What they refus'd the father, give the son.
Again, O HeavVi! thy humbled Albion bless
Restore her Charles, and all her wrongs redress.

Copies of Paragraphs.

January 20, 1766.—What do you hear of the young lady¹⁵⁹ that has made her escape out of her nunnery?—L. G.

fol. 1895

Bishop Gordon.—*February 13, 1766.*—The Lady, your favourite, after whom you enquire, is very well; nor have I the least suspicion of her not supporting her character with her usual firmness and dignity, notwithstanding what may at any time be reported by an slanderous, lying, and malicious race of men.

J. G.—*February 18, 1766.*—The first of January (about a quarter after nine o'clock at night) put a period to all the troubles and disappointments of good old Mr. James Misfortunate.

L[ady G[ask].—*March 22, 1766.*—I was favoured with yours of February 23, which I would thanked you for ere now, but waited to hear from my correspondent that I might have something to say. Last night I had a letter from my friend, who says for one piece of news that the son of the late Chevalier de St. George is gone to Rome and with him three Scots gentlemen, all of his own religion, that is Protestants. He has often been heard to say, it was the religion he would live and die in.

fol. 1896

Bishop Gordon.—*May 17, 1766.*—The lady, our friend, for whose health and welfare I well know you are not less solicitous than myself (Blessed be God!) was lately very well, and behaves to admiration. I am proud in being honoured with more than one message from her since her late

¹⁵⁹ As will be evident to the reader, the young lady who under different names figures in these paragraph and letters following is none other than the hero of the Rebellion.

movements.

Bishop Gordon.—August 19, 1766.—I have the pleasure to tell you that your worthy and amiable friend was not many hours in town before he did me the honour to call upon me, etc. Mr. Oliphant.—I had a long *tête à tête* discourse at our first interview, when you may be sure your flame was not forgot, who I could assure him was well, and still constant in strongly adhering to her professions, whatever unhappy jealousies might be entertained by some from certain untoward circumstances in her present situation.¹⁶⁰ But time and patience (I doubt not) will clear all up to your satisfaction and entire content.

Wednesday, September 24, by 7 o'clock morning 1766, most agreeably was I surprised with a very short visit of Mr. O[liphant], less than an hour, who told me, *inter alia*, that some great and principal persons were beginning to turn their views to my favourite lady, as the only one to extricate them out of their difficulties, and set to rights their disjointed affairs.

fol. 1897

Bishop Gordon.—November 27, 1766.—Pray know our common friend was lately very well: and as to your flame, Sir, for your comfort I tell you, she assures us she is fixed and firm in her professions, whatever may be insinuated by her enemies to the contrary, who are ever watchful to give the most unfavourable turn to all her motions and little inoffensive gaieties, as she thinks them.

Bishop Gordon.—February 23, 1767.—I long much, very much, to hear full accounts of my favorite lady, as there is one in Edina who was lately with her and her sister, and who gives out that my favorite lady is for certain a papagee; that she goes frequently to mass, and that she has two priests in her family. How much this galls me to the heart, and how manfully I contradict it, I leave you to guess. One thing I constantly affirm, That if friends can do no good with their talking, they should do no ill with their idle tales. This same idle prattler is a papagee, and you shall know name and surname, and all about her, a lady indeed, without loss of time, as a private bearer offers soon, who must be recommended to your care and sacred offices. I am desirous to have it in my power to reprimand such hurtful whispers.

fol. 1898

To Bishop Gordon.—February 26, 1767.—I hope you have received mine of the 23 instant by post. The one hinted at therein is Mrs. Anne Cameron, daughter of Colonel Cameron, who died at R[ome] in the family of , and whose relict and two daughters had a pension assigned them. Upon the death of the mother it was continued to the daughters, one of whom dying, it was continued to the surviving one, who upon a late event went to my favorite lady, who and her sister received her most kindly, conversed with her in an easy and friendly way, and renewed the grant of the pension to her. Whether or not her prattles should be made known to my favorite lady by friend W[agstaf]fe, I know not; but you know well; *ergo tumet esto judex*. I think it is very unwise in her, papagee as she is, to talk in such a way, all things considered. I will be glad to have something to say upon the point, and you shall never be seen or heard of in the matter. But I will contradict boldly if you clear up the affair to me, which I am persuaded you will do to satisfaction.

fol. 1899

From Bishop Gordon.—March 31, 1767.—I would not, by any means, dear Sir, have you disquieted by any clash from abroad or at home about your poor cousin Peggie, who, poor thing, is greatly to be pitied, having many things laid to her charge from which, on account of her unhappy and (as she says) unchosen situation, she has it not in her power to exculpate herself. Disagreeable

¹⁶⁰ For some years now the reported intemperate habits of the Prince and his alleged preference for Popery had been causing his friends great concern.

things are put upon her continually, and bear them, alas! she tells us, she must, for the present at least. You will pardon me; but to compare small things with great, poor Peggie's circumstances put me very much in mind of Charles the Second's situation in Scotland. He was watched, he was baited, he was driven. Have compassion then on poor cousin Peggie, and believe not every report, tho' appearances, she confesses, may be sometimes against her, and these, magnified in every respect to her disadvantage. She wishes and intreats yourself and family to believe her steady and unalterable. What signifies what Miss this or Miss t'other may say thro' vanity or jealousy, or really through ignorance of causes? Mr. [Wag]staffe and his friend were pure well not long ago.

fol. 1900

From John Farquharson of Aldlerg.—Dunkerque, May 20, 1767.—The Chevalier de St. George, or, as his followers here call him, King, is very well, but in a very private way att Rome, and has created John Hay of Lesterick,¹⁶¹ knight. This I had from one who corresponds with them. The gentleman is positive that he is the peculiar care of Heaven, as passing through so many dangers, and that he is designed for some great end, takes all his misfortunes (if you believe those about him) like the true Christian hero. His answer to the Pope when he sent him word that he would not allow him to take on any titles there was somewhat good. He told the Nuncio that the loss of Culoden gave him more reall concern than the loss he could suffer by any orders from his holiness, and that whatever titles he woud take, neither Pope nor Conclave could nor had any right to take from him. This I had from a gentleman was present.

fol. 1901

From Bishop Gordon.—June 8, 1767.—In a letter intended to be sent by a private hand, though therein disappointed, I had spoke of your poor cousin Peggie's being well, which has since and very lately too been confirmed, Poor girl! You seem to understand her case perfectly well.

She greatly laments her present situation, and says she hopes her friends will not abandon her for some unhappy appearance, which, as things stand with her, are altogether unavoidable, and wishes they would point out to her any other place of tolerable safety where she might see and converse with them.

fol. 1902

Lair[d] G[ask],—July 9, 1767.—My son and I would, with the greatest pleasure, give our advice or do anything in our power for the young woman you mention. Her situation is no doubt very hard, but for her business London is the properest place; but who can venture to advise it for a young woman like her. Her own good sense, of which she has a great share, will make her see the place she is in not at all proper for her. But by taking proper steps and bestirring herself a little, something that's good will cast up. For surely the offspring of the righteous shall never be forsaken.

Bishop Gordon.—September 24, 1767.— 'Tis not long agoe since I heard from cousin Peggie. She was very well, and was told of Mr. White's death, and at the same time the compliments of the worthy family were presented.

Bishop Gordon.—November 10, 1767.—I heard of your cousin Peggie's family last week. They were all well. Our best respects to good Lady G[ask] and family. I daily pray for them and for success to their good wishes.

fol. 1903

Bishop Gordon.—February 13, 1768.—I should be glad to hear of good Lady G[ask]'s welfare, I mean the Dowager. For Mr. George told me sometime last month he heard her ladyship was very ill. Pray on the first occasion let us be respectfully remembred to that worthy family. Cousin Peggie and her family were all well when I heard last. What do her relations in your part of the

¹⁶¹ Restalrig is meant.

country say of her? Do they wonder at and regret her absence?

*To Bishop Gordon.—February 9, 1768.—*Lady G[ask], God be thanked! is well again and in good health, by a letter yesterday under her own hand, wherein many, many good wishes to you and yours, and most zealous inquiries about the friendly fair lady, whose long absence her relations here do greatly marvel at and most feelingly regret. Ten thousand thanks for your notice. Will cousin Peggie never make you another visit?

L[ady] G[ask]— February 25, 1768.— We are very glad to know the fair lady is in health. I think it need not be doubted but all her friends would be glad to have her nearer them, and, above all, out of that country that is so detestable to all that wish her well. It is hard if nobody lets her know so much. When you write the good B[ishop], return the most affectionate and respectfull compliments to him from all here. Long may he be preserv'd for a blessing to all who have the honour of his acquaintance.

fol. 1904

Bishop Gordon. — March 5, 1768. — Your cousin Peggie, I have heard, lately continues very well, and desires to be kindly remembered to all enquiring friends.

From John Farquharson of Aldlrig. — Dunkerque, March 12, 1768. — I heard lately from your old friend and mine, Charles Jamyson. He was very well then, and in the same way. His old friends, at least his pretended friends, use him very cruelly. As St. Paul says, God reward them conform to their merit. That's all the harm I wish them. However, he is in good health and keeps up the heart.

Bishop Gordon. — May 5, 1768. — I thank you, Sir, for the extract of good Lady Gask's letter. Her ladyship does me but too much honour in the obliging notice she is pleased to take of your humble servant. I beg my best respects and all proper acknowledgments may be returned to that excellent lady and her house, for whom I bear the highest esteem. Indeed, I think I may truly say they are almost daily in my thoughts, in prayers and good wishes. And let that worthy lady know that her cousin, Miss Peggie, was well not long ago, and is not less impatient to be at home than her ladyship is to see her there. But times and seasons which are not in our own power must be patiently waited for.

fol. 1905

Your capital, it seems, stands in direct contrast to us, for you are so hardy as to burn Wilkes and liberty. In short, the Government is sadly perplexed about this man. Fear and distrust operate strongly. Pray what think you of the majority of your new set of Commoners?

*From John Farquharson of Aldlrig.—Durikerque, June 30, 1768.—*Our common friend (thank God!) is very well. I have heard of him lately. He has still great hopes of recovering his health, and I hope (tho' the Doctors do not) his flow of spirits will get the better of his stubborn illness. Stubborn indeed! God send him the proper cure.

*Bishop Gordon.—July 12, 1768.—*You rejoiced us greatly in the welcome account your letter brought us of the worthy Mr. Brown's¹⁶² lady being safely deliver'd of a son. May the dear babe live and grow up to be a comfort to all his family, and a right worthy and honourable representative of it. And pray, my dear sir, let our most sincere and hearty congratulations be made to the good old

fol. 1906

¹⁶² Mr. Brown was the name by which Laurence Oliphant of Gask, younger, was known, as Mr. Whyte was the secret appellation of his father. They were respectively the father and grandfather of the gifted Baroness Nairn, who was the previous baby in the family, born 16th July, 1766. The grandfather, however, had died in 1767. See f. 1902.

lady (that excellent woman) and the most respectable parents on the happy occasion. Their cousin Peggie, I dare say, will be glad to hear it. God bless them all.

Mr. Brown alias O[liphant].—September 15, 1768.—Mr. and Mrs. Robertson, Woodsheal, came from Givet where Strowan¹⁶³ lives, August 8th, and had heard very lately before that all in the South were well. Lachlan M^cIntosh stay'd only six months, and lives now at Boulogne.

From John Farquharson of Alderg.—Dunkirk, August 25, 1768.—All your friends and wellwishers on this side are well. My particular friend is still in the same way, and that by the caprice of an old deazed father whose value intrinsically is not worth a groat, and some old damn'd scoundrells about this old fool. *Strange language from a papagee upon the pope.*

Bishop Gordon.—October 4, 1768.—I was glad to hear of the welfare of our good friends at Gask. May they long be so. Cousin Peggie was lately very well, which I dare say they will be glad to hear of. Pray on the first occasion let my best respects be presented to that worthy family. fol. 1907

To Bishop Gordon.—February 7, 1769.—I am most heartily vex'd they, either Mr. W[agstaff] or Mr. and Mrs. O[liphant], do not mention Cousin, as a most malicious story prevails here to the no small hurt and prejudice of — “That the usual attendants are all dismiss'd to a man and their places filled up with strangers, even It[alians], and that this happened upon a drunken fit. “This woful intelligence comes in a letter from one Nisbet, late of the Navy, now at R[ome] to his brother at Edinburgh. How industriously it is trumpeted about and how greedily swallowed down, I need not tell you. I do all in my power to quash this mischievous report. Help me in this distress, I beseech you, dear Sir, if you can.

**Copy of the abovementioned paragraph taken from the original holograph addressed thus:
“To Mr. John Nisbet, Writer, Cowgate, Edinburgh, L'Ecosse. Rome, 31 December 1768.** fol. 1908

Pray tell my cousin Adam that I have never been in company with Mr. Lumsden, and at present I don't know where to find him, as he and the other gentlemen that lived with the Pretender within these few days past had a fallen out with him, and have left his house. Some say that he had drank a little too much and wanted to go to an Oratorio. These gentlemen, his ministers and followers, advised him very strenuously to stay at home. He thought they used too much freedom with him. They were either dismiss'd or resign'd. I hear the Cardinal his brother wanted them to go back again. They said it would be to no purpose. Their places are supplied by some Italians. I have seen him several times since in his coach accompanied by one Italian gentleman.

N.B.—The author of the letter does not subscribe his name to it.

From L[ady] G[ask].—February 13, 1769.—They (Mr. and Mrs. O[liphant]), saw at Home Miss Murray, Polmese, Miss Peggie and her sister, who were very obliging, and they dined with them and they are both in good health. Not a word more about them. fol. 1909

From John Farquharson of Alderg.—Dunkirk, February 25, 1769.—I have no kind of news to send; only my old friend is still in good health and much in the same way. The head of the Church of Rome is gone where he deserves. This may change a little the situation of a certain young gentleman to the better. The Turk has turn'd Catholick and the Empress of Russia Protestant. This is all my little news. *Once more, strange language from a papagee upon the pope.*

N.B.—Having sent a copy of Nisbet's paragraph as in the preceeding page to Bishop Gordon, I

¹⁶³ Robertson of Strowan.

had the following return.

London, March 23, 1769.—In answer to yours which came to hand last night, and as far as I am able to give you satisfaction in the particular you so anxiously enquire about; you are to know then, Sir, I have seen, with that you communicate, three different accounts of the matter, all agreeing in the secession, but each differing in the reasons assign'd for it. But upon the whole, for my own part, I conclude there have been too great freedoms taken, and which in certain circumstances, is but too often the case and very hard to bear. I say no more for the present. Time must unfold the rest. O! how difficult it is to know the truth of things at a distance. Especially in great families, too, even almost in our own neighbourhood.

fol. 1910

L[ady] G[ask].—April 13, 1769.—Yours of March 9 came safe to hand. I own the copy you give of the letter distresses me much as I think there is an air of truth in it. I had a letter from my friends (March 7), lately, who, thank God! seem to be pretty well in their healths and think of leaving Naples about this time. They propose coming by Venice to make the journey the longer, as travelling is the chief medicine prescrib'd for the asthma. God grant it may have the desired effect. They write thus: "Miss Murray of Polmaise whom you mention is turn'd Roman Catholick. Her cousin, Miss Peggie, is perfectly well and a lovely lass, but finds I imagine a proper settlement for her difficult." Now you see there is no light about these stories that go upon that poor girl. I cannot say I expected it.

From John Farquharson of Aldlerg.—Dunkerque, April 9, 1769.—From Rome, March 16.—We can assure the publick that the Chevalier de St. George has put away all his Scots attendants. The reason of this sudden change is yet a secret, tho' it occasions great speculations with some grumbling.

fol. 1911

From Vienna.— 'Tis now no secret that the Emperor has gone to Rome, some say to take possession of some temporals formerly given by his predecessors to the Pope; others, to be crown'd king of the Romans; and some say, out of meer curiosity to see the election of a new Pope.

Bishop Gordon.—April 20, 1769.—We are told the Government appears to be a good deal alarmed at the discontent and disturbances occasioned by Mr. Wilkes's party. For petitions, and I dont know what, are said to be in agitation, which all your loyal Scotch addresses, 'tis thought, will hardly be able to prevent. God only knows what is to become of us, for clouds seem to be gathering from all quarters. "To your tents, O Israel!" 'tis reported was an expression uttered in Dom. Com. on Saturday night, or Sunday morning last, for they sat till 2 o'clock.

L[ady] G[ask].—May 15, 1769.—As I know it is agreeable to learn of a letter's coming safe to hand this informs you that I had yours of April 29, with the paragraph from Dunkerque. I doubt it is true about the servants. I wrote to my correspondent to know if it was so. I got a letter from him last night and all he says for or against it is,—Meg is very well, but you must really excuse her being in masque sometimes. I had a letter from Mrs. Olip[hant] at the same time, dated March 31. She says they saw the King of Naples wash the feet of 12 old men on Holy Thursday. There was a fine supper prepared for them. The king handed the first service to servants who set it on the table, and the karles sat down with great ease. After that the King and Queen visited seven churches on foot, and a grand procession it was, which they saw from a Princess's window where all the British were.

fol. 1912

Bishop Gordon.—May 16, 1769.—I was favoured with yours of the 29th ult., but alas! as to giving you any farther light into the particular about which you so anxiously enquired in your former letter, indeed I confess myself altogether unable. Time and patience must unravel. The

matter is too delicate to ask questions about it at the fountain head. Clouds have been gathering a long time, and great struggles have been already made. And tho' the Parliament be prorogued yet 'tis my opinion the fire is far from being extinguished; to such a height of audacity and insolence is the discontented party grown.

fol. 1913

P.S.—As to the particular with which I begun my letter all I shall farther say upon that head is, that as my correspondent takes no notice of it in his letters I ought to conclude it either false, or at least, not to be so much as spoke of amongst friends.

Saturday, July 8, 1769.—I was with the two fellow-travellers¹⁶⁴ about 7 o'clock at night, and supped with them in Edinburgh. I went to them on the Sunday night immediately, and took a bed in their lodgings, and saw them safe off at ½ after 6 morning, Monday. At these interviews I received entire satisfaction as to the above particular so often mentioned, and several other very interesting articles did they communicate to me.

Bishop Gordon.—*Burnhall, July 8th, 1769.*—I am so far in my way to Dumfries, where (God willing) I purpose being the latter end of this month, and honest David Lyon and his wife are to meet me there, where I intend staying some small time with my poor sister.

Before this comes to your hand, you will probably have seen the worthy Mr. Ol[iphant] and his agreeable lady, whom, to my great mortification, I did not see as they passed by here. The manner how this happened 'tis very probable Mr. Ol[iphant] may have told you. Had I been aware of his not setting off from Durham till 8 o'clock, I should have made a hard shift but I would have seen him. But he had named a much earlier hour (6 o'clock) in a note he left over night [Bishop Gordon being then in bed] at Burnhall gate, so near were we to each other. Pray, my best respects to him and his good lady, and tell them how sorry I am I did not see them. I beg, dear Sir, you would likewise give Mr. O[liphant] my best thanks for his care of Mr. [Wag]staffes letter, and also for his own which accompanied it from Durham. I trust Mr. O[liphant] will be able to give you satisfaction in some doubts and difficulties, and consequently relieve you from the distress under which you have sometime laboured. He is a man of understanding and well qualified to discuss the subject thoroughly.

fol. 1914

Instantly I made a return to the above, and most earnestly desired Bishop Gordon to bring Mrs. Gordon along with him, and to take up their abode with us for some time; but if this did not suit his convenience, that he would meet me at the house of Mr. Angus MackDonell, in Moffat, on a day to be appointed by him, tho' I had far rather chuse his coming to my house as above, where he might be as private as he pleased, even incog, if he thought fit. To which I had the following answer.

Burnhall, July 20, 1769.—In answer to your last of the 12th instant, which was exceedingly welcome, you have this to inform you that, after mature deliberation and variety of matters weighed and considered, I am at last determined (God willing) to meet you on the 8th of August at Moffat, in the house you mention, where I trust we shall agreeably chatt over many things to our mutuall satisfaction which could not so conveniently be committed to paper. My wife thinks herself much obliged to yourself and good Mrs. Forbes for your truly kind and friendly invitation to your habitation at Leith. But she desires me to tell you she hopes she shall be excused, being so poor a traveller that she dares not attempt any farther progress than Burnhall, where she says she must be content to set up her steed till she turns her face again towards London. It gave me great pleasure to hear that your worthy friend and his excellent lady had both arrived safe and at

fol. 1915

¹⁶⁴ Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant of Gask.

Edinburgh. Indeed, it was very mortifying to me that I did not see them in passing, especially, too, after the pains they had so kindly taken to afford me that singular satisfaction. But, thanks be to God! you have seen them safe and well.

I shall think with much satisfaction on our interview now in prospect, which will make ample recompence for my late affecting disappointment; so unexpectedly does our loss often turn to gain, as I trust will be verified in the present instance now before us.

A Journal. A. D. O. M. P. F. S. S.¹⁶⁵

Set out accordingly, taking Mrs. Forbes along with me, on a jaunt to Moffat, Monday, August 7, 1769, 35 minutes after 8 morning. In travelling to the south side of the Pentland Hills, you come to a peep, on the left hand, of Pennycuik House, the charming seat of Sir James Clerk of Pennycuik, richly beautified with large plantations of wood, and several vistas of stone pillars on the banks of the water of Esk. Soon after this you pass by the foot of the avenue of Windlestraelee on the right hand, the country house of Mr. William Tytler, Clerk to the Signet, of a south exposure at the foot of the Pentland Hills, and surrounded with a bush of wood.¹⁶⁶

fol. 1916

We came to Linton, 13 long Scots miles from Leith, 44 minutes after 12 o'clock, where we dined on very good things at the house of one Dalziel, vintner.

We left Linton 35 minutes after 2 o'clock. After travelling over Broughton Muir, we came in view of Broughton House, once of Murray, now of Dickson, on the left, and Kilbuckie¹⁶⁷ on the right, two agreeable situations. John Murray purchased Broughton not many years ago for £6000 sterling, and Mr. Dickson, commonly called Havannah, paid Murray for it £16,000; and I am credibly informed, were he to sell it, he would now have ,£22,000 sterling for it. Mr. Dickson has built at Broughton Lon or village, on the highway, some handsome houses for tenants in so regular a way that one would take them to be a factory of one kind or other.

You then come to a single tower, four miles from the Crook, on the right hand, an old ruin called Kittlehall, near to which, a little farther on the journey and on the same hand, at the foot of an hill, is another old ruin called the Wrae Castle, once the property of the name of Tweedie. There appears to have been a good deal of building about the castle.

Some distance beyond this you come to see, still on the right and on a rising ground, the house of Mossfennan, the mansion of Mr. Welch, of a south exposure and adorned with wood; near to which is a slate and lime quarry on the brow of a hill to the right, belonging to Polmood, though on this side of Mossfennan and very nigh to it.

After this you come in full view of Polmood which, tho' on the north side and at the foot of an hill, is a most charming little seat on the banks of and so near to the Tweed, that in much rain the river flows up to the entry of the house, upon which, I am persuaded, in the shortest days of Winter, the sun hardly ever shines. It is now the property of Mr. Alexander Hunter, merchant of Edinburgh, and has been in the name of Hunter, as is reported, since the days of Malcolm Canmore, who

fol. 1917

¹⁶⁵ *i.e. Ad Deum optimum maximum, Patrem, Filium, Spiritum Sanctum,*

¹⁶⁶ The Bishop apparently means here Woodhouselee, which he would pass at a distance of some miles before obtaining at least any near prospect of the Penicuik estate. The Bishop's calculation of miles is (as he notes) Scots miles, which equal 1¼ of our present miles.

¹⁶⁷ Dickson.—F.

flourished about 1100. William, who flourished about 1170, gave a charter to the then Hunter in the following words:¹⁶⁸ “I, William, King, the third zeir of my ring, gevis to thee, Normand Huntere, to me thow art baith leif and dere, the hop and the hoptoun, and all the bounds up and down, under the erd to hell, above the erd to hevyn, fra me and fra myne, to thee and to thyne, als fre as the kingrick is mine. To verify that this is suith, I bite the quhit walx with my tuith, before Meg, Mald, Marjory, and my eldest son, for ane bow and ane braid arrow, quhen I come to hunt upon Zarrow.”

In sight of Polmood we came to the Crook, 25 minutes after 6, 12 long miles from Linton, George Black, landlord, at whom I asked if he could give us some trouts for supper. He said he had been just thinking to go an angling for a little. I told him I would go along with him and share in the sport. In a short time he took 7 or 8 trouts, upon which and a duckling we made a very good supper, the hospitable landlord taking a share with us.

Tuesday, August 8th.—Set off from the Crook, 5 minutes after 7 o'clock, morning. A mile farther on you come to another inn, called the Bield, up the hill from which, on the right hand, is the house of Oliver, the mansion of Mr. Tweedie, who is supposed to be the chief of the name, the family of which bore a great sway of old in that part of the country. Mr. Tweedie is the proprietor of the Bield, a little beyond which you come in view of the kirk of Tweedsmuir, on a little green hill down in a valley on the left hand, the Tweed gliding by the kirk. Here I told Mrs. Forbes that for 9 long miles she would not see a grain of corn growing, that is, from the Bield to the side of Errickstane Brae towards Moffat. But we saw plenty of natural hay on the banks of the Tweed, winding its course between two ridges of green hills, great flocks of sheep ranging and browsing upon them at pleasure.

fol. 1918

Then we came to Tweedie-Brae-foot, on this side of which a little purling stream runs down called the Smidhopburn, and soon falls into the Tweed. Here we saw plenty of natural hay mowing down and in ricks. After passing over the Brae you come to Tweedshaw, *i.e.*, where Tweed first shows itself. Here we spied to my surprize a very little park of beer,¹⁶⁹ not bigger than a kailyard. This prompted me to halt a little and call for a dram. The landlord not being at home, I asked the landlady if this was not the first grain that had ever appeared in that country. She answered the same spot had been in beer the last year for the first time, which had succeeded so well that it was in beer this year with more seed than formerly.

On this side of Tweedshaw and a little above it, Tweed rises from its source in a bogue or marsh. Here it is so small that one may walk over it without wetting a foot. This bogue is at the foot of a hill called Errickstane, out of which other two rivers take their rise, *viz.*, Clyde and Annan, and all the three rivers run different ways, Tweed shaping its course eastward, Clyde westward, and Annan southward.

fol. 1919

In journeying over Errickstane Brae, near the top of it, you come to a large green circular hollow of old called the Marquis of Annandale's Beef Stand, but now MacLaurin's Leap, because one MacLaurin, a drover, in 1746, made his escape from a party of soldiers taking him to Carlisle to be tried for his life, by rolling down this hollow, there happening very luckily to be a thick mist at the time, which favoured his design greatly. None of the souldiers durst attempt following him, so steep is the descent, but they ran round the mouth of the hollow, discharging their muskets at random. Lieutenant Howison, one of the officers commanding the party, cried after him, “By G—

¹⁶⁸ Meaning words of which the following is a translation, as charters were then written in Latin.

¹⁶⁹ *i.e.* barley.

, I arrest you in the King's name," when, behold! MacLaurin could not stop his own motion had he been ever so willing, which is not to be supposed. He slept that night in George Black's house at the Crook, tho' a command of soters happened to be there.

The other side of Errick-stane Brae towards Moffat was once a very steep road, insomuch that travellers walked, and machines went empty down and up it; but now of late it is made such a very fine pathed way in the spiral form that coaches and chaises can move easily upon it full of company.

When on the top of Errickstane Brae a fine valley of a corn country towards Moffat opens to you, which exhibits a chearing prospect of a beautiful variety.

We arrived at Moffat J before 11 o'clock, and Bishop Gordon with Mr. and Mrs. Lyon came to us about 5 o'clock when we were beginning to tea.

fol. 1920

Soon after tea Bishop Gordon and I retired to his bedchamber, *solus cum solo*, to talk over some matters before entering upon which he begged leave to inform me that he had great doubts of ever having received the benefit of confirmation. For though his mother used to say he had been confirmed, yet he could never recollect hands having been laid upon him, and that he had received the sealing benediction. He well remembred that, when between 11 and 12 years of age, he had been in the quire at Durham with a crowd of boys, when Lord Crew was bishop, and that he then saw several young folks confirmed, but he did not remember that he himself had kneeled down and received that benefit. He, therefore, begged that to remove all doubts and scruples from his mind I might make up this defect. Agreed—and to-morrow's morning was accordingly appointed before breakfast for that purpose in his own bed-chamber, none to be present but Mrs. Forbes only.

I then told him that lest I should forget anything I had written a memorandum of several articles as to what I had to inform him about, in such a manner and so short as to be understood by none but myself, and then pulling out my scribble I went on as follows, he listening with the greatest attention.

Article 1. That John Hay, Andrew Lumisden, and Captain Urquhart had been dismiss for a real act of disobedience. It was true indeed that the K[ing] had been in use for some time past to call frequently for to'ther glass of wine at dinner and supper, not from any liking to liquor, but like one absent in mind when he met with things that vex'd him, as too often was the case. That one day at dinner he had done so till he was somewhat intoxicated, and in that condition proposed going to an oratorio in the afternoon, but they absolutely refused to attend him. Yea, he went into his coach and they would by no means go into it; upon which he returned to his apartments and dismiss them. In a day or two he sent for them to return to their duty, but they happening to consult with the Cardinal York, he advised them absolutely not to return; which counsel they followed, and he took care to have four Italians put into their places as persons more fit for his purposes and designs; the principal one of whom, our common friend¹⁷⁰ declared, was very fit to be about a great personage, having been bred up at the Court of Modena. The Cardinal would have been well enough pleased had John Stewart, a constant and faithful attendant, been likewise dismiss, but that could not take place, as both master and servant, an Athol man, were not willing to part. Therefore, there are still two Britons with him, Mr. Wagstaffe, an Englishman, and John Stewart, a Scotsman. [Here Bishop Gordon asked if ever he conversed with Mr. Wagstaffe. To which I could make no answer as this particular had not been mentioned; but I promised to enquire.] That he now enjoys more ease and

fol. 1921

¹⁷⁰ Laurence Oliphant of Gask.

quiet than formerly, and has never been seen concerned in the least with liquor since that event, which had been happily attended with one good effect, to make him think very seriously upon what had happened; and that no man could be of a more firm and determined resolution when once formed than he was known to be. Too great freedoms had been used which were not easily to be put up with. Such were condescended upon when he was in Scotland. Not a blot, nor so much as a pimple was in his face, though maliciously given out by some as if it were all over blotted; but he is jolly and plump, tho' not to excess, being still agile and fit for undergoing toil. Bishop Gordon regretted the dismissal of Andrew Lumisden, as being a man of parts, in which I heartily join'd him.

fol. 1922

Article 2. It having been asked by our common friend what he should say to friends as to particular ways of thinking in religious matters; it was answered that he left that to his own discretion, as he knew well his resolutions in that shape. Meantime he could not fail observing that he was in a most miserable situation in this respect, "Being looked upon where I am," said he, "to be a firm Protestant, and at home in Britain, to be a rank Papist;" and that his change of opinions was not of a late date. "Having been deem'd a sprightly quick young fellow when between 11 and 12 years of age, I was now and then putting questions to my pedagogue upon religious subjects, whose answers not being satisfactory, he put treatises of controversy into my hands in which the arguments and the answers to objections appeared to me so weak and trifling that in place of persuading they rivetted me in my resolution of a change."

Article 3. There were two grand points he always had in view, his R—on¹⁷¹ and an earnest desire to be married. As to the first, he was ever attentive to any circumstance that might be conducive to that good end. As to the second, he hoped to have that soon accomplished. Our common friend having been indulged the honour of speaking freely what he might think best for promoting the interest of all concerned, could not help suggesting that his M[ajesty] in his present circumstances could have none but a Popish princess, which might prove an injury rather than an advantage in the eyes of friends. To this it was answered, "You know, Sir, that I made my addresses to a Protestant princess,¹⁷² and that this negotiation, when upon the point of being concluded, was frustrated by the misconduct of those who had the management of it. But if I should match with a Popish princess, and be so happy as to have children, she should have nothing to do with their education. I would positively take that upon myself, and have them educated in my own principles." [Here Bishop Gordon observed that he believed Harry Goring had the management of the foresaid negotiation, and that the Princess was a German one and a very pretty person.]

fol. 1923

Article 4. It having been suggested that his residence at Rome was far from being fit or convenient upon several accounts, he said he resolved to stay there till he should be introduced to the then-to-be-elected Pope, with particular views. Upon this it was remarked that such an introduction might prove prejudicial to his interest amongst friends, and therefore perhaps better to be let alone. To this he answered that if the Pope should acknowledge him in his proper rights and titles, he would not only have a pension from him, but likewise this would afford him a proper foundation in applying for pensions from Spain and other foreign courts, and thereby he would be put on a respectable footing for entering into the conjugal state. But at any rate he was resolved to

¹⁷¹ Religion is here meant.

¹⁷² In 1749 the Prince had in view a marriage with the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse Darmstadt.

leave Rome after settling business. [Bishop Gordon could not help remarking here, 'Twas pity he had ever gone to Rome; that had he gone to Switzerland, that Canton having agreed to receive him, the French Court were to have given him *carte blanche*, and friends in E[ngland] would have given him liberally. And not only so, but he himself had as much in the Chambers of Paris as would support him, tho' not like a Prince, yet like a gentleman.]

Article 5. Our common friend, desirous to bring him upon the dismissal of the three gentlemen, tried one piece of address, which was that if any persons were coming to Rome who had a mind to see him, he begged leave to know how or by whom they might be introduced. To which it was answered that, as his hours of retirement and of his being to be seen were well known, there was no difficulty of access to him; and that he kept no secretary, but dispatched all his business and wrote all his letters with his own hand. In a word, it was not in our friend's power to have the remotest hint upon the dismissal of the three gentlemen.

Article 6. That the Cardinal York was extremely polite, frank, and free, more like a companion than a superiour, insomuch that one would have taken him to have been brother to either of the two fellow-travellers who had visited and dined frequently with the K[ing]. [Bishop Gordon asked, "How often? This I could not answer, but promised to be informed and to let him know; He was likewise very desirous to know if our common friend had visited Alexander Murray in London, as he had left it in charge with James George that this should by all means be particularly attended to, seeing Bishop Gordon looked upon Alexander Murray as a firm and staunch friend, much to be noticed and regarded, worthy of the highest trust, etc. I knew nothing at all about this, but promised to make inquiry and to report.]

fol. 1924

Article 7. That Mrs. Forbes had given the two fellow travellers a piece of seed-cake, which they took entire to the K[ing], making a present of it to him, and withal telling him from whom they had it. "Ay!" said he, "a piece of cake from Scotland, and from Edinburgh too!" Then rising from his seat and opening a drawer, "Here," said he, "you see me deposite it, and no teeth shall go upon it but my own."

Article 8. The common friend had the honour to take leave of the Cardinal York, tho' cadged up like a bird in the Conclave, which was extremely well taken, the Cardinal declaring he would have been sorry if this had not been done.

Article 9. As our common friend had told me that John Hay had suggested to him that he imagined Mr. Wagstaffe to be a bishop, I asked if it was so or not? To which Bishop Gordon answered that Mr. Wagstaffe was not a bishop.

Article 10. I shewed Bishop Gordon a memorandum written by common friend in presence of the K[ing], containing these words only, *Travels in the Highlands, Cookry Book of English Paistry, puddings, etc.*, and told him that I had brought along with me four copies of the *Narrative of the Escape*, etc., which was what is meant by *Travels in the Highlands*; viz., one for the K[ing], the second for Mr. Wagstaffe, the third for Mrs. Smith of Burnhall, and the fourth for Mrs. Gordoun, all handsomely gilded. But that for *Cookery* it behoved Mrs. Gordoun to make choice of the best author upon that in London, which was agreed to.

fol. 1925

Article 11. I told Bishop Gordon I had brought along with me some principal papers, 8 in number, and marked in order as they should be read, relative to the late election of a bishop for Aberdeen, all which he and Mr. David Lyon perused with attention, and both of them concurred in heartily disapproving of what had been done in that affair. Bishop Gordon would repeatedly say, "The conduct of your brethren, Mr. F., is shameful indeed! Very shameful, truly! If an election is

allowed, why, then, let it go on easily and freely, and don't make a fool of it in any shape whatsoever." I told them I had resolved to take up with retirement, which they frankly owned they could not disapprove of.

Article 12. I asked Bishop Gordon if present jarrings and confusions, etc., could not be improved to the advantage and interest of Cousin? Yes, they might. That he himself had fallen upon ways and means to have something put into the hands of a certain person without the same person's knowing from whence, and that he thought he could see from that person's ways of acting he was pointing to the interest of Cousin.

At supper I proposed that for a jaunt of pleasure we should go next day to view the Gray Mare's Tail, perhaps the finest fall of water in all Scotland, and about seven long Scots miles from Moffat, which was agreed to.

Wednesday, August 9th, 'twixt 9 and 10 morning, in Bishop Gordon's own bedchamber, the defect was made up as agreed upon, none present but Mrs. Forbes. *Soli Deo, Patri, Filio, Spirituique Sancto sit laus et gloria in secula seculorum. Amen et Amen.*

When about to take breakfast, Bishop Gordon took me aside to a window and told me he was so much pleased with my method of articles that he desired I would take an opportunity of going over them once more with him, which I promised to do.

Dinner was ordered to be ready by 1 o'clock, that we might set out by 2 upon the jaunt of pleasure. Set out accordingly at 2 o'clock, three chaises in company, Bishop Gordon and I in one, Mrs. Forbes and Miss Jackie MackDonell in another, and Mr. David Lyon and his servant, Sandie, in the third; Mrs. Lyon not being so well as to go; and Mr. Angus MackDonell, our hospitable landlord, on a good mare, to be our conductor.

fol. 1926

When about to be gone, I called for a bottle of wine and some bread, my fellow-jaunters wondering what I meant. I told them these implements were to be taken along with us, as perhaps it might be seasonable and convenient to take a glass of wine when looking cold water in the face, and a bit of bread would not be amiss at the same time. "Right, my friend," said Bishop Gordon, "'tis well thought on. We may probably have use for such materials before we return."

After driving about two miles, we enter into one of the finest and richest vallies I have ever seen, called the Glen of Moffat Water, standing thick with corn and hay, interspersed with meadow grounds, and bounded on each hand with a ridge of green mountains, decorated with bushes of wood, and with large flocks of sheep feeding and frisking up and down under the eyes of the careful shepherds tending them by day and by night with their sagacious dogs.

In this fertile valley there were likewise herds of horses and black cattle, fat and sleek as otters, which upon the sight and rattling of the chaises took fright, stared, snorted, and galloped up and down with ears erect and tails standing out. There was one colt, of a brownish colour beautiful and well shap'd, which Bishop Gordon admired greatly.

The eye was regal'd on viewing the lofty hills, not only with the verdant woods and a rich variety of glossy green both upon trees and grass, but likewise with several openings between hills on each hand as inviting the traveller to enter. But behold, when we came directly over against any of those openings, a huge mountain appeared with a stern, austere aspect just like an aged sire with grim looks and knit brows forbidding the promised access.

fol. 1927

Bishop Gordon was so highly delighted that he was sorry Mrs. Gordoun did not share in the jaunt "as," said he, "she is a curious observer and excels in description. I will make her regret her

absence from this rural entertainment. Were a philosopher here, what a fund for contemplation, or a poet, how would the numbers flow!" "Yes," said I, "were a Pope or a Voltaire here, how would the subject swell!" And, indeed, a more beautifully variegated landscape cannot well be seen with a rushing natural cascade to crown the whole.

When in the midst of a wood about halfway to the fall, one of the ends of the flichtet of our chaise happened to break, which occasioned a halt. Instantly all got out and Mrs. Forbes held a council of war against me for a safe retreat in time with the shrill vociferation of a female general. "I can," said she, "with pleasure be fell'd myself rather than that Bishop Gordon should be fell'd. For how can we account to Mrs. Gordoun if he be fell'd sae far frae hame?" "Ay! ay! very pretty indeed," said Mr. Lyon, "there is not a word of your husband tho' in equal danger with Mr. Gordon or any of us." "Oh!" said she, "he has no fear. He can take care of himself. But for Mr. Gordon, who is a stranger, we ought, all of us, to have a particular concern about him." This occasioned a loud laugh to the re-echoing of the woods. Mr. Gordon would frequently say, "O that good woman! O that good woman! who is pleased to have such a great concern about my safety."

The kind contention was so much in earnest that Mr. MackDonell, tho' one of absolute courage, joined Mrs. Forbes heartily for an immediate return. "What! Mr. MackDonell," said I, "did you not tell me that many wheel machines have been driven the same way? And may not chaises go now where chaises have gone before?" "All true," said he, "but then such heavy rains have fallen of late that the fords will be very deep, and they are rough and bad enough of themselves." "O then," said I, "the fall will be in its greater glory, and if all of you should return I will go on." Mr. Gordon luckily joined me which ended the debate. But then Mrs. Forbes strenuously insisted against Mr. Gordon's going into the broken chaise, tho' the breach was inconsiderable, as with the help of a rope it was made as strong as ever, and so Mr. Gordon and I went into it again.

fol. 1928

Mr. MackDonell, for the greater safety, soon after this called for a guide who directed us well through the rough fords.

At length the rush of mighty waters reached the ear before we could see it with the eye. When we came in view of it I could well see that by crossing that large burn flowing from it into Moffat Water, and called the Tail burn, we could have still a fuller view of the fall, and therefore I stept over the burn and scamper'd up a green hill the best way I could; about the midst of which I came to a level bit of green about the extent of an ordinary table, where I took up my station directly over against the face of the fall about the middle of it. I then hallooed to those below what a fine view I had of the fall, begging them to follow me. Jackie MackDonell skip'd up to me like any roe. Mr. Gordon mounted the conductor's mare and crossed the burn. I cried to Mr. MackDonell to hand Mr. Gordon up after me as far as he would chuse to come, which he did only halfway. Mr. Lyon likewise mounted the mare and cross'd the burn. He came up to me with such leisurely steps as his corpulence would allow, and squatted down instantly. "What do you mean, Sir?" said I. "Get up and view this grand sight." "Oh! sir," said he, "I have lost all my breath, Oh! Oh! Oh!" After resting a little he rose up and took a view of it with his specs on his nose.

When descending I took hold of Jackie MackDonell guided her in the spiral way, and Mr. Lyon's servant took him by the arm. But no, that would not do. Looking behind me I saw Mr. David hitching down like any hare on his breech. "Ay! Mr. David," said I, "what is the matter with you?" "O, Sir," said he, "I man take my to it." This I failed not to repeat when down at the burn, taking our seasonable glass of wine which made the hills resound with a loud peal of laughter.

fol. 1929

During all the time we were upon the face of the green hill, Mrs. Forbes down below turned her

back towards us, and with fright, was seized with a pain in one of her shoulders, taking a peep now and then to see if any of us were tumbling down and wondering how she would fall upon a scheme to get back to Moffat with three chaises and six dead men, with many a thump upon the pain'd shoulder. The drivers diverted themselves with tumbling stones down the hill, which Mrs. Forbes, full of fear, imagined to be some of our hats.

I asked Mr. MackDonell what might be the height of the fall. He said he was persuaded it was more than 100 fathoms from top to bottom. It is white as snow, and falls with such violence that the drops of water rebound to an extraordinary height. For ordinary it consists of three falls, rushing from one shelf of the rock to another, and at last disappearing into a hollow gulph which no eye could ever yet reach, around the mouth of which some trees wave their tops and serve to add to the beauty. When we viewed this wondrous work of God in nature it consisted only of one fall, as plenty of rain had lately fallen and thereby had increased its grandeur, so that we beheld it, tho' not in its greatest perfection, yet in a medium betwixt its lowest and its highest degree of glory. It issues out of Loch Skeen, of a pretty large extent, in the midst of which there is an island where a pair of eagles nestle every year. This loch is clear on one side where speckled trouts are to be had, and muddy on the other where black trouts take up their abode.

fol. 1930

When got into the chaises Mr. Gordon said; "We cross'd Moffat Water so often that we will now, in our return, count the number," which turned out to be no less than 16, without counting several other crossings of rivulets that discharge themselves from the hills into Moffat Water. But we brought the crossing of the Tail burn into the reckoning.

At supper we recounted the beauties and adventures of the chequer'd scene with great good humour and pleasantry. Mr. Gordon smiling in Mr. Lyon's face said, "Well, Mr. Lyon, I hope you will indulge me the pleasure of making merry with my wife at your method of moving down a hill." "With all my heart," answered he. "Then, Mr. Lyon, I assure you, your bum shall not be forgot. Ha! ha! he!"

Thursday morning, August 10th, I went over the articles once more with Bishop Gordon *solus cum solo*. And when he was putting things in order for his departure, Mrs. Forbes delivered to him some raisins¹⁷³ and seed cake to refresh himself with in the chaise. When he called for a bill I told him all was paid, as I looked upon myself no less than much honoured by the interview in more respects than one. We had vespers and matins every day.

Bishop Gordon left Moffat in Mr. MackDonell's chaise at 8 o'clock, morning, which he journeyed in, as I was afterwards informed, till he came within 20 miles of Newcastle.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyon dined with us at Moffat, which we left 10 minutes after 2 o'clock and parted at the top of Errickstane Brae, they going to the left and we to the right.

We came to Tweedie-Brae-foot 45 minutes after 5, where I discoursed the landlord, who told me that the true name of the place in papers is Tweedhopfoot. I asked him how it came to pass that the Smidhopburn was not reckoned the source of Tweed as it is larger than what is so reckoned. He answered that the Smidhopburn takes its rise a good way above his house and is there still less than the source of the Tweed.

fol. 1931

Here a child 'twixt 2 and 3 years of age took such a conceit of Mrs. Forbes, that she would by no means part with her, but stuck close to her and went into the chaise. She was offer'd raisins and

¹⁷³ Intended for George Smith of Burnhall, Esq., had he come along with Bishop Gordon.—F.

money. But no: she would accept of nothing; positively she would go along with us. An aunt of the child's pull'd her out by force; but she scream'd and sprawled herself out with such violence that she was like to throw herself into fits; and therefore we took her again into the chaise to give her a short jaunt, when looking wistfully into Mrs Forbes's face she said, "I will go wherever you go." "Ay! but," says Mrs. Forbes, "what will your mammy say, if you go with me?" "Indeed she'll say, my bonny Ellie Welch is awa!" Which words the child pronounced with a mournful tone of voice. A servant walked by the side of the chaise, and after driving a little Mrs. Forbes told the child that when we returned we would give her a ribband and a bonny mutch. Upon this she was persuaded, though with some reluctance, to return with the servant, but not till she gave us the parting kiss.

A little before we came to the Bield by looking up into a very narrow glen on the left hand, I saw some little ridges of rie.

We came to the Crook 25 minutes after 7 o'clock where Lord Kaimes and his lady were before us, but we got a good room and a better supper.

Friday, August 11.—Left the Crook 40 minutes after 7 o'clock, when our hospitable landlady would needs have us take a cheese in a present.

To vary the scene we resolved to return by Peebles, the road to which passes off on the right hand over against the House of Mosfennan already noticed, where you soon cross the Tweed by a fine ford.

fol. 1932

Then you come in view of Drummellier Castle in a hollow, on the left hand an old mine of much building over against the Wrae Castle, but they are on different sides of the Tweed. There is a large fir-park up on the right hand from the kirk-town of Drummellier, where I made a short halt, and got one Cleghorn, a weaver, to conduct me to Tennis Castle, an old ruin on the top of a steep green hill to the right hand, once the seat of the Frasers of Salton, about the time of King James the Fifth, as was narrated to me.

In going up to Tennis Castle you walk on a green road of a good breadth which appears to have been made on purpose for the easier access by the side of a purling stream issuing from the high ground, where you come to a large stone, naturally in form of an elbow-chair, called the Chesweld Chair, in which one can sit or lie along as he pleases. If you loll downwards, as it has a little slop, your lips can touch the murmuring stream and drink of the finest water. Some of the ruines lie in huge lumps. I measured one of them which was about 6 feet thick. The walls of one watch-tower of a round form are pretty entire. The whole seems to have been built of small stones, all strongly cemented, so that it would be far easier to work any quarry than to separate them.

All along on the banks of the Tweed, which we cross'd thrice, and seldom out of sight of it from its very source. We came to New Posso, the princely seat of Sir James Naesmith, grand and beautiful truly, tho' on the north side of a hill, in view of the Tweed from the front windows, and abounding with the verdant fir through which there are many different vistas. It has a large avenue down to the Tweed terminating in iron ballistradoes decorated with two statues of gladiators. Here the Tweed is a large river. Methinks there is one superfluous beauty, which is an artificial cascade in the avenue forming a circular piece of water, though Tweed be winding its course in full view.

fol. 1933

Sir James has a fine green-house of a pretty large extent, where at this time, as I was informed, an American aloe was in flower, the stem of which being about 27 or 30 feet high.

After leaving New Posso we came in view of Stobo kirk and Stobo hills which make a fine appearance; travelling now along in an avenue of planting, many of which apple-trees on each

hand, which avenue is a mile or two in length, if not more. After which, still in view of Tweed, we came to Needpath, to the right hand, an old castle of great strength, the seat of the Earl of March, on a green bank sloping down to Tweed, with much barren wood of different kinds on both sides of the river. Near to this, on the other side of the Tweed, is Burnet of Barns, an ancient snug little seat, which besides its own plantations has in view all the beauties of Needpath woods; and Needpath enjoys the same enchanting view of Barns and its towers and lofty trees.

At Peebles by 12 o'clock, which Eddlestone Water divides into two, the old town and the new town, discharging itself into Tweed below Peebles, on the south side of which a fine bridge of several arches over the Tweed from the top of which you have a most beautiful prospect. Here I called for John Robertson, the sheriff-clerk, upon account of the Rev. Mr. George Innes at Aberdeen, who is married upon a sister of the said Robertson. He dined with us at the house of Ritchie, vintner, and made me a present of four franks addressed to Mr. George Innes.

fol. 1934

Set out from Peebles $\frac{1}{4}$ after 3 o'clock. Near to Peebles on the left hand stands Chapel Hill, church-lands no doubt, as there was of old in Peebles a monastery of the Red Friars called the Ministry or Cross Church, founded by Alexander the 3rd, 1257 [see Keith's *Catalogue of Scottish Bishops*, p. 243]. The steeple, tho' unroofd, of the monastery is still standing, and in the churchyard of it they still bury their dead.¹⁷⁴

Then as you travell along you view Cringaltie, Blackbarony, the Whim, built by the Earl of Isla in the midst of a moss, and now the property of Mr. Montgomery, advocate; Pennycuick and Mortonhall, on the left hand and Auchindinny on the right, all of them beautiful seats, adorned with plantations of wood in great plenty. Near to Auchindinny is a fine new bridge over the Esk, so that some of the above seats are decorated with wood and water.

Stopt at the Howgate 'twixt 5 and 6, to refresh the horses and at home (all glory be to God) $\frac{1}{4}$ before nine o'clock at night.

Total charge of this jaunt, including chaise-hire and every article of expense, £8, 4s. 6d. sterling.

Tuesday, August 15.—The common friend favoured us with a visit, much to my comfort, 'twixt 1 and 2, when we were at dinner, and took a share with us. We soon retired by ourselves and talked over several interesting particulars.

fol. 1935

In consequence of this seasonable visit I wrote to Bishop Gordon on Saturday, August 19, informing that our common friend had visited Cousin with frequency and freedom at least 5 or 6 times, and that the two fellow travellers had dined with *him* twice; that Cousin would gladly confer with Mr. Wagstaffe, but durst not attempt it, so closely was he eyed and all his motions watched; and that he himself had not visited Alexander Murray, as it might have been ill taken for him to go from the house of the brother banker's to visit any such person; but that had Bishop Gordon been at home, he then could have visited Alexander Murray by his direction and under his eye. I likewise informed Bishop Gordon at the same time that since seeing him I had changed my mind, and did not now regret the dismissal of Andrew Lumsden as I had been informed of his being much upon the deistical way of thinking. But whether the brother-in-law had poisoned him, or he the brother-in-law, I would not say.

As a strong jealousy upon a certain point had haunted my mind, I wrote another letter to Bishop Gordon, an exact copy of which is as follows:

¹⁷⁴ The words "not the case" are written here in a different hand, and are struck through in pencil.

For God's sake, my very dear friend, beware of A[lexander] M[urray]. I had very great doubts of, and, therefore, have this day made strict inquiry into that character. Our friend in his modest way gave hints that it was none of the best, which, with my own suspicion, prompted me to sift the matter to the bottom upon your account, not to mention other weighty considerations. I have it from the best authority, and from one with whom I could trust my life that (to use the identical words) "he is an ingrain'd villain; that gold is his god; a small portion of which will throw the ballance with him to either side, and that he is in keeping by the C—s of W—s¹⁷⁵ whom he has influenced to enter into a most flagitious action against her own flesh and blood. In a word, the two infamously concurred to deprive one of her children of bare bread, even to the length of tampering with and informing the Government." All this with much more I had from one who knows A[lexander] M[urray] intimately from his youth up untill now, both in private and publick life, and is truly a friend, not an enemy to A[lexander] M[urray].

fol. 1936

In my humble opinion it is prudent not to break with him, but not to tell him anything of importance. However, your own better judgment will do better than I can suggest, and may God direct all to the best. Meantime I will correspond with none but yourself and our common friend upon these matters.

I hope you have mine of the 19th instant. With wonted good will and good wishes to you and all yours,

Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

August 22, 1769.

N.B.—In the foresaid conversation with the common friend, he told me the Protestant princess was afterwards married upon the Prince of Baden Durlach; that Cousin, when going abroad to air, had two coaches, the one for himself and a gentleman or two with four horses, and the other for attendants with two horses; but when the second coach did not go out, then he had six horses in his own; and that he had four principal gentlemen for valet de chambres, eight or ten footmen, besides those of the kitchen, and such as belonged to the stables, etc. etc.

fol. 1937

He likewise informed me that A[lexander] M[urray] had no good character at Paris and was believed by Cousin to have had a principal hand in stealing away his daughter from him, which he highly resented; and that A[lexander] M[urray] had wrote several letters to Cousin, who never had made him the smallest return. I informed him that Mr. Wagstaffe was not a bishop, and suggested to him what Bishop Gordon had said with respect to what Cousin had in the Chambers of Paris. But common friend differed in opinion from Bishop Gordon, that it could not be above £1000 sterling yearly, as considerable pensions had been bequeathed by the father to his servants, which were punctually paid, and therefore lessened the income greatly. He likewise observed that Cousin was a great œconomist, and paid all accounts once a month at farthest, and that he got up in the morning about 4 o'clock, took breakfast about 7, dined at 12 on the plainest dishes, drank tea at 4, supped twixt 7 and 8, and was in his bed-chamber by 9 or before it. So that no man can be more regular in his hours than he continues to be.

I have forgot to remark that in my conversation with Bishop Gordon, he told me he had seen

fol. 1938

¹⁷⁵ The Countess of Wemyss is here meant, who at this time had some differences with her son, David, Lord Elcho. The Hon. Alexander Murray was the fourth son of Alexander, Lord Elibank. In 1750 he had been confined in Newgate prison for contempt of the British Parliament, but afterwards went abroad.

Voltaire when in London; that one needed only to look him in the face to see him to be wrong-headed—such a stare and rolling he has in his eye, and that he is a peevish, fretful body, of meagre looks.

Bishop Gordon.—Burnhall, August 15, 1769.—In compliance with your kind request, and at the same time to return my best thanks to your self and good Mrs. Forbes for all the trouble and expence you have been in affording me so satisfactory and pleasing an interview as you were so kind as to favour me with at Moffat, you have this to inform you, Dear Sir, that (All thanks be to God!) I arrived safe and sound at Burnhall yesterday before dinner, along with my dear nephew whom I found at Newcastle on Friday evening, waiting for me at Mr. Burden's, where you were kindly enquired after, and by Mr. Mansfield too. But to return to Burnhall (Blessed be God!) I found all well there, my wife and sister expecting us, who with our young friend all join in kind compliments and best respects to yourself and the truly kind and friendly Mrs. Forbes, of whose obliging concern about me I trust I shall never be unmindful. And here I must not omit, as desired by my nephew, to return his best thanks and acknowledgments to the kind and bountiful Mrs. Forbes for the good things she sent him by me, of which we all partook, and the Highland lassie¹⁷⁶ too, who presents her best respects. It made her mouth water to hear the relation of the memorable Tail-burn expedition, which you may believe, Sir, entertained the rest of the company.

fol. 1939

Sister Smith and my wife return their best thanks for your obliging present.

N.B.—Mine of the 19th of August [f. 1935] was in return to the above kind letter.

Bishop Gordon.—Burnhall, September 14, 1769.—I thank you for your last, and particularly for your friendly caution with regard to Sandy, to whose character and all the particulars hinted at in your letter I am not in the least a stranger, having been many a day acquainted with his manoeuvres. Yet after all, without trust, we must make the best use we can of such people in their way.

To Bishop Gordon.—September 18th, 1769.—Yours of the 14th instant is now lying before me. I am heart and hand with you in making the best use we can of some certain folks, without trust in their own way. However, I cannot fail in remarking to you that I could easily discover in our common friend an aversion at seeing Sandy but in your presence. A report is current, and prevails here, that Peggie is actually married and very honourably too. Though I most heartily wish for this event, yet I will not believe it till I have it from your hands. I need not tell you how agreeable such a piece of intelligence will prove to our common friend and his valuable connections.

Bishop Gordon.—Burnhall, September 24th, 1769.—I shall long as much as you to hear of poor Peggie's being happily married, and if should hear any satisfactory accounts of it, you may depend on sharing in the good news.

Lady Gask.—October 15, 1769.—My son heard lately that 15 Oct. your favorite, Miss Peggie, is in good health.

Bisliop Gordon.—London, November 14, 1769.—This same i₄ Nov. scribble is not to go without the satisfaction of telling you that I have very lately heard of your Cousin Peggie's welfare, but nothing positive relating to her marriage yet; and moreover that I have luckily had an

fol. 1940

¹⁷⁶ A name I gave to Mrs. Deighton when in Scotland with Mrs. Smith, because good at walking and climbing a hill like any Highlander.—F.

opportunity of transmitting to her by a safe hand the two elegant pieces of Cookery¹⁷⁷ you had procured for her which, no doubt, will be acceptable.

To Bishop Gordon.—Ten thousand thanks for the agreeable account of my favorite lady. Do you observe a paragraph from Viterbo? Let me have your comment upon it. I am glad the two pieces of Cookery have been safely transmitted.

November 25, 1769.

Bishop Gordon.—*December 9, 1769.*—You tell me, Sir, you want my comment on a late article from Italy. All I can say to it is that the party hath certainly removed his quarters for the present at least, but where gone and for how long time, I have not heard. Time and patience will tell.

To Bishop Gordon.—*January 13, 1770.*—You oblige me much by your comment on a late article of intelligence. God be thanked that the party has changed quarters. Let time and patience, as you say, tell the rest, which I will be glad to learn. Have you seen a North Briton extraordinary! a spirited piece truly, and ends with a threatening of the claymore.

The letter from Junius¹⁷⁸ to is an extraordinary of extraordinaries, and makes a great noise here. It shews little respect for dignities. Perhaps it will end in vapour and smoke in your huge city.

Strange and staring are the fears of some, and the expectations of others amongst the Government folks hereabouts with respect to the present meeting of Parliament. I am an indifferent spectator. Conjectures, suspicions, and jealousies prevail. Politics, politics, are the prevailing topic at present in all companies, high and low.

fol. 1941

To Lady Gask.—A curious gentleman in Edinburgh attentive to public transactions has kept an exact account of the amount of all the estates sold and bought in Scotland in the circle of one year, and they amount to no less a sum than six hundred thousand pounds sterling. O! O! O! Perhaps they will come to a round million in one year.—*January 26, 1770.*

Bishop Gordon.—*February 2, 1770.*—Your presents of a Feb. Cookery^l to Cousin Peggy, and the worthy old gentleman, her neighbour, were delivered, and the latter desires his thanks to be returned for the present; and I perceive they have thoughts of giving it a new dress as being a composition preferable to anything they have met with of the kind. My old friend tells me honest Peggie is perfectly well and chearful, and is returned to town again; but not a word does he say of the marriage.

To Bishop Gordon.—*February 20, 1770.*—I am glad the presents of Cookery came safe to hand. If a new dress appears, could a copy be obtained for a friend? I would be well pleased to have one. Might it not be fit and proper to transmit an account of some of the cruelties committed at a certain time? A specimen of these you have in *A copy of a letter from a Gentleman in London to his friend at Bath, London, September 17, 1750, said to be printed at Bath.* The Ms. was delivered to one James Bain, a taylor, who, if I mistake not, is married on a daughter of Mr. Bettenham's. It contains truths that can to this day be well vouch'd; and perhaps it might be of use to give this likewise a new dress. *Tumet esto judex.* I am heartily sorry there is no word of the marriage. I and others long much to hear of it. May it be speedy and happy. Chear ,me, dear Sir, with good news if

fol. 1942

¹⁷⁷ Two copies of the Narrative of the Escape, etc., as mentioned f. 1924 *hujus*. —F.

¹⁷⁸ This is apparently his letter of 19th December 1769, containing an address to the King, which created a great sensation. See *Letters of Junius*, published in 1812, vol. ii. p. 62 *et seq.*

you can.

Bishop Gordon.—*London, February 26, 1770.*—Advice very lately of Peggie’s being well. The new dress of the Cookery¹⁷⁹ shall be attended to, as shall the anecdote of 1750 which you mention.

To Bishop Gordon.—*March 17, 1770.*—God be thanked for Cousin Peggie’s good health. But O! to know more, what joy would it give me and many others!

A curious gentleman in Edinburgh, etc. (as in the proceeding page). Bankruptcies still prevail in Edinburgh at a very strange and alarming rate. To give you a sketch of them for some few years past. One gave way for £150,000 sterling; a second for £70,000 sterling; a third for £50,000 sterling; a fourth for £16,000 sterling; a fifth for £20,000 sterling; a sixth for £50,000 sterling; and a seventh for 1000; besides others for like sums to the two last. God knows where these things will end. Our paper credit [*fides ventosa*]. These repeated failures in trade, and our increasing luxury, with the high prices for every thing necessary and comfortable in living must undo us at last, and perhaps terminate in a national bankruptcy, *consideratis considerandis*. Talking with some folks on these matters, “O!” said they, “what better would you be of all this?” “Why,” said your friend, “I could suffer with the Philistines.” If these anecdotes be worthy the attention of our dearest Cousin, *tumet esto judex*. More failures in business are still dreaded, as every one is now become jealous of another, and people know not whom to trust. May God amend the times and send us better days. Amen.

fol. 1943

Since writing the above, I have discovered by an odd chance, that one great dealer in Edinburgh is on the brink of tumbling down, that, to use the words given me, “he is tottering on one leg, and that nothing less than a miracle can save him from giving way.” In a word, it is strongly dreaded by those of skill in these matters, that before Whitsun wind blow several considerable dealers will fail.

Some staunch Whigs and parity folks hereabouts begin to use very strange and uncommon language:— “that they are heartily wearied of the G—n succession, being loaded with despotism, oppression, etc.; and drowned in luxury, and a total debauchery of manners; that therefore they wish for a change, even for a trial of those that were dismist, to better themselves, as they then imagined, etc.” You see with what boldness the minority possessses people. The hearts of men are in the hands of God, and he can turn them whithersoever he pleases. There are some despairing folks amongst us, with whom I do not like to converse on a certain delicate subject. I chuse to hope and not to despond, waiting the will of God with patience and submission.

I have read the Remonstrance from the Livery, etc., of London, and a bold and daring piece it is. What! to quote the despotism of Charles and James, and that, too, as inferiour in kind to the present management! *Comparisons are odious*. On what side I mean, I leave you to judge.

Bishop Gordon.—*London, March 23, 1770.*—I must tell you, sir, that Cousin Peggie was lately very well, and, I believe, is well disposed to change her condition, provided a suitable match should offer; and who can tell how soon? She’s so lively and active. Peggie writes sensibly and strong, not like an idle sipper of tea.

fol. 1944

W. S., London, March 23, 1770.—Yesterday we had a great mob in town upon account of Wilkes. At night the windows were illuminated, and many hundreds were broke to pieces that were not so.

To Bishop Gordon.—You rejoice my heart with the agreeable accounts you give of Cousin

¹⁷⁹ See note ¹⁷⁷ at foot of preceding page.

Peggie, particularly that she writes sensibly and strong, which I would gladly know, if I may be indulged that honour and pleasure. What is this whisper that occasions such a noise and bustle?

April 5, 1770.

*Bishop Gordon.—London, April 19, 1770.—*If I should happily pick up any crumbs of comfort, be sure they shall be sent. Peggie's letter, which I mentioned to you, was a family affair concerning an upper servant which she wanted.

The state of publick credit in your part of the world appears to be not a little alarming. Indeed, things on every side seem to be tending to dissolution. It may with equal justice be said, *Oh, tempora! Oh, mores!*

The opposition doth not seem to abate at all of its rigour, and God only knows to what lengths it may be carried. But surely such boldness, I should say impudence and scurrility in writing, were never heard or thought of. Speaking of these things, perhaps it may make you smile when I tell you Cousin Peggie has the curiosity to see the publick papers, and has them accordingly sent to her, even that superlatively scurrilous and abusive paper called the *Whisperer*. 'Tis amazing the Government should suffer these factious papers to come abroad, which are the grossest outrage against all order, decency and decorum, a scandal and reproach to civil society. But this evil hath been fostering many years.

fol. 1945

*To Bishop Gordon.—May 2, 1770.—*Hereby I give you the opportunity of saluting a valuable, favorite friend, whom I commonly call by the name of the Elect Lady, the Honble. Mrs. Mary Nairne, sister to Lady Gask. Her ladyship will inform you fully of the business she is most piously going about, and will readily have the pleasure of seeing you in her return. May God be with her, and bless her laudable endeavours with the wish'd for success.

With pleasure I inform you that a lady of my acquaintance has a fine pearl necklace,¹⁸⁰ of six rows round the neck, and of two down the breast, which being at a loss how to dispose of, as it is valued by some at no less than 500 guineas, my bosom friend suggested to have it given in a present to Cousin Peggie upon the happy event of entering into the conjugal state. This proposal was so well received, that the lady anxiously wishes to be quit of it in that very shape. "But O!" said she, "how shall it be transmitted?" "Leave that to me," said a friend of yours, "and, God willing, it shall be carefully conveyed to your heart's desire." Agreed accordingly. Do you then, dear Sir, make more than one happy in having this same valuable gem to pass through your hands, valuable indeed in more senses than one, as it was once the property of the royal family of Scotland about the year 1500. I need say no more, but that the method of conveyance is not to be made known to the lady or any one else.

fol. 1946

I am delighted that Peggie has the public papers, a most notable, and to her a most useful amusement.

COPY, etc., found among the papers of a gentleman after his decease in 1770.

My Lord, Tho' this letter hath so long been kept in secret, and hid from the publick, I give you my honour it is genuine. It was with great difficulty I obtained a copy of it, and tho' I am not a perfect master of the French language, I attempted the translation of it. And if it is not so correct or sublime in the English tongue as in the original, yet will in a great measure discover the real sentiment of his Prussian Majesty to the unhappy family of Stewart.

¹⁸⁰ See ff. 1767, 2004.

The KING OF PRUSSIA'S LETTER to his ROYAL HIGHNESS, PRINCE CHARLES.

MUCH BELOVED COUSIN,—I can no longer, my dear Prince, deny myself the satisfaction of congratulating you on your safe arrival in France, and tho' the connection I have with the reigning family did not permit me to rejoice too openly at the progress of your arms, I can assure you, on the word of a king, I was sincerely touch'd at your misfortunes and under the deepest apprehensions for the safety of your person. \

fol. 1947

All Europe was astonished at the greatness of your enterprize, for tho' Alexander and other heroes have conquered kingdoms with inferior armies, you are the only one who ever engaged in such an attempt without any.

Voltaire, who of all poets is best able to write, is, above all men, indebted to your Highness for having at length furnished him with a subject worthy of his pen, which has all the requisites of an Epick poem, except a happier event. However, tho' fortune was your foe, Great Britain, and not your Highness, are the only losers by it, as the difficulties you have undergone have only served to discover those talents and virtues which have gained you the admiration of all mankind, and even the esteem of those amongst your enemies in whom every spark of virtue is not totally extinct.

The Princess, who has all the curiosity of her sex, is desirous of seeing the features of a hero of whom she has heard so much, so that you have it in your power to oblige both her and me in sending us your picture by the Count de —, who is in his return to Berlin. And be assured, I shall esteem it the most valuable acquisition I ever made.

You are frequently the subject of my conversation with General Keith, whom I have had the good fortune to engage in my service; and besides his consummate knowledge in military affairs, he is possessed of a thousand aimable qualities. Yet nothing endears him to me so entirely as his entertaining the same sentiments with regard to your Royal Highness that I do. Was I differently situated I would give you more. *Potsdam, January 12, 1747.*

fol. 1948

T[om] B[owdler], to whom I had wrote (as in f. 1942).—*Bath, May 5, 1770.*—Your description of the waterfall near Moffat makes one wish to see it. Is it far out of the road to your great city, if Fortune should ever carry a body that way? It is a melancholy account you give me of bankruptcies and the like. At London, too, and in many parts of this kingdom, there is a spirit of rebellion gone forth that seems to threaten great things. You may live to see the doctrine of resistance, and of the power of the people brought to perfection. Perish with the Philistines, say you! Be it so; but I doubt it may be worse than that. Gebal, and Ammon, and Amalek may join with the Philistines, and all against the poor Israelites. The last times draw on apace, and such damnable papers are printed against religion, against God, and that, too, unpunished, that we have reason to fear he may draw the sword against a country whose iniquity seems to be almost full. I grow old and have pretty well done with the world; but I feel for those that are to come after me. They may see sad days. I have been reading a new book on the Prophecies, by one Mr. Hardy, who says the Millenium will not begin till 1971. It is a long time to wait."

Bishop Gordon.—*London, May 23, 1770.*—In your last, you say you give me the opportunity of saluting a valuable, favorite friend, but that opportunity, alas! was not bestowed upon me, for the lady sent your letter to me by Mr. Conacher (at whose house, it seems, she lodged), desiring him to tell me I should see her the next day. But the next morning Mr. Conacher came with the lady's compliments, to acquaint me that she was obliged to set off that day, which is all I can tell you of the Elect Lady. May God be with her, and bless and prosper all her laudable endeavours. I honour her and all her connexions.

fol. 1949

Mr. Bowdler and concerns, the last time I heard of them (thank God!) were all well; and so was Cousin Peggie too, for I heard of her not long ago, but not a word of the wedding.

I am apt to think I mistake in imagining the jewel was to come to me by the hand of your favourite friend. However that may be, I am humbly of opinion that the noble present would be better delayed to a more seasonable occasion.

Bishop Gordon, London.—*May 29, 1770.*—The copy of a letter you sent me, dear Sir, you will pardon me if I suspect it to be spurious, for to me it seems to want internal characters to establish its authenticity, tho' the letter altogether be prettily enough wrote. However some use may perhaps be made of it.

To Bishop Gordon.—*June 2, 1770.*—You may remember I said nothing of a copy of a letter I transmitted to you. In a word, what you say confirms me in my opinion of it.

L[aurcnce] O[liphant].—*July 29, 1770.*—I heard lately that Cousin Peggy was well, much in company now with the great folks, and received all the honours from them she could desire.

Bishop Gordon, London.—*July 28, 1770.*—Pray, Sir, have you seen lately in any of your newspapers a letter from the K[ing] of Prussia to Prince Charles? It has been printed, I am told, in two or three papers here and is mightily liked.

fol. 1950

G. C.—*October 9, 1770.*—Yes, I have had a very agreeable letter from Mr. Putei wherein he desires his most respectful compliments to you, and commends himself and his affairs to our prayers. His friends to whom he was address'd give him most promising hopes of success in his mercantile engagements, and does not doubt but in ten or twelve months he shall give me the pleasing accounts of his worthy employer and himself being as successful as they can wish. He met with his friend at the place appointed, who delivered him his credentials, written in his employer's own hand. His letter bears date the 21st of August, and he was to sail the first week of September. He writes prettily, and much like a Christian, as you shall see when we meet. He writes the French as easily as the English. I am greatly interested in his success, you may believe, and he gives me the hopes of seeing him in Stirlingshire in due time. No news of the political world, he says, except that the Coffeeshouse politicians of the nation (Williamites) loudly exclaim somewhat in the style of Junius.

Bisliop Gordon.—*London, November 3, 1770.*—I could have wished before I wrote to have been able to tell you I had heard of Cousin Peggie. But indeed she has been such a Rambler of late that I cannot wonder at it. Nor, indeed, can I say I am sorry for it, for exercise and little tours will be of service to her health, and I know she is advised to it. However, now winter is setting in, I shall be in expectation every day to hear of her. Mr. Maitland from Dunkerk has been some weeks on this side the water. He came over with poor Mr. Haliburton, who, it seems, is but in a very indifferent state of health. I have conversed with Maitland several times. He is a very sensible, well-behaved man, and hath seen a good deal of the world. Yes, you may guess how the King of Prussia's letter came into the papers, and perhaps guess right to.

fol. 1951

Faction here seems to be strongly on the ferment again. God only knows when it will abate or where reside. As to peace or war, the politicians at present seem to be much divided. Be it as it may, it must greatly distress the ministry. But I am going out of my depth, therefore it will be wise in me to stop.

N.B.—Having sent a copy of the King of Prussia's letter to Bishop Gordon (as in f. 1949) I began to guess how it came into both English and Scots newspapers, and into Magazines too.

Bishop Gordon.—London, November 26, 1770.—Though I have nothing material to write since my last, yet the excellent lady who condescends to takes the trouble of this, asking me if I had anything to write to you, I would not neglect the occasion of telling you that Peggie was not returned from the country a month ago. Yet at the same time there was no doubt (thank God!) of her being in good health, for she is still lively and active and ready for employment: and now troubles seem to be rising in the world more and more, I think it not improbable but she may again find occasion for the exercise of her talents. May God direct and preserve her!

Bishop Gordon.—London, December 4, 1770.—I would fain hope through God's goodness that your enemies will at last be defeated in their cruel devices and malicious attempts,¹⁸¹ for their intemperate zeal, I am persuaded, will not meet with much encouragement from the Government; for if we really have any government, it doth not appear at least to be attentive to such matters. They have other business to mind, which more nearly concerns themselves, hesitating about war, and a party clamorous and watching every motion to take advantage of distressing them. Such is the present situation. Yes, your Cousin's jauntings I hope will do her good. Exercise, we all know, is absolutely necessary to health.

fol. 1952

Bishop Gordon.—London, January 12, 1771.—I am sorry that our hearty congratulations of the New Year, and sincere wishes of many more happy ones to yourself and good Mrs. Forbes, should be accompanied with the doleful news of the death of my old and very dear, dear friend, Mr. Wagstaffe, who departed this life full of days and full of honour and all true worth, on the 3rd ult. in a fit of apoplexy, which was notified to me by his patron, who seems a good deal affected by the loss, speaking of him in terms of high esteem and regard. But God's will be done and His name ever glorified, who hath permitted it so to be. The good man departed will be the gainer in being removed to the mansions of peace and rest; and our temporary loss, tho' grievous to poor mortals, will be compensated in the reflections on the rare virtues and illustrious and edifying example of our dear brother, now happy, I doubt not, in the society of the faithful departed, to which society may we who survive prepare ourselves by constant and assiduous endeavours to be united. *Faxit Deus!* You may perhaps, Sir, see an account of my late dear friend's death in the publick papers.

To Bishop Gordon.—January 26, 1771.—Ah! for the death of Mr. Wagstaffe! Woe's me! for the faithful are minished from among the children of men. *Requiescat in pace, beatamque obtineat resurrectionem et nosmet simus parati in adventum Domini, in nomine Dei, Patris, Filii, Spiritusque Sancti. Amen, et Amen.* What is become of his library? For I know from those that have seen it that he had a very fine one. Is any one desired to be in his place? If so, I may humbly suppose Mr. Maitland to be the person. I doubt the Cookery will not now appear in a new shape. I most heartily sympathize with the patron, whose return to the old place proves afflicting to some, particularly to friends at Gask, who ever remember you and your bosom friend in the kindest manner. As you hinted, an account of the death appeared soon after receipt of yours in one of our papers well and wisely worded. God in mercy look upon us.

fol. 1953

War appears now to be unavoidable. What do you think, Sir, of the 7000 troops to be embarked at Embden without the destination being known? A gentleman the other day asked your friend what he took to be the meaning of such an embarkation? "One thing," said he, "appears to be plain and evident, viz., that the King of Prussia will force a war to commence, tho' others should be ever so much against it: and that wherever the milk is to be found he will be sure to take off the cream.

To Bishop Gordon.—Friends of Gask are ever mindful of you and your bosom friend. We are

¹⁸¹ The Buchan persecution.

very desirous to hear of Cousin Peggie. 'Tis pity she cannot improve circumstances and differences amongst friends to the recovery of her own patrimony which has been so long and so unjustly withheld from her. May she live and be happy! Perhaps you have heard that Mr. Douglas has settled upon John Hay of Restalrig ,£100 sterling a year during life, a genteel and most seasonable supply. Two thousand emigrants are preparing for their departure from the Isle of Sky to some one part of our foreign settlements, perhaps the Island of St. John. They are all of the estate of Sir Alexander MacDonal, who may chance to be a proprietor of land without tenants. That they may go as a formed colony a parochial preacher and a thorough-bred surgeon are to go along with them. They have already subscribed £2000 sterling for the purpose. Last year 800 went from Argileshire and about 500 from the island of Islay, and others are still making ready to emigrate, which, if not timeously and wisely looked to, may terminate in depopulating Old Caledon! All, *all* this is owing to the exorbitant rents for land. In a late auction at Edinburgh the following uncommon article appeared, *A Collection of very scarce and valuable pamphlets from 1500 to the present time, collected in 9 volumes folio, 46 volumes quarto, and 113 volumes octavo.* Communicate this to Mr. Bowdler and let him compare notes, as he told me he himself had a vast collection of pamphlets. The above sold at only between £9 and .£10 sterling. May 9, 1771. Is Mr. Mait- land like to succeed Mr. W[agstaffe]?

fol. 1954

fol. 1955

From John Farquharson ofAldlerg. Dunkerque, April 30, 1771.

Your old friend has made this year several large excursions, and has been nobly entertain'd wherever he went. He keeps his health very well, wou'd be glad to see you and some others of his friends, and only wants the opportunity of giving you convincing proof of his regard. You may assure his mother he is not that ungrateful, debauched child he was represented to her. He has now fairly turned physician, and has made this year several wondrous cures, particularly one of a princess looked upon incurable. This has been of service to him, adds greatly to his character, and has given him the name of the miraculous doctor; for he uses no kind of drugs known to other doctors, and yet so simple is his cure that everybody may have it. I'm sorry I have no kind of news to divert you with—only the French king and his Parliaments are on very bad terms, but he will certainly get the better as he has 200,000 horned beasts at his command who will stick as close to him as a burr wou'd stick to your President's parliament-peruick. Received May 29, 1771.

N.B.—Transmitted copy of the above to Bishop Gordon, with some limits, to have it inserted in some of the newspapers at London. May 31, 1771. Time will explain this.

Bishop Gordon.—*London, June 29, 1771.*—I begin to think Wilkes will carry his election for sheriff, tho' I am apt to believe had not a ministerial letter appeared, which is now printed in the papers, he would have lost it. The ferment is great in the city. But the poll will determine this day or Monday. The copy of the letter from abroad pleased me much, but I could not see a way to introduce the contents of it properly into the newspapers. Besides, considering the times we live in, I feared it might be turned into ridicule. It would have been throwing pearls before swine. Peggie was not long ago well and hearty, tho' I fear, poor girl, her family does not think of her so much as they ought to do.

fol. 1956

To Bishop Gordon.—*July 23, 1771.*—Mr. John Hay of Restalrig is now *apud Edinam*. He has not yet called for your friend, who will by no means voluntier. Andrew Lumisdaine is soon to follow, which perhaps you know from his connections in your great city. Many are sore troubled (*non ego*) with these matters. O for some crumbs of comfort to some of these many! Do these two move with leave asked and given?

Bishop Gordon.—*London, August 24, 1771.*—Cousin Peg has been some time at Pisa, but whether she has left that place now I know not. But she was well when I heard last. I don't wish Mr. Maitland to accept the invitation you speak of. I think him much better where he is to be at *a call*. I hope the worthy family of Gask were all well when you heard of them last. Pray let us be respectfully remembred to them when you write next.

To Bishop Gordon.—*August 31, 1771.* — Ten thousand thanks for your intelligence of Pisa, which will refresh some friends. Those of Gask are ever mindful of you and yours. Your good wishes shall be duly remembred. Yes, dear Sir, you judge well in the matter of Mr. Maitland. Were he to accept, Taodunus has positively declared he would claim him as his presbyter, which would ruine poor Mr. M. to all intents and purposes. *Causa scientiæ patet*. If I rightly remember I mentioned this in some former letter.

L[ady] G[ask].—*November 4, 1771.*—Tho' I have little to say I write this to answer your demand. Sir John came and dined here in his way from Machany to Duplin. He told Mr. O[liphant] that his friends had obtained leave for his coming over without his asking it, desired that he should go to Edinburgh and present himself to the people there in power. Upon his arrival he writ a card to know when it would be agreeable that he should wait upon the Justice Clerk. Was answered that he would be glad to see him next day to breakfast, where he went and found company with him. He was politely received and nothing passed more than if he had never been out of the country. At the other houses just the same. He proposed going back to Paris about this time, and dispose of a lodging he had furnished, etc., as he wanted to fix one foot before lifting another, and see if the country and his reception in it were to his mind. He proposed seeing you; spoke as became him of a certain person, and that he had lived regularly since the affair that parted them.

fol. 1957

Bishop Gordon.—*London, January 28, 1772.*—I must tell you, Sir, that Sir John did not call upon me in passing. However I have learned that the liberty indulged him was owing to the Duke of Queensberry. Yes, I heard his master had been at Paris and looked exceeding well and fresh after having travelled a thousand miles in seven days. I know you are always glad to hear of Cousin Peggie's welfare, therefore have the pleasure to tell you I was furnished with a kind remembrance from her not long ago, when she was very well.

To Bishop Gordon.—*March 7th, 1772,*—I like it not that Sir John did not call for you. I heartily wish he may be steel to the back, for I doubt him greatly. Your anecdote of 1000 miles and yet looking well and fresh was and still is a refreshing cordial that gives comfort to several friends, specially considering the shortness of time, a plain indication of vigour and activity, the increase and success of which I heartily pray for. God be thanked for the welfare of Cousin Peggie. Continue, Sir, those agreeable accounts every time it is in your power. I condole with you on the death of Mr. Fitzherbert. It would appear from your few words of him that he was a friend indeed. Wo's me! for the faithful are minished from among the children of men, and are much upon the decrease.

Isle of Sky, February 13, 1772, died the hospitable, disinterested and worthy Alexander MacDonald of Kingsborrow, aged 83.

Let all the world say what they can,
He liv'd and died an honest man.

Bishop Gordon.—*London, March 21, 1772.*—Cousin Peggie was lately very well, and was so kind as to send me a most obliging remembrance in a letter I received from one of her family.

Bishop Gordon.—*London, April 28, 1772.*—Till Sunday last, and not before, had I absolute

fol. 1958

certainty of a late interesting event. God grant it may be followed with every happy and truly desirable consequence. It is certainly what one of the parties has been for some time very desirous of. My most respectful compliments to Lady G. and the family. I know they will have had undoubted intelligence of the affair before this reaches you.

*To Bishop Gordon.—May 5, 1772.—*Ten thousand thanks for your most comfortable intelligence. Tho' I believed the interesting event in part, I suspended my firm belief of it till I should hear from you. I transmitted the intelligence instantly, as I suppose it may be the first well-grounded one, and Lady G. and the family, but you shall know right soon, as I have plenty of franks. I most heartily join in your prayer. Several inquiries have made about the age, the person, the looks, the fortune, of the young lady, and whether or not Popish. Forgive, dear Sir, such questions, proceeding more from a profound regard than from curiosity. I hope you will in due time inform about these particulars with your own convenience, which no doubt will prove very refreshing and comfortable to sterling friends.

*L[ady] G[ask].—May 9, 1772.—*The good Bishop says we have got intelligence by this time of — marriage. I do assure you it is only from him by your means that we know anything certain about it, except what everybody must know. I would be glad to know her Christian name, as you know there is one expects a little body soon. I leave it to you to find out the name if you can.

*To Bishop Gordon.—May 11, 1772.—*My very dear Sir.—For God's sake gratify the laudable curiosity, not only of the worthy lady, whose handwriting you have enclosed, but likewise of others who are desirous to give the name to daughters when they appear. The more particulars you give of the delightful subject, still the better, for I am agreeably teased with many questions from sterling friends as to *looks, person, fortune, surname, age*, and whether or not *Popish*. I did not think of writing at present, as I wrote by Mr. B[rown] who is to be in London soon. But you see the pressing necessity of giving you this trouble in which, give me leave to say, I have a particular pleasure. I hope *Pennant's Tour* is come to hand.

fol. 1959

*Bishop Gordon.—London, June 4, 1772.—*Within these two hours I have been enabled to inform you that the Lady's name is Louisa, and a most amiable princess by all accounts she is. May she ever be happy and make those so with whom she is connected. Pray my best respects and every kind wish to the worthy lady who has been so anxious to know the name, and to all that worthy family, whom I love and esteem.

From John Farquharson qf Aldlerg.

Dunkerque, April 25, 1772.

I was favoured with your letter, which puzzled me not a little to get it read. I see you still keep some of your Norland lingo. I gave it to read to a particular friend of mine here who could not make it out. At last he swore by G— it was a shame for me to keep correspondence with a person that cou'd not spell better. But what was his surprize when I told him the writer of the letter was not only a good English scholar but a Latinist and a Grecian. He then swore that language is only fit for the Devil. You surprize me not a little with regard to my fair Cousin and Amazon. Tell her that I say 'tis a shame for a person of her capacity to be fifty years in the right and then turn wrong. But we have a proverb that people are twice bairns. I believe this may be her case, or she is fond of Solomon's example to doat after strange men as he did after strange women in his old age. O Nanny! Nanny! who would have thought it? I wish she does not, like Solomon, adore strange Gods; for I never knew any yet that set justice aside, but turned indifferent about their Creator. What have I to tell you but that that very man she has abandon'd is just now married to a German

fol. 1960

princess, tho' not of much money, yet of very good blood as any of the buggs ever had their legs aur. This you may depend is truth. Her name and family you shall have soon. So this will be adding an article, you know when. I had almost lost this winter my poor old caillich by a fall she got from the top to the bottom of the stair. She was greatly hurt, but, thank God, now on the way of recovery, tho' slowly. Otherwise she and I keep health pretty well considering our years. We have had a very great mortality in this town all this winter, and it continues still. But, thank God, the Scots bodies are teuch and hold out. 'Tis only amongst the flabby Flamans and silly French. My poor half bruised caillach joins me most heartily in compliments to yourself and lady, and as sure as a candle is a candle, I am yours to serve you while

JOHNY FARQUHARSON

From the same.—Dunkerque, May 22, 1772.

Tho' I wrote you lately by a friend of mine by the way of Aberdeen, which I hope is come safe to hand ere now, yet upon seeing a letter from Rome my fingers took such an itching to write again that I behoved to obey or to cut them off. And rather than lose them, bad as they are, I took up my quill. No doubt you have heard that the Chevalier de St. George, or as some of his followers here call him, King Charles the Third, has been married with a daughter of the Prince of Stolberg's. Now I design to make you laugh with the whole ceremony, which was as great as that of a prince indeed. The Chevalier with my Lord Carryll and five servants left Rome incog., and came to Macerati, from whence my Lord Carryll set out for that holy place, Loretto, where he received the princess, an amiable lady of twenty years of age, and brought her to Macerati, where they were married by the Bishop thereof on Good Friday—the better day the better deed. They stayed there till Easter Sunday at night, when they set off, and next day came to the palace of the Count de Spada, whose brother is in the Chevalier's service, where they stayed one day and arrived in Rome the next.

fol. 1961

Their entry into Rome was as follows: first, four couriers, the Chevalier's post chaise, then the princess's coach and six, followed by two other post chaises, the Chevalier and the princess in their coach, followed by two coaches and six with his attendants, then two coaches and six with the Cardinal's attendants. The confluence of people was surprizing at the cavalcade.

The Cardinal York paid a visit to the Princess next morning, had a conference with her for an hour, and made her a present of a gold snuff-box set with diamonds of great value. But what shall I tell you? The outside, beautiful as it was, was nothing in comparison of the beauty within. Oh! my dear Lord! it contained an order upon his banker to pay her down forty thousand Roman crowns, near equal to ten thousand pounds sterling, with a settlement of four thousand pounds sterling a year upon her. What think you of this affair? She is pretty and young, he strong and vigorous. They may produce a race of pretenders that never will finish, which the French will be always playing upon every quarrel. *Crescant lites. Honi soit qui mal y pense*, which is the motto of the Star. Sandy Blair wishes you well and desires his kind compliments. He is sorry you could not go to see his wife with that black clouts dangling at their lugs. I hope to see these black rags take another hue, and then they'll not be so terrible to honest men. I cannot say I like the colour of black myself, as the old devil is always represented in black, and he is enough to frighten bairns. Don't grudge the postage, for whether you do or not I must be always pelting at you with my ugly scraull, ill spelt and worse connected. But what can a man bring out but what is within, or as the French say, *Mauvis arbres ne produite de bonnes fruites*. But pray what was the use of all this precaution, when I'm sure you wou'dn't grudge the postage to hear that I and my little cailach are well. She deafs me in her din about your civilities to her. And now I must give yourself and lady her

fol. 1962

blessings and compliments, otherwise I sud hae my lugs pouked. Allow me to join mine. Be assured I wish you well and have reason so to do, for I'm one of those antiquated fellows that never forget a good turn. Mind me kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Lawson and to little Cheapie, and I ever am, *commes il faut*, my dear Lord, your Lordships most humble servant, while

fol. 1963

JOHNY FARQUHARSON.

P.S.— 'Tis whispered about here that the Courts of France and Spain have settled four hundred thousand livres a year upon him on account of this marriage; and I really believe there is a settlement made.—Adieu.

N.B.—I sent a true copy of the two preceeding letters and of the postscript to L[aurence] O[liphant], Esquire, from whom I had the following return.

Gask, June 8, 1772.

I am very much obliged to you for your long and agreeable letter, and write this with my thanks, and to let you know that my wife was safely delivered of a son, after an easy labour, this day between one and two. The child appears thriving, and the mother is as well as can be expected. He is to be named Charles to-morrow, and an oak bough to be his chief ornament. I know the namefather likes the boys best, therefore, will not grudge that his royal consort does not get a name daughter till next occasion. Pray remember all of us here in the most kind manner first time you write to the Bishop, and if he will offer felicitations in the proper manner, and acquaint of this trifling circumstance of my child, it will be vastly obliging, for I know of no direct correspondence or I should not be wanting on so happy, interesting, and much wish'd for occasion. Remember us kindly to Lady Stewart and all other acquaintances that fall in your way, etc.

fol. 1964

N.E.—I send off a copy of the above letter, and likewise a copy of John Farquharson's second letter from the words, "Now I design to make you laugh," to these words, "Motto of the Star," inclusive, adding John's postscript, to Bishop Gordon in London.

Bishop Gordon.—London, May 30, 1772.—Having this opportunity by a private hand recommended by Miss Keith, I would not delay answering your last, in part at least, tho' I cannot tell you the lady's Christian name. But you shall know it, God willing, the very post after I know it myself, which I am in expectation of every day—probably by the next mail. The lady is a fine person, well-turned, rather tall, exceedingly amiable in her disposition. Fortune we want not; surname, Horne; age about 25. Her grandmother, the daughter of the Earl of Ailesbury Bruce, married Thomas Horne, prince of Stolberg, a very ancient and respectable family in Thuringia. The lady, I am apt to believe, is of the Romish communion, but I am informed is no bigot. She is related to several of the English nobility, particularly the Dukes of Montague, Richmond, Chandos, and the Duke of Buccleugh. This you are to take, sir, as the best information I am capable of giving you at present.

fol. 1965

I thank you for the use of Pennant which you have greatly improved; for I have a great delight in natural history. But the man himself I don't like; I mean, neither his religion nor his politicks.

To Bishop Gordon.—June 15, 1772.—I am glad that my strictures upon Pennant could add in the least to your entertainment. I imagined, indeed, his religion and politics would not be to your good liking.

To Bishop Gordon.—July 28, 1772.—A friend lately invented two new toasts, viz., *God bless LOUISA HORNE and Jock in the han cellar*, and *God bless and reward the lad that has been so kind to LOUISA HORNE*. The former of these appears to have been somewhat prophetic, as a gentleman

lately arrived from R— declares he had the honour not only to see, but likewise to talk with the amiable Louisa, and that it is his opinion she is pregnant. All glory be to God for all his mercies. Amen.

Lately we had in our newspapers, Extract of a Letter from Rome, May 22, 1772, taken from your London papers. Methinks I can guess the hand that directed this publication. But the publishers made only seven carriages in the cavalcade by omitting the two coaches and six with the principal person's attendants, which made nine in all, and which, if I rightly remember, was in the copy transmitted. But if not, then the transmitter is to be blamed. However, the directing friend has been careful to make one remarkable alteration which turns out to be a most excellent and seasonable improvement; viz., in place of *Crescant lites*, he has been attentive to insert *Crescant læte*, meaning literally and pointedly, *May they increase fruitfully*. Which when a friend of yours suggested to some folks they were ready to laugh at it as a sally or flight of his own; but he referred them to their dictionaries, and then they saw the justice and propriety of the observation, and became extremely fond of it as a rare curiosity of its kind. And now *Crescant læte* is become a new toast with some.

fol. 1966

The last week was a mad one with us here, occasioned by our races. We had no fewer than four or five diversions every day. We will not think as we ought to do, though our poor country be bleeding at every vein in the article of circulation. For some time past if a nobleman or gentleman of the first estate in Scotland had been in Edinburgh to borrow 100 guineas, he would not have got even that small sum in hard cash from either of the two public banks or from any banker, such has been the inexpressible run upon them all for cash. The South Sea was a joke in comparison of the present convulsion. For in that the landed interest was mostly concerned; but now trade and commerce, agriculture and manufactures are deeply plunged and suffer greatly. There is still a general stagnation in business with us. The shopkeepers in Edinburgh may shut up shop for some time to come. About 150 charges of horning have been lately issued out from Edinburgh into the country, and I have ventured to foretell that by the time the Martinmas wind blows they will be flying through Scotland like hail stones, hard and ponderous. The distress is but beginning, and where it may end God only knows. Long ago I used to say frankly and frequently that our paper credit would choak us some day or other; at which some of the Babylonian merchants laughed. But they will not laugh now when they see that a touch more would have done it.

fol. 1967

God be thanked that Messrs. Bowdler and Burdon are safe. I was in no small anxiety about them as the sons can witness, who are both of them in good health, fresh and jolly.

But if these severe convulsions in the high and opulent world shall happen luckily to bring light out of darkness and order out of confusion, then the hand of an over-ruling Providence, adorably conspicuous, would stand confest! O! that we were ripe for such a happy and desirable change.

The lady who had the pearl necklace¹⁸² thought fit to sell it to a near relation of her own for 130 guineas, despairing of a late happy event. And now she seems to regret her not waiting a little longer, that she might have applied it much more properly, and with greater dignity, too. But there is no help, as it was sold some short time before the above event came about.

Bishop Gordon.—*London, August 1, 1772.*—I am much obliged to you, Sir, for the sight of your much improved copy of *Pennant's Tour*, which afforded me much pleasing entertainment; and particularly your preface, which plans out a more perfect and compleat account than any hitherto

fol. 1968

¹⁸² See ff. 1945, 1949.

attempted. 'Tis pity, methinks, it should not be carried into execution. As for Pennant himself, tho' I allow him to be a great naturalist, yet in other respects I cannot forbear entertaining a very low opinion of him. I will return your book (God willing) by the first safe conveyance I can lay hold on.

COPY of a LETTER which the MARQUIS D'ARGENSON, Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, wrote to MR. VAN HOY, Ambassador of Holland.

SIR,—The King has ordered me to write to your Excellency concerning the situation of Prince Edward and his party since the advantage gained against them by the English troops on the 27th of last month. All Europe knows the ties of kindred which subsist between the King and Prince Edward. Again, this young prince unites in himself all those qualities which ought to interest in his favour those powers who esteem valour and courage, and the King of England himself is too equitable and too impartial a judge of true merit not to value it even in an enemy. Moreover, the character of the British nation cannot but inspire all the English with like sentiments of admiration for a compatriot so much distinguished by his talents and his heroic virtues.

All these reasons ought naturally to be the foundation of hoping for the safety of Prince Edward, and at the same time to expect such moderation and clemency from the King of England that he will not permit the extremity of rigour to be exercised against persons of every age and sex who, in the late disturbances and confusion, followed the standards which are now fallen under the English arms commanded by the Duke of Cumberland.

fol. 1969

Nevertheless, Sir, as sometimes at the first forming a resolution, resentment and vengeance are carried to these excesses which would not have taken place in a more peaceable situation of affairs, the King for this reason thinks he ought, as far as may depend on him, to prevent the dangerous effects of any severe resolution that his Britannic Majesty might take.

'Tis with these views, Sir, which in all respects are just and becoming, that the King has ordered me to desire that your Excellency will be pleased to write to the English Ministry, and to represent to them with all possible energy and unctio the inconveniency which will infallibly result from any violent measure taken against Prince Edward. The right of nations, and the particular attachment of his Majesty to the said Prince, are motives which apparently will have some influence with the Court of London, and his Majesty hopes that he shall experience no other than noble and magnanimous proceedings on the part of the King of England, and of the English nation, and that all those who have at this juncture followed the interest of the Stewart family will have reason to extoll the generosity and clemency of his Britannic Majesty.

fol. 1970

But if, contrary to expectation, any attempt should be made, either upon the liberty of Prince Edward or upon the lives of his friends and abettors, it is easy to foresee that the spirit of animosity and fury may be the fatal consequence of such rigour; and how many innocent persons may perhaps on one side or other during the present war fall victims to that violence which must necessarily irritate and increase the evil, and certainly will not be edifying to Europe.

No one, Sir, is more capable than yourself to make all these reasons have their due weight and effect. Your equity and your love of peace will suggest to you on this occasion whatsoever might be still better said on so interesting a subject.

Your Excellence will clearly perceive there is not a moment to be lost in writing to the ministers of the King of England, and I hope you will be pleased to communicate to me the answer you receive from them to the end that I may give an account to the King, who in consequence thereof, will take such resolutions as his Majesty shall judge suitable to his glory and the dignity of his

crown.

He wishes very sincerely that the King of England may give him no other example to follow than that of humanity, mildness, and greatness of soul, etc.

fol. 1971

*From the Camp of Bowchont,
the 26th of May, 1746. (Sign'd) D' ARGENSON.*

Leith, September 3, 1772.—The following account, taken from the handwriting of Captain James Menzies, son of Pitfoddels, lately arrived from France.

Bruce, Earl of Ailesbury in England, a direct descendant from the great Bruce, King of Scotland, upon the Prince of Orange being made king, retired to Brussels in Flanders, where he lived many years, and there died lamented by all people, being a most generous, charitable man. He married the Baronness of Sneu, of the noble family of Lorquenguien, by whom he had a daughter, who married the Prince of Horn, by whom she had two daughters. The eldest married the Prince of Salm, and the youngest the Prince of Stolberg, which prince had also two daughters. The youngest married the Count of Jamaica, son to the present Duke of Berwick and Liria in Spain, and the eldest is now married to Charles the Third, King of Great Britain, etc.

N.B.—The Earl of Ailesbury Bruce, the great-grandfather, caused to be erected at Brussels a fine fountain for the town's use, where his memory is held in great esteem for that and many other acts of his charity and generosity.

COPY of a PARAGRAPH.

Rome, June 4, 1772.—In writing to my good aunt, you have heard of the happy event of our King's marriage, which undoubtedly gives infinite satisfaction to his well-wishers, and must add to it much when assured of his consort's being the most affable princess (Louisa) that an honest, well-meaning subject could desire. And it is with infinite pleasure, were the royal personages in possession of their rights, they could not be paid more respect than by the Roman and Italian nobility. As a friend to the cause, I take the opportunity of assuring you of this. And as I have seen some spurious accounts related in the English papers of his Majesty and the present nominated Duke of Gloucester, in England, meeting on the streets here, whereupon the King had obliged him to give way in their carriages passing by, etc., I do assure you, Sir, it is all false. For, on the contrary, the Duke, becoming a gentleman, on there meeting accidentally three times voluntarily ordered his carriage to stop, and, with the glasses of his coach down, very respectfully saluted his Majesty. Which I have thought fit particularly to relate, as it does honour to both parties, and is more commendable than if the nominated Duke had done otherwise.

fol. 1972

COPIES of the two preceeding, sent off to BISHOP GORDON with what follows.

September, 1772.

May not these be put in a proper dress to make an appearance in a London newspaper? And then they would easily and safely be introduced into the Scots papers, which would greatly entertain some readers. As to all this *tumet esto judex*.

I am repeatedly asked, Cannot a picture, a drawing, or a print be got of the charming Louisa? I wish I could answer this to the purpose.

fol. 1973

Pennant, I hear, is now in Edinburgh. His next publication is to be 16 shillings sterling. I will not readily be a purchaser.

The learned Mr. Thomas Ruddiman, in his preface to Anderson's *Diplomata et Numismata Scotiae*;, estimates the specie in Scotland at the time of the Union, 1707, to be £411,117 sterling in silver, about half a million in gold, and .£96,000 in copper coin, amounting in all to above a million sterling. A doubt has arisen whether at present there is as much specie in Scotland. Perhaps it does not amount to above a third. An estimate of the supposed amount of gold and silver coin in Scotland, and also that of England is much wanted; but it will not readily be given, as it would tend to expose the nakedness of the land.

John Fordyce of Edinburgh has given way for £243,000 sterling, an immense sum, and must bear hard upon many. The Duke of Gordon and Mr. Fordyce are married upon two sisters, which connection has brought his Grace in *pro tanto*. It is said to be £16,000 sterling. God knows where these convulsions in credit may end. I have ventured to foretell that the Martinmas wind will blow more blasts of the same kind.

Bishop Gordon.—*London, October 2, 1772.*—I have here before me abundance of things to be acknowledged which you have been at the pains to communicate. And to begin with what you are pleased to call a Gazette, which was very entertaining; a small article¹⁸³ of which perhaps you may have seen in one of our London newspapers. The rest may follow in due time. Monsieur D'Argenson's letter to Van Hoy was published in the *Gazetteer* of the 30th ult. A print of Louisa, I think, is put in a way since yours was received, and I have lately heard by a gentleman just come from abroad that he saw at Paris a fine large print done for the King, her husband.

fol. 1974

As for anything for poor Mr. Sangster to be done here, I see not the least encouragement to hope for it. The paper designed for the *London Chronicle*, in my humble opinion, tho' exceedingly well drawn up, yet must by no means appear in publick light. I have thoughts of making an experiment by it in another way, tho' neither through Lord North nor Lord Mansfield, which (God willing) shall be attempted next week, but, alas! with very slender hope of success.

To Bishop Gordon.—*October 21, 1772.*—Upon receipt of yours of the 2nd instant, I wrote to the printer, a special friend of mine, intimating D'Argenson's letter to be in the *Gazetteer* of September 30th. But it would appear it is a morning paper and does not come to Edinburgh. Can you send me a copy of that same *Gazetteer*? I can have the letter still printed here, for whatever is done at London becomes a warrant for reprinting here. *Verbum sapienti sat est.*

Upon the marriage of the King with the Princess Louisa of Stolberg Guidern, by a gentleman in foreign parts. October 20, 1772.

fol. 1975

At length our pray'rs are heard. Propitious Heav'n
To royal Charles a beauteous queen has given:
Undoubted pledge of blessings yet in store.
Charles shall yet reign, and Justice weep no more.
The silver rose her drooping head shall rear.
Reviving Britain shall no longer fear
To lose her ancient race. This royal line,
Bright as the old, shall yet thro' ages shine.
Already see, these happy tidings known,

¹⁸³ *i.e.* Paragraph from Rome (page [foi.] 1971) which appeared in *Caledonian Mercury*, Saturday, September 26, 1772.—F.

Pale Usurpation trembles on the throne.
From the auspicious day her ruine dates,
And sees it written in the book of fates.
Fly swift, ye hours, the happy minute bring
When fair Louisa to our gracious king
A wished-for prince shall bear, for bear she will;
Tis Heav'ns own cause, and Heav'n protects it still.

fol. 1976

And you, blest pair! if now, as we believe,
Of all your sufferings you the price receive;
His guardians ay protect your darling son,
Point out the road will lead you to the throne.
Gainst wily treasons there be your defence,
And Flatt'ry, worst of treasons, banish thence.
Teach you to spurn the wicked, seek the good,
To raise the humble and confound the proud.
So Charles shall reign, of all that's good possest,
His subjects blessing, in his subjects blest,
Of men the happiest, and of kings the best.

N.B.—A copy of this transmitted to Bishop Gordon, November 21, 1772.

A PARAGRAPH from the Dedication to King Charles the 2nd of a Genealogical History of the Kings of England and Monarchs of Great Britain, by Francis Standford, Esq., Lancaster Herald at Arms, folio, London, 1683.

fol. 1977

And yet, Sir, there still remains one more signal observation which seems to cry out like a voice from Heaven and challenge our duty and allegiance to your royal line, which is that whenever for the sins of the people, God hath permitted invaders or usurpers to disturb the peaceable course of some of your ancestors' reigns, yet never did the intrusion last beyond the third or fourth generation, but by some means or other unthought of by, and undiscernable to mankind, Providence hath ordered the return of the crown to the lawful heir. This, indeed, is *digitus Dei*, which has powerfully been shown upon sundry occasions. But never did the arm of God more plainly appear than in that miraculous preservation and restauration of your Majesty to the throne when, without dint of sword or any open violence, even the malice of your very enemies was, by the Divine power, lulled asleep, and you endeared to us by being made the restorer of those breaches both in Church and State, which by the pride, ignorance, and folly of a violent party among us were opened so wide that they threatened no less than utter desolation.

A copy of the above transmitted to Bishop Gordon on November 21, 1772, with the following *N.B.*—May not the above have a place in some one of your newspapers? And then it would find its way into one of ours without any scruple.

Copy of a Paragraph from Thomas Bowdler, Esq., to his son, Thomas, student in physic, in Edinburgh.

fol. 1978

Bath, *October* 1, 1772.—If anything I send will amuse Bishop Forbes and you, so much the better. If not, you may dispose of them as you please. Tell him I have a great collection of Mss. which were lately given me, and which I am now looking over. These, added to what I had before, take up a great deal of room, and tho' there are many things among them which I much value, yet

I doubt when I am dead and gone, nobody else will ever be at the trouble of reading them. The person whose they were¹⁸⁴ was at Rome in 1749, and that year saw the

Cardinal of York's *mitra pretiosa* which is made of cloth of gold, with gold flowers and near 100 diamonds, besides sapphires, emeralds and pearls upon it, and is valued at 36,000 Roman crowns, or £9000 sterling, with his own arms and two or three diamonds on each of the strings. The same person, who was a , clergyman of our church, was invited to dine at Monte Porzio with Father Sheldon, rector of the English College of Jesuits there, in company of Father Inglesfield, a Franciscan friar, and several others. Father Sheldon, before dinner, desired the English clergyman to say grace, which he did. This is a remarkable story, but I can assure Bishop Forbes it is true.

Bishop Gordon.—*London, November 12, 1772.*—A friend lately arrived from Scotland tells me he read Monsieur D'Argenson's letter in a newspaper in your county. However, I send it here inclosed. There have been several interesting things at times in this paper. Does the *Middlesex Journal*, an evening paper, come to Edinburgh? 'Tis a wicked paper, for the most part, yet now and then there are particulars in it worth reading.

fol. 1979

Mrs. Hope is turned up here again. She tells me her son is somewhere about Huntly on a mission. Pray enquire of Mr. Leith about this young man. His mother tells me he has seen Mr. Leith. I want some information in this affair, to know how to rule my conduct in case of events.

The inclosed scrap is a paragraph cut out of a letter which I had the other day from Mr. Brett, to which I shall only add, the book mentioned in it shall be sent along with Mr. Pennant's *Tour* by the first safe conveyance.

Copy of the scrap of a Paragraph from Mr. Brett.

I have also sent the first and second *Book of Discipline*, together with some Acts of the General Assemblies in 1641, which, when opportunity serves, I must beg you to send to good Bishop Forbes. I believe it to be a very scarce pamphlet, having never met with another copy, nor so much as seen the title in any catalogue. 'Tis in the middle of several other pamphlets without a cover. It should not go in such a garb did I live near a bookbinder to have it better dressed. Please to give my humble respects to him, and beg his excuse for sending it in such an uncouth condition.

To Bishop Gordon.—*November 81, 1772.*—I had the pleasure of yours of the 12th instant in due course. Immediately upon receipt of the *Gazetteer*, D'Argenson's letter appeared in our *Caledonian Mercury*. The *Middlesex Journal* comes not to Edinburgh.

fol. 1980

I will carefully attend to what you write about Mr. Hope.

The kindness of Mr. Brett is truly remarkable, and what I cannot enough prize and be thankful for. With hearty thanks for his friendly and unmerited remembrance, may all things good and happy attend him and his family. I hope to make a proper use of his present.

Mr. Pennant, when lately at Alloa House in his second tour, was told by Mr. Erskine of Alloa that there was a hill only about 3 miles distant, from the top of which not only the best view in Scotland, but likewise one of the best views in Europe was to be had. "Oh no," said Pennant, "I am in such a haste, such a hurry at present, that I cannot go to see it." "Why," said Mr. Erskine, "you shall have a good horse from me, and I will ride along with you, and we can return in about two hours. No, nothing could prevail. Mr. Erskine told this in the house of Touche where Tom Bowdler

¹⁸⁴ Mr. Wagstaffe, Protestant chaplain in the Court of James the Eighth.

was present, from whom I had it, and who has conceived a very sorry notion of Mr. Pennant from the narrative. Now this hill is that of Myat, one of the *Montes Ocelli*, or Ochil-hills, at the foot of which is the dwelling house of Mr. Spittle of Leuchat, who died not long ago, aged about 100. This same gentleman, as he frequently told when at his travels in Italy, was conducted, with other gentlemen, to the top of an high hill for the sake of a fine view which he was highly commending, when one of the company, a foreigner, said. "It is indeed a fine view, but I once saw a much finer one." "Where?" said a gentleman. "In Scotland." This awakened the attention of Leuchat, who asked, "Pray in what place of Scotland, Sir?" "The hill of Myat." When Leuchat used to tell the story he never failed to say, "This was my own hill, but I think I kept mine own secret, for to my shame be it spoke, I had never been on the top of it. However, I no sooner returned home than I went to the top of it before I crossed my own threshold and, indeed, there was no comparison." Judge now of Pennant.

fol. 1981

COPY

To the Revd. Mr. John Leith, at Huntly. November 26, 1772.

What follows must remain a dead secret between you and me. Is there one Mr. Hope, a Popish churchman in your neighbourhood, and has he visited you? Whether he goes under the name of Mr. Hope I know not, but his mother's name is Mrs. Hope, who some years ago made me several visits at the desire of a particular friend, and I visited her in Edinburgh, but all this with the greatest caution and secrecy. She is just now in London, and perhaps may cast up here again. In a word, I and another friend, tho' we have never set eyes upon him, have good reason to think the son has a warm side to our poor afflicted Church, not to say more of it. If he be in your neighbourhood and of your acquaintance, as is given out, I earnestly beg you may take the most prudent and cautious way to sound his inclinations if in your power, and let me fully know the result of your well-advised attempts. But let not the gentleman have the most distant suspicion of your being put upon this. All must be done as entirely of yourself. Meantime be sure to commit this scribble to the flames, as I would not wish anything should ever cast up from me to injure any one in any shape whatsoever. A return to this with your convenience will prove extremely obliging to more than one.

fol. 1982

*Bishop Gordon.—London, December 17, 1772.—*Tis time I should thank you for your last very agreeable and acceptable letter. I had lately a very pleasing account of Cousin Peggie. She was in health and high spirits, and very happy in her new companion. They appear frequently abroad together, and are much respected and carressed by all ranks of people. From what you mention of Pennant's behaviour to Mr. Erskine I cannot wonder that Tommy Bowdler should have conceived a very sorry opinion of the man. I am sure I have. Your anecdote relating to. the *Montes Ocelli* is pleasing.

The narrative¹⁸⁵ is translated into Italian, and printed and sold in bookseller's shops in that country. A friend of mine came lately from Italy and met with it accidentally in a bookseller's shop and purchased it. This is a piece of intelligence I was not sorry to meet with, nor will you, Sir, be displeased to hear.

*L[ady] G[ask].—December 22, 1772.—*Woodsheal¹⁸⁶ was here in his way home. He left our friends at Givet very well at present; but Struan had been ill with a pain in his stomach, which he thinks is rheumatick, as it is very violent while it lasts. Woodsheal's business carried him to

fol. 1983

¹⁸⁵ See S. 1924, 1940.

¹⁸⁶ Mr. Robertson of Woodsheal.

Charleville, where we were for some time before we came home. There is there a convent for ladies, where we often visited Madame Victoire, who is a most excellent person, and the Abbess. And who should be there now but our Queen's two younger sisters? He went to the convent and begged of the Lady Abbess that he might have the honour of seeing these two princesses, who, hearing of his country and the attachment he had to the royal family, came to the grate and spoke to him with ease and great politeness. Hearing the Abbess asking for this family she told the princesses of our having been there. How it came into his head I know not, but you'll say it was not blate in him to desire these ladies would write a line to Mrs. Oliphant; to which they consented, went to their apartment, not only wrote the letter inclosed, signed by both, but likewise wrote their own and their sisters' names, with their ages and where they were born. You have inclosed the exact copy of both. We have never shewn any body the princesses' letter, and you are the first. The reason is they may make up some story as if we were corresponding with them. The eldest of the two was the writer, and very prettily it is wrote, especially for so young a creature and in a hurry. Besides they wrote a letter to their mother by him, who was then at Bruxelles upon a visit to Prince Charles and his sister. The letter to her was directed to Madame la Princesse de Stolberg nee Princesse de Horn. You will observe that the French always call Louisa, Louise. He missed the mother, she being gone some jaunt with Prince Charles and his sister.

fol. 1984

Here follow translations of the two forementioned papers.

We cannot, Madam, refuse the satisfaction Mr. Robertson desires of us of writing to you. We have done this with so much the more pleasure as we all know, Madame, your merit.

Besides, we are not ignorant of the attachment that your family has for Prince Edward, our brother-in-law. This motive is more than sufficient for to assure you of the tender attachment which we owe to you so long as we live, having the honour to be, Madame, your humble and obedient servants. (Signed) De Stolberg, De Stolberg la Cadette.

Madame Victoire intreats us to recollect her in your remembrance, and in that of Mr. Oliphant, and to add her most sincere compliments.

Madame the Princess Louisa Maximiliana Emmanuela de Stolberg, born at Mons in Haynauld, the 21 of September, 1752, spouse of Prince Charles, lawful heir to the crown of England.

fol. 1985

Madame the Princess Carolina Augusta de Stolberg, born at Geuderne, in Westeravia, 10 February 1754, spouse of the Marquis of Jamaica.

Madame the Princess Francisca Claudia de Stolberg, born at Brussels, June 27, 1756.

Madame the Princess Theresa Gustava of Stolberg, born at Geudernes, August 27, 1757.

These two last in the convent of the Carmelites at Charleville in Champagne, for their education.

Here follows the foresaid letter in French. 15 Sept.

A Charleville le 15 Septembre, fan 1772.

Nous ne pouvont, Madame, refuser a Mr. Robertson la satisfaction qu'il nous demande de vous ecrire nous nous y sommes rendue avec d'autems plus de plaiser que nous savons, Madame, tous ce que vous valais d'alieur nous n'ignorions pas tout L'attachement que votre famille a pour le Prince Edouard, notre beau frere. Ce motif est plus que sufisent pour vous assurer du tendre attachement que nous vous vouont pour la vie, aient l'honneur d'être, Madame, vôtres humble et obeisante servante. (Signe—) De Stolberg, De Stolberg la Cadette.

fol. 1986

Madame Victoire me prie de la rapeller dans votre souvenir et dans celui de Mr. Oliphant et

d'agrees ces plus sincère compliment.

Here follows the account of the birthdays in French.

Madame la Princesse Louise Maxamilienne Emmanuele de Stolberg née a Mons en Haynauld le 21 Septembre 1752, epouse du Prince Charles Edouard, legitime heritier de la couronne d'Angleterre.

Madame la Princesse Caroline Auguste de Stolberg née a Geuderne en Westeravie le 10 de Fevrier 1754, epouse du Marquie la Jamaïque.

Madame la Princesse François Claude de Stolberg, née a Bruxelles le 27 Juin, 1756.

Madame la Princesse Therèse Gustave de Stolberg, née Geuderne le 27 Aoust, 1727.

Ces deux derniers pensionnaires au Convent des Carmelites de Charleville en Champagne.

Bishop Gordon.—*January 5, 1773.*—You are to use the two bits of papers in French, which I send with pleasure, as you please. May not the genealogy, omitting somewhat, be printed in some newspapers? There can be no danger when a certain *legitime*, etc., is kept out. However, do as you may judge most fit and useful.

fol. 1987

Your agreeable accounts of Cousin Peggie, etc., are extremely refreshing, and they are transmitted to L[ady] G[ask] with your kind remembrances as under your own hand. The narrative in Italian pleases me much. Could a copy of it be got? If the genealogy appear in print, let me have a copy.

Bishop Gordon.—*London, February 9, 1773.*—I am now to acknowledge the curious and valuable anecdotes from good Lady Gask, to whom you will be so good as make our best respects acceptable together with our best thanks for the honour her ladyship does us. The originals themselves you have here returned under this cover, but I don't see how in their present condition, or without history introducing, they could be properly sent to a newspaper. I purpose before the week be out to have a parcel for you containing Pennant's *Tour*, the Assembly piece from Mr. Brett, and the Italian account of Scots affairs in 1746, put on board a Leith ship. But I am sorry to tell you, to my great disappointment, as it will be, Sir, to yours, that it is not a translation of the Narrative, as I was at first by mistake made to hope it was. But my friend who picked it up at Verona was so kind as to make me a present of it, and such as it is, I wish it was better, 'tis at your service. An account of a defeat, tho' it speaks honorably of a great Prince, is not very pleasant to read, especially, too, when for the most part consisting of very insufficient materials. I would hope before the end of this month to hear of Cousin Peggie. Your parcel comes by Captain Kid of Leith, and he purposes to sail on Friday morning.

fol. 1988

Copy from the Revd. Mr. John Leith.

Huntly, January 27, 1773.—I delayed writing a return to yours till I had made all the inquiry I could concerning the gentleman you wanted to be informed about, for I was not personally acquainted with him, as you had supposed, nor had ever heard of his name before. The best account I can learn of him is that he passes here under his real name, Mr. H[ope], is greatly esteemed by all that know him, is in great favour with his Grace, the Duke of Gordon, whom he accommodates with his own room when a hunting, and that he teaches the Academy or seminary at Scalen. If ever he comes to this place I have engaged his brother, Mr. Duthie, to make me acquainted with him.

Copy of the above sent to Bishop Gordon with what follows.

March 2, 1773.—The original of the above, having been transmitted by a private bearer, was long in coming to hand. Your favour of February 9 reached me in due course. The worthy family of Gask are ever mindful of you and good Mrs. G[ordon].¹⁸⁷

On Ash Wednesday I received the parcel safe and sound, containing Pennant's *Tour*, the *Assembly* piece, and the Italian account of 1746. The *Assembly* piece is a very rare and curious piece, for which many thanks to friendly N[icholas] B[rett]. May he and his fireside live and be happy. I know not the Italian tongue, but from its connection with the Latin, I fear, I fear the pamphlet, as you suggest, is a sorry piece. However, I am acquainted with one who knows Italian thoroughly, and I may chance to have an interview with him upon the performance. Meantime you have my hearty thanks for it, and thanks to the gentleman, your friend, who kindly put it in your power to give it to me. Refresh me, I beseech you, with agreeable accounts of Cousin Peggie when you have them.

fol. 1989

N.B.—Particular thanks for newspaper wrapt about the books, as it contains a smart letter by Junius upon poor G[rafton], who would do better at his own fireside, H—n—en. I would give him the parting bottle with all my heart.

Inscription upon a gravestone in the kirkyard of Cumbernauld, published in the Caledonian Mercury of Edinburgh.

O hold me not, my mother earth,
But raise me with the Duke of Perth,
With many another loyal lad,
Once more to wear the white cockade.

May not these four lines be transmitted to somebody as a token of remembrance?

Perhaps you have heard that some honest Caledonian bodies met in the Scots College at Paris on the last day of the year, as they could not have another day that year to solemnize it. When they were chapterly convened, and making innocently merry, in pops, most opportunely, to heighten the solemnity, an highly finished picture of a certain amiable lady, representing one of the most beautiful faces, and one of the finest persons in the world. With what joy this so seasonable a well-timed present to your namesake was received by the whole company is more easily to be imagined than described. I hope prints will soon be cast off, which are much longed for.

fol. 1990

Have you seen Mr. Andrew Stewart's Letters, in 4^{to}, to Lord Mansfield? a daring and dear publication. If you have read it, I would be glad to be favoured with your opinion of it. I cannot say I will purchase it, but I have taken a cursory view of it in a bookseller's shop.

We have a most fanciful and chimerical performance by Burnet of Monboddo, one of the senators of the College of Justice, viz., *The Origin and Progress of Language*, 8^{vo}, as if language were the invention of man, and not the gift of God to our common parents! Never did I look upon a more ridiculous conceit and speculating maggot! The world is gone a madding. We are plagued with a sad gipsie from your metropolis, Mrs. Yates, who acts many out of their senses, if they have any. We have had a masquerade in Edina, the first that has ever yet been in Scotland; and may we never have another, say I. The poor are starving, and the rich, and some who cannot well spare expence, are, I may truly say, diabolizing; for gigantic tempters and seducers they are.

fol. 1991

¹⁸⁷ See f. 1981.

Bishop Gordon.—*London, April 10, Easter Eve, 1773.* — After the suitable and proper salutations of the great and holy festival now at hand, I think I may now assure my good friend that there are now the strongest appearances of Peggie's bosom friend's pregnancy, and to assure you, too, that (Blessed be God!) the family is very well, and desire to be remembered to all their friends, among whom I need not tell you, Sir, that the family of G[ask] are not the least deserving notice, to whom you will communicate with my best respects. I think, now, I have added to the joy of the festival. Adieu.

To Bishop Gordon.—*April 20, 1773.*—Your laconic epistle of Easter eve, truly MULTUM IN PARVO, has rejoiced the hearts of several and sundry well-wishers and friends. All glory be to God for all his mercies! But is there no picture, drawing or print, of the amiable lady like to appear? It is much longed for by more than one.

I will endeavour to make a return somewhat in kind. Know then that MacDonal of Castle Semple, member of Parliament, his eldest son, is now at his travels. He wrote lately from Rome to his mother in the following manner: "There is a Scots family here, not only in high estimation, but, likewise, greatly revered, nay, almost adored, by all those that approach or see them. I have heard much of the gentleman's beauty. I shall not insist upon this, but I can declare that never did I behold so much majesty in any countenance as in his. As for his lady, never did I see a composition of flesh and blood like her or near to her." The mother makes no secret of the letter.

Bishop Gordon.—*London, May 27, 1773.*—I cannot wonder if you should think it very strange that you have not heard from me for so long a time, after receiving several kind letters, besides several no less entertaining than useful magazines, for all which you have my best thanks. I was exceedingly well-pleased with the vindication of the royal martyr, and so was my old friend to whom I read it. It has been reprinted here in one of the newspapers. I like much, Sir, your strictures on *The Origin and Progress of Language*, and think there is reason to hope they may do good. God grant they may, and your time and labour will have been well bestowed. The fable of the owl and the ass is very pretty. My old friend smiled, and was entertained with it.

fol. 1992

To Bishop Gordon, for the present at Burnhall, near Durham, August 6, 1773.—Lately I had in my possession for two days, a fine miniature painting of a certain amiable lady. Tho' it be excellent, and has much meaning in the face, yet it is affirmed that the original far exceeds the picture. She is called The QUEEN OF HEARTS in the place of her residence. I pleased several persons with a sight of it, and I wished for an invisible cloak and a pair of good wings to make a speedy flight to Burnhall, to feast the eyes of some worthy friends with viewing the fine figure: but wishes are vain. It is said a print is casting off at London.

I have been with Andrew Lumisden, who looks well and jolly. The liberty of coming over to breathe his native air was procured, without his privity or knowledge, by some persons in power, from old acquaintance and a personal liking to him. It appears he is like to return to Paris. He promised to make me a visit when, perhaps, I may have more time of him. I am greatly mistaken if he be not much to your good liking.

fol. 1993

Bishop Gordon, Burnhall.—*August 9, 1773.*—We should have been delighted in the amiable picture of the Queen of Hearts, and could wish to behold a good print of her. I am glad you have seen Mr. Lumisden. Yes, I know, he solicited no favours. They were offered to his acceptance, and I believe him a man of strict virtue and honour. I shall be glad to hear how he converses; I dare say with prudence.

To Bishop Gordon.—*August 14, 1773.*—Prints cast off at Rome are now selling in London, a

number of which are to be in Edinburgh by the first ship that offers. Yes, Mr. Lumisden observes great prudence in conversation.

To Bishop Gordon, August 31, 1773, upon seeing a print of The Queen of Hearts.

Long seem'd despair and fear with fiercest rage
To blot the annals of the coming age.
But now with joy the sons of freedom see
Their long-lost hopes and wishes live in thee.

N.B.—The above appears in our newspapers and magazines here, and 'tis hoped it may do so in those of London. The print is nobly designed and handsomely executed. *Deus sit tecum tuisque Amen.*

By a friend, meditating in bed, twixt 3 and 4 o'clock morning, 21 Sept. Tuesday, September 21, fol. 1994
the birthday of the Queen of

Hearts, 1773.

Do thou, my soul, with steady patience wait,
Till God unveil his firm resolves of fate.
Then Charles shall reign, possess'd of ev'ry grace,
And fair Louisa brighten ev'ry face.
With rising branches of a royal race.
Fly hence, despair, the bane of happiness!
Let chearing hope each faithful heart possess!
Toss round the glass with joyous mirth and mien,
And gladly sing, God bless the King and Queen!
Bless them with children virtuous and fair!
May they be ever Heav'n's peculiar care!

N.B.—A copy of this transmitted to John Farquarson of Aldlerg, who, in return, said he would send it to the lovely pair. (See fol. 2041, *hujus.*)

21 Oct. *October 21, 1773.*—Now set to music by John Addison, a native of Perthshire, and to be dispatched to John Farquharson for the amiable fair, her favorable reception.

October 4, 1773.—The preceeding was transmitted to Bishop Gordon with what follows. fol. 1995

Though I do not much heed dreams, yet I chuse not to disregard them altogether. Know then that my Rachel dream'd a dream, which I cannot fail to give you an account of, as there is something very singular in it. She dream'd on Friday night, August 13, that a gentleman of the name of Brett, in England, had sent me in a present a number of fine pocket-pistols, and a great coat bedeck'd with white cockades. Saturday morning, when repeating the dream to me, she told me the Christian name of the gentleman had been told her in the dream, but that she had now forgot it. "Pray," said I, "was it Thomas?" "No." "Was it Nicholas?" "Yes, yes, that is it." Now, dear Sir, considering the late transaction between you and me, what wonder that the same dream should have some place in my mind! Let time, the revealer of secrets, explain the real meaning. If this be a trifle, consign it to the flames, the proper place for all trifles.

N.B.—Rachel did not remember that she had ever heard the Christian name before.

To Bishop Gordon.—*October 14, Friday, 1773, Edinburgh.*— Mr. Oliphant of Gask, and his

lady, are now here on their way to London, intending for Seville, Lisbon, etc., as Mrs. Oliphant has an obstinate cough, for which physicians have prescribed some warmer climate during the winter season. They are to call at Burnhall to have the pleasure of seeing you, and other friends, under that hospitable roof, resolving to set out from this city to-morrow. May God be ever with them!

fol. 1996

A singular opinion has all at once started up in my mind, which I must impart to you. If ever the amiable youth intends a trip abroad, can he have better company than this valuable pair? As good is rarely to be met with in this age of boasted light and liberty. Besides, this gentleman and his lady know throughout the exact rules of œconomy, particularly in travelling, well-tryed experience having been their instructor.

If this flight be a trifle, let it pass as such. But if it merits a place in your attention, communicate it to the worthy grandmother and Mrs. Gordoun, and let a council be held upon the subject. Whatever be the result, I can declare my intention is good in all respects whatsoever.

All things good and happy to you and all friends with you.

N.B.—How does the ancle? skinned over I hope by this time, like a child's flesh, my own case truly. In haste, but most cordially. Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

From Bishop Gordon.—Burnhall, October 15, 1773.—We purpose leaving this place the 25 or 26 instant, and hope I for better weather, for it has been for a continuance a series of stormy weather, violent rain at times, and hurricanes of wind, very terrible indeed, such as I never remember. Great mischief has been done to the standing corn, which is now all got in hereabout. O that these visitations might have their designed effect!

fol. 1997

I thank you for the verses on the birthday and like them well.

The dream is, indeed, very remarkable and extraordinary. My good friend must look to himself. But the white cockades will repell the fire. Time will develope all.

My leg (Blessed be God!) is become more limber and easy, tho' the swelling is not quite gone off; but all in good time.

To Bishop Gordon.—Saturday, October 30, 1773.—I hope I may salute you and Mrs. G. in health and safety at your own fireside. Be so good as to inform me how ye held out in your journey, this being the main design of my writing at present, though I am indebted to you for a letter of the 15th instant, far from being long and tedious, as it brought the agreeable accounts that the leg was become limber and easy. May the amendment increase to the happy removal of the ailment which we will be glad to hear.

fol. 1998

I am glad the verses are to your pleasure. Have you seen the *Westminster Magazine* for September last? It has a most curious and bold device not fit to be described even in harmless manuscript.

Yes, the dream, as you observe, is, indeed, very remarkable and extraordinary. May your interpretation be the event.

T. Bowdler informs me of a most rare and valuable folio Ms. at Burnhall all in the handwriting of the late Revd. Mr. Bedford which has raised my curiosity greatly. But, alas! I cannot expect to have my eyes and mind feasted with a serious perusal of that collection of secret points of interesting history.

Give us the pleasure to hear from you, and if you have any refreshing accounts of a certain amiable lady, pray let us share in the cordial.

I hope Mr. Oliphant and his lady stopt for some short time at Burnhall. Well may they go and come to the joy and comfort of all their friends.

*Bishop Gordon.—London, November 9, 1773.—*I thank you for your kind and obliging letter of the 30th ult. which found us (all thanks be to God) safely arrived at our own habitation. *fol. 1999*

No, I have not seen the *Westminster Magazine*, nor do I remember ever to have seen such a periodical publication. I must enquire after it. Yes, Sir, there is undoubtedly at Burnhall a most valuable curious folio MS. collected from originals by my late brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Bedford. It is invaluable, composed of letters, etc. of the greatest men at the fatal period of 88 and several years following. I wish it may be preserved in the hands of those that will set a just value upon it and renders it useful to future generations. Since I came to town I have heard that a certain Prince and his most amiable consort were both not long ago very well. Yes, your friend and his lady and daughter were so obliging as to stop at Burnhall, and give us the pleasure of taking a breakfast with us. I have reason to think he left London the day or the day after we arrived. May God grant him and his all the wished-for benefits of their tour. Pray let our best respects be presented to the admirable and good old lady when you shall have occasion.

*To Bishop Gordon.—November 27, 1773.—*May the invaluable folio MS. be preserved according to your earnest and well-judged wish. Ten thousand thanks for your agreeable intelligence of the dear, amiable pair. O for a son and heir! I hope God in his own good time will send that wish'd-for blessing. Yes, Gask, his lady and daughter left London a day or two after your arrival in it, for the lady wrote me a letter from Salisbury, in their way to Falmouth, to take the packet for Lisbon. It was long, particular and exact, and I transcribed a copy of it for the comfortable information of the good old lady, who evermore remembers you and yours with every good wish. I talked to the worthy gentleman about a pedagogue to his children. "Ay, with all my heart," said he, "but then he must be in orders to perform sacred offices in the family." "Done," said I, "Such an one I have had under my care from his very infancy, ready, God willing, against the term of Whitsunday first to be in the character you desire." How comfortable and encouraging is this! O for many such! I have often resolved, and as often forgot, to transmit to you a copy of John Roy Stewart's psalm, but now it comes, and I hope it may prove somewhat entertaining to you and Mrs. Gordon. *fol. 2000*

hether or not it may bear publishing in any periodical paper *tumet esto judex*.

*N.B.—*You know the famous Dr. Johnson has been among us. Several anecdotes could I give you of him, but one is most singular. Dining one day at the table of one of the Lords of Session, the company stumbled upon characters, particularly it would appear of kings. "Well, well," said the bluff Dr.—George the 1st was a robber, George the 2nd a fool, and George the 3rd is an idiot." How the company stared I leave you to judge. It was far from being polite, especially considering the table at which he was entertained, and that he himself is a pensioner at ,£500 a year! *fol. 2001*

*From Bishop Gordon.—London, December 14, 1773.—*You ask my opinion, Sir, of the bold device in the *Westminster Magazine*. To me it appears plain—an earnest expectation of something which both you and I heartily wish.

John Roy Stuart's psalm and the anecdote relating to Dr. Bluff were both offered to several of the newspapers, but neither of them has yet appeared, nor will they now at this distance, I presume.

I heard lately an account of the amiable pair. They were both very well.

Gask and his lady were detained on the coast a good while by contrary winds, but I trust long ere

this they are safely arrived at Lisbon. Pray when you have occasion, let our best respects be presented to the excellent old lady.

From John Farquharson of Alderg.

fol. 2002

Dunkirk, January 3, 1774.—I saw lately a letter from your friend that sent you the little pieces of gold by Sandy Blair's means. He was then very well but still *in statu quo*. His wife is one of the finest women in Europe, admired by all, friends and foes. Oh, how happy would we be had we a firm grip of her on your side of the water and could arrest her there!

To Bishop Gordon.—January 22, 1774.—Ten thousand thanks for your agreeable intelligence of the amiable pair. Long be it so. I wrote you December 16th. The preceding day the Revd. Mr. James White died. *Requiescat*, etc. They have been looking about for a successor, and it would appear they begin, *sub rosâ, dictum sit*, to point their views to your Mr. Smith. On Wednesday last one came from Edinburgh and spoke to me on the subject. I told him I had sent him to London, but would have no hand in bringing him back again, and that he could not return without the authority of Bishop Gordon. This was granted. I enlarged upon the subject, and positively declared my resolution repeatedly as above. As I look upon your interest and mine to be inseparable, I judge proper to give this hint, and do you use it as your own prudence may direct. I suppose Mr. S. knows nothing of the matter as yet, so that I presume you have the first intelligence. They thought once on Mr. Maitland, but they seem to have dropt that thought. Time will try all. Perhaps they will not insist upon Mr. Smith. It is only in embryo and may go no farther.

fol. 2003

From Bishop Gordon.—London, February 15, 1774.—Mr. Smith has not told me of any proposals being made to him of becoming successor to Dr. White. Nor will such, I hope, be made, and the young man tempted. I am greatly obliged to you, Sir, for the check you have given to the application, for alas! were he to leave us, what should we do? no other priests besides him and myself being now left in London to minister to the necessities of the poor faithful remnant, so much are we minished and brought low. God pity and help us, and leave not the poor remnant destitute! A woful prospect, God knows, which is matter of pain and grief to me!

When you write to Gask pray let us be respectfully remembered. I have heard nothing lately of the master of the house. May God ever be with him, preserve and grant a safe return home. His Cousin Peggie and hers were all well lately. Probably he may see her on his return from his travels.

To Bishop Gordon.—March 3, 1774.—You have drawn a true picture of Lady Stewart. She is a poor creature, indeed, to banish herself from the worship of God when in such circumstances as enable her to live where such a benefit can be had. This was very roundly and repeatedly told her. I foresaw her fixed resolution sometime before she moved, for she began to mutter and find fault with the frequency of prayers, a most wretched sign to weary in well-doing. Now is the time to tell you that she is the person who had the fine pearl-necklace which she promised to give to a certain person in the event of a marriage; but no sooner did that happen than she hasted to dispose of it. O! O!¹⁸⁸

fol. 2004

She has taken a particular liking to a nephew of her own for her particular convenience, as he gives her a house for nothing, and furnishes her mostly with provisions for housekeeping. Meantime he has no children and cannot have any, as his lady is well stricken in years, and wo's me! is disordered in her judgment; but his conduct enables the aunt to add a little to the useless heap, her heart being wrapt up in it, as she is a downright earth-worm. As you say, May God touch

¹⁸⁸ See ff. 1945, 1949

her heart, and bring her to a right mind!

Many thanks for your intelligence about the welfare of our principal friend, whom, I hope with you, our other friend will visit.

I have some reason to think no proposal will be made to your Mr. Smith, a check having been given to it *ab initio*.

Lady Gask never fails in her friendly good wishes to you and yours.

Saturday, February 26. — Great rejoicings in Edinburgh upon victory over literary property; bonfires and illuminations, ordered tho' by a mob, with drum and 2 fifes. *Deus sit tecum tuisque. Amen.*

From Bishop Gordon.— London, February 28, 1774. — As probably you may be curious to see one of our daily papers which has had the honour to be censured in very strong terms by the House of Commons, I here inclose it for your entertainment. Perhaps you may be surprized to read anything so plain and bold in a common newspaper, especially, too, in this paper; nay, and at the very time when the printer himself was in custody of the serjeant at arms for printing Horn's letter to the Speaker of the House. It is farther remarkable that this very same *South Briton* was in the *Morning Post* the same day, and that *Morning Post* printed, too, by Mr. Woodfall's own brother, a family remarkable for having all of them been bitter revolutionists. Such strange things do we see in our days.

fol. 2005

I forgot mentioning to you in my last that our nephew, George, is on the very brink of matrimony, nay, perhaps married at this time to a young lady in the county of Suffolk, her name Mott. She is about 19. We have never seen her, nor do we know much of her family; yet this we know, that she is not of our society, and how long poor George himself may be so, I fear is now become doubtful from his new connexions. It has been an hasty affair, and I wish not too hasty. His good grandmother has not known more of it than we. But time must show all, and, as things appear at present, I cannot say we are very well pleased. To have George married is what we wished, as he has no taste for books and is quite an idle body, and consequently in a dangerous state, but to have had him properly married was the thing desired. All I shall say more on the occasion is, we must hope the best. George is at present in Suffolk at the young lady's father's house.

fol. 2006

We were sorry to hear of the failures you mentioned, tho' Mr. Lothian's loss does not much affect us, for we know of no good he does with his money,—a poor creature.

Here follows a Copy of what is referred to in the above letter.

THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

Ash Wednesday, February 16, 1774.

To the printer of the *Public Advertiser*.

SIR,—The following curses are by God denounced in holy writ: Cursed is he that curses father or mother. Cursed is he that removeth his neighbours landmark. Cursed are the unmerciful, covetous persons and extortioners. Now,

As to the first, surely that man must lie under that curse who by force drives his father from his possessions, and hires people with his father's money to murder him.

As to the second curse, If it is a damnable sin to remove a neighbour's landmark to defraud him of a bit of ground, how great, how tremendously great, must that man's curse be who, although he

lets the landmark stand, yet by force defrauds him of his whole ground and property! And that man who is guilty of the above must certainly be an unmerciful, covetous, extortionable person.

This day eighty-four years, just at the very time the curses of God were by his lawful ministers pronouncing in every church in England, Scotland, and Ireland, an herald was proclaiming two undutiful children K— and Q— of England, etc. But peace be to their manes. They in a short time afterwards were obliged to appear where rebellion, perjury, fraud, cunning, and deceit would stand in no good stead.

fol. 2007

But let us see and consider the advantages the subjects gained by that glorious day's work. Before that period the subjects were not incumbered with so much as one penny national debt, and the whole of all their taxes united together scarcely amounted to three pence in the pound.

Now, take all our taxes of every sort united, they amount to about fifteen shillings in the pound, three parts of our whole property (the undoubted cause of provisions being dear) and as the K— goes on, the remaining fourth must soon follow.

And suppose the national debt to be one hundred and forty millions, which, funded and unfunded, I believe will amount to that sum, then for every single day since the R— we have been blessed with an accumulating debt amounting to upwards of four thousand, five hundred, sixty two pounds, nineteen shillings, and eight-pence three farthings per day; a blessing on us and our posterity for ever, so sure as the Revolution was a blessing: if otherwise, a curse and burthen on us and our latest posterity. And all the aforesaid millions were expended to make the poor and distressed states of Holland become rich, high, and mighty, the poor Electorate of Hanover rich and wealthy, and the subjects of Great Britain and Ireland in poverty, distress, and slavery. And since the aforesaid period our governors have coaxed us to part with the major part of our money they did not take by force, and in the room thereof to give us bits of paper, so that the major part of our remaining wealth is now in their hands, by which means they keep up the following standing armies to keep the subject in awe, poverty, distress, and slavery; a standing army of great placemen, a standing army of excisemen, permit-men, custom-house officers, with the other innumerable company of little placemen, a standing army of devouring locusts called pensioners, and a standing army of soldiers, by all which means our liberties are become barely nominal and our paper property of every sort whenever the — pleases can be wiped out with a sponge.

fol. 2008

If we consider religion, the Church of England flourished before that period. But since that time Popery and fanaticism have increased, especially of late years, to such a degree that, without the spirit of prophecy, we may foretell that in a few years the Church of England will be extinct, unless God in his great mercy preserves us.

If we look into morality, our governors since that period, by their wicked example of bribery, corruption, dissipation, gambling, and every species of wickedness that can be committed, have so debauched the morals of the people that morality is in the same deplorable condition of liberty, property, and religion, viz., almost vanished from these once happy isles. On the whole, if a tree is to be known by its fruits, who dare say the Rebellion against King James was not a g—s R—n. I am,

fol. 2009

A SOUTH BRITON.

N.B.—In the beginning of the printed paper below the word *Sir*, the initial letter T was decorated all around with the King's arms, having the ordinary motto, *Dieu et mon droit*.

To Bishop Gordon.—*March 15, 1774.*—Your extraordinary favor of the 28 ult. I cannot

sufficiently acknowledge; many having been gratified with the perusal of it, all of them declaring that such a paper has not appeared since the memorable '88. I transcribed a copy and sent it to Lady Gask, who had much need of some such entertainment, her sister, Mrs. Mary Nairn, the "*Elect Lady*," having lately died with her; upon which, writing a letter of condolence to her ladyship, I thought fit to call another cause by subjoining a copy of the curiosity, which would prove a very seasonable dose of medicine after the mournful event. I have not yet heard from that honest lady in return, but I look for some few lines every post.

The collector of news for the *Caledonian Mercury*, George Reid by name, and one of us, came to me and received the *strange thing* with pleasure, and had no doubt about falling upon a way to introduce it with safety into their paper. When he returned home, Robertson, the master, tho' a Whig, ordered it to be printed as one of the greatest rarities he had ever seen. In a word, most of the types were set when luckily Reid thought of looking into the *Journal of the House of Commons*, where he found, "Ordered—That the Attorney general shall prosecute the printer and sellers of such a paper," etc. This put a stop to the publication. Mr. Reid returned the rare piece to me, regretting that the issue of the prosecution had not yet happened, for in that event they might have hit upon a way to have inserted it into their paper. However, he intreated the paper might not be offered to any other press, as they still hope for a favourable opportunity to do as intended. I promised that none other should have it but themselves. Meantime, I must earnestly beg of you, dear Sir, to send me every such rarity that comes in the way, and do you put the spur to Bob Keith for franks. Such things prove cordials here, and who knows but in due time they may work a cure!

fol. 2010

Some of the highest Government folks hereabouts begin to speak out uncommon thoughts, such as, *That matters are now in such a situation that Britain must suffer some severe convulsion or other.*

Ah for George Smith! *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* Such a grandmother, and to be so used! Such friends and to be so neglected! I am afraid London has made a change upon him to the worse, for when in Scotland a more sweet-blooded and advisable youth did not exist. Perhaps the accession to his fortune has done him no good for,

fol. 2011

“When plenty flows, we good advice despise;
‘Tis want that sharpens thought and makes us wise.”

Had he been dependent *in statu quo*, he would readily have been more observant and submissive. Meantime I heartily join with you in saying we must hope the best. I will not quit my hold of him till his conduct explain the contrary, which would truly give me pain. May God preserve him from every instance of tergiversation! and may he prove a worthy descendant of such a father, such a grandfather and grandmother! If convenient, be so good as to wish the young pair all joy and happiness in the name of me and mine. But in this, Sir, you are to do as you judge most proper.

Our failures, indeed, are uncommon and very alarming. Campbell of Bellmount for £60,000 sterling, and Alexander Sheriff in Leith for £44,000, with the latter of whom Mr. Lothian is in for £15,000, not much regreted, poor thing! by any that I know of. These events cut deep, and from the greatness of the sum become in some measure national. May God amend the times and send us better days! for never was more pressing need. May we be rendered fit to receive such unmerited blessings! Alas! alas! we are come to the very dregs of times.

I have now some reason to assure you that no tampering will be used with your Mr. Smith. I took an opportunity of speaking home to the heart of the clergyman in Edinburgh who corresponds with

him, and enjoined him expressly to make no offers or proposals to Mr. S. He promised to observe the injunction. *Deus sit tecum tuisque, Amen.* Adieu, dear sir, adieu.

fol. 2012

March 15, 1774.

P.S.—I expect there will be something curious and interesting in the decision against the printers and sellers of the plain and bold daily paper now to be judicially animadverted upon. The pleadings must be of a very uncommon and delicate turn, for facts are very stiff and uncomplying things.—Once more adieu.

To Bishop Gordon.—March 26, 1774.—Alas! dear Sir, Lady Gask is no more. She was in a declining way when I wrote you last, but hoping she might get the better of it, I did not mention it to you. She expired, after five weeks' illness, on Friday, the 18th instant, half after 2 o'clock afternoon, having received the *Viaticum*, and was sensible and distinct to the very last, aged about 75.

I may with great truth say, Wo's me! for the faithful are minished from among the children of men. The Church had not a more faithful daughter, nor the King a more steady and loyal subject. She bore up under all the trials and difficulties of life with a firmness and constancy, a mildness and chearfulness of mind, not to be outdone by any other. When her ladyship was in use of coming over from foreign parts to do the business of the family, she displayed a fortitude, calmness, and application, endearing and instructive. I admired, I revered her. Gone she is, I hope to reap the fruits of her labours, and may all her descendants tread in her steps. Be she with God and God with her!

fol. 2013

I heartily wish the honest man, his lady and daughter, were returned home soon and well.

Tom Bowdler is in perfect good health, and says a certain paper should be written in letters of gold. I am still entertaining this and the other friend with a perusal, and all are astonished, declaring the like never appeared before.

Has Mr. George Smith appeared yet with you?

A happy and comfortable Easter to you and all yours.

Best wishes and kindest compliments from me and mine to yourself and nearest friend. *Deus sit tecum tuisque, Amen.*— Adieu, dear Sir, adieu.

From the Rev. Mr. George Cheyne.

Stirling, March 28, 1774.—Now to say one word about the Ash Wednesday paper—curious and bold it is beyond everything I have seen; and then to come thro' the hands of bitterest enemies to lawful government is truly extraordinary. In short, it is written upon solid principles of religion, and every line is fraught with truths that may be felt as surely as Egyptian darkness was of old. But it is to be feared, however sensible the generality may be of our miseries (plainly enough the effects of Divine vengeance on a guilty land), yet those who chiefly ought, will not have such a right sense of them as shall lead to repentance. What becomes of it before the 500 kings, I shall expect to hear when you do, or perhaps in the public papers.

fol. 2014

From Sir William Dunbar of Durn.

Banff, March 23rd, 1774.—The *Daily Advertiser*, etc., came duly to hand. Our present condition looks ill. What is done in Boston, and what is intended against them, give France and Spain too glaring an opportunity to play their game against us; and I am not sure but these powers may in a

hidden way support and encourage these malecontents and bring on a war. You see the Hanoverians are ordered to be in arms. From this we may fear his Prussian Majesty may disturb there. I hear General Scott goes over to quell the Bostonians as principal commander. All this shews we are in motion. But I am of opinion the sinews of war will be ill to seek and worse to find, from whence they can arise without a remarkable general distress so as it may ruin Britain and give enemies courage to conquests in many places. I am of opinion our American settlements are in danger. 'Tis no wonder if even Whigs begin to see a convulsion coming on. A twelvemonth hence may give a strange appearance to events not attended to. All will be as God will have it.

fol. 2015

From said Sir William Dunbar.

Banff, March 27, 1774.—Thanks for many favours. Woodfall's paper is true, say Commons, and Satan their supporter, what they please, when they call 2 and 2 six. 'Tis a blunt stile but strong. *Veritas vincit.* I'm thinking France and Spain have a hand in Boston doings. God help us. We are in a sad dismal condition; all due to the R— R— on, 'tis plain. England is case-hardened almost, sunk in folly and madness infectious like a plague.

From Bishop Gordon.—London, April 9, 1774.—My dear Sir, Wo is me for good Lady Gask! And well did she deserve all the good and great things that could be said of her. Her good deeds go before and follow after her, and I doubt not of her being received into the mansions of bliss, and there to wait in the society of the faithful departed in the joyful and comfortable expectation of an happy resurrection to eternal glory and happiness. Alas! Alas! the faithful are minished fast away, at a time too when they can be ill spared, for God knows, there is but small, or rather no appearance of their places being filled with equal honour and benefit in the present generation, which stands greatly in need of such illustrious and edifying examples. All I shall add more on the present occasion is, *Requiescat in pace!* It happens unluckily that her worthy son and his lady should be abroad on this melancholy occasion. But God's will be done, and all for the best. You mentioned sending her ladyship a copy (for a cordial) of a certain paper to cheer her spirits after the loss of her excellent sister, who has left behind her the grateful and sweet odor of an excellent character, and a rare example of piety and virtue. For her too let us heartily join in *Requiescat.*

fol. 2016

And here now I send you, Sir, a curiosity, admirable in its kind, which will make your heart leap for joy, being I have reason to believe the first that is come to Britain. But say not a word from what quarter you had it. You will please to shew it to my sister, who I reckon is now in Edinburgh. I received a letter from her just before she left Dumfries, and wrote one myself, which would get to the same place just after she left it. But to resume the higher and more important subject again of the portrait, I cannot quit it without indulging the vanity of telling you, it was sent me by the express order of my most respectable friend himself, who at the same time was so gracious as to say he has more for me if I desire them; which in due time and consistent with safety (God willing) shall be done. This and half a dozen more came in a letter yesterday by the ordinary post. Pray let me know by the return of the post if the inclosed comes safe to hand.

fol. 2017

I don't imagine there will be any real prosecution commenced against the printer of the *South Briton*. It appears to me to be only a piece of mere bluster. It would be meddling with edged tools, and the minister is more prudent than to encourage officious and indiscreet zeal. Pray give my kind love to my sister when you see her, and tell her, now we have seen the young lady, our nephew's bride, we like her very much. She seems to be a sweet temper'd, sensible, prudent young woman. She is near as tall as her husband, slender, genteel, and of a elegant form. She has been two or three times at prayers with us since they came from the country, and I would hope if all proper means

were used she may still be brought nearer to us. I made your compliments to the bridegroom, and he returns his, and thanks to yourself and good Mrs. Forbes.

We join as usual in kind compliments and every good wish to you and yours; and I am, dear sir, yours ever faithfully. Excuse haste and blunders, R. G.

To Bishop Gordon.—April 14, 1774.—Yes, my very dear Sir, your cordial of the 9th instant gave no small joy to more than one. The most agreeable packet came to hand yesternight, and you see I have not delayed one post to acknowledge the singular and refreshing obligation, and even the honour done me by so valuable and distinguishing a present. Ten thousand thanks then for remembring us so speedily with the rare curiosity of two amiable pieces, more of which, could they be spared, I would know well how to bestow properly when additional copies come to hand. But of this you are best judge. No wonder that the most respectable friend particularizes you with a mark of distinction for you are *a. friend indeed*, as he cannot forget; a faithful keeper in one of the most critical periods of life that could possibly happen to any person whatsoever. These are my words, but you can guess my sense.

fol. 2018

Meantime it shall not be known from what quarter the admirable curiosity comes, which your sister shall see in due time. She has been with us at dinner when we remembred you, Mrs. Gordon, the worthy grandmother, the worthy pair, etc., in a proper manner. I returned the kind visit on Tuesday last, the 12th instant. When with us, I regaled her with a reading of the bold, unparallel'd *South Briton*, to her no small surprize and contentment. I have the pleasure to tell you she looks well, and is in perfect good health. I intend to see her, God willing, on Saturday first, *solus cum sola* to the joy of her heart in more respects than one; for your accounts of the amiable Mr. Smith, and it would appear his no less amiable companion are extremely agreeable. May all the happiness of the conjugal state ever attend them.

fol. 2019

Yesterday I dined, upon particular invitation, with the ladies of Traquair in company with Lord Linton and his lady, and a gentleman who some time ago wore a black cockade, but whose trim I know well. The twin-ladies desired to hear once more the *South Briton* for the entertainment of the company. They were, all of them, highly delighted with it, particularly the once cockaded gentleman, who expatiated much upon it, as the boldest, the strongest, the most concise and true history he had ever seen in all his life. “And which is worst of all in one sense,” said he, “it is all matter of fact. Not one word of it can be denied. ‘Tis pity it should not be more known.” He was heartily joined in all this by the whole company. I told them I had done all, consistent with safety, to have it published *in Scotia*, but it could not be done. The gentleman of the sword declared his opinion, which now appears to be yours, that the order for a vigorous prosecution would turn out to be a mere puff. “They will set their foot upon it,” said he. All the company then declared their liking to have copies of it in harmles MS. But I told them it was rather too long for transcribing, and I did not chuse to part with the rarity out of my custody.

fol. 2020

Your expressions upon the worthy Lady Gask's death and that of her no less worthy sister, are most just and well applied. Alas! Alas! few such now to be found in these our licentious days of profligacy and boasted enlightening. *Rquiescat in pace!* etc. You and yours are ever present with us in thought. *Deus sit semper tecum tuisque! Amen et amen.* Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

From Bishop Gordon.—London, May 19, 1774.—‘Tis full time your last obliging letter should be acknowledged, which gave us the pleasure of hearing you and good Mrs. Forbes were both well. All thanks be to God!

I was glad to hear the prints had come safe. I could not doubt the pleasure you would have in

seeing them: and as I well know how agreeable it will be to you to have it in your power to oblige some well deserving friend, I here inclose a duplicate, tho', I can assure you, very hard to be spared. I know a gentlewoman of your acquaintance and mine sent down 3 or 4 to some particular friends of hers much about the same time, which probably you may have heard of.

This moment a letter is come in from my sister in Dumfries who acknowledges your and good Mrs. Forbes's great civilities to her. Her fellow-traveller, I perceive, would not wait her celebrating the great festival just at hand in Edinburgh; Presbyterian like! Alas! how pitiable is the ignorance!

I have inclosed some franks to Captain Keith now at Potsdam with his friend Lord Mareschall. His sister, who favoured me with them, will deliver me what you inclose.

My sister tells me the Primus had above 200 communicants on Easter day, and Mr. Harper as many more, and, no doubt, Dr. Drummond a great many too. These are pleasing things to hear at this time of day. All glory be to God!

It has been whispered, tho' I cannot tell from what quarter it comes, yet, I guess from Mrs. Bowdler's correspondence with Mr. Cheyne, that in case of a certain event, our people won't be received by the Scots' bishops upon the footing they stand now. Dreadfull to hear! It will be no less than breaking and shattering the faithful remnant of confessors to pieces. What says my good friend to it? We must not wonder at anything; nor will you, Sir, when I tell you, that Mr. Brett with his family (in case of the said event) as Mr. Dodwell did, seems resolved to go to the publick, and has mustered up all the old, battered, refuted arguments to apologize for his so doing, and presumes to tell the remnant what *they ought to do*. How will this apply to your dream? O! the world! the world, and the interests thereof! I have long thought him lukewarm and a moderate man, and this comes of moderation falsely so called. Let them that think they stand take heed lest they fall.

Knowing your kind concern for my health, I must tell you, Sir, that (Blessed be God!) it is very good at present. I have, indeed, a sore in one of my legs, which I am in no haste to heal up as it discharges a laudable suppuration which, they tell me, will be of service to my health. But God's will be done! Grant me content! I must not chuse. He only knows what is best for me.

Mr. Smith, the Revd., sends his best respects and duty, and Mr. Smith, the squire, and his lady, send their thanks for your obliging compliments. The lady is, so far, very complying and attends the church with her husband. I wish they may hold steady in this giddy age.

You and good Mrs. Forbes have our best wishes, those particularly suitable to the great and holy festival just near approaching. That God may ever have you and yours, dear Sir, in his holy keeping, is the hearty prayer of, Yours ever faithfully,

(*Sic subscribitur*) R. G.

To Bishop Gordon.—May 28, 1774.—Yours of the 19th instant is now lying before me, and I hasten to answer that I may make you easy upon a point which seems to be somewhat distressing to you.

The duplicate is given to Lord Linton's lady, who, upon seeing mine, begged it as a singular favor to have such a present when any more should come to hand, and her ladyship has received it with great pleasure and many thanks. You know, perhaps, that she is an English lady.

Yes. I knew that Mrs. Strange sent 3 to Mrs. Reynolds, with whom Mrs. Smith of Burnhall lodged when in Edinburgh, and withal wrote that she knew not well how to dispose of them, as it

would appear, so few are the friends and such the indifference and lukewarmness *in Anglia*. Indeed, Sir, had I 100, even more than that number, I would know well how to dispose of them to very good purpose. Such is the difference. You cannot imagine how much these same heads and the Ash Wednesday's letter have revived the spirits of not a few. As I could not get the rare piece introduced into a newspaper, you see it has been published in another shape. Honest John Wilson has got 1000 of them cast off. They are purchased in dozens and half-dozens, to be given away in order to make them spread. Even some of the greatest Whigs and Presbyterians have purchased copies, and they are heard to say among themselves, It is all true! It is all true! They have reached to Caithness and the Orkneys. When any such rarity comes in the way, you see who will be a gentle and thankfull receiver, and will make a proper use of it. Such opportunities ought to be improved.

fol. 2024

All the civilities in our power were extremely well bestowed upon Mrs. Gordon of Dumfries. She purchased a dozen of the bold letter.

I am now well provided in franks, having no fewer than 16. I expected to have heard from Bob Keith upon his setting out for German dominions. However, I am glad to learn from you of his safe arrival at Potsdam. Much success and a safe return to him in all due time.

The number of communicants in Edina is within bounds, and not at all exaggerated. I could name two country congregations in Aberdeenshire that have, each of them at Easter, 6 or 7, if not 800 communicants. All glory be to God!

Now as to the ill-grounded whisper. Let Mr. C, D, E, F, and G, say what please, your friend's resolution in case of a certain event is fix'd and determin'd, *like the laws of the Medes and Persians which altereth not*. For he is positive to act as agreed upon under God in case of survivance, being cloathed with full power for that effect by the only one who could give it, and no one has a just right to quarrel it. The agreement betwixt you and your friend has not been so much as hinted to any one man by me, and must not be breathed.

fol. 2025

The intended tergiversation of Mr. Brett is no new thing to me, as I must now tell you, my dearest friend, in the greatest confidence, that some years ago Mr. Brett thought fit to have carefully transmitted to me, *sub sigillo confessionis*, his thoughts upon the melancholy subject, earnestly desiring my opinion of them. Without loss of time I wrote remarks upon his arguments which were speedily put into his hands. But to this day he has never made the smallest reply either by word or writ. Indeed I am sorry to say it, his reasonings are poor and weak, truly *weak as water*, as we say in Scotland. They are so open and liable to exception that I wrote the remarks upon them without consulting any one author. He puts me in mind of a man plunged into a river struggling for bare life and catching at every straw on the surface of the water to keep him from drowning. Had not you opened the door to me, I would not have enter'd. Though he communicated his papers to me *sub sigillo confessionis*, yet it would be unpardonable in me not to let you into the secret, as he is prematurely voluntiering, and even as you justly say, "presumes to tell the remnant what *they ought to do*" High and bold presumption indeed! and what I never would have expected from one of his sterling education, learning, and knowledge. Alas! Alas! No man enters into an error without wishing to have company along with him. Upon perusal of your letter, I could not help looking once more into his arguments and my remarks upon them, and the more I consider the former, the more silly and futile do they appear to me, just like one at a loss what to say, and beating about to invent some shew or argument. All this applies too well to the dream, for you know, Sir, cockades and pistols portend war.

fol. 2026

By the bye, there are strange unaccountable forebodings and rumors of wars in the country, just

like what happened among us before 1745. I listen not much to such things; but I must frankly own the *similarity* of appearances strike deep with me. Well, let us wait with patience the will of God; for all must be as He will have it. Are there any such forebodings and rumors with you?

fol. 2027

You are pleased to call Mr. Brett a lukewarm and moderate man, but might you not have added a *money-making body*? Where that is the case, the pitiful pelf and the sordid dross will drive a man very strange lengths. I have often heard of him that he was more of the laical than the clerical cast, dipping much in secular affairs and worldly business. Poor man! I envy him not—but much do I pity him. Were a change happening, that would soon make a change in him. Methinks he should be a little more modest in his *presuming* to direct the Remnant, etc., as who knows who may go first off the stage of life? What say our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Bowdler of his arguments? I hope they do not listen to the new-vamp'd reasons of compliance.

God be thanked for your good state of health. May it increase and continue!

I received the other day a letter from the Revd. Mr. Smith, to whom is inclosed a return.

We rejoice to hear of the welfare of Mr. Smith of Burnhall, and his lady, whose behaviour to your good liking is agreeable to hear. I heartily join with you in wishing they may hold steady in this giddy age. All things good and happy to them and the worthy grandmother. God be ever with you, good Mrs. Gordon and all yours, A Dieu, dear Sir, A Dieu.

fol. 2028

May 28, 1774.

P.S.—After writing the other leaf I happened to see Mrs. Reynolds, who told me she had got five prints of the two lovely heads. I said she was well off in being the lucky person to have so many of them.

I was lately highly pleased to find the *non-subscribants would be* had met with one more rebuff. Lord North, Burke, etc., behaved well. Will ever the enemies of the Church of England, or rather, indeed, of Christianity, have done with their sly and bold attempts? No, no. They are set on by the old Deceiver who will never give over to the last glimpse of hope.

We have got a new club in Edinburgh under the name of the Royal Oak Club. They have a sovereign whose head is adorned with a blue bonnet, having a medal on the front of it, with an oak delineated on it, with these words THE ROYAL OAK, and round the top in the segment of a circle, PRO REGET PATRIA. They meet the first Monday of every month, and the sovereign dictates all the toasts. Each member has such a medal as above described hanging by a ribband on his breast. When one offers to be a member a single vote rejects the petition. All must be unanimous. Once more A Dieu.

fol. 2029

From Bishop Gordon.—London, June 13, 1774.—I am greatly obliged to you for both your last. The inclosed for Mr. Oliphant was duly delivered, and luckily before he set out for Wimbleton, where he and his lady and Miss were going to stay for a week, in order to be in quiet and refresh themselves before they enter upon their long journey northward; for they had had a tedious voyage of no less than six weeks from Seville, in which poor Mrs. Oliphant had suffer'd a good deal. But, thanks be to God, I thought she seemed to be recovering before they set out for the country. They are to be in the house of one of the Mr. Drummonds at Wimbleton. I hope to see them again before they set out for Scotland. May God grant you all an happy and joyful meeting. Before I proceed farther I must thank you for the *Royal Oak*. A young lady of my acquaintance is to sing it accompanied with musick.

fol. 2030

I hope to have it in my power in a little time to send you more prints. For my most respectable

friend, since I had yours, sends me word in his most gracious way that there are more upon the road coming to me. Mrs. Strange tells me she has not now got one left. I am pleased to hear so good an account of the *Smith Britons*, and thank you for the copy you sent me, which I gave to a worthy gentleman of your acquaintance who was greatly pleased with it, and put it into his daughter's hand to read it to her mamma. No prosecution is commenced here, nor likely to be. 'Tis an *edged tool*, and they don't care to handle it rashly in the courts of law, notwithstanding a loud bluster in a certain place, not the most celebrated for wisdom in all their proceedings. No rarity of this kind has lately fallen in my way, but when there does you may depend upon having it.

fol. 2031

Alas! poor Mr. Brett! I shall leave a declaration behind me declaring my utter dislike of his MS., as containing matter contrary to the doctrine and principles of the Catholick Church, and the deprived Church of England in particular. I purpose seeing him face to face before this month be at an end; for I go down (God willing) to do an office for his children, who at present have no concern in a certain affair; and may God, of his gracious goodness, turn aside the present intentions of a father, consulting the interests of a loose and profligate world more than his own and their everlasting well being! Pray, did Mr. Bowdler ever know anything of this correspondence between you and Mr. Brett? No, no. Mr. Bowdler and his excellent lady are not to be moved by poor Mr. Brett's stale arguments. The conveniences of the world are not their object in competition with weightier matters.

No, I don't observe any such forebodings and rumours among us here as you speak of. We are all enervated and drunk with the height of luxury and diversion, and no fear of God left before our eyes to restrain us from what we are prompted to by our corrupt will and passions. God in mercy look upon us and turn our hearts to seek what is good and to do justice and judgment!

fol. 2032

I have this moment received a letter from Mr. Brett desiring my visit may be deferred for five or six weeks, for which I am not sorry, as matters stand, for I shall have more time to prepare for him. If I can I will get a copy of his doughty MS. for you, but then you will readily be desired to take the burthen upon you of writing observations or remarks upon it.

Miss Keith has frequent letters and commissions from Potsdam. Her brother was at the late grand review at Berlin when his Prussian Majesty was pleased to do him the honour of taking notice of him in person, which was not done to any other of the British officers, tho' there were several there, and some of Captain Keith's own regiment. Won't this make the little man look big, think you? Yet for all this he says he wishes to be at home with his sister.

If a vacancy should happen to be amongst you, who would be most likely, think you, to be elected? For on that I imagine would our peace here in some measure depend. For envy and jealousy have unaccountable workings. But let us trust in God, and he will order all for the best.

Poor Mr. Oliphant on his return will, indeed, find a great blank at Gask. May God fill it up to him in abundant comfort!

fol. 2033

My wife joining in respects and all good wishes to yourself and good Mrs. Forbes, I am, dear Sir, commending you and all yours ever to God and his keeping, Your ever faithful friend and affectionate humble servant,

R. G.

From Bishop Gordon.—London, June 24, 1774.—A curiosity of Marvellous Impudence. The

Public Ledger,¹⁸⁹ Wednesday, June 22, 1774, out of which some following passages.

Nor was his Majesty used better when he went to the House to pass the Canada Bill the same day after rejecting the City petition against the said bill. For there was an innumerable multitude of people, for the most part of seemingly good fashion, who accompanied him with groans and hisses, and crying aloud, No popery! No popery! going up to the coach windows. In a word, this town, especially the city, is at present in a high ferment. A Dieu!

Mr. Oliphant set out on Wednesday last with his lady and daughter for Scotland. May God grant them a safe and comfortable journey!

N.B.—People at present seem to be under no restraint either in speaking or writing.

FOR THE PUBLIC LEDGER.

fol. 2034

To the people.

I WILL follow the Quebec Bill to the throne, as I would the framer of it to a SCAFFOLD.

I have told the King that if he assents to the Bill he will break his coronation oath, and a breach of an oath whether in a king or a peasant is PERJURY.

The English government is founded on an agreement mutually entered into by the King and people. The King swears that the ESTABLISHED LAWS and CUSTOMS of the realm shall be the rules of his conduct, and that he will govern in every respect ACCORDING TO THEM. The people take an oath of allegiance, but it is Conditional. They are bound to obey no longer than the sovereign adheres to the terms of his oath. For it would be absurd to suppose the people fettered down to a promise after the first magistrate has thought himself at liberty to sport with the most solemn engagements. I therefore repeat it, that the moment a king of England shall PERJURE himself, that instant are his subjects ABSOLVED FROM THEIR ALLEGIANCE. The compact is broken. The government founded on that compact is dissolved. It is no excuse at the bar of reason that the prince was ILL ADVISED, for after repeated warnings who, but an obstinate semblance of majesty would persist in the wrong. It is of no consequence to the people whether a king perjures himself at the instigation of BUTE, MANSFIELD, JEFFEREYS, OR THE DEVIL. He who is so wicked as to violate his oath at the instigation of KNAVES is too weak to be trusted with the rights of HONEST MEN.

fol. 2035

I have only then one question to ask of the people. It is this. If ever they should be so unhappy as to live under a PERJURED PRINCE whether they would not sooner see ANOTHER SCAFFOLD erected, at WHITEHALL than another CORONATION in Westminster Abbey? If I know anything of the spirit of Englishmen, the scaffold would be crowded with heroes, the abbey with children for the sake of the rare show, whilst thus would run the general shout of the people, OFF WITH THE HEAD THAT PAYS NO REGARD TO THE SACREDNESS OF AN OATH.

A SCOTCHMAN—LONDON.

☞ This day the Citizens' Address, Petition, and Remonstrance will be presented to the king, to the no small diversion of the minikin lords and Backsliding ladies who infest a court, as vermin a pantry, to glut themselves with its contents. The petition will, however, be treated with indignant contempt, for it only prays "that our constitution, civil and religious, may not be Violated; that the interests of our merchants may be a little attended to; and that the king for his own sake would not

¹⁸⁹ Vol. 15, No. 4523.—F.

break his coronation oath." It also expresses a desire "that Popery may not be established in any part of the British dominions, as it is a religion our Revolution kings solemnly swear to reprobate." To expect that in a reign of Favouritism silly requests like these should be granted is the extreme of folly. The only thing therefore the people have to do whilst King Bute retains his influence and his head, the only thing they have to do is to be As Merry as a spoliation of their liberties will let them; for they may rest assured of this, that their complaints but feast the ears of their oppressors; the Groans of the people contribute to the MERRIMENT of administration, and what forbids but we should laugh most heartily. If FOLLY be an object of ridicule, where reigneth folly so triumphant as AT COURT? If FOOLS furnish sport for jocund risibility, a drawing-room is littered with them. If scandalous prostitution be fit subject for contempt (to borrow an excellent writers phrase) "between the LORDS OF THE COURT and the LADIES OF THE TOWN, tell me, ye that for your sins know both, which of the two have the LEAST honour? The one glory in a pearl necklace acquired at the expense of prostitution; the other exult in splendid equipages purchased by the sale of THEMSELVES." All things then considered, the citizens may draw some improvement from every visit they make to St. James's, and on this account a city remonstrance is an excellent thing, as it gives the bearers an opportunity of seeing that there is a species of folly at which they have not yet arrived and a consummate share of TINSELLED RASCALITY of which they are totally ignorant. As the COURT will this day LAUGH AT THE CITY, the CITY should return the compliment by LAUGHING AT THE COURT; and if INTEGRITY be a shield against ridicule, the CITIZENS are compleatly armed, the COURTIERS DEFENCELESS. Besides, contempt and ridicule are effectual weapons to be employed against folly, ignorance, and absurdity. The most reptile, chicken-hearted minister, one as bad as the present, may stand ABUSE; but no minister, no system of government, can long bear up against RIDICULE AND CONTEMPT.

fol. 2036

fol. 2037

ON THIS DAY the king will act over again that for which James was SENT A GRAZING. He will dispense with those laws he was SWORN to observe. He will ESTABLISH that religion in a part of the English dominions which his family was called to the CROWN to protect us against. He will by assenting to the QUEBEC BILL, ABOLISH TRIAL BY JURY and the HABEAS CORPUS ACT (though they make a part of THOSE VERY LAWS and customs which at his coronation he called God to witness should be the rules of his government). He will sacrifice the PROTESTANT to the PAPIST interest, the ENGLISH to the FRENCH laws, constitutional liberty to tyranny, the pleasure of governing a free people by a standard of laws to the whim of ruling like a despot by the standard of caprice. What are we to think of ministers who advise a man to precipitate his own destruction? Are we to Despise the advisers, or Pity the party advised? Will no warnings divert, no candid admonitions take effect? Will not a crown SEVERED from the head of its wearer, a head SEVERED from the carcase of a king, will they have no preventive operation? View that WHITEHALL SPECTACLE! See that distorted countenance! It writhes under each STROKE OF THE AXE and seems to ask the rabble to commiserate its woes. Behold a ROYAL WANDERER with helpless infants! Behold him in a dreary winter's night trust himself rather to the mercy of the waves than to the FURY OF HIS PEOPLE. Oh! Sir, Let not the evil councils of evil men persuade you to pursue THE VERY SAME PATH which brought others to destruction! By those conjugal ties which unite you to the partner of your heart; by those tender sympathies which dilate a father's breast, and teach him to feel the fulness of parental affection; by everything sacred to you as a Christian, dear as a man, and estimable as a king, I conjure you, Sir, to ALTER YOUR PURPOSES, comply with your people's prayer, own yourself MISLED (for though about to establish Popery you are not yet Infallible); sacrifice your Favourites before they sacrifice YOU; pay some respect to the religion, some to the laws of your country; and remember, Sir, that as the people of England (at whose bar kings are

fol. 2038

answerable for their misdeeds) raised your ancestors to the throne, to be PROTECTORS of their LAWS and DEFENDERS of their RELIGION, they will hardly suffer the innovators of the one or destroyers of the other to proceed with impunity in defiance of justice.

INTELLIGENCE NEW AND WONDERFUL

It is expected that our *pious* and *most Catholic* Young monarch, George the Third, King, Defender Of The Faith, will be attended This Day to the House of Peers by all the ReLigious of the Church of Rome now in England, in solemn and grand procession; that the host will be elevated on the joyful occasion of establishing Popery by a British Parliament, and that a very large crucifix (which the Pope is said to have consecrated and sent privately to St. James's) will precede the state coach. It is even said that a certain favorite Chief Justice, who is just raised to the purple by his Holiness for the eminent services he has rendered Holy Mother Church, in being the father of such a meritorious measure, will appear in the procession on *mule-back*, (which is a stile higher than his heavenly Master rode into Jerusalem) and habited as a cardinal. It is also reported that the Conclave have it in contemplation suitably to reward Lord North and the Attorney and Solicitor. Generals for their good services in the lower House of Parliament. If these reports are true, the Holy See cannot in its impartial justice forget the venerable bench of Protestant bishops for observing a dead silence in the House of Peers, whilst the enemies of their country were giving a mortal blow to the civil and religious rights of Englishmen.

fol. 2039

The toast of the day is, "An axe at the public expence for the framer of the Quebec Bill."

N.B. This same Newspaper has a most flaming title, viz., in Saxon letters, "*The Public Ledger*—a daily, political, and commercial paper, open to *all parties*, but influenced by *none*."

fol. 2040

To Bishop Gordon.—July 1, 1774.—I am in arrears to you for two, June 13 and 24, not my ordinary truly. Most kind and entertaining they are.

I would be highly obliged to you for a copy of the declaration you intend to leave behind you. If you procure a copy of the doughty MS., it will be extremely kind in you to transmit it, and strictures if desired, shall, God willing, not be wanting.

Bob Keith has been highly honoured, but I am persuaded it will not elate him. He is judicious, and his longing to be at home with his sister is a plain indication of it.

It is hard to say who may be most likely to be elected to strengthen our succession. Time must explain that.

Our three friends arrived at Edinburgh half after one o'clock, Wednesday, June 29, well and hearty, God be thanked! I spent that afternoon and supped with them. Your health and that of Mrs. Gordon were not forgot. Next day I took breakfast with them and was obliged to go into the country by appointment. They were to set out homeward a little after mid-day. May God be always with them! They and their company were highly entertained with the extraordinary Public Ledger, for which ten thousand thanks. I shewed it to Tom Bowdler, who laughed most heartily and declared he had never seen the like. I am highly pleased to here from him that his brother and a companion are to be here in the beginning of August. I heartily wish they could bring along with them Mr. Smith of Burnhall and his lady. Pray remember me most kindly to Jack Bowdler, and bid him try to accomplish this earnest desire of mine and of some others.

I am obliged to be in Edinburgh this day upon some business, and therefore must have done sooner than I incline. God be ever with you, Mrs. Gordon, and all your concerns! Adieu, dear Sir,

fol. 2041

Adieu.

On a separate bit of paper what follows:

N.B.—Yes, dear Sir, Mr. Bowdler knows the whole of the correspondence between Nicolas Brett and your humble servant. But then as the whole was offered *sub sigillo confessionis*, so the particular article of Mr. Bowdler's participation was most strongly recommended as a deep and dead secret. However, I can assure you with truth that the flimsy arguings make no impression upon Mr. Bowdler. Nay, *sub rosa dictum sit*, he has frankly allowed me to know that Nicholas Brett is by far too much of this world, which he sincerely regrets. Pray commit this bit to the flames, and be sure to take all they say upon the subject as entirely new to you.

From John Farquharson of Alderg.

Dunkerque, July 8th, 1774.—Upon this scrap of paper I must even plague you with my nonsense. The bearer, my friend and relation, tho' diametrically opposite to you in principle of religion, tho' not in other things, I hope, you will take by the hand and give him the friendly shake. He will give you all the news about the Sultan and Sultana, as he is come lately from Constantinople. I wrote to you in a former letter¹⁹⁰ that I sent your verses to Ougle to be laid at the feet of the Sultana, and in return of post she sent me her picture and that of the Sultan, to be sent to our worthy friend, the Bishop of Ross; and they have lain by me ever since, waiting a sure hand to deliver them. Now Providence has put my friend, Mr. Gordon, in my way in order to send them safe. I expect something else muckle better to send you, and that is a scrawl of thanks fra her ain bra white finger and thumb. At least Ougle wrote me that that was her ain intention. Many bra days may she see! Vow! man, if we had her in Tartan Ha! how we would hug and kiss her. You'll get all her news fra the bearer. So I shanna say mickle mair about her ain sell, but that I like her dearly, and so do many mair, even mony o these folks that wear the black clout aboon their lugg, to that degree that some o their money behoved to be stop'd by their friends. I have nae kind of news to send you, only that I and caillich keep well, as does Sandy and his deaf rib. O man, we hae got a fine new king, and if he pays me, he'll be still finer. He is greatly upon the saving order, and has made a present to his gentle subjects of sixty millions of French money, and has made a very great reform in his stables and houshold. How soon that scrawl comes to my hands I shall take the proper care o't. The little wifie never forgets your civilities, and joins me in wishing you and lady everything that is good, and that you may soon see what you want. This is and shall be the earnest wish of him who is, Your most humble servant,

fol. 2042

JOHN FARQUHARSON,
alias John Anderson, my Jo.

To John Farquharson.

DEAR SIR,—Your kind and obliging letter of July 8th by your friend from Constantinople chear'd the cockles of my heart. By your transmission of a certain scribble to the hands of a friendly fair lady you have procured me much honour. I highly value the genteel present, as, from the bottom of my heart, I venerate the lovely hand it came from, whose handwriting is too exalted an honour for me to look for. May the amiable pair live and be happy, to the joy and comfort of all concerned!

fol. 2043

Your cousin has been twice with me, when the healths of the goodman and the goodwife aur the

¹⁹⁰ See f. 1994.

hills and far awa were duly remembred out of a proper cup, with all their fast friends; among whom John Anderson my Jo and his caillich, honest Sandy, and his bosom friend, were not forgotten. I have so many letters on hand at present that I must have done sooner than I incline.

Your cousins here are in good health, and remember you and yours with much kindness. All things good and happy to you and all the lovers of the mathematics. Soon may you all appear in your proper colours. I ever am, dear Sir, Your very faithful friend and most obedient humble servant,

fol. 2044

DONALD HATEBREEKS.

Tartan Hall, August 12, 1774.

To Bishop Gordon.—August 12, 1774.—My last to you was of July 1. I now inform you that there is, God willing, to be a meeting of us at Forfar, upon the 24th instant, for the consecration of the Revd. Mr. Charles Rose at Down for Glasgow. He is son of Bishop James Rose, who lived and died at Cupar in Fife.

The Primus and I are to set out together on Monday the 22nd, so that you can favour me with some few lines before that day. Let us have a place in your prayers.

The inclosed is for a gentleman to whom I had transmitted a copy of the few lines upon the morning of September 21, 1773. He thought fit to have them laid at the feet of the amiable person whose birthday that is. In return he had a present for me, now in my custody, from that friendly, fair hand, by which I am highly honoured, and the inclosed is a letter of thanks for his particular attention and for the uncommon honour conferred upon me.

T[om] B[owdler] is in very good health. Lady G[ask] is far from being well. The woful long voyage will prove, I am afraid, fatal to her. May God in mercy pity and relieve! The gentleman and his distressed lady remember you with great kindness and affection.

fol. 2045

What is like to become of Mr. Woodfall in the issue of his trial, which was thought by many not to happen?

I have been busy in threshing the buff of Mr. Pennant. He is a sad fellow, a downright Stewart-hater. In his two splendid volumes, quarto, now published, of two tours in Scotland, he not only takes every opportunity of throwing a poisonous dart at that royal family, but likewise, where they come not fairly in his way, he drags them in to have a lash at them with his lampoonish pen. Even Charles the First must be with him an *uxorious husband*.

A gentleman was with me the other day who had come from *Constantinople* some time in the month of May last. He waited on the *Sultan* and *Sultana* immediately before his departure, and asked to be honoured with commands. The *Sultan* said, *Remember my best wishes in the kindest manner to all my faithful and loyal mussulmen*. These are my words, but you may guess my sense.

fol. 2046

After writing as above, your most valuable packet of the 8th instant comes to hand. Thousands of thanks for the three pairs of lovely heads. Ah, for Nicolas Brett, his obstinacy! I am sorry for Jack Bowdler, whose father's remarks are worth gold, from which it plainly appears that Nicolas Brett varnishes over matters, if not smothers the truth. It was extremely well done to give Mr. Smith a reading of the papers. The remarks you need not doubt of having again in due time. I hope Mr. Woodfall will come off with flying colours.

All things good and happy to you and yours from me and mine. Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

August 12, 1774.

*To Bishop Gordon.—August 13, 1774.—*With great joy of heart and to your no less comfort, dear Sir, do I write this, though I wrote by yesterday's post. Know then that, having been this day with the Primus concerting measures about our intended journey, he asked, "If Thomas Bowdler had ever mentioned anything to me of the affair between his brother and Mr. Nicolas Brett." "Not a single word," said I. This brought on *foi. 2047.* a conversation, easy and agreeable, upon the subject of a certain event, which it is needless minutely to recapitulate. The faithful remnant having been mentioned oftener than once, the Primus used precisely the following words: *To be sure we must take care of them.* And repeated, *To be sure we must by all means take care of them.* You may be sure I declared my pleasure in this frank declaration, and will do all in my power to fortifie it. I received all, and communicated nothing. You see Mr. Cheyne is wrong in his opinion which you informed me of. All glory be to God for all his mercies!

*N.B.—*The Primus is not a little displeas'd at the singular conduct of Mr. Nicolas Brett, and sees that he loves the world too much. Poor man! he is not to be envied.

Deus sit semper tecum tnisque! Amen. Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

From John Farquharson of Alderg.

fol. 2048

*Dunkerque, August 22nd, 1774.—*I received thy scrawll, and thanks thee. When thou seest my cousin, Mr. Gordon, the honest man, tell him when he goes north that I expect to hear from him with all the news of the country. I have given this day something more valuable for thee than the bonny wily walys, to a captain of a ship belonging to Kinghorn. It is a letter of thanks from a certain lady of quality for thy civilities and good wishes. Thou wilt see by my letter the reason why it was so long on the road. It is address'd to Mr. Lawson of the Ship Tavern. I shall not be much at ease untill I hear it is come safe into thy cluicks. Thou wilt see that a lick of thy laddle has made thee a great man amongst the fair sex. Had I such a letter from so much beauty and goodness, I would lay it carefully up among the archives of my family, and every day pay it a visit and kiss the paper the snow-white hand had touched; then I would say a little prayer for the preservation of the writer. Thou wilt see likewise by my letter where this same lady and all the family intend to spend three months, so shall refer you to all my news in that same letter addressed as above. All the news I have to give thee now is, that my auld caillich and auld John Anderson are (thank God) teuch, and hadd out well. Believe me to be truly, Your humble servant,

fol. 2049

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

*N.B.—*Adieu, my good friend, Adieu. I hope to have yet a lick of thy lucky laddle in Tartanhall. Vow! man, to see that day. How merry shou'd I be!

From John Farquharson of Alderg.

I have sent you here inclosed a letter of thanks from the Sultana for your verses. You may think by the date that it has layn long with me. On the contrary, I had it only last day, or I wou'd have sent by my friend Mr. Gordon, who carried over to you the willy walys. But the truth is that by a letter that I had from Osman Haly, it was returned by mistake back again to Constantinople, and returned to me lately a second time. The writer, friend, and Osman are just now in Pisa, not thro' any necessity but thro' wantonness. Do you understand that there is no direction on the back but is directed within. I was desired to address as needful, but as the whole is of her own writing, I dare not commit adultery and join my scrawll with such sacred writ. I even thought it wou'd be more agreeable to you whose business it is to preach against that sin of adultery. Besides, you know I'm too old now to be much troubled with the thorn of the flesh. I shewed Sandy Blair this line. He was

fol. 2050

happy to see it. He desires his best wishes to you and yours. I have no kind of news to send you worth your notice, only the most shameful treaty of peace the Turks have made, and a fine crop of corn and wine through all this country; I mean France and Flanders for corn; and that my little cailach and I hold out toughly, thank God. We both join in compliments to you and lady. Be assured that I am, *comme il faut*, that is to say, your most humble servant,

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO,
alias FARQUHARSON.¹⁹¹

Dunkirk, August 22, 1774.

Copy of the Superlative honour from the Sultana.

Being visomd by Monsieur Farquharson of Dunkirk of your loyalty and attachment to us and our family, and having seen the verses you sent us, we thank you; and when opportunity offers shall acknowledge the same. Assure all your friends of our good wishes and regard. Your sincere friend,

Rome, le 12 Avril, 1774. LOUISE R.

For the Revd. Monsieur Forbes.

Received *Wednesday, August 31, 1774.*

To John Farquharson of Aldlerg.

fol. 2051

Dear Sir,—To make you easy, know that your letter by post came to hand on August 30, and that containing the superlative honour on August 31, which I owe altogether to your friendship, with most hearty thanks, till a better requital come in my way. When you meet with any person going to London whom you can trust to put a letter into the penny post office, you may direct to me thus: To Mr. Forbes, by the care of Mrs. Gordon, Theobald's Road, London. This lady corresponds with me by frank.

I am to mind the ensuing birthday of the amiable Fair in a proper manner, of which you are, God willing, to have a fair copy, *quam cito*.

O to have the Sultana as safe and sure as I have the endearing honour of her handwriting in my custody! However, I hope this is a happy presage and a promising forerunner of her personal presence amongst us in God's own good time. May God Almighty grant it. Amen and Amen.

¹⁹¹ Stuck on the back board of this volume is a single leaf of blue paper containing the following letter:

NO. 11 QUEEN STREET, EDINBURGH,

11 *May*, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,—I return with thanks the two volumes of the *Lyon* which you were kind enough to lend me. I found nothing in it absolutely useful, but much that was interesting; a brother of "John Anderson my Jo," who we say died in childhood, being the alleged ancestor of the other claimant of the property. If the case should be farther moved in, the Government papers relative to the families engaged in the rebellion may give information. Ever yours sincerely,

MARION MORTON.

Your cousins are in good health and remember you *more solito*.

All kind remembrances to you and your caillich, to honest Sandie Blair and his companion from me and my rib.

The copies of the pair of heads that have reached Scotia have done much good. Had I hundreds of them I could place them properly in the hands of the worthies, some of whom shed their blood in the cause. I must write *multum in parvo* for fear of overcharging my frank to London. Most cordially Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

fol. 2052

September 13, 1774.

To Bishop Gordon.—*September 13, 1774.*—As I well know that you and your dearest friend will have pleasure in seeing an holograph of the most amiable Sultana, I send you originals, not copies, which please return soon as possible. You are the only person with whom I will trust the superlative honour out of my own custody. You see Captain Farquharson is a comical, merry man. He made his escape from your great city after being under sentence of death at a certain period. I am to remember the 21st instant in a proper manner, of which you are, God willing, to have a copy *quam cito*.

God have you and yours in his holy care and protection. Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

fol. 2053

N.B.—I have seen your friend, Mr. Gordon.

Tuesday, September 13, 1774.—Received from London, under frank without any letter, two newspapers in which are the following paragraphs.

THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE or BRITISH EVENING POST.

From Thursday, September 1, to Saturday, September 3, 1774.

Extract of a Letter from an English gentleman on his travels, dated July 21.

It is not to be described the universal joy which prevailed through this mouldering city when the news was brought that his Britannic Majesty had tolerated and countenanced the worship of the holy Roman religion in Canada. Prayers were immediately offered in the Churches for his Majesty, and an universal fast and thanksgiving ordered through the Papal dominions.

The Chevalier seems to derive some hopes from the discontent which this new doctrine may create; nor will he refuse to take the oath of allegiance and supremacy to gain a kingdom he so highly longs to govern.

fol. 2054

It is said he has had pressing invitations to America for which he will not embark unless assisted by the Crowns of France and Spain.

EXTRACT of a LETTER from Paris to a gentleman in England.

The arrival of a great English peer (Lord Mansfield) has occasioned much speculation here as I find it does on your side the water. It is expected there will be an extraordinary congress held a few miles from Paris, in a few days, on business of 1-3 Sept. great importance, and the Chevalier de St. George is to honour the meeting with his presence. It is reported the great peer has had an interview with a loyal relation, and there are whispers here that certain engagements made in the year 1745 are to be the chief subjects on the *tapis* at the intended congress. Your countrymen on the north of the Tweed make no scruple of declaring publicly that certain differences or jealousies which have subsisted for twenty-nine years between the Chevalier de St. George and those loyal

fol. 2055

subjects in England who call themselves the king's friends, will be perfectly removed, and the great orator will convince the royal exile that his friends have not deserted or been idle in his cause.

It is said the ministry are now convinced that it answers no end to send troops from England to put on the yoke or fasten the chains upon their fellow subjects in America, and a plan has been laid before a certain Council for raising four regiments in Canada to be sent to Boston and Pennsylvania, as there cannot be a greater antipathy between any two creatures than a Papist and a reformed fanatic. But it is objected that another Quebec Bill will be necessary to enable Papists to enlist in his Majesty's service; and in order effectually to crush the *rebellious* patriots, there is to be a provision in the act that no Protestant shall enlist under the severest penalties.

The said Newspapers—from Saturday, September 3, to Tuesday, September 6, 1774.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

The King's friends at the Cocoa Tree are in high spirits upon the expedition taken by a certain great lawyer to the Continent. The old convivial mirth is revived, the honest toasts and loyal songs circulate as formerly with the social glass.—*Here's to the man that will do us most good! The Royal Exchange! Speedy and happy!* These good old toasts are only interrupted by songs of equal sense and loyalty. Passengers, at least such as call themselves the King's friends, and few others can be found in the neighbourhood of St. James's, stop of an evening under the windows, and appear highly delighted with the old favourite songs. *He comes, he comes, the hero comes*, sung by Mr. — the other night, afforded particular pleasure, and the friends without doors joined in the chorus—*He's welcome to the British shores*; as they did to those two admirable songs, *Over the water to Charley*, and *The King shall enjoy his own again*.

fol. 2056

A correspondent remarks that we are indebted to our brethren on the north side of the Tweed for some very singular obligations. A Scotch favourite,¹⁹² at the beginning of the present reign, disturbed the political tranquility and happiness of the nation. A Scotch banker¹⁹³ threw our public credit and commercial system into confusion. A Scotch writer¹⁹⁴ gave a cowardly and almost a mortal stab to patriotism in the person of Algernon Sydney; and a Scotch bookseller,¹⁹⁵ with Scotch lawyers, have contributed to suppress every effort of genius and demolish the last remains of literature amongst us.

fol. 2057

On Wednesday, September 21, the birthday of the QUEEN OF HEARTS, 1744, in return for the superlative honour done to the author.

fol. 2058

The day returns, the happy day
That gave Louisa birth.
May it abound with ev'ry good
T'inspire true friends with mirth.

Ye hardy sons of CALEDON,
Exalt your voices high,
Tune up the *Bagpipes* warlike sound,

¹⁹² Earl of Bute. *N.B.* Bute was born in England and has his greatest estates there.—F.

¹⁹³ Alexander Fordyce failed for £3,000,000 sterling.

¹⁹⁴ Sir John Dalrymple.

¹⁹⁵ Alexander Donaldson.

To rend the azure sky.

Let lads and lasses all combine
With joyous mirth and mien
To celebrate the festal day,
And trip [it] on the green.

Let them appear in *tartan dress*,
With hearts as true as steel,
With well-shap'd limbs both neat and clean
To dance a Highland Reel.

fol. 2059

To grace the day with fitting cheer
Let canons loudly roar,
Then Highland lads complete the scene
And brandish the *Claymore*.

A health to Charles the great toss round,
And to the fairest Fair!
May Heaven beam forth its brightest light
On the delightful pair!

With joy the sprightly Harry mind
That prince of gen'rous heart,
With willing mind and lib'ral hand
He acts a brother's part.

To ev'ry loyal soul good health,
Conversion to all foes,
And as the happy day begins
So let the evening close.

fol. 2060

May ev'ry man enjoy his own,
To make all odds be ev'n.
Let all the people sing aloud
Amen! Amen! Amen!

N.B.—At the foot of the original of the above were the following words: — “*N.B.* This is written on paper manufactured in Scotland.”¹⁹⁶”

A copy of the preceding sent to John Farquharson of Alderg, Dunkirk, with the following words:

fol. 2061

Dear Jock,—This comes with the other half-sheet of grateful remembrance according to promise, and I doubt not of your zeal to transmit it to *the bonniest lass in a' the wardle*, whom may God bless and preserve, and her ain guidman, and send them hame aur to their ain fireside. This is my constant and daily prayer, as I never pray for myself without praying for them.

Undeemous skaith threatens baith grytt an sma, an naething but ae thing can free us frae utter ruin an undoing. May God send it soon and quickly. Amen.

¹⁹⁶ *i.e.*, the preceding poem, together with the articles of news in *St. James's Chronicle* (f. 2053, etc. *Aujus*)—*F.*

O King of Heav'n, our sorrows to allay,
Turn *Hogmane*¹⁹⁷ to *twenty-ninth of May*.

I ever am, Dear Jock, your faithful friend and humble servant,

DONALD HATEBREEKS.
Tartan Hall, September 21, 1774.

To Bishop Gordon, with a copy of the foregoing verses on the birthday, etc.

fol. 2062

Upon the 13th instant, after dispatching a packet for you under cover of Bob Keith's frank, there came to hand a frank well stuffed with two newspapers, but without any letter. However, methinks I can well guess the friendly hand that transmitted them, for which entertaining favour ten thousand thanks. What will all this uncommon, unparallel'd boldness end in? Such things bordering upon treason used, even in my time, to be tried judicially, if not criminally. But now tameness and forbearance do take place. They are attended with one effect,—to let the world know that such a family do still exist. I have not been idle with these rare curiosities of interspersed paragraphs, having exhibited them to the hearing of several persons, whose risible faculties were fully exercised, and I have not yet done with my circle of information. The other day one of the name of Bruce was with me, with kind compliments from you, and telling me your desire to have any more songs that may happen to be among the most noble ORDER OF THE ROYAL OAK. A new one has been lately composed, but is not yet in print. How soon it is so you shall have it.

fol. 2063

Lately a Scots gentleman, son of a noble family, and captain of a ship of war in Britain, happening to be at R[ome], chanced to see the fairest Fair, whom he admired greatly. "But," said he, "I had rather see the husband." "O!" said one in the company, "you may see him if you'll go with me at night to the opera." Done accordingly. No sooner was the Scots gentleman seated than the husband, happening to turn his eye to that corner, said to one in his company, "I will lay any wager that the gentleman in such a box is a Scotsman." "How is it possible for you to know that?" "From his face, tho' I am sure I never saw him before." To make sure work on't he made up to the gentleman, and begged leave to ask him a civil question. "You are extremely welcome, Sir." "Are you not a Scots gentleman?" "Yes, Sir, I am." Then pointing to one at some distance, "Is that your servant?" "Yes, Sir, he is." "How long has he been with you?" "For several years. He was in our family before I could have any use for him." "I think I know him; I can recollect his face." "It is impossible, how can that be? as he was never out of Britain till he came abroad with me." Then, turning to the servant, "Pray, friend, did not you deliver a letter to me at Falkirk upon such a day?" "Yes, Sir, I had the honour so to do." This made the Captain all attention and astonishment. After this, addressing the Captain once more, he asked if he knew such and such families, and made particular enquiry about their welfare. The Captain said he knew them all very well, and that they were all in good health when he left Scotland. This singular interview struck so deep into the mind of the Captain that he wrote the whole of it to his mother much in the same terms with the above, telling her that as he knew their family had an attachment to the —, he thought such an intelligence and narrative would not prove disagreeable.

fol. 2064

All this makes good what John Rattray, surgeon, used to say of the husband, "that he was one of the greatest discernment he had ever conversed with, for that he never saw a face but what he could

¹⁹⁷ Derived from *ἀγία μήνη*, the holy month, *i.e.* the last day of the year, the birthday of Charles in.—F.

know and recollect afterwards at first sight.”

fol. 2065

After writing as above, yours of 17th instant comes to hand. Alas! Alas! for your poor prospect at Spring-grove. God help, for vain is the help of man. A good journey and a happy return. Commending you, your dearest friend, and all your concerns to God and his gracious care and keeping, Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu. *September 21, 1774.*

From Bishop Gordon. London, September 17, 1774. Your desiring, dear Sir, to have the singular invaluable curiosity returned as soon as possible, I send it to the post two hours after its coming to hand, and at the same time, Sir, you have our best thanks for a sight of it. The letter for Dunkirk shall be forwarded. We shall remember (God willing) St. Matthew's day. I thank you for the perusal of the inclosed letters. My wife joins in compliments to both our good friends, and I am, commending you to God and his keeping, yours, dear Sir, ever most faithfully and affectionately,

R. S.

N.B.—I propose being at Spring-grove next week, when matters will be talked over, but alas! I fear no good effect. Adieu. Adieu.

The Royal Oak Society or Club commenced on February 7, 1772, and meets the first Monday of every month. It consists of a sovereign, a secretary, a treasurer, and other members.

fol. 2066

The sovereign is decorated with a blue bonnet, having a medal on the front of it, and with another medal hanging round the neck upon the breast in a blue ribband. He has a painted and gilded baton in his right hand to give orders and to command silence. The secretary is seated on his right hand and the treasurer on his left.

Each member has a medal hanging down his breast in a blue ribband from a button hole; but the secretary and treasurer have theirs round the neck like the sovereign.

The medal has on one side an oak-tree delineated with Royal on one side of the tree, and Oak on the other, and with these words round the top in a semi-circle, *Pro rege et patria*. At the foot of the oak are the initial letters of the party possessing the medal. The medal has on the other side two hands clasped and chained together with *Concordia* above, and February 7, 1772 beneath.

Their ordinary expence is one shilling sterling each at every meeting, and they have always a supper.

fol. 2067

They have a book wherein are recoded their laws, and each member's name is inserted with the time of his admission, which must be by petition. One refusing voice debars any one from being received, for all must be unanimous. All the members are knights of the Royal Oak.

They have an annual meeting on the 29th of May, for the election of a sovereign, a secretary, and a treasurer. The sovereign dictates all the toasts, and now and then orders a song as there are some excellent voices among them.

N.B.—This is by no means to be revealed, but to be carefully transmitted to the Amiable Fair, whom may God bless, preserve and etc. Amen.

Tartan Hall, Oct. 4th, 1774.

P.S.—There are about thirty members, and they increase every month.

The following questions demand a most serious attention.

fol. 2068

1. Supposing the national debt of poor Britannia 150 millions sterling, how long would a single

man be in paying it off in shillings, if he wrought 12 hours a day, and counted 200 shillings every minute?

ANSWER. 57 years, 28 days, and 4 hours.

2. The coinage standard is 62 shillings per pound Troy; at this rate, what is the weight of that sum?

ANSWER. 48,387,096 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds Troy.

3. If the same were to be carried from London to York, how many men would it require, supposing each to carry 136 pounds Troy, or one hundredweight avoirdupois nearly?

ANSWER. 355,787 men and a lad, who must carry 64 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds.

4. If these marched in a line, keeping two yards asunder, how far would such a train extend?

ANSWER. 404 miles, 534 yards.

Were these shillings piled up in heaps of 20 each, how many tables would they cover of four feet long and three feet broad, supposing each heap to take up one square inch?

ANSWER. 8680 tables, and a smaller one of two feet, seven inches square. Or if spread in single shillings they would in like manner cover 4304 acres and near an half more.

fol. 2069

N.B.—No man but One can ever pay this cursed load of debt and that One could with confidence, honour, and conscience, take a sponge to it, or rather, as an honest Scots Trojan used to say, *a dish-clout on the point of a claymore*. Soon and quickly may that one thus extinguish it. Amen. Thus prayeth, an auld sinner,

October 7th, 1774. DONALD HATEBREEKS.

From John Farquharson.

fol. 2070

Dunkerque, September 29, 1774.—Well, man, you thought to put tricks upon travellers, for you had neither Tartanha' nor Hatebreeks in your last; but well did I know the scrawl of your forefinger and thumb; even as well as they had been turning about the lucky laddle. Vow, man! to be within a day's march of you; but I hope that the distance of places will never make you forget old John Anderson; for sure neither time nor place will ever make me forget thy kindness, nor thy person, nor thy better part; nor will my old caillich, who turns a year younger every letter I have from you and cries out, God bless him—kind was he to me! She actually makes more fuss about your letter than about those I get from Constantinople. In your last you was pleased to pay me a great compliment, which I really did not deserve. Your own merit procured you what you have. I had no more hand in it than forwarding the verses you sent me. 'Tis true I do correspond frequently with the family, and am honoured with their countenance, and has had always that honour since our first acquaintance. I likewise told the Grand Vizir from whom the verses came. This is all the hand I had in that affair. The family are not at home just now. When they come I shall endeavour to get you some more of these bonny wallies to divert your children. I wish the D— had all those that throw glammer on people's eyes, *foi.* 2071. that they cannot discern their own interest nor the weal of mankind; something like the occult qualities of the ancients that were neither expressible nor understood. In this way they go on in a kind of lethargy until the vessel be overturned and lost.

fol. 2071

News I have none worth your notice, so shall conclude with the compliments of my rib, etc.—I ever am, etc.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

O fortunatos nimis, sua si bona norint Anglicanos!

Mistake it not then, ye deluded electors, who can freely juggle and get drunk at your freehold feasts. You are soon with the leech to disgorge the whole. What by multiplied taxes, and what by the weight of the national debt, your very freeholds are already mortgaged to clear your arrears, and the whole land-tax of Great Britain will scarce go half way in defraying the yearly interest of its debt. Blush, ye sons of ancient British virtue, and of ancient British liberty, and be roused from your fatal lethargy ere it be too late, and ye sleep the sleep of death. Hark! while ye indulge like giddy children the thoughtless riot, and wanton in all the extravagance of feastings and dancings, do ye not hear the noise of the bellows and the thunderings of the anvil preparing the chains of late repentance for you, and hopeless despair for your young ones. Britons! be free! and assert your freedom in time by convincing every man who shall aspire to offer himself a candidate for the supreme dignity, as well as trust of representing your persons and disposing of your property, that you will be freely represented and as becometh freemen. For be assured that the man who dares to purchase you with a dinner or a ball, will not fail to sell you again for a post or a pension.—Yours, etc.

A TRUE BRITON.

From Bishop Gordon, London.—October 11, 1774.—I am much obliged to you, dear Sir, for yours of the 21st ult., and particularly for the ode, which pleases me well; the last stanza only I think not equal to the rest. But I pretend not to be a judge of poetry, so hope to be excused the freedom. Had I wrote a single word under the cover stuffed with newspapers, it had been charged to you, I don't know what—the whole weight at least. When franks come in use again I have 3 or 4 left which may be applied to the same purpose.

fol. 2073

Bruce of St. Andrews,¹⁹⁸ who called upon you, is a good honest man, a man of piety. I was greatly pleased with the account of the transaction and dialogue held at a certain place, and thank you for it. Such things are pleasing to hear.

I went and returned from Kent, thanks be to God, in health and safety. My friend met me at the time and place appointed and conveyed me to his house in a post-chaise that evening, and the next day, the feast of St. Matthew, after the great business of the morning was over, I opened with him on a certain affair, told him my concern and astonishment at the part he was taking in dividing a poor remnant of confessors, and leading them I don't where; and withall presuming to set himself at their head in telling them what they *ought to do*. This last he denied he had said; but I urged and was positive in it. In short, after much discourse backward and forward upon the subject, I parted with him seemingly undetermined as to the course he is to hold in a case of a certain event. May God of his mercy and goodness guide and direct him! However, I own to you, my good friend, I suspect worldly considerations have such hold of him that I am apt to suspect he will be warped the wrong way. He has got two very fine youths to his sons, the eldest 16, the younger 14, and a daughter, a very pleasing young creature about 11 years of age. I spent three days with them very agreeably, tho', God knows, the season was very wet, and much mischief done to the hops and wheat and barley, some standing out cut, and a good deal uncut down, which I fear will be greatly hurt before this fine weather which (Blessed be God we now enjoy!) set in. I have omitted mentioning Mrs. Brett till now, for which I beg her pardon, for she should have come first of the

fol. 2074

¹⁹⁸ See f. 2065.

family, because I look upon her to be a kind, hospitable, modest, Christian woman with good understanding, and no kind of affectation. In a word I think our brother Brett happy in a partner.

Mr. Bowdler's admirable remarks, which I carried down with me to Spring-grove, shall (God willing) be conveyed to you on the first opportunity, which I must have returned after your making your own use of them. I want much to know how Tommy Bowdler came to mention this affair to the Primus, and if he has said anything more to you on the subject. Poor Mrs. Lyon tells me Mr. Bell was very angry with her servant, Sandy, —because he had insisted that his late master had not given up the charge of Dumfries before his death. This I presume is advanced on Mr. Bell's part to cut off the poor widow from her just claim to her share in the emoluments. My sister writes me last post that Mr. Wood has been with them at Dumfries, and that she is very well pleased with him, which I was glad to hear. Now commending you and yours, my dear Sir, to God and his keeping, I am, Yours ever affectionately and faithfully.

fol. 2075

R. G.¹⁹⁹

*From Bishop Gordon, received only on Sunday Evening, 17sept. November 20.—London, September 17, 1774.—*The Countess of Galloway, who does me the honour to be the bearer of this, I recommend to your good offices and advice. Her ladyship is lately returned from France, where she had been to attend her lord, who died at Aix, in Provence. Her ladyship, from her conversation and behaviour, appears to be of sound, good principles, both in Church and State, tho', alas! her children, from the example of their father, and the converse and habit of an evil and excessively corrupt world, are gone but too much into the way of it; so that the good lady seems to stand alone, yet firm and constant in the principles of virtue and religion. Her ladyship has attended my chapel close ever since her coming to town. I must not omit telling you, Lady Galloway is intimately acquainted with our worthy friend, Mr. Bowdler, who happens to be now in London, and sends his best respects.

fol. 2076

It was great joy to me, indeed, to hear everything went on so happily at Forfar. All glory and thanks be to God. Marvellous were the doings that day of Bishop Raith. No wonder, considering his greatly advanced age, it should produce amazement in all the audience! 'Tis pity Bishop Killgour's situation would not permit him to be with you.

I am obliged to you for making my apology to Mr. Skene. My wife joins in best respects to yourself and good Mrs. Forbes, and commending you and all yours to the blessing and protection of Almighty God through his Christ, I am, my dear

fol. 2077

Sir, Yours ever faithfully and affectionately,

(*Sic subscribitur*) ROBT. GORDON.

*N.B.—*After short prayers we had an interesting conversation *solus cum sola*.

*To Bishop Gordon.—November 24, 1774.—*Long, long have I thought for a frank, and, at length, one is procured.

Herewith you have a piece of music, open not only for your own perusal and satisfaction, but, likewise, to gratify any friend you think fit to take a copy of it. After which, please seal and dispatch. It is circulating here both in town and country. I know five or six copies that have been

¹⁹⁹ See ff. 2022, 2025, 2031, 2041, 2047 hujus, and ff. 49, 229, 230, 231, etc., of a folio MS. bound in rough brown leather.—R. F.

taken of it, and it is admired by performers. It will readily be an acceptable present, as the Sultana is an excellent performer upon the harpsichord, etc.

I have now three of yours lying before me, not my ordinary, truly, especially with one I highly value, and whose correspondence is one of the greatest pleasures of my life.

fol. 2078

To that of September 17, containing the return of the *singular and invaluable curiosity*, as you term it, I only say it gave me the highest delight to lay it before you.

To that of October 11, you are perfectly right in saying the last stanza is not equal to the rest. Your friend was desirous to introduce the R-t—n in a covert way. But he finds he could have made more of it if he had used the plain truth, which always tells best. I knew you would be highly pleased with the dialogue with the Scots gentleman and the addition of his servant.

Indeed, N. Brett was not blate in denying the charge you justly laid home to his door, and therefore you did well in urging and being positive. I fear, I fear, you judge too well in respecting *worldly considerations* to bear the sway. Your account of his bosom friend and his family is delightful.

fol. 2079

Pray, Sir, feast me with the sight of Mr. Bowdler's admirable remarks, and keep me not in suspense. You shall have them speedily returned.

How Tommy Bowdler came to mention Mr. Bretts temperings to the Primus, I know not; nor has he ever opened to me on the subject. Neither has the Primus said any more upon it to me. However, lucky it has been, in the event, as it produced the agreeable conversation you know of between the Primus and your humble servant.

Yes, Mr. Bell is not pleased with poor Sandy for declaring the truth, and sticking firm to it.

On Sunday last, in the evening, I was honoured with yours of September 17, by the Countess of Galloway, with whom, after short prayers, I had an interesting conversation, *solus cum sola*, and it has been repeated oftener than once, about which you may come to learn somewhat in due time. Mr. Bowdler's kind remembrances of me and mine are, as always, most heartily welcome. He and his have a suitable return. Tom is in great good health.

fol. 2080

Know, Sir, that Bishop Kilgour's absence was purposely contrived, because another, not agreeable nor fit, was intended to have been consecrated at the same time, and appeared upon the spot. To tell the truth, Bishop Kilgour disliked the measure much, but being afraid of pressing solicitation, he chose to be absent, and left the burden upon your friend, who stood his ground, without any fierce opposition or warm contradiction. This here is known only to your friend, Bishop Killgour and Mr. George James, and must not go further. Luckily, Bishop Kilgour's apology was received as strong, etc. So much for a secret expedition.

Gask's lady died on Friday, November 4, 'twixt 7 and 8 at night, sensible and distinct to the last. She called for the children, embraced them, and desired them to be good bairns. Then, looking at the father, she said, "You see how easily I part with the bairns. I know they are in good hands." Be she with God, and God with her, now, and for evermore.

fol. 2081

Mr. Andrew MacDonald, now in deacon's orders, is at Gask, acting in a double capacity, as domestic chaplain and pedagogue to the children. Success to all good and laudable intentions.

General Lockhart's lady speaks most honourably and endearingly of the Sultana, that she was intimately acquainted with her in Germany; that she is one of the prettiest and most agreeable of the sex she ever conversed with, and that if ever she herself should happen to be in Constantinople,

she will do herself the honour to be introduced to the amiable Sultana. Pray, Sir, let this be known, as it has really done good. fol. 2082

A certain lady and her gallant, with the children, have been lately at the house of the brother by his own particular desire. It has been said that two or three of the children were to stay with the brother, and that he was to settle his estate, better than £1000 sterling per annum, upon the eldest son. How these matters have turned out I know not yet. I may come to learn them. In coming and going through Edinburgh they called only for one gentleman of the name, who happened to be not at home. Madam is said to be bold and imperious, and to rule the roast. Whether this intelligence should be transmitted to the worthy lady of Burnhall you are best judge. All friends there are often in language, but oftener in mind with us. We hope they are all well, and that the young lady is in a state of sickness better than health, which we will be glad to learn. All in a good time. The above brother was never married, and now is an old man. fol. 2083

If any letter or packet come to you addressed thus: "To Mr. Forbes, by the care of Mrs. Gordon, Theobald's Road, London," do you make free and open it, as such will contain things to your good liking, and will cost nothing but, perhaps, the fare of a penny post. After perusal dispatch to me under cover of a frank.

Ay! that's true. Thanks for another frank, November 2, well stuffed with a large newspaper. That good old lady Commonsense, and her interment.

The Countess remembers you most kindly.

Saturday, November 26, 1774.—Mr. Justice Aston fined the two brothers Woodfall, printers, in the following words: Court of King's Bench. "The Court doth therefore adjudge that you, Henry Sampson Woodfall, do pay a fine of two hundred merks (£133, 6, 8), and do suffer three months' imprisonment and until the said fine shall be paid: and that you, William Woodfall, do pay a fine of two hundred merks, and do suffer three months imprisonment, and until the said fine shall be paid."

N.B.—Remarkable it is that the judge gives a wrong date to the paper for which they are fined, and called it February 15, whereas it was February 16.²⁰⁰ fol. 2084

From Bishop Gordon.—London, December 8, 1774.—Indeed, your packet was very welcome, for I longed much to hear from you after so long an interruption of franks. The musick piece was immediately dispatched, for I have now no acquaintance in that science to gratify with it; so to a land of music it is gone, where, no doubt, it will please. For the cantata, my dear Sir, you have my best thanks. I really think it a agreeable, sensible performance. If it is not already, it will be printed in one of our daily papers, probably in the celebrated *Publick Advertiser*, in which the *South Briton* was published, which made such a noise.

Has Dr. Shebbeere's pamphlet reached you? 'Tis a curious performance, a strange mixture; defends the ministry both as to their measures with the Americans and the Canada Bill, but makes very free with the Revolution and the Prince of Orange's character, whom he makes a very devil indeed.

A ship going for Aberdeen about three weeks ago, the mate of which, being a hearer of Mr. Innes, and recommended by Mrs. Strachan, Mr. Innes's sister-in-law, I took the opportunity of sending by him Mr. Bowdler's excellent remarks, and have since wrote to Mr. Innes, desiring, as fol. 2085

²⁰⁰ See f. 2006.

soon as he has perused them, to forward them to you, Sir, by the first safe conveyance, and God grant they may come safe to your hand, for I know they will give you much satisfaction. When you see Tommy Bowdler, pray let us be affectionately remembered to the dear youth.

The Countess of Galloway is really a fine lady and truly well bred; has many virtues; yet I fear will be troublesome to you. You must be upon your guard not to be put to inconvenience by too great complaisance, which ladies of quality do not always consider when they accept the kind offices of their friends. The good lady, I am apt to believe, has been, and is, illused by some of her family, and yet, withal, I fear her ladyship has her failings. Pray, Sir, with my best respects to her ladyship, be so good as tell her the coachman would not abate anything of his bill, viz., £2, 7, 6, which Mr. Bond paid him, and had his receipt upon the bill, which I have somewhere mislaid and cannot lay my hands upon it at present.

fol. 2086

The account you give me of Bishop Kilgour's absence gives me a sensible pleasure. Happy was it you were both of a mind and that you, Sir, stood your ground. Permit me, Sir, to ask, Was it a measure of the Primus's?

Poor Lady Gask! I fear her late voyaging and journeying did not tend much to prolong her life. Her worthy husband and the children must suffer a great loss, though I doubt not, her departure to herself is gain. *Requiescat in pace!* Her parting with her husband and the dear bairns must have been very affecting. May they all be ever in God's special keeping! Pray! dear Sir, let my affectionate condolence be made to our most worthy friend, Gask (whom I greatly honour for his many virtues), on the next occasion you have of writing. I am glad you have provided a gentleman to be in the family in a double capacity. May they all have comfort and benefit in each other.

fol. 2087

So that infamous woman, and her not less infamous companion, have had the effrontery to appear in Scotland together! And what sort of people must they be that would countenance such an adulterous brood! Can his brother be possessed of £1000 per annum to settle upon them? It looks much like vain boasting, and what we call bounce. I cannot credit it. Mrs. Strachan mentioned above is gone down to be housekeeper at Burnhall on my wife's recommendation, and a very fit person she appears to be. Sister Smith has been now near three months near us, and, thank God! holds pure well this rugged season; for it is both frost and snow, which my poor fingers and writing do but too plainly show. Sister Smith hath given the use of Burnhall and all in it to her grandson and his wife till May next. She looks to lie in about Christmas.

fol. 2088

Having now tired your eyes, and patience too perhaps, I must relieve my good friend, concluding myself, his ever affectionately and faithfully, R. G.

My wife sends her best respects, and we join in best wishes and kind compliments to yourself and good Mrs. Forbes, especially the compliments suited to the great and holy season just at hand. Adieu.

Answer to the above. December 17, 1774.

Your handwriting gives me pleasure, as it is neat and distinct, 17 Dec. the complaint of poor fingers and writing notwithstanding.

I could not think of delaying a return any time, considering the approach of the high and solemn festival, and therefore I do hereby heartily wish to you and all yours an happy and comfortable Christmas, in the most Christian and beneficial sense, and a prosperous New Year, with large amends of better times. For never was more pressing need in our own or forefather's days.

fol. 2089

I am glad the cantata is so much to your good liking.

The Dr.'s pamphlet has not appeared with us. I wish I could see it for his account of '88, and of the unnatural Willie whom he depicts as a *very devil indeed*, for an incarnate one was he, tho' with some a glorious and immortal deliverer.

I heartily wish good accounts of Mr. Bowdler's excellent remarks, as the losses by sea are immense. T. Bowdler is pure well, and remembers you and yours most kindly.

It is very kind and friendly in you to give some hints of caution and wariness; but my good fortune it is that long ago I knew the nature of the [Countess] and, therefore, was upon my guard at the very first interview. Yes, dear Sir, tasks, hard and unbecoming, were endeavoured to be put upon me; but I parried the genteel and repeated assaults with all plainness and discretion, and got handsomely rid of them altogether; which was no easy matter, considering the honeyed words of address. That person never paid an account without some wrangle or dispute, instances of which I could give to your astonishment.

fol. 2090

Your compliments of condolence were instantly transmitted to that most worthy friend, Gask. O! for many such as he!

Indeed, Sir, I can give you my word that the brother is well worth all that was said. He was left a good snug fortune by his father, and he himself has been all along a money-making batchelor, adding to the heap every year. So you may easily imagine an immense sum to accrue from such management in one of the cheapest corners upon earth, according to the old adage, *Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit*. The estate lies in the country of my nativity.

You refresh us greatly with the agreeable accounts of the good and valuable grandmother, and of the young lady's being in a hopeful way to make her a great grandmother. May a chopping boy appear by the blessing of God to fill the bonnet of his sterling predecessors. Best kind wishes of the season, and in every sense to all both at London and Burnhall. What is become of the jolly Rowley?

fol. 2091

Ay! ay! Sir, you will not easily tire my eyes and patience, try as much and as frequently as you please.

Mrs. Forbes heartily joins with me in every above kind and friendly wish, and that you will be so good as to favour us (*quam cito* with the accounts of the happy delivery of the young lady; whom may God bless to be the joyful mother of a living child to the comfort of all concerned.

Have I tired eyes and patience in my turn? *Deus semper tecum tuisque. Amen.* Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

N.B.—You are perfectly right. The measure originated entirely as you suspect. Peruse, seal, and dispatch.

To John Farquharson of Alderg.

fol. 2092

DEAR SIR,—Ship'd on board the *Greenhead*, Buchanan, master, sometime in November last, a cask of oat-meal and two mutton hams for your own use and Mrs. Farquharson's. But, alas! the vessel was wreck'd on the Dutch coast four miles from land. These little things were intended as a small present, particularly to your caillich, and were directed to Mr. Gregory at Campvere his care for a safe conveyance to you. God be thanked! no lives were lost. The poor fellows stript to the buff to stop the lakes as they happened to open, and they were taken to land naked as they were born. Though the contents were of the best kind, I do not regret the loss of them so much as that of a packet among the oatmeal containing some printed songs composed by a member of the *Royal*

Oak Club in *Scotia*; one set for the Sultana, another for yourself, and a third for Sandy Blair. Besides there were in it some anecdotes in harmless manuscript, which would have proved entertaining both to the Sultan and Sultana. All these can be renewed if I could have the good luck to meet with a sure bearer, for I will risk no more upon the roaring billows of the far-sounding ocean.

fol. 2093

This is not the first disappointment you and I and such like have met with in matters of far greater moment. May we be so wise as to demean ourselves under them with true Christian fortitude and patience, and hope for the best to come.

A happy Christmas and a good new year to you and yours, and to all friends on your side of the water. May the worst be past and the best to come.

Never was there such havock on the British coast in a storm as in the late one, as you will probably have learnt by the newspapers. Of 340 sail at Harwick, only seven untouch'd with damage less or more. May God amend the times and send us better days. Poor *Scotia* has suffered much from Berwick along the coast northward, particularly at Leith and about Aberdeen.

fol. 2094

I heartily wish I had better news to entertain you with, but you must even take the bad till the good come.

I hope you have received long before now a grateful tho' poor return to the *Sultana* for the superlative honour done to the author; as also the first ode set to music for her gracious reception and tuneful entertainment. I have been told that the most amiable of the sex is a notable performer in that delightful art both vocal and instrumental.

May you soon and happily visit *Scotia's* hills and dales, and get a lick of my ladle to your own heart's contentment, and the joy of all honest men.

Thus prays and wishes an auld sinner,
Taking a glass just after dinner.
Away with trifling scanes and toys.
But joy to great Caesar, sing, Boys!

I ever am, dear Sir, what I need not tell you,

DONALD HATEBREEKS.

Tartan Hall, December 17, 1774.

N.B.—I have been collecting a list of the Royal Palaces, ancient and modern in Scotland, and have come already to thirty.

fol. 2095

In 31mo. Decembris, 1774.

LEGITIMUM REGEM patriis fraus expulit oris,
Ast anguem infestum gens malè sana fovet.
Interea absentis meritis libemus honores,
Lætaque testamur gaudia LUCE TUA!

My **LAWFUL PRINCE**, receive this poor behest,
Banish'd from thine own, and by fraud opprest!
While we a serpent foster in our breast.
Meantime, let us thy rightful honours pay,
And celebrate with joy thy **NATAL DAY**.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis,
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam,
Lætitîâ, moriture Carle.—HORAT.

In arduous hours an equal mind maintain,
Nor let your spirit rise too high,
Though Fortune kindly change the scene,
Alas! dear Charles, thou wert born to die.

To Bishop Gordon.—December 31, 1774.—I cannot let this day pass without saluting you and good Mrs. Gordon, as hereby I do in my own name, and in that of my Rachel, not forgetting the worthy grandmother of Burnhall. May all of you live to enjoy the delight of your hearts and the joy of your eyes, with large amends of the distressful times.

fol. 2096

You have inclosed for Captain Farquharson somewhat intended for the entertainment of the amiable pair.²⁰¹

The two first are copies of what were lost by sea. The third is a poor essay on the day, and speaks for itself.

The Countess is returned from her country jaunt, healthy and fresh as a new-blown rose. Her ladyship is with me every day, and we often talk of you and Mrs. Gordon. By her friendly hands, you are, God willing, to have a rare curiosity, to be made open by Mr. Bowdler, and after perusal to be transmitted to you. *Deus sit semper tecum tuisque. Amen.* Adieu.

From Bishop Gordon.—London, January 6, 1775.—Tho' I have little time I cannot suffer the post to go without acknowledging three of your most agreeable epistles, poetry, Royal Oak and all, and telling you at the same time that the two letters inclosed in your last came safe to hand and were accordingly forwarded. I have likewise, dear Sir, the pleasure to tell you that tho' the ship in which our worthy friend, Mr. Bowdler's remarks were sent was stranded in the late terrible storm, yet luckily the packet, being in the mate's chest, who is of Mr. Innes's flock, is happily preserved and safely delivered into Mr. Innes's hands, who will in due time, as desired, forward them by the first safe conveyance to you, Sir.

fol. 2097

I send here inclosed Lady Galloway's receipts which you will please to deliver to her ladyship with my best respects. I cannot help feeling for you, Sir, in being teized with the too great frequency of her ladyship's visits. She has her virtues and failings too, and so, God knows, we have all, some more, some less. Her ladyship, I believe, means well and has sterling loyalty, which in my estimation is a great virtue.

Sister Smith desires to be kindly remembered to yourself and good Mrs. Forbes, with the good wishes suitable to the season, in which she is most sincerely and heartily joined by my wife and self. We have heard of no delivery yet at Burnhall. May God grant an happy one! No, no, George will never fill with like honour his father's and grandfather's bonnet. He wants the sentiment.

fol. 2098

We beg our best respects, with kindest best wishes to the worthy Gask when you write.

The family of Bath were all well when we heard last, as we hope dear Tommy is, to whom you will be so good as to make our affectionate regards acceptable. Mr. Keith and sister send their compliments. The former purposes to write you very soon.

²⁰¹ See ff. 2066-2069.

I am highly pleased with the Royal Oak Institution. May good come of it! Commending you heartily, dear Sir, to God and his keeping, I am, yours ever faithfully and affectionately,

R. G.

*From Bishop Gordon.—London, December 19, 1775.—*The inclosed, dear Sir, came to me yesterday by the penny post. I partly guess from what quarter it comes. However, I would hope it will be delivered safe to your hand, Sir, by the course of the ordinary post, as I flatter myself the poor shipwreck'd Ms. will be by some conveyance from Aberdeen, which I shall long to hear of, and shall be glad to know how you like it too; of which, indeed, I can hardly doubt Honest Mr. Innes in his last seemed to relish it highly; and in my opinion, well he may, for it is pointed clear and strong, notwithstanding it does not appear to have had the least effect upon Mr. Brett, which to me is a glaring instance of want of candor. I pity the poor man. But the views and interests of the world to serve his family I strongly suspect to be at the bottom of it. May God mend and shew him his danger.

fol. 2099

There was on Saturday last, the 14th instant, in one of our daily papers called the LEDGER a letter to his Majesty, the most impudent and audacious I ever read. 'Tis amazing to me that Government can suffer it. Indeed from such coolness and seeming indifference it would rather appear we had no government, or at least no regard to insulted majesty. I will endeavour to²⁰² get you a copy of this notable paper. *O Tempora! O Mores!*

fol. 3000

What have you and I, my dear Sir, lived to see? Enough 19Dec. surely to be weary of a profligate and abandon'd world, let us cast our eyes wheresoever we please. Wishing, but, alas! hardly hoping for better times, but commending you to God, I conclude myself, dear Sir, your ever affectionate and faithful brother and servant in Christ, R. G.

My wife sends best respects, and we join in every kind wish to yourself and good Mrs. Forbes. We must not omit our best respects and all;good wishes to that worthiest of men, Gask, and all his. To Tommy Bowdler, too, we send kind love. Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

Copy of the above mentioned inclosed.

My Dear Dr. Lord,
I greet the guidman of Tartanha!
And a his friends baith grytt an sma.
May this new year produce that blessing,
That he deserves for his song, hymns and wishing!
Plaguing people wi his songs and rhimes,
To be sent off to foreign climes.
Now they are gone, so rest content.
Begin the year with merriment.
Wow! what pleasure for thee and me,
To see old friends where they shou'd be.

²⁰² Apparently by inadvertence the paging of the MS. leaps over the intervening numbers.

If you dont give over sending me your compositions it will turn my pate, as you may easily see by what is above. However ere it take that turn I make you and lady my sincere compliments of this new year, wishing you both many happy returns in health and prosperity, even to the fulfilling of your most sanguine wishes.

fol. 3001

For it runs always in my head,
I'll see your ladle ere I am dead.
Then have a turn at Ceres' feats;
For well we know how to chuse our guests.
No blackclout ever shall be there,
Nor none that scouks like an auld bear.

Thou seest that thou hast turned my head for I cannot ever write thee a letter without intermixing my nonsense. However, I hope you will excuse.

By my stinken rhime you'll plainly see
Thy orders have been obey'd by me.
And always shall while I have breath,
And if I cou'd, even after death.

Is it possible that the spirits of the dead see what the living do? This I leave to you to determine as 'tis too deep for my cranie. My little wife will never forget your civilities, as does that Highland thief, Mr. Cameron, who wishes you well. I will now finish with assuring you that I am, my dear Lord, your Lordship's most humble servant,

JOHN FARQUHARSON.

Dunkerque, January 1, 1775.

N.B.—The meal is gone; the hams I do regret.
Send me a couple I pray, for Heaven's sake.
To drink your health when I hae drouth;
For sure there here is drink enough,
Of wine and gin, with good old brandy,
And slabs of tea, wi' sugar candy.
Besides for thee I'll pray throughout the year,
Each time I think on thy good chear.
But see it be in Summer time,
And then I hope they will not tine.
This being first trial of my rhime
I pray, dont seance them out of time.

fol. 3002

I have lost since my last one of my best friends in this country, Lord Nicolas Mackenzie, uncle to the present Seaforth, and cousin german to Monsieur Oglou, the Sultana's great favourite, and who resides continually with her. He went a skating the 8th December on the ice, which proved too weak, and he fell in and was misfortunately drowned. This loss and unforeseen accident touches me nearly. His body is buried in the Scots College in Douay. If you could get his death and the manner of it with the burial, which was conform to his rank and dignity, put into any of your Edinburgh papers without cost, I should take it kind, for many are the civilities I have received from him and his cousin, the Sultana's friend. In my last I sent you a note from Sandy Blair. He is surprised you

don't answer it. He and the old woman desire the most respectful compliments to you and lady. Adieu, dear Tartanha! Adieu.

*To Bishop Gordon.—January 28, 1775.—*Two letters and a most extraordinary paper in your debt! Not my ordinary truly.

The Countess and your humble servant hit it extremely well, and many times we talk of you, etc. Her ladyship is luckily getting great dispatch of business, and desired me oftener than once to remember you and Mrs. Gordon with respect and kindness, which hereby I do. She is most shockingly used by her children, though to her they owe an opulent estate and good provisions. The undutiful, unaccountable conduct, though vexatious, turns out to her advantage, and opens the eyes of the world with lustre to her character.

fol. 3003

I am particularly delighted with your being highly pleased with the Royal Oak institution. I heartily join with you in your wish. *May good come of it!* This to January 6.

To that of 19. The inclosed you sent me, which you might have opened according to my desire, was, as you guess, from Dunkirk, advising all to have come safe to hand, and to have been dispatched to the *amiable pair*.

Yes, the most excellent MS. is now happily in my custody, which I have perused with pleasure. But perusal repeated again and again will not satisfy me. I must take a copy. Mr. Innes writes to me his high relish of it, as he does to you, and what wonder! when Mr. Bowdler does not leave poor Mr. Brett a single hole or chink to peep out at. Woes me that a Churchman so knowing and learned as he is should expose himself and lie open to be so thoroughly worsted by any laical gentleman whatsoever! But the god of this world hath got fast hold of him and blinded his eyes with gold-dust that he will not see. O for such a son of such a father! Though the masterly performance has had no good effect upon Mr. Brett, yet I would gladly hope it has operated with full conviction upon the young gentleman for whose use it was intended. This I cannot doubt of.

fol. 3004

You judge well, Sir, the paper is the most impudent and audacious ever read. I had it read the other day in the hearing of 13 or 14 friends, who all declared it had not a parallel. I wish I could meet with a private hand to take it to Gask. People would borrow it from me; but I will not part with it out of my own sight, to Gask only excepted, with orders to return it. He is ever mindful of you and yours, with particular thanks for your compliments of condolence and sympathy. O for many such!

Tommy Bowdler is pure well and hearty and an hard student. He ever remembers you and Mrs. Gordon with kindness and affection.

All kind good wishes from me and mine to the worthiest of grandmothers, who, we hope, is by this time a great-grandmother, in which relation may she be happy.

fol. 3005

The Countess is still in Edinburgh, and with me every day at 12 o'clock. Her ladyship is remarkably charitable to real objects of years and infirmities, but particularly to families in want when made known to her. *Deus sit semper tecum tuisque, Amen!* Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

January 28, 1775.

*N.B.—*Stupid inattention to forget your Declaration, which is very much to the purpose; though concise yet strong enough to flash conviction into any heart, not sunk into selfishness and hardened by error! God pity poor N[icolas] B[rett], for poor he is for all his help.

To John Farquharson, Dunkirk.

fol. 3006

DEAR JOCK,—Your kind intimation of all being come safe to hand, and that you had dispatched as desired, reached me on the 24th instant, for which ten thousand thanks. But how came you not to observe the address I gave you literally and perjkly? Know that *Theobald's Road* is actually a street in London. Therefore, henceforth direct thus: "To Mr. Forbes by the care of Mrs. Gordon, Theobald's Road, London." This same Mrs. Gordon is a sterling lady. Mark that, clerk. She wishes well to all such auld sinners as you and I are.

Your account of Lord Nicholas's death was no new thing before yours reached me. A niece of his I have the honour to be acquainted with. Her ladyship and another right honourable person are extremely anxious to know the real name of your *Monsieur Oglau*; for they cannot discover, with all their acuteness, what cousin-german he can be, whether Scots or English. Inform, therefore, and thereby oblige more than one.

To yourself, caillich, honest Sandy Blair and his bosom friend, all things good and happy, from me and mine.—Adieu, dear Jock, Adieu.

fol. 3007

Tartanhall, January 21, 1775.

Copy, Mr. MacDonald,²⁰³ to his Father in Leith.

Gask, January 9, 1775.

I see you have been somewhat merry on the King's birthday, but you cannot imagine what merriment was here. The tenants to the number of about 50 assembled in the hall before dinner and drew tickets for a cow which Mr. Oliphant gives them annually. Then they adjourned to the barn to dine, and afterwards returned to the Hall and began their dancing, which continued till eleven at night without the least intermission, except about half an hour while the fiddler was getting his dinner, and all the while they got plenty of ale and punch.

Copy of the above in a separate note transmitted to Bishop Gordon, January 28, 1775.

From John Farquharson.

fol. 3008

Dunkerque, February 15, 1775.

I'm sorry that the young ladies in that once-beloved country have so little curiosity that they do not know their nearest relations. This is now owing to fine English education, the mode in this our degenerate time. For there the offspring of Rosinante is far better known than uncles and cousins. So that lady does not know that her grandfather, William, Marquis of Seaforth, had a sister, which sister was a foremother to my Ousan Oglu, who has not as yet driven the white horse over Admiral Haddock's pond. This same sister was married to Mr. Carryll of Ladyhoff, who was created a lord the same time her grandfather was created a marquis. Now from this marriage sprung two children, a son, and a daughter who is dead.²⁰⁴ The son is now with your Sultana, and the only one in favour

²⁰³ Mr. Andrew MacDonald, who was acting as tutor and chaplain at Gask.

²⁰⁴ There is here an inserted tabular pedigree of Lord Caryl which appears to have been prepared by Mr. Denniston or Dr. Chambers:

William	Marv=john d.	6 April 1718.
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with her and her Sultan. I wish he had been there thirty years ago, as he is one of the genteelest, best-bred men I ever knew. He has not even dogs-wages for his trouble, but does all for stark love and kindness. 'Tis true he has always his apartments in the Seraglio. Now I have given you some light with regard to my Ousan Oglu. He is well known to many by the name and title of my Lord Carryll, whose grandmother was a daughter of the Earl of Antrim's. So you see he is half English, half Irish, half Scots, and an honest man, the greatest wonder of God. O Robin, Robin! had I but twenty thousand like him I would shew thee a dance thou ne'er saw the like, neither at hame nor fra

fol. 3009

John, b. » Jan. 171! * > d. Sept. 1780.	= Dorothy d. of Viscount Molyneux.	Other chi dead, I thin
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John Cakyll of Ladyholt = M Dromond. On accession of Richard=Johanna

Tames 3d., J. C. was sent on a mission to Rome (See Caryll Lingard and Macaulay). In 1775* he was appointed Secretary to the Queen, retired with James to France, and when Milford was dismissed, was appointed Secretary of State (See Ctarke's *James ind*, ii. 533, and Macpherson, i. 493). He was outtawed in 1695-6, and his estate granted to Lord Cults. But J. C.'s brother and nephew bought of Lord Cults for £6,500 the tife interest of the entaited estate, which only had been forfeited. This J. C. was ennobled by James, and the tittle entaited on his brother and brother's chidren. He was born in or about 1625, and died j.4. at St. Germain, 9 September 1711; and is described on a mural tablet in the chapel of what was the Scotch Cotlege (I saw it last year) as "John Caryll, Baron de Dunford, de Harling."

d. of Sir H. Bedingfield.

Kenneth = Frances, d. of William John of Ladybolt= Elizabeth

4th Eart of I Marqu1s of Powis. died 6 Aprit 1736 I d. of Harrington

Seaforth. | I of Ore.

* *Sic*, but a mistake for 1675.

All these Johns were St. Germain's lords and were generally so called by foreigners, and not unfrequently by Jacobites and Catholics; and they occasionally in their foreign correspondence signed "Caryll." The last of them "Ousan Aglou," referred to by John Farquharson, ran through everything, sold his estate in 1767, and then retired to the Continent, and assumed his hereditary title of "Lord Caryll."

The descent of the family is from Dallaway and Burrell with corrections. Whether strictly correct or not it shows that Farquharson was wrong. On neither side was Ousan Aglou's grandmother a daughter of the Earl of Antrim. Collins again (*Peerage*) tells us that, "Upon the Revolution when his unfortunate master was forced to retire into France and thence into Ireland, the Earl [of Seaforth] soon followed him thither, *at which time James created him a Marquis.*"

When James was in Ireland Ousan Aglou's father was about 3 *years old*, and he was not more than thirteen or fourteen when James died.

But even John Farquharson does not support the statement of Mr. Deniston. The former says it was the father who was created a Lord, the latter that it was the son, "Ousan Aglou;" further, that "Ousan Aglou" served in the rebellion of 1745, for which *no authority* is given, and which for reasons I doubt.

hame. Thou shou'd be paid for thy fair fidling. I wou'd hae thee on the top of the pinnacle or I should lose my skill in potage making. He's a bra wise son of a bitch that kens his ain doom. Wha kens (Vive le Roy, as the French say) but this war with the Americans will be a very destructive one whether Britain gains or loses! In the first place it will put a stop to all trade with that part of the world, and that will be heavy upon our honest men of Glasgow; the very honest shire of Air will be sufferers; so will the Stewartry of Galloway, and the truly honest shire of Anan. Sorry shall I be for their loss, for their honesty, loyalty, and worth cannot be equalled. You on the east coast are all a nest of ill-thinking men and smugglers, and as there is something in the air of your coast that affects the heads of people that live on it, I cou'd wish that as the earth goes so often round the sun, it might stop sometime or other to make the east coast the west, and the west the east. This wou'd prove to a demonstration the rotation of the earth round the sun and which wou'd be more wonderful, might make you all honest men, or turn your heads so as to make you all run to the mountains to see the Almighty there, as he cannot be found in towns and villages, the people being so wicked in them.

fol. 3010

From Bishop Gordon.—London, March 2, 1775.

There arising some doubt when the inclosed came to hand for whom it might be designed, we ventured to open it, in which we hope not to have greatly transgressed. One particular there is in it which I confess I was much pleased to read, which was to see Lord Caryl so well spoken of, and who well deserves all that is said of him; for he is really a fine gentleman, a person of courage, and a man of business too. I have had many conversations with him since the year '46. He has not, poor gentleman, been the best economist, but has ever been devoted to his master's service, whom he attended at Gravellin when Count Saxe's disposition was in hand at Dunkirk in the year forty-three. So much for my good friend, Lord Caryll, whom I greatly honour.

I believe I mentioned to you a new edition of Mr. Brett's *Considerations*, which he was so obliging as to transcribe for me. I perceive he has made some alterations from the first copy. As an Aberdeen ship is likely to be the speediest and most safe conveyance, I purpose sending the MS. to Mr. Innes by the first opportunity, who will convey it to you, Sir, by the first opportunity, and I hope you or he will take in hand to give it a proper answer. You must agree it between you.

fol. 3011

I have nothing new worth communicating. Nothing but the affairs of America are talked of here, and for my part I am quite sick of them.

I am glad the Countess has got a proper chaplain. Our best respects, we pray, to her ladyship.

Return to the above.

Your welcome and most acceptable favour of the 2nd instant is now before me. But why make any apology for making open what you sent inclosed when *ab initio* I begged you would do so with every such letter, as I know well they will contain something to your good liking. After perusal you need not seal, as such come under frank from you.

Lord Caryll! Much am I delighted with his amiable character, especially as being vouched by you. I hear his Lordship has still a good reversion. You never mentioned before the new edition of Mr. Brett's *Considerations*; but I am sorry they are still such as need an answer. I wish you or Bob Keith had favoured me with a copy of the pamphlet, now, I suppose, burnt *in facie solis*. It makes a strange noise hereabouts as singular and unusual.

fol. 3012

The Countess, an extraordinary person truly, remembers you and yours with much affection.

The more I know of her ladyship the more is she to my good liking. O for many such! She is delighted with the character of Lord Caryll.

March 9, 1775.

To Bishop Gordon.—March 21, 1775.—Yesterday, after dinner, the Countess set out from Edinburgh for Bath, intending, *Deo volente*, to be against Sunday with Mr. Mansfield of Newcastle, and at Bath before Easter. Pray for her ladyship's good and safe journey.

From Bishop Gordon.—London, April 18, 1775.—Tho' I have nothing to write worth your notice, yet I cannot suffer this joyful and happy festival pass without our suitable and proper gratulations and hearty wishes of many more happy anniversaries to yourself and good Mrs. Forbes. Probably you may have had my sister with you before this time. Pray, when you see her, give our kind love to her, and let her know (Blessed be God!) we are both in good health; and tell her at the same time that Sister Smith sets out for Burnhall next week. And we also beg the favour to be remembred in kind love and every good wish to dear Tommy Bowdler. His friend and our nephew, Rowley Burdon, is in town from Oxford to keep the festival, as he did at Christmass.

fol. 3013

Pray! what is become of your Countess? for I have heard nothing of her ladyship's motions or settlement since you wrote last. I expected, indeed, to have heard of her from Bath, but not a word. Have any of MacPherson's late publications come in your way? I have had a melancholy pleasure in reading *King James the 2nd's Memoirs*, and other original papers. In my opinion they do great honour to that poor unhappy misled prince's memory. There is a character drawn of him which forced tears from my eyes. But I must go no farther, only to say this collection of authentick originals are well worth perusal, and I would hope may open eyes and do good in an ignorant and hoodwinked age.

Dr. Demas, I am told, has taken an house in our neighbourhood, in Red Lion Square; which you may imagine, Sir, does not give me much pleasure.

fol. 3014

Return to the above.

This is intended to go by T[om] B[owdler], whom may God preserve, and grant him a happy and prosperous journey, that he may see his worthy parents and other friends in health and safety.

To yours of the 18th instant. May you enjoy many more happy returns of that solemn season to yourself and the kindly Mrs. Gordon and to all your concerns.

Your sister has been with us, looks well, and is in perfect good health; from whom we have heard with pleasure that your health is re-established, God be thanked! Long be it so; and may you live to see better days and peace upon Israel.

Your accounts of Rowly Burdon are extremely agreeable and refreshing. May he go on and prosper.

I had a letter from the Countess dated at Burton-upon-Trent, April 3, in her way to Bath, from which, I suppose, her ladyship would be with ease at Bath before Easter. I look for a letter every day, and perhaps it may come before this scribble be dispatched.

I have heard much of MacPherson's late publications,²⁰⁵ but have not yet seen them. They are a

fol. 3015

²⁰⁵ Here begins Volume tenth and last of the Bishop's MS. It is entitled: THE LYON IN MOURNING, or a Collection (as exactly made as the iniquity of the times would permit) of Speeches, Journals, etc., relative to the Affairs, but more particularly the dangers and distresses of. ... Vol. 10th, 1775.

dear purchase, above my reach at present. I wish they had appeared sooner, for the Budget has been too long in opening. The strong and pointed truths make some people stare; but it will be no easy matter to make them blush. Dr. Demas in your neighbourhood! What brings the flirting, wrongheaded body there? Will he ever settle? No. A light head gives the feet much to do. Stop here till we see if new matter casts up.

Have you seen *The Song of Solomon Paraphrased, with a Commentary and Notes Practical and Critical*? Methinks it is excellent and notably well intended. Favour me with your opinion of it. Such performances are not saleable in these days of boasted light and liberty, immersed in profound darkness—darkness that may be felt!

Bishops Raith and Alexander are both of them quite *ab agenda!* God help! for vain is the help of man.

Since writing as above I have seen a bookseller who told me we would soon have a neat edition of the *Original Papers* published by Macpherson from Dublin at half, if not a third, of the price.

fol. 3016

I have lately met with an edition, 1701, of Hickee's *Devotions*, in the beginning of which, on the two waste leaves, is an excellent short account of his life from his cradle to his coffin, with the inscription on his gravestone, in the handwriting of one Edward Francklin, Rainham, A.M. I had it for a trifle.

I have blotted some sheets of paper in threshing the buff of Dr. Bluff as to his fanciful tour in Scotland, which I have interleaved in his pompous account. He is as blind as a mole, a downright ignoramus of a learned fool as to Scots affairs, insomuch that it may be truly said of him, "Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land are ye come," for his fertile imagination sees nakedness where no nakedness is. In writing to a friend he called his book *A Tour of Notions*. And, indeed, so it is, of very odd fanciful notions, false, in fact, in very many instances.

I have most luckily found out an incontestible proof of a much doubted and much disputed fact, namely, that Mr. David Lindesay, who baptized King Charles I, was really in holy orders before his embracing the Reformation in Scotland. (See Keith's *Catalogue of Scottish Bishops*, p. 119, where this point is greatly doubted. On the margin of which I have transcribed the strong and pointed proof).

fol. 3017

The Countess was at Bath before Good Friday.

Deus sit semper tecum tuisque! Amen. Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

April 29, 1775.

From Bishop Gordon.—London, June 2, 1775.

RIGHT REVEREND DEAR SIR,—Your very acceptable letter by Tommy Bowdler came safe to hand, and at the same time the kind bearer gave us the satisfaction of hearing he had left yourself and good Mrs. Forbes both very well. May you long, very long, be so, and enjoy many comfortable returns of the great holy festival just now at hand.

I hear Mrs. Cotton has been so generous and kind as to take Nancy Falconer off poor Mrs.

fol. 3018

Valet ima summis

Mutare, et insignam attenuat Deus

Obscura promens.

Horat., Lib. I, Od. 34.

Murray's hands, to the latter a great deliverance indeed. But what Mrs. Cotton is doing, or proposes to do with the unpromising girl herself, I have not yet learnt.

I hear your Countess arrived safe at Bath on Easter Eve, but more I have not heard of her ladyship.

What pity is it that Mr. M^cPherson's publication of original papers did not appear in the world sooner. What scenes of iniquity, treachery, and misrepresentation have they brought to light! They appear to be published faithfully and impartially. I wish his history of the time may be wrote with the like impartiality. But, alas! I fear that is hardly to be expected from one of his cast. Yet, thus far I can say at present, tho' I have asked questions about it, I have not met with anybody that could give me a satisfactory account.

Yes, Sir, I have seen *The Song of Solomon paraphrased*, etc., and am greatly pleased with it, so well pleased that I have read it over no less than three times. It is performed with no less erudition than elegance, both pleasing and admirable indeed, and the language pure and correct throughout. And what renders it still more worthy of approbation and commendation is the modesty and virtue that appears almost in every page. In short, I cannot say enough of it, therefore must hold my pen. It was brought to me by Mr. Smith from Mr. Cheyne, to whom I beg you will give my best thanks when you see him. I greatly fear the publication will not defray the expence of printing. I gave Mr. Smith a guinea for the editor, with an injunction not to let it be known from whom it came. The same injunction, dear Sir, I must lay upon you; nor had you been troubled with this, but to shew you how much I liked the thing itself. Methinks I have a violent curiosity to know the author, who must be a person of no mean abilities.

fol. 3019

I am glad you are likely to have M^cPherson's *Original Papers* from Ireland at a moderate expence. They will be much called for, I dare say, in your country. And tho' they come late, yet bad as the world is, I would hope they may do some good.

My good friend talks of threshing Dr. Bluff, tho' I cannot say but I read his tour with pleasure. However, I am not qualified to judge of the merits of the performance; but you are. I could wish you to give Pennant a drubbing in your way. He is an ill-principled, sour fellow.

fol. 3020

You have met with a great curiosity indeed in the short account of Dr. Hicckes's life, which has happily fallen into your hands. I should be much obliged to you for a transcript of it. One copy would serve both Mr. Bowdler and me.

The incontestable proof you have lately discovered of King Charles the First's baptism is a valuable curiosity. I am glad it is in such good hands.

Mr. Innes by now in possession of Mr. Brett's *Considerations*, etc., and Mr. Bowdler's *Remarks* I have recommended it to him to take proper notice of them; yet I wish it may not be inconvenient to him on account of his infirm state of health. Let us pray for him and his good success.

Tomy Bowdler is still in town with his brother, who seems loth to part with him. My sister (thank God!) got safe to Dumfries, and remembers you and Mrs. Forbes with much gratitude for all your civilities.

I am sorry to hear the two good old bishops are both *db agenda*. I trust care will be taken of the succession. My wife joins in best respects and every kind wish to yourself and good Mrs. Forbes, and commending you both heartily to God and his keeping, I am, dear Sir, Yours ever faithfully and affectionately,

fol. 3021

R. G.

Copy of a Return to the above.

RIGHT REVEREND DEAR SIR,—Your agreeable favour of the 2nd instant I gladly received on the 6th.

To keep a friend in suspense is cruel. Receive, then, inclosed a copy of the short Account of Dr. Hickes's life, and likewise a copy of the proof of the validity of King Charles I his baptism. The latter of these, methinks, might appear in a newspaper, which transmit to me and I shall take care to have it inserted in one of our Scots papers. O for a copy of Alexander Baillie's performance, *The Benedictine Monk!* but that cannot be easily had. A rare purchase it would be, if it were only upon account of the orders of Mr. Lindsay.

May Mrs. Cotton have comfort of the charge [she] has taken in hand, to the great relief of poor Mrs. Murray.

The Countess is in good health. Her ladyship is slow in the pen and ink work. However, I have had two letters; but business prompts this.

My fears about Macpherson are the very same with yours that his history may be as you suspect.

fol. 3022

Your encomium upon *The Song of Solomon paraphrased*, etc., is truly delightful. I know not for certain who is the author, only, by knitting things together, I aim at guessing, which you may come to know something about.

You must know more of my mind as to Dr. Bluff from my letter by Mrs. Falconar. He impudently asserts things false in fact, and swaggers at a mighty rate, tho' I must own there are some most excellent touches in his *Tour of Notions*, as he himself called it. I have bestowed several sheets upon Pennant, which I have carefully interleaved in his two splendid quartos, wherein I have given him a most hearty drubbing. He is a most violent, downright *Stewart*-hater without rhyme or reason.

Mr. Innes is to buckle on his armour. But how can he convince one of an error when the *root of all evil* is at the bottom? *Auri sacra James*, etc.

Let the *fratres fraterrimi* of Bowdler's know that we wish well to them and all theirs.

fol. 3023

Not a single word this long time about Cousin Peggie, about whom I and others would gladly hear *aliquid boni*.

Poor Os"Ean, upon failing of his usual moiety, joined the emigrants in August last to seek a grave in a foreign land, , where his merit is not known and would be little regarded. All things good and happy to you and yours. Wearied with scribbling. Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

June 8th, 1775.

Upon a separate bit of paper what follows:

N.B.—This upon honour to be committed to the flames, and to be breathed to no person whatsoever.

QUERY. Does Mrs. Bowdler understand the Hebrew language? I am sure I have been told this by some one person or other; perhaps Mr. Robert Lyon. Answer me this by any means.

From John Farquharsan of Alderg.

fol. 3024

Dunkerque, May 29, 1775.

My old friend is still in Florence, nor do I believe he will return home until he see whether or

not he will be welcome. His principal servant has left him—I might venture to add, his most faithful friend—not by any falling out, but for family business and too much fatigue. All you sent me was forwarded conform to desire, which gave a good deal of pleasure to those it was designed for.

From Bishop Gordon, London [without date], received on Saturday, June 17, 1775.

RIGHT REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—A thousand thanks for your most obliging and quick return with the copy of the short account of Dr. Hickee's Life, which is indeed a very valuable acquisition, and will equally gratify our worthy friend, Mr. Bowdler, as well as myself. The copy of the proof of the validity of King Charles the First's baptism is likewise a very valuable and welcome curiosity, and you have my best thanks for it. I wish I were able to make a suitable acknowledgment.

As to the author of the Commentary and Paraphrase, I am apt to suspect you are upon a wrong scent; for, if I am not greatly mistaken, the party imagined has neither that correctness and elegance of style, nor the qualification of languages to be equal to such a performance. There may be, perhaps, a little smattering of Hebrew, and of Greek surely less; but as I confess myself perfectly in the dark, shall say no more. Wonders may arise, and I may be found really mistaken, and the Misnah and Gemarah may have been studied where I little suspected; tho' genius there certainly is.

fol. 3025

Poor Os"Ean, I am sorry for him. He has been sometimes in my thoughts, and I confess I have had an inclination to allow the poor [man] £5 per annum myself; but it cannot be done now. 'Tis not long since I heard of Peggie. She and her companion were both well and lived in splendor.

Your anecdotes concerning Dr. Bluff are curious enough, but he is incorrigibly nasty; so we shall throw him aside for the present.

War is now lighted up in America. God only knows where it will end, R—I and against R—I, tho' it be melancholy to think.

I was concerned to hear you say you were wearied with scribbling, and to think so free and kind a scribe had so much upon his hands. But 'tis time to think of my wearying with my scribble, so with our best respects and every kind wish to you and good Mrs. Forbes shall conclude. Yours ever faithfully and affectionately, R. G.

*From Bishop Gordon.—London, July 6, 1775.—*You will think it, I am very sensible, of sufficient importance, tho' I have little else at present worth communicating, when I tell you that I had a letter the other day from Cousin Peggie who gives me the pleasure of hearing that she and her companion are *in perfect good health*, and desires, with kind remembrance of all friends, that they may know it. They are in the Dutchy of Tuscany where they have been some time.

fol. 3026

Probably, Sir, you may know, Lady Galloway is at present in town in her way to Edinburgh. Her ladyship frequently mentions you and good Mrs. Forbes, and talks of setting forward next week.

Mr. Bowdler is greatly pleased and obliged by the account of Dr. Hickee's life, which is very valuable and distinct for the compass of it; and likewise for the curious anecdote relating to King Charles the First's baptism. 'Tis lucky they fell into your hands.

Young Bowdler is now with his friend, Rowley Burdon, at Oxford to be present at the Act. Mr. John Bowdler set out yesterday for Kent. He will be at Spring Grove where he is to communicate the sense of the Scots bishops on a certain important affair.

fol. 3027

Copy of a Return.

Two of yours now lying before me. The first, without date, I received on Saturday, June 17. Mrs. Lyon's petition was instantly lodged in the proper hands and is well received. As to the authors of the *Commentary*, etc., all is merely conjectural and guess work.

Things in America are turning out more and more serious, and, as you justly say, God only knows where they will end.

Your sufficient importance of the 6th instant is truly valuable. Long may you live to enjoy such like and far better. May your laudable endeavours be crowned with success, to the joy and admiration of the whole earth.

Mr. Cheyne went from us this day. We failed not to remember you and friendly Mrs. Gordon in a proper way cordially and frequently. Messrs. Thomas Bowdlers, senior and junior, their birth days happening in this week were cheerfully remembred oftener than once.

fol. 3028

We have seen Mr. Innes, spouse and son, in passing to Peebles, and I am glad to tell you they are all fat and fair enough, which I could not fail to tell them. Upon this complaints began to be breathed, but upon entering into the spirit of conversation these were soon blown away. He has left with me *Considerations* and the *Appendix* till he return this way. He read to me what he had already written. N. Brett will be touched to the quick and Mr. Bowdler sufficiently vindicated and supported. In a word these papers have put Mr. Innes in spirits and the employment will do him service. Be not afraid. Leave him to the freedom of his own will.

May the Countess enjoy a happy and prosperous journey.

The new factor, etc. passes up extremely well, to the satisfaction of all concerned.

It pleases me much that the two little copies are so much to the taste and satisfaction of Mr. Bowdler.

What is meant by *the Act* at Oxford or Cambridge? Is it, conferring of degrees, etc.? I have read on the title-page of a sermon, *preached on Act Sunday*.

fol. 3029

I am glad N. Brett knows the mind of the Scots Bishops on a certain point. May it amend him and silence his subtilties.

July 14, 1775.

EXTRACT of a LETTER from PISA, March 20, 1775.

My intention was not to write to you till I should be at Rome, but my wishes happened to be crowned with success nearer hand. We went to Florence from this place on the 18th of last month and arrived the same night. The next morning I was told Prince Jarlagh was in town. I made an impatient ramble till I found out that he had a servant who could speak English, who proved to be a rank Highlander, John Stewart of the family of Ardvorlich. He has been with his royal master ever since the year 1745. He is the upper domestick. We were happy to meet each other. I asked if it was possible I could say in my own country I had spoken to his master. He replied, there was no difficulty and desired me to come next morning, the 22nd, and I should obtain my request. Accordingly I came at 9 o'clock, time enough to breakfast with Mr. Stewart before Prince Jarlagh could be seen, which was 11; when Mr. Stewart called me upstairs, and introduced me into his dressing-room; where seeing him before me, I kneel'd down. He kindly gave me his right hand, which I did myself the honour to kiss, saying, "it was the loyalty of my parents to his royal family

that emboldened me to presume this attempt." He asked me what family I was of. I answered, "Of the house of Glenbucky; that the late Alexander was a near relation to me." "Ah! poor man!" said he, "I remember him perfectly well." He spoke a few words more in which he said, "My lad, I wish you well," and then retired. He looks old in complexion and is pretty stout in person. He keeps a constant grand equipage especially when at Rome. He is still at Florence, but is expected at Pisa in a month's time.

From, Bishop Gordon.—London, July 25, 1775.—Two days after the good Countess left town the inclosed were left at my house. But as I know not where with any certainty to send the packets to her ladyship sooner, I hope, Sir, through your kind conveyance they will come safe to her ladyship's hand. We beg our best respects to the worthy Countess and shall be anxious to hear of her safe arrival after so long and tedious a journey in such hot weather. The 2 or 3 first days after her ladyship's setting out from London proved very wet, which gave us a good deal of pain on her ladyship's account. But if it shall have pleased God she be arrived safe and in health, all is well. All thanks be to God! Your last obliging letter with two inclosed came safe and were accordingly delivered.

fol. 3031

What is called the Act at Oxford, besides conferring the ordinary and regular as well as honorary degrees, there is a commemoration of founders and benefactors, attended with the performances of musick, vocal and instrumental; and moreover orations in Latin adapted to the occasion, and often verses in Latin too recited, of the humorous kind, all highly entertaining, magnificent and solemn. Cambridge hath something usually of the same sort, but, alas! far short of Oxford in all respects.

fol. 3032

I am glad Lady Galloway's new factor pleases all concerned. I was pleased to hear you saw Mr. Innes and his family, and that they all looked so well, fat and fair. I hope the journey will do them all good. God grant it! We are obliged to you and Mr. Cheyne for remembering us. This dirty scrap was intended to have been thrust into Lady Galloways packet; but suspecting there might be overweight, when I came to weigh, I found it to be so, therefore am obliged to bestow another frank on this pitiful scrap. Poor Mrs. Lyon is greatly obliged to you for your friendly attention to her affair.

Yes, indeed, the affairs in America are daily turning out more and more serious. The British Ministry are like to have an ugly affair upon their hands and are, I dare say, at their wits end how to get rid of it. When we are heartily embarked, it will, methinks, be very extraordinary if the French and Spaniards should remain indifferent lookers on. We join in kindest compliments, etc.

Copy of a Return.

To yours of July 25. The Countess arrived safe on Friday, 4th instant, in spirits and good looks, like the eagle renewing her age; God be thanked! Her ladyship makes frequent mention of you and good Mrs. Gordon with kindness and esteem.

fol. 3033

Thanks for the account of the Act at Oxford.

Mr. Innes and his family set out upon their return to Aberdeen on Wednesday the 2nd instant. The journey seems to have done them good.

Your opinion of America, I am perswaded, is very just. The bloody work is begun, but God only knows how and when it will end. Foreigners, as you will observe, will readily interfere. *Divide et impera* is the maxim in all such cases, though mischievous enough.

Along with this you have some occurrences which may add a little to your entertainment.

Gray Cooper, Secretary to the Treasury at London, prides himself in being reckoned a

Scotsman, as descended of Scots progenitors; and now he has attained his wish by an attested proof of six concurring evidences. God be with you and yours now and evermore. Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

August 10, 1775.

DECLARATION for GRAY COOPER, Esq., Secretary to the Treasury at London. Leith, July 29, 1775.

fol. 3034

I have often heard Dame Magdalene Scott, relict of Sir William Bruce of Kinross, narrate it consisted with her knowledge, that Cooper of Gogar was the first gentleman in Scotland who had a coach of his own at the Cross of Edinburgh.

The said Lady Bruce died at the Citadel of Leith, June 24th 1752, in the 82nd year of her age, so that the year of her birth must have been 1670.

ROBERT FORBES, A.M.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES for INFORMATION, July 31, 1775.

Juxta se posita magis elucescunt.

Some instances of what has been the behaviour of this and other nations when great *Revolutions* happened in them; how tender they were of those unfortunate clergymen who could not comply with the unexpected changes that fell out, and how careful they were to provide them of means whereby they could subsist.

fol. 3035

First. At the beginning of the Reformation in Germany, the princes, among other grievances, complained that there were so many idle bellies (meaning monks and friars) in the empire: and though they found them both useless and burdensome, yet considering that the men were unfit for other employments and incapable of getting a livelyhood for themselves; offered, by way of gentle remedy, that the present possessors should be allowed to enjoy their rents during life, but in case any of them should happen to die, none should be allowed to succeed them.

Secondly. When at the treaty of Munster the Archbishoprick of Magdeburg was given to the Margrave of Brandenburgh, in consideration of what the Swedes got from him in Pomerania, it was with this express clause, that the bishop who was in possession should continue in the full enjoyment of his rents during life.

Thirdly. Let us consider what has been the temper of England when great changes happened in it. First. At the suppression of monasteries by King Henry VIII (not the tenderest of princes), the abbots and priors had pensions settled on them during life. Secondly. Queen Elizabeth, his daughter, allowed a provision to those popish clergy who were turned out for noncompliance. Thirdly. The English Parliament in King Charles the First's time, notwithstanding their violent heat against Episcopacy, voted those clergymen that were turned out for noncompliance should have a competent and honourable maintenance settled upon them during life. Fourthly. When the chief management of affairs was established in the person of Oliver Cromwell, notwithstanding his exceeding hatred to the Church of England, and that he was a man so full of blood as to be void of bowels, yet either to avoid the censure of extreme cruelty, or that the miseries of so many honest men suffering for conscience sake, made some impression upon him, ordered that a fifth part of their rents should be given to such as were unprovided of means of their own to subsist them. Fifthly. At the late Revolution, such clemency so natural to Englishmen, was shewn by the

fol. 3036

fol. 3038

members of the English Convention that they impowered King William to settle provisions even upon those who by reason of scruples of conscience could not come into the interest of his Government. If we look into the history of Scotland, such was the temper of our Reformers (though violent enough in other matters), that they allowed the very Popish bishops to enjoy some, if not all their rents during life. And in all the different turns that have happened since (and several there have been), all the clergy who would comply with the changes that fell out were allowed to keep possession of their churches and livings. By these instances we may see what has been the behaviour of this and other nations when great Revolutions happened in them, how tender they were of those unfortunate clergymen who could not comply with the unexpected changes that happened, and always provided them of means whereby they could subsist. 'Tis only those of the Episcopal Clergy in Scotland who must be excepted from the rule. No compassion must be shown to them, nor could so much as a compliance save such as actually did comply. They were treated with the utmost injustice, the most unfeeling cruelty and barbarity, instances of which are upon record, hundreds upon hundreds having been left to starve. But I chuse not to name particulars.

From such pious confessors and worthy sufferers has Gray Cooper, Esquire, the honour to be descended. Therefore he may as to his own particular, adopt with great truth either of the following mottoes: *Virescit vulnere virtus*, or *Clarior e tenebns*.

Edinburgh, August 1, 1775.—The above two, on separate papers, were read after dinner in the hearing of about 24 gentlemen who had been employed in serving Gray Cooper, Esqr., heir-male in habit and repute to Sir John Cooper of Gogar, in right of his own great-grandfather, the Reverend Mr. James Cooper, clergyman at Humbie, who had retired from the confusions of 1688 to Holy Island, and who was brother to the last Sir John Cooper of Gogar, great-grandfather of the late Margaret, Lady Balmerino, relect of Lord Arthur, the said Sir John having only a daughter, grandmother to Lady Balmerino. The said Revd. Mr. James had a son, William, educated a physician, who practised in Berwick, and who had a son, William, bred a physician, who practised in Newcastle, whose son, now Sir Gray Cooper, enjoys the title of knight-baronet of Gogar, about 6 miles from Edinburgh.

fol. 3039

fol. 3040

Lady Balmerino's father, Captain John Chalmers, did spend all he had in a suit for the estate of Gogar, in right of his mother, heiress of Gogar, but failed in the attempt.

Your friend having a list of the outed and persecuted clergymen about 1688, became a material evidence in the above service, called in England a Court of Inquest. He dined with the Jury, etc., and said grace before and after dinner, two sheriffs, the mayors of Edinburgh and Berwick, several knights etc., in company. A grand and superb entertainment was served up with the best and richest wines.

After giving thanks your friend added: *God preserve Sir Gray Cooper of Gogar and his family. Amen.* Upon which one of the knights said, "This is the first time he has been so named, and very properly too."

Three brothers were churchmen, Alexander, at Selkirk, who left only female issue and died before the Revolution; Simon, at Dunfermline, who demitted to save himself from persecution, had a meeting-house afterwards in Edinburgh, and died without issue: and James, at Humbie, as above. I have some of Simon's sermons in his own handwriting.

fol. 3041

Copy of a Letter to Alexander Mitchell, Esqr., Edinburgh.

SIR,—You have inclosed two papers [Declaration and Historical Anecdotes] to be transmitted

when and how you please to Sir Gray Cooper, Baronet, of Gogar, to whom, Lady Cooper, and the family, I heartily wish all joy in the justly revived title of succession of an ancient and honourable family. And may there never be wanting an heir male, lineally descended from Sir Gray, to represent so respectable a family till time shall be no more.

You have, to my certain knowledge, evidenced for about eight years past a steady perseverance and unremitting diligence in searching out this affair of a dormant title, and your laudable endeavours have, much to your honour, been crowned with no less remarkable than deserved success. In all this you have done well, and like a blood relation indeed, as you have the honour to be lineally descended from the reverend and worthy Mr. Alexander Cooper, clergyman at Selkirk, one of the three sons of the once flourishing family of Gogar, who were all of them churchmen before the Revolution. I am, in all truth and sincerity, Sir, your faithful friend and obedient humble servant,

fol. 3042

ROBERT FORBES.

Lcith, August 8, 1775.

Copy of a Paragraph in a Letter to Alexander Mitchell, Esqr., Custom House, Edinburgh, from Sir Gray Cooper of Gogar, Baronet.

London, August 22, 1775.—You'll be so good as to return my best thanks and acknowledgments to the Reverend Mr. Forbes for the kind and very material assistance he was so good as to give in the vindicating the dormant honour of our family, and for his very obliging congratulations on our success, which certainly was owing to your zeal and diligence in searching it out.

fol. 3043

Paragraph from John Farquharson of Aldlerg.

fol. 3044

Dunkerque, August 21st, 1775.

The only news I have at present is that my old friend lives at Florence with his bonny, bonny , and they keep their health pretty well; as I and my caillich do, thank God! I have sent thee inclosed a print of a certain lady. I wish I could send thee the original; but I hope all is not lost that is in danger.

From Bishop Gordon.—London, September 21, 1775.—Looking at the date of your last obliging letter, which accompanied the packet of curious anecdotes, I was surprised to find I had been so long in acknowledging the favour. The late revived baronet is greatly obliged for your researches to establish his title. I have observed him to be frequently mentioned of late to be at court attending the levee.

I am glad to hear you think our worthy friend, Mr. Innes, better for his late jaunt. Poor Mr. Brett has lately felt something like a stroke of the palsy, and is advised to go to Bath for it; and I am told is to set out on his journey on Monday next. May God grant him the wished-for relief in that he may live to be convinced of his error.

fol. 3045

We were glad to hear the Countess was in health, good looks, and good spirits. Pray let our humble service, best respects, and all good wishes be presented to her ladyship. And my wife further begs the favour of you, Sir, to give the inclosed letter to her ladyship when you see her; for we hear she has been at Aberdeen, and was going to Inverness. We wish her a safe return to Edinburgh.

Our worthy friend, Mr. Bowdler, has been a few days in London since I had your last, and, thank

God, was very well. I communicated your anecdotes to him, with which he was very well pleased.

What think you of our American affairs? The storm thickens rather than otherwise.

We join in every kind wish to yourself and good Mrs. Forbes, and commending you and all yours to the blessing and protection of Almighty God, I am, dear Sir, Yours ever faithfully and affectionately

fol. 3046

(*Sic subscribitur*), ROBT. GORDON.

To John Farquharson of Aldlerg.

October 3, 1775.—Many thanks for your kind letter of August 21, inclosing two prints of a certain amiable lady. I heartily join with you in wishing you could send me the original. But patience must have its perfect work.

You see I have been at some pains in collecting a list of the *Royal palaces in Scotland*, with a particular view to the information of your principal friend, to whom pray transmit this sheet with all dutiful obeisance. Should he think fit to have it published, his will is a law to me. It would appear best at first in some foreign place, and would in due time make its way to Britain, as the author would not wish to be known, especially considering some home touches, which the truer, the harder of digestion.

May God amend the times, and send us better days! Amen. Adieu.

To Bishop Gordon, October 3, 1775.—Your favour of September 21 is now lying before me. Sir Grey did not take on the title till that he and Lady Cooper appeared at Court and kissed hands.

fol. 3047

Poor Mr. Brett. May he live to come to a better way of thinking, which would please me much.

The Countess has not yet cast up with us. The weather with us is fine and tempting for jaunting, which will readily induce her ladyship to take a swinging trip.

God be thanked that Mr. Bowdler holds out so well. Long be it so.

Indeed the American affair may come to shake the empire of Britain.

Be so good as transmit the inclosed sheet after perusal to friend Farquharson.

We join in every good wish to you and good Mrs. Gordon.

God be ever with you and all yours. Adieu, dear Sir, Adieu.

N.B.—From whom came the scribble about the Charitable Fund? The writer is not deficient in point of confidence. I had particular thanks from Sir Grey.

From Bishop Gordon.—London, October 16, 1775.—Yours, with Mr. Farquharson's inclosed came safe to hand, which was accordingly forwarded as directed, and I am much obliged to you, dear Sir, for the perusal of it; for, indeed, it is very curious, and must have cost you a good deal of pains in compiling; and no doubt will be acceptable to the parties for whom it was originally intended. I perceive, till I read your account, that I have been under a mistake in believing Charles the First to have been born at Dumfries, instead of Dunfermlin.

fol. 3048

You ask, Sir, from whom came the scribble about the Charitable Fund? I answer, from Mr. Harper, when he returned Mrs. Lyon the late Mr. Thomson's benefaction. The writer speaks in that scribble of collections made in England for the clergy. In answer to which, I shall only say that in my time I never heard of such collections. I have good reason to believe that, after the Revolution, there were very liberal donations bestowed upon the nonjuring clergy by particular people, besides

fol. 3049

legacies which fell in afterwards, but no collections. The malevolent Government would not suffer it, so far were they from doing anything themselves for the poor, distressed clergy by way of provision for their necessities. The poor, distressed, persecuted clergy of the Church of Scotland received at times benefactions from England, both from chapters and particular Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, besides the gifts of well-disposed persons of the laity: all which, except some few particulars, have, alas! now for a long time been at an end.

The weather still continuing fine and inviting, probably the worthy Countess has not yet cast up amongst you. Her ladyship loves travelling, I believe.

Indeed, Sir, I am of your opinion that the American affair as things appear at present, looks formidable enough to shake the empire of Britain, tho' it be purposed, as I am assured, to have an army of 40,000 effective men, besides every other requisite in America in the Spring. I am, etc.

P.S.—I have this moment received a letter from Cousin Peggy. She and family are well.

THE END OF THE I. YON IN MOURNING

APPENDIX I

JOHN MACDONALD'S NARRATIVE²⁰⁶

The following story forms a fitting supplement to Glenaladale's Narrative (vol. i. p. 333). It is reprinted, by the permission of Messrs. Blackwood, from *Blackwood's Magazine*, October 1873. Mr. Skene's letter, which introduces the narrative, is here included, but the editorial comments are not reprinted.

[EDINBURGH, *September 9, 1873.*

SIR,—The Manuscript narrative of the escape of Prince Charles Stuart, by John Macdonald, one of his companions, of which a copy follows, is the property of the Misses Macdonald of Dalilea, grand-daughters of the author, and was intrusted to me by them. I have transcribed the MS. carefully, *verbatim et literatim*, and have merely added an introduction and conclusion, partly from information I already possessed, and partly from that furnished to me by the family. Of the authenticity of the MS. itself I have not the shadow of a doubt. The appearance of the original MS., which was in my hands for some time, carries truth in its face, and I know that it has been in the possession of the author's descendants from his death to the present time, having been always prized by them as an interesting family relic.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, *To the Editor of "Blackwood."* George Skene.]

A true and real state of Prince Charles Stuart's miraculous escape after the batle of Cullodden.

When the Prince at the batle of Cullodden perceived and that the horse he rod was wounded, and any stand he and his smal force could make was needless, he made off, accompanied by two Irishmen, Mr. Sullivan and O'Niel, his aid de camp, and few more, and took litle or no rest till they arrived at Glenbiestle in Arasaig, which is a pendicle belonging to the ffarm of Borradil. Being the place he first landed in the continent at his arrival, he rested there three nights before a sufficient boat, belonging to John Macdonald, son to old Borradil, was procured to transport him to the long Island of Uist, in view to get some vessel at Stornway to carrie him to France, and for that purpose send the Mr. Sullivan, his Aid du camp, to Stornway where he found one, but would not wait the Princes coming, therefore made off with himself, and landed safe in France.

Being in this maner disappointed, he thought proper to risk his person in the hands of Clanranald's people in South Uist, who gave him all the aid and assistance in their power, till such time the country was surrounded by his enemies; then clearly perceiveing the impossibility of escaping, he was advised to go to Clanranold house, in Benbecula, twenty-five miles from the place he then was at, and endeavour to ferrie to the Isle of Sky, accompanied by the then Miss Flory M^cDonald; and he, under the name of Miss Bety Burk, and her servant-maid, effected there escape, and arrived safe at Kingsbrough, in Troterness, parte of Lord M^cDonald's estate.²⁰⁷ There

²⁰⁶ This John MacDonald was the youngest son of Angus MacDonald of Boradale. He had been sent to be educated at the Scots College, Ratisbon, but returned to join Prince Charles, and served during the campaign as lieutenant in Clanranald's regiment. See vol. I. p. 333.—ED.

²⁰⁷ The reference to "Lord Mcdonald's estate" seems to indicate that this narrative was written, or at least revised, long after the event. The peerage was conferred, in 1776, on Sir Alexander MacDonald (7th baronet), a son of the Sir Alexander MacDonald (7th baronet) of Prince Charles's

Miss Flory Mcdonald parted with him.

After some rest there, he proceeded to M^cLeod Rasa's familie, where he was received with the greatest kindness and friendship. After an night's rest there, he was sent under the care of Malcom M^cLeod to the care of one John M^cKinon, *alias* John M^cRorie vic Lachlan in M^cKinon's estate, who next night conveyed him to the Laird of Moror's ffarm in the mainland, and he beged of Moror to send a sure guide with him to his faithfull old Landlord (this is what he allways termed my father) to Borrakil; after his arrival there, the old Gentleman and his two sons, Ronald and I, received him with all the marks of friendship and Respect, and gave our word of honour we would use our utermost to save him in spite of all his enemies; and that we depended on Divine Providence that he would grant him and us health, strenght, and vigour to endure all the fatigue and hardship necessary for that purpose.

As the Prince at all times entertained the greatest regard for Mr. M^cDonald's of Glenaladil's integrity and capacity in aideing him as far as in his power, he ordered me to goe directly to him and acquaint him of his present situation, and hoped he would meet him and his present smal Company in the woods of Borrakil next night.

After Glenaladil considered the message, he looked upon it exceeding hard to depart from his wife and five prety weak children, and his great stock of catle were before then taken awy by the enmie; and haveing received three bad wounds at Cullodden, of which one of them was not then fully cured; notwithstanding these consideration he despised them, and thought it his duty to grant all the aid and assistance in his power to save a poor distressed Prince, notwithstanding of the great temptation of thyrtly thousand pound stel promised by government to any that should deliver him up. Though Glenaladil and his old uncle Borrakil, with his children, were in the greatest distress for want of any support at the time, two nights thereafter he appeared at the place appointed with the above party. They proceeded next morning to M^cLeod's Cove, upon a high procipes in the woods of Borrakil, where they all deliberated what steps they woud take for there safety; few days after they visibly saw the whole coast surrounded by ships of war and tenders, as also the country by other military forces; then it was determined to use all efforts to depart out of the country, and began there march that very night, and came the lenth of Meoble, in the brays of Moror, where the old gentleman Borrakil, and his soon Ronald, took there leave of him. The Prince then, accompanied only by Glenaladil, and his brother John and I, made streight for the brays of Glenfinen, which is parte of Glenaladil's estate. To our great surprise we found that place surrounded by three hundred of the Enemies. Then we came to a resolution to departe the country for some time; and for that purpose sent an express to Donald Cameron, Glenpean, an aged gentleman, to meet us at Corrou, in the brays of Moror, which accordingly he did, we proceeded under night till sunrise next morning, to the top of a high mountain laying between Locharkeig and Lochmoror head, a camp of the enemy laying on each side of us, and two different camps of the military before us. In the course of three nights we passed by four camps and twenty-five patroles, and some so nigh us that we heard them frequently spoken, without any food farther than a smal slice of salt cheese, and abundance of water.

The Thyrd morning we arrived near the top of a high mountain near Lochurn head, and found there a bit hollow ground, covered with long heather and brenches of Jung birch bushes, where we all five of us lay down to rest, almost fainting for want of food; these severe tryals and circumstance drew many heavy sighs from his poor oppressed heart. I informed him then that I had

time.—ED.

a leepy of groaten meal wrapt up in a Nepkin in my pocket, which, when I produced, made alwast alteration in the countenance of the whole of them. Come, come, says he, let us, in Gods name, have a share; never was people in more need. I expect soon to meet with plenty; so I divided the whole of it between us five; and they began to chat and crak heartily, after our refreshment. We perceived fourty of the military, with a Captn as there commander, laying at the foot of the mountain, all this time; we saw them visibly all allong, durst not move till dark night, for fear of being discovered, proceeded then on our jurny to the brays of Glenshiel; the darkest night ever in my life I traveled; and arrived within a mile of it by sunrise, quite exhausted with hunger and fatigue.

Glenaladil and I were then sent to the village in view to procure some provisions, and bought a stone of cheese and a half stone of buter, as we could get nothing else; immediately returned back where we left him, Donald Cammeron, and Glenaladil's brother; words cannot express the quantity we consumed of the buter and cheese at the time, though both kind exceeding salt. We met that day with one Donald M^cDonald, a Glengary lad, with whome we agreed to be our guide farther North, as Donald Cameron returned, after his refreshment, to look after his own family; and we passed the whole day, which was exceeding hot, in the face of a mountain, above a river that run throu Glenshiel; were all seized with such a druth, that we were all like to perish before sunset. He woud not allow any of us to move for water, though we might have bein provided within fourty yards to us, so cautious he was. At sunset we all went stagern to the river side, and drank water at no allowance; at same time we saw a boy coming towards us at some distance; Glenaladil and I went to meet him. This was a son of the honest M^cKra that furnished us with provision in the morning, whom his father sent with five Scots pints of goat milk for our relief. Glenaladil, who had all our bank in a purse hingen before him, gave the boy four shillings stel; and in the hurry he was in, he happened to drap his purse on the ground till he got his plead kilted on him; then we bad fareweel to the boy, and returned in great hast to our smal partie, who partook liberaly of the milk, then proceeded an English mile before we missed the purse, in which was a keeping fourty Luisdors and five shillings in silver, which was all we hade to depend upon for our subsistence; it was determined that Glen and I was to return in search of our smal stock. Found the purse and five shillings in it, in the spot we left it, and none of the gold; proceeded then about midnight to the boy's father's house, who at the time was sound sleeping, called him out, fairly told him what happened; without a minute dela he returned to the house, got hold of a rop hinging there, and griped his son by the arm in great passion, and addressed him in the following words: you damnd scoundrel, this instant get these poor gentlemens mony, which I am certain is all they have to depend upon, or, by the heavens, I'll hing you to that very tree you see this moment. The Boy shivereing with fear went instantly for the mony, which he had burried under ground about thyirty yards from his Fathers house.

During the time Glen and I spent about recovereing our smal fonds, the Prince and the two persons we left with him saw on the other side of Shiel river an officer to appearance, and three men with him; our smal partie hidd themselves by favour of some Aron bushes at the river side, but they were convinced they cou'd not miss to meet Glenaladil and me, and the consequence would be squabble between us, though he positively refused to inform us of the danger of meeting them, by one of them that was alongst with him, the night being quite clear and a seren sky. Notwithstanding our passing by one an other on each side of the river, neither of use observed the other, nor can I account for it.

Then we proceeded all night throu these muirs till ten of the clock next morning, stopt then till

the evening, without meeting with any particular accidents, excepting hearing some firing of guns not at a very great distance. The evening being very calm and warm, we greatly suffered by mites, a species of little creatures troublesome and numerous in the highlands; to preserve him from such troublesome guests, we wrapt his head and feet in his plaid, and covered him with long heather that naturally grew about a bit hollow ground we laid him. After leaving him in that posture, he uttered several heavy sighs and groans. We planted ourselves about the best we could.

Finding, then, nothing by appearance to disturb us, or enemy in our way, we proceeded on, and next night arrived in the brays of Glenmorison, called the Corrichido; perceived three or four small huts in the strath of the corry.

It was then determined upon by us to send Glenaladil's brother down to them, to know what they were; and when he understood them to be all McDonalds, and friends to the cause, except Patrick Grant Crosky, who was with them, and equally a friend to the cause, he addressed one of them, called John McDonald, *alias* McGoule vic Icadui, to goe with a cogfull of milk to Mr. McDonald of Glenaladil and McDonald of Greenfield, which letter was not there at same time. He instantly complied with his request; but to his greatest surprise, at the distance of nine yards from us, he knew the Prince to be there, his head being covered with a white night cape, and an old Bonnet above; at this unexpected sight, the poor man changed colours, and turned as red as blood, and addressed him in the following manner: I am sorry to see you in such a poor state, and hope if I live to see yet in a better condition, as I have seen you before at the head of your army, upon the green of Glasgow; all I can do is to continue faithful to you while I live, and am willing to leave my wife and children, and follow you wherever you incline going. After all this discourse was explained to the Prince, he said, taking him cheerfully by the hand, As you are a McDonald, whom I always found faithful to my cause, I shall admit you to my small party, and trust myself to you; and if ever it should be my lot to enjoy my own, you may depend upon being equally rewarded. One thing I beg leave to observe to you, says he, there is one large stone in the strath of this corry near these huts you see; under that stone forty men can accommodate themselves, and the best water in the highland runs thro' it, and a large void heather bed in it already made for your reception. I have a three year old stote I may slaughter for provision, till such time you refresh yourself and your party: there are four more neighbours and contrymen with me, as trusty as I, who can furnish us from the neighbouring countries with such necessaries of life as can be expected in such distressed time.

His advice was so agreeable that we all agreed to it without hesitation, and marched all with cheerfulness in our countenance to this new unexpected mansion, and found ourselves as comfortably lodged as we had been in a Royal palace. The other four men mentioned above came in, and after a short discourse, gave all cheerfully the oath of allegiance, after which they brought the stote and killed him; we then feasted, and lived there plentifully for three days and nights, till we found ourselves in danger, by one whom they generally styled the black Campbell, who had a party of militia within six miles to the place we was in; in that event we thought adviseable, to proceed to the Chissolms fir woods, where we and our whole party spent near a month in peace and plenty. At the root of one large tree we build for the Prince, Glenaladil, and me, one tent of fir branches; at the other side of the tree another one of a larger size. Two of our party was always employed in providing provisions; other two as outposts, enquiring for information. One honest tenant of the name of Chissolm, at the distance of a few miles from us, afforded us with meal, butter, and cheese, and flesh weekly; neither did we want for Aquavita and tobacco, which commodity we all

made use of. Nothing particular happened to us during our stay there.

But the Prince, anxious to find out Cameron of Lochiel, insisted upon our return towards that parte of his estate called Locharkeig. After a day or twos march, passed by the brays of Glenmorison, and arriveing to the brays of Glengarie about nightfall, the river Garie swelled to such a degree that we thought it unpassable. He still positively insisted upon giving it a tryal, which we did, and with the greatest difficulty, at the hasart of our lifes, succeeded, the night being very dark. Rested near the bank of the river, waet and cold; next day passed throu Glenkeinie, and stopt at a broken shelhouse above Auchnasaul. We then were out of provisions. We sent two of our partie to repair a smal hut, wherein Lochiel scolked for some time, but observing a Deer at the end of the hut, shut both at him at once and killed him. One of them returned to us withe these most agreable news, where we all in a bodie steered our course, and employed the whole night in dressing for him and ourselves parte of the venison. Next day we sent for Mr. Cameron of Cluns, and after passing two nights together, went to Torrvullen, opposite to Achnacarrie, Locheils principal place of residence once; killed a good highland cow; then Doctor Cameron and two french officer that landed some time before that in Pollew, in Rossyne, came to us, and Mr. Cameron of Cluns, and after passing two nights there, they came to the followeing resolution: viz. that the Prince, accompanied by Doctor Cameron, Glenaladil, the two French officer, with a few more, should be conveyed to Locheil, and that I shoud return to the west coast; and if any frigats from France should appear for the purpose of carreing him to goe aboard till he could be found dead or alive, and that Glenaladil is the person to be employed for procureing him, the Glenmorison lads to return home with his promise, If ever in his power he would make satisfaction for there losses and gratitue; so that very night I and John Glenaladil's brother made of for the west coast, and arrived there a few days after, and found all left behind us in the greatest distress for want of all necessarys of life, or houses to shelter us from the inclemency of the weather.

A fourtnight thereafter, in September, two frigats appeared coming to the harbour at Borrodil under English colours. My father and brother Ranald and I immediately hade recourse to the muirs, to avoid being apprehended, and appointed one Donald M^cDonald, in whom we hade great confidence, to wait there landing; and after nightfall, twelve french, with two officers at their hade, came to a smal hut we repaired some time before that for our own reception, as all our houses before that were all burned; the names of the officers were Jung Sheridan and Capn ONiel, who at there arrival, enquired for us all, as they knew us weel formerly, and wished much to have some disscourse of consequence with us. Upon our being informed of this, we appeared, and after a long conversation, were convinced of there sincerity, and oblidged them to produce there credentials from France, before we revealed any parte of our secrets to them.

Next day I went aboard one of the frigats; and my brother, accompanied by the two french officer, went to Glenaladil to acquaint him of there errand.

After a night's rest, they were desired by Glenaladil to return to there ships, and that he would goe in serch of the person they wanted, which he accordingly did, and in eight days returned with him to Borrodil, where he first landed; and after refreshing himself weel, directly went aboard, and with a fair wind set sail next morning for France, and left us all in a worse state than he found us. Locheil, his Brother Doctor Cameron, John Roy Stuart, the two first mentioned french officers, with one hundred more persons of some distinction, accompanied him, and took there passage alongst with him; he then seemed to be in good spirit, and addressed himself to such as stayed behind to live in good hopes, and that he expected to see us soon with such a force as would enable him to re-embures us for our losses and trouble; so that he ended as he began.

One material circumstance I cannot omit acquainting you of; that is, the battle fought between three British frigats and two french ones on the 3d of May after Cullodden batle. The french frigats landed the later end of April fourty thousand Louisdors, with some stand of arms and amunition, at the farm of Borrakil; government being informed of the same, despatched three of there own frigats to the place mentioned, in order to capture the Frenchman; present Lord Howe, then captn of the *Grayhound* frigate, was commodore of that smal squadron. They appeared in seight about four in the morning by the point of Ardmuchan, from whence they then visibly saw the french frigats; they were favoured with a favourable wind directly after them, and before the french hade time to rise there ankors, Captn Howe sliped in between the two french frigats, and gave a broadside to each of them with very great execution. The largest of the french frigats was disabled by broken her ruder, and was oblidged to lay by till seven o'clock in the afternoon: and the smal french frigate, after several attempts of bourding her, fairly escaped till then, and when soon the largest of them repaired the damage, went to her assistance. Captn Howe haveing run out of ammunition, sheered of about nightfall, and the french persued them for a leage, when they thought adviseable to return to there former situation. At two o'clock next morning they steered away for Barra head with a fair wind; the Ducke of Perth, and several other gentlemen, such as Lord John Drumond, Lockard of Carnwath, and many more took there passage to France. The batle leasted twelve hours, and we found on our shores fefteen frenchmen dead, not one Englishman in the number, as they threw none overboard of them till they came the lenth of the point of Ardmurchan. After that the gold was by a partie conveyed to Lochaber, and parte of the arms, by orders of secretar Morrow, and were then determined to gather and ran-devou there friends and weelwishers, which never happened since, nor by all appearance will.

APPENDIX II

CHRONOLOGICAL DIGEST of the NARRATIVES and PAPERS contained in the *Lyon in Mourning*, so far as these relate to the progress of the Rebellion and the movements of Prince Charles.

1745. January to May. Negotiation of John Blaw of Castlehill
in France, iii. 180, 181.

May, Mission of Alexander MacDonell, younger of Glengarry, to the Prince in France,
iii. 120. June-31 August. Journal of the Prince's Embarkation and arrival in Scotland, and until he
reached Blair Castle in Athole, by Aneas MacDonald, i. 281-294;
351-353.

June-17 Sept, . Journal by Duncan Cameron from the embarking of the Prince until he entered
Edinburgh, . . . i. 201-210.

July, Notes about the landing of the Prince
in Scotland, ii. 5,198; iii.

50-52.

10 September, . Letter from the Prince when at Perth, ii. 58-61.
The Prince's summons to Edinburgh to

surrender, i. 249.

Letter from the Prince to his father
after the battle of Prestonpans,

16 September,

21 September,

c. September, Consultations among the Highland chiefs,

3 October,

i. 211-215.

i. 146-148; ii.

5, 83-85;

iii. 120,121. iii. 122.

. Design to assassinate the Prince, . 17 October, . . Bond by Prince Charles to Hepburn of
Kingstoun, ii. 261, 262.

30 Oct.-16 April

1746, . . . Accounts of James Gib, Master of the Prince's Household, from the leaving of
Holyrood till the battle of Culloden, ii. 115-152.

1 Nov.-17 Jan.

1746, . . . An itinerary of the march from Holy- rood till the battle of Falkirk, kept by John
Goodwillie, . . . ii. 192-197.

November, . . Account of the seizing of the *Hazard* sloop of war in Montrose harbour, . iii.
18-21.

December, . . Incident of seeing the Prince at Derby, ii. 55-57.

18 Dec.-16 April

1746, . . . Account from the battle of Clifton to Culloden, ii. 86-93.

20 December, . Account of the skirmish at Inverurie, . ii. 344, 345.

1746.

17 January, . . Account of the battle of Falkirk, . ii. 127-129. 1 Feb.-13 Sept. Journal by John Cameron from the Prince's retreat from Stirling until his departure from Scotland, . . i. 83-101, 317, 318; iii. 101, 102.

1 Feb.-16 April. Narrative in handwriting of Rev. George Hay, from the retreat from Stirling till the battle of Culloden, . . ii. 268-280. 17 February, . The attempt to surprise the Prince at Moy, i. 149, 150; ii.

134-137; 245- 247.

16 Feb.-16 April. Account of the army's proceedings from the attempt at Moy to the battle of Culloden, by Colonel Ker of Graden, i. 355-364.

23 Feb.-April, . The Duke of Cumberland at Aberdeen, ii. 330, 331; iii. 168-179.

20 March, . . Account of the skirmish at Keith, . ii. 213-217. 15, 16 April, . Account of the battle of Culloden, by

Lord George Murray, . . . i. 254-267. 16 April, . . . Notes by James Gib, John Goodwillie, and Alexander Stewart, . . . ii. 160, 224,

225, 231.

15 April-24 June. Journal of the Prince's adventures by Captain O'Neil, from Culloden until his meeting with Flora MacDonald, . i. 102-114, 353

365-373. ,, ,, Journal by Donald MacLeod for the same period, i. 154-183, 268, 269.

15 April-24 June. Journal by Edward Burke for the same period, i. 189-196.

14 April-6 July. Account taken by Dr. Burton from the old Laird of MacKinnon and others from Culloden until the Prince returned to the mainland, . . . i. 66-82.

,, ,, Account by Captain Donald Roy MacDonald for the same period, . . iL 5-32; iii. 48, 49.

16 April-20 Sept. Joint Account by Captain Alexander Mac- Donald (Dalely's brother), MacDonald of Glenaladale, and young Clanranald, from the battle of Culloden till the Prince's departure from Scotland, . i. 321-354; ii.

362-365; iii. 8-10.

16 April-20 Sept John MacDonald's account of the same period, iii. 375-383.

June, Hugh MacDonald of Balshar's account of the Prince's sojourn in Uist, . i. 94-103.

22 June-1 July. Narrative by Flora MacDonald of the Prince's passage from Uist to Portree, i. 296-303. 29 June, . . . MacDonald of Kingsburgh's account of the Prince's coming to Kingsburgh, and stay there, . . . i. 117-124.

29 June-3 July. Narrative by Murdoch MacLeod as to the Prince in Rasay, . . i. 72-77.

30 June-6 July. Narrative by Captain Malcolm MacLeod who led the Prince to Strath, . . i. 130-142; iii.

48, 123.

4 July-7 July, . Narrative compiled by Mr. James Elphinstone of the Prince under the care of John MacKinnon, . . ii. 249-253. 5 July-7 July, . John MacKinnon's own narrative, . iii. 183-192. July, Narrative by Patrick Grant of the Prince's sojourn in Glenmoriston, . iii. 97-105, 109-112.

23 July, . . . Account by Donald Cameron of Glenpean, i. 317; iii. 90-

92. 1 August, . . Note by Cameron of Glenevis about the Prince at Locharkaig, . . . i. 124, 125. 29 Aug.-20 Sept Account by MacPherson of Strathmashie and others of the Prince's sojourn in Badenoch, ii. 375-380; iii.

38-48.

20 September, . Departure of the Prince from Scotland to France, i. 295; Hi. 62.

28 September, . Searching for the Prince at Leith and Boghall, ii. 106-lia

For notices of the Prince's marriage and of some of his movements abroad between 1752 and 1778, see . . iii. 128-end.

Aug.-Nov. 1746. Some papers connected with the trial and execution of the Jacobite prisoners at Carlisle and London, . . . i. 1-66.

ERRATA

Vol III p. 252, footnote, for 1767 *read* 1967

Vol III p. 337 ninth line from foot, *for* Mr. George James *read* Mr. George Innes

In the preface to vol. i. p. xx, Mrs. Forbes is erroneously made to survive her husband for about thirty years, that impression being conveyed from the letter inserted in p. xxi. In reality, Mrs. Forbes only survived her husband a very short time, for her testament, recorded 28th March 1776, states that she died in that year, her whole estate being valued at £12 sterling

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