



DR. ARCHIBALD CAMERON,
Bishop Sussurd June 7. 1753.

AN HISTORICAL
ACCOUNT

OF THE
Life, Actions, and Conduct
OF

Dr. Archibald Cameron,

Brother to *Donald Cameron* of *Lochiel*, Chief
of that Clan.

Containing,

- I. The Reasons which induced the Doctor and Magnanimity of several Chiefs of that
to list himself among the Rebels. Clan.
II. His principal Business and Employment III. A Character and Description of the
in. the Chevalier's Army. antient Highlanders, their Manners,
III. The Genealogy of the Camerons, traced Customs, Dress, Language, Hardiness, and
up to their first Great Ancestor; with many peculiar Way of Life.
curious Anecdotes, relating; to the Prowess

WITH

The Proceedings against him at the Court of *King's Bench*, his Behaviour at
the *Tower* after Sentence, his taking Leave of his Wife and Friends, the
Procession from the *Tower* to the Place of Execution, and his Behaviour
there.

With a curious Print of Dr. CAMERON.

L O N D O N:

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AN HISTORICAL

ACCOUNT

OF THE

Life

OF

Dr. ARCHIBALD CAMERON.



IN the Year 1745, now eight Years ago, *Charles Edward*, eldest Son of the Pretender, accompanied only with seven Persons, landed in *Scotland*. The seven Companions of the young Adventurer were these following, *viz.* The Marquis of *Tullibardine*, eldest Brother to the Duke of *Athol*, who was attainted in 1713. 2. Old *Lochiel*, the Father of Dr. *Cameron*, who fought the same Cause in 1715. 3. General *Macdonald*, a Lieutenant-general in the *Irish* brigades. 4. Sir *Thomas Sheridan*, an *Irish* Gentleman, of a middle Age, and great Capacity. 5. Colonel O *Sullivan*, an *Irishman*, formerly a Priest, and Tutor to Marshal

Maillebois's Son. He was the young Chevalier's Director of the Artillery, and Aid de Camp. 6. Mr. *Kelly*, many Years a Prisoner in the Tower of *London*, on Account of the Affair of the Bishop of *Rochester*. 7. Mr. *Mechel*, many Years a Servant to the Old Chevalier, and, for the Affection he had to the Son, kept him Company in this Expedition.

As soon as he was landed, he went to the House of *Donald Macdonald*, of *Kenloch Moidart*; from whence he sent out Letters to the adjacent Clans, to acquaint them with his Arrival. Upon which *Cameron of Lochiel*, after much Entreaty, went to him, and expressed his Surprize to see him so weakly attended, and positively refused to raise his Clan till the Chevalier could produce, in Writing, the *French King's* Resolution to assist him with a proper Number of Forces. Being satisfied in this Point, he summoned his Clan, and set up his Standard, with this Motto, *Tandem triumphans, at length triumphant*. But at the same Time told him, That his Scheme was too ill concerted to expect Success from it; and that the Issue of it would be the Ruin of his Friends.

BUT, before we proceed farther, it may be proper to acquaint the Reader, that Dr. *Cameron*, the Subject of our Memoirs, was in himself of a quiet and peaceable Temper, and had he not been Brother to the. famous *Lochiel*, the warmest Stickler the Pretender had, it's very probable we should never have heard of him in this Rebellion.

As his Father, *Evan Cameron*, of *Lochiel*, was the Chief of one of the most famous Clans in the Highlands, this his Son was educated in all the Branches of Learning which the best Schools or Universities of *Scotland* could afford. His Father designed him for the Bar; but young *Archibald* observing, that in order to be properly qualified for an Advocate, he must be Master of all the Quirks and sophistical Reasonings that are usually made Use of to puzzle a Cause, and hoodwink the Understanding with factitious Arguments. He therefore applied himself to the Study of a Science more agreeable to his natural Genius and Turn of Mind; and Physic was pitched upon, as what was more advantageous, and indeed more consonant to *Mi. Cameron's*, own Inclinations. In order to which, the Knowledge of the Human System was highly necessary. For this Purpose, he applies himself to the Study of Anatomy; for without some tolerable Acquaintance with this, a Man will make but a very indifferent Figure either as a Physician or Surgeon. He therefore put himself under the Direction of Dr. *Alexander Munro* of the University of *Edinburgh*, a Gentleman of established Reputation, and justly esteemed for his extensive Knowledge in all the Branches of Surgery; which he has acquired not only by his own indefatigable Industry and judicious Observations on the Variety of Cases that have come under his Cognizance, but has. likewise improved his Judgment by attending to the Operations performed by his Father Dr. *Munro*.

WHEN Mr. *Cameron* had acquired a competent Skill in Anatomy, he applied himself to the Study of Physic, and herein was instructed by Dr. *Sinclair*, a Gentleman very eminent in the Faculty. Having continued a convenient Time with Dr. *Sinclair*, not content with the Progress he had already made, he resolves to Travel, and to improve himself in foreign Countries, in the Practice of an Art which he intended to make his Profession. Accordingly he went to *Paris*, where he had the best Opportunities of increasing his Knowledge. And

being thus sufficiently qualified to exercise his Profession, he returned to *Lochabar*; where soon afterwards he married a young Lady of good Repute, whose Name was *Campbell*, who has made him the Father of seven Children, and is about seven Months gone with the eighth; unhappy for her and them, that they must be allotted so large a Share of Sufferings for his Crime, without being Partakers in his Guilt!

THUS Dr. *Cameron*, who might have made a considerable Figure even in a Court, or a populous and well cultivated City, contents himself with exercising his Talents among a People, whose Manners and Fierceness resembled them very much to the wild Beasts of a Forest: Yet, by his gentle and humane Carriage among them, many were taught to follow a more honest Course of Life than is generally ascribed to the Highlanders, especially the *Camerons*, who have been reckoned the most infamous of all the Clans for their Thefts and Plunderings. The Doctor therefore took as much Pains in cultivating the Minds of these poor ignorant Wretches, as he did of their Bodies, in prescribing them proper Remedies in all their Illnesses. So that the whole Clan, by Means of his and his Brother's Instructions and Regulations, were greatly reformed in their Morals; Honesty and Industry increased everywhere by the Encouragement given by their Patrons, who took all imaginable Pains to instruct them in the Principles of Justice and Religion, and to civilize their Manners by teaching them to behave like rational and sociable Creatures.

As the Highlanders in all Reigns have been remarkable for disturbing the established Government of *Scotland*, by taking up Arms on every Invasion for the Invaders, and have been the Ringleaders and chief Promoters of the Rebellion, which, on this Occasion, had almost ruined that Kingdom, I believe it will not be amiss to give a Character of them from History.

Buchanan, the *Scots* Historian, says, They are as parsimonious as the Antients in their Diet, Apparel, and Furniture. They fish and hunt for their Food, and while, they hunt, eat it raw, after having squeezed out the Blood. Their Drink is Meat-broth, or Whey, of which they have Plenty at their Entertainments; but most of them drink Water. Their Bread is a very artful Composition of Oats and Barley, the only Grain which their Country produces. After eating a little of it in the Morning, they hunt, or go about their Business, without eating any more till Night. They delight most in Cloaths of several Colours, especially striped, and the Colours they are fondest of are Purple and Blue. Their Ancestors, as many of them do still, made use of Plaids very much Variegated; but now they make them rather of dark Colours, more like the Crops of Heath, that they may not be discovered while they lie in Heaths waiting for Game. Being rather wrapped up than covered with their Plaids, they endure all the Rigours of the Seasons, and sometimes sleep covered all over with Snow. At home they lie upon the Ground, having under them Fern or Heath (covered with a Sheet or Blanket) the latter laid with the Roots undermost, so that it is almost as soft as Feathers, and much more healthful; for the Quality of Heath being to draw out superfluous Humours, when they lay down weary and faint upon it at Night, they rise fresh and vigorous in the Morning. They affect this hard way of Sleeping, and whenever they happen to come into Places where there is better Accommodation, they pull the Coverings off the Bed, and lie

down upon them wrapped in their Plaids, lest they should be spoiled by what they call such a *barbarous Effeminacy*.

THE old *Scots* Language, call'd *Erse*, has lost so much Ground by the Spreading of the *English* in *Scotland*, ever since the *Norman* Conquest, that 'tis now confined to the Highlands, and the Isles, where most of the People of Note do also understand and speak *English*.

MR. *Mackay* tells us, that the Highlanders differ as much from the Lowlanders in their Dress, Manners, and Language, as the *Indians* of *Mexico* do from the *Spaniards*; that the old *Scots* Language is here spoken in its native Purity, and written in its genuine Characters, which are more like the *Greek* or *Hebrew* than the *Roman*; whereas the *Welsh*, tho' they have preserved their Language, yet have intirely lost their old Character, and write in the *Roman*.

'TIS presumed that we cannot have a better Authority, for what remains to be said of the Nature .of the Highlanders, whom *Tacitus* calls *Horesti*, i. e. *Montani*, or *Mountaneers*, than the Account which is given of them by that eminent Antiquary, Sir *James Dalrymple*, Uncle to the late Earl of *Stair*, in his *Observations on Cambden's Britania*; and this we shall give our Readers in his own. Words, *viz*,

"THE Inhabitants of these Regions, are a Kind of rude, warlike, quarrelsome, and mischievous People who being the unmix'd Progeny of the antient *Scots*, speak *Irish* and call themselves *Albanick*. Their Bodies are firmly and compactly made, withal strong and nimble of Foot, high-minded, bred in warlike Exercises, and inured to Robberies on their Neighbours; and upon a Hatred, most desperately forward to take Revenge. They lived by Hunting, Fishing, Fowling, and Stealing; and, like the *Spaniards*, wear long Hair. They are divided into Kindreds and Families, which they call *Clans*, and are so united to the Cause of their particular Clans, that there is an Act of Parliament, that if any one of a Clan does a Mischief, the whole Clan is answerable for it; and they .must either deliver up the Aggressor, or the first Man that is apprehended suffers for it; and the whole Clan bears Feud for the Hurt received by any one Member of it, even altho' they suffer justly. Many Gentlemen in the Highlands shun one another's Company, lest they should revive a Quarrel that happen'd between their Fore-fathers, perhaps three hundred .Years ago. They are always warm in their Friendships; for if they meet with one in Amity with their own Clan, be it in any Country of the' World, there is immediately the most intimate Friendship. The *Macdonalds* are by much the most powerful of all the Clans: They are divided into four Classes, and inhabit distinct Countries. The *Macdonalds* of *Glengary* dwell upon the *Lockness*; the *Macdonalds* of *Slate*, in *Lacheber* and the Isle of *Skey*; the Captain of *Clan-Ronald*, and *Macdonald* of *Keppoch*, and those of *Kintyre*, towards *Argyleshire*. The other Clans, *Clan-Katin*, *Clan-Cameron*, the *Macleans*, and almost innumerable other *Macs*, altho' independent of one another, yet are entirely guided by the *Macdonalds*, who have been so powerful, as often to assume the Name of *Kings of the Isles*; and one of them in 1461, according to Mr. *Rymer's Fædera*, enter'd into a League with *Edward IV*, of *England*. *Robert*, the first of the *Stuart* Kings of *Scotland*, married his Daughter *Margaret* to *Macdonald*, Lord of the Isle, to serve him in his Interest;

but all would not do; they were the common Disturbers of the Nation, till *James V.* privately with a Body of Men, took Shipping, and landed in every Clan and Island, and brought them in Person to his Obedience, making them, give Hostages for their good Behaviour.'

BESIDES the Methods taken, as we have already mention'd, for reducing and reforming the Highlanders, 'tis proper just to take Notice of two or three Acts passed in the Reign of *King George I.* which contributed, not a little, to that End.

[I] *George I.* Cap. 20. An Act for encouraging all Superiors, Vassals, Landlords and Tenants, who continue loyal to *King George I.*

[II] *George I.* Cap. 54. An Act enjoining, That the personal Service and Attendance, which was wont to be the Heads of Clans, and Owners of Estates, at the Pleasure of such Chiefs, under the Names of personal Attendance, Hosting, Hunting, Watching, and Warding, shall be for the future paid in Money annually; and the said personal Service, &c. shall be utterly annulled. This Act was farther enforced in the 11th of the same Reign, Cap. 26. on the Non-observance of the former by many of the contemptuous Highlanders.

[III] *George I.* Cap. 54. An Act for more effectual securing the Highlands of *Scotland*, which enacted, That no Person within the said Highlands, shall use or bear Broad-swords or Target, Ponyard, Wingar, or Durk, Side-pistol or Gun, or any warlike Weapon in the Fields, or in the Way to or from any Church, Market, Fair, Burial, Huntings, Meetings, &c. However, not to extend to Noblemen, Officers of Justices, or Commanders, having yearly 400*l.* Scots, or who are otherwise qualified to vote at Elections for Parliament; allowing to every such Commander two Firelocks, two Pair of Pistols, and two Swords; and that the Magistrates of the Royal Burghs may keep Arms in Magazines.

THIS, I believe, is a very just Description of the Highlanders, that is, such as they were at and before the Time of the late Rebellion; but were then so entirely broken and subdued, that the Government has found but little Difficulty in taming their rough and savage Tempers, and in making them good and useful Subjects.

THE Clan *Cameron*, of which *Lochiel* was the Chief, was one of the most numerous and brave that then inhabited the Highlands of *Scotland*; but being strongly attached to the *Stuart* Interest, have always appeared for the Pretender upon any Invasion, or Commotions raised in that Kingdom in Favour of his Cause; and in the late Rebellion none of the Clans behaved more strenuously, even to the last, for the young Chevalier, than the *Camerons*, who, with *Lochiel* their Chief at their Head, were the first in all the Battles and Skirmishes fought with the King's Troops, and were the last that retired out of the Field. Even after the Battle of *Culloden*, when the young Pretender's Affairs were so desperate, that there was no Prospect or visible Means of retrieving them; when all the Clans were entirely broke and dispersed, and a great part of them cut off and destroyed, the *Camerons* did not forsake him, but did all in their Power to put a better Face on his Affairs, protected him when pursued by his Enemies, and for a long while secreted him in inaccessible Places in the Mountains.

As Dr. *Cameron* was a Man of no Ambition, but of a quiet and easy Temper, the Reader

must not expect to find, him engaged in any notable Exploits; his only or chief Business in the Army being to attend his Brother *Lochiel*, and to assist him with his Skill if any Disaster should happen to befall him in Battle. In order therefore to diversify our Story, which would be very short were it confined wholly to the Doctor, I have collected, from a little Tract published soon after the Rebellions some diverting Anecdotes relating to this famous Family from which he is descended.

THE Family of *Camerons*, says my Author, is certainly very antient, and pretend a Settlement in that Country long before the *Irish* had any Possessions there, and disclaim all Manner of Relation to them. *Lochiel*, their late Chief, boasted, that some of his Ancestors were settled there above seven hundred Years ago. But I presume he could bring no Proof of this more than Tradition; since the Division of Lands, and Settlement of Property by Writings (which were the only Methods of tracing the Antiquity of Families) did not commence till some Hundreds of Years after that Period. No Records nor Registers, nor Genealogies so antient, can at this Day be produced; nor was there any Sort of Learning cultivated among them, in those Times, but what was found among the *Druids* and Poets, who were retained by Persons of Figure to commemorate, in Verses and Songs, the mighty Deeds of their Ancestors; by which Means a sort of traditionary Genealogy was handed from Father to Son. But other Vouchers they had none, till a Division of Property was settled by Writings, in which the Names of the Possessors must necessarily be introduced, and so continued down in Order to Posterity.

THESE Bards or poetical Genealogists, we may be sure, never run the Hazard of their Patron's Favour, by rehearsing such Deeds or Actions which might make a Blot in their Escutcheons; nothing which might seem to lessen the lineal and inherent Virtues of the Family must be introduced: Their Business was to sing Encomiums to their Heroes, and magnify and extol the great Achievements of those Worthies from whom their Patrons claimed their Descent; and therefore it is no Wonder if we find but little Truth, or have the greatest Reason to suspect the Veracity of such of their Genealogies as are carried higher than the Time when Learning came more generally into Repute, and the History of private Persons as well as public Transactions, might be transmitted to Posterity by the Means of Printing.

THERE is not a Family among the Clans, but whose Ancestors were most of them Heroes, or Persons who had arrived to the Tip-top of military Glory, at least their Bards have represented them so, but none they have bedecked so egregiously as the Family of the *Camerons* which they have so enveloped in Fable, that scarce the Glimmerings of Probability appear thro' the greatest Part of the Story. It will therefore be to little Purpose to trace the Genealogy of his Family any higher than the first of the Name, who settled upon the Estate of *Lochiel*.

The first Man who was called by the Name of *Cameron*, was much renowned for his Feats in Arms, and his prodigious Strength; a Monument of which is still remaining near *Acknacary*, the Seat of *Lochiel*; namely, a large Stone, of upwards of 500 Weight, which he

could hoist from the Ground with a strait Arm, and toss it with as much Ease, as a Man does a Cricket-ball; a Plough-share he could bend round his Leg like a Garter; and the strongest Ropes were no more in his Hands than Twine-thread. In short, he seems to have been a second *Sampson*; with this Difference only, that our *Cameron* seems not to have been so easily inveigled by the Women as the *Jew* was, nor did his Strength lie in his Hair.

This Man of Might was so conscious of his Strength and Prowess, that he thought no Man upon Earth was a Match for him, and accordingly entered the Lists with the most famous Champions of that Age, nor was afraid to challenge the most renowned of them. In one of their Combats, it seems, his Antagonist handled him very roughly, and, with a violent Blow of his Fist set his Nose awry; for the Encounter was accidental, and consequently both unarmed; for had they fought with Swords, he might have hew'd it quite off, but this blunt Blow only set it on one Side; yet so, as that it could never be recovered to its right Position. From this Accident he was always afterwards called *Cameron*, or, *The Knight of the wry Nose*, as that Word imports in the *Highland* Language.

Our Hero was now arrived at the 35th Year of his Age, and had given many signal Proofs of his Valour, so that his Name became terrible all over the Country. But having little or no paternal Estate, he began to think it highly necessary for him to join himself to some great and powerful Family, the better to enable him to distinguish himself more eminently, than it was possible for him to do as a single Man, without Friends or Relations, or at least such as were of little or no Account. He had spent his Life in the Shire of *Dumbarton*; but as he had no Family or Inheritance to incumber him he resolved to try his Fortune in the World, and to go in Search of a Wife. He set out accordingly, and happened to light on that Part of the Country where *Lochiel's* Estate now lies. Here he informed himself of the Character and Circumstances of the Chief who resided there, and understood that He was a Man of a large Estate, had a great Number of Friends and Dependants, and withal had a fair and excellent young Lady to his Daughter. This was a Foundation sufficient for our wry-nose Knight to build his Hopes and future Expectations upon. He soon made himself known to the Gentleman, whose Name was *M^cTavish*, Baron of *Straborgig*; to whom having given an Account of himself and his Business (for his Fame was there before) he was kindly welcomed, and treated with all the Civilities imaginable; In short, a Bargain was soon struck for the Daughter, who was as well pleased as the Father, with the Offer of a Husband so much to her Liking; for Strength of Body, vigorous and sinewy Limbs, and undaunted Courage, were, in those Days, the best Qualifications to recommend a Man to the Affections of a Lady.

The Baron of *Straborgig* was the more willing to marry his Daughter to our Knight, because by this Alliance he should get a brave bold Man to head his People against the Clan of *McDonalds* of *Glengary*, who bordering on the *Lochiel's* Estate, there were frequent Bickerings and Skirmishes between the two Clans; for in those Days all Quarrels and Disputes were decided by the Strength of the Arm, and the Edge of the Sword. Our Knight, whose Courage never flinch'd in the greatest Dangers, led on his Men boldly, And fought many bloody Encounters with the *McDonalds*, whose Chief he challenged to single Combat; but *McDonald* knowing his Antagonist was superior to him in Strength, refused, but fought

it out with him in a pitched Battle, in which however he was worsted, and great Numbers of his People slain; and finding himself much weakened, and his Clan greatly diminished since the Knight of the Wry-nose became his Enemy, he -proposed a Compromise between the two Families; which was agreed to and the Chiefs on both Sides met (each attended with a numerous Retinue, to prevent Surprize) in a certain-Meadow that lay, as it were, between both Estates, and which both laid a Claim to. Here the Matters in Difference were solemnly and amicably debated; and at length the Parties came to this Conclusion: That *M^rDonald* should, for him and his Heirs, for ever renounce all his Claim and Pretence of Right to such a certain District, containing about 500 Acres of Land, with all the Royalties, Privileges, and Prerogatives thereunto belonging and appertaining, the contending for which had occasioned innumerable Feuds and Quarrels, and the Effusion of a great deal of innocent Blood; this he solemnly assigned and made over to the Knight of the Wry-nose, and his Heirs for ever.

This is the Story, which the *Highland* Bards have recorded of this great Progenitor of the *Camerons*; and these are the Means, they tell us, by which he got Possession of an Estate worth about 100*l.* a Year. The Registers of this Family record likewise a long Succession of great Men, who rendered themselves famous by their military Exploits; but the Genealogy is so wrapped up in Fable and Romance, that a Relation of them would appear much in the same Light, as the Histories of *St. George*, *St. Dennis*, *Guy Earl of Warwick*, *John of Gaunt*, and other fabulous Heroes, wrote for the Diversion and Amusement of Children. Let it suffice to assure the Reader, that there has been a lineal Succession of great Men in this Family; and that the Chief of the House, for the time being, had always distinguished himself by some remarkable Actions and Atchievements, and had added either Glory or Enlargement to his Clan, down from the Knight of the Wry-nose to *Lochiel* their late Representative, the Brother of *Dr. Cameron*, the Subject of these Memoirs. It appears plainly enough, that they were always a powerful Clan; because they have been so far from losing or diminishing any Part of their Estate, that they have made great Additions to it in the Course of several Ages. Their Chiefs were likewise, always careful to strengthen their Interest with potent and honourable Alliances, by marrying their Children into the best Families in the Shires of *Argyle* and *Inverness*; and their Estate, which is reckoned at about 500*l. per Ann.* is held in Vassalage, partly of the Duke of *Gordon*, and partly of the Duke of *Argyle*.

We come now to the more immediate Ancestors of this Family; and we shall go no farther back than *Sir Hugh Cameron*, Grandfather of the late *Lochiel* and his Brother the Doctor, who was a strenuous Partizan for King *Charles I.* It is reported of him, that one Day, he and his Party being engag'd with a Detachment from *Cromwell's* Army, he was thrown down by one of the *English* Soldiers, and disarmed; but though *Sir Hugh* was at the Mercy of the Soldier, who might have taken his Life, but offer'd him Quarter, yet so strong was his Antipathy to the very Name of an *Englishman*, that he scorn'd to accept it, and suddenly jumping up, seiz'd with his Teeth fast hold of the Soldier's Throat, which he could not be forced from, 'till he had tore a Hole in the Fellow's Windpipe, and so kill'd him on the Spot.

Evan Cameron, his Son, imbib'd the same Aversion to the *English*, and carried it to as great Lengths in every Instance of his Life, or as often as Opportunity serv'd him to shew it; and

he had so inseparably attach'd himself to the Family of the *Stuarts*, that no Consideration whatever could induce him to abandon that Party, or forsake their Interests. At the Revolution, no Man was a more zealous Asserter of the Rights of K. *James* than he, and was actually in Arms, and serv'd the Lord *Dundee*, who being defeated, *Evan* thought it highly necessary for him to leave his own Country, and retire to *France*, and resided for many Years at the Court of St. *Germain's*, subsisting on a Pension allow'd him by the *French* King; and when, by the Treaty of *Utrecht*, the Pretender was obliged to quit *France*, *Evan* follow'd him to *Avignon*, and was with him afterwards at *Rome*; though not always, as some of that Faction have been, but made his chief Residence at *Paris*. In the Year 1715, he came over to *Scotland* with the Pretender; but I can recollect nothing memorable of him in that Expedition; and he went back again with his Master to *France*.

When the late Rebellion broke out in 1745, he embark'd with the Chevalier in the Expedition to *Scotland*; where, though he was eighty Years of Age, he behaved with surprizing Activity, and bore all the Fatigues of that rough Campaign with uncommon Fortitude and Steadyness, and sat and managed his Horse with a Gracefulness and Agility, scarce parallell'd by any Officer in the Rebel Army; however he lost his Life at the Battle of *Culloden*, in Defence of his pretended Prince; and 'twas Pity his Courage and other good Qualities had not been employ'd in a better Cause.

During the old Gentleman's Residence at *Paris*, only his youngest Son the Doctor went to see him; and that not purposely, but as it were casually: For the Doctor's Design in going to *Paris*, was, as before intimated, to improve himself in the Knowledge of Physick, and not to settle a Correspondence or concert Measures with the disaffected Party, in order to advance the Pretender's Interest. The Bent of his Genius led him to the Study of the Sciences, and the pacifick Temper of his Mind withheld him from engaging in the dangerous Enterprizes of Politicks. And therefore in visiting his Father, he had no other View than to pay him that filial Duty which became him, without any Design of learning any of his political Principles.

As to *Lochiel*, the elder Son, he never was Abroad with his Father, but lived quietly at Home upon his Estate; he had not imbibed those inveterate Principles against the *English* and the Royal Family, as his Predecessors had done, and never shewed any Inclination to disturb the Government for the Sake of a foreign Interest; and, all Circumstances considered and compared, we are pretty sure, that he knew nothing of the intended Invasion, till the young Pretender was actually landed in *Scotland*. For upon a Muster of his whole Clan, they had not a hundred Stands of Arms among them all, and but few of them in a Condition for Use, nor had he any Provision to furnish them with better. 'Tis true, when the Chevalier was actually landed, his Father sent him express Orders to raise the whole Clan immediately, and come with them to join the Pretender. *Lochiel* however was far from being ready to obey his Summons; he was sensible of the Risque he run, not only in his Person, but his Estate; he considers, that at present he lived very happily, unmolested and unenvied by any Body; but should he comply with his Father's Request, and the Enterprize should miscarry, he should be utterly ruined without a Possibility of Redemption. These Reasons were strong and cogent, and kept him a good while irresolute, or rather firm to his Purpose of not meddling

in so dangerous an Affair; and so continued, notwithstanding all the Solicitations made to him to change his Mind, for the Space of six Weeks; the Chevalier and his Father were all that Time at the House of *McDonald* of *Kinloch Moidart*. At last the young Pretender himself came to his House at *Achnacary*, with about fifty Persons in his Retinue, together with old *Cameron* his Father. On their Arrival, the old Gentleman shew'd himself immediately to his Clan, who were greatly rejoiced to see their old Chief among them again; so that it was now next to impossible for young *Lochiel* to make any longer Resistance; and in fine, he joined in their Measures, and he and his Father had the Command given them of the Clan, who were directly convocated and arm'd.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion, the Clan of the *Camerons* were judg'd to consist of about 800 fighting Men, fit to bear Arms, bold, stout Fellows, and train'd up in the Exercise of Arms: But what was more to their Praise, they were not so addicted to pilfering and robbing their Neighbours, which most of the other Clans in the *Highlands* were notorious for, particularly the *McDonalds*: For young *Lochiel* being a Man of Honour and Probity himself, took abundance of Pains, nor was his Brother the Doctor less assiduous in reforming the People of his Clan, and to infuse into them true Notions of Justice and Honesty. And as *Lochiel* was the chief Magistrate amongst them, he punish'd their Excesses with a becoming Severity, and at the same Time endeavour'd to inculcate into them better Principles, and juster Notions of Right and Wrong than they had hitherto learnt. So that though he was both beloved and feared by great Numbers of them, yet there were many who hated both him and his Brother, because they would not suffer them to spoil and plunder their Neighbours, which was allow'd by most of the other Chiefs of the Clans; but *Lochiel* little regarded their Clamour on that Account; he knew his Authority was sufficient to keep them in Subjection, and he gave himself no Trouble about any Thing they should report against his Administration. What Pity it is that two Gentlemen of so much Worth, and who might have done excellent Service to their King and Country, should be over-aw'd by their Father to rebel against both, and that too against their own Principles, and juster Way of Thinking.

But tho' *Lochiel* was at length prevailed upon to set up the Chevalier's Standard, yet his Brother, the Doctor, could not for a good while be prevailed with to join in their Measures; nay, it was chiefly owing to his Remonstrances, that *Lochiel* so long withstood the earnest and constant Solicitations of his Father and the Chevalier, but when *Lochiel* had once listed himself in his Service, his Honour was so deeply engaged, that no Arguments or Persuasions could prevail with him to desist. But when he had mustered his Clan, and set up his Standard, he found that his Brother had left him in Disgust. This gave him a good deal of Disquietude; for he could not bear the Thought, that one so nearly related to him, should have a separate Interest. Upon which he sent a Messenger to him with an Order, requiring his immediate Attendance. The Doctor obeyed, but could not so easily be wrought upon to concur in his Brother's new Schemes. He remonstrated, in the strongest Terms, upon the unsurmountable Obstacles that he foresaw would attend the Undertaking, and the terrible Consequences of a Miscarriage. *Lochiel*, however, would take no Denial, telling him, that he did not want the Assistance of his Sword, or his Valour, but only desired he would attend

him as his Companion, that he might always have the Advantage of his Advice and Skill, in case the Fortune of War should render either of them necessary. The Doctor, how ill soever he thought of the Cause, yet his Affection for his Brother, and the many signal Obligations he lay under to him, at length prevailed over all other Considerations, and he submitted to share his Breather's Fate, whatever it should be.

But tho' the Doctor was, with great Reluctance, and in a Manner forced to join his Brother's Measures, yet he absolutely refused to accept of any Commission in the Army; neither did he act there, as ever I could learn, in any other Quality than as a Physician. He was perfectly unacquainted with the military Art, and therefore wholly unqualified to give his Advice, or even his Vote in Council, upon any Operations that were propos'd by the Chiefs or general Officers. Yet, as he was always among them, it is suppos'd, at least in the Eye of the Law, that he countenanced, encourag'd, and, as much as it was in his Power, assisted the Rebels, in all their Outrages against the Government.

Dr. *Cameron* was of so humane a Disposition, that if Credit may be given to general Report, when any wounded Prisoners were brought to him, he was as assiduous in his Care of them, as if they had fought in the Cause he espoused; and 'tis affirmed, that he never refus'd his Assistance to any one that ask'd it, whether Friend or Foe.

The Chevalier having increas'd his Army to about 2000, march'd forward, in order to enter upon Action, and advanced to *Corryerroig*, a Hill about six Miles from Fort *Augustus*, and being inform'd that General *Cope* was coming to attack him, waited for him with a Resolution to hazard a Battle, if the Enemy was in the same Humour. The General, however, either distrusting his own Strength, or for some other Reason, best known to himself, march'd forward to *Aberdeen*, where he embark'd his Army on Board some Ships, which transported it to *Dunbar*, the nearest and best Place for landing on the South Side of the *Firth*, and there disembark'd.

The Chevalier, perceiving the Enemy had left him, put his Army in Motion, and directed his March to *Perth*, of which he took Possession, where his Father was proclaim'd King, and himself Regent of *Scotland*. Here he was join'd by several more of the Clans. After some Stay, he decamp'd from *Perth*, and proceeded in his March, till he approach'd *Edinburgh*; of which City he soon got Possession: But by what Means, and of his Behaviour there, and afterwards, we must refer the Reader to the Annals of that Time, it not being our Design to write a History of the Rebellion, but only to relate such Passages and Transactions of it, wherein *Lochiel* or his Brother had some Concern.

The Chevalier having, with very little Trouble, got Possession of *Edinburgh*, it was not long before he was inform'd, that General *Cope* was on the March to attack him. Upon which News he led put his Army to meet and fight him. Accordingly Battle was joined at a Place called *Preston-Pans*, which proved fatal to the Royalists. Just as the Army was marching to the Attack, the Chevalier appeared at their Head, very alert, and ready to lead them to the Onset. *Lochiel*, however, who had a very great Respect and Esteem for him, earnestly entreated him to forbear exposing his Person, and advised him to take his Stand upon a

rising Ground, under the Guard of a Party, from whence he might send his Orders to any Part of the Army during the Engagement, as he should see Occasion; for if any Misfortune should befall him, they were all ruined to a Man; and that too much depended on his Safety, to hazard his Person without more apparent Necessity than there was; which Advice the Chevalier follow'd, and retired with a Party to a high Field to the South-west of *Seatoun*.

The Chevalier, after the Advantage gain'd at *Prestonpans*, march'd his Army into *England*; but as during that whole Expedition, scarce any remarkable Action happen'd, besides plundering defenceless Towns, *Lochiel* had no Opportunity to distinguish himself, till his Return into *Scotland*. At the Battle of *Falkirk*, he, at the Head of his *Camerons*, vigorously attack'd the King's Troops, and very much contributed to turn the Fortune of the Day; but in the Heat of the Action, was wounded by a Musket-ball in his Leg; which being observ'd by his Brother the Doctor, who always kept near his Person, he begg'd him to retire to have it dress'd; which he accordingly did; but as the Doctor was lending him his Assistance, he himself receiv'd a slight Wound.

On the Duke of *Cumberland's* Arrival in *Scotland*, the Chevalier retired further North, and took up his Head Quarters at *Inverness*; from whence he sent out Parties to skirmish with the Royalists; and many Encounters happen'd between them with various Success. During these Hostilities, an Opportunity fell out, which gave *Lochiel* an Occasion to discover the Generosity of his Sentiments, and his Abhorrence to Cruelties of all Kinds. Thus it was.

The *Campbels* having, all along, exerted themselves very strenuously in Behalf of the Government, had thereby exceedingly exasperated the Rebels, but especially *Cameron* of *Lochiel*, and *Alexander Macdonald* of *Keppoch*. These two Gentlemen wrote the following Letter to Mr. *Stewart of Invernakeil*, dated *Glenturs, March 20. 1746*.

SIR,

WESTERNIGHT we receiv'd a Letter from *Clunie*, giving an Account of the Success of the Party sent by his R---- H---- (the *Chevalier*) under the Command of the Lord *George Murray*, to *Athol*; a Copy of which Letter we thought proper to send you inclosed; as you happen, for the present, to lie contiguous to the *Campbels*, 'tis our special Desire, that you instantly communicate to *Airds* the Sheriff, and other leading Men among them, our Sentiments, (which God willing, we are determin'd to execute) by transmitting this our Letter, and the inclosed Copy, to any the nearest to you.

IT is our Opinion, that, of all Men in *Scotland*, the *Compels* had the least Reason of any, to engage in the present War against his R---- H----'s Interest, considering they have always appear'd in Opposition to the R---- Family since the Reign of *James VI*, and have been guilty of so many Acts of Rebellion and Barbarity during that Time, that no injur'd Prince but would endeavour to resent it when God was ever pleas'd to put the Power in his Hands. Yet his present M----y, and his R---- H---- the Prince Regent, were graciously pleas'd, by their respective Declarations, to forgive all past Miscarriages to the most virulent and inveterate Enemy, and even bury them in Oblivion, provided they returned to their Allegiance; and tho' they should not appear personally in Arms, in Support of their P----'s Cause, yet their

standing Neuter would entitle them to the good Graces of their injur'd Sovereign. But in Spight of all the Lenity and Clemency, that a Prince could shew or promise, the *Campbels* have Openly appear'd, with their wonted Zeal for Rebellion and Usurpation, in a most officious Manner, nor could we ever form a Thought to ourselves, that any Men, endow'd with Reason and common Sense, would use their Fellow-Creatures with that Inhumanity and Barbarity, as they do; and of which we have daily Proofs by their burning of Houses, stripping of Women and Children, exposing them to the open Fields, and the Severity of the Weather, burning of Corn, houghing (*ham-stringing*) of Cattle, and killing of Horses. To enumerate the Whole, would be too tedious at this Time. They must naturally reflect that we cannot but look upon such Cruelties with Horror and Detestation, and, with Hearts full of Revenge, will certainly endeavour to make Reprisals; and we are determin'd to apply to his R---- H---- for Leave and an Order to enter their Country, with full Power to act at Discretion; and if we are lucky enough to obtain it, we shall shew, that we are not to make War against Women, and the Brute Creation, but against Men; and as God was pleas'd to put so many of them in our Hands, we hope to prevail with his R---- H---- to hang a *Campbel* for every House that shall hereafter be burnt by them.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many scandalous and malicious Aspersions, industriously contrived by our Enemies, they could never, since the Commencement of the War, impeach us with any Acts of Hostility, that had the least Tendency to such a Cruelty, tho' we had it in our Powers is barbarous enough to execute it.

WHEN Courage fails against Men, it betrays Cowardise to a great Degree, to vent the Spleen against Brutes, Houses, Women, and Children, that cannot resist: We are not ignorant of their villainous Intentions, by the intercepted Letter from the Sheriff *Airds*, &c. which plainly discovers, that it was by their Application, that their General *Cumberland* granted Orders for burning, &c. which he could not be answerable for to the *British* Parliament, being most certain, that such Barbarity could never be countenanced by any Christian Senete,

(*Sign'd*) DONALD CAMERON, of *Lochiel*.

ALEX. MAC DONNELL of *Keppoch*.

I CANNOT omit taking Notice, that my People have been the first that have felt the cowardly Barbarity of my pretended *Campbel* Friends; I shall desire to live, to have an Opportunity of thanking them for it in the open Field.

[*Sign'd*] DONALD CAMERON.

The Battle of *Culloden*, which put a final Period to the Rebellion, and all the Pretender's Hopes of sitting on the *British* Throne, was likewise fatal to vast Numbers of his Followers and Adherents; Multitudes of whose Carcases *spread* the bloody Field; and they that escaped, were but reserved to suffer infinite Difficulties and Hazards, The *Camerons* behaved with their usual Bravery, and *Lochiel* their chief was sorely wounded in the Ankle. Being overpowered and obliged to retire before his Enemy, he was closely attended by his Brother

the Doctor, who dressed, and took all imaginable Care of his Wound, till it was healed. The next Day, *Lochiel* marched with his Clan to the Side of a Hill, where he drew them up, and ordered the Pipes to play all the following Night, such Tune as he knew, would best divert and amuse them in their present melancholy Circumstances. The next *Morning*, finding there was no Likelihood of his being join'd by any considerable Force, and that there was no Subsistence for his Troops, marched away for *Lochabar*, along those Hills that separate that County from *Badenoch*, and in two Days came to *Glengary*, where he found his unhappy Master, whose Grief was renewed on the Sight of his Friend. *Lochiel*, and so many miserable Objects with him; *Lochiel* himself dangerously wounded in the Ankle, and hardly able to travel, and a great Part of his Men in no better, many of them in a much worse Condition, tho' Dr. *Cameron* did all in his Power to relieve them in their Misery. Nothing was heard among them but Lamentations for their Miscarriage, and their present Misery and Distress, Groans uttered from a Sense of their aking Wounds; and many ready to drop under the Weight of their own Bodies, thro' Fatigue and Want of Refreshment. This was a Heart-breaking Sight to the Chevalier, who was less able to bear the Misfortunes of others than he was his own.

BUT nothing could exceed the Love of the *Camerons* for their *Lochiel*, unless it was that of the *Macdonalds* for their *Keppoch*: For being wounded in the very Height and Fury of the Battle, two of them took hold of his Legs, a third supported his Head, while the Rest posted themselves round him as an impregnable Bulwark; and in that Manner carried him from the Field, over the small River *Nairn*, to a Place of Safety.

GLENGARY having refreshed his Guests with Butter, Cheese, Milk, and Usquebaugh (a favourite Liquor among the Highlanders) the Chevalier held a Council of War with his Officers, wherein it was moved, to set up a Standard near that Place, and issue out Orders for the dispersed Troops to repair to it. This Proposal was agreed to by some who thought it was the best Method they could take, to secure themselves from being taken by the Enemy, as they certainly would be, in Case they were to separate, or wander about in small Parties. The Chevalier, however, truly informed them, that he had no more Money to give them; and therefore, unless they were able to force the Royalists in their Camp, they would run the utmost Hazard of having their Subsistence cut off. *Sullivan* and *Sberriidan* spoke on the same Side, and expatiated on the Madness and Folly of such a Project. However, to keep their Fidelity and Constancy to their Master unshaken, these two Gentlemen assured them, that, upon their certain Knowledge, there were large Supplies of Men and Money, at that Instant, coming to them from *France*, and expected every Day, which would undoubtedly give a very favourable Turn to their Master's Affairs.

At length after much Debate, it was agreed, that the *Camerons* would keep in a Body, and march together to *Achnacory*, *Lochiel's* Seat, on the Road to *Fort-William*, and about nine Miles from it; where, by their patrolling Parties, they might observe the Motions of the Royalists; while the Chevalier, with the Corps under him, performed the same Service upon the Quarter toward *Inverness*.

PURSUANT to this Resolution, *Lochiel* with his *Camerons* marched away for *Athnacary*; and the first Thing they did, on their Arrival there, was, to secure their best Effects in the Woods, and subterraneous Caverns, of which there were many in that Part of the Country; and considering how soon the Royalists might deprive them of their Cattle, they killed and fed upon them in a very plentiful Manner.

IN the mean Time, several of the broken Corps and Straglers, that had hid themselves from the Fury of the Enemy, some half dead with their Wounds, and all near famished for Want of Nourishment, were continually coming in, and gave dismal Accounts, tho' often at the Expence of Truth, of the Cruelty of the Royalists: For, I believe, it will be allowed, that never was less Barbarity shewn on the like Occasion, as might be undeniably proved from History. The Chevalier was extremely affected at the piteous and lamentable Accounts they gave, and usually said, 'I am sorry to have brought any such Hardships upon this 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 Duke of *Perth*, however, and the other Noblemen, being willing to dissipate his Melancholy and relieve his Spirits, proposed a Hunting Match: For, said 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:' This was agreed to, and they diverted themselves in this Manner for some Days, when they were informed of the March of General *Campbel*, with a large Body of the *Argyleshire* Militia from *Inverness*. Upon which the Chevalier, with the Chiefs who were with him, *Sullivan* and *Sherridan*, and about forty others, marched away to *Achnacary*, where they found *Lochiel*, who was then under the Care of Dr. *Cameron* his Brother, for the Cure of his Wounds. *Lochiel* no sooner saw them, but presently guessing the Truth, hastily asked the Chevalier, what Body of the Royalists it was that they had retired from? 'The *Campbels*, said he, and added, 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 many other brave and loyal Clans.' The Chevalier, upon hearing this, would have gone away directly, had not *Lochiel* assured him, that the *Campbels* would be very careful to desolate the Places through which they pased. 'Consider, said he, that *Stratherrick* and *Glengary* lie betwixt them and me, and these to be sure, they will sift e're they come to their, Place.' He was so far right in his Conjecture, that tho' they behaved civilly enough in the Places where they came, yet they made a very strict Search all over *Stratherrick* for Lord *Lovat*, who had left his Abode about two Hours after the Chevalier had taken his Leave of him.

THE Chevalier being prevailed upon by *Lochiel's* Arguments, sat down to Table, which was plentifully spread with Provisions of all Sorts, and Wine, and other Liquors in Abundance, which the Highlanders get, at a very cheap Rate, from *France*; for there being no Officers of Excise in those Parts, except at *Fort-William*, where there is a Garrison, prodigious Quantities of Liquors are run upon that Coast, in Exchange for their Cattle, which they slaughter and barrel up for that Purpose:

LOCHIEL, however mistaken in his political Notions, was, as hath been before observed, a

Gentleman of strict Honour, and inviolably attached to the Chevalier's Interest; with him, therefore, he consulted, what was best to be done in this Emergency. Some advised to fight the *Campbels* as soon as they came up; others disapproved that Proposal, as it would farther enrage the Enemy, weaken, themselves and furnish the *Campbels* with Pretences to dispossess them of their Goods and Chattels, which they would enjoy as a Reward of their Service. After much Debate, it was concluded to skulk about in a Body, till, the promised Succours from *France* arrived. 'But, said *Lochiel*, since the Enemy is so very near us, let us live as well as possible in the mean Time, lest 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.'

The *Camerons* took his Advice, and drove their Cattle into Places of the greatest Safety, and then went down *Morvain*, and drew themselves into a Body, as by their Chief they were directed. In the mean Time his Servants buried his Plate, and best Furniture in the Caves and Hollows that were about his House; which being done, and the Enemy approaching, the whole Company left the House, which was soon afterwards burnt down to the Ground.

SOME Time after, a Party of Brigadier *Houghton's* Regiment coming to *Acknacary*, and finding every Thing desolated and destroy'd and Nobody to be seen, search'd for the Treasure, which, they supposed, might be hid thereabouts but, probably would have lost their Labour, had they not spied the Gardener, who being anxious for the Safety of his Master's Effects, lurk'd about the Place, Him they secured and examined; but on his pretending Ignorance, they tied him. to two Halberts, and lashed him on the naked Back with Rods, till the Smart forced him to discover the Place of Concealment, where they found the hidden Treasure, and then dismiss'd the Man to his Master to acquaint him with what he had seen and suffered.

IN the mean Time, *Lochiel*, with the Chevalier and his Retinue, having left *Achnacary*, were come to the Green of *Keppoch*, and took up his Lodgings in that Chiefs House; where he was no sooner arriv'd, but his Ears were pierced with the Cries and Lamentations of a widow and six fatherless Children; for *Keppoch* was dead of the wounds he received at the Battle of *Culloden*, and his Clan were just return'd from the Funeral of their Master. This mournful Scene afflicted the Chevalier to the very Soul, and melted his whole Retinue into Tears. *Lochiel* however, and the two *Irish* Favourites, endeavour'd to argue him into a better Sense of Things, and said, it was below the Dignity of a Man, and unworthy of a Christian, to indulge an Excess of Grief in the Day of Adversity, and the Chevalier, recollecting his scatter'd Spirits, said, 'We must act and not mourn; and I think it is proper, that these People (pointing to the *Macdonalds* of *Keppoch*) should join with the *Camcrons*, 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 get them incorporated with the *Scots* and *Irish* Regiments in the Pay of that Crown.' This Proposal was approved; and after the whole Company had refresh'd themselves with a plentiful Dinner, the Servants of *Keppoch* were ordered to carry away and secrete the most valuable Effects in the House, which they did so effectually, that the Royalists could never find them, tho' the House was burnt to the

Ground.

THE Chevalier and his Chiefs, in the mean while, held fresh Consultation, in which they came to the following Resolution. 'That *Lochiel*, with the *Camerons* and *Macdonalds*, should keep in a Body, and favour any Landings from *France*, while the Chevalier, with his Favourites, *Sullivan*, *Sheridan*, and others, were to traverse the Isle, and endeavour to raise such a Force, as with the Succour from abroad, might enable him to make a Stand.* The next Morning they set out for *Glenphillin*, where at his first Landing, the *Camerons* erected his Standard. Here they made a Cave the place of their Residence, placed at proper Distances, for Six Miles around. They were provided with every Thing for the Support of Life; but the Chevalier being uneasy in his Mind, after three Days Abode there, set out for the Isles.

Immediately after the Battle of *Culloden*, the Duke of *Cumberland* issued a Proclamation, promising Mercy to those who peaceably subsisted, and threatening vengeance to those that were refractory; which had such an Effect, that great Numbers laid down their Arms, and were sent quietly to their own Homes. So that by the 20th of *May*, most of the Clans, together with many of their Chiefs, had embraced the Duke's Terms; and scarce any Continued in Arms, except the *Camerons*, some of the *Macdoriolds* of *Keppoch*, and *John Roy Steuart*.

Lochiel remained a considerable Time in the Cave, while the Chevalier wandered up and down the Country, suffering many Evils, and in continual Danger of falling into the Hands of his Enemies; yet still looking out for some *French* Ship that might carry him away. At length a small Schooner of about 18 or 20 Tons, arrived in the Harbour of *Flota*, in the Isle of *South Uist*, where the Chevalier, his friend *Lochiel*, and Dr. *Cameron* happen'd then to be. In this Vessel they joyfully embark'd, and the next Morning; which was *September 17*, they set Sail for *Bologn*, where, after a quick Passage, they safely arrived, to the Surprize of their Friends, and their own great Satisfaction.

Lochiel had immediately a Regiment given him in the *French* Army, and the Doctor was made Physician to the same, and so continued to the Death of his Brother, which happen'd in *September 1748*. After this, he was Physician to the Lord *Ogilvie's* Regiment; now quartered at *Lisle*.

About three Years ago a Collection was made among those who were Friends to the Pretender's Cause, for the Support of his unhappy Adherents Abroad. Dr. *Cameron* then came over to *England* to receive a Part of those Contributions. Another Collection has been set on Foot for the same Purpose, and the Doctor made Instances to his Friends here in *England*, for a Part in the same; representing by his Letters that his Pay in the Army was not sufficient to support him and his numerous Family. But after many Solicitations, not receiving any satisfactory Answer, came over himself; and this was the Business that brought him to *Scotland*, when he was discovered and brought to *London*. The Manner of his Apprehension we are well assured was as follows:

ON *Monday March 26*, Dr. *Cameron*, Brother to *Lochiel*, who was engaged in the last

Rebellion and attainted, was brought Prisoner to the Castle of *Edinburgh*; he was taken by a Party of Lord *George Beauclerk's* Regiments who was detached from the Fort at *Inversnaid* in Search of him; this Detachment was commanded by one Capt. *Graven*: They had Information of the House where he was to stay some Days, but in their March to it, were obliged to pass through two small Villages; at the End of the first they saw a little Girl, who, as soon as she perceived Soldiers, ran as fast as she could; a Serjeant and two or three Men pursued her, but she reached the other Village before they could overtake her; and there she sent off a Boy, who seemed to be placed there to give Intelligence of the Approach of the Soldiers. The Soldiers then pursued the Boy, but finding they were not able to come up with him, the Serjeant called out to his Men to present their Pieces, as if they intended to shoot him: The Boy on this, turning round, begg'd his Life; they secured him, and then went to the House where the Doctor was, which they beset on all Sides. The Disposition the Captain made was admirable; he with some of his Men marched up to the Front of the House, but was soon discovered from the Window, where he was immediately secured by the Serjeant before-mentioned, who was placed there, as the Captain very judiciously suspected the Doctor might attempt all Escape from that Part of the House.

When he was brought to the Castle here, the Lord Justice *Clark*, went to him and told him, "You are the only Man in your Circumstances, that ever I had Occasion to speak to, (since I have been engaged in Business) whose Answer to me could be of no Prejudice to him. Because you are to be carried to *London*, and there are Witnesses ready to appear against you at the Court of King's Bench, to prove that you are the identical Doctor *Cameron* mentioned in the Bill of Attainder; this, Sir, will condemn you, and you are to have no further Trial," This struck him, and after some Pause, he replied, "That he did not come over with a political Design, but only to transact some Affairs relating to *Lochiel's* Estate."

AMONG other Methods which the Parliament took to extinguish the Pretender's Hopes for the future, they made an Act to attain several eminent Persons among the Rebels, in Case they did not surrender themselves to the Government by a Day appointed. None of them, however, that were therein mentioned, came in or surrender'd, except Secretary *Murray*, who thought to merit the Favour of -the Government by becoming Evidence against Lord *Lovat*. Dr. *Cameron* was unhappily in the same List, and consequently liable to the Penalty of the Statute whenever he should be taken in the Realms.

AFTER Dr. *Cameron* had been some Time a Prisoner in *Edinburgh* Castle, he was convey'd to *London*; and after his Arrival, was examined before the Council at the *Cockpit*, where he disowned himself to be the identical Person mentioned in the Bill of Attainder, which obliged the Secretaries to look out for some of those Witnesses, who had given Evidence at the Trials of the Rebels in 1746.

THURSDAY Morning, *May 17*, Dr. *Cameron* was carried from the Tower (attended by several of the Wardens and a Party of the Guards) to the Court of King's-Bench, and there arraign'd upon the Act of Attainder passed against him and others, for being in the late Rebellion, and not surrendering in due Time: The four Judges were on the Bench; and the

Prisoner not being desirous to give the Court any Trouble, readily acknowledged himself to be the identical Person; whereupon, after due Deliberation, the Lord Chief Justice *Lee* pronounced the following moving Sentence; 'You *Archibald Cameron* of *Lochiel*, In that * Part of *Great Britain* called *Scotland*, must be removed from hence to his Majesty's Prison of the Tower of *Lmdin*, from whence you came, and on *Thursday* the 7th of *June* next your Body to be drawn on a Sledge to the Place of Execution, there to be hanged, not till you are dead your Bowels to be taken out, your Body quartered, and your Head cut off, and affixed at the King's Disposal, and the Lord have Mercy on your Soul.' On receiving the Sentence, he made a genteel Bow, and only desired he might have Leave to send for his Wife, who with seven Children, entirely dependant on him for Support, are now at *Lisle* in *Flanders*, which was granted. He said, that in 1746, he came from *France* to surrender himself, agreeable to the Proclamation, but was prevented by -an Accident happening in his Family. He behaved with great Resolution before the Court, and answered to every Question with a becoming Decency.

DURING the Interval between the Sentence and his Execution, his Wife used all possible Means to obtain a Pardon, by delivering a Petition to his Majesty, another to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and to several of the Nobility; but without Effect: For on *Thursday, June 7th* he was conveyed in a Hurdle from the Tower, to *Tyburn*, and there executed agreeable to his Sentence. His Behaviour was all along firm and intrepid, yet decent and solid, and becoming a Man who expected, yet seared not, the Stroke of Death.

ON *Wednesday*, Orders were sent to the *Tower* that the Gates should be shut at Six o'Clock in the Evening, and no Persons whatever admitted thro' after that Hour, to prevent any Attempts that might be made to favour his Escape.

As soon as his Wife arrived from *Flanders*, she immediately repaired to her Husband in the Tower, who received her with all that Tenderness and Affection, which the Greatness and Solemnity of the Occasion could inspire. The Grief and Anguish of her Soul is much more easily imagined than described. She came to take her last Farewel of him, who, by all the Ties of mutual Affection, was dearer to her than all the World. And as an Aggravation to her Affliction, she not only saw herself about to be deprived of an affectionate Husband, but to be left destitute of a Support for herself, and her numerous Family. Their Children, the dear Pledges of their Loves, must now be exposed to all the Necessities and Casualties of Life, without the Patronage of a kind and indulgent Father to have recourse to for Advice and Assistance. The Consideration of this Train of Evils, now hastening upon her, made such a strong Impression on her Mind, as to force a Flood of Tears from her mournful Eyes. The Doctor comforted her as well as he could, and desired her to use all the Means in her Power to save his Life, which was to present a Petition in his Favour to his Majesty, who, perhaps, might be prevailed upon to save him.

In the Morning of his Execution, she took her last Leave of him, indeed it was a very mournful one, and melted those who saw it into Tears. The Excess of her Grief has so affected her Senses, that she is now distracted; so great was her Love for her Husband, and so

intense; her Sorrow for his sad Catastrophe.

As soon as she was gone, the Doctor put himself in a Readiness to receive the Sheriff and those who were sent to conduct him to his Execution. Accordingly, about Ten o'Clock he was brought out of the *Tower*, by a Party of the Horse Guards who delivered him to the Sheriffs of *London* and *Middlesex* as soon as he was come without the *Tower-Gate*. He was then put into the Hurdle, to which he was fastened by the Executioner. In this Manner he was drawn thro' the City, attended by Sir *Richard Glynn*, one of the Sheriffs, and under the Care of the Sheriff's-Officers and Constables, to the Place of Execution. Sir *Charles Asgill*, left the Prisoner at the *Tower*, and Sir *Richard Glynn* followed the Sledge from the *Tower*, in his Chariot, to *Tyburn*.

THE Doctor was dressed in a light coloured Coat, red Waistcoat and Breeches, and new Bag-wig. In his Passage thro' the Streets, he was observed to look about, as if in Admiration of the vast Multitude of Spectators that crouded the Streets, Windows, and Balconies to see him pass, and bowed to several Persons; about Twelve o'Clock he arrived at the Place of Execution.

BEING arrived at the Place of Execution, and helped into the Cart, he desired to speak with the Sheriff; who being come to him, the Doctor entreated the Favour of him, that he would give Orders to his Officers to let his Body hang till he was quite dead, before the Executioner begun his further Operation. The Sheriff promised to oblige him In his Request; and accordingly the Body was permitted to hang full three Quarters of an Hour, and was not cut down before it was very certain, that no Life was remaining in him.

HE had likewise some Discourse with the Executioner about the Disposal of his Body after Execution was performed, which he desired might be decently put in a Coffin, and conveyed to Mr. *Stephenson's* the Undertaker, and that his Cloaths might be given to his Friends, in lieu of which, that he might not lose his usual Perquisite, he bid him take what Money was in his Pockets.

WHILE he was in the Cart, a Gentleman, in a Lay Habit, came to him, and pray'd with him for about a Quarter of an Hour, and then left him to his private Devotions. From this Incident, the Spectators imagined that the Doctor was a *Roman Catholic*, and that the Gentleman who pray'd with him, was a Priest.

BUT whatever his Religion was, he died with great Steadiness, Constancy, and Resolution, without any visible Alteration in his Countenance or Behaviour; but perfectly resign'd to the Will of Heaven, and chearfully acquiescing with the Sentence which the Laws of his Country had passed upon him.

HE made no publick Profession of his Faith, nor declared what Religion he was of; nor did he address the People in a Speech; nor did he give any Letters or Papers to the Sheriff, or any other Gentleman present at the Execution: So that if any Thing of this Kind should hereafter be publish'd, we may look upon it as spurious.

HIS Body being taken down from the Gallows, the Executioner cut off the Head, and

took out the Bowels, but did not quarter the Body. His Body and Head were put into a Coffin, with this Inscription upon it, *Dr. Archibald Cameron, Suffer'd the 7th of June, 1753, Aged 46. A Hearse convey'd it to Mr. Stephenson's Undertaker, opposite Exeter Change.*

F I N I S.

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