



AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
Signal Escape
OF
JOHN FRASER



An Account of the signal Escape of JOHN FRASER.

JOHN FRASER, Ensign in the Master of *Lovat's* Regiment, was Shot through the Thigh by a Musket-Bullet at the Battle of *Culloden*, and was taken Prisoner, after the Battle, at a little Distance from the Field, and carried to the House of *Culloden*, where a Multitude of other wounded Prisoners lay under strong Guards. There he, and the other miserable Gentlemen (for most of them were Gentlemen) lay with their Wounds undressed for two Days in great Torture. Upon the third Day he was carried out of *Culloden* House and with other eighteen of his Fellow-Prisoners flung into Carts, which they imagined were to carry them to *Inverness* to be dressed of their Wounds: They were soon undeceived; the Carts stopt at a Park-Dyke at some Distance from the House, there they were dragged out of the Carts: The soldiers who guarded them, under Command of three Officers, carried the Prisoners close to the Wall or Park-Dyke, along which they ranged them upon their Knees, and bid them prepare for Death. The Soldiers immediately drew up opposite to them—It is dreadful to proceed! They levelled their Guns! They fired among them! Mr. *Fraser* fell with the rest, and did not doubt but he was shot. But as those Gentlemen who proceeded thus deliberately in cold Blood, had their

orders to do nothing by Halves, a Party of them went along and examined the Slaughter, and knocked out the Brains of such as were not quite dead; and observing Signs of Life in Mr. *Fraser*, one of them with the Butt of his Gun struck him on the Face, dashed out one of his Eyes, and beat down his Nose flat and shattered to his Cheek, and left him for dead. The Slaughter thus finished the Soldiers left the field. In this miserable Situation, Lord *B—d*, riding out that Way with his Servant, espied some Life in Mr. *Fraser*, who by that Time had crawled to a little Distance from his dead Friends, and calling out to him, asked what he was. *Fraser* told him he was an Officer in the Master of *Lovat's* Corps. Lord *B—d* offered him Money, saying he had been acquainted with the Master of *Lovat*, his Colonel. Mr. *Fraser* said he had no Use for Money, but begged him for God's Sake to cause his Servant carry him to a certain Mill and Cott-House, where he said he would be concealed and taken Care of. This young Lord had the Humanity to do so, and in this Place Mr. *Fraser* lay concealed, and by God's Providence recovered of his Wounds, and is now a living Witness of as unparallel'd a Story in all its Circumstances as can be met with in the History of any Age.

Mr. *Fraser* is well known and his Veracity attested by all the *Inverness* People.

F I N I S.