

THE YOUNG
C H E V A L I E R
OR, A
G E N U I N E N A R R A T I V E
Of all that befell that Unfortunate
A D V E N T U R E R

FROM

His fatal Defeat to his final Escape, after wandering about the Isles and Highlands of *Scotland*, for the space of five Months, while continually pursued by his Enemies, from whom all his narrow Escapes are Circumstantially and *Honestly* related.

The Whole Interspersed

With many Curious Anecdotes of the Lives and Characters of the Chiefs who accompanied, as well as those who abandoned him in his Distresses.

In Particular

The Characters of Lord *Lovat*, and some others are cleared up, all the Facts, hitherto unknown, are related on the most indisputable Evidence, in the most Candid Manner, and every fictitious Embellishment avoided.

B y a G E N T L E M A N,
*Who was personally acquainted not only with the Scenes of
Action, but with many of the Actors themselves.*

L O N D O N:

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THE
BOOKSELLER

TO THE
READER.

***T**HE Manuscript from whence the following Sheets were printed., was put into my Hands by the Author to publish for him; and, to prevent the Trouble I might be put to by inquisitive Persons concerning him, I have his Permission to acquaint the Publick, once for all, that he is a Scotchman, and was in Scotland during the whole Time of the late unhappy Disturbances in that Kingdom, and for above a Year after the Battle of Culloden; that he had the best Opportunities for making himself perfectly acquainted with every thing done by the Chevalier, his Friends, and his Enemies, (relative to his rash Undertaking, and its Conferences,) in that Part of the World; and partly by Accident, partly by particular Application, he was enabled to compile the following Narrative from authentick materials only.*

P R E F A C E.

On perusing the Manuscript I found in it a plain, simple, unstudied Representation of Facts, the Truth of which I had not the least Reason to call in Question; and therefore I the more readily embraced the Author's Proposal of being his Publisher, and of putting my Name to the Title-Page of his Book; which to the Praise of my Brother Publishers be it spoken, they had the Modesty not to do, to any of the trumpery that has, hitherto appeared on this Subject.

However I must acknowledge, that the Book is not published with all the native Simplicity in which it came out of the Authors Hands; for, in Truth, the Style and Diction were so purely North-British, that being apprehensive many Passages might prove, too obscure to the English Reader, I advised him to get it corrected by an English Hand. This has been done, but so carefully as not in the least to injure the Author's Representation of any Fact, nor is it so much polished but that, the Traces of the original Style are still apparent enough in every Page.

I have only, to add, that if any Person, who is well acquainted with any of the Facts, narrated by our Author, should meet with ought which he may think repugnant to Truth, or to his Apprehension of the Truth, the Author will be glad of his Objections, and the more so, if communicated by the Objector in Person; and if convicted of any Mistake, the Emendation will be made in the next Edition, which we flatter ourselves will be call'd for in due Time. And if any Gentleman can and will give any further Light into even the most minute Article in the Book, that Favour will be gratefully acknowledged. The Author may be spoke with by enquiring, at the Dunciad in Ludgate-Street.

THE
Y O U N G C H E V A L I E R:
OR, A
G e n u i n e N A R R A T I V E, &c.

AFTER so many Accounts already published of the late Rebellion, It may seem perhaps somewhat surprizing that any Thing more should appear on the Subject, at such a Distance of Time. And indeed if I had not observ'd that many Things concerning the Young *Chevalier* were omitted, and others misrepresented, either thro' Design, or the Misinformation of most who have yet attempted the History of his Undertaking, and what befel him after his final Defeat, I should not have thought it worth while to trouble the Publick with the following Sheets. Not that I can promise in this Narrative to please all Parties: A Thing perhaps impossible, especially for one who writes of his own Times. However, I shall religiously adhere to what I know to be Truth; and only give the Reader a Bare Relation of Facts, stript of all the Embellishments of Fiction, and supported by the best and most obvious Evidence that the Nature of the various Circumstances will admit of.

And first, it will not, I presume, be thought impertinent to take a View of what the Young *Chevalier* did, preparatory to the Grand Action which proved his Ruin.

On *Monday* the 14th of *April*, 1746 which was two

Days before the Battle of *Culloden*, he muster'd his Troops in the Town of *Inverness*, and walked along the Lines, encouraging them as he passed. Never where Men in more exalted Spirits: They rais'd a cheerful Huzza, and expressed themselves with a Confidence which denounced, as it were, on their Enemies, that fatal Blow they themselves received. "We have seen *Cumberland* before: We will give him another *Fontenoy*;" was the Phrase of the Day. Thus exulting, on they march'd to the Parks of *Culloden* and *Castle-hill*, on which they encamp'd; while the *Chevalier* and his General Officers took up their Lodging in the Mansion-Houses.

About six o'Clock the next Morning the Pipes of the *Highlanders* played, the Drums of the *French* beat to Arms, and the Troops march'd in order of Battle to the Place of Engagement, where they halted, and rested on their Arms, expecting with the utmost impatience every Moment to engage the *Royalists*: And during the Time several false Alarms were raised, which only inflamed their Desire of coming to Blows. The *Chevalier*, desirous of improving this Ardour of his Troops, proposed to them to march forward, about 9 o'Clock at Night, and attack the *Duke's* Army in the Dark: For, said he, "they will be drown'd in Sleep, the Effect of this Day's rejoicing, as it is the Birth-Day of the Usurper's Son." This Scheme was approved by *Sullivan* and *Sherridan*; and with little or no Difficulty, agreed to by most of the Chiefs. But before setting out they thought of a Way to deceive the Country People, or the patrolling Parties of the Enemy. This was to make great Fires, on which they put large Quantities of wet Straw, which kindling but

slowly, caused a violent Smoak, which being agitated by a South-Eaft Wind, that then began gently to blow, very effectually cover'd their Designs. Big with the Hopes of Success, about Ten they defiled in the most silent Manner, with two Pieces of Cannon; and, thro' Parks and Byways, they arrived by One in the Morning on *Kildrummy-Muir*, within two Miles of the Duke of *Cumberland's* Camp.

The Picquets of the Royal Army were disposed in the best Order, but were no Way able to resist their united Force, had they directly march'd on: But here, thro' a most unaccountable Error, they separated. The Chevalier with one Body turned to the North West, in order to surround the Enemy, whom he judged himself capable of hemming in on all Hands; namely, by the Water of *Nairn* on the East, the *Sea* on the North, and his own Troops on the West and South. Nothing now impeded him but a Morass and a Lake, betwixt which he was obliged to march his Forces as thro' a Defile. About Two o'Clock he came so near the Centries as to hear them calling to, and answering one another "Is all well? Yes, All's well."

Now was the Time of executing his daring Scheme, which nothing but the most fatal Delusion could have prevented. And here it will be proper to take Notice of a Circumstance, which, tho' little in itself, yet, like other Incidents which frequently happen, contributed much to their giving up this favourable Conjuncture, more than the Terrors of a Battery, or Avenues lined with Rows of devouring Cannon. The Matter was this.

A Stallion they had with them, coming to a Place where some Days before he had covered a Mare, began to neigh. The Owner did all he could to stop

him, but to no Purpose, and therefore would have shot him thro' the Head, had not one of the Generals prevented it, for fear of giving an Alarm. After endeavouring to pacify him, they ordered him back; but forthwith began to dread their Design was discovered, and a Damp appeared among them. This Story may be entirely depended upon, for I had it not only from several who were along with the *Chevalier*, but likewise from some in *Nairn*, the Town and People whereof I had the best Opportunities of being acquainted with: And they unanimously averred, that this Accident more than any Thing else, hindered the Adventurers from breaking in. The *Chevalier* immediately called a Council of War, in which the Grand Question was, whether or not to advance? The Chiefs were generally against it, while the *Chevalier* and his two *Irish* Favourites urged the Matter. But the Report of the Spies, who, taking the Picquets for the whole Army, with the Circumstance of the Horse mentioned above, and that of some Battalions having mistaken their Way, prevailed upon them to return. This Disappointment provoked the *Chevalier* extremely; and he was heard to say, "God D—n it, are my Orders still disobey'd? "Fight when you will, Gentlemen, the Day is not mine." However, he gave Orders for marching back to the Field of Battle, and reposing themselves upon their Arms; and, at the same Time sent out some Parties to search the Country for all the Provisions they could find. His Commands were obeyed. One Battalion march'd into *Inverness*, while the main Body came up to the Place of Action. The *Chevalier*, with most of his General Officers retired to *Culloden-House*, where they

reposed themselves for some Hours, and ordered a hot Dinner to be got ready for them. In the mean while the *Royalists* are advancing, and by 11 o'Clock were observed at the Distance of two Miles, by a patrolling Party, who directly carried the News to the Camp: An Express was sent to the *Chevalier*, and a Cannon was fired as a Signal of the Enemy's Approach. He instantly rose up, and when at the Foot of the Stairs, was met by the Steward, who told him, that his Dinner, *viz.* a roasted Side of Lamb and two Hens, and the Table-cloth was just ready to be laid.* No, replied the *Chevalier*, would you have me sit down to Victuals when my Enemy is so near me!— This said, he mounted on Horseback, and galloped up to the *Muir*, where he assisted in the Disposition of his Troops, who were already in Battalia. Those who were sleeping in the Parks, and by the Sides of the Dykes, being awakened by the Noise of the Cannon, ran into their respective Regiments, and joined the Companies to which they belonged . They were now in top Spirits, and the rather as *Keppoch M'Donald* with his Regiment, was that Morning returned from an Expedition on which he had been dispatched. Every Thing being disposed on each Side, the Battle begun; but as the same has been so fully described in the History of the Rebellion, printed at *Edinburgh*, I shall only mention the Consequences of it with regard to the Person of the *Chevalier*.

This young Commander, being posted with a Body of Reserve at a confiderable Distance, was the Spectator of a Scene which at once blasted his Hopes,

* These are the Man's Express Words.

and ruined his Arms: He had the cruel Mortification of seeing those Troops which he reckoned invincible, flying off in the most miserable Disorder and Confusion. He did all in his Power to reanimate and persuade them to return to the Charge, but all to no Purpose: Showers of Bullets from the Mouths of devouring Cannon, were Things to which they were Strangers. Promises and Entreaties were equally lost, and indeed he spoke to them in the most moving Terms, uttering Words to this Purpose: “Rally in the Name of God; pray Gentlemen return pray stay with me your Prince but a Moment; otherwise you ruin me, your Country, and yourselves: And God forgive you.” He rode up to the several Corps as they were retreating in the utmost Consternation, addressing them in these and such like. Expressions as he past: But the Whole were deaf to his Entreaties, for the Generality of them knew not what he said, while others who understood the *English* Tongue, cried out, “Prince! *Oh an! Oh! an!*” a Sign of Mourning, and a *Scottish* Particle expressive of the greatest Grief: “Oh that he had never been born; O! fatal Day; What Ruin have we brought upon ourselves, our Country and our Friends”? Scarce were these and such like doleful Sentences out of their Mouths, when the Rout became total, some flying one Way and some another, and the Cannon being now brought to bear upon them as they were running for their Lives, the *Chevalier* seeing that all was gone, and that his Attempts on the *British* Throne had fail’d, spurred his Horse and gallop’d off at full Speed. But during the Confusion his Wig and Bonnet flew off, which last was taken up and sent to a

Gentlewoman, a Member of the Church of *Rome*, who kept it as a Relick, in Commemoration of that fatal Day which had given at once so signal a Blow to a Cause and Interest she had much at Heart: But his Wig was recover'd by himself, just as it was falling from the Pommel of the Saddle. He made directly to the Water of *Nairn*, which he crossed, because if he took his Rout by the Places which lye betwixt that small River and the *Ness*, the Dragoons and *Kingston's* Light Horse would perhaps be at his Heels: His Conjecture was right, for such as passed the *Nairn* were the only People who escaped the Havock which was made in the Pursuit. The Clans who had stood the Storm, and made the Attack upon the Left Wing of the Royal Army pursued the same Course, and halted at a Place about two Miles from the Field of Action, where they let up the principal Standard, to which several repaired, and among the rest the *Chevalier* himself. In the mean Time the *M'Phersons* who came too late for the Battle, arrived in View, whom, they taking for some of the *Argylleshire* Militia*, began to be in Pain: But, on observing their Number to be small, they resolved to make a Stand, and were now in Hopes of having some Revenge upon these People, to whom they bear a most deadly Hatred. As these came nearer to them, they were undeceived: *Clunie*, the Chieftain of the Clan *Catti*, directly made his Obeisance to the *Chevalier*, who now had got another Bonnet; and, observing a Confusion and unusual Melancholy in his Face, enquired the Cause. The young Adventurer, not

* The *Argylleshire* *Campbell's* were zealously attach'd to the Government.

being able to answer him by Reason of his Grief, one of the Generals said to him, "all is over." *What*, replied *Clunie*, *has there been a Battle?* "Yes, answered the other, "and the Day is not ours." With these Words the *Chevalier* and some of his Officers began to call Reflexions upon the Conduct of a certain great Man* to whom they imputed the whole of their Disaster.

M'Pherson was almost struck speechless, but recovering himself, he reply'd with an Oath, "there's no Help for it, let us return again, and try the Fortune of the Day; for here are six Hundred as brave Fellows as ever drew cold Iron." "No, replied the *Chevalier*, it is needless, for my faithfullest Followers are almost all cut to Pieces: *Lochiel* and *Keppoch*, (whose Advice would to God had been followed) are wounded, with many others. We are too few to encounter the Usurper's Forces, who are in Possession of our Cannon: And even if we should return, my Orders would still be counteracted as formerly: "My Case is at present bad, but then it would be worse. Would to God I had lain in the Field, for there is now no more to be done." *Clunie* upon this returned with his Clan to *Badenoch*, where they procured the Favour of one *Blair*, a Minister, and most of them took the Benefit of the Duke's Proclamation to submit to Mercy; and all who did so, were dismissed peaceably to their own Habitations. And here it will not perhaps be improper to inform my Reader of a Circumstance which not a little contributed to induce that Clan to bear Arms for the *Chevalier* and his Cause.

In the Year 1743 the *Highland* Regiment, at that

* L—d G—e M—y.

Time commanded by Lord *Semple*, was review'd at *London* by General *Wade* and several Officers of Distinction, and went thro' the different Evolutions of the Military Exercise with an uncommon Alertness: But scarce is it over when about 105 of them deserted, under Pretence that they were intended to be sent abroad, contrary to one of the Articles agreed upon at levying of them. They also pretended that their Plaids wanted a full Quarter of a Yard of the Measure stipulated.—No sooner are they gone, than immediately a Detachment of General *Wade's* Horse was dispatched after them, and came up with them in a Wood, where they had begun to fortify themselves. Here they surrendered Prisoners to the Major of the Regiment, who order'd the principal Ringleaders, *viz.* *Samuel* and *Malcolm M'Pherson*, both Corporals, with *Farquhar Shaw* *, a Piper, to be maniced: And thus were they brought to *London* and secured in the Tower. At their Trial the Charge of Desertion was confessed, with all its aggravating Circumstances, (which I was informed by their Friends, was wholly owing to the Assurances given them by a Gentleman, hired by a Person of great Distinction for that Purpose;) and so they were condemned to be shot, which accordingly was executed about 6 o'Clock in the Morning of the 18th of *May* that Year.

The Clan *Cattan* being advised of this Affair, and observing that three of their Name, with whom most of them were related; (for the *Highlanders* generally trace Kindred as far back as 400 Years) fell a Sacrifice for the Crime, of which several *Grants* and *Munro's*

* *Note*, The *Shaws* are a Branch of the Clan *Cattan*.

were equally guilty; breathed nothing but Revenge: But, as Fire hid under Ashes, burns with greater Ardour when once these are removed, than that which is instantly made to blaze, so the Resentment of this Clan which they smothered for a-while, on a sudden broke out with a Violence which none but those who knew the Temper of these People can imagine. This Circumstance the Reader may be assured, together with the frequent Discourses of Lord *Lovat*, that Life and Soul of the Rebellion, upon Prophecies and Dreams *, tended more to promote the *Chevalier's* Attempt, than every one is apt at first to imagine: And sure it is that had there been any Hopes of retrieving the Fortune of the Day, these Men would, from a Principle of Revenge, have marched back to the Field.

But while the Clan *Cattan* are returning to *Ruthven*, those remaining with the *Chevalier* are consulting on Ways and Means to make the best of their melancholy Situation. The grand Question is, how their Prince shall dispose of himself. Some were for his continuing with his Troops, and following the Rout of the *M'Phersons*; while others moved that he should consult with Lord *Lovat*, and proceed no further without that Nobleman's Advice but to this it was objected by some that the Enemy lay betwixt them and the *Aird*, in which Place the Seat of old *Simon*, viz. *Castle-Downie*, then stood: This Objection was speedily removed by several, who said, that he (Lord *Lovat*) had lodged at the House of Mr. *Fraser* of *Gortlich* in *Stratherrick*, since the Time of his Escape

* See the *Edinburgh* History of the Rebellion, sold by *Griffiths* in *London*.

from Lord *Loudon* at *Inverness*; that he had caused a Room to be boxed and furnished there for himself, and to it he was wont to repair in the Summer Time to drink the Goat-Whey. The *Chevalier* fully assured of this, began his Journey with 20 Horsemen about 6 o’Clock at Night, having directed 200 more to be at the same Place by the Dawn of next Morning: About nine he arrived there himself, but instead of finding Comfort from his aged Trustee, his Ears were wounded upon his entring the Door with the loudest and bitterest Complaints; “Chop off my Head, Chop off my Head, the old Lord cried out to the unhappy Fugitive: My own Family, with all the great Clans are undone, and the whole Blame will fall upon me. Oh! is there no Friend here to put an End to my Life and Misery.” He even called to some particular Persons by their Names, whose Friendship he knew was sincere and inviolable towards him, beseeching them earnestly to do this last Office and Favour to him. This Request he frequently repeated, while none could appease him, or ever adventured to make him a Reply. But at last the *Chevalier* said to him: “No: No, My Lord, don’t despair: We have had two Days of them, and will yet have another Day about with them.” Then he informed him of several Particulars of the Battle, and magnified the Bravery of the *Frazers*, but reflected prodigiously upon the Conduct of those who hindred his attacking the *Royalists* in the preceding Night, when they were no Way prepared to receive them. By such Discourses as these he endeavour’d to sooth him, but all his Art was insufficient to rouze the drooping Spirits of that subtle and unfortunate Lord,

who could not so much as be prevailed on at that Time to hear, or deliberate upon any Proposal for mending the State of his Affairs.

The Mistress of the House observing that the *Chevalier* was fatigued for want of Sleep, and quite disheartened by the Event of the Day, ordered a Hen to be roasted for his Supper, and a Bed to be prepared. When he had refreshed himself with a Wing of the Fowl, he went to his Chamber, and composed himself to Rest; but slept but little through the great Uneasiness and Anxiety of his Mind, which gradually grew upon him: And here tho' he might have been absolutely safe, at least for some Time, because the Dragoons, much less the Foot, were not suffer'd to withdraw so far as fourteen Miles from the Camp for some Days, yet his Apprehensions and Fears of falling into the Hands of those whom he and his Followers had so much enraged, increasing, he could not but determine to shift his Abode, with all convenient speed. Being unable to compose himself in Bed, he got up, and looking out of the Window saw some of his Guards approaching the House. Then putting on his Cloaths, he immediately repaired to them, and saluted them in a very affecting Manner, and brought in some of his Officers to the Room where Lord *Lovat* was. No sooner are they come in, than the *Chevalier* began to talk seriously to his Lordship on the Subject of their melancholy Situation, but all to no Purpose. That Nobleman would neither advise what Method to follow for his Preservation, nor admit of any Proposal for his own, but concluded in Words to this Effect, *viz.*

“No! No! my Family * is ruin’d, my Children are exposed to the Resentment of the Government, from which I have nothing to hope but the utmost Severity. My House is no longer to me a Sanctuary, I have nothing to trust to but the Humanity of the Duke of *Cumberland*, (of whom his Lordship here took occasion to say several very handsome Things) And since I can find no Friend who will do me the Kindness to put an End to my Days, I will lie in the Way of my Enemies, from whom I may possibly receive more Favour than from you.”

The young *Chevalier* and his Followers perceiving that the old Man was not to be wrought upon, withdrew to refresh themselves with such Things as the Place afforded. The *Chevalier* eating a Wing of the Fowl that was dress’d for him the Night before, put the remainder in his Pocket, and then dismissed almost all his Attendants, with a short Speech at parting, which, after condoling them on their Misfortune and his own, he concluded in Words to this Effect.

“Now Gentlemen consult your own Safety, for I can no longer advance you any Pay. (*here he was ready to burst into Tears*) But if you and I escape, I shall be sure to use my utmost Endeavours Abroad to procure you a Subsistence suitable to your Merit in the Foreign Armies.”

The Servants who were with him before his Arrival in *France* heard him with a sort of Pleasure, because, though they were grieved to see their Master reduced to the state of a Fugitive, yet they had long wish’d to

* A Clan.

be free from the *Highlanders*, whose Manners and Customs they abhorr'd, and to whom they actually bore the most invincible Hatred. These instantly repaired to *Inverness*, where they surrender'd themselves Prisoners to the Duke, who gave them Passports for returning Home. But the Pain of being forced to abandon their Master, which was so much alleviated in the Minds of the *French*, who were weary of the Country, was the more grievously felt by the *Chevalier's Highland Guards*, whose Safety depended in a great Measure on his. They reflected on his Words with the greatest Sorrow, and were almost distracted with Apprehensions for themselves, not knowing what to do, nor which way to turn their Faces. The fear of being taken up every Moment, and paying to publick Justice the Debt which they had contracted, presented itself to their View, in the most terrifying Shape. However, as Necessity has no Law, they at last resolved to keep in a Body, and to repair to *Strath Nairn*, whence some of them made Excursions for Victuals, and taking on themselves the Name of the Duke's Troops, committed upon some of the Inhabitants, Cruelties of the worst sort.—From hence it may not be improper to observe that the People who live in the low Countries of *Scotland*, entertain as great a Hatred towards the *Highlanders*, as one can possibly suppose the most Hostile Nations capable of. How unfortunate then must it be for an Adventurer whose Aim is a Throne, to be obliged to advance towards it with those who are held in Abhorrence and Detestation in the Places through which he is to pass.

But, forlorn as the Hopes of his Followers were, desperate as their Situation was, the *Chevalier*

himself was in no better. He was left with about seven Officers, and two Servants, with his two favourites *O. Sullivan* and *Sheridan*, * whole utmost Skill, Policy, and Experience, were now in the highest Degree requisite towards the procuring their own Safety and that of their Master, whose bad Fortune they were now to share.

No sooner had the *Chevalier* dismissed his Followers as above, than he, with the few Friends yet remaining with him, held a Consultation on the next Step that might be proper for them to take. It was above all Things resolved to keep at as great a Distance as possible from the Enemy's Troops, but especially the Militia, such as *the M'Kays, Munroe's, &c.* whose Severity and Cruelty upon former Occasions some began to relate and exaggerate. But as they had little Time to spend in debating, *Sullivan* put an end to it by observing that they ought to move further off, instead of losing one Moment by Consultations. He proposed to take the direst Road for *Glengary*; urging that they might look upon it as certain that none of the Enemy had yet taken that Rout, or at least could not get there before them. Hereupon the whole Company took Horse and away. On this Road the young *Chevalier* was presented with the mortifying and melancholy View of several of his Followers desperately wounded, spent with Fatigue, and unable to bear up under the load of their Misery. Yet to none of them did he ever, at least that I could hear of, proffer the Assistance of his Horse, either

* This *Sheridan's* Wife nursed the old *Chevaliers* second son, for which he was Knighted.

singly, or to ride behind him, only in general, join'd with them in lamenting their Misfortune. I should not have mention'd this particular, had not the contrary been reported by several whose Information I have the greatest Reason to believe was not so good as mine. Indeed it would have been very weak in him to have quitted his Horse, and thereby endanger'd his own Person, and all only for the Chance of preserving a private Gentleman. Nor is it to be supposed that his Attendants would have suffer'd him to have carried his Compassion (the Sincerity and real Tenderness of which we have not the least Reason to call in question) to so extravagant a length.

About Ten o'Clock in the Morning they arrived at the Castle of *Glengary*, which is beautifully situated upon the side of a Lake, whence an extensive Prospect of the adjacent Country presents itself, and which could not fail of giving them timely Intelligence of any Parties that might be advancing to beat up their Quarters. Mr. *M'Donald* the Proprietor (whose second Son was kill'd after the Battle of *Falkirk*) had with all his Clan been in the Interest of the *Chevalier*, whom together with his Attendants, he now received with great Humanity, yet not without discovering some Apprehensions of Danger. For already had he heard of the Action the Day before, and with good Reason feared that himself would feel the Consequence, tho' he had not actually been in open Arms, but on the contrary had shelter'd himself under the Protection of the Government: For now he dreaded that his secret aiding of the *Chevalier's* Undertaking would be discover'd by Means of the Prisoners. However for the present he banish'd his Fears, and was impatient to

hear an accurate Account of the Battle, the relation he had already heard being very confused and imperfect: For these *M'Donalds* are remarkable for a Military Genius, delighting in nothing more than in talking of warlike Atchievements. Messieurs *Sheridan* and *Sullivan* informed *Glengary* of the Particulars of the Action, and observing by the various Alterations of his Looks that to learn how his Clan behaved was not the least part of his Curiosity, they artfully improved the Circumstance, and so nicely touch'd upon this Spring of the *Laird's* Passions, by launching out on the Valour and Intrepidity of his Regiment, that in an Instant forgetting the Confirmation into which he had been thrown the Night before, he chearfully set about preparing every Thing for the Accommodation of his Guests, each in proportion to his Rank, and rather agreeable to an Occasion of Rejoicing than of the deepest Affliction; so surprizing an Effect upon him, had the Praises he heard be flowed on the boasted *M'Donalds!* For my part I cannot but admire the quick Discernment of these two Companions of the *Chevalier's* Fortune, and how skillfully they wrought upon the Temper of their Host. Indeed had they seen as much of Mr. *M'Donald* some Years before*, as the

* About nine Years ago as I was travelling through *Glengary* towards *Inverness* I came to an Inn, where I found Mr. *McDonald*, the *Laird*, fencing with his own Servant, who was very desirous to be rid of him; but that Gentleman's Spirits were so set upon his Diversion, that he cared for little else. Nor can this Chief ever be good Company, bat when the Convention turns upon this Exercise. Being always curious in observing the Genius and Temper of the *Highlanders*.

I took particular Notice of this Gentleman, and enquired of

Author of this Narrative, they would have had little Difficulty in finding out his natural Temper, and peculiar Inclination to Feats of Arms. But these Gentlemen really were not apprized of his Character; and besides one cannot but suppose that his Genius was at that time not a little obscur'd by a Sense of the vast Misfortune, and the great Danger which every Moment presented to his View.

The *Chevalier* being now safe in *Glengary*, had some leisure to reflect on the ruined Condition of his Forces; and tho' he could not assist the unhappy remains of them with Money or any Thing else, yet still he discover'd the deepest Regard and Concern for them. He kept a Correspondence with the several Corps who yet held together in considerable Bodies, and had retired or were yet retiring to the most promising Places of Safety.

The very Night of the Battle, *Lochiel*, after having got his Wound dressed, and in some measure recruited his exhausted Spirits, march'd his Clan to the side of a Hill, where he drew them up, and order'd the Bag-Pipes to play all Night such Tunes as he knew would suit the Temper and present Circumstances of his Men. But the next Morning observing that no considerable Force was likely to join him, and that he could not procure Subsistence for his Troops there, he took his Rout towards *Lochabar*, fetching a Compass along those Hills which divide that Country from

the Landlady who he was. She, who appeared to be a very sensible Woman, seemed somewhat ashamed of his Conduct, and 'twas not without a visible Reluctance that she at last said, "It is our *Laird*"

Badenock, and so he arrived in two Days at *Glengary*, where he found his unfortunate Master, now still more sensibly touch'd with the many Objects of Pity and Compassion, whose Misery was so much, I had almost said entirely, owing to him. He now saw before him a new Scene of Grief, *Lochiel* was dangerously wounded in the Ankle, and unable to walk. Many of his own Men were in no better, some in a worse Condition. Loud and bitter Complaints, with deep and piercing Groans circulated among them, not only on account of their own Wounds, and the complicated Distress they saw themselves involv'd in, but for the loss of their brave Officers and Comrades who had been kill'd out-right. The whole was indeed a moving Scene. Nor could any Thing equal the Love of the *Camerons* for their *Lochiel*, except that of the *M'Donalds* to their *Keppoch*. For when they observed he was wounded in the very heat of the Battle, two of them laid hold of his Legs and a third supported his Head, while the remainder surrounded him as a Guard; and thus they bore him out of the Field, and over the small River *Nairn*.

These Things very much affected the *Chevalier*: But *Glengary* seem'd to take the greatest Delight in hearing of them, tho' his Satisfaction would have been highly augmented, could such an Exploit be told of his own Family, as that of the *M'Donald's* of *Keppoch*: For there is a prodigious and deep rooted Jealousy among the Clans, especially the *M'Donalds* and *Camerons* who seldom agree, but on the contrary, being Neighbours, are the Rivals of each others Actions and with Envy look upon any Thing that may tend to the Advantage or Honour of those against

whom they have conceived an Hatred scarce to be erased by the length or wastings of Time.

After proper Refreshments, such as Butter, Cheese, Milk and Usquebaugh, the several Officers with the *Chevalier*, held a Council of War; in which some of them moved to let up a Standard nigh that Place and issue forth Orders for the Troops to repair to it. This Proposal was approved by some, who easily foresaw the Misfortunes that would attend them, provided they were taken, and doubtless it might have been unanimously agreed to, had not the *Chevalier* informed them that his Money was spent, and that unless they thought themselves able to attack the Royalists in their Camp, they would be cut off from their Subsistance. This Argument was supported by the *two Favourites* who pointed out the Madness and Folly of that Project, but still the better to engage their Constancy to their Master, they sooth'd them with large Promises from *France*, whence they expected both Men and Money for reviving their Cause and altering the State of their Affairs. At last it was agreed that the *Camerons* should keep together, and in the mean Time march forward to *Achnacarrie*, *Lochiel's* Dwelling-House, which is within nine Miles of, and upon the high Road to, *Fort-William*; and these by patrolling Parties and Scouts observe the Motion of the Royalists on that side, while the *Chevalier*, with those about him, were to take Care of what past upon the *Inverness* Quarter.

The *Camerons* set out for *Achnacarrie*, secured the best of their Effects in the Woods and Caves, and lived upon their Cattle in the most plentiful Manner, not knowing how soon the regular Troops or Militia of the

Royal Army might snatch them out of their Hands. Mean while the *Chevalier* continued with Mr. *M'Donald* to wait for some Account from his Officers and the Noblemen whom he had parted with three Nights before: These were the Marquiss of *Tullibardine*, the Duke of *Perth*, Lord *John Drummond*, Lords *Balmerino*, *Ogilvy*, *Nairn* and *Pitsligo*, Lord *George Murray*, and Col. *John Roy Steuart*, Captain *Hunter* of *Burnside*, and about 800 Men of the *Angus* and *Athol* Battalions, who with some few others had repaired to *Corryburgh*, which is an Inn about 6 Miles from *Inverness*. But before their Departure they had agreed with the *Chevalier* at any Event, to let each other know of the State of their Affairs. Happy was it for the Marquiss of *Tullibardine* that his Clothes and Baggage, thro' the Care of his Servant were secured, but unhappily for some others, they had lost the whole. Here they continued till about 12 o'Clock the next Day, when they were joined by Lord *Elcho*, (who had gone up to the Castle of *Moy*, which belongs to the Laird of *M'Intosh*) Lord *Lewis Gordon* and a few of their Attendants: And now they all, upon an Alarm that the Dragoons were advancing toward them, mounted on Horse-back and pursued the Patent Road, viz. General *Wade's*, to *Ruthven* but when at *Aggnwre*, which is an Inn about 8 Miles from the Place they intended, Lord *Balmerino* broke off and continued there a little longer than the Company had done: Here he met with the Marquiss of *Tullibardine's* Valet de Chambre, with whom he drank a full *English* Pint of *French* Brandy, saying, "Come *Fleming* (the Man's Name) here is the Duke your

Master's Health. I actually will surrender to the Enemy, for to what Purpose should one be always in Terror of his Life." After regaling himself for some Time with Mr. *Fleming*, he rode direedly to *Strathspey*, and delivered bimfelf up, if I remember right, to Captain *Grant* of *Bandallach*, who brought him to *Inverness*, where he was immediately confined, and afterwards shipped off for *London*, where he met his Fate: But the Circumstances of his unhappy Exit are so universally known, that I dare say the Reader will readily excuse my saying any Thing further on that Head.

In the mean Time the other Noblemen who had retired to *Ruthven*, held frequent Counsels; but the desperate State of their Affairs now obvious to every Person, hindered their adventuring upon any Enterprize for retrieving them. The only Result of their Deliberations was, that every one should shift for himself. Hereupon the Lords *Elcho*, *Ogilvy* and *Pitsligo*, rode down towards *Braemar*, where they concealed themselves for some Time till an Opportunity of a Ship, procured by a Lady of Quality, presented itself, when they went on board, and landed in *Norway*. Mean while *Tullibardine* took the contrary Rout, viz. that of *Dumbartonshire*, and surrendered himself Prisoner to Mr. *Buchannan* of *Drummachil*, by whom he was delivered up to the Government, put on board the *Eltham* Man of War, and carried to *London*, where, after some short Confinement, he died in the *Tower*. *Perth*, Lord *John Drummond* and Lord *Nairn*, with some few more, set out in Quest of the *Chevalier*, who was now more than ever disheartened by the Loss of the Battle and the

bad Accounts that were daily brought him of his unfortunate Followers.

Just before their Arrival at *Glengary*, which was the 20th of *April*, the *Chevalier* was told of the Earl of *Cromarty's* Misfortune, and that he was brought in Prisoner to *Inverness*. The Rashness and Ill-Conduct of that Nobleman in *Sutherland.*, must sit so heavy upon him and so naturally tend to render him mean and despicable in the World, that I do not chuse to enlarge on the Subject. But I may further observe that never Man appeared more infatuated than he. For when in an Enemy's Country, in which he was surrounded by the *Sutherland* Militia on all Sides, he inconsiderately sent off the Body of his Party, and remained for some Time drinking and dancing with Lady *Sutherland* *, and a few Gentlemen and Servants: After which he set out as if no Danger was near; but was quickly surpriz'd; and being separated from his Corps, both he and his few Attendants were easily made Prisoners.

As the Account given the *Chevalier* of this Matter

* The Author of the History of the Rebellion, printed at *Edinburgh*, intimates that his Lordship might probably have escaped, had not he still further delay'd the Time by waiting the going round of a Tost to Lord *Sutherland's* Health; her Ladyship having order'd in a Dozen of Wine for that Purpose. He says, "On the 18th arrived the *Hound Sloop* with Lord *Cromarty* and other Prisoners, now pouring out bitter Reflections, Curses and Imprecations, on the Countess of *Sutherland*, (a Lady of great Wit and Humour, whose least Quality was to be one of the greatest Beauties of the Age;) for having order'd in a Dozen of Wine to drink the Health of her Lord at so unseasonable a Juncture."—This was at *Dunrobin*, the Earl of *Sutherland's* House.

made the Disaster appear much worse * than it really was, so his Grief was so heighten'd that on the coming in of the Noblemen above-mentioned, he was found almost speechless, and his Spirits in a Manner exhausted: But by Cordials, and the like, he was reviv'd. When come to himself he told them that he was always extremely glad to see them; but at the same Time wish'd that he had fallen in the Field, rather than live to be a Witness of those Miseries which he had been so instrumental in bringing upon them. He then informed them of the Misfortune which *Cromarty* had met with. But the Duke of *Perth* and Lord *John Drummond* seemed not so much affected with it, for they well knew that the Handful of Men which that rash and imprudent Lord had got together, were almost the very Refuse of the *Highland* Counties.

However they exprest much Regret that he should have fallen into the Hands of his Enemies. They then refreshed themselves with the Victuals which Mr. *M'Donald* had prepared for them, and took some Repose, of which they had Need enough, after the Fatigue they had undergone.

When they arose, a Consultation was held on this important tho' difficult Question, *viz.* What was proper to be done in the present Emergency? *Sullivan* informed them of the Agreement with *Lochiel*, which they highly approv'd of, and declared they came there upon no other Motive than to share the good or bad

* He thought *Barisdale* with his Regiment, which was a good one, and *Glengyle* with his, had shared the same Fate; but it was some Comfort to him when he heard that only *Cromarty* was surpriz'd.

Fortune of their Prince; and appeared very thankful that they were at Liberty, while *Kilmarnock* and *Balmerino*, the infatuated *Cromarty* and his Son, with many others, were closely confin'd, and at the Mercy of that Government, they had so much incensed.

The *Chevalier* having informed these Noblemen of all the particulars that had come to his Knowledge, and of what Resolutions he had taken, enquired after several other Lords and Chiefs, concerning whom they gave him the most satisfactory Account they could; and when speaking of *Elcho*, *Pitsligo* and *Ogilvy*, they told him as I have narrated above. "But what is come of the private Men," saith he; they are scattered, replies *Perth*, but I presume the greatest Part are gone into *Strathspey* with *John Roy Steuart*; where it is not doubted but they will be very kindly received by the *Grants*, who were far from being Enemies to us: *Perth's* Conjecture was just; for the People of *Strathspey* were very obliging to them; and in Time of their Distress prov'd a real and substantial Support, but still in such a Manner as to give no Umbrage to the Government: For as the Fugitives had considerable Sums of Money, such Persons were not to be thrown off. Their Method was this, one of their Company who was best acquainted with the Proprietor of a Farm, would secretly bargain with him for a Dish of Victuals to be prepared at a certain Hour. Accordingly at 6 o'Clock a Pot containing much more than might reasonably be expedited to serve a single Family, was set on the Fire full of Water and Barley, or Herbs, with a large Piece of Beef or Mutton in it, in

order to make Broth, (which is much esteemed by most of the People of *Scotland*) This being ready, towards nine or ten at Night, those for whom it was cooked up, would, upon a Signal given by their Trustee, repair from their Huts or Holes, and enter the House by a Window left open for that Purpose, which not being very high, was easily effected, while the whole People in the House were asleep, (or supposed to be so) They would sit down to their Victuals, and afterwards retire to their several Hiding Places, where Beds, *viz.* Straw and Heath, with Bed-clothes, were according to Agreement secretly prepared and not only did they thus subsist and screen the Fugitives (while the Money lasted, which Lord *John Drummond* had distributed among them) in the private Way I have described, but actually furnished *John Roy Stuart* with a ten Scots Pint * Barrel of *Usquebaugh* (the Liquor generally used in the *Highlands* and Islands of *Scotland*) upon the Tenth of *June*, to drink the Health of that Day.

And now as I mention this Man, concerning whom so much has been written, and so many Errors propagated; I shall give a short but faithful Narrative of him, so that my Reader may be both informed and amused.

John Steuart, commonly called *Roy*, which signifies red, from the Colour of his Hair, was born in *Strath Spey* in the Parish of *Abernethy*, of creditable Parents, who had a competent Subsistence to appear genteelly in that part of the World. When but a Boy he gave Instances of the most enterprizing Genius,

* That is Twenty *English* Quarts, *Winchester* Measure.

discovering a Temper void of Fear and capable of any Thing, and which increased with his Years. After receiving a small Portion of Education at *Inverness*, he began to look about him, and deliberate upon the Way of Life he should afterward pursue: A mechanical Employment was below his Turn of Mind, as well as the Dignity of his Family, though xript of the common Necexxaries of Life, (such is the Infatuation of the *Highlanders*) and to be a Gentleman was not in his Power; and therefore he was nothing: Yet the Misfortune was, that he must live like one of his high Birth; but how to do this was the Question. At last he contrived a Way of raising himself to a Figure in the World; he got together a dozen of Desperadoes such as himself, but neither so strong or agile, over whom he appointed himself Captain. With these he infested the high Ways, and pillaged some Cattle; but happily for him, within a short Time, an *Affair* happen'd which at once put an end to his Scheme. One Day the present Lord *Braco*, who is married to the Laird of *Grants* Sister, came to pay his Brother-in-Law a Visit *Steuart* getting Intelligence of it, immediately conduced his Men to a narrow Passage nigh the entrance of a Wood, to intercept that Nobleman as he passed. This coming to the Knowledge of the Laird of *Grant*, he caused a younger Brother, to assemble an hundred Men of his Name, and with these convey'd his Brother-in-Law out of his jurisdiction; scarce were they convey'd, when *Roy Steuart* had an Account of it by a trusty Friend, with whom he kept a Correspondence at *Castle Grant*, and observing that. Projects were not so soon executed as they were contrived, he withdrew from his Pass and discharged

his Corps. And now he bethought himself of entering into the Army, hoping by *Grant's* Interest to be preferred; accordingly he inlisted into the Regiment of the *Scot's Greys*, where by the Intercession of his Patron he became Quarter Master, and perhaps might still have been further advanced, had not his Genius, which was equal to the most difficult, and I may add, Villainous Enterprize, still biass'd him to a Conduct which could not but give the World a bad Opinion of him. A fellow Soldier of his Regiment coming to him one Day, told him that he had engaged to fight a Duel with one who had given him an Affront, and desired that *Roy* would be his Second; "O yes! replies *Steuart*, I love some Times to take a Dance at the small Sword, for it will render my Heels nimble, and now they seem to be clogg'd." He never had seen the Person who disobliged his Acquaintance; yet they set out for the Place appointed, but instead of meeting the Enemy, they heard the mortifying News, that he was gone over to *Ireland*. Upon this, the principal in the Quarrel, mov'd to return. "No, no, says *Steuart*, our Work is not done" "We have acted as becomes us, reply'd the other;" "No, not we," answer'd *Roy*, "while the Fellow is alive; give me two Guineas, and I shall cross the Water and put a Pair of Balls through him." But this generous offer was declined.

In short, this *Roy Stuart* was ever ready to assist in the most dishonourable Things, such as stealing away young Gentlewomen, in order to join them in Marriage with People far below their Rank, and then would offer Satisfaction at the Sword to their Friends, if they complained of such Treatment. At last, having had a very active Hand, in marrying the Earl of

Murrays Brother to one Miss *Barber* in *Inverness*, he was rewarded with the loss of his Post, and sent to Goal into the Bargain. However, by the Assistance of some Persons in Power at *Inverness*, he was enabled to make his Escape, after which he set out for *London*, where he secretly inlisted some Men for the Service of the *French* King; but finding himself in danger of being discovered, he made all possible haste out of the *British* Dominions, and went over to *Rome*; where he found the Means of being introduced to the *Chevalier de St. George*, and his Sons; to whom he magnified the Disaffection of all Ranks in *England* and *Scotland*, to the present Establishment; prais'd and extoll'd the Bravery of the *Highlanders* to the Skies, and even assured them of the Throne; the old *Chevalier*, though ever fond of the Crown, received this Information with great Indifference, and behaved with much more Coldness towards *Roy*, than his Son, who had already formed that Scheme which he afterwards set upon executing, to the Smart of these Nations; for he had resolved on the Attempt, ever since *Don Carlos* was conducted by the *British* Fleet into the Kingdom of *Naples*. *

'Tis imagined by some, and that upon very good Grounds, that *Roy Steuart* had Letters from Lord *Lovat*, *Lochiel*, *Keppoch*, and Sir *Alexander M'Donald*, to the Court of *St. Albano*; for about the latter end of the Year 1735, he returned to *Scotland* with Letters to several of the Chieftains and informed

* He was on board the same Vessel with that Prince, and his Hat having fallen over board into the Sea, he was heard to say, "No matter, I am to go to *Old England*, which is able to procure a better."

them *viva voce*, of his Reception at Court: But here having play'd one of his old Pranks, he was taken up, and secured in the Prison of *Inverness*, where he found Means to break, and fled over the *Ness* to *Castle Downie*, Lord *Lovat's* Residence in the *Aird*; where he was kindly entertained that very Night, and shelter'd for some Time, though the crafty *Simon* being told of his escape, issued forth Orders as Sheriff Principal of the Shire, to search for him and take him dead or alive. When a convenient Opportunity occur'd, he left the Kingdom, carrying with him Answers. to the several Letters which he had before brought: Soon after he enter'd into the Service of the *French King*, and by Means of the Pretender, he was made Captain of the Grenadiers in Lord *John Drummond's* Regiment; in which Station he continued till the Rebellion was just ready to break out, when he took the Opportunity of a Ship going from *Holland* to *Leith*, to return into *Scotland*; where landing about the beginning of *June*, he went to *Lochabar*, and there prepared the Minds of the *Highlanders* to receive the young *Chevalier*, who was soon to appear among them.

No sooner is the *Chevalier* landed in *Ardnamurchan*, than *Roy Steuart* repaired to welcome him, and had a Colonel's Commission for his Pains, and levied his Regiment as they advanced. In this Station he continued till the whole Project was dash'd in Pieces, and was most active in the various Scenes; for his Sword was generally broke at every Battle, and the streaming Gore denounced the Share he had in the Action of the Day. His Attempts upon *Keith*, and against the Duke's Life, are well known.

His Zeal for his Party was likewise manifested, upon his hearing of a young Man who was employ'd by the Duke of *Cumberland* as a Spy. For *Steuart* immediately set a Reward of Twenty-Pounds upon his Head. Many other Things might be said of him, but these may suffice; However, before I take my final farewell of him, it will not be improper to observe, that much of the Clamour against Lord *George Murray* for the loss of the Battle of *Culloden*, was owing to this Desperadoe. That Nobleman and he having had some Words on the Morning of that Day, *Steuart* was threaten'd to be put under an Arrest, which he said he despis'd, and that he only would submit to his Prince but not to him. The *Chevalier* was apply'd to, but he desired them to defer the Matter till afterwards; "For now, said he, there is no Time to decide Controversies, since the Enemy is so near." At the Council of War held that Morning, *Steuart's* Opinion was, that the *French* Picquets should be drawn up within the Park, that was to the Right of their Army, the Wall of which the Dragoons and *Argyleshire Highlanders* broke down to Attack the *Chevalier's* Troops in Flank; but as his Advice was not followed, he improved so far upon the Disaster that befell them from that Quarter, as every where to publish the Treachery of Lord *G—ge M—y*, which true or false, I am far from taking upon me to determine. It may however be observed, that Lord *G—ge* would expect little or nothing from the *Chevalier*, although he should succeed, for the Marquiss of *Tullibardine* was his elder Brother, and so must succeed to the *Athol* Estate. In my Opinion therefore he must have been a loser by the *Chevalier's* Success, he being Heir

Apparent to the Duke of *Athol*, who having no Male Issue, intended his Daughter, as was generally believed, for Lord *George* Son, who, by this Means, would become Duke of *Athol*, and, perhaps, King in *Mann*.

Thus far have I made a Digression, and now resume the Thread of my Narrative.

The Noblemen and Gentlemen formerly named, who had repaired to the *Chevalier* at *Glengary Castle*, being Eye Witnesses of his melancholy Situation, endeavour'd as much as possible to soften the Rigour of his bad Fortune, by preparing Methods for changing the Face of his Affairs. A Project was laid down for continuing with the Clans in the Hills, until a faithful Messenger could arrive at the Court of *Versailles*, and lay down the State and Condition of his Army to the *French* Ministry. This in all Likelihood would have been agreed to, but Want of Money for present Sustenance was an insurmountable Objection to all their Proposals. Mean while the several Corps, and all the Stragglers who had been concealed in Thickets and otherwise, till an Opportunity presented of escaping, heightened their Loss, and at the Expence of Truth, magnified the Severity of the King's Army beyond all the Bounds of Moderation. Tho' perhaps never was less Cruelty shewn upon such an Occasion *. The *Chevalier* was

* In the Year 1679, when the Duke of *Monmouth* was sent down by King *Charles* II. to quell the Insurrection at *Bothwell Bridge*, while the People were desiring nothing but to worship God in their own Way, on Hills or. Mountains, without Molestation, or being murdered by the Dragoons, he not only refused to hear of a Submission in the Morning before the Action; but his Troops exercised the most horrid Barbarities, many Women lying dead

touched with their Narrations of these Things and usually said, "I am sorry to have brought any such Hardships upon these poor People; and the best Way to prevent the like for the future, is to give over all further Attempts for our Cause is now desperate, and would to God I had died in the Field." The daily Accounts of the Surrender of his Troops, with the mortifying News that Numbers were found dead, upon the Hills and among the Vallies, of the Wounds they had received, almost involved him in Despair, and perhaps had even gone near to distract him, had not *Perth* and the other Noblemen relieved his Spirits and proposed an Hunting Match; for say they, "by this Means, we may better escape the Search of the Troops, if advancing towards us, or perhaps they may pass by us, as Gentlemen only taking their Diversion." Their Advice was follow'd, and so they continued till the 23d, that certain Intelligence was brought of the March of General *Campbell* with a great Number of the *Argyleshire* Militia from *Inverness*. No sooner was this News confirmed, than he and the *Chevalier*, with the Chiefs formerly named, the two *Irish* Favourites, and about 40 Men, set out for *Achnacarrie*, where *Lochiel* was with his Brother Doctor *Cameron*, whose Patient he then was for the Cure of his Wounds.

Scarce are they within Sight of the Place, when immediately the *Camerons* mistaking them for their Enemies, put themselves in a Posture of Defence, for there were about 400 of them at that Time about the House, waiting the Fate of their beloved Chieftain. But

upon the Field, with the Children, leaping in their Wombs.

finding their Mistake, they instantly put up their Swords, and with Joy received the *Chevalier* and his Company; and instantly brought them into *Lochiel's* Apartment; who, no sooner saw them than he, guessing the Truth, hastily demanded of the *Chevalier*, which Body of the Enemy was coming upon them? "The *Campbells*," replied he, "and by this Time I believe they are at *Glengary*, for they set out Yesterday from *Inverness*;" "I thought so, answered *Lochiel*, "for those Men would surely not be the last to the ruining of us as* they

have done by many other brave and loyal u Clans And with that he utter'd Expressions, which the Rancour of his Wound forced from him, in Spite of his natural Politeness. The *Chevalier* was for instantly departing, had not Mr. *Camern* and others dissuaded him from it, by assuring him that the *Campbells* would take a particular Care to desolate the Places thro' which they were to pass. "Consider, says he, that *Stratherrick* and *Glengary* lie between them and me, and these to be sure they will sift 'ere they come to this Place." His Conjecture was so far just, for tho' these Gentlemen behaved with great Humanity in the Places thro' which they passed, yet they faithfully searched *Stratherrick* for Lord *Lovat*,

* The neighbouring Clans, viz. the *M'Leans*, who were in Possession of *Mull, Morvair, Coll, Lung, Suel, Ardnamurchan*; the *M'Donalds* who had *Isla, Cantire, Jura* and *Argyle* the *Lamonds* and *M'Lauchlans*, who had *Coual* and *Knapdale*; the *M'Vicars* who had *Iverary*; the *M'Kechrans* who had *Craignish*; the *M'Donalds* and *Steuarts*, who had *Lorn*; the *M'Gregors* who *Broadalbin*, bear a most inconceivable Hatred to the *Campbells*, who are now become the Proprietors of their Lands.

who had gone off about two Hours after the Departure of the *Chevalier*, and gave a *Chart Blanche*, or full Commission to his Servants to conduct him wherever they pleased, only to avoid the Rout of the *Chevalier*; tho' indeed he need not have been at any Loss where to go: For as his House is almost in the Center of the *Highlands*, there was not a Man worth 10*l.* Sterling among the Clans but whom he knew, and had conversed with for upwards of sixty-six Years. His usual Way of treating them was this: If any of their Leaders * were in Company with him, he would be sure to magnify the Greatness of the Clan to which they belonged, and even instance some particular Exploits of the Family which they represented; He would work them up to a Belief of Improbabilities, by interpreting Prophecies and Dreams; yea he had in a Manner the Key of them, and knew the critical Juncture when to touch upon the several Springs of their Genius: He would sometimes talk of their Broils with one another, and all the Heroic Actions which happened between them. And as he observed their Heat in warmly vindicating those of their Name, he would so dextrously introduce a Story to sooth their Passions, give Vigour to their Resolution, and inflame their Inclinations to Arms, as to obtain their Admiration and make them Brave; if he met with one whose Circumstances were lower by a fifth or tenth Part, he would ask his Name, and desire to know who was his Father, of whose Acquaintance in his latter Days he pretended to be ignorant, or at least to have

* *Note.* Every one of them from the Chiefain to the Herdsman is a Gentleman; but, if one of them be worth 10*l.* in the World, he is a Leader, and becomes a Captain at their Rendezvous.

forgot, but generally said, "I believe I knew your Grandfather very well, and a worthy honest Man he was, well did it set him to wear a belted Plaid and a broad Sword; there are but few like him now a Days; you resemble him very much, but not quite so brawny." And then he seldom failed to introduce a Sentence or two in the *Highland* Language, describing his Valour and Intrepidity upon the several Fields of *Killicranky* and *Cromdale*, against King *William's* Forces; or even trace him up to the Days of *Montrose*, when fighting against the *Covenanters*. If he met with a Beggar, he would talk with him also, and as he kept a long Purse full of Six-pences, he dismiss him with one of them; so by these and the like Insinuations, he would almost fire the Man into an unquenchable Thirst after War. He then would give a detail of his Genealogy for ten Generations backward; show his Connexion with his Chieftain, and the other Families of his Name; point out their Relation with the Neighbouring Clans, and at last demonstrate how near he was ally'd to himself: By this cherishing and fomenting their natural Disposition to Tumults and Insurrections, he promoted the Rebellion, and procured the profoundest Respect, Veneration and Esteem of all the *Highlanders*, who look'd upon him as an Oracle, and only wanted an Opportunity of entertaining him in their Houses.

His Servants conducted him for some Time through the Country of *Moidart*, *Knoidart* and *Ardnamurchan*; but at last being put into the Trunk of an hollow Tree, which stood in the midst of a Lake, he was; through Information of a Boy, discovered to a Party of the *Argyleshire* Militia, who went to the Place

where they were directed, and found him sitting with a Pair of Blankets about him. He was instantly conduced on board one of the King's Ships by a Lieutenant, and there secured till Orders were sent to bring him up by Land, as the Sea would not agree with him. He was delivered over to a Party of *Lord Mark Ker's* Dragoons, who escorted him to *Edinburgh*, upon the 20th of *July*, and from thence to *London*, where his Fate is so well known, that I shall not enlarge upon it, but return to the Escape of the young *Chevalier*.

The Arguments of *Lochiel* having prevailed upon the unfortunate Adventurer, he sat down and had an handsome Dinner prepared, with plenty of Wines and other Liquors, which these *Highlanders* drink at a prodigious cheap Rate; yea in a manner for the same Price as at *Boulogne*; abstracting from the Freight, which is render'd very easy to them, as they are brought home in the Vefels, which they send to *France* with their Cattle, which they slaughter and barrel up; for as there are no Officers of Excise in these Parts, except at *Fort-William*, where there is a Garrison, and that the Coast is generally deep, 'tis almost incredible what Quantities of Liquor are run in upon the Creeks; yea sometimes landed in the open Shore, in the most publick Manner.

It was here the young *Chevalier* passed the first cool Moments, since his irretrievable Disaster; and, being with those he could trust, began calmly to deliberate on what was proper to be done. He was now much encouraged and assisted by the Advice of a Gentleman of unquestionable Zeal and Capacity. This was *Lochiel*, who, however mistaken in his political

Principles, was yet a Man of strict Honour, and inviolably faithful to his Cause. Some were for fighting the *Campbells* as they advanced, but others more coolly withstood the Proposal, for, say they, it will but enrage the Enemy the more: Besides, says one, this is but the Way to weaken ourselves, and furnish the *Campbells* with the stronger Pretensions for obtaining our Possessions, as a Reward for their Merit and Services.” The last Opinion prevailed, they ended their Consultations with a full Resolution to skulk about in a Body for some Time, and wait the Succours that were expected from *France*. But, said *Lochiel*, “since the Enemy is so very near us, let us live as well as possible in the mean Time * , least those come to take up our Goods, who will give us little or no Thanks for them. Mean while my Clan may be driving their Cattle to the securest Places, and my Servants concealing my most valuable Effects.” His Advice and Orders were follow’d, the *Camerons* having got a considerable Quantity of Provisions for present Subsistence, set about driving their Cattle, which is the great Stock in these Parts, to such Places of Retreat as they judged most safe; and afterwards went down to *Morvain*, where they gathered into a Body as the Chieftain had directed, In the mean Time his Domesticks are burying his Silver Plate, and other valuable Houshold Furniture, in the Hollows and Dens which surrounded his House. The Victuals which they carried off proved off the greatest Service, but the others were intirely and irrecoverably lost: For some Time after a

* Accordingly they feasted on Beef, Mutton and Venison, in the greatest Plenty; vast Numbers of Cows, Sheep and Deer, being killed every Day.

Detachment of Brigadier *Houghton's* Regiment, coming to *Achnacarie*, which is at any Time, but a bare Place, they found it now almost desolate; the Chieftain's Dwelling-House being burnt to the Ground, and not so much as a single Person as to be seen near it. However, they set about searching for hidden Treasures; not doubting but something valuable might be found: But in all Probability they would have missed their Aim, had not the Gardener, who was in the Secret, been so anxious for the Preservation of his Master's Effects, as to skulk about the Place till discover'd by the Soldiers; who getting him within the Reach of their Guns, obliged him to bring to, seized and examined him. After informing them who he was, they enquired of him what was become of his Matter's Moveables; to which he pretending Ignorance, they immediately fixed two Halberts in the Ground, tyed him to them, strip'd him and employ'd two Drummers with Rods to lash him on the Back, till the Smartness of the Pain he was in, prevailed upon him to disclose the whole, and conducted them to the Places of Concealment, where they made seizure of every Thing; which done, they dismissed the Man, that he might go and inform his Master of what he had seen and felt. Which however he could not accomplish; for before he could find him, *Lochiel* was gone toward *Loch-Noua* where the *French* Men of War were come: But more of this hereafter.

This Chief following the Fate of the *Chevalier*, set out with him from *Achnacarie*, upon the approach of the *Campbells*, In four Hour's Time they arrived upon the Green of *Keppoch*, with their whole Retinue. Here

the *Chevalier*, who put up in *Keppoch's* House, was sensibly touch'd with the change of his Fortune: He, that some few Months ago, appeared in that Place with the *M'Donalds* of *Glengary*, and *Clanranald*, the *Camerons*, &c. big with the Hopes Of a Crown, against which his Imagination seemed to start no Difficulty, now saw himself reduced to the Necessity of flying to that Place as a Fugitive, incapable of sustaining the Dignity and Name he had assumed and moreover, he had the further Mortification of hearing the Cries and Groans of a disconsolate Widow, and six Fatherless Children; for *Keppoch* was dead of the Wounds he had received upon the Field of *Culloden*, and his Clan, which had greatly suffered in the Engagement, were but just returned from, the Funeral of their beloved Master; who was in every Respect a compleat and well-behaved Gentleman, worthy of a better Fate; and the more to be pitied, as he died fighting against a Constitution, to which by his *French* Education he was an absolute Stranger, and which by the Situation of his Residence, he had little or nothing to do with: The Cries and Groans of his Household, the mournful Sighs of his Clan, and the dreadful Prospect of the future Calamities that befell them, from the Regular Forces and the Militia, but particularly the *Munroe's*, sunk the whole of the *Chevalier's* Retinue, and melted them into Tears: Till *Lochiel* and the two Favourites interposed, and urg'd that the indulging Grief to such a Degree, in the Day of Adversity, was unbecoming a reasonable Man, and below the Temper of a Christian. We must act and not mourn," said the *Chevalier*, and "I hink its proper that these People, (meaning the *M'Donalds* of *Keppoch*,) should join with the

Camerons, and keep in a Body till an Opportunity offers, either of making head against the Usurper's Forces, or else getting over to *France*, where I shall be sure to use my utmost Endeavours, to get them incorporated with the *Scotch* and *Irish* Regiments in the pay of that Crown;" the Proposal was relished so well, as considerably to allay the bitter Complaints and Lamentations of the whole for a Time: A Dinner was prepared for the *Chevalier* and his Company, of the best Things they had, such as Venison, and Fish of all Kind, and a sufficient Quantity of Provisions was distributed among the Soldiers that came with the *Chevalier*. After this Refreshment, the Servants of *Keppoch* set about carrying off the most valuable Effects of his House, while the main Body of the Clan marched towards the *Camerons*, whom they joined. And here it may be observed, that *Keppoch's* Furniture escaped the most diligent Search, for though, his House was burnt to the Ground, yet his Moveables were so well secured, as not to fall into the Hands of the Royalists.

But while every Thing is preparing in this Way, against the Hardships that must of Necessity happen, the *Chevalier* and his Retinue, fired with a Spirit of Revenge, are busy in consulting what Rout was best to take for the future, and forgetting their former Resolutions at *Gortlich*, *Glengary* and *Achnacarrie*, at last they agreed to this Scheme, "that *Lochiel* with the *Camerons* and *M'Donalds*, should keep in a Body, and favour any Landings from *France*, while the *Chevalier* and his favourite Companions, *viz.* *Sheridan*, *Sullivan*, and others, were to traverse the Isles, and endeavour to raise such a Force, as with the

Succours from abroad, might make a stand.” After staying here all Night, they set out next Morning to *Glenphillin*, where the *Camerons*, at his first landing, had set up his Standard. Here they entered into a Cave, not far from the Place, where every Thing was prepared for their Reception; and *Lochiel*, having with him a Guard of between fifty and sixty resolute Men, and Centries placed six Miles round, no great Danger was apprehended. Here they continued three Days, and were plentifully supply'd with every Thing necessary for the Support and Satisfaction of Life, but as its impossible to bear up under the Lashes and Tortures of Anxiety, the *Chevalier* declared his Uneasiness, and signified his Desire to be gone; and accordingly set out for the Isles.

It was now the beginning of *May*, when two *French* Men of War, one of Thirty-four Guns, the other of Thirty-two, appeared off the *Western* Coast. They sent a long Boat on Shore to the Island of *Tyress*, in order to take in Provisions, and get a Pilot to conduct them through these Seas, some of which are at certain Times extremely Tempestuous, and being interspersed with blind Rocks and Islands, become dangerous to the People unacquainted with them. Having procured every Thing they wanted, they sailed to the Mouth of *Loch Nua*, when a Ship-Master belonging to *Fort-William* observed them; he instantly sailed to *Aros Bay*, in the Island of *Mull*, and informed the Captain of the *Greyhound* Ship of War of the Matter; who hereupon, with the *Baltimore*, weighed Anchor, and sailed in quest of them, along

with Mr. *Ferguson*, * who rightly judging the Enemy's Design was to enter the *Loch*, he conducted them to the Mouth of it, and being in their Way joined by the *Terror* Bomb-Vessel, they lay to all that Night, and next Morning by Day-break stood in for them. The *French* directly fired a Gun, which not being answered, they hoisted their Country Colours, and one of them gave a full broad-side, which the *Greyhound* returned; in a short Time, by the Force of the Stream, fire was carried between the two, who plied her close and were closely plied in their turn; though without Doubt she must have been taken, had not the *Terror* and *Baltimore* raked the Enemy so much fore and aft, as diverted a considerable share of their Force: The *French* then sent their long Boats on shore, to bring in some Parties of *Highlanders*, who were there drawn up, and actually brought some of them on Board, with a Design to grapple the King's Ships, and attack them on their Decks Sword in Hand; which the others observing, wisely steered off in Time with their Masts and Rigging much shattered: Meeting however with the *Furnace* Bomb, they returned with Design to renew the Attack; but in the mean time the Enemy had sailed away, much disgusted at the disingenuity of the *Highlanders*, who did not inform them of the real State of the *Chevalier's* Affairs, till all the Money,† Ammunition, Liquors and Provisions, they had brought, were landed; however they carried off a considerable

* The Man's Name, from whom the Author had this Narration.

† They landed in Cash 40,000 Lewis d'Ors, which the *Highlanders* secured.

number of Noblemen, Gentlemen and Officers; for no sooner did they cast Anchor in the *Loch*, and it was known they were *French*, than an Express was sent to *Lochiel* and the other Persons of Distinction who were then with him; who instantly repaired to the Shore, and were Eye-witnesses of the Engagement which I have been describing.

Perth, Lord *John Drummond*, Lord *Nairn*, the younger *Clanranald*, with several Officers embarked but *Lochiel* told them that he inclined to continue behind for some Time, till he saw what Turn his Master's Affairs might take, and in the mean Time desired that at any Event they would not fail to send over some more Vessels to carry off the remainder of the Party. Repeated Assurances were given him of this, on which he retired with a few to the above-mentioned Cave; and *May 4*, the two Ships set sail for *Boulogne*. While they were proceeding on their Voyage, *Perth* died of the Fatigue which he had undergone both before and since the Battle of *Culloden*. He was a very tender Man, for having received a bruise in his Lungs, when but a Child, he contracted so much Weakness, as generally to feel a sensible Heaviness at his Heart toward Bed Time; which rendered him incapable of taking any Supper except a little boil'd Milk and Bread, or some such gentle Food; and yet, though very slender, and valetudinary, to Astonishment did he go through the several Hardships to which he was exposed but now being unable to bear up under the Wastings of his shatter'd and tottering Constitution, and a Sickness at Sea which always violently attacked, him when on Ship-board; or rather being unable to support himself,

or comfort his Mind, on a Review of the miserable Scenes of which he had seen so much, and had been so great a sharer in, he sunk under the Depression, and died. His Corps was carried on Shore, and interred in a Manner suitable to his Birth, amidst the mournful Sighs and Groans of those, whose Love and Esteem his Humanity and Sweetness of Temper had so universally procured, he being a Nobleman naturally of the most extensive Benevolence and Charity; a great Encourager of Manufactures, and, to the utmost of his Opportunities, a Father to the Poor.

Let us now return to the *Chevalier*, who is bitterly lamenting his ill Fortune in missing the Opportunity of escaping, by means of the two *French Ships*. And the greater was his Mortification, when he heard they had landed about 40,000 Lewis d'Ors, 35,000 of which had fallen into the Hands of Mr. *Murray* of *Broughton*, in whom he placed no Confidence, nor had the least Regard for.

And now as many of the remaining Chieftains as could be got together, assembled to consult on what was proper to be done, since so many of them had gone off on board the two Ships, as aforesaid. Every one gave in an Estimate of the Vassals he could raise; and it was actually thought by some, that considering the Supply of Money, Arms, Ammunition, and Provisions they had got from *France*, they would have come to a Resolution of Mustering again: But the active Measures of the Royalists put it out of their Power.

The Duke of *Cumberland* had, immediately after entering *Inverness*, issued out a Proclamation of

Pardon and Protection to all such of the common People, as should submit to Mercy. Numbers obeyed, and reaped the Benefit of this Proclamation: And indeed, it is amazing that all in general did not do so; but many were so obstinately attach'd to the Fortune of their Chiefs, and the Cause of *the Chevalier*, that no Considerations could prevail on them to surrender.

This provoked the Duke to publish another Proclamation, (*May 1*.) “Requiring in his Majesty’s Name, all Sheriffs, Stewards and their Deputies, Magistrates of Boroughs, Justices of Peace, and other Officers of the Law, to make diligent Search for all Persons of what Rank soever, who have been at any Time against his Majesty in the Course of this wicked and unnatural Rebellion, and who have not deliver’d up their Arms, and submitted to his Majesty’s Mercy, in Terms of the Proclamation, dated at *Montrose* the 14th of *February*, 1745. and the Officers of the Law, to take Information from the Ministers of the established Church of *Scotland*, touching the Behaviour of the Inhabitants within their respective Parishes, and of the present Haunts, and Places of Abode of such Rebels as may be lurking in their several Neighbourhoods; and further to make a strict Enquiry after all such Persons as may have, since the Battle of *Culloden*, harboured, concealed or entertained any Rebels, knowing them to be such; and with the Assistance of the Military to seize and commit them to Prison in order to Trial.”

This Order threw the Chiefs into a Consternation, and as Numbers had already surrender’d and were dismissed, the private Men, yea some of the Officers, immediately declared their Inclination to follow that

Example. The *Frasers* and *Chisholms*, the *M'Intoshes* and other Branches of the *Catti*, applied to the Ministers of their respective Parishes, who went with them to *Inverness*, and deliver'd their Arms; others obtained Certificates, that they had laid down their Weapons, and so were dismissed and allowed to pursue their lawful Business: On the 13th of *May*, *Alexander M'Donald* of *Glenco*, with those of his People who were with him, surrender'd to General *Campbell*, as did those of *Appin*, who were then at home; and both *Appin* and *Glenco* gave Notice thereof to such of their Vassals as were absent, ordering them to return to their own Habitations. The mild and gentle Treatment of the Duke, with the dismal Prospect of Desolation in Case of Obstinacy, prevailed upon almost the whole to embrace his Terms before the 20th of *May*, so that none now continued in Arms but the *Camerons*, some of the *M'Donalds* of *Keppoch*, and *John Roy Stuart*.

Another Incident also happened, which I should not have mentioned, but that it had a greater Effect upon the Councils of the *Chevalier* and his Friends, than the Reader perhaps may at first View imagine. And moreover, it serves to illustrate the Folly of national Distinctions. The Story, so far I could learn, was literally thus: About Twenty-six Deserters were found among the Prisoners taken upon the Day of Battle, and being tried and condemned they were accordingly Executed. One of them being a *Scotchman*, was hanged up by himself, and as he was swinging, an *English* Officer spoke to a *Scotchman* standing by him, Words to this Effect, "See your Countryman dancing on the Rope; would to God all

the *Scotch* were served in the same way: Damn them, for they are all Rebels.” The *Scotchman*, as inconsiderate as the other, answered with the greatest Warmth, “If all the *Scotch* were Rebels, Things had gone otherwise than they have; and I will lay any Wager that there are more *Scotchmen* in the Army than *Englishmen*, and should they turn out, they would defeat the whole Forces here.” Then some scurrilous Language highly unbecoming the Mouths of Gentlemen to utter, as well as an Author to relate, ensued; the *Scots* were called to draw up on one Side, and the *English* on the other, and perhaps that Day had prov’d fatal to the Royal Cause, for whether the *Scots* or *English* should get the better, his Majesty certainly must lose.

The Town’s People of *Inverness* had now as terrible a Prospect as their Ancestors had, even on *Cabbach-Day* * itself. The Duke being timely informed of the dismal Scene that was like to be acted, he quickly rose up and run in among them, just when the *Scots* were about to attack the *English* Camp. Taking off his Hat he demanded to know what was the Matter, and as he walked along the Line, he heard from several, the

* A Day ever memorable in that Town for the Fight between the *Camerons* and *M’Phersons*, on Account of so small a Trifle; as one Third of a *Scots* Penny, and almost destroyed each other: The Matter was this, a *M’Pherson* asked of a Woman the Price of a Cheese, which he thinking too dear by 1-3d of a Penny, threw it in a Passion upon the Edge of her Stand. The Cheese taking a Run, she cry’d out to her Husband for Help; who thereupon in a Passion stabb’d the Man; whose Quarrel was espoused by one of his Name standing by, and so successively eight or ten attack’d one another in this Way, till the Action became general.

Particulars of the Affair: Whereupon he order'd them in the Name of his Royal Father, to desist from such Rashness. "Have we, said he, conquered the Rebels? And must we now murder ourselves? How will the Enemies of *Britain* rejoice at the News. Let national Distinctions cease for the future: And here by Virtue of the Power entrusted with me, I declare it shall be Death for either an *Englishman* to reflect upon a *Scotchman*, or for a *Scotchman* to reflect upon an *Englishman* on Account of their Country *. And tho' the Rebels who live in the Skirts of this Country, or among the Isles, and are disjoined by Nature from the Continent, differ in Language, Habit, Religion, and Way of Living, have risen up in Arms against my Royal Father, yet I am fully convinced of the Loyalty of the Body of the People in general, (who have as little Connexion with them as any *Englishman*;) And the Services they have done us shall never be forgot, while any Branch of the King's Family remains." Having spoke these Words, in a becoming and a princely Manner, he order'd each Colonel to draw up his own Regiment, and so dismiss the whole to their Quarters; which was done with all imaginable Harmony.

When the *Chevalier* heard of this Affair, and the Facility with which his Rival quelled the Tumult, he was no less chagrined than he was on Account of the Effects of the Proclamation I have mentioned. He was now at the Head of *Knoidart*; and tho' he had always spoken and written most disrespectfully of King *George's* Family, yet neither he or his Favourites,

* This Resolution was afterwards ratified by a Court-Martial.

could help applauding the Conduct, the Wisdom and Prudence of the Duke. “They are closely united, said *Sullivan* to his Master, but your Highness’s Forces have ever been; like a disjointed Body, which cannot stand upright unless it be supported: You was witness to their Animosities and Divisions; you know how they abused the Trust reposed in them by your Royal Father, as he was pleased to signify by his Letter * to yourself. Consider that our Body is not only broke and dismember’d, but several of the Parts are scatter’d up and down not to be gather’d again, while our Enemies are more and more closely united even by Divisions. Let us yield to our Misfortune so far as to consult our own Safety, and not be led aside by desperate Fools, who see not into the Event of Things: The *Chevalier* acquiesced, and immediately agreed to go in Quest of a Boat to carry them over to *Lewis*, where, by good Fortune they might possibly find a Vessel to transport them to *France*.

Fully resolved on this Scheme they set out, and in their Way are met by some of *Barisdale*’s Stragglers who had been in *Sutherland* with *Cromarty*, the Manner of whose Disaster the *Chevalier* was desirous to know: Upon their Recital of it he seem’d astonish’d

* Alluding to a Letter which the old *Chevalier* wrote to his Son after the Battle of *Preston*, in which he desired him always to act in Concert with the Loyal Clans.

at the Imprudence of that Nobleman; but the two Favourites heard it with the utmost Composure, without so much as an Alteration of Countenance.” “What, say they, could be expected from a weak imprudent Man, whom every Person the least acquainted with human Nature, must quickly see thro’: And now I hope your Highness sees clearly the desperate State of your Affairs; besides *Barisdale* we are told, is taken, or has surrendered himself to the Enemy. The Character of the Man we presume you know too well, and therefore we need not enlarge upon it *. A prudent Man escheweth Evil; and what can be expected of him: A Man who lived as he has done, can never be thought to continue true to any Master; but rather to embrace such Terms as appear to him most advantageous. Take Care, added *Sheridan*, that he do not proffer to the Usurper’s Son

* There were three *Barisdales*; the elder about 90 Years old; who, though ignorant of the *English* Tongue, even in the *Scots* Dialect, yet was so much attached to the Family of *Steuart*, for whom he had fought in almost all the Battles since the Revolution, that he muster’d up his Force for the *Chevalier*, who I have seen take particular Notice of him at *Duddingston*, when reviewing his Troops. The younger, or second *Barisdale*, was one of the *Chevalier*’s Colonels. He was once Captain of a Company who robbed and plunder’d all about *Ross-shire* and *Strathnavern*; and so sensible were the Chieftains of the Captain’s great Abilities to protect their Store, that when the *Highland* Independent Companies were regimented, they met and commissioned *Barisdale* to secure their Possessions, and preserve their Cattle from being stolen; and for his Encouragement every Person possessed of a Fold of Cows paid him a Gratuity, which was called *Black Meal*. The youngest was about 20 Years of Age, and bred up in the Principles and Practice of his Ancestors.

to take you up, and make a Merit of it." And indeed I have been pretty well informed that the Conjecture of this able Politician was just; but as I would not affirm any Thing I am not undoubtedly assured of, I am far from asserting that he actually made such an Offer: Tho' this has been roundly asserted to me; but the Truth of it is best known to the Duke.

But, to return to the *Chevalier*. "Come, Come, said he, let us drop our Reflections, and endeavour to make our Escape, for I fear I have had but too many *Barisdale's* about me." Being come to the Sea Shore, they found no Boat was left them, for the *McDonalds* of *Clanranald's* Family had seized all they could for transporting themselves to *South Uist*; and the Boats were not yet returned: This obliged them to roam up and down among the Mountains till one should appear. Three Days and three Nights they lived among these Places, always shifting their Abode. And as in the Day Time they chose the Tops and Heights of the Hills, they had the cruel Mortification of seeing vast Drovers of Cattle going, before Parties, (who were sent out for Subsistance) to *Inverness*, for the Use of the King's Troops.

'Twas happy for our Wanderers that they had Plenty of Provisions with them, and particularly cold Venison and Usquebaugh, with which *Lochiel* had taken special Care to supply them, otherwise they must have been much streightned; for the Inhabitants had either been killed in the Battles they had fought, or else were lurking among the Caves for their Safety, so that few or none were to be met with but old Men, Women and Children, in their former Places of Abode.

The *Chevalier's* little Company of about ten Persons

had separated into smaller Parties, two and two in each, but he himself kept with the two Favourites and *Kinlochmoidart's* Brother, who then was their Guide. By this Means they expected to escape the Search of the Enemy, having agreed to apprise each other of any approaching Distress: Nor did any of them fall into the Hands of the Militia, except one *O Neal* an Officer, supposed to be a Priest, who, thro' Carelessness, or a Spirit of vain Curiosity, had gone beyond the Bounds prescribed. He was seized by the *Campbells*, who were industrious in finding out the Stragglers; and, being a Man of Letters, was invited by a Lieutenant, whom I well knew, to take a Share of his Bed, and to him did he, after a short Time, give a distinct Account of the Motions and Shiftings of the young *Chevalier*; and, by this Means, undeceived the Country in respect to his Rout: For till then it was artfully propagated by his Followers, and inserted in all the News Papers in *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, I had almost laid in *Europe*, that the young *Chevalier* had gone off with the two *French* Men of War; but after the Truth was known, the Militia let themselves more than ever to trace out his Footsteps. They searched the Mountains where *O Neal* had given out he was hid; and no Doubt both he and his Attendants must have fallen into the Net that was spread for them, had not a Boat come from *South-Uist*, much about the Time that *O Neal* was taken, to seek after some of the People of that Island, who were yet missing.

No sooner did the *Chevalier's*, little Company, now diminished by one, observe the Boat, than they instantly made towards the Shore, and set up a Signal

for them to draw near. The Crew immediately guessing that some of their Party were in Distress, and made this Signal for Relief, sailed into the Place, *viz.* a small Creek, to the West ward of the Bay of *Barisdale*, whence they set sail for *South-Uist*; at the same Time giving out to one or two that came to see the Boat, that they intended for the *Lewis*, in order to get on board a Vessel for *France*. Night fast advancing favoured their Scheme, for the People could not long observe them after they were put to Sea.

There is a little Island named *Canna* which belongs to *Clanranald*, lying to the Westward of *Mull*, but covered by *Egg* on that Side, for which some of the Crew proposed to sail. The *Chevalier* and his Attendants were glad of this, because they had heard that the Place they designed to make, was inhabited by the Friends of their Religion, and that being of the Family of *Clanranald*, they were the more firmly attached to their Cause. Into this Place the Boat put, and landed her Passengers, who went up to the Houses of the principal Inhabitants, where warm Quarters were instantly assigned them *, and such Refreshments, as Beef, Mutton, and Wild Fowl, Bannocks made of Graddin † and Usquebaugh, were

* It is observable that tho' the Islanders be great Discouragers of Trade, and suffer none to dwell among them but themselves, yet no People upon Earth are kinder to Strangers for & Night or two than they are.

† That is Meal made in the following Manner, they throw some Sheaves of Corn into a Fire kindled with Straw, and after the whole is burnt, they gather up the Pickles which they put into a Vessel, which a Woman enters bare-footed, and by trampling it severs the Rubbish from the Grain. When they judge it clean, they grind it betwixt two Stones, the one whereof lies upon the Ground, with a smooth Surface, and has a small Piece of Iron for

prepared. Hence they kept a sharp Look-out for fear of the Militia, of whose coming they were under perpetual Apprehensions; and for their greater Security they sailed in the Boat all Day, and at Night returned to their Quarters. In this Way they continued for some Time, till about the 28th of *May* observing several Vessels coming out of the Sound of *Mull.*, which they rightly judging belonged to the *Campbells*, the *Chevalier* proposed to shift their Abode. Hereupon they hastened to *South-Uist*, where they landed upon the 29th in the Morning: There they were received by the Lady *Clanranald*, (who was at that Time in perfect Health, and every Way right in her Intellects, in which she was subject to be frequently disorder'd, especially when pregnant) in the most hospitable Manner, and entertained in her Husband's Absence, suitably to the Rank and Dignity which the *Chevalier* (and some of his Attendants) had hitherto assumed: For the *M'Donalds* in that Island are a generous Sort of People, and being all Papists, they cultivate the old *Scots* Union with *France*, both in Religion and civil Policy. Few or none of them, tho' born with a Martial Genius, enter into the *British* Army, but rather seek their Fortunes abroad and are much assisted toward Preferment, by the *Chevalier* and his Sons. To procure the Continuation of their Favours, all the Inhabitants let themselves to render the Strangers all possible Service. They brought in

its Axis, upon which the other Stone is fixed, turns round upon that Axis, and grinds the Bear, (which makes better Meal this Way than any other Grain) till it be conveniently small; but the utmost Pains cannot make it so fine as the coarsest is rendered by means of a Water-Mill.

Wild Fowl and Venison in Plenty, and as for Wines, they had them of all Sorts. Here the *Chevalier* continued, sometimes visiting the principal Cadets of the Family and the Lady of *Barosdale*. *Clanranald's* Brother, who tho' a Well-Wisher to his Interest, yet had, from a View of the Difficulty of his Undertaking, at the Beginning opposed his Defign: But on the 28th of *June* he had Advice that General *Campbell*, who had been informed of this last Retreat of the unhappy Fugitive, was approaching toward the Island, through *North-Uist*; and in all Probability the General must have seized him, had not an extraordinary Expedient (of which more in its Place) been fallen upon for his Preservation and Relief.

'Twas on the 27th of *May* that *Campbell* sailed with 1000 Men from *Dunstaffnage*, the antient Burial-place of the *Scots Kings*, for *Strontian*, so remarkable for its Lead Mines, in order to dispossess the *Camerons*, who still continued in Arms, of that part of the Country, and bring them to Terms; he anchored that Night at *Tobermory Bay*, in *Mull*, famous for the Wreck of the *Florida Spanish Man of War*, on board of which was the Money for Payment of the Troops that came in the *Invincible Armada*, Anno. 1588, and next Day doubled the Point of *Ardnamurchan* and arrived in *Strontian*; here *Cameron of Dungallon*, *Lochiel's* Lieutenant Colonel brought in his Men and Arms, and with them surrendered to the King's Mercy, and were quickly followed by the Inhabitants of *Ardnamurchan* and *Morvern*, where the Religion of the Church of *Rome*, had of late mightily prevailed. But as for *Lochiel* himself, he had a Spirit that would not suffer him to entertain the least Thought of

surrendering to any one.

Here the General continued, till getting Intelligence that the Duke of *Cumberland* was arrived at *Fort-Augustus*, and that Lord *George Sackville* and Major *Wilson* were marched along the Coast to scour every Part of the Country, he put to Sea, and sailed for the *Lewis*, where arriving, he diligently searched for the young *Chevalier*, though to no purpose. Hence he marched through the *Harris*, and *North-Uist*, where he got Information of his Abode, and was almost within two Miles of *Benbicula*, (a small Island that is joined to *South-Uist*, when there is an Ebb, but separated at full Sea) before those of *Clanranald's* House were apprised. When the News was brought to the *Chevalier* and his Attendants, who were at first greatly struck with Surprize, "Come, said *Sullivan*, there is no Help for it; to yield to Misfortune is not the way to get rid of her; let us rather immediately contrive our Elcape:" Let's hear then, said the *Chevalier*, what you have now to propose; you know I always hear you with Pleasure: For my part, I would sooner perish, I would rather die this Moment, than fall into the Hands of the *Campbells*, or any of that Rebel-name."—"Yes, added another, or into the Hands of any of the Usurpers Forces;" Then reply'd *Sullivan*, "I think your Highness and I should separate, for certainly if many be found about the House, we shall be discovered put on Women's Apparel for the present, and I will go with Mr. *Sheridan*, Mr. *Buchanan*, and the other Gentlemen, to the other end of the Island, where, perhaps, we may meet with a Boat, and sail over to *Ireland*, where I am not affraid of being secure, tho' indeed your Highness

ought not to venture thither, for as 50,000*l.* is there set upon your Head, I would trust none of them. As for me, if I get off to *France*, I shall represent your Case at the Court of *Versailles*” The *Chevslier*, ever observant of *Sullivan’s* Counsels, which he looked upon of as so many Oracles, acquiesced in the Proposal, rather perhaps by a Gesture than any verbal Expression, for I could not learn what he said; but the Person who gave me this Information declared that the *Chevalier’s* parting with *Sullivan* was like tearing his Heart from his Body (for that was the Man’s Phrase.) Take my Cloak Bag *, said the *Chevalier*, with you, shew my Pocket Book to my Cousin the King of *France*, as a Token of my Distress, and I hope a Vessel will loon be sent for me if you arrive in *France*, which pray God you may.” *Sullivan* made the most solemn Protestations of his inviolable Attachment to his Interest, and of his faithfully observing the Instructions given him. Then all took their Leave of their unhappy Master, and set out with Plenty of Provisions, which *Clanranald’s* Lady had prepared on Purpose. They met opportunely with a Boat, in which they sailed for *Ireland*, and from thence incognito to *France*, where *Sullivan* discharged the Trust reposed in him.

Mean Time the *Royalists* are approaching, and perhaps might have been sooner at the Place, had not the half-Flood stopped them for some Time, as there were not a sufficient Number of Boats for ferrying them over.

* This was all the Baggage which he had, for the other Part of it was sent to *Red Gastle* about the Time of the Battle, and was plundered by the Country People.

The Lady *Clanranald* now besought the *Chevalier* with Tears in her Eyes, to think of some Method for escaping, if he did not approve of *Sullivan's*: But his Spirits almost failing, he knew not how to behave. Whereupon the Lady said, "Here is a young Gentlewoman, Miss *Flora M'Donald* *, upon whom I will prevail to take your Highness under her Protection." Accordingly she immediately applied to Miss, who readily accepted the Task; for they both said, "if he be taken here, the whole Country may chance to suffer for it." Lady *Clanranald* brought a Gown, and all other Clothes necessary for one of her Sex, to the *Chevalier*, who kept on nothing of his own Apparel but his Breeches and Stockings. He dressed himself with the Help of the Lady, who order'd a Boat to be got ready for them, and a Servant to attend along with, the Boatmen, who were directed to conduct Miss *Flora* and her supposed Maid to *Sky*. They continued all Night at Sea, and next Morning arrived at a Place a little below Sir *Alexander M'Donald's* House: But the *Chevalier* would not allow the Crew to quit the Boat, neithe did himself or the Lady stir out of it till the Return of the Servant, whom they sent ashore to discover whether or no they might land in Safety. In less than an Hour's Time the trusty Messenger let them know they might venture ashore, which they

* A Daughter of one Captain *Hugh M'Donald* of *Clanranald's* Family, who was with the Lady as a Companion at that Time. Many false and idle Stories have been published of her, of which the Inventors ought to be ashamed, since it is now publickly known, that instead of heing the Brilliant Lady she has been represented, she was no other than a simple modest Girl, remarkable only for befriending a Fugitive in his Distress.

accordingly did; and the Lady with her Maid proceeded directly to Sir *Alexander's* House.

The Knight * was not at Home but his Lady received her Visitor with great Politeness, and earnestly press'd her to stay all Night. But this Miss *Flora*, directed by the Looks of her Maid, absolutely refused, under Pretence of pressing Business which call'd her elsewhere; and that she had only done herself the Pleasure to call and see how her Ladyship did.

After a plentiful Dinner they set out for the Laird of *M'Kinnon's* House; where the Maid became a Man. For on communicating the Secret to Mr. *M'Kinnon*, it being now no longer convenient for the *Chevalier* to continue in his Transformation, the Laird furnished him with a short Coat, a Waistcoat, and other Things suitable to his Sex, and which yet sufficiently disguised his Quality.

Here they staid all Night, but in the Morning Miss *M'Donald* returned to her own Home. The *Chevalier* however continued for the Rest of the Day with Mr. *M'Kinnon*: In the Evening he took a Walk toward the Sea Side, and chanced to meet with one *Normand M'Leod*, an old Fisherman, who was perfectly acquainted with all the Western Islands, and all the Creeks upon the Coasts, from *Tongue Bay* in *Strathnavern* to *Ardnamurchan*. The Man happened to know the *Chevalier*, by whom he was offered a Sum of Money to carry him to *Raarsa*. This was agreed to, and safely executed. The Proprietor of that Island very hospitably entertained him but next Day being

* He was in the Government's Interest, and at this Time with the Duke's Army.

apprehensive of a Visit, he advised his wandering Guest to return to *Sky*. This Advice the harass'd *Chevalier* found himself obliged to comply with, and still continued under the Care of *M'Leod* (who thought proper to assume the Name of *M'Kinnon*, the better to skreen himself in Case of a Discovery) till General *Campbell* returned to that Island.

That Commander, some Days after his arrival at *South-Uist*, being informed of the Departure of the *Chevalier*; and of the manner of his Escape, order'd the Lady *Clanranald* into Custody, and marched his Troops through *North-Uist* and the *Harris*, till they came directly opposite to *Sky*, having previously sent thither Captain *Ferguson* in the Cutter. That Vessel was pretty soon up at the Place appointed; but the Captain suspecting the *Chevalier* might be hiding among the *M'Kinnons*, order'd the Pilot to steer to that part of the Country that belonged to them. Accordingly they put in within Pistol-shot of the Shore, just at the spot where the Fugitive they were seeking actually was. Here he had certainly been discover'd had it not been for a rising Ground, behind which he retired and made off. The Boatman now observing that General *Campbell* was on the point of landing with his Militia, and that a King's Ship conducted by a Shipmaster of *Inverlochy*, was so near, thought proper to haul his Boat to the other fide of the Island, and row the *Chevalier* to the Continent.

About Five o' Clock in the Afternoon they set out for *Glenelge*, and arrived in about three Hours upon the Coast. Here the Fisherman drew the Boat up to a Creek, fenced on all sides, and there landed his Passenger. It was now about Nine o' Clock at Night,

and they walk'd along the Shore for some Time, in order to observe what was stirring in the Country. Here it was that the *Chevalier* went through one of the oddest Adventures, that perhaps ever happened to any Man; for at this place a Company of Militia (the *Monroe's*, if I mistake not) were waiting, in hopes the unhappy Fugitive might fall into their Hands: To make the more sure of their Prize, they had with them a Blood-hound, to trace him out.

The Dog was within a Stone's throw of them, and the Men not much farther off, when *M'Kinnon* observed them, and particularly suspected the Animal. Whereupon he advises his Passenger instantly to pull off all his Cloaths, and enter the Water up to the Neck: "For, said he, if you go in with your Cloaths on, you may catch your Death. In the mean time I will divert the smell of the Dog with these Fishes," he having some on a String in his Hand. The affrighted *Chevalier* instantly did as he was directed, and *M'Kinnon* having hid the *Chevalier's* Cloaths in a Cliff of a Rock, began to amuse the Dog with his Fife. The Artifice succeeded so well, as effectually to secure the *Chevalier*; but the Animal would not quit the Fisherman till he was secured by the Militia-Men, who kept him all Night, and Part of the next Day. They examined him, but to no Purpose; and upon his telling his true Name, *viz. M'Leod* they became indifferent about him; and he representing that his Family was starving, having nothing to subsist on but the Product of his Industry as a Fisherman, they dismissed him. When he left them, he set out, as if he designed a very different Course to that he really intended, and afterwards struck into; for when he judged himself out

of their Reach, he turned into the Road leading to the Place where he supposed the *Chevalier* yet was. He found him there indeed, and employ'd in such a Manner, as could not but strike even the rough Heart of the hardy Fisherman, innur'd to all the Extremities of Wind and Weather, Hunger and Cold. He found him seeking out Muscles and other small Shell-Fish, upon the Craigs, and breaking them between two Stones, eating the Fish as he opened them, to satisfy the Cravings of an Appetite, never in a Probability so keen before. He told *M'Kinnon* that he had continued in the Water for several Hours, after he left him; but at last ventured out, and put on his Cloaths but durst not offer to remove from that desert Spot, judging it too hazardous to go up into the Country, to which he was an utter Stranger." But I must not omit one Circumstance which sufficiently shows the *Chevalier's* forlorn Situation at this Juncture, and how sincerely rejoiced he was, at the Return of his faithful Boatfman. For as soon as he set Eyes on *M'Kinnon*, he fell down on his Knees, and with up-lifted Hands, thank'd Heaven for returning him his Friend; which he did in these Words, as near as could possibly be remember'd by the Fisherman, who heard him, and who repeated them to the Person from whom I had my Information. "O God, said he, I thank thee that I have not fallen into the Hands of my Enemies; and *surely thou hast still something for me to do*, since in this strange Place thou hast sent me back my Guide."

The Particulars of this Adventure were given me by a Person of undoubted Veracity, and one who, if he had a Mind to have imposed on me, was incapable of Fiction being not in the least given to romance: A Man

of the plainest Manners, and utmost Simplicity in Conversation, besides an Integrity never questioned by any one that knew him. He was very intimate with *M'Kinnon*, alias *M'Leod*, a Man well known to be of an honest, sincere, well-meaning Disposition, and who never scrupled to relate all he knew of the above Affair, without the least Reserve or Prevarication, tho' he had frequent Occasions to repeat the Story.

The *Chevalier* having met with this surprizing Deliverance, and observing the Fidelity of his Guide, resolved entirely to submit to his Directions and Management. "Conduct me, said he to *M'Leod*, where you will, I am resolved to follow you." "Well then, replied the Boat-man, we will go a little farther to the Northward, where your Highness has many Friends, tho' they have not been in Arms for your Interest, which, as Things have happened, makes it so much the better, because they are the less suspected, and the Militia are not upon the Watch among them."

Hereupon they proceeded a few Miles, till they came to the House of one *M'Kenzie*, who received the *Chevalier* very kindly, and entertained him with such Respect, tho' with all imaginable Privacy, as plainly shewed how much he sympathized with the Wanderer in his Distress.

Here, and in this Neighbourhood, the *Chevalier* continued till about the 21st of *July* *, when he heard of General *Campbell's* being landed at *Applecross-*

* He now discharged *M'Kinnon*, on this Condition, that at convenient Intervals, while he moved about the Country, following his Employment of fishing, he should visit the *Chevalier*, to see if he had any further Occasion for him.

Bay; whereupon he thought proper to quit the Country entirely, tho' he might have remained in it very securely: But the Anxieties of his Mind grew upon him; and he had hardly the Resolution to continue in one Place for two Nights together; but especially whenever he heard that the Enemy were advancing, tho' as yet at a very considerable Distance, he would not stay a Moment, but instantly made off with all the Marks of the greatest Pannick, ever thinking that the *Campbells*, whom he equally abhorr'd and feared, were at his Heels.

He now took the Road towards *Inverness*; but, when within two Miles of *Brahan*, he turned aside and crossed a little above *Beulie*, and, in the Habit of a Peasant went thro' *Strathglass*, and so, in the Night Time, travelled through *Glengary* to *Badenoch*, where his faithful *Clunie M'Pherson* provided for his Safety, and furnished him with all Accomodations that could be procured in the forlorn State, not only of the Wanderer, but of all his Followers. Indeed he was now more secure than he thought himself to be; which was owing to the Report that about this Time prevailed of his being *dead* *, which being generally believed by those hitherto employed in Search of him, they grew more remiss, and gave themselves the less Trouble about him. A Chain of Centries from *Inverary* almost to *Inverness*, had stood for near two Months, guarding the Passes in Hopes of intercepting him; but to what Purpose Time has shewn, and they might, I should think, have foreseen. For what could they

* Some absolutely said, "he is dead;" others, "he went off with one *M'Kinnon* a Boatman, and has never been seen, or heard of since.

expect, considering the vast Extent of the Country, and the numerous Woods, Lakes, Mountains and Hollows with which it abounds? I remember when, about the Beginning of *August*, 1746, a Party of *Kingston's* Horse came to *Edinburgh* from *Fort Augustus* *; I enquired of some of them about their Huntings after the *Chevalier*, and they declared that more than once they had been in Sight of him, but by Means of some Lake, or the like, he had always escaped.

About this Time several Persons were seized by the *Campbells* and others, for harbouring or affording Assistance to the unfortunate Fugitive. Besides Lady *Clanranald* (already mentioned to have been taken up by General *Campbell*) and Mr. *M'Donald* of *Kingsborough*, the elder *Clanranald* himself, tho' not at Home when his Wife entertained the young *Chevalier*, nor ever concerned in the Rebellion, at least not openly, was also seized by the said General, and sent Prisoner to *London*. His Son, *Clanranald* junior, was indeed active in the *Chevalier's* Service, and was one of the Persons excepted by Name out of the Act of Grace; but the Father positively declared to several, during his Confinement, that at the Time of his being seized, and while, unknown to him, the *Chevalier* was at his House, he was induttriously using his Interest and Authority for the Government's Service in *Arisaig*, and thereabouts. But for this he reproached not the Government, but General

* As a Guard to Alexander M'Donald of *Kingsborough*, Factor to Sir *Alexander M'Donald* of *Slate*; who was committed Prisoner to them by the Earl of *Albemarle*, and brought to *Edinburgh Castle*, for sheltering the *Chevalier*.

Campbell, whom he seemed to reflect upon as guilty of some Meanness or Maliciousness in this Affair.— However it may not be improper to remark, •that this Laird of *Clanranald* is a Roman Catholick, as well as his Brother *Buisdale*, who was also seized, tho' not openly, in the Rebellion.— Besides these, Miss *Flora M'Donald* herself was likewise taken into Custody for the Part she bore in assisting the Wanderer, and was a long Time in Confinement at *London*; and the elder *Glengary* was sent to the Castle of *Edinburgh*.

The Seizure of these and some others upon the same Account, being known throughout the Country, the Inhabitants began to be very backward in receiving or assisting the *Chevalier*; however he had still the good Fortune to find some who would not only run the Risk of entertaining, but even of accompanying him in his solitary Retreats.

One Day as he was complaining to *Clunie M'Pherson* of the Danger of his Situation, and expressing a Desire of shifting his Abode again, *Clunie* told him that he had just heard of the Duke of *Cumberland's* being gone off for *England*, and that the Camp at *Fort Augustus* was very speedily to break up; therefore, continued he, “wait here for some Time longer, and my Life for yours, you are safe.” But this generous and salutary Proposal was disregarded by the too apprehensive Adventurer, who, ever wavering, fearful, and terrified almost at the Neighing of a Horse, or the Appearance of but a single Man, tho' at the greatest Distance, could never be prevailed upon to continue long in a Place, tho' certainly by often removing he ran the more Hazards.

There is a Hill within ten Miles of *Daalnacardich*,

and seventeen of *Blair*, standing near a Rivulet that divides the County of *Inverness* from that of *Perth*; and within Sight of the great Road which the Government, at a vast Expence, made in 1728. This Hill was judged a Place of Safety, and to it the *Chevalier* repaired; But still the most tormenting Fears inseparably haunted him Night and Day; every Thing was perpetually giving him the Alarm, and he, to speak in the Language of that excellent Performance, the Campaign,

*In every whirling Wind the Victor heard,
And William's form in every Shadow fear'd.*

Several who accompanied him in his Wanderings have expressed their Astonishment at the Fright he express'd upon all Occasions. When from this Hill he has perceived any Parties of the Enemy marching along the great Road, his Countenance has been observed to change, and his Hair to stand an End on his Head. Yet still he preserved so much Strength and Vigour as to be able, on every Emergency, to make the best of his Way.

While in *Badenoch* he was in very little Danger, being not in the least suspected to be there, or indeed in any Part of *Scotland*, during all the Interval between the 29th of *June*, to the 8th of *August*, when General *Campbell's* Militia taking some Prisoners in the Course of their Hunting for the *Chevalier*, got Information of the various Shiftings of his Abode.

Nay, the Forces had frequently been in Sight of him, or at least the Company in which he was, but never suspected them, looking on them only as poor People of no Consequence, and so would march on without taking further Notice.

General *Campbell* having miss'd the *Chevalier* in *South-Uist*, pursued him to *Sky*, and landed a little below Sir *Alexander M'Donald's* House, at the very Place where Miss *Flora M'Donald* had before put in with her pretended Maid. The General went strait to Sir *Alexander's*, and strictly examin'd his Lady concerning her two Guests, and particularly if she knew that one of them was the young *Chevalier*. She acknowledged that there was with her one Miss *M'Donald*, and a young Woman that passed for her Maid; tho' indeed, "if this supposed young Woman was really such, she was certainly one of the tallest that ever was seen and that her Looks were very confused. That if this Person was the *Chevalier* in Disguise, 'twas more than she knew. All that I am certain of, said she, is, that I earnestly press'd Miss *M'Donald* to stay all Night, which she absolutely refused, and went to the Laird of *M'Kinnon's* but what is become of them since, I have not enquired." Hereupon the General immediately sent a Party to Mr. *M'Kinnon's* House, which they carefully searched, but to no Purpose; and therefore they seized the *Laird* himself, and carried him off.

About this Time several other Prisoners were made, particularly Captain *Ranald M'Donald*, Brother to *Kinlochmoidart*, and three Priests: But as these had not seen the *Chevalier* for some Time, they could give

but little Information about him. Vast Quantities of Arms, Ammunition and Provisions, with many Saddles, Bridles and Boots, were found among the Rocks, and several fine Horses, as they were roving in the Woods. Large Drovers of Cattle belonging to the Fugitive Clans were brought to the Camp by the General's Orders; which produced an Effect not at all disagreeable to the Victors, *viz.* obliging most of the Quondam Owners to fly the Country: And this many the more easily did by the Help of forged Passports, disguising their Habits, and assuming false Names; by which Means they got on board of such Ships as conveyed them into *France*.

But among all the Plunder that fell into the Hands of the Troops, I must not omit to mention that extraordinary Curiosity, the Engine called a *Barisdale*, from *M'Donald* of *Barisdale*, the Proprietor, in whose House it was round. It was an Iron Machine contrived to torture such poor thievish Highlanders as were not in the Service of this cruel Laird, and extort Confession from them. If any Cattle were missed, and the Persons suspected ever fell into *Barisdale's* Hands, they were threatned with Torture, from which nothing could exempt them but a Confession, either where the Cattle were, or who stole them. 'Twas enough to tell them they should be *Barisdale'd*, and shew them the dreadful Engine, to make the affrighted trembling Wretches confess all they knew, and perhaps more; for some would acknowledge any Thing, even to the Prejudice of their own Property, or that of their Chief, rather than enter those Hellish Manacles. But as for such as either thro' Obstinacy, would not, or being innocent could not

give the Satisfaction demanded, they were sure to suffer. When in the Machine, their Hands, Feet, and Neck, were fixed in such a Manner, that the Posture the Man was forced to remain in, was neither sitting, lying, kneeling or standing; but tho' debarred the least Use of his Hands and Feet, his Neck was somewhat more at Liberty, but then he had a great Weight upon the Back of his Neck, to which if he yielded in the least, by shrinking downwards, a sharp Spike would run into his Chin.—The very Name of this Engine kept the whole Country round in Awe, no Word sounding more terrible among the Inhabitants of those Parts than *Barisdale*, whether meaning the dreaded Machine, or the tyrannical Owner of it himself*.

But while the Troops and Parties employed by the Government are scouring the Country, the *Chevalier* and the few (not above three or four) that were with him, are intent on their own Preservation. Although the *M'Phersons*, by laying down their Arms, had freed themselves from Suspicion, yet the *Chevalier* soon begun to distrust his situation among them. There was with him one who knew the Place where *Lochiel* resor

* As Cruelty and Cowardice are said to be inseparable, so those who are well acquainted with *Barisdale*, say, that his Courage is not equal to his great personal Strength, &c, 'Tis notorious that *Clunie M'Pherson*, who is but a low Man, and to all Appearance very incapable of contending with *Barisdale*, once fought with and beat him. They afterwards fought a Duel, in which the latter was wounded in the Arm, and again worsted. He is likewise a Man of no Conduct; for the Family of *Glengary*, of which he is the eldest of a younger Branch, are generally esteemed to be a silly, inconsiderate, vicious Sort of People : And it hath been often observed that whoever is addicted to immoral and dishonourable Actions, never is resolute or truly brave.

ted, and to him he proposed to Conduct the Wanderer, who agreed to the Proposal, hoping that *Lochiel* might inform him of some part of *Lochabar*, wherein the search might by this Time have cool'd. However, *Clunie* and the others insisted on his staying with them yet a little longer, at least while they should send an Express to *Lochiel*. With much difficulty they at last prevailed on him. I am well assured that one of *Clunie's* Arguments to persuade the *Chevalier* to stay was, that he could procure the News-Papers as they came out; which could not but give the *Chevalier* great Satisfaction, as the Fate of the Lords *Cromartie*, *Kilmarnock*, and *Balmerino*, on whose account their Chief felt a good deal of Anxiety, was then depending on the Event of a Trial, they having already been arraigned before the House of Lords. And here a short Account of these Noblemen may not be unacceptable to the *English* Reader, as they have been so miserably misrepresented in all hitherto published, * through the Malice of some, and the Prejudice or the Misinformation of others.

The Earl of *Kilmarnock* was descended from an ancient and noble Family, which had sometimes intermix'd even with the blood Royal.—His Lordship, when but a Boy, discover'd a peculiar Air of Nobility, was Master of a fine Address, a flowing Eloquence, and endow'd with all the Arts of Perswasion. Nature had also been very liberal to him in the Endowments of his Person, he being reckoned one of the handsomest Men of his Time. Nor had she been

* This just Censure is not to be extended to the celebrated Performances of a certain Reverend Gentleman, to whom the World is much obliged for every Thing he has published.

sparing with Regard to his natural Capacity: But as the most fruitful Fields, if but superficially touch'd with the Plough, will be Productive of little, so the most fertile Genius, when not duly Cultivated, will only produce Whims and Trifles. This Truth was evident in the Earl of *Kilmarnock*, who by the vivacity and sprightliness of his Temper, made a figure in mix'd Companies; and if the Discourse turn'd upon Gallantry, he was heard as an Oracle: But if any Point of solid Learning, or serious: Enquiry was the Topic, his weakness would then appear. His Art of Perswasion might in some Degree be owing to his Necessities: For if he knew any one in the Town of *Kilmarnock*, (a small Borough in *Scotland*, from whence he took his Title) who kept any considerable Sum of Money by him, he would be sure to send for the Man, and treat him with so genteel an Air, such insinuating. Complaisance, and so much Mildness and Affability, that it was impossible for him to resist his Lordships Sollicitation for a Loan. The Earl was a Man of no Resolution, and therefore easily perswaded into any Thing, though contrary to his Interest. Indeed it been observ'd, that Men of his Lord-ship's fine personal Appearance, * seldom prove Proficients in useful Knowledge, and particularly the Knowledge of Mankind, or what is called *Knowing the World*, unless trained up in the School of Adversity, or wisely directed by those to whom the Care of their Education has been committed, and who have also had the Welfare of their Pupils at Heart.

* He was above six Foot high; of an engaging Countenance, fine Blue Eyes, full of Sweetness; his Nose strait, his Forehead high and graceful; and in short; his whole Person faultless.

But unhappily for the Nobleman we are speaking of, his Father dying when the Son was but young, the Estate came to him before he had laid up a sufficient stock of Knowledge, either to manage that or himself. He soon became a prey to youthful and sensual Pleasures, and instead of Cultivating his Mind, became fond of Fencing, Dancing and other genteel, but mere out-side Accomplishments, tho' such as generally procure the Esteem of the Fair Sex, among whom he was a Favourite. He married the Lady *Ann Livingston*, who was Heiress apparent to three Estates, *viz.* that of *Errol*, *Callandar*, and *Linlithgow*: So that had his Lordship been capable of managing his own Affairs with proper Oeconomy, he might have proved a Blessing to his Family, (as each of his four Sons had the Prospect of an Earldom) and an Honour to his Friends.

Many Stories have gone abroad as to the Cause of his Engaging with the *Chevalier*; which Diversity may be owing to his having acted contrary to all his former Principles; for I have heard him at the Bar of the Assembly plead to have a *Presbyterian* Minister sent to *Falkirk*, of his own chusing, for, said he, "I want him to converse with as a Companion." Some attributed so inconsistent a Conduct to his Countess (whom almost in his dying Moments he cleared of the Charge;) others imputed it to the Countess of *Errol*, whom I also believe innocent: For that Lady is not only too closely connected with the Government, but has too much good Sense and Penetration, and too well knew that the Earl was most unfit to engage in such a Design, to have the least hand in disposing him to it.—But to be brief, the Truth is only this, One

Andrew Alves, a Writer of the Signet, a Man of a most infamous Character, was Agent for the unfortunate *Kilmarnock*; and if I remember right, had been coming from his House to *Edinburgh*, Sept. 16, 1745, when the *Chevalier* was advancing to that City with his little Army. The Duke of *Perth* spied him, and calling him to him, asked him if the City of *Edinburgh* intended to stand out against the Prince. "We will shew them the odds of it, said he, but if they let us in Civilly they will be Civilly used; but if other wise, let them be answerable, for the Consequences of their own Conduct." So saying, the *Chevalier* came up and courtously did *Alves* the Honour to let him kiss his Hand. He was then employed to carry a Letter from the *Chevalier* to the Magistrates of *Edinburgh*, which he deliver'd, but so artfully as not to discover that himself was certainly the Bearer. The Battle of *Preston* happening that very Week, when the King's Forces were routed, many unthinking People looked on the *Chevalier's* Point as now absolutely gained. Among these was *Alves*, who instantly repaired to Lord *Kilmarnock*, and repeated the Words of *Perth*; which he magnified not a a little. He then described the Defeat of *Cope's* Forces, and extoll'd the Humanity and Conduct of the *Chevalier*. Dazzled with this glittering appearance of Fortune, and believing the whole of *Alves's* Relation to be just, he fatally, from a Prospect of raising himself to Riches and further Honours, made his Court to the *Chevalier*, and embraced his Party.

Before I quit this Nobleman, I shall give the Reader a Story which I leave him to approve or Censure, as he thinks proper, without delivering my own Sentiments

as to the Nature of the Facts and shall only observe that never was any Relation of this Kind better attested. In my Hearing it has been very seriously spoken of by Men of the best Sense and Learning in *Scotland*, many of whom have owned that they saw no Reason why they should not admit the Reality of the Fact; which was as follows:

About a Year before the Rebellion, as the Earl of *Kilmarnock* was one Day walking in his Garden, he was suddenly alarm'd with a fearful Shriek; which while he was reflecting on with Astonishment, was soon after repeated. On this he went into the House, and enquired of his Lady and all the Servants, but could not discover from whom, or whence the Cry proceeded; but missing his Lady's Woman, he was inform'd that she was gone into an Upper Room to inspect some Linnen; Whereupon the Earl and his Lady went up and open'd the Door, which was only latch'd: But no sooner did the Gentlewoman within set Eyes on his Lordship's Face, than she fainted away. When with proper Assistance she was brought to herself, they ask'd her the Meaning of what they had heard and seen. She replied that while flie fat fewing fbme Linnen she had taken up to mend, the Door opened of itself and a bloody Head enter'd the Room, and roll'd on the Floor. That this dreadful Sight had made her cry out, but it instantly disappeared. That in a few Moments she saw the same Apparition again, on which she repeated her Shrieks; and at the third Time she fainted away: But was just recover'd when she saw his Lordship coming in, which had made the Impression on her they had been Witness to.

This Relation given by the affrighted Gentlewoman, was only laughed at and ridiculed as the Effect of Spleen, Vapours, or the Strength of a deluded Imagination; and was thought no more of, till one Night when my Lord *Kilmarnock* happened to tell the Story to the Earl of *Galloway*, the Subject of their Lordships Conversion happening to be on Spectres and Apparitions, the vulgar Notions of which they were ridiculing. But after *Kilmarnock* had engag'd in the Rebellion, and Lord *Galloway* was told of it, he instantly recollected this Story, and said, "I'll lay a Wager that *Kilmarnock* will lose his Head."

I come now to say something of the E—l of C—y, whose Character I shall truly display, without the least Regard to the Approbation or Resentment of any one. In his Youth he was given to the most monstrous and unaccountable Extravagancies; such as an excessive Indulgence in sensual Pleasures, the most luxurious Entertainments and Midnight Revels, accompanied with the most shocking, unheard of, new-coin'd Oaths and Execrations; drinking the Devil's Health; *, with others equally detestable and ridiculous.

But happily for him he married a very virtuous Lady, who, with her Mother, the Lady *Invergordon*, was greatly instrumental in reforming him from his Debaucheries and mad Pranks †: So that before he

* Particularly on a *Sunday* Morning, the Devil was the favourite Toast.

† Of these one Instance may not be omitted. He and his Cousin, a Son of the Lord *Royston*, then one of the Senators of the College of Justice at *Edinburgh*, one Time making a Debauch together, in which they gave a Loose to the utmost Excesses; they seized one *R—d—k M'K—zie*, whom they bound and fix'd in a Posture proper for their Purpose. They then took a burning Candle, and

entered into the *Chevalier's* Interest, He was not only esteemed a sober, but a very amiable Man; and becoming a zealous Presbyterian, he on all Occasions exerted his utmost Influence and Authority in *Ross-shire* and elsewhere, for promoting that Interest.

Whoever they were that engaged him to enter into that Undertaking, so destructive to himself and his Family, I can hardly think they were either his Friends, or Well-wishers to the Cause of the *Chevalier*: For surely no one who knew him could imagine him capable of behaving with all that Industry and Prudence necessary in so nice and critical an Affair. And as for the Troops he brought with him, they were the very Refuse and Dregs of the *Highlanders*.

But not to dwell any longer on a Character which can afford no real Delight to the Reader, I shall only further observe, that being condemn'd with *Kilmarnock* and *Balmerino*, so great Interest was made for him, that his Life was spared: And indeed I think the Lenity of the Government is highly to be commended, as it could not be said they had rid themselves of a *dangerous* Enemy, had they put him to Death. And in my Opinion had they restored to him his Possessions, and sent him back to *New Tarbet*, they would have had no more to fear from him than now while in Custody at *London*. In Truth the same may be said of the other two Lords: For *Kilmarnock's* Interest was sunk, and *Balmerino's* was nothing at all.

applying it to the Orifice of the *Anus*, put the Man to the most horrid Pain. How they treated the fair Sex, I do not chuse to mention: Tho' I have heard many Particulars, on that Subject both in *Ross* and elsewhere.

Besides, the former was certainly a true Penitent; and would surely have been bound by Principle and Gratitude to be faithful for the future. But doubtless the Government thought that something was due to Justice, which indeed the whole *English* Nation aloud demanded, as the least Satisfaction that could be made them for what they had suffered from a People, (i. e.) the *Highlanders*, with whom they had less Connection than with the *Muscovites*, *Turks* or *Tartars*.

It remains now to say something of *Arthur* Lord *Balmermo*, but in Truth little can be said on so barren a Subject for his Lordship never made any Figure in the World, and was scarce known till he fell into the Hands of the Government. When but a Child there appeared in him many early Symptoms of a stubborn and froward Disposition, which grew upon him with his Years. An early Impression being deeply stamp'd in his Mind; in favour of the *Chevalier's* Pretensions to the Throne, he became so immoderately zealous, that many People whose Politics differ'd from his, thought it unsafe to be in his Company and indeed not without Reason, as will appear from the following Instance of his imprudent Zeal. He was: once riding out in Company with some Gentlemen, among whom was one *Clerk*, a Writer to the Signet; a Man well-affected to the *Hanoverian* Succession, and a strict tho' not immoderate Presbyterian. They had all taken a Glass very sociably together, and no Party Altercations had been started among them. But at last some one acquainted Mr. *Elphinstone* (for he was no Lord till a little before the Battle of *Culloden*) with Mr. *Clerk's* Principles; whereupon, as they were riding

between *Leith* and *Musselburgh*, *Elphinstone* said to one of his Intimates, "What for a damned Scoundrel is that "*Clerk*?" This was overheard by *Clerk* himself, vvho replied, "'tis true, Sir, I am not a Nobleman, but then I am no more a damned Scoundrel than you are." On this some high Words arose between them, and a Duel had probably ensued had they not been parted: On which Mr. *Clerk* quitted the Company.

In the Year 1715 we find Mr. *Elphinstone* in the Quality of Captain in a Regiment of Dragoons; but he deserted the Service of *George I.* and went over to the *Chevalier*, who made much worse of his Undertaking than his Son has done 30 Years after, with nothing like the favourable Opportunities which the Father had. After the Ruin of his Master's Affairs in that same Year, Mr. *Elphinstone* went over to *France*, where he tarried till the Year 1734, when his Brother obtained a Pardon for him, that he might return to his Native Country; which, however, Mr. *Arthur* would not accept till he had first ask'd the old *Chevalier's* Leave. *This* having obtained, *with* 120 Guineas paid him by *his* Order, he set out for *Scotland*, and lived sometimes in one Place, sometimes in another, till at last he settled at *Leith*, and had 80*l.* *per Annum* allow'd him by his Brother: But, while here, he was so far from endeavouring to live like a Gentleman (which he might have done, as his Brother, whose Heir Apparent he was, would have enabled him to do so, by making him his Companion, and entertaining him daily at his Table) that he sunk below the Level of a creditable Tradesman. The most trifling People about the Parliament House, such as Pettyloggers, and Hackney Writers, with some of the meanest

Inhabitants of *Leith* tho' doubtless all Men of his own Principles were his dearest Companions; and hence he greatly lessened the Regard his Brother and his Sister-in-Law might otherwise have had for him. In 1745 he joined the *Chevalier* at *Perth*, and acted as a Volunteer at the Battle of *Preston-Pans*: After which he was made: Captain of the Life-Guards. In the Beginning of *January* following, he became Lord. *Balmerino*, by the Death of his Brother, who is said to have broke his Heart on Account of his Brother *Arthur's* having again appeared in Arms against the Government. I have already mentioned his Surrender to *Bandallach*, and his being sent to *London*, where his Fate is well known, as indeed it is in every Part of *Great Britain*. Therefore I shall only observe, that from the whole of his Conduct while in the *Tower*, especially after Sentence of Death, he seems to have feared nothing so much as *not to dye*. He knew very well that the small Estate which by his Brother's Death fell to him, was forfeited to the Crown, and consequently the only Source whence he could draw his Subsistance would be drain'd; so that he must inevitably fall into Poverty and Contempt: Wherefore he, as it were, courted Death, and embraced it with Pleasure: And perhaps with the, more Pleasure, from the Reflection that by this Means he should at his Death make a greater Figure than ever he had done in his Life: That thus he should attain the Glory of Martyrdom in the Eyes of his own Party at least, and by his Behaviour in his last Moments adorn a Life which had pass'd in the greatest Obscurity.—I shall now return to the *Chevalier*, whom we left in *Badenoch*, under the Protection of his faithful *Clunie*

M'Pherson.

The News of the Execution of the two Lords was received by the *Chevalier* about the 29th of *August*. He seem'd very deeply affected with their Fate; and spoke of *Kilmarnock* with Pity, of *Balmerino* with the greatest Warmth and Affection, but of *Cromarty* with the utmost Contempt. Just about this Time the *Chevalier* received an Invitation from *Lochiel*, to repair to him, appointing a certain Cave for the meeting Place. Accordingly he with his few Attendants set out one Evening about Twilight, and travelled all Night, dressed in the *Highland* Habit, and wearing black Cockades, except the *Chevalier*, who could not be prevailed with to put on that Part of the Disguise. When they arrived at the Place where *Lochiel* was, they mutually embraced each, other; and without Loss of Time begun to .consult on the most likely Means for facilitating their Escape out of *Scotland*.

After mature Deliberation, it was agreed that they should separately repair to the Sea-Coast by different Roads, and observe if any Ship from *France* should appear, on board of which they might embark: That the Person who should first discover any Ship should immediately go on board, and direct the Vessel how to proceed for the others; and set up a Signal agreed on, by which she might be known. This being fully settled, they accordingly separated, and march'd off by different Routs. The *Chevalier* with three or four Attendants made for the Country of the *M'Kenzies*, cross'd that large Tract of Land which belongs, to them, and came to *Kintail*. Here they enter'd the House of one *M'Ra*, hoping for a kind Reception; but

the Man, whether from a natural Churlishness *, or from his Fear of being called to an Account concerning his Guests, or from his Desire of having some Money put into his Hands, received them but coldly, and told them, "he did not believe it was safe to entertain such Guests." Hereupon the *Chevalier* left the House with very little Ceremony, and went towards the Water-side, in Hopes of meeting with his faithful Boatman *M'Kinnon*. But as no Boat appeared, he was obliged to wait for 48 Hours in the most anxious Expectation. All Night he shelter'd himself on the Sides of the Hills, for he never would sleep two Nights in one Place, and in the Day Time he walk'd along the Shore, or sat down by the Sides of the Rocks. At last *M'Kinnon* came with his Boat, and meeting with the *Chevalier* embrac'd him with the most affectionate Tenderness: Indeed the then Circumstances of the unhappy Fugitive could not but raise Pity in every generous Breast; for his Linnen was very foul, and his Cloaths worn extremely, by lying out in the open Air; his Shoes were broken in the upper Leathers, and the Soles worn thro': Add to all this, that he had the Itch; which might, in a great Measure, be owing to his not being able to keep himself clean. However 'tis no great Wonder that this Distemper seized him in that Country, especially as he was red-hair'd, and his Complexion white. While at *Edinb'irgh* he did not seem to be of a very wholesome, or a very durable Constitution; so that it is the more surprising that the Fatigue he underwent, with all the Anxieties

*The Northern Clans have nothing of the hospitable and generous Spirit of the Western *Highlanders*.

of his Mind, had not a greater Effect upon him.

The Fisher-Man, *M'Leod*, received him into his Boat with the greatest Satisfaction, and conducted him to the House of a Gentleman who gave him the, heartiest Welcome, supplied him with Cloaths, Linnen, Shoes, and what other Necessaries he wanted. And here he might have continued in undoubted Safety, but this he could not do for above a Day or two, on Account of his Agreement with *Lochiel*, and those that were with him, when they separated to look for a Ship. His next Removal was for the Isle of *Sky*, after dismissing his other Attendants, and writing a Line to *Lochiel*, informing him of his present Situation, and declaring his Resolution of pursuing the Scheme agreed on at parting. Being come to *Sky*, the Boat-Man conduced his Passenger to his own House, where the *Chevalier* was entertained with a fine hot Supper of fresh Fish and Sauce, which is a noble Dish in the *Scotch Highlands*: He was also accommodated with a clean, wholesome, warm Bed, tho' composed of no better Materials than Straw and good Blankets.

It was now about the 3d of *September*, and the Nights beginning to lengthen, were the more favourable to the *Chevalier*; who was desired to remain at the Fisherman's House, while his Host himself went with his Boat towards *Uist*, to see if any Vessel was arrived in those Parts: For, said *M'Kinnon* "Whether they be *English* or *French*, I run no Hazard by speaking with them. "If they be Friends I shall be sure to conduct them to you, or else inform them of your Situation, and make them Stay till I bring you to them" But this Proposal, tho' salutary and generous,

was however rejected; the *Chevalier* declaring, "That he would not part from *M'Kinnon*, and that he looked upon his Boat as the best Place of Safety. If, said he, you leave me here you may never see me again. The *English* Men of War are not far to the Northward of us, and who knows how soon they may approach this Place." To this *M'Leod* replied, that he was entirely devoted to the *Chevalier's* Pleasure, and was willing to go wherever he should order: "Only, said he, I wish you may not repent rejecting my Proposal."

Having taken in a little Provisions, and a Bottle of Usquebaugh, they set sail for the *Harris*, where they staid all Night, and next Day steered their Course for *North-Uist*, where they were kindly entertained. In short, all the Day Time they spent at Sea, and at Night took Care to get a Lodging in such Houses, and Places of Retreat, as the Boat-Man knew of. Doubtless the *Chevalier's* Dress contributed not a little to screen him from a Discovery: For who that saw him in any of these his Wanderings, rambling about in a Fishing-Boat, with a coarse grey Plaid thrown about him, and an old Bonnet on his Head, would have imagined that this was the daring Youth that but a little before made the whole Island of *Great Britain* tremble at his Motions, and shook the very Throne of one of the greatest Princes in *Europe*!

From *North-Uist* they set sail for *Ardnamurchan*, where the *Chevalier* was of Opinion he might safely venture, on the Supposition that the Enemy would not keep so sharp a Look-out in a Country they had, in a Man ner, deftroyed with Fire and Sword. In about twelve Hours they arrived near the Place called *M'Lean's Nose*, which lies near *Cambusnageaul*, and

Mingry Castle. From hence the *Chevalier* desired *M'Kinnon* to conduct him to *Scallisdale* Bay in *Mull*; for there, said he, we may possibly find some of my faithful Friends." All that Night they sailed on, and next Morning arrived at the Place intended. Here being apprehensive that he might be discovered, he set sail for *Tobermory*, where they landed that Night, and went strait to the young Laird of *M'Kinnon's* House in *Muisnish*, where his Lady, a Sister of *Clanranald*; being then in one of her Intervals, for sometimes she is crazy, * kindly received and entertained him. And here it appeared that the *Chevalier's* Fears were far from being groundless; for the Pedple of the Trial Sloop of War having Intelligence of him, sailed to *Tobermory* after him; and getting Intelligence where he was, they sent one Party to the House, while a. Boat, well-man'd with Sailors fell down about three Miles lower. These landed in a Village (the Name of which I cannot recollect, tho' I have been at it) which they instantly surrounded, that they might make sure of him in Case. He should be there. And now in all Likelihood, the Adventurer must have been taken after all his Ecapés, had not Lady *M'Kinnon's* Maid furnish'd him with Woman's Cloaths, to which he was again obliged for his Safety. In this Disguise he pass'd the Guard, in Company with the Lady and her Maid, who gave the Men Money for their Civility, in letting them go unmolested. The *Chevalier* and his Protectors hastned down to that End of *Mull* which is nearest to *Coll*,

* The Reader is desired not to confound this Lady's Case with that of Lady *Clanranald* mention in Page 67.

where a Boat, well-man'd, was ready to receive him. In this Boat he went over to *Coll*, where he readily found Entertainment, as the better Part of the Island belonged to one *Hector M'Lean*, who held the two Ends of it by Tack from the Duke of *Argyle*. But being pursued hither, the *Chevalier* fled, in the same Boat, to *Egg*; whither his Pursuers also following him, he removed from thence to *Barra*. But hither they likewise followed; and here he had certainly been taken, had not the Boat-Men brought up the Boat to a Place which the Enemy could not observe and, the very Moment the King's Men landed, the others again put to Sea, and wasted the *Chevalier* over to *South-Uist*; and that very Night he went to the Harbour of *Flota*, where, to his inexpressible Joy, he found a *French* Schooner, of about 18 or 20 Tons, that had been waiting for him. Besides the *Chevalier* this Vessel also took on board about seven Persons, who had been Partakers in his Adversity; among these was his faithful and beloved *Lochiel*; the others, except Capt. *M'Leod* and one *M'Kinnon*, I could not get the Names of, nor is it material, as they were only private Men. The next Morning, *viz. Sept. 17*, they set sail for *Boulogne*, and, after a few Days Passage, arrived safe in that Harbour, to the Amazement of all who saw them.

FINIS.

