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NARRATIVE OF PRINCE CHARLIE'S ESCAPE:

BY ONE OF HIS COMPANIONS.

[EDINBURGH, *September 9, 1873.*

SIR,—The Manuscript narrative of the escape of Prince Charles Stuart by John Macdonald, one of his companions, of which a copy follows, is the property of the Misses Macdonald of Dalilea, granddaughters of the author, and was intrusted to me by them. I have transcribed the MS. carefully, *verbatim et literatim*, and have merely added an introduction and conclusion, partly from information I already possessed, and partly from that furnished to me by the family. Of the authenticity of the MS. itself, I have not the shadow of a doubt. The appearance of the original MS., which was in my hands for some time, carries truth in its face, and I know that it has been in the possession of the author's descendants from his death to the present time, having been always prized by them as an interesting family relic.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE SKENE.]

TO THE EDITOR OF '[BLACKWOOD.](#)'

AMID the wildest scenery of the West Highlands, and just on the the boundary-line that separates the counties of Argyll and Inverness, lies the sequestered sheet of water known as Loch Shiel. Even in that land of lakes and rocky mountains, it would be difficult to find a more striking landscape than is afforded by that lonely lake. Hemmed in, throughout the most part of its extent, by high mountains of the most picturesque forms, the opposite heights approach so near, that although the lake at their foot is upwards of twenty-six miles in length, it never attains even to one mile in breadth. This wild glen was in former days, and indeed still is, the home of a family of the name of Macdonald, who possessed a considerable extent of property in the neighbourhood, comprising Dalilea and Glenaladale on the lake shore, Glenfinnan at its head, and the farm of Borradale on the shore of Loch-nan-Ua. These different parts of the property were frequently occupied by members of the family, as circumstances might render convenient, and, as was usual in other Highland families, the different occupants were then

distinguished by the names of their residences. A green island in the lake, known as St Finian's Isle, has been the burialplace of the race since they first settled there, and is covered with the memorials of the dead. Besides the natural beauty of its scenery—in which this estate is hardly equalled, certainly not excelled, by any other in the Highlands—an interest of a different kind attaches to it, from the fact, that both the commencement and the close of the romantic expedition of Prince Charles Edward Stuart took place within its bounds. At the farm of Borradale, that daring adventurer first set foot on Scottish ground; in Glenfinnan he raised his standard and assembled the clans who took arms for the restoration of their ancient royal line; and at Borradale, again, he succeeded in baffling his enemies, and embarking on board of the French man-of-war that carried him from the country.

On the outbreak of the insurrection of 1745, the Clan Ronald, to whom the Macdonalds of Loch Shiel belonged, took an active part on behalf of the

House of Stuart, bearing their full share of all the difficulties and dangers of that unfortunate campaign. A hundred and twenty-seven years have elapsed since the fatal battle of Culloden terminated the last attempt of the Highlanders to place their ancient royal House on the British throne. The chief incidents of the expedition of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and of his own romantic adventures, after the final dispersion of his adherents, are known to every reader of our history, and are generally regarded as no more than an interesting episode in our national annals, and a remarkable instance of the devoted affection of a primitive people to the descendant of their ancient kings. In the Highlands, however, the recollection of the "45" is something very different from this. Even to this day, every incident in the personal history of those devoted men who strove to cut a path for their Prince to the British throne, is remembered, and related by their descendants as an honour to the family, never to be forgotten. Every relic, even remotely connected with "Bonnie Prince Charlie," is preserved as a cherished heirloom by its fortunate possessor. In the immediate neighbourhood of Loch Shiel, at the foot of Glenfinnan, a monument, surmounted by a statue of the Young Adventurer, has been erected by Mr Macdonald of Glenaladale. It occupies the exact spot where Charles Edward unfurled his banner on August 19, 1745. In this neighbourhood also there was brought to light, a few years ago, a most interesting memorial of the unfortunate Prince's wanderings, after the final destruction of his hopes of success in his expedition on the field of Culloden. As will be seen hereafter, the Prince was for some time in hiding in the neighbourhood of Loch Shiel, and it has been remembered ever since that time that he and those with him found it expedient to cross the loch, in order to proceed to new quarters. The Argyll

militia, however, were then patrolling all round the loch, and had destroyed all the boats, in order to prevent the fugitive party from crossing. In these circumstances, the party having found a large oak-tree in a favourable position, felled it, and hollowed the trunk, partly with their axes and partly by fire, as many savage tribes are in the habit of doing, till they had produced a rude imitation of a canoe, of the kind known in America as a *dug-out*. This primitive boat they then conveyed at midnight to the lake shore; and being afraid to use oars, lest the sound should betray them to their watchful enemies, they laid the Prince at full length in the boat, and entering the water themselves, swam across the loch, dragging the boat after them. Having thus effected the desired passage, they sank the boat, at a place called Camus Blain, nearly opposite St Finian's Isle. Here the boat lay under water for a hundred and nine years, till 1855, when a gamekeeper of Mr Hope Scott's, known in the neighbourhood as Black John, brought it again to light. It is now in the possession of Colonel Robertson Eoss of Glen Moidart. The account of its construction above given was derived from the grandson of the man who made it, and who is still alive, or at least was recently so. It is difficult to conceive a more interesting memorial of the dangers and difficulties to which the fugitive Prince was exposed than is afforded by this old canoe.

At the time when Charles Edward landed at Borradale, that farm was held by a gentleman named Angus Macdonald; whilst that part of the property of the family which was situated on the shore of Loch Shiel was held by his nephew, generally known as Macdonald of Glenaladale. Macdonald of Borradale had two sons, Ronald and John. Of these, the younger, John Macdonald, having shown a

greater taste for learning than was then common in the Highlands, had been sent for his education to the then famous Scottish College at Ratisbon. On the outbreak of the insurrection, young John left the college and hurried home. He joined the Highland army at Perth, serving along with his cousin Glenaladale, who was a major in the Clan Ronald regiment, and who had proclaimed Prince Charles Edward at Perth. John Macdonald was noted in the army for his eminently handsome figure, and for his striking resemblance to the Prince himself—a resemblance the effect of which was enhanced by the foreign air and accent he had contracted at Ratisbon, and which was so strong that the young Highlander was frequently mistaken for the Prince himself.

Through the whole of the romantic campaign which followed, John Macdonald bore his full share; and on the march to the fatal field of Culloden he was one of those to whom the Catholic priest accompanying the army administered the sacrament, in anticipation of the bloody conflict which all knew to be inevitable. On that fatal day to the hopes of the Stuarts, his cousin Glenaladale received three severe wounds, but John himself escaped unhurt; and as soon as he found it in his power, he joined the fugitive Prince, whom he accompanied through the greater part of his wanderings, and was finally only prevented from following his master to France by a severe attack of fever. On parting with him, however, the Prince gave him his gold-headed cane as a remembrance and acknowledgment of his devoted loyalty, telling him at the same time that it was the only valuable property he had left. Of this cherished relic the family were afterwards deprived by an unfor-

tunate accident, to their great and lasting regret. After the final escape of Prince Charles Edward, and the restoration of peace to the Highlands, John Macdonald occupied himself in writing memoirs of different parts of the campaign, in which he had borne so active a part, a task for which his German education rendered him peculiarly well qualified. Of his MSS. some were sent by himself to Home the historian, who had applied to him for information; another was given by him to his relative, Sir John M'Gregor Murray, and cannot now be found; but one remained in the possession of his descendants, by whose kind permission it has now been printed *verbatim et literatim*. It is a curious and most interesting document. Of its authenticity, that it really is what it professes to be—a narrative by an actual companion of Prince Charles of what he himself saw and experienced during that wonderful escape—there cannot be a shadow of doubt. Independent of the fact that it has never been out of the hands of the author's family, the very paper and ink on and in which it is written refer it at once to the middle of the last century as the date of its composition. The author speaks of himself frequently in the first person; and the quaint and often ungrammatical style and irregular spelling are exactly what was to be expected from John Macdonald, a man of considerable education, but one whose native tongue was Gaelic, and who in writing English was in fact using what was to him a foreign language. Besides, the simple and unaffected manner in which the incidents are narrated bears unmistakable evidence that he was merely recording what he himself remembered, without any thought of its ever becoming public.

A TRUE AND REAL STATE OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART'S MIRACULOUS
ESCAPE AFTER THE BATLE OF CULLODDEN.

When the Prince at the batle of Cul-
loden perceived and that the horse he
rod was wounded, and any stand he
and his smal force could make was
needless, he made off, accompanied by
two Irishmen, Mr Sullivan and O'Niel,
his aid de camp, and few more, and
took litle or no rest till they arrived at
Glenbiestle in Arasaig, which is a pen-
dicle belonging to the ffarm of Bor-
radil. Being the place he first landed in
the continent at his arrival, he rested
there three nights before a sufficient
boat, belonging to John M'Donald, son
to Old Borrakil, was procured to
transport him to the long Island of
Uist, in view to get some vessel at
Stornway to carrie him to France, and
for that purpose send the Mr Sullivan,
his Aid du camp, to Stornway, where
he found one, but would not wait the
Princes coming, therefore made off
with himself, and landed safe in
France.

Being in this maner disappointed,
he thought proper to risk his person in
the hands of Clanranald's people in
South Uist, who gave him all the aid
and assistance in their power, till such
time the country was surrounded by
his enemies; then clearly perceiving
the impossibility of escaping, he was
advised to go to Clanranold house, in
Benbecula, twenty five miles from the
place he then was at, and endeavour to
ferric to the Isle of Sky, accompanied
by the then Miss Flory M'Donald; and
he, under the name of Miss Bety Burk,
and her servantmaid, effected there
escape, and arrived safe at Kings-
brough, in Troterness, parte of Lord
M'Donald's estate. There Miss Flory
M'Donald parted with him.

After some rest there, he proceeded
to M'Leod Rasa's familie, where he was
received with the greatest kindness

and friendship. After an night's rest
there, he was sent under the care of
Malcom M'Leod to the care of one
John M'Kinon, alias John
M'RorievicLachlan in M'Kinon's es-
tate, who next night conveyed him to
the Laird of Moror's ffarm in the main-
land, and ho beged of Moror to send a
sure guide with him to his faithful! old
Landlord (this is what he allways
termed my father) to Borrakil; after his
arrival there, the old Gentleman and
his two sons, Ronald and I, received
him with all the marks of friendship
and Respect, and gave our word of
honour we would use our utermost to
save him in spite of all his enemies;
and that we depended on Divine Prov-
idence that he would grant him and us
health, strenght, and vigour to endure
all the fatigue and hardship necessary
for that purpose.

As the Prince at all times enter-
tained the greatest regard for Mr
M'Donald's of Glenaladil's integrity
and capacity in aideing him as far as in
hjis power, he ordered me to goe di-
rectly to him and acquaint him of his
present situation, and hoped he would
meet him and his present smal Com-
pany in the woods of Borrakil next
night.

After Glenaladil considered the
message, he looked upon it exceeding
hard to depart from his wife and five
prety weak children, and his great
stock of catle were before then taken
awy by the enmie; and haveing re-
ceived three bad wounds at Culloden,
of which one of them was not then ful-
ly cured; notwithstanding these con-
sideration he despised them, and
thought it his duty to grant all the aid
and assistance in his power to save a
poor distressed Prince, notwithstand-
ing of the great temptation of thyrtly

thousand pound stel promised by government to any that should deliver him up. Though Glenaladil and his old uncle Borrakil, with his children, were in the greatest distress for want of any support at the time, two nights thereafter he appeared at the place appointed with the above party. They proceeded next morning to M'Leod's Cove, upon a high precipice in the woods of Borrakil, where they all deliberated what steps they would take for their safety; few days after they visibly saw the whole coast surrounded by ships of war and tenders, as also the country by other military forces; then it was determined to use all efforts to depart out of the country, and began their march that very night, and came the length of Meoble, in the brays of Moror, where the old gentleman Borrakil, and his son Ronald, took their leave of him. The Prince then, accompanied only by Glenaladil, and his brother John and I, made straight for the brays of Glenfinen, which is part of Glenaladil's estate. To our great surprise we found that place surrounded by three hundred of the IJnemies. Then we came to a resolution to depart the country for sometime; and for that purpose sent an express to Donald Cameron, Glenpean, an aged gentleman, to meet us at Corrou, in the brays of Moror, which accordingly he did; we proceeded under night till sunrise next morning, to the top of a high mountain lying between Locharkeig and Lochmoror head, a camp of the enemy lying on each side of us, and two different camps of the military before us. In the course of three nights we passed by four camps and twentyfive patrols, and some so nigh us that we heard them frequently speak, without any food farther than a small slice of salt cheese, and abundance of water.

The Thyrd morning we arrived near the top of a high mountain near Lochurn head, and found there a bit

hollow ground, covered with long heather and branches of young birch bushes, where we all five of us lay down to rest, almost fainting for want of food; these severe trials and circumstance drew many heavy sighs from his poor oppressed heart. I informed him then that I had a leppy of groaten meal wrapped up in a Nepkin in my pocket, which, when I produced, made almost alteration in the countenance of the whole of them. Come, come, says he, let us, in God's name, have a share; never was people in more need. I expect soon to meet with plenty; so I divided the whole of it between us five; and they began to chat and crack heartily, after our refreshment. We perceived fourty of the military, with a Capt'n as their commander, lying at the foot of the mountain, all this time; we saw them visibly all along, durst not move till dark night, for fear of being discovered, proceeded then on our journey to the brays of Glenshiel; the darkest night ever in my life I traveled; and arrived within a mile of it by sunrise, quite exhausted with hunger and fatigue.

Glenaladil and I were then sent to the village in view to procure some provisions, and bought a stone of cheese and a half stone of butter, as we could get nothing else; immediately returned back where we left him, Donald Cameron, and Glenaladil's brother; words cannot express the quantity we consumed of the butter and cheese at the time, though both kind exceeding salt. We met that day with one Donald M'Donald, a Glengary lad, with whom we agreed to be our guide farther North, as Donald Cameron returned, after his refreshment, to look after his own family; and we passed the whole day, which was exceeding hot, in the face of a mountain, above a river that runs through Glenshiel; were all seized with such a druth that we were all like to perish before sunset. He

would not allow any of us to move for water, though we might have been provided within forty yards to us, so cautious he was. At sunset we all went stagers to the river side, and drank water at no allowance; at same time we saw a boy coming towards us at some distance; Glenaladil and I went to meet him. This was a son of the honest M'Kra that furnished us with provision in the morning, whom his father sent with five Scots pints of goat milk for our relief. Glenaladil, who had all our bank in a purse hingen before him, gave the boy four shillings stel; and in the hurry he was in, he happened to drap his purse on the ground till he got his plead kilted on him; then we bad fareweel to the boy, and returned in great hast to our smal partie, who partook liberaly of the milk, then proceeded an English mile before we missed the purse, in which was a keeping forty Luisdors and five shillings in silver, which was all we hade to depend upon for our subsistence; it was determined that Glen and I was to return in search of our smal stock. Found the purse and five shillings in it, in the spot we left it, and none of the gold; proceeded then about midnight to the boy's father's house, who at the time was sound sleeping, called him -out, fairly told him what happened; - without a minute dela he returned to the house, got hold of a rop hinging there, and griped his son by the arm in great passion, and addressed him in the following words: you damnd scoundrel, this instant get these poor gentlemens mony, which I am certain is all they have to depend upon, or, by the heavens, I '11 hing you to that very tree you see this moment. The Boy shivereing with fear went instantly for the mony, which he had hurried under ground about thyrty yards from his Fathers house.

During the time Glen and I spent about recovereing our smal fonds, the

Prince and the two persons we left with him saw on the other side of Shiel river an officer to appearance, and three men with him; our smal party hidd themselves by favour of some Aron bushes at the river side, but they were convinced they could not miss to meet Glenaladil and me, and the consequence would be squabble between us, though he "positively refused to inform us of the danger of meeting them, by one of them that was alongst with him, the night being quite clear and a seren sky. Notwithstanding our passing by one an other on each side of the river, neither of use observed the other, nor can I account for it.

Then we proceeded all night throu these muirs till ten of the clock next morning, stopt then till the evening, without meeting with any particular accidents, excepting heareing some firing of guns not at a very greatest distance. The evening being very calm and warm, we greatly suffered by mitches, a species of litle creatures troublesome and numerous in the highlands; to preserve him from such troublesome guests, we wrapt him head and feet in his plead, and covered him with long heather that naturally grew about a bit hollow ground we laid him. After leaving him in that posture, he uttered several heavy sighes and groands. We planted ourselves about the best we could.

Finding, then, nothing by appearance to disturb us, or enemie in our way, we proceeded on, and next night arrived in the brays of Glenmorison, called the Corrichido; perceived three or four smal huts in the strath of the corry.

It was then determined upon by us to send Glenaladils brother down to them, to know what they were; and when he understood them to be all M'Donalds, and friends to the cause,

except Patrick Grant Crosky, who was with them, and equally a friend to the cause, he addressed one of them, called John M'Donald, *alias* M'Goulevic Icadui, to goe with a cogfull of milk to Mr M'Donald of Glenaladil and M'Donald of Greenfield, which letter was not there at same time. He instantly complied with his request; but to his greatest surprise, at the distance of nine yards from us, he knew the Prince to be there, his head being covered with a white night cape, and an old Bonnet above; at this unexpected sight, the poor man changed colours, and turned as red as blood, and addressed him in the following manner: I am sorry to see you in such a poor state, and hope if I live to see yet in a better condition, as I have seen you before at the head of your armie, upon the green of Glasgow; all I can do is to continue faithful to you while I live, and am willing to leave my wife and children, and follow you wherever you incline going. After all this discourse was explained to the Prince, he said, taking him cheerfully by the hand, As you are a M'Donald, whom I all ways found faithful to my cause, I shall admit you to my small partie, and trust myself to you; and if ever it should be my lot to enjoy my own, you may depend upon of being equally rewarded.

One thing I beg leave to observe to you, says he, there is one large stone in the strath of this corry near these huts you see; under that stone forty men can accomodate themselves, and the best water in the highland runs throu it, and a large void heather bed in it already made for your reception. I have a three year old stote I may slaughter for provision, till such time you refresh yourself and your partie: there are four more neighbours and contrimen with me, as trusty as I, who can furnish us from the neighbouring countrys with such necessaries of life as

can be expected in such distressed time.

His advise was so agreeable that we all agreed to it without hesitation, and marched all with cheerfulness in our countenance to this new unexpected mansion, and found ourselves as comfortably lodged as we had been in a Royal palace. The other four men mentioned above came in, and after a short discourse, gave all cheerfully the oath of allegiance, after which they brought the stote and killed him; we then fested, and lived there plentifully for three days and nights, till we found ourselves in danger, by one whom they generally styled the black Campbell, who had a party of militia within six miles to the place we was in; in that event we thought adviseable, to proceed to the Chissolms firr woods, where we and our whole partie spent near a month in peace and plenty. At the root of one large tree we build for the Prince, Glenaladil, and me, one tent of firr branches; at the other side of the tree another one of a larger seize. Two of our party was always employed in providing provisions; other two as outpost, enquireing for information. One honest tenant of the name of Chissolm, at the distance of a few miles from us, afforded us with meal, buter, and cheese, and flesh weekly; neither did we want for Aquavits) and tobacco, which commodity we all made use of. Nothing particular happened to us during our stay there. But the Prince, anxious to And out Cameron of Lochiel, insisted upon our return towards that parte of his estate called Locharckieig. After a day or twos march, passed by the brays of Glenmorison, and arriveing to the brays of Glengarie about nightfall, the river Garie swelled to such a degree that we thought it unpassable. He still positively insisted upon giving it a tryal, which we did, and with the greatest difficulty, at the hasart of our lives,

succeeded, the night being very dark. Rested near the bank of the river, waet and cold; next day passed throu Glenkeinie, and stopt at a broken shel-house above Auchnasaul. We then were out of provisions. We sent two of our partie to repair a smal hut, wherein Lochiel scolked for some time, but observing a Deer at the end of the hut, shut both at him at once and killed him. One of them returned to us withe these most agreable news, whero we all in a bodie steered our course, and employed the whole night in dressing for him and ourselves parte of the venison. Next day we sent for Mr Cameron of Cluns, and after passing two nights together, went to Torrvullen, opposite to Achnacarrie, Locheils principal place of residence once; killed a good highland cow; then Doctor Cameron and two french officer that landed some time before that in Pollew, in Rossyne, came to us, and Mr Cameron of Cluns; and after passing two nights there, they came to the follo weing resolution: viz. that the Prince, accompanied by Doctor Cameron, Glenaladil, the two french officer, with a few more, should be conveyed to Locheil, and that I shoud return to the west coast; and if any frigats from France should appear for the purpose of carreing him, I to goe aboard till he could be found dead or alive, and that Glenaladil is the person to be employed for procureing him, the Glenmorison lads to return home with his promise, If ever in his power he would make satisfaction for there losses and gratitue; so that very night I and John Glenaladil's brother made of for the west coast, and arrived there two days after, and found all left behind us in the greatest disstress for want of all necessarys of life, or houses to shelter us from the inclemency of the weather.

A fourtnight thereafter, in September, two frigats appeared coming to the harbour at Borrodil under English col-

ours. My father and brother Ranald and I immediately hade recourse to the muirs, to avoid being apprehended, and appointed one Donald M'Donald, in whom we hade great confidence, to wait there landing; and after nightfall, twelve french, with two officers at their hade, came to a smal hut we repaired some time before that for our own reception, as all our houses before that were all burned; the names of the officers were jung Sheridan and Capn ONeil, who at there arrival, enquired for us all, as they knew us weel formerly, and wished much to have some disscourse of consequence with us. Upon our being informed of this, we appeared, and after a long conversation, were convinced of there sincerity, and oblidged them to produce there credentials from France, before we revealed any parte of our secrets to them.

Next day I went aboard one of the frigats; and my brother, accompanied by the two french officer, went to Glenaladil to acquaint him of there errand.

After a night's rest, they were desired by Glenaladil to return to there ships, and that he would goo in serch of the person they wanted, which he accordingly did, and in eight days returned with him to Borrodil, where he first landed; and after refreshing himself weel, directly went aboard, and with a fair wind set sail next morning for France, and left us all in a worse state than ho found us. Locheil, his Brother Doctor Cameron, John Roy Stuart, the two first mentioned french officers, with one hundred more persons of some distinction, accompanied him, and took there passage alongst with him; he then seemed to be in good spirit, and addressed himself to such as stayed behind to live in good hopes, and that he expected to see us soon with such a force as would enable

him to reimburse us for our losses and trouble; so that he ended as he began.

One material circumstance I cannot omit acquainting you of; that is, the battle fought between three British frigats and two french ones on the 3d of May after Cullodden batle. The french frigats landed the later end of April fourty thousand Louisdors, with some stand of arms and amunition, at the farm of Borrakil; government being informed of the same, despatched three of there own frigats to the place mentioned, in order to capture the Frenchman; present Lord Howe, then captn of the *Grayhound* frigate, was commodore of that smal squadron. They appeared in seight about four in the morning by the point of Ardmuchan, from whence they then visibly saw the french frigats; they were favoured with a favourable wind directly after them, and before the french hade time to rise there ankors, Captn Howe slipped in between the two french frigats, and gave a broadside to each of them with very great execution. The largest of the french frigats was disabled by broken her ruder, and was

oblidged to lay by till seven o'clock in the afternoon: and the smal french frigate, after several attempts of bourding her, fairly escaped till then, and when soon the largest of them repaired the damage, went to her assistance. Captn Howe haveing run out of ammunition, sheered of about nightfall, and the french persued them for a leage, when they thought adviseable to return to there former situation. At two o'clock next morning they steered away for Barra head with a fair wind; the Ducke of Perth, and several other gentlemen, such as Lord John Drumond, Lockard of Carnwath, and many more took there passage to France. The batle leasted twelve hours, and we found on our shores fefteen' frenchmen dead, not one Englishman in the number, as they threew none overboard of them till they came the lenth of the point of Ardmurchan. After that the gold was by a partie conveyed to Lochaber, and parte of the arms, by orders of secretar Morrow, and were then determined to gather and randevou there friends and weelwishers, which never happened since, nor by all appearance will.

Such is John Macdonald's narrative. It has been printed with all its irregularities and peculiarities of style and spelling, so that it now appears just as it left the hands of its author. It does not perhaps contain much that is new, but the romantic character of the adventures narrated, and the honest and unadorned language in which they are told, cannot fail to give it a deep and painful interest. It brings out, in a striking degree, the devoted affection of these loyal Highlanders for their unfortunate Prince—of whom it has been often remarked, that with a price of £30,000 on his head, and whilst the place of his concealment was more than once known to at least one hundred men at the same time, not one of them should ever have thought of securing what would have been affluence to himself, at the expense of treachery to the fugitive. A farther remark is suggested by this narrative. It exhibits in a remarkable way the humble respect and obedience which was felt by these devoted men towards the Prince, even at the lowest ebb of his fortunes. His Highland attendants never allowed themselves to be raised above the position of subjects and counsellors, although it could not have been thought unnatural had the circumstances led them to do so. From their knowledge both of the country and of the people, they must have known much better than he could how to evade the dangers to which he was exposed, and to elude the strict watch that was kept for him by the patrolling parties of the Government; yet it is plain that he was not only nominally, but actually, the leader of the party. They gave him the fullest information and the best advice they could, but they obeyed his orders whatever they might be. The only incident of importance in the narrative of which the historians of the period seem to have taken little if any notice is

the naval action between Lord Howe's squadron and the two French men-of-war. Such a collision was indeed inevitable in the circumstances, when any]of the British vessels which were cruising off the West Highlands to prevent the Prince's escape, fell in with any of the French ships, which were there to facilitate it. That the incidents of the action itself are correctly reported, can hardly be doubted, when it is remembered that the whole took place in the immediate neighbourhood of the residence of the family, who were probably eyewitnesses; and when the circumstantiality of the narrative is further considered, the very number of the dead who were washed on shore being recorded, and the unexpected fact that they were all Frenchmen—a fact which the rumour of the country seems to have satisfactorily accounted for.

It may not be uninteresting to give a moment's attention to the subsequent fortunes of those attendants of Prince Charles who are especially mentioned in John Macdonald's narrative. The merciless severity with which the troops of the Government ravaged the territories of the insurgent clans after the defeat at Culloden, is matter of history; and it can excite no surprise that this was especially the case with the lands of the Clan Ronald. Where the houses of the gentry were situated near the seashore, they were destroyed by the cannon of the men-of-war; where they were not accessible in this way, they were burnt by the troops who patrolled the country. The cattle and other property of the inhabitants were carried off, and they themselves were driven to the moors and mountains, to find subsistence if they could, and, if they could not, to perish. The house of Borradale was burnt; all the cattle and corn, and everything eatable, was car-

ried off, and the family were compelled to fly to the woods, where they subsisted on nuts, and anything else they could find; and it is still remembered that they even tried to grind the nuts into a kind of meal, that they might at least have something like the oatcakes and porridge they were accustomed to. It is further related that John Macdonald's mother, who was a daughter of Macgregor of Glengyle, in the course of the flight of the family from Borradale, was seized by the soldiers, and the wedding-ring torn off her finger. John Macdonald himself, the author of the narrative now published, married Catherine, a daughter of Macdonell of Barrisdale, a cadet of the family of Glengarry. The Macdonells of Barrisdale suffered as much from the Government as their neighbours. Their house at Glenmeddle was the first house in that neighbourhood battered down by the shot from the war-ships. John Macdonald's wife used afterwards to relate that she recollected on this occasion looking from her place of shelter in the woods, and seeing the soldiers kill all the geese and fowls about the place, and carry them off, driving off at the same time all the cows; but that the dairymaid ran after the party and entreated the officer in command to have mercy on the innocent children at least, and to leave one cow to give milk for them. This he did, and that cow was ever after known by the nickname of 'The Trooper.' The family of Barrisdale took refuge in a hut built of wattles; and here they were roused early one morning by seeing the muzzles of several muskets projecting through their wattled walls. A party of soldiers immediately entered, who, after searching the hut for the Prince, commanded the family to follow them. In a short time, however, they seemed to see the uselessness of encumbering themselves with prisoners, and allowed the Macdonells to return to their shelter. John Macdonald was not only

considered the most learned man in his clan; he was also reported to possess an unusual amount of energy and cleverness, qualities which he is said to have exhibited in a remarkable manner, by first risking his life many times in attempting to dethrone George II., and subsequently inducing the Government to pay his wife's portion out of her father's sequestrated estate.

Macdonald of Glenaladale, so often mentioned in the narrative, was succeeded at his death by his son John, who, with all his tenants, emigrated to Prince Edward Island, where they, or their descendants, still remain. Before his emigration, this John Macdonald sold his Highland property to his own near cousin, Alexander Macdonald, who had realised a large fortune in the West Indies. This Alexander Macdonald of Glenaladale was succeeded on his death by his son, also named Alexander, who has perpetuated his memory in the Highlands by erecting the monument to Prince Charles still to be seen in Glenfinnan. On his death without issue, the succession to his estates opened to the Borradale branch of the family. The descendants of the elder son of old Angus Macdonald of Borradale added Glenaladale and Glenfinnan to Borradale, which they already possessed; whilst Archibald, the son of his second son, John, the author of the narrative, got Dalilea on Loch Shiel. This property has now passed into the possession of Lord Howard; but the descendants of John Macdonald still inhabit the house of Dalilea, and it is through their kind permission that their grandfather's narrative has now been given to the public.