

A genuine and true  
**JOURNAL**

Of the most miraculous  
**ESCAPE**

OF THE  
**Young Chevalier,**

From the Battle of *Culloden* to his landing in *France*;  
taken from the Mouths and Journals of the very Persons, who assisted him therein, partly wrote in *London*, and partly in *Scotland*.

To which is added, a short

**A C C O U N T**

Of what befel the Pr. in *France*, and the Manner of taking him Prisoner, and fending him to *Avignon*, and from his Departure thence, as supposed for *Poland*, &c. Together with a brief RELATION of what became of some of those who composed his Army.

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By an ENGLISHMAN.

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**L O N D O N:**

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THE  
P R E F A C E

**T**HE following relation, or journal of the young Chevalier's escape, was at first wrote out of curiosity, which I was induced to do, by having so many opportunities of conversing with the chief of the parties, who were instrumental in conducting, and assisting him in his escape, for which they were taken and detain'd prisoners for a considerable time, and were at last dismiss'd, without ever being examin'd at the cockpit or elsewhere by authority of the secretaries of state. Part was taken from those carried prisoners to London, and the rest from those in Scotland; but after the Pr. return to the continent of Scotland on the 6th of July, from the western isles, to his embarking for France, is taken from the rev. mr Cameron's journal, who accompanied him most of that time. The rest of the account, in relation to what befel him in France, and to his leaving Avignon, is taken from the best authorities publish'd, and from private letters sent to different places; many of which have not yet been made public, especially that, which gives the manner of taking, detaining as prisoner, and sending the Pr. out of France.

Thus much I thought proper to premise in order to convince the reader, that this relation is genuine and not composed of a very few facts, and the rest made up of falsities and fiction, the work of a fruitful brain, like those pamphlets entitled, Pr., The Wanderer, and The Chevalier, which last is one of the greatest impositions upon the public. For this reason, I have been strongly solicited, by all who have seen my historical

## The PREFACE.

*account, to publish it, which I should have done much sooner, had I not waited to see, if some abler writer would favour the world, with giving it a true relation of that most miraculous, and almost incredible, escape: The truth of which would have been much disputed, had not the different persons therein concerned been taken into custody; many of whom told general Campbell the same story, as is herein very circumstantially related, when they were taken before him in Scotland, all which I have endeavoured to tell in their own words, as near as I could, without altering their sense or meaning.*

*This I do, without the least regard to the censure of the hot-headed zealots, who make it tantamount to down-right disaffection, to assert that the young Chevalier has not a cloven foot, or something monstrous about him.*

*I think it is very extraordinary, that any people can be so weak as to imagine, that personal reflections, little mean aspersions, or idle malicious tales and insinuations, should be any support to a cause, or deprive the antagonists of the least share of their intrinsic merit; or that they should be so blind as to think of the getting the better in any thing, by misrepresentation and lies; which can produce nothing but errors and a mean opinion of the authors, in the eyes of all impartial men of sense and judgment: speaking what is just of a man is not approving his cause; that is entirely his own affair, in which he acts by the approbation of his conscience, and a firm belief of right in himself: And no persons of moderation or serious reflection would ever vilify any man's character, on that account, any more than they ought to do that of the person, who opposes him, upon the same principles. Virtue ought certainly to be rever'd, wherever it is found, and with how much reason so-*

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*ever the claim of the young Chevalier may be obnoxious, it follows not that his good qualities should be so too, or that we should deny our pity for those misfortunes to which he was born, and fall not on him through his own misconduct, but that of others. I shall therefore only add, that I have carefully avoided all kind of fulsome exaggerations, as well as all ungenerous invectives; wherefore I hope all will, read and judge without prejudice.*



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## True Journal &c.

**A**FTER the Highlanders gave way at the battle of Culloden, the Pr. was forced off the field by Major Kennedy and other officers, while the French forces and a few Scotch kept the Duke's army engaged for some time, to prevent any immediate pursuit.

Many gentlemen and others went to guard the Pr. safe off, and crossed the river Nairne four miles from Inverness; where a Council was held, and then it was agreed that Fitz-James's horse, and all other horsemen should go to Ruthven in Badenoch, except some few. Here it was the Pr. desired the Gentlemen to begin to separate, that their enemies might not so easily know what rout each of them should take: and accordingly, the Hon. Charles Boyd, Esq; second son to the Earl of Kilmarnock, and some others, kissed the Pr. hand, and went off on their respective routs.

The Pr. then, with some other gentlemen, proceeded on his journey, and the first place where he stopped, was at Tordarack, about nine miles from Inverness; but as there was no person at home, they all went to Aberarder, in M<sup>c</sup>Intosh's country, three miles further; thence to Faroline in Lovat's country, five miles; and thence one mile more to Castle-laige, or Gortulaige; where they met Lord Lovat, and drank two or three glasses of wine.

Here Lord Elcho took his leave, and set forwards for Kinlock-moidart, where he arrived a few days after the battle; not a little disgusted, that other Officers would not be led by him in every thing.

There came hither with the Pr. Sir Thomas Sheridan, Sir David Murray (one of the Pr. Aid de camps) Sullivan, Alexander MacLeod (one of the Pr. Aid de camps, and son of Mr. John M<sup>c</sup>Leod, advocate) John Hay (who was secretary in Murray's sickness or Absence) Edward Burk (Alexander M<sup>c</sup>Leod's man, Mr. Hay's man, and Allan MacDonald, a priest, who went as a guide.

About ten o'clock at night, the Pr. and his few attendants, proceeded on their journey. They arrived at Glengary, or Invergary castle, about four or five o'clock in the morning and found only one man, who said, Glengary and his family were abroad, and had left no provisions or furniture in the house; so the Pr. was obliged to lie on the floor without any refreshment.

When day-light appeared, Edward Burk above-mentioned saw a net, which he drew in the water and caught two salmons, on which they dined very well.

Here all the company took their leaves of the Pr. and went to Arnaby, except Sullivan, Allan M<sup>c</sup>Donald, and Edward Burk, whom M<sup>c</sup>Leod left to be the Pr. guide.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, the Pr. set forward with his three companions, having dressed himself in Burk's cloaths, and went to Donald Cameron's at Glen-Bean, in Lochiel's country, where they arrived about nine in the at night.

On the 18th, the Pr. went to Mewboll, in Clanronald's country, where he stayed all night, was well entertained, and got some sleep, which he had not had for five days and nights; his army having been under arms, marching and counter-marching without sleep, or much meat for 48 hours before the battle.

The next day, being the 19th, the Pr. waited some hours in hopes of getting intelligence of some of his friends after their defeat; but hearing nothing, he was obliged to set out on foot (the horse road not only being about, but so bad, as to be scarce, if at all passable), he therefore, walked over almost inaccessible mountains to the Glen of Morar, or Kenlock Morar, and thence to Glen-Beisdale, or Boradale, in Arasaig, Clanronald's country, through as bad ways as can be conceived. Hither Mr. Æneas M<sup>c</sup>Donald, the banker, came to meet the Pr. who had wrote to him for that purpose, and returned again the same night to his brother's house at Kinlock Moidart. About two days after this, Lord Elcho and Oneil got to Kinlock Moidart.

Here the Pr. waited several days, 'till Captain Oneil came to him, by Sir Thomas Sheridan's directions,

and told him, that all hopes of drawing his troops together again were now over; upon which he resolved at last to go to the western islands, whence, he thought, he could get a vessel to France.

Strong were the debates about leaving the Continent of Scotland, and going to the isles: The Highlanders endeavoured to dissuade the Pr. from undertaking so dangerous a step; but, at last, Sullivan, whose advice had injured his master more than once, prevailed upon him to go, asserting the great probability of getting a ship there soon, and the great danger of staying where they were; but the Pr. following this advice, had like to have lost his life many ways, as we shall find in the sequel.

In one day three several messengers got to Donald McLeod (who had been with Mr. Æneas McDonald to the isles, to fetch some money from the isle of Barra, and was returning when the battle was ended) these three were sent, lest any of them should have missed McLeod. Their errand was to desire McLeod would go to the Pr. at Boradale.

Pursuant to this summons, Donald went, and in going thro' a wood, on the 20th or 21st of *April*, met the Pr. walking alone. The Pr., seeing Donald, went up to him boldly, and asked him, "if he was Donald McLeod of Gualtergil, in the isle of Skie;" *yes*, said Donald; then said the Pr., "You see the distress I am in, I therefore throw myself into your bosom, and do with me what you like, *I am your Prince.*"

In repeating these words, the poor old man burst into a flood of tears and said, *I hope, Sir*, (meaning the person he was telling this to) *you'll pardon me, for*

*who can forbear weeping in relating so sad a Subject? Donald having wiped his eyes, proceeded, and said, he told the Pr., That as he (M<sup>c</sup>Leod) was old, he was afraid he could not be of any service to the Pr. but yet was willing to do what he could. Then, says the Pr. I desire you will go with these letters from me to Sir Alexander M<sup>c</sup>Donald and the Laird of M<sup>c</sup>Leod; for I am persuaded that those gentlemen, notwithstanding what they have done, will yet endeavour to protect me.*

This last declaration of the Pr. struck Donald with surprize, and he immediately told the Pr. *He would do any thing for him [the Pr.] except that: Because, says Donald, your Highness knows they have played the R—e already, and you must not trust them again; for at this very time they are in search for you, with their forces, within ten or twelve miles of you, if they come by sea, though it be more by land; and therefore the sooner you remove from this place the better.*

Upon Donald's refusal as above, the Pr. said, *As you are a good pilot, I desire then, that you will conduct me through the islands to some safer place than this;* which Donald M<sup>c</sup>Leod readily agreed to; and accordingly procured an eight-oared boat, late the property of John M<sup>c</sup>Donald, son of Æneas or Angus M<sup>c</sup>Donald of Boradale. This John was either killed at the battle of Culloden, or murdered the next day; for he has never been heard of since. Donald MacLeod also bought a pot to boil meat in, when they should arrive on shore, and a firloft (that is four pecks or a quarter of a bowl) of meal, which was all the provision he could get there.

On the 26th, they went on board in the twilight in the evening, at Locknanua, in Boradale, being the very same place where the Pr. first landed on the continent of Scotland, and Boradale's house was the first he entered. There were in the boat the Pr. Oneil, Sullivan, Allan MacDonald, of Clanronald's family, and Donald MacLeod, who was pilot, and betwixt whose knees the Pr. sat. The names of the boatmen were, Roderick MacDonald; Lauchlan McMurrish; Roderick Macaskill; John Macdonald; Murdoch Macleod, son to the pilot; Duncan Roy; Alexander Macdonald, and Edward Burk (who had conducted the Pr. from the battle of Culloden to this place). The above Murdoch Macleod was then only fifteen years old, and when he heard of the speedy appearance of a battle, provided for himself a claymore [broad sword] a dirk [small dagger] and a pistol, and went to the battle of Culloden; whence he escaped, though hurt; and hunting out the Pr. all the way, followed him, and here met both the Pr. and his own father very well.

I can't help remarking here, that the Pr. must have been greatly beloved in this country, when this lad could hunt him out so as to find him, and the military folks never could; so backward were people to tell where the Pr. was, when his life was in danger.

When they were about to go into the boat, Donald Macleod begged the Pr. would not go that night because it would prove a storm: But the Pr. was so anxious to be gone, that he was determined to set forwards.

They had not gone far before the storm, which Donald foresaw at a distance, reached them; and was

greater than Donald had ever seen before, though always a sea-faring man on that coast: But with this additional grief, that it rained most violently all the time they were out: And what was still worse they had neither pump nor compass with them, and the night was as dark as possible, insomuch that none of them knew where they were. This increased their fears, lest they should be driven on the isle of Sky, where the militia were in arms: But next morning, as the light increased, they discovered they were on the coast of the Long Isle, (as that chain of isles is commonly called here) where, about seven o'clock in the morning with great difficulty, they landed at a point of land called Rushness, in the NE part of the isle of Benbicula, and hawled their boat on shore to dry land; having run 22 leagues in eight hours: a most extraordinary quick voyage. This isle lies in 57 degrees 40 min N. Lat. is about five miles long from east to west, and three broad from north to south, and lies betwixt north and south Uist islands.

Thus this storm, which the whole crew thought a great misfortune at first, was one of the most providential things that could befall them; for it prevented any immediate attempt to follow the Pr., and if any boats were out and could get into a secure place, they would certainly put in, rather than run such an apparent hazard of being drowned, which nothing but the immediate hand of providence could prevent, especially in an eight oared open boat crowded and overloaded with thirteen people. So ready is the frailty of human nature to find fault with what providence sends as a real good! At this time, very lucky for the

Pr. the Duke of Cumberland and his army thought he had sailed for Saint Kilda in the north; a place so remote, that no suspicion would be readily entertained of the Pr. being there. This place belongs to the Laird of McLeod, and the people there pay their rents in feathers of the Solan Geese, for which that Laird's factor goes thither annually.

The Duke of Cumberland imagining that the Pr. was gone to Saint Kilda, sent General Campbell with as considerable a force as could be conveyed by the fleet then present.

On sight of this fleet, the inhabitants fled to hide themselves in the cliffs of the rocks, being terrified, having never seen such a sight before.

Some of the forces being landed, inquired of such of the inhabitants as they could find, what was become of the Pretender; to whom these poor creatures replied, That they had never heard of such a person. They had heard a report that their laird [MacLeod] had lately been at war with a woman a great way abroad, but that he had got the better of her; and that was all they knew of the affairs of the world. So the General then returned *re infecta*.

The Pr. here, in Benbicula, got on shore into an uninhabited hut, and helped to make a fire to warm the crew, who were almost starved to death with cold and wet. The storm continued for fourteen hours after they landed.

Here the Pr. bought a cow for thirty shillings, and immediately shot her; and had some of her boiled in the pot which Donald Macleod had bought. After which the Pr. lay down on the floor, having no other

bed than an old sail cloth, and slept very sound; but the crew were obliged to keep a good look out, lest they should be surprized by any party of men.

They stayed two nights in this place, so that on the 29th in the evening, the weather being favourable, they set sail about six o'clock, for Stornway, in the island of Lewis, in north lat 58 d. 8 m., where Donald Macleod did not dispute but he should be able to procure a proper vessel to convey the Pr. safe into France. They took some of their beef with them, and set sail, but meeting with another storm, they were obliged to put into the isle of Scalpa or Glass, near the Harris, belonging to the Laird of Macleod, which is about 14 leagues north of Benbicula. This island is about one mile long and half a mile broad.

Here, they all went on shore about two hours before daylight on the 30th in the morning, but passed for merchants shipwrecked in their voyage to the Orkneys: the Pr. and Sullivan going by the name of Sinclair, the latter for the father and the former for the son; and were well entertained at one Donald Campbell's house, a farmer.

The next day, May 1st. Donald Macleod, so often mentioned, procuring a boat of his friend Campbell, went to Stornway with instructions to freight a vessel for the Orkneys.

On the 3d of May the Pr. received a message from Mr Macleod, That a ship was ready. The next day therefore, the Pr. having got another boat with four men, and landed at Loch Shefort in Mackennin's country, where Allan Macdonald took his leave, and went for South Uist.

The Pr. having then Oneil, Sullivan, and his guide with him, set out on foot for Stornway, which is about thirty miles by land; and arrived at the point of Arynish, about half a mile S. East from Stornway, on the fifth about noon: Having travelled eighteen hours on the hills in a wet stormy night, without any kind of refreshment, and were misled by their guide, either thro' ignorance or design, having conducted them eight miles out of the way, when they might have avoided that trouble, by crossing the ferry from Scalpa to the Harris, which is about a quarter of a mile over. This, though they then thought it a misfortune, yet proved to be the very providential means of preventing the Pr. from being taken, which, had they arrived there sooner, would have been the case; as we shall see presently.

From this place, the Pr. sent his guide to Donald McLeod at Stornway, desiring he would send some brandy, bread, and cheese, for they were almost starved and famished. The faithful Donald soon brought it himself to the Pr. and his two companions on the moor, all wet to the skin, and much wearied with their journey: Wherefore Donald took them to Lady Kildun's (MaKenzie) at Arynish, to wait there 'till everything should be ready for setting sail: Being wearied the Pr. went to sleep.

This done, Donald McLeod returned to Stornway, but was greatly surprized to find the men there rising in arms, above 200 having already got up. Donald, not knowing what was the occasion of this rising, went directly into the room, where the Gentlemen were, who had taken upon them the rank of Officers, and asked

them, *What was the matter?* on which they immediately began to curse him, saying, *We hear the Pr. is upon Lewis, and not far from Stornway, coming with 500 men, to burn the town, and take away our cattle, &c. and to force a vessel from Stornway, to carry him to France.* Donald replied, *I think you are all mad, where the devil could the Pr. in his present condition, get either 500 or 100 men?* They replied, *That Mr. John McAulay, a Presbyterian minister in South Uist, had wrote this to his father in the Harris; and the father had sent the same to Mr. Collin Mackenzie, minister in the Lewis*<sup>1</sup>. Well, then, says Donald, *since you know the Pr. is already in the island, I own he is; but he's so far from having any forces, that he has only two companions, and when I am there, I make a third: And let me tell you farther, Gentlemen, if Seaforth himself was here, he durst not, by G—d, put a hand to the Pr. breast.*

Upon this, the Mackenzies declared *That they had no intention to do the Pr. any, even the least harm; or to meddle with him at present in any shape; but then desired, he might leave them and go to the continent or anywhere else:* The wind being fair, Donald Macleod then desired a pilot; but they refused him one. Donald then returned to the Pr. and gave him a full and honest account, how matters stood; on which they were all at a loss what steps to take. Some proposed to fly to the moor; but the Pr. replied, *He would not, I'll*

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<sup>1</sup> This isle of Lewis belongs to Lord Seaforth, and is inhabited by the Mackenzies.

*stand my ground, said he, for if we fly, our enemies may be encouraged to pursue.*

Now the reader may observe, that had not the Pr. been taken out of the way eight miles by the guide, he would have been in the town of Stornway, when Mr. Macaulay's letter to Mr. Collin Mackenzie arrived; and then the people would have risen upon him, and have either killed him in their fury, or taken him prisoner; Both which he thus providentially escaped.

At this time, the Pr. Oneil, and Sullivan, had only six shirts amongst them, and were frequently obliged to strip off the wet ones, before the others were half dry.

Two of the four boatmen had fled up to the moor, upon seeing the people rising at Stornway; and the other two went off to sea with the boat.

While they were at Lady Kildun's, they killed a cow, for which the Pr. would have paid, but she at first refused, 'till the Pr. insisted upon it. When they left the place, they took some of the cow with them, two pecks of meal, and plenty of brandy and sugar; and at parting, Lady Kildun gave Edward Burk a lump of butter. This man was generally cook, but the Prince was the best cook, and made them a cake or bread of the brains of the cow, mixed up with meal, and baked it upon a stone before the fire.

They stayed here all night, about two o'clock in the morning, being the 6th of May, the two boatmen returned with the boat: And as soon as day light appeared they got into the boat and rowed away with only two boatmen, the other not returning from the moor.

The Pr. and company resolved to go in Donald Campbell's boat to the Orkneys, but the men would not venture; so they were obliged to steer South along the coast side, hoping to meet with better success: But they soon espied two English ships, which obliged them to put into a desert island, called Euirn or Iffurt, being about half a mile long and as much broad; and is twelve miles distant from Stornway, and lies a little north of Scalpa, or Glass.

At this place there were some fishermen, who, taking the Pr.'s boat to be a press boat, belonging to the men of war, ran away, leaving their fish, pots, &c. The fishermen of Lewis dry their fish here upon the rock: Some of which the Pr. and company found, and was a feast for them. The Pr. at first was going to put some money, whence he took the fish, as pay for them, but recollecting that it would show the fishermen, that some person of note had been there, and might thereby be attended with bad consequences, he thought proper to put his money up again into his pocket.

They staid on this island 'till the 10th, lying in a low pitiful hut like a hogsty, belonging to the fishermen: so ill roofed, that they were obliged to spread the boat's sail over the top of it, and lie upon the bare floor; keeping watch by turns.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon on the 10th of May, they embarked for Harris, taking about two dozen of fish with them, and got to Scalpa or Glass, to their hospitable farmer's again; and in that place offered money to some men for a boat, it being safer and better than that which they had, but the men rejected the offer.

No wind serving, they thence were obliged to row; but about break of day on the 11th, the wind rising, they hoisted sail; and wanting food, made Drammack (in Erse Stappack,) with salt water mixed with meal; of which the Pr. ate heartily. The Pr. then called for a bottle of brandy, and gave a dram to each person.

Soon after this, they were chas'd by an English ship, commanded by Capt. Ferguson; but made their escape among the rocks at the point of Roudil, in the Harris, in Macleod's country. The ship followed 'em three leagues: They then kept close on shore and sailed to Lochmaddy to the South of the Uist; thence to Lochniskiway, in Benbicula, and thence to an island in that Loch, called Loch-Escaby, where they arrived about four in the afternoon.

In this voyage they were within two musket shot of the ship before they saw her at Finslay in the Harris: They were to the windward and the ship was in the mouth of the bay; so they made all the haste they could to the coast of Benbicula.

In this course, they saw another ship in Lochmaddy in North Uist. They had scarce got on shore when the wind very remarkably turned quite contrary, and blew and rained very hard and drove the ships that were pursuing, quite off. At this the Pr. said, *I see providence will not let me be taken alive this time.*

It being now low water, one of the boatmen went among the rocks and caught a partan, [a Crab Fish] which he held up to shew to the Pr. in great joy. The Pr. then took up a Cog [a Wooden Pail] in his hand and running to the boatmen, desired to partake of his diversion, and they soon filled the Cog.

There was no house, cottage, or hut, nearer than two miles, and that only a poor hut, whither they resolved to go.

When they set out, the Pr. took up the Cog full of Partans, and march'd away with it: But the faithful Donald Macleod soon ran after him, and desired leave to carry it, but the Pr. would not let him, saying, *If I carry this, Donald, then every one of the company will take more or less of our small baggage, and so it will be more easily divided amongst us; therefore I'll not part with this:* And accordingly he carried it.

When they came to the hut, it was so low that they were obliged to creep into it upon their hands and knees: Wherefore Edward Burk was ordered to dig part of the ground away to make it easier to get into.

At this hut, the Laird of Clanronald went to pay his respects to the Pr. and promised him all the assistance he could give him to get him safe out of the kingdom; towards which his Lady afterwards assisted, for she sent the Pr. six good shirts, some brandy and wine, and everything else that was necessary and comfortable, as we shall see in the sequel.

On the 16th it was thought proper that the Pr. should remove from this nasty hut and go 16 miles farther into the country, as far as the mountain of Curradel or Coradale, in South Uist, and there wait till fortune would be more favourable, having first sent Donald Macleod, in Campbell's boat to the continent of Scotland, with letters to Lochiel, and John Murray, the Secretary, to know how affairs stood; and Donald was to carry cash and brandy back with him to the Pr.

Donald met Lochiel and Murray at the head of Loch Arkaig: But got no money at all from Murray who said, *He had none to give, having only sixty Louis d'ors for himself.*

Donald having received his letters from Lochiel and Murray for the Pr. purchased two anchors of brandy, at one guinea each anchor, with much difficulty. *At this time, says Donald, the Pr. looked upon Murray as one of his honest firm friends: But, alas! how he was mistaken!*

Donald immediately returned, and found the Pr. at Curradel, where he left him, having been eighteen days away upon this expedition; but found him in a better hut, and having two cowhides placed upon four sticks to prevent the rain from falling upon him when asleep. During McLeod's absence, the Pr. diverted and supported himself and company, with hunting, shooting, and fishing; for he used often to go down to the foot of the hill upon the shore, and there go on board a small boat, which was rowed a little way, and then with hand lines caught Lyths, somewhat like a young Cod. The Pr. also used to shoot deer, and other game.

It is surprizing to think that the Pr. could be kept safe, above three weeks, in such a place, when upwards of 100 people knew where he was, and his enemies were daily out upon the scout on all sides. Both Clanronald and his brother Boisdale saw the Pr. at Curradel.

The militia, about this time, went to the island of Iraski, lying between the islands of Barra and South Uist, which is about three miles long and one broad, and is the very first British ground the Pr. landed at.

The militia, I say, having got thither, obliged the Pr. and company to think of parting and shifting their quarters.

On the 14th of June, the Pr. Oneil, Sullivan, Edward Burk and his pilot Donald Macleod sailed from the foot of Curradel in Campbell's boat, and landed in Ouia or Fovaya, an island lying between South Uist and Benbicula.

Here they staid four nights, and on the 18th, the Pr. Oneil, and a guide went to Rushness, and Sullivan and Macleod were left in Ouia. Here the Pr. staid two nights; and then received information that the militia were coming towards Benbicula; on this he found it necessary to get back again to the foot of Curradel: But he scarce knew what to do, as the militia boats had been some time between Ouia and Rushness. Donald Macleod and Sullivan hearing of this, set sail in the night, and brought the Pr. from Rushness to Curradel again; but meeting with a violent storm and heavy rain, they were forced into Uishness-point, two miles and a half North of Curradel, called Achkirsidedallich, a rock upon the shore, in a cleft of which they took up their quarters; this storm lasted a whole day.

At night finding their enemies within two miles of them, they sailed again, and arrived safely at Celiestiella, from whence they steered for Loch-Boisdale; when one on board swore there was a long-boat before them in their way, and no doubt full of marines, so would go no farther; although Donald Macleod was positive on the contrary, assuring them, that it was nothing but a little rock in the water, which he knew very well, and which had the appearance of a boat at a

distance; But yet the sailors would not believe him; and returned to Celiestiella, and staid there that night, and next day got to Loch-Boisdale, where they got the disagreeable news of Boisdale's being made a prisoner, &c. When they first set out, from Curradel for Loch-Boisdale, they espied three sail within cannon shot of the shore by break of day, and therefore were obliged to return back again to Celiestiella, in South Uist.

One day, as the Pr. was sailing up and down Loch-Boisdale, Donald Macleod asked the Pr. 'If he once got the c—n, what he would do with Sir Alexander Macdonald, and the Laird of Macleod;' *Oh Donald,* said the Pr. *are they not our own people still, let them do what they will? It is not to be imputed as their fault for what they have done; but it is altogether owing to the power President Forbes has over their judgments in these matters. Besides,* continues he, *if ever the K-- was r-d, we should be as sure of them for friends as any other whomsoever, they being for those in power. I blame, indeed,* says the Pr. *young Macleod much more than his father, for he was introduced to me in France, and solemnly promised me all the service in his power; but when put to the trial did not perform the least tittle of it.*

While they were here, Donald Macleod espied two sail, which they took for French ships, but they proved to be English men of war; which, however, gave them no trouble.

Here the Pr. rested some days, and found himself in a most desperate situation, for he had got intelligence that Captain Caroline Scot had landed at Kilbride,

within less than two miles of him. This obliged the Pr. to part from his constant attendants, Sullivan, his faithful pilot Donald Macleod, and his guide Edward Burk, and all the boat's crew; keeping only Oneil; and two shirts was all their baggage.

When he parted with Donald Macleod, it was with a full resolution to meet again at a certain place, but by different roads; Donald then went South about, but all the men left him, except one; upon which he was obliged to sink the boat and shift as well as he could for himself.

The others, after parting with the Pr. staid in the field two nights, having only the sails of the boat for a cover. On the third night, they went farther into the Loch, and rested thereabouts for other two nights, when they got sight of some of the Red Coats; which then forced them to the north side of the Loch.

On the 5th of July, Donald Macleod was taken prisoner, by Allan Macdonald of Knock in Slate, in the isle of Sky, a Lieutenant, who at the same time took Mr. Macdonald of the family of Glenaladale, and Mr. Forrest, a Romish Priest.

They were carried from place to place, and at last to Applecross Bay, in the isle of Sky; and there put on board the Furnace, Captain Ferguson. Donald Macleod was immediately carried into the cabin to General Campbell, who examined him very circumstantially.

The General asked him, if he had been along with the young Pretender? *Yes*, (said Donald) *I winna deny it—Do you know*, said the General, *what money was upon that Gentleman's head? No less than 30,000l.*

*Sterling; which would have made you and your family happy forever. What then?* replied Donald, *what though I had gotten it, I could not had enjoyed it for twa days; conscience would have gotten the better of me; And although I could have gotten all England and Scotland for my pains, I would not have allowed a hair of his Body to be touch'd, if I could hinder it; since he threw himself under my care.* The General said, *He could not much blame him.* Or words to that effect.

Donald was conveyed on board a ship to Tilbury Fort, and thence removed to London, and at last was discharged out of a messenger's hands, (where he had been but a little time,) on the 10th of June, 1747, which he said he would ever after celebrate as the day of his deliverance.

Edward Burk after parting with the Pr., went over North Strand to North Uist, his native country; where he skulked in a hill called Eval, for near seven weeks; twenty days of which he had not any meat, except Dilse and Lammocks [a kind of Shell-Fish.] About this time a paper had been read in all the kirks, strictly forbidding all persons to give so much as a mouthful of meat to any Rebel, upon penalty of making them suffer very severely.—Thus the place appointed to preach the doctrine of Christ, was prostituted to prevent any person from feeding the hungry, or cloathing the naked, &c. *If these be Presbyterian Tenets, Good Lord deliver us from them.*

After various distresses, occasioned chiefly by this order, he at last was obliged to hide himself in a cave, in North Uist, where he was fed by a Shoemaker's wife

in the night; and after various troubles, is now safe in Edinburgh, not being excepted in the general act of grace.

Donald Macleod says, 'That the Pr. never slept above three or four hours at a time; and in the morning calling for a chopin [a quart] of water, which he drank off at once; first instilling a few drops out of a little bottle; which indeed he did into everything that he drank.'

Thus far, Reader, this account is taken from the journals and from the mouths of both Donald Macleod and Edward Burk in Scotland; which after it was wrote down was read to them, and acknowledged to be true and just.

The Pr. having only Oneil with him, now retired to the mountains, where he lay that night, being June the 18th, and next day he received information, That General Campbell was at Bernarey, an island about two miles long and one broad, lying between North Uist and the Harris, belonging to the Macleods.

The Pr. had military forces now on both the land sides of him, and the sea on the other, without any kind of vessel to venture to sea in securely.

In this perplexity, Oneil thought proper to apply to a young lady, called Flora Macdonald, who was gone to her brother's at Melton, in South Uist, from the isle of Sky, to make him a visit; here Oneil having some little acquaintance with this young lady, proposed to her to assist the Pr. to escape from thence.

Miss Flora Macdonald is daughter of -- Macdonald of Melton, in the island of Uist, descended from Clanronald's family. Her father died when she was but

one year old, and left one son and her. Her mother married again to one Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, in the isle of Sky; and has by him two sons and two daughters. This gentleman was esteemed the strongest man of the name Macdonald.

Miss Flora is about twenty-four years of age, of a middle stature, well shaped, a very pretty agreeable person, of great sprightliness in her looks, and abounds with good sense, modesty, good nature and humanity.

Oneil desired this Lady to go along with him to the Pr. and to concert with him, what would be the best to be done. She objected very much at first, for reasons; which she offered: But Oneil convincing her, that the Pr. situation would not admit either of his going to her, or of any long delay; she then at last complied, and taking her faithful servant, Neil Mackechan with her, she accompanied the Captain to the Pr. where everything necessary was concerted, and Miss promised to use her utmost to put their scheme in execution, provided another method failed, which she then contrived for them, and then she returned to Melton again. Oneil promised to get about what she had proposed immediately, and to let Miss Macdonald know the answer. Oneil tried, but could not bring the other scheme to bear; so he then went to Melton to acquaint Miss MacDonald therewith, who ordered him to return back to the Pr. with a message.

Pursuant to the plan laid down, Miss Flora set forwards on Saturday, June 21st, for Clanronald's house, to get things necessary for the Pr.'s disguise, &c. In going to cross one of the fords, she and her man, Neil

Mackechan were taken prisoners, by a party of militia, because they had no passports. She demanded to see their officer; but being told he would not be there 'till next morning, she asked what his name was; and then finding he was her step-father, she chose to stay there all night, 'till he should arrive next day, rather than answer their questions: So she was carried into the guard-room, and kept prisoner, 'till relieved by her father in law, who arrived in the forenoon, on Sunday, June 22d, and was not a little surprized to see Miss Flora in custody.

Miss Macdonald took him aside, and told him, What she was about, and desired a passport for herself, her man M<sup>c</sup>Kechan, and for one Betty Burk, a woman, who was a good spinner; and as her mother had a great quantity of line to spin, she also desired a letter to recommend Betty Burk to her; all of which her father-in-law consented to; and then Miss proceeded on her journey to Clanronald's house, where she acquainted Lady Clanronald with the design, who was ready to give all the assistance in her power.

Here Miss stayed 'till Friday the 27th, during which time, Oneil passed and repassed several times with messages betwixt the Pr. Lady Clanronald and Miss Flora.

The time appointed being come, Lady Clanronald, another Macdonald, Miss Flora, and her man Mackechan, conducted by Oneil, all went to the Pr. was, at eight miles distance, and carried with them the Pr. new dress, and some other things to serve him in his voyage; particularly, a part of a bottle of white wine, being all that the military people had left

Clanronald. This the Pr. took especial care of, and would not take one drop of it, but preserved it for his female guide.

When they arrived there the Pr. was in a little hut or house, assisting in the roasting his dinner, which was the heart, liver and kidneys of a sheep or bullock, upon a wooden spit.

Oneil introduced the Pr. visitors to him; where they dined, and at table the Pr. placed Miss Flora on the right, and Lady Clanronald on his left hand; and all the company eat very heartily.

Next morning they heard of General Campbell's arrival at Benbicula; and soon after, a servant came in a great hurry to Lady Clanronald, and acquainted her, *That Captain Fergusson with an advanced party of the Campbell's men, were at her house; and that the Captain lay in her bed last night.*

This obliged her to return immediately; so, after taking leave of the Pr. she set forwards to her own house, where she was scarce arrived, before Fergusson began to examine her very strictly; *Where have you been?* says he. She replied, *To see a child that has been sick, but is now better again.* The Captain asked many more questions, such as, *Where the child lived? how far it was off from thence? &c.* Lady Clanronald was taken prisoner soon after, and put on board a man of war: And her husband was taken and put on board another, and conveyed to the Thames, where after lying some time, they were carried up to London, and detained there, in custody of a messenger; the first at Mr. Money's, and the latter was, on the 1st of November, taken into the custody of Mr. William

Dick; along with his brother of Boisdale, Captain Malcolm Macleod, and Roger Macneal of Barra, Esq; In June following, both he and his Lady were dismissed, without being asked a question. At the same time Mr. Dick brought from on board of ship, John Gordon, Esq; eldest son of the famous Glenbucket, who was accused of reviewing his father's troops; altho' by the help of Dr. T-r, he had been quite blind for six years before; He was also discharged in June following, without being asked any questions.

Lady Clanronald and the other Macdonald being gone, Miss Flora told the Pr. to prepare, for it was time to go; on which, Oneil begged hard to go with them, but Miss Flora would on no account consent, because there would be too many of them together, and they might therefore be the more taken notice of; so the Pr. and he took leave of each other in an affectionate manner.

The company being gone, Miss Macdonald desired the Pr. *to put on his new attire*, which was soon done; and at a proper time, they removed their quarters and went near the water-side, where the boat was nigh at hand a-float, to be ready to embark in, in case of any sudden attack from the shore.

Here they arrived in a very wet condition, and made a fire upon a piece of rock, to keep themselves warm 'till night. They had not been here long before they were alarmed by four wherries full of armed men, approaching towards the shore: At this sight, they extinguished their fire, as fast as they could, and concealed themselves in the heather. Their fears on this account were, however, soon over, for the wherries sailed by,

to the southward, within gun-shot of where they lay, without ever stopping.

On the 28th of June, about eight o'clock in the evening, they set out in very clear weather, but had not gone above a league, before the sea became very rough, and at last tempestuous. The Pr., finding Miss and the sailors began to be uneasy at their situation, sung them several songs, among the rest an old song made many years ago for the 29<sup>th</sup> of May: By this, and some merry stories, the Pr. kept up their spirits very well.

Next morning the boatmen knew not where they were, having no compass, and the wind having varying several times in the night, tho' it was then again calm: At last however they made a point of Waternish in the west corner of Sky, where they soon tried to land, but found the place possessed by a body of forces; who had also three boats or yawls near the shore: A man on board of one of these boats fired at the Pr. and company to make them bring to; but they rowed away as fast as they could, being all the chance they had to escape, because there were several men of war within sight; which would inevitably have followed, had it not been providentially very calm, and the ships were at some distance; the militia in the three boats, for want of oars, could not pursue; but however they sent up to alarm the people in a small town not far off. Notwithstanding the storm, Miss Macdonald was so fatigued, that she fell asleep on the bottom of the boat; the Pr. observing it, sat close by her and defended her, lest any thing should fall upon her; or that any of the

boatmen in the dark, should step upon her; but the sea was so rough, she could not sleep long.

They got safe into a creek or cliff in a rock, and there remained to rest the men, who had been all night at work, and at the same time to get some refreshment; however, as soon as they could, they set forward again, lest the alarm given to the village should bring down the people upon them, which would have been the case had they staid, for they had not gone far, before they observed the people approaching to the place they had so lately left.

From this place they went and landed at Kilbride in Troternish in the isle of Sky, about twelve miles north from the above-mentioned point. In this neighbourhood there were also several militia in search of the Pr. whose commanding officer was at Sir Alexander Macdonald's, the very house Miss Flora was going to; but she did not know the officer was there until she saw him.

At the boat here, Miss Macdonald left the Pr. and went with her man to Mogstod or Mungestod, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald; but he was not at home, being then with the Duke of Cumberland: Miss sent into the room to Lady Margaret (Sir Alexander's lady) to let her know she was come, having before apprised my Lady of her errand, by one Mrs. Macdonald who went a little before Miss Flora for that purpose.

Miss was soon introduced into the room where the company were, amongst whom was the commanding officer of the forces in that neighbourhood, who after some time, asked Miss, *Whence she came? Which rout she was going? And what news she heard? &c.*

all which she answered as she thought proper, and very readily, so that he had not the least suspicion at that time, of what Miss was about, especially as he saw when she went away, that she had only one servant with her, who, he was certain could not be the Pr.

Miss Macdonald, having told Lady Margaret where she had left the Pr. and the situation he was in, my Lady was at a loss what to do; but as Mr. Macdonald of Kingsborough, Sir Alexander's steward or factor, was in the house, she applied to him, and desired he would conduct the Pr. to Kingsborough; which he readily complied with, and sent a boy down to the boat, with instructions to show the Pr. to a place about a mile distant from the boat; whither he himself would go, and be there ready to attend the Pr. The boy went off directly, and Kingsborough, taking some wine and other refreshments for the Pr. soon after set out for the place of rendezvous; leaving Miss Flora with Lady Margaret.

When Miss Flora thought the Pr. and Kingsborough might be got to some distance; she then made a motion to go, and ordered out her horses directly; but Lady Margaret pressed her strongly before the officer to stay, telling her at the same time, *That she* (Miss Flora) *had promised to stay the next time she came, when she was last there;* but Miss begged her Ladyship to excuse her this one time; because, says she, *I have been some time away, and my mother is not very well, and entirely alone in these troublesome times:* At last Lady Margaret excused her; but only upon renewing her former promise to make amends

the next time she went thither; which Miss very willingly complied with.

Every thing being ready, Miss Flora and her man, Mrs. Macdonald aforementioned, and her man and maid all set forwards: They had not gone far before they overtook the Pr. and Kingsborough; Mrs. Macdonald was very desirous of seeing the Pr.'s face; which he as carefully avoided, by turning it to the opposite side; but however, she had several opportunities of seeing it, as much as he was disguised.

Mrs. Macdonald's maid could not keep her eyes off the Pr. and said to Miss Flora, *I think I never saw such an impudent looking woman, as Kingsborough is walking with; I dare say she is either an Irish woman, or a man in woman's cloathes.* Miss Macdonald replied, *She was an Irish woman, for she knew her, having seen her before. Bless me,* quoth the maid, *what long strides the jade takes, and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats, &c.*

Miss Macdonald, not liking the maid's observations, and knowing they were near the place where the Pr. and Kingsborough were to turn out of the common road; and that it was not proper to let Mrs. Macdonald's man and maid-servant see which rout they and Kingsborough took; she therefore called out to Mrs. Macdonald to ride faster, for says she, *we shall be late out;* this was complied with, and they soon lost sight of the two on foot, who presently after, turned out of the common road, to avoid the militia, and went over the hills S.S.E. till they arrived at Kingsborough's house, which was about eleven o'clock at night, on Sunday June the 29th, in a very wet condition, having

had much rain, and having walked seven long miles. Miss Macdonald arrived about the same time. along the highway, having parted with Mrs. Macdonald, her servant and maid. Oneil, after parting from Miss Macdonald went and met Sullivan, who was yet upon the island; when about two days after the Pr. and Oneil had parted, a French cutter, having 120 men on board, went to the isle of South Uist, intending to carry off the Pr. who, they were informed, was there. Sullivan went immediately on board, while Oneil went to seek for the Pr. hoping he might meet with him (the Pr.) before he and Miss Macdonald should leave the island; but Oneil, finding the Pr. had left the island two days before, returned to the place where he had left the cutter. But the vessel was gone about three hours before. There were two small wherries, just within sight, filled with thirty armed men in each, which were sent out by an English Officer after this very cutter, but could not get near her.

Oneil was soon after taken prisoner, but being a foreign officer, was only a prisoner of war; he was put on board a man of war, where, in a little time after, he saw Miss Macdonald a prisoner also, for doing what he had been the instrument of bringing about. He was afterwards conveyed to Berwick upon Tweed, and after some time sent home according to the cartel. But to return-

When the Pr. got to Kingsborough's house. Mrs. Macdonald, not expecting her husband home after that time of the night, was undrest and just going to bed, when one of her maid servants went up and told her, *That Kingsborough was returned, and had*

*brought some company with him. What company, says Mrs. Macdonald? Melton's daughter, I believe, says the maid, and some company with her.—Melton's daughter, replied Mrs. Macdonald, is very welcome here with any company she pleases to bring; but make my compliments to her, and tell her to be free with anything in the house; for I am sleepy and undrest, so I can't see her to night.*

In a short time Kingsborough's daughter went up in as great hurry as surprize, crying out, *Mamma, mamma, my father has brought hither a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife, as ever I saw; nay, and has taken her into the hall too.*

She had scarce said this before Kingsborough himself went into the room and desired his wife to dress again, as fast as she could, and get such meat as they had ready for supper.—*Who have you with you, says Mrs. Macdonald? You shall know that, replied he, in good time, only make haste.*

Mrs. Macdonald then, desired her daughter to go and fetch the keys, which she had left in the hall. The girl went and soon ran back again in a great hurry, and said, *Mamma, mamma, I can't go in for the keys; because the muckle woman is walking up and down the hall, and I am afraid of her.* [meaning the Pr.] Mrs. Macdonald then went herself, but was so frightened, as she said, *At seeing such a muckle trollop of a carling make sike long strides through the hall, that she did not like her appearance;* and then she desired her husband to fetch them; but he would not; so she was obliged at last to go herself.

When she went into the room, the Pr. was sitting, but got up immediately, and saluted her. Mrs. Macdonald then began to tremble, having found a rough beard; imagining it was some distressed Nobleman or Gentleman in disguise, but never dreamed it was the Pr. she therefore went directly out of the room, with the keys in her hand, to her husband, without saying one word to the Pr. and greatly importuned Kingsborough to tell her who it was; and if he (meaning the person in disguise) could tell anything of what was become of the Pr.—Kingsborough smiled, and told her, *My dear, it is the Pr.—The Pr. cried she, then we are a' ruined, we will a' be hanged now.—Houte, cried he, we will die but once, and if we are hanged for this, we die in a Good Cause, doing only an act of humanity and charity; but go make haste with supper, bring us eggs, butter, cheese, and whatever else is ready.—Eggs, butter and cheese, quoth she,—What a supper is that for a Pr. Oh wife!* replied he, *you little know how this good Pr. has lived of late; this will be a feast to him: Besides to make a formal supper, would make the servants suspect something; the less ceremony, therefore the better, make haste and come to supper yourself. I come to supper, says she, I know not how to behave before Maj-y.—You must come,* replied Kingsborough, *for the Pr. will not eat one bit without you; and you'll find it no difficult matter to behave before him; so obliging and easy is he in conversation.*

I hope the reader will excuse me, for giving this dialogue in their own words; not being able to give a better idea of the figure the Pr. must have made, and of

the distress he was in, than in their own way of expressing their meaning.

At supper, the Pr. placed Miss Flora at his right hand, (always paying her the greatest respect wherever she was, and always rising up whenever she entered the room) and Mrs. Macdonald at his left. He made a plentiful supper, eating four eggs, some collops, bread and butter, drunk two bottles of small beer at supper, and then calling for a bumper of brandy, he drunk health and prosperity to his landlord and landlady; and after supper, smook'd a pipe. Having been so much afflicted with the tooth-ach in his wanderings, he was obliged to smoke to obtain some mitigation of his pain; and he was often obliged to use the same pipe till it was as black as ink, and worn, or broken to the very stump. After drinking a few glasses of wine and finishing his pipe, the Pr. went to bed.

When the Pr. and Kingsborough were going from Mongstod to Kingsborough, the Pr. said, he proposed going to the Laird of Mac Leod's, as bring a place the government people would not suspect; but Kingsborough would not agree to that, and gave some of his reasons to support his opinion: *What, says the Pr. do you think that McLeod, to his former doings, would add that of thirsting after my blood?* "I am not certain of that," replied Kingsborough, "but I have received a letter from the Laird of McLeod, wherein he desires me to deliver you up, if you should fall into my way; and said, I should thereby do a service to my country." The Pr. therefore soon dropt that project. Some time after this, the Laird of MacLeod asked for the letter again; but Kingsborough absolutely refused

to give it to him, and farther said, *he would keep THAT to shew what part Macleod acted from under M<sup>c</sup>Leod's own hand.*

Kingsborough also said to the Pr. That he [Kingsborough] could not conceive what it was that made him go that day to Mongstod, (Sir Alexander's house) for he had no manner of business there, nor owed any visit; I'll tell you, said the Pr., 'You could not avoid going, for I have been the particular care of providence, and *That* sent you thither on my account; there being no person else, who could assist me.'

Both Kingsborough, his wife, and Miss Flora Macdonald, were particularly asked, whether the Pr. had the itch, as some of the scriblers gave out, and they all declared, they never saw a person freer from it, not having a spot to be seen, which they wondered at, considering what he had undergone.

After the Pr. was gone to bed, Mrs. Macdonald desired Miss Flora, to relate the Pr. adventures as far as she knew of 'em; which she did, and when she had concluded her story; Mrs. Macdonald ask'd her, 'What was become of the boatmen, who brought 'em to that island?' Miss replied, 'they went back again directly for South Uist;' 'That was wrong,' says Mrs. Macdonald, 'for you should have kept them on this side for some time, at least till the Pr. could have got farther from his pursuers.'

As Mrs. Macdonald conjectured, so it proved, for the boatmen were immediately seized on their return, and being threatened with torture or death, both which are absolutely against our law, but is what we must expect, when are ruled by those we pay: By these

threats and torture, I say, the men revealed all they knew, and gave a description of the gown, being a linnen or cotton gown, with purple sprigs thickly stamped, and a white apron. This thought of Mrs. Macdonald determined Miss Flora to desire the Pr. to change his dress, as we shall find presently he did; being himself not willing to march any farther in that dress, having found it too troublesome the day before.

This great feast which the Pr. had got, being the most material refreshment he had met with for a long time, agreed so well with him, that he slept nine or ten hours without interruption; whereas, in a general way, he seldom required above three or four hours rest.

Morning being come and far advanced, miss Macdonald began to be afraid, lest the Pr. lying too long, should give his enemies time to overtake him, and therefore desired Kingsborough to go into his room, and call him up; who, with much persuasion, went, but finding the Pr. in so sound a sleep, would not awake him, and so retired quietly out of the room again; But everything being soon after ready for his journey, miss Macdonald insisted that Kingsborough should call him up, with which he complied; and having awaked the Pr., asked him, *How he had rested?* and the Pr. replied, Never better in my life; for I have not lain in a bed a long time before this.

Altho' the Pr. was to change his dress, it was thought necessary to leave the house in the same habit he arrived, because, in case of a pursuit, it would prevent anyone from describing the dress he was to travel in.

When the Pr. had dressed himself except for his head, the ladies went into his chamber to pin his cap, put on his apron, and to dress his head. Before miss put on the cap, Mrs. Macdonald desired her, in Erse, to ask the Pr. for a lock of his hair; which miss refused to do, saying, Can't you ask him yourself? The Pr. finding they were disputing about something, desired to know what it was, and then Mrs. Macdonald told him her request, which he immediately granted, and laying his head on miss Flora's lap, bad her cut a lock off, which she did and gave Mrs. Macdonald one half, and kept the other herself.

The Pr. being dressed, got his breakfast, took his leave of his landlady, and then he and Kingsborough, with a bundle of Highland clothes under his arm, went to a woodside not far from Kingsborough, and there changed his dress. This being done, the Pr. embraced Kingsborough in his arms, and bad him a long and happy adieu, and in a most affectionate manner thanked him for his services, and assured him he would never forget them. They both wept, and a few drops of blood fell from the Pr. nose; Kingsborough then sent a guide with him to Portree or Purtree, that is in Erse, Port Ree, Kingsport; thro' all the byways, while miss Flora rode on horseback by another road, thereby the better to gain intelligence, and to prevent a discovery: This place is seven long miles from Kingsborough. The gown the Pr. had on was a Linen and Cotton, having a white ground, with purple coloured flowers. Mr. Steward Carmichael, near Leith, had a stamp made exactly after this pattern, and has sold great numbers, so exactly done as not to be dis-

tinguished from the original, even by miss Macdonald herself.

Kingsborough had sent a person before to procure a boat, and every thing else necessary towards the Pr. escape. The Pr. being arrived safe here, again met his female preservatrix, and this was the last time they saw each other. The Pr. and miss Macdonald were both very wet, and staid no longer there than to dry their clothes, and to get such little refreshment as the place afforded; which took up about two hours time; and then the Pr. took leave of miss Macdonald, returning here his sincere thanks for her kind assistance, and greatly lamented, That he had not a Macdonald to go on with him to the end.

According to my method hitherto, I must give the reader the remaining history of Kingsborough and miss Macdonald, before I go any further with the Pr.

About six or eight days after the Pr. left Skie, Captain Ferguson followed him in hot pursuit; and from the boatmen who were taken at or in their return to South Uist, having got an exact description of the gown and dress the Pr. had on, pursued to Sir Alexander Macdonald's house, and there searched very strictly, and hearing only of miss Flora Macdonald, went to Kingsborough, and there examined Mr and Mrs Macdonald, and Mrs Ann Macallaster their daughter.

The Captain first found Kingsborough, and asked several questions, some of which he answered, and others he either could or would not answer, and told the Captain he had better ask Mrs Macdonald, who could give proper answers; Kingsborough accordingly

called Mrs Macdonald, and said, That Captain Fergusson was come to ask her some questions about her late guests. *If Fergusson, says she, is to be my judge, then God have mercy on my soul.* Fergusson asked her, why she said so? She replied, *Because the whole world say, 'You are a very cruel hard hearted man, and indeed I don't like to go through your hands.'* Fergusson then asked Kingsborough, 'Where miss Macdonald and the person in women's cloaths, who was with her lay?' Kingsborough replied, *He knew where miss Macdonald lay, but as for servants, he never asked any questions about them.'*

The Captain then asked Mrs Macdonald, *Whether she laid the young pretender and miss Flora in the same bed?* She answered, *Sir, whom you mean by the young Pretender, I do not pretend to guess; but I can assure you, it is not the fashion in Sky, to lay the mistress and maid in the same bed together.*—The Captain then desired to see the rooms wherein each lay; which were shown; and he then remarked, that the room, the supposed maid servant laid in, was better than that wherein the mistress lay.

Kingsborough was taken prisoner, and carried to Fort Augustus, and was there plundered of his shoe-buckles, garters, watch, and money; and in a few hours after thrown into a dungeon heavily loaded with irons. While he was prisoner, one of the captains of the English forces went to him and asked, *'If he could tell the Pr. head, if he saw it;'* Kingsborough, trembling at the thought of the Pr. being murdered, replied, *He could not engage for that, unless it was joined to the body.* Kingsborough was removed from

hence to Edinburgh Castle, under a strong guard of Kingston's Light Horse, who entered the city with sound of trumpet and beat of kettle-drums; a thing very uncommon in such a case. He was at first put into the same room with major Macdonald, Mr. George Moer, laird of Leckie, Mr Thomas Ogilvie and others; but was soon after removed into a room by himself, without being allowed to cross the threshold; and none were permitted to see him, except the officer upon guard, the sergeant and keeper, which last was appointed to attend him as servant. He was kept till the Act of Grace, and was then discharged on the 4th of July, 1747, having been confined a year for giving one night's lodging.

Kingsborough was at last discharged, whilst at Fort Augustus, by mistake for another of the same name; but Lord Albemarle, finding out the mistake, soon sent a party after him, who overtook him at Sir Alexander Macdonald's, just as he was going to bed: By this means he had an opportunity of hearing from Sir Alexander's own mouth, what a rage a certain *Great Officer* was in, when he found Kingsborough a prisoner at Fort Augustus; what horrid and shocking oaths and imprecations he threw out against Kingsborough, for not securing the Pr. and swore *HE would have him hanged at any rate*: All which Sir Alexander was a witness to.

Miss Macdonald, having taken leave of the Pr. left Portree immediately, and went to her mother at Slait; crossed the country, and had a very fatiguing journey; but she neither told her mother nor any other person, what errand she had been about.

One Macleod of Taliskar, an officer in one of the independent companies, desired one of the Macdonalds, who lives four miles from Slait, to send for miss Flora, and examine her about what had happened; accordingly about eight or nine days after miss Flora got home, she received a message from this Macdonald for her to go to his house as soon as she could.

Miss Flora, being not a little suspicious of the design, thought proper to communicate to her friends, what she had done, and consult them as to what she should do; upon which they advised her not to go; however, not to go till next day; but she was resolved to go, and accordingly set out very soon after.

She had not gone far on the road, before she met her father-in-law returning home; to him she told every thing that had happened, from her leaving him in her way to Clanronald's house to that time; as also what she was then about, and what she intended to say upon examination.

She had not gone far, after parting from her father-in-law, before she was taken prisoner by an officer and a party of soldiers, who were going to her mother's to search for her: They carried her immediately on board a ship without suffering her either to go and get her clothes and linnen, or take leave of her friends.

She was put on board the Furnace, Captain Ferguson, which put her under terrible apprehensions, on account of that Captain's great reputed inhumanity and cruelty, which was spread thro' the whole country; But, very lucky for her, General Campbell was on board, who gave strict orders, That miss should be used with the utmost civility and respect; that she

should have a maid servant, and that they two should have one of the Lieutenants cabins to themselves, forbidding every person to go into it without her leave or consent: This favour I have heard miss Flora acknowledge many times.

About three weeks after she was thus a prisoner, the ship being near her mother's, General Campbell permitted her to go on shore to take leave of her friends, but yet in custody of two officers and a party of soldiers, however, she was not to speak any thing in Erse, nor anything except what the officers heard; so she staid about two hours and then returned again to the ship.

When she went from home and was taken prisoner, she upon her examination told, That she had seen a great lusty woman, who came to the water side as she [miss Flora] was going into the boat, and told her, *That she [the supposed lusty woman] was a soldier's wife, and was left on the island without friends, meat or money, and desired she [miss Flora] would give her a place in the boat, that she might get to the continent of Scotland, to her husband; and that she [miss Macdonald] granted the request; and that when they landed in Skie, she [miss Flora] went directly to Sir Alexander Macdonald's, and the lusty woman went on her own way, thanking her [miss Flora] for the favour.* This story miss at first told; but when she got to General Campbell, she found the boatmen, who had conveyed her to Skie, were taken, and had told all they knew of the matter, therefore she acknowledged and told the whole truth.

Miss Macdonald was removed on board Commodore (now Admiral) Smith's ship, where she was exceedingly well treated, and he was very kind to her; for which, when she was in London, she sat for her picture at his request.

The ship, on which she was aboard, was some time in Leith road, and from that time, being conveyed from place to place, was at last, on November 28<sup>th</sup>, 1746, put on board the Royal Sovereign lying at the Nore, whence, on the 6<sup>th</sup> of December following, she was removed to London, in custody of William Dick, a messenger, having been five months on ship-board. In this messenger's custody, she remained till July 1747, when she was discharged, without being asked any questions, and returned to Edinburgh.

This relation is taken from the remainder of Oneil's journal, and from the mouth of Kingsborough, his lady, and miss Flora Macdonald.

Having concluded the history of Kingsborough and miss Macdonald, I shall now return to the Pr. again.

Kingsborough having sent to the Laird of Raaza to desire his assistance, Captain Malcolm Macleod, (who had been an officer under the Pr. and was at the battles of Falkirk and Culloden) and Murdock Macleod, third son of Raaza (who was also at the battle of Culloden and was there wounded in the shoulder by a musket-shot) met the Pr. at Portree in the isle of Skie; where miss Macdonald left him. This was on Monday night of June 30<sup>th</sup>, when it was very dark, having come in a small boat that would only contain six or seven men.

They staid but a little time after their arrival, and then they attended the Pr. to the small boat, wherein John Macleod, the young Laird of Raaza was waiting, being desirous of seeing what sort of man the Pr. was. They set out immediately, there being in the boat only the Pr. Captain Malcolm Macleod, his guide; the young Laird of Raaza, and his brother Murdock; the two boatmen, *viz.* John Mackenzie and Donald Macfrier, who had both been out in the Pr. service, the one, a sergeant, and the other, a private man. Early in the morning, on July 1st, they arrived safe at Glam, in Raaza, being six miles. But I must advertise the reader, That all the miles I have or may mention in this account are Scotch miles They staid here two days and a half, in a mean low hut; and young Raaza brought the Pr. a lamb and a kid in the corner of his plaid: They were obliged to lay on the bare ground, having only a little heath or ling for a pillow.

There was a man went into this island to sell a roll of tobacco; but after he had sold the tobacco, he continued strolling up and down the island, in an idle way for twelve or fourteen days, without having any apparent business; which made the people of the island suspect he was a spy.

When the Pr. and Malcolm were in the hut, the Captain saw this very man approaching towards them; on which Malcolm was determined to shoot him thro' the head to prevent his going to tell tales. *No, Malcolm, says the Pr. taking hold of him, God forbid that any innocent man should suffer by us; if we can but keep ourselves safe, let us not take that from any person, which we can't restore to him again,* and would

not allow the Captain to stir. Malcolm had the more reason to suspect this man to be a spy, because this hut was not near any road, but, however, luckily for the man, he passed by without ever offering to look into it, which if he had attempted, Malcolm was determined to have shot him, in order to preserve themselves.

On July the 3d, the Pr. proposed going to Troternish in Skie, altho' it blew very hard, and had no other than the small boat abovementioned, and accordingly set forward about seven o'clock in the evening, having the same company to attend him.

They had not gone far before the wind blew harder, and the crew begged to return back again, but the Pr. encouraged them, and told them, *That as providence had carried him thro' so many dangers, he did not doubt of the same Care as before;* and then sang them a merry Highland song. The waves washed very frequently into the boat, and Malcolm was sufficiently employed in lading the water out again.

About eleven o'clock at night, they landed at a place in the island of Skie, called Nicholson's Great Rock, near Scorobreck in Troternish, being about ten miles from Glam in Raasa, or Raarza: When they got to the rock it was bad landing, and the Pr. was the third man who jumped into the water, and helped to hawl the boat up to dry ground.

The Pr. had on a great riding coat, which being wet through, and the rock they were going up being very steep, Malcolm desired the Pr. to let him carry it; but he would by no means consent, acknowledging, *He was as able to carry it as the Captain.* They travelled

on to a Byre [Cowhouse] belonging to one Mr. Nicholson, about two miles from Scorobreck.

Here the Pr. and company took up their quarters; and Malcolm would have had the Pr. to put on a drier shirt, and take some sleep. He would not change his shirt, but sleep at last seized him, as he sat. He often started in his sleep, and sighing deep, would say, *Ah, poor England! Poor England!*

The Pr. after some little time awaked, and finding Malcolm upon the watch, earnestly desired him to take some rest, who at that time would not; but the Pr. renewing his request again; the Captain thought that perhaps he might want to say something to the rest of the company in private; and therefore the Captain went out for a little time.

The two brothers and the boatmen here left the Pr. and returned; the Pr. promising to meet the younger at Camistinawag, another place in the same island.

The Pr. and Malcolm stayed here twenty hours, in all without any kind of refreshment, not even so much as a fire to dry their clothes with.

On the 4th about seven o'clock in the evening they left the Byre, the Captain passing for the master, and the Pr. for the man, who always carried the little baggage whenever they saw any person, or came near any village; and at those times, whenever he spoke to the Captain, or the Captain to him, he always pulled off his bonnet.

They marched all night through the worst ways in Europe, going over hills, wild moors, and glens, without halting, 'till they arrive at Ellagol, or rather Ellighill, near to Cilmaree, or Kilvory, in Strath, and

near to a place some maps called Ord, in the Laird of Mackinnen's country, and not far from where that Laird lived, having walked twenty-four miles.

In their travelling, the brandy bottle was near out, having only one dram in it, which the Pr. would force Malcolm to drink, declaring, *He wanted none himself*, which Malcolm then took and afterwards hid the bottle.

In their road, the Pr. said, *Suppose Malcolm, we two should meet any body who should attempt to kill or take us; what shall we do?* 'That depends upon their numbers,' replied Malcolm, 'for if there be no more than four of them, I'll engage to manage two;' *And I'll engage to manage the other two*, said the Pr.

The Pr. observing to Malcolm, That his own [the Pr.] waste-coat was rather too good for a servant, being a scarlet Tartan, with a gold twist button, proposed to change with him, which was accordingly done.

As they were approaching near Strath, Mackinnen's country, the captain suggested to the Pr. That now he was coming to a country, where he would be known, and therefore might be discovered in every corner of it, as Mackinnen's men had been out in his service, and that therefore he must be more disguised; to do which the Pr. put on a dirty napkin and his bonnet over it, putting his wig into his pocket; *But nothing*, says Malcolm, *could disguise his majestic mien and carriage*.

They no sooner arrived in Strath, than they met two of Mackinnen's men, who had been out with them in the expedition: They stared at the Pr. and soon knew

him, and with lifted up hands they burst into tears on seeing him in such distress. The Captain desired they would take care what they did and compose themselves, for otherways they would discover who the Pr. was by their concern; which they complied with, as well as they could; and then, Malcolm swearing them to secrecy dismissed them, and they proved faithful.

Being come near the place they proposed going to, Malcolm told the Pr. that he had a sister married to one John Mackinnen, a Captain in the Pr. army; and then he advised the Pr. to sit down at a little distance from the house, while he [the Captain] went into the house and should enquire of his sister, or her husband, whether any of their enemies were in that neighbourhood in quest of him, and likewise to know whether he [Malcolm] could be safe there with her; telling the Pr. he was still to pass as his servant, Lewis Caw.

Malcolm found his sister at home, but her husband was out; and after the usual compliments at meeting he told her, *That he was come to stay some little time there, provided there was no party of the military people about them, and that he could be safe.* She gave a suitable answer; and then he told her, *He had no person along with him, except one Lewis Caw (son of Mr. Caw, surgeon in Crief) who had been out in the last affair, and consequently in the same situation with himself; and that he was to pass as Malcolm's servant.* She very readily agreed to take him and Lewis Caw, as the Pr. was called, into the house.

When Lewis entered the house, with the baggage on his back, and the napkin on his head, he took off his

bonnet, made a low bow, and sat at a distance from his master; but the Captain's sister could not help looking at Lewis, observing something very uncommon about him.

The Captain desired his sister to give them some provisions, for he was almost famished with hunger. The meat was soon set down, and the Captain called to *poor sick Lewis* to draw near and eat with him, as there was no company in the house. Lewis seemed very backward, alledging, He knew better manner; but his master ordering him again, he obeyed, and drew nearer, but still kept off his bonnet.

After getting some refreshment, the Captain desired the maid servant to wash his feet; which being done, he desired her to wash his man's; but she replied, *That though she had washed his [the Captain's] yet she would not wash that Lubberly Loon his servant's;* But the Captain told her, *his servant was not well, and therefore he would have her to do it.* She then undertook it, but rubbed his feet so hard, that she hurt him very much; on which the Pr. spoke to the Captain in English, bidding her not rub so hard, nor go so far up with her hand, he having only a Philibeg on.

After this refreshment both the Pr. and the Captain went to sleep; during which time, the Captain's sister went to the top of a hill to keep watch lest they should be surprized.

The Pr. did not sleep above two hours, tho' the Captain being weary slept much longer, but when he awaked he saw the Pr. dandling a child, and singing to it, and seemed as alert as if he had been in bed all

night: *Who knows, says the Pr. but this boy may hereafter be a captain in my service.*

The Captain being thoroughly awake, and hearing his brother in law was coming, went out to meet him. After the usual ceremonies, Malcolm asked him, *If he saw those ships of war (pointing to them) that were at a distance hovering about the coast? Yes, said Mackinnen, What, says Malcolm, if the Pr. be on board one of them?—God forbid. replied Mackinnen.—What, said Malcolm, if he was here; John, do you think he would be safe enough? I wish we had him here, replied John, for he would be safe enough; and nothing would hurt him here:—Well, then, replied Malcolm, he is now in your house; but when you go in, you must not take any notice of him, lest the servants or others observe you; for he passes for one Lewis Caw, my servant.* John promised very fair; but no sooner saw the Pr. in that condition, than he burst out into a flood of tears, which Malcolm observing, obliged John to retire immediately.

When the Pr. and Malcolm were alone, the Captain desired he would tell him the perils he had already escaped; which being told, Malcolm seemed amazed; upon which the Pr. replied, *This is nothing to what I am to undergo, but providence will guard me thro' the whole, as well as it has hitherto done. What I have undergone is a lesson I wish every Pr. underwent before he came to govern, for it would then give him an insight into the distressed situation of his subjects, and be thereby a means to make him cautious, not wantonly to throw away their riches.*

After much of this sort of conversation, they began to consult how the Pr. was to get to the continent of Scotland; and both agreed not to let the Laird of Mackinnen know of their being there, on account of his being so old. They then called in John Mackinnen, and desired him to go and hire a boat, as if for Malcolm only; and made John promise not to communicate any thing, of what he had heard or seen about them to the laird, if he and John should chance to meet.

John having his instructions set forwards; but soon meeting with his old Chieftain, he could not refrain letting him into the secret.

The good old man, hearing John's relation, ordered him to give himself no trouble about the boat; for that he [the Laird] would provide a good one; and would soon be with the Pr.

John returned, and told the Pr. what had happened, and that the Laird would soon be with him. Malcolm said to the Pr. *As the case now stands, it will be best to leave all the management to the old gentleman, who will be firm to his trust.* The Pr. notwithstanding this, was uneasy at the thought of parting with his faithful captain: but Malcolm represented to the Pr. that as he [the captain] had been some time absent, the military people might pursue him upon suspicion; and if so, he might be the cause of the Pr. being taken also. *But if I return, and should be taken prisoner, said Malcolm, which may be very likely the case, it will enable me to prevent so quick a pursuit after you; because, as I am alone, I can tell my own tale without being confronted, and can send them upon a*

*wrong scent: For myself, continued Malcolm, I care not, but for you I am much afraid; and as I can do you more service by leaving, than staying with you, I desire you'll follow the Laird of Mackinnen's directions.* The Pr. at last consented, and just at that time the old gentleman got to them, and told them he had got the boat ready; upon which they set out for it directly, accompanied by John Mackinnen, who even went with his Laird to the continent of Scotland, and saw the Pr. safe landed there.

As they were on their way towards the boat, the captain spied two men of war coming towards them, with full sail before the wind; and thereupon he entreated the Pr. not to attempt to go on board at that time, but to wait 'till the men of war had steered another course; 'for just now, continues Malcolm, 'the wind is fair for them but against you.' *Never fear,* replied the Pr. *I have not had so many escapes to be caught here; I'll go on board, and you'll find the wind will change immediately, and make those very ships steer a contrary course: Providence will yet take care of me, and it will not be in the power of these ships to come near me at this juncture.*

By this time they were got to the sea side, and the Pr. being about to step into the boat, being eight o'clock at night, turned suddenly to Malcolm, and said, 'Don't you remember I promised to meet Murdock M<sup>c</sup>Leod at such a place' naming it? 'No matter, said the Captain, 'I'll make your apology; for as necessity drives you another road, he'll excuse you.' *That's not enough,* replied the Pr. *Have you pen, ink and paper about you, Malcolm? I'll write him a line or*

*two; I'm obliged, in good manners, to do so.* Accordingly he wrote the following words:

*Sir,*

*I thank God I am in good health, and have got off as designed: Remember me to all friends, and thank them for the trouble they have been at.*

*I am, Sir,*

*Your humble Servant,*

*James Thomson.*

The Pr. then gave this letter to the captain's own hand, and desired him to deliver it, tho' open, for he had neither wax nor wafer with him.

The Pr. then desired Malcolm to light his pipe, accordingly the Captain fired a piece of tow with his gun and held it to the pipe.

At parting, the Pr. presented Malcolm with a silver stockbuckle, embraced and saluted him twice, and thanking him for what he had done, put ten guineas into his hand, which the Captain refused, but the Pr. forced him to take them. Here also the Pr. having got a better pipe had no farther occasion for the short one, which was black with use, and was called the *Cutty*, this Malcolm took, and some time after gave it to a friend of his in England.

Having taken leave of Malcolm, the Pr. the old Laird of M'Kinnen, John M'Kinnen, Malcolm's brother in law and the boatmen, all went on board in the evening of the 5th day of July.

What the Pr. had said to Malcolm, about the wind soon changing fair, and being spoken with such confidence, made so great an impression upon Malcolm, that he was determined to sit down upon a hill side

and see the event. He waited and does declare, 'That the Pr. crew had not rowed half a mile, and that towards the men of war too, bwfore the wind chopped about; and not only blew fair for the Pr. but blew so brisk a gale, that it soon drove the men of war out of sight.' The truth of this, both captain Malcolm, and those in the boat will attest upon oath, if required.

As the Captain had seen the Pr. in prosperity and in the greatest adversity, a worthy clergyman of my acquaintance asked him his opinion of that young gentleman; his answer was, that *the Pr. was the most cautious man he ever saw, not to be a coward; and the bravest, not to be rash.*

I must observe here, that it is no difficult matter, in many cases, to foretell a speedy change of the wind; for almost any sailor can do that; but what is the most providential for the Pr. is, that it should be about to change at the very identical time he was going on board.

Captain Malcolm returned home again, but was not many days there before he was taken prisoner, and was detained on board of a ship, conveyed into the Thames, and on the first of November, 1746, was removed to London, and there kept in the hands of Mr. William Dick, a messenger, 'till July 1747, and then was discharged without being asked any questions. He had cleared himself of taking up arms in behalf of The Pr. by surrendering with his men according to the Duke of Cumberland's proclamation. He and miss M<sup>c</sup>Donald returned to Scotland together. All this account was give by captain Malcolm M<sup>c</sup>Leod himself and was wrote down as he dictated.

I observed that the Pr. left the Island, for the continent of Scotland, the 5th of July, under the care of the old laird of M<sup>c</sup>Kinnen. The night proved tempestuous, and the coast was very dangerous; they also met a boat, in which were some armed militia, with whom they spoke, and as the militia did not much exceed their own number, the Pr. and crew were resolved to make all the head they could, and to fight in case they had been attacked. But in spite of all these dangers, they landed safe at Moidart, being about 30 miles from the place they set out from; and went again to Mr Angus M<sup>c</sup>Donald's house, at Boradale, changed his dress, and sent for Macdonald of Glenaladale, of Clanronald's family.

Many of those who read this account, will scarce think it possible that the Pr. could have escaped being drowned in so many storms, when in the open seas in such small vessels, the largest of which was heavily laden with thirteen men, and some of them scarce would hold six people; did not something like this appear in the octavo edition of Anson's Voyages? Page 375. "The cutter of a sixty gun ship (being only an open boat of about 22 feet in length) was six weeks on the ocean, exposed to storms and tempests, and yet weathered it the whole time."

After having landed the Pr. the Laird of MacKinnen took his leave, and set forward in the same boat on his return home; but was taken prisoner in Morar, in his passage back (so close was the Pr. pursued) and was conveyed into the Thames by sea, and there, partly on board, and partly at Tilbury Fort, was kept a close prisoner until he was removed to the new gaol in

Southwark, where he was put into irons, and in 1748 was removed into the hands of the messenger.

Glenaladale, as I observed before, being sent for, came and informed the Pr. about Lochiel, Keppock and others, and that the loss at Culloden and after the battle, was not near so great as Sullivan and Oneil had reported.

The Pr. then proposed to go to Lochaber, where he thought his beloved Lochiel was; but as all the passes were so closely guarded, it was deemed at that time impracticable For one line was formed from Inverness to Fort Augustus, and from thence to Fort William, to prevent either the Pr. or any other from escaping: And another line was formed from the head of Locharkaig, to prevent any from passing in or out of Lochaber. The Pr. continued some days in that country, being in Glen Beasdale, about ten miles from Moidart, and staid till he heard of the arrival of general Campbell with 400 men on one side of him, and captain Caroline Scot with 500 more on the other; they having received intelligence whereabouts the Pr. was, were forming a circle round him; and were not two miles distant from him.

The Pr. then having an account of this, was advised to go to the Braes of Glenmoriston, and there and in Lovat's country to continue until the passes should be opened. In this situation he sent for Mr. Donald Cameron of Glenpane, to be their guide to the Braes of Locharkaig; he came, and in the night conducted the Pr. very safe thro' the guards, who were in the pass and went so closely to their tents as to hear every word that was said, being obliged to creep upon their

hands and knees. At the same time there went with the Pr. Glenaladale, his brother, and two young boys, sons of Angus M<sup>c</sup>Donald of Boradale.

After this, the Pr. continued his journey for Glenmoriston's country. As they were travelling one day, and having only Glenaladale with him, the latter lost his purse with forty guineas in it, in going about three miles; he lamented this misfortune the more, because it was all the money they had, the Pr. having none left. This gentleman propos'd to go back and seek for it, saying, *He was certain he could go the very same road, and would find it:* The Pr. opposed it, and desired he would not go back; but all in vain, for he was resolute, and accordingly went back, and desired the Pr. to wait and rest himself behind the hill adjoining, 'till he should return.

The gentleman being gone, and the Pr. at his post, meditating upon the goodness of providence in preserving him hitherto, tho' often in the midst of the greatest dangers; when at a distance, he spied a party of soldiers advancing, upon which he hid himself as well as he could; but yet in such a manner as to see the soldiers, who went by, not far from him, and then went the very rout, where the Pr. and the other gentleman would have gone, had not the purse been lost, or had it not been their whole stock; and then they both must have been taken or killed. Thus, what they were regretting as their very great misfortune, was the means of their preservation. Something like this we find in the Voyages abovementioned, pag. 412. "Thus were we forced upon Tinian, the most desirable and salutary measures by accidents, which at first we con-

sidered as the greatest of misfortunes; for had we not been driven by contrary winds and currents, to the northward of our course (a circumstance, which at that time gave us the most terrible apprehensions) we should, in all probability, never have arrived at this delightful island, and consequently we should have missed of that place where alone all our wants could be most amply supplied." The Pr. watched the soldiers as far as he could; and then soon after his friend returned with the purse, to whom the Pr. communicated what he had seen; and both of them joined in returning God thanks for his care of them; and then proceeded on their way, but not as they had at first proposed.

They got to Glenmoriston very safe, but were almost famishing with hunger, when the Pr. saw a little hut at a distance, and some smoke going out at a hole in the roof; *Thither*, says he, *will I go let the consequence be what it will; for I had better be killed at once than be starved to death with hunger, having been forty-eight hours without meat.* His friend did all in his power to dissuade him from it; but he would go.

When they got to the hut, the Pr. went boldly in without showing any manner of concern, and there found six stout lusty fellows at dinner upon a large piece of boiled beef: *A sight he had been long a stranger to.*

These men were six noted thieves, who had made this hut in that place for privacy and safety, and were not a little amazed at seeing the Pr. go in there. One of them knew the Pr. and also that he was skulking; but

was not thinking it safe to tell the rest of the company, who their new guests were, had the presence of mind, upon seeing the Pr., to cry out,—*Ha! Dougal McCullony, I am glad to see thee!* The Pr., by this expression found he was known, and with equal steadiness of countenance, thanked him, sat down among them, and ate very heartily.

The Pr. his friend, and the man who knew the Pr. walked out after dinner, and then consulted what farther was to be done; and being informed of the state of the country about, and of the military people, found it absolutely necessary to wait here for some time, and that the other five men must be entrusted with the secret; which being done, they rejoiced that they had it in their power to serve the Pr. and proved of great service, and were very faithful. With these trusty men and Glenaladale, the Pr. continued betwixt the Braes of Glenmoriston and Glen-Strath-Ferrar, 'till the guards were removed and the passes opened.

About the time, *viz.* the middle of July, one Roderick Mackenzie, a merchant in Edinburgh, who had been out with the Pr. was skulking among the hills, about Glenmoriston, when some of the soldiers met with him; and as he was about the Pr. size and age, and not much unlike him in the face; was a genteel man and well dressed, they took him for the Pr. Mr Mackenzie tried to escape them, but could not, and being determined not to be taken and hanged, (which he knew if taken would be his fate) he bravely resolved to die sword in hand, and in that death to serve the Pr. more than he could possibly do by living. This bravery and steadiness of Mackenzie confirmed the soldiers in

their belief, that he was the Pr. on which account one of them shot him; who, as he fell, cried to them, *You have killed your Pr. You have killed your Pr.*, and expired immediately. The soldiers overjoyed with their supposed good fortune in meeting with so great a prize, immediately cut off the brave young man's head, and made all the haste they could to Fort-Augustus, to tell the news, and to lay claim to the 30,000*l.* producing the head, which several said they knew to be the Pr.'s head. This great news, was soon carried to the Duke, with the head, who so far believing the *Great Work* was done, that he set forward for London, from Fort-Augustus, on the 18th of July, as soon after Mr Mackenzie's death, as he could possibly go. It was about this head, that Kingsborough was asked the question beforementioned by one of the captains of the English forces.

The soldiers and militia sent out to take the Pr. and his adherents, now imagining that he was killed and his head sent to London, began to be less strict, and not keep so good a look-out as before, by which means the Pr. escaped from place to place with less danger.

I observed before, that the Pr. continued betwixt the Braes of Glenmoriston and Glen-Strath-Ferrar, 'till the guards were removed, and the passes opened. About the Beginning of August he went with his retinue as above to Lochaber, to Achnasual, two miles from Achnacarie, the seat of Lochiel.

The Pr. and company had brought no provisions with them, expecting to be supplied in that country, where there used to be greater plenty than whence they had come; but they were greatly disappointed,

finding all the country plundered and burnt, and no cattle or any sort of provisions, to be got. In this distress they remained some time, when at last, one of the Glenmoriston men 'spied a single hart, and shot him; on this they lived without bread or salt.

The next day, the Pr. was informed, That Macdonald of Lochgarie, Cameron of Cluns and Cameron of Lochnasual, were in the neighbouring mountains, sent after them, and at the same time sent a messenger to Lochiel, who was then about twenty miles off, to let him [Lochiel] know where he [the Pr.] was. Before the Pr. sent to Lochiel he [Lochiel] had heard also that it was supposed the Pr. was in the country, and sent his brother doctor Archibald Cameron, and the rev. Mr. John Cameron, by different roads, to get all the intelligence they could of the Pr.

The person sent by the Pr. to Lochiel met Dr. Cameron within a few miles of the place where Lochiel was, who was obliged to return with two french officers, whom he had met with, and who were in quest of the Pr. also.

This faithful person sent by the Pr., would not own to the doctor, or to the two French officers, that he knew anything about the Pr., his orders being only to tell it to Lochiel himself, which he punctually obeyed; and as he said he had business of the utmost consequence, the doctor conducted him, with the two officers, to Lochiel.

Next day, Lochiel sent doctor Cameron, with four servants, to the Pr.; and sent the officers at the same time, to be under the care of one of his friends till farther orders.

Mr. Cameron the minister, whom his brother Lochiel had sent out to get intelligence of the Pr. after travelling and searching several days, went to Achnacarie, where he met with his brother the Dr. going to the Pr. with the four servants, who, as the river was not fordable, raised a boat, which captain Munro of Culcairn had sunk, after searching the isle of Locharkaig.

When Culcairn was plundering in this island he saw some new raised earth, and imagining there was either money or arms concealed, had it dug up, but only found a man's corpse, with a good Holland shirt on, which made him believe it to be Lochiel: He thereupon sent an express to the duke of Cumberland to tell him that Lochiel was dead of his wounds: But it really was the corpse of -- Cameron, brother of Allan Cameron of Callart, which last was taken at Culloden and carried to London. However, rather than have no plunder, they took the shirt, and left the corpse lying on the ground.

Dr. Cameron and the minister, observing some men by the water-side in arms, sent some of Cluns's children to see who they were; they soon finding they belonged to Cluns, sent the boat for them, and then sent the four servants back again to Lochiel, pretending they were going to skulk in the wood for some days, and that keeping such a number together might be dangerous.

They then crossed the river, and went to the hut where the Pr. was, which was built on purpose in a wood betwixt Achnasual and the end of Locharkaig. The Pr. and Cameron of Achnasual, upon seeing the doctor and his brother at a distance, and not then

knowing who they were, had left the hut and went a little from it; but being soon informed who they were, immediately returned to a joyful meeting: And when they told the Pr. that Lochiel was well, and recovered of his wounds, he returned God thanks thrice for it, and expressed an uncommon satisfaction.

The Pr. was at this time bare footed, had on an old black kilt coat, a plaid, and a philabeg; a gun in his hand, and a pistol and durk by his side; he was very chearful and in good health. They had killed a cow the day before, and the servants were roasting part of it. At dinner the Pr. eat heartily of the beef, and some bread which they had got from Fort-Augustus, and no man could sleep sounder than he did. He now began to speak some little Erse.

The Pr. proposed going immediately to Lochiel, but a friend telling him that he saw in the News Papers, (which they got at the same time they got their bread) that it was said the Pr. had passed Coriarrick with Lochiel and thirty men, which probably might occasion a strict search in those parts; he therefore resolved to stay some days longer where he was. However two or three days after this, the Pr. sent Lochgary and doctor Cameron to Lochiel: And then dismissed Gleneladale and the Glenmoriston men to return home again. And the Pr. continued in the hut with Cluns's children, captain M<sup>c</sup>Raw of Glengary's regiment, one or two servants, and the reverend Mr. John Cameron.

The two officers I mentioned above, who went to Lochiel with doctor Cameron, came from Dunkirk, in a small vessel, with sixty other gentlemen, who had

formed themselves into a company of volunteers under the command of the said two officers. They got to Polliver in Seaforth's country, where four of them landed, to deliver their dispatches; two of whom were taken prisoners, *viz.* one Fitzgerald, a Spanish officer, whom they hanged at Fort-William, pretending he had been a spy in Flanders; the other was called mons. de Berard, a French officer, and was some time after exchanged upon the cartel. The other two wandered in Seaforth's country, till Lochgarie, hearing they had letters for the Pr. sent captain Macraw and his own servant for them, that they might be sent to Lochiel, since the Pr. could not be found; this was about the middle of July.

When they came to Lochiel, some persons told him those officers had left their letters with Alexander Macleod, one of the Pr.'s aids de camp. Though this proved true, yet as they themselves had not told it to Lochiel, it made him suspect them to be government spies.

The Pr. was very desirous of seeing the officers, but he rev. Mr. John Cameron told him, what both Lochiel, the doctor, and he himself, were afraid of; upon which the Pr. resolved to act in this affair with great caution, and said, *He could not help observing, that it probably might be as they conjectured, because if they were not spies, it was surprising that two men without one word of Erse, and quite strangers in the country, could escape the troops, who were always in motion, and in quest of himself [the Pr.] and his followers.*

However, as these officers had told Lochiel That they had never seen the Pr. he, the Pr. laid a scheme to see them safely; and, therefore, he wrote a letter himself to them, viz. *That to avoid falling into his enemies hands, he was under a necessity to retire to a remote country, where he had no person with him except one captain Drummond and a servant; and as he could not remove from where he was, without danger to himself and them, he had sent captain Drummond with this letter; and as he could repose entire confidence in him, he desired they would tell whatever message they had to the bearer, captain Drummond, and take his advice as to their conduct.* This letter the Pr. proposed to deliver himself, as captain Drummond; accordingly the officers were sent for, and introduced to the Pr. under this borrowed name.

The Pr. then delivered the letter to them, with which they seemed very well pleased, and told him every thing they had to say; which he afterwards said was of no great consequence, as his affairs now stood. They continued there two days, and asked captain Drummond many questions about the Pr. health, his manner of living, &c.

The Pr. thinking the packet left with Mr. Alexander M<sup>c</sup>Leod might be of use to him, sent for it; but as it was in cypher and directed to the French ambassador, he could make nothing of them. Lochiel still took care of these officers till the Pr. was ready to go away, when they were conducted to the ship, and when they saw that they had conversed with Pr. in so free a manner,

taking him then really for captain Drummond, they were greatly ashamed and asked his pardon.

The Pr. and company continued in this wood and in that over against Achnacarie, (having three huts in different places, to which they removed by turns) until about the tenth of August; on which day Cluns's sons, and the Mr Cameron the minister, went to the Strath of Cluns to get intelligence.

They were not half an hour in the hut, which Cluns had built for his family, (after his house was burnt) when a child about six years old went out, and returning hastily, said, that she saw a body of soldiers: this they could not believe, as Lochgarie had promised Lochiel to have a guard between Fort Augustus and Cluns's, to give intelligence.

They went out, however, and found all true, as the girl had told. Cluns skulked to observe the motions of that party: one of his sons and the Mr John Cameron the minister, went to inform the Pr. who was that day in one of his huts on the other side of the water Kiaig, a short mile from Cluns; and in crossing the water at the Ford, under cover of the wood, and going within pistol shot of the hut, the Mr Cameron observed the party advancing.

The Pr. was asleep, it being about eight o'clock in the morning, Mr Cameron however awoke him; and told him, that a body of their enemies was in sight: He then arose very composedly, called for his gun, sent for captain McRaw and Alexander, Cluns's son.

As they had received no intelligence of this party's marching out of Fort-Augustus, they concluded that there was some treachery in the case, and that they

were surrounded on all sides. However, they were determined, though but eight in number, that rather than yield to be b-tch-d by their m-rc-l-ss enemies, to sell their lives as dear as they could, and to die like men of honour.

The Pr. examined all their guns, which were in pretty good order, and said, he hoped they should do some execution before they were killed: for his part, he said, *he had been bred a Fowler, and could charge quick, was a tolerable mark's-man, and would be sure of one at least.*

They then left the hut, and marched to a small hill above the wood, from whence they could see a great way up Glenkengie and not to be discovered. They got there unobserved, under the cover of the wood: the Pr. then sent Cluns and the minister to take a narrow view of the party, and resolved that night to go to the top of Mullantagart, a high mountain in the braes of Glenkengie, and sent one to Cluns and the minister, to know what they discovered or were informed of.

When Cluns and the minister had got to the Strath of Cluns, the women told them, that the party was about 200 of lord Loudon's regiment under captain Grant of Knockardo in Strathspey; that they had carried away ten milch cows, which Cluns had bought after he was plundered before; and that they had found out the hut the Pr. had in the wood of Tervalt, and said they were gone to fetch Barrisdale's cattle to the camp.

In the evening, Cluns' son went to his father, and they all returned, and carried some whisky, bread, and cheese, and got to the Pr. about twelve o'clock at

night. He was on the side of the mountain, without fire or any covering; they persuaded him to take a dram, and made a fire, which, however they durst not keep above half an hour, before they extinguished it.

By daylight, they went up to the top of the mountain, where they staid till eight o'clock in the evening without rising up. The Pr. slept all the forenoon in his plaid and wet stockings, though it hailed; from hence they went that night to the Strath of Glenkengie, where they killed a cow, and lived merrily for some days.

From this place they went to the Braes of Achnacarie, and waded thro' the water of Arkey, which reached up to the mid-thigh; in which wet condition the Pr. lay all night and next day, in the open air, yet caught no cold.

In a day or two, Lochgary and Dr. Cameron returned from Lochiel, (to whom they had been sent) and told it as Lochiel's opinion, that Pr. would be safer where Lochiel was skulking, which pleased the Pr. very much.

The next night, Pr. set out with Lochgarie, Dr. Cameron, Alexander, (Cluns's son), the reverend Mr. John Cameron and three servants: they travelled in the night and slept all the day, till they got to Lochiel, who was then among the hills between the Braes of Badenoch and Athol. The Dr. and his brother went by another road, on a message to Badenock. The minister returned about the 13th of September, and the next day was sent south by Lochiel, to hire a ship to carry them off from the east coast.

The ship was provided, and one sent to inform the Pr. of it, who, with Lochiel and others, of it. But before this messenger go to the Pr. and Lochiel and others, was to go where the ship then lay: But before this messenger got to the place where the Pr. and Lochiel had been, two of his friends, who had orders to watch on the west coast, had been to tell them, that two French ships were arrived at Moidart.

Upon this the Pr. set out from where they were the night following, and at the same time, sent to inform others who were skulking in different places. Some arrived at the place appointed in time; but several, by some accident or other, had not that good fortune.

The Pr. reached Moidart, on September the 19th, 1746, and on the 20th, embarked on board the *Bellonna* of St. Maloes, a Nantz privateer of 32 carriage, and 12 swivel guns, and 340 men, brought hither by colonel Warren of Dillon's regiment, who went on purpose for a vessel. The Pr. after seeing his friends all on board the ships, then embarked himself, set sail immediately for France, where he landed safely at Roscort, near three leagues west of Morlaix, on the 29th of the same month, having had a pleasant voyage.

The *Bellona* was afterwards taken, on the 2d of February following, by three men of war, *viz.* The *Eagle*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Nottingham*.

From the above account, we find, That the Pr. was twice in danger of being shot; and five times in danger of being drowned, being in great storms in little open boats; nine times pursued and in sight of the men of war and armed vessels.

Many times in danger of being taken, often seeing his pursuers, and sometimes being within hearing of what they said.

Six times escaped being taken miraculously.

He was often almost famished for want of meat and drink, and must have starved inevitably, had he not found the fish at the desert island of Euirn or Iffurt; and if one of the Glenmoriston men had not found and shot the hart.

He was mostly obliged to lie in miserable huts, or on mountains, having no other bed than the bare ground or heath; and without any other covering than the dews and rains; and add to all these, that he had frequent returns of the bloody flux.

Thus, reader, you have a faithful account of the whole escape, taken from the authorities which are already mentioned; and this account, since the Pr. return to the continent of Scotland, is chiefly taken from the journal of the rev. Mr John Cameron, Presbyterian minister and chaplain to Fort-William, who you find has been much with the Pr. I shall therefore conclude with his own words, *viz.*

*I have told you what I was witness to, or informed of by such as I could absolutely depend upon. I shall only add 'That the Pr. submitted with patience to his adverse fortune, was chearful, and frequently desired Those, who were with him, to be so. He was cautious when in the greatest danger; never at a loss, in resolving what to do, with uncommon fortitude. He regretted more the distress of those, who suffered for adhering to his interest, than the hardships and dangers he was hourly exposed to.—To conclude, he*

*possesses all the virtues that form the character of A TRUE HERO and A GREAT PRINCE.*'

The Pr. after landing at Roscort, proceeded on his journey to Paris, where the Chateau St. Antoine was fitted up for his reception; he scarce well arrived here than he went to Versailles, and was there received by the king and queen of France, with all the marks of the most tender affections and seeming demonstrations of joy. At different times he related to them the chief of his sufferings, and they seemed to be greatly affected with the melancholy story; and endeavoured to comfort him with fair promises; but the memory of his disappointment was yet too recent, and the news, which was continually arriving, of the commitments, trials, and executions of some of his most faithful of his followers, filled him with an anxiety not easily to be removed, and left but little room for pleasurable ideas.

This was only a private visit, therefore it was thought necessary for him to make his compliments to the king and his court in form, and in the character which he had born by commission from his father. This he did in about ten days time, in the following manner: In the first coach went the lord Ogilvie, Mr. Kelly the secretary, who escaped out of the tower and two other gentlemen; in the second went the Pr. and the eldest Lochiel, who was master of the horse; two pages, and ten footmen in the Pr. of Wales's livery walked on each side; in the third went captain Stafford (who was a long time in Newgate) and other three gentlemen of the bed-chamber; the younger Lochiel and several gentlemen followed on horseback;

who all made a grand appearance; met with a most gracious reception, and the Pr. supped with the king, queen, and royal family; and all who attended him were magnificently entertained at the several tables appointed for them, according to the rank they bore under the Pr.

The French soon raised some new regiments, wholly composed of English, Scots, and Irish; and the command of one of them was given to Lord Ogilvy, (who, with his corps, fought so desperately at the battle of Val) and another to young Lochiel. This, and several other methods the French took to sooth the Pr., and to make him subservient to their purpose; but though he saw through their whole designs, he could no way help himself as affairs then stood, therefore put on a mask as well as the French ministry; and looked upon all their promises to be made with no intention of being performed.

In France, Pr. amused himself with plays, operas, paying and receiving visits, &c. and after being there some time, he made a tour to Madrid, incog. What his business was there, and what success he met with, remains as yet a secret; however, 'tis well known, he was greatly caressed there. His stay at Madrid was about five or six days, and then after making a tour of near four months, he returned to Paris.

Whatever disappointments the Pr. met with, nothing chagrined him more than his brother's acceptance of a cardinal's hat, which happened about this time. His discontent at this was so great, that he forbad all who were about him, ever to mention his brother in

his presence, and he always omitted drinking his health at meals as heretofore he had done.

In this situation, all things seemed to go on till the negotiation for a peace was advancing, when the Pr. had a fair opportunity of throwing off the mask, which he had so long wore; and then hired a fine hotel in the *Kay de Theatin*, opposite to the *Louvre*, on the banks of the *Seine*, for himself and the chief of his retinue, on purpose, as he said, to be near the opera and play-house, and other diversions of Paris, some of which he generally went every evening.

During this time, he neither went so frequently, nor stayed so long at *Versailles*, as he had been accustomed to do, and rather avoided, than sought, any private conferences with the king. The first publick indication he gave of his disgust, was to cause a great number of medals, both of silver and copper, to be cast with his head and this inscription:

CAROLUS WALLIÆ PRINCEPS.

And, on the reverse, *BRITANNIA* and shipping, with this motto:

*AMOR ET SPES  
BRITANNIÆ.*

Every body was surprized at the device, as France was reduced to the condition of making peace, entirely by the bravery and successes of the British fleet: This device gave great offence to the French ministry, and to several of the nobility and others.

Soon after, the French plenipotentiaries were set out to meet those of the other powers at *Aix-la Chapel*, in order to open the congress; the Pr. entered his protest there against all that should be concerted or

agreed upon, in that or any other congress, in prejudice to his title and pretensions.

After signing the preliminaries, the Pr. went no more to court, but appeared far from being disconcerted at this event, and was not the least shocked, but seemed determined to condemn his fate, instead of complaining on the severity of it, and kept his resolution to the end, even in the midst of the most shocking and unexpected trials.

As by one of the articles of peace, the Pr. was obliged to leave the kingdom of France, the king wrote to the states of Friburg, desiring they would receive him in a manner becoming his birth, and as a Prince who was very dear to him.

Neither the one nor the other had any effect on the deportment of the young hero, he continued to live as a person wholly disinterested and regardless of what was doing, 'till the king, who had doubtless expected he would have gone of his own accord, but finding he did not, ordered cardinal Tencin to acquaint him with the necessity there was for his departure.

This the Cardinal did in the most tender manner; but received such evasive answers from the Pr. that he could not give the king any positive account whether he would go or not.

The king, however, waited about fourteen days, when being informed that the Pr. made not the least preparation for his departure, sent the duke de Gesvres with a message of the same nature as before; the Pr. only replied, *That he had so little expected such a step had been taken, that he had not yet sufficient time to consider how to behave in it.*

This answer produced a delay of another fortnight, when the duke de Gesvres was sent a second time, and on his expatiating, That the king was under the necessity of executing this article of the treaty, the Pr. replied with some warmth, *That there was a prior treaty between himself and the king, from which he could not depart with honour.*—It was in vain the duke urged him to be more explicit; the other only bid him deliver what he had said to the king, who would know his meaning.

Notwithstanding these messages were no secret, the Pr. shewed so little intention to leave Paris, that his people bought several pieces of new furniture for his house. Among other persons, he sent for the king's goldsmith, who had been employed by himself before, and ordered him to make a service of plate to the value of an hundred thousand crowns, to be ready against a particular day he mentioned, which the goldsmith promised not to fail in; but it so happened, that immediately after he received orders to prepare such a large quantity for the king's use against that time, that he found it impossible to comply with both, on which he waited on Pr. and entreated he would allow him some few days longer, telling him the occasion; but he would not admit of the excuse, insisting *in being first served as he had given the first orders.*

The goldsmith was in a very great dilemma on this occasion, but thought the most prudent way to extricate himself from it, would be to acquaint the king, who no sooner heard the story, than he commanded that Pr. should be first served, and that the value of

the plate should be paid by the comptroller of his own household, without any expence to the other.

It is supposed, the King imagined the hurry the Pr. shewed for having his plate got ready by such a time, was occasioned by his designing to leave Paris on that day; for not till above a week after it had been delivered, were any more messages sent to him.

But it is plain the Pr. was so far from any such intention, that he resolved to push things to the last extremity.—This fine service of plate was on the score of a of a grand entertainment he made, at which were present the princess of Talmont, a near relative to the queen, the marchioness de Sprimont; madame de Maiseiuse; the duke de Bouillon, and above thirty others of the nobility of both sexes, and several foreigners of great distinction.

About this time the two hostages from Great Britain arrived at Paris, on which Pr. expressed great marks of dissatisfaction, often saying publicly, *That the tables were sadly turned upon poor Old England, since her word could not be relied upon, without such pledges as are scarce ever granted, but by a conquered nation, while French faith passed current for all that was to be done on her part.*

The French court, having received complaints from the English ministry, because the Pr. was not removed, thought proper to remind him once more what was expected from him: Accordingly, the duke de Gesvres waited on him a third time, and acquainted him also that the States of Friburg had returned a most obliging answer to the king's letter on his account, and were ready to receive the honour of his go-

ing to reside in their canton, with all the demonstrations of respect due to his birth and virtues, and in their power to give. To this the Pr. replied only, *That he hoped to find a time to return the good will of the states, without giving the duke any satisfaction, whether he accepted their offer or not.*

The king at this dispatched a courier to Rome, with an account of all that had passed: Pr. sent also to his father, and the court being willing to wait the result of this, occasioned a further delay.

As no part of these proceedings were a secret, there was scarce anything else talked of in Paris; and amongst the body of the people of all degrees, for one that blamed the Pr.'s conduct in this point, there were more than a hundred applauded it.

Two of the distinguished characteristics of the French nation, being the envy, they are apt to conceive of the excellence of any person not born amongst them; and their implicit love and reverence even to idolizing their sovereign; we must be obliged to confess, that the merits they vouchsafed to acknowledge in a foreigner must be extraordinary indeed, and that he who is capable of rivalling their king in their affection and respect, must have something of a superior dignity about him.

The ministry could not brook this, and were resolved to get rid of the Pr. at any rate, and therefore, without waiting for the return of the courier from Rome, prevailed upon the king to send the duke de Gesvres a fourth time to him, and insist on his immediate removal.

The Pr. now expressed some impatience, and told the duke, that though he should always treat with respect, anyone who came to him from the king, yet he was sorry to find he had the trouble of repeating so often a business to which he could give no ear, without hearing it from the king himself. The king being acquainted with this, and being impatient to get rid of the Pr. at any rate, and as yet loth to proceed to extremities, vouchsafed to write a letter to him, and sent it with a blank in order to be filled up by himself, for what yearly sum he pleased; both which the duke de Gesvres was obliged to deliver.

The Pr. read the letter twice over, and having paused a little, threw it from him with disdain, saying, the thing required of him was not consistent with honour.

This ambiguous proceeding both perplexed and exasperated the king; a council was called, and therein resolved to send monsieur le count de Maurepas, to expostulate with the Pr. on his late conduct, and not to leave him, till he had obliged him to declare in express terms, what his intention was, and withal to intimate to him, that if he did not conform to the present necessity of affairs, by leaving the kingdom with a good grace, the ministry would be obliged to compel him to it.—*The ministers! The ministers!* cried the Pr. with the greatest disdain, if you will oblige me, monsieur le count, tell the king, *that I am born to break all the schemes of his ministers.*

It is supposed the Pr. had a double view in acting in the manner he did: first to convince Europe, that the most solemn engagements had been entered into be-

tween him and the court of France, and were all broken on their part; and secondly, to shew the court, that he was not to be any farther imposed upon, and resented as he ought the artifices they had practiced upon him.

The courier being at length arrived, brought a letter from the Pr. father to him, enclosed in one to the king, open as it is said, for the king's perusal: It is said, the letter contained a command to the Pr. to leave the French dominions, but without mentioning the time when, and for that reason the Pr. thought himself at liberty to stay where he was till he had fixed on a proper place for his future residence, as he had some reluctance to go to Friburg.

The ministry not knowing the Pr. real motives for staying, prevailed upon the king to give orders for his being arrested, and when the order was carried to be signed, the king said, *Poor Pr.! How difficult it is for a king to be a true friend!* This seems to shew, the king was ignorant of the unworthy treatment the Pr. received, when in the hands of those commissioned to arrest him. This order signed but at three o'clock, was blazed all over Paris before evening.

Twelve hundred guards were drawn out, and placed in the court of the palace royal, a great number of serjeants and grenadiers, armed cap-a-pee, filled the passages of the opera house; the guet (i.e. the street guards) were placed in the streets leading to it; yet notwithstanding all this, the duke de Biron, who is colonel of the guards, and had charge of executing this commission, would not appear, but kept at a distance, disguised, and left it to the care of major Vandreville,

a man of mean extraction, and more mean merit, who had been raised by him to the posts. The manner of this whole transaction is fully and minutely related in the following extract of a letter from Paris, dated December 21st, 1748, to a person at London.

“I would not acquaint you of this odd scene, till the confusion was a little settled; and that I could inform you of the circumstances with more certainty.

“As the Pr. was determined not to leave France, till forced to it by violence, he was consequently in daily expectations of being arrested, and accordingly had secured all his papers, plate, and such things as he thought not proper to trust to the French mercy.

“Some hours before the Pr. was taken, several streets of Paris were beset with companies of the guards, and such precautions were taken, as if there was a real danger of some sudden rising for his defence. This precaution seemed necessary in some measure, because, on Saturday the 7th, the Pr. was at the play, where he was universally clapt at his entrance, and applauded by all, for his brave answers to the king’s orders to him, to quit the French dominions, into which he had been invited from Italy, &c &c. This general applause of the people is believed to have hastened his being seized. The Pr. being informed, by a friend, of the motions and placing the guards, only calmly replied, *Well then, if it be so, we will not let them stay for us*, and so immediately went to the opera, being on Tuesday the 10th.

“He was arrested in entering the opera house, by six lusty fellows, who had cuirasses under their coats; they seized his sword, and small pocket-pistols, which

he always carried for his own security. They tied his arms, thighs, and legs, with cords; and lifting him off the ground put him into a coach, attended by the major, aid major, and another officer of the blue guards, and four serjeants behind the coach. In this equipage he was carried to the castle of Vincennes, the whole road being crowded with guards. He behaved on the road to Vincennes, with all the composure imaginable; and finding the aid major had been in Italy, talked to him about several places in that country.

“At his arrival at the castle, seeing his intimate friend and old acquaintance, the Governor, approaching him, he cried out, *Mon ami Chatelet, venez donc m’embrasser, puisque je ne puis pas vous embrasser*, that is, *My friend, Chatelet, come then to embrace me, because I can’t embrace you*, (alluding to the cords wherewith he was tied.) The governor then, in the most tender and respectful manner unbound him, and conducted him to a small room of about ten feet square, with a small light, which descends from the top. Upon the sight of this apartment, he only said, *He had seen a worse in Scotland*.

“Three captains of the guards were always with him night and day; they by their tears testified their concern, and shewed him all the respect due to his rank.

“The first night he did not eat, saying he had dined well, nor did he sleep ‘till the next morning (being Wednesday the 11th) when he flung himself in his clothes upon the bed and got a good nap; the same day he did not dine, but at five o’clock in the evening, the governor brought him some broth with three bits of bread, which he begged him to take, and the Pr.

complied, and ordered his supper to be ready at eight o'clock; he ate very heartily, though it disagreed with him afterwards, as having overfasted himself.

“On Thursday (the 12th) he dined very well, and continued his meals regularly, eat heartily, and was in good health till he was released.

“On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the governor went to the king's levee, but carried back no orders for amending his prisoner's condition.

“On Friday morning (the 13th) the Pr. wrote to the king, and in the evening received his answer. On Saturday he got another letter, and in the afternoon he had liberty to walk in the gardens, &c. where he staid some hours, and then returned to his dungeon, to pass his last night there. The contents of these letters are not yet known. On Sunday the 15th at seven o'clock in the morning, he departed from Vincennes for Fontainebleau, in a coach, with the commandant of the musquetairs, accompanied by Mr Sheridan, and Mr Stafford, in two post-chaises.

“On Monday, the 16<sup>th</sup> in the morning, the Pr. wrote again to the king and received an immediate answer.

“On Tuesday morning at four o'clock, having eaten three fresh eggs, he set out from thence with the aforesaid company, to hasten out of France; but where he will stop and take up his residence is yet a mystery.

“Sixty musquetairs were appointed to guard him on the road, but as he assured the king there was no necessity for them, they stayed behind.

“During his captivity, he never shewed the least impatience, in looks, words, or actions; but bore up with that magnanimity of spirit, which gained him the ad-

miration of every one, and proves him a hero in every sense of life. He was affable in the most gracious manner to the governor and the three captains of the guards; and when he saw them in any concern on his account, he even revived them with his gaiety, and always forced them to sit at table and eat with him.

“The castle of Vincennes, all the time of the Pr. residence, was strongly guarded by the grenadiers and blue guards; and the draw-bridges were lifted up both day and night.

“So much for the Pr. who was no sooner arrested, than the lieutenant de Police, with 150 guards, were ordered to his house, but finding the doors shut, were preparing ladders, when some of them finding a back-door, broke it open, entered triumphantly, and seized every person there, even to the scullion, and ate the supper which was preparing for the Pr.

“At the same time, sir David Murray, sir James Harrington, Mr Goring, Mr Stafford, Mr Sheridan, and others, both English, Scotch, and Irish, of the Pr. adherents, to about forty, were arrested in different parts of the town, and were all conducted in the night to the Bastile, but were treated very well in all respects, excepting their confinement.

“The Pr.’s French servants were set at liberty the next day; and before he left Vincennes, he ordered them to be all payed off and dismiss’d.

“On Friday, the 13th at night, messrs. Stafford and Sheridan were released to prepare for their journey with the Pr. against Sunday morning.

“The rest of the gentlemen were all dismissed on the 19th at eight o’clock at night, when sir James Har-

rington, and Mr Goring received orders to quit Paris immediately; but gained leave afterwards to stay till the 24th, when, as is supposed, they'd follow the Pr. The others were left at their own liberty to do as they pleased. This short confinement, added to that of sir David Murray's in England, just completed two years.

“At present there only remains at the Pr. house, proper people to pay off all bills, and to pack up such things as he did not before think necessary to be removed.

“The Pr. from Fontainebleau, proceeded on his journey to Avignon, where he staid some weeks, and left it as incognito, taking along with him col. Goring, and three other domestics; they are said to have returned to Versailles, where they remained four days incog. during which time, the Pr. was frequently with the king and queen, and then proceeded on their journey, as supposed for Poland, to marry the princess of Radzvil, who is said to be a protestant, and one of the first princesses of Poland, and an immense fortune. She is a relation of the queen of France, and of the countess of Talmont, who is said to have brought about the match.

I shall now endeavour to give a little account of what became of some of those who helped to compose the Pr. army.

Lochiel, being wounded in both legs, was carried off the field by four of his men, and put into a barn. As these men were taking off his own cloaths and putting on others to disguise him, a party of dragoons surrounded the barn, but they were called off suddenly just as they were going into it.

The dragoons were no sooner gone, than his men removed him, set him on horseback, and carried him that night to Cluny's house in Badenock, where he continued till next morning, and then went to Lochaber: When he left the barn, he dismissed two of the men, but kept the other two to hold him on horseback.

On the Friday after the battle of Culloden, the duke of Perth, lord John Drummond, the marquis of Tullibardine, lord George Murray, lord Ogilvie, colonel Stewart of Ardsziel, colonel John Roy Stewart, lord Nairn, several of the Drummonds, and captain James Hay, went to Ruthven in Badenock. Lord George Murray proposed to get meal to be brought into that country and to collect their troops again, and hold out in order to obtain terms; but no person would pay any regard to what he said or did, being before so greatly disgusted at his haughty behaviour in general, and at his conduct about the battle of Culloden in particular: He said many things in his own justification, and told them he would clear up his character in black and white; which was some time after, handed about. Lord George declared at this place, That he was against fighting that day, and was for crossing the Nairne, but Sullivan opposed it; and that Sullivan used to carry things in councils of war against him.

Some of these gentlemen began to disperse that night, and the rest next day. The duke of Perth, and lord John Drummond went directly for Moidart, where they soon after embarked for France with Lord Elcho, captain James Maxwell, and several others, who all got safe thither, except the duke of Perth, who died two days after he went on board; lord John is al-

so since dead, and his regiment was given to lord Lewis Drummond.

The marquis of Tullibardine was soon after betrayed, and carried to the Tower of London where he died, and was buried in St. Peter's church. He was not in the battle of Culloden being then very ill.

Lord George Murray was concealed in Scotland, till December after the battle of Culloden; and then after being a little time in Edinburgh, went on board a vessel at Anstruther, and got to France and never was in England after that battle; tho' some have strongly asserted it.

Lord Ogilvie, lord Nairn, colonel Stewart of Ardshiel, colonel John Roy Stewart, and the Drummonds, all got to France; since which colonel Roy Stewart died. Captain Hay, as being a French Officer, surrendered to the justice Clark at Edinburgh, was thence removed to Carlisle, where he was tried and condemned for high treason; but being an officer in the French service, was soon discharged.

At a meeting held on the 15th of May at Murtleg, or rather Murlagan, in the isle of Morar, near the head of Locharkaig, there were present, lord Lovat, Lochiel, major Kennedy, Glenbucket, Lochgary, Mr Alexander Macleod, doctor Cameron, John Roy Stewart, Barisdale's son, secretary Murray, and others to about thirteen; and it was there proposed and agreed to, That they should make assemble their men at Glenmallie, and cross Lochy, where Cluny and Keppoch's men should join them. Lord Lovat's opinion was to raise about 3500 men to defend the country, families, and cattle, as well as themselves; and the particular num-

ber, that each was to provide, was agreed upon; lord Lovat was to send 400 men, and that lord's servant had ten days pay for those men given him.

The meeting being over, Lochiel and Murray crossed the lake again; and about four or five days after this, Murray crossed the lake again to Glensherrie, on the opposite side of the water to Lord Lovat, and was with that Lord an hour or two.

The general rendezvous was to be near Keppoc's house. Lochiel's, Barisdale's, and Clanronald's people, were to meet at the lake about two miles from Lochiel's house.

About ten days after this, Lochiel accordingly got a body of 3 or 400 men; Barisdale and Lochgary went with about 150 men each; but as soon as Lochgary got pay for his men, he went away, promising to return in a few days, and to observe lord Loudon's motions: But he performed neither, for that earl, about two days after the men were got together, marched thro' Glengary, and had certainly taken Lochiel but for some of his scouts; Barisdale, before Loudon went to Achnecarie [Lochiel's house], told Lochiel he would go and bring more men to them, and left his son with a few.

Early in the morning a body of men appeared marching over a hill, whom Lochiel believed to be Barisdale's men; but some of his scouts came and told him, they were Loudon's people, for they had red crosses in their bonnets. Upon this Lochiel dispersed his men, and crossed the loch in a boat, which he had kept to prevent his being surprized; so that he owed

his escape more to the red crosses, than to the care of Lochgary, or to the *honesty* of Barisdale.

Lord Lovat, and some others, took different routs. Secretary Murray, and some others staid with Lochiel, till they got to Lochleven, near Glencoe; and after being there some time, sir David Murray, secretary Murray, doctor Cameron, and the rev. Mr. John Cameron, went from thence to Glenlyon, and continued there twelve or fourteen days. From that place they went to Glenorchie, where secretary Murray was taken very ill, and desired they should return; so sir David Murray went south, and captain Macnab went with him to the Braes of Balquhiddar, and provided him a horse and cloaths, and the rest returned to Lochiel again.

Sir David went as far as Whitby in Yorkshire, where he was taken prisoner, in trying to get off, and was sent to York, there he was tried and condemned, but was afterwards reprieved; and discharged on the of August 7, 1748, upon condition That he should quit these realms for life.

After staying a little time with Lochiel, secretary Murray went southwards, and was at Mr Hunter's of Polmood, his brother in-law, on the 28th of June after the battle of Culloden, being about four miles off his own house at Broughton, in the great road to England, by Carlisle. The evening of the night that he was taken, a boy went from his brother's to Broughton, where a party of soldiers were, and told them, to ground and take him, which in the night they did, and next day set forwards with him for Edinburgh, where, when he arrived, he was so drunk that he could not speak to Justice Clerk, till after a few hours sleep, and then he was

committed to the castle, where he remained until sent up to London under a strong guard; and was immediately close confined, till after he had given evidence against lord Lovat; and then was removed thence into the custody of a messenger, and about Christmas 1747 was discharged.

When they were going to remove him from Edinburgh, his mother wrote to a certain countess, to desire her assistance to raise a party in Yorkshire, to attempt to rescue her dear son; but the lady was so provoked at it, that she burnt the letter immediately, in great wrath.

The rest of the history of Lochiel, doctor Cameron, and his brother the minister, I have given in the Pr. escape. The other gentlemen all got safe abroad. Lochiel got safe to France, and was there made a colonel of 1000 men, which he enjoyed to his death, in September 1748, when it was given to Sir Hector Maclean aforementioned to have been so long confined in Newgate. Doctor Cameron was wounded at Culloden by a musket-bullet, which entered near the elbow, (he having his arm up) and went along the arm, and then out at the opposite shoulder.

*F I N I S.*