

**FORBES
ROBERT**

THE LYON IN
MOURNING,
VOL. 1

Robert Forbes
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*The Lyon in Mourning, Vol. 1 / or a collection of speeches, letters, journals,
etc. relative to the affairs of Prince Charles Edward Stuart:*

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PREFACE

The Lyon in Mourning is a collection of Journals, Narratives, and Memoranda relating to the life of Prince Charles Edward Stuart at and subsequent to the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745. The formation of this collection was to a great extent the life-work of the Rev. Robert Forbes, M.A., Bishop of Ross and Caithness.

He was the son of Charles Forbes, a schoolmaster in the parish of Rayne, Aberdeenshire, and of Marjory Wright, and was born there in 1708, his baptism being recorded in the parochial register as having taken place on 4th May of that year. He must have been a studious youth, as he was sent to Marischal College, Aberdeen, in or about 1722, at the early age of fourteen, and

graduated there as Master of Arts in 1726. He then proceeded to qualify himself for orders in the Scottish Episcopal Church, and coming to Edinburgh in June 1735, he was there ordained priest by Bishop Freebairn. In December of that year he became assistant to the Rev. William Law at Leith, and soon afterwards, at the request of the congregation, was appointed his colleague. At Leith, it may be said, he lived and laboured for the remainder of his life.

Like most of the Episcopalians of that day, he was an ardent Jacobite, indeed one of the most ardent, and but for a timely interposition of the 'hated Hanoverian' government would not improbably have shared the fate of some of his brethren whose end he chronicles. In that case there would have been no *Lyon in Mourning*, and it is but fair to say that though *The Lyon* can never be considered, and does not pretend to be, an impartial relation of the events with which it deals, our literature of the Rebellion of 1745 would have been greatly the poorer by its absence. Nay, it may even be said that, but for the continuous energy and single-eyed purpose of Bishop Forbes in this work, much of what is now known on this subject would never have come to light.

On hearing of the advent of Prince Charles Edward in the West Highlands, Mr. Forbes, with two Episcopalian clergymen and some other gentlemen, started off with the intention of sharing his fortunes, but all were arrested on suspicion at St. Ninians, near Stirling, and imprisoned. He notes the fact in the Baptismal Register of his congregation, as follows: 'A

great interruption has happened by my misfortune of being taken prisoner at St. Ninian's, in company with the Rev. Messrs. Thomas Drummond and John Willox, Mr. Stewart Carmichael and Mr. Robert Clark, and James Mackay and James Carmichael, servants, upon Saturday, the seventh day of September 1745, and confined in Stirling Castle till February 4th, 1746, and in Edinburgh Castle till May 29th of said year. We were seven in number, taken upon the seventh day of the week, the seventh day of the month, and the seventh month of the year, reckoning from March.¹ An incident of the roping of these prisoners at their removal from Stirling to Edinburgh is narrated by the author.²

After his release from imprisonment Mr. Forbes appears to have been invited to reside in the house of one of the most wealthy members of his congregation, Dame Magdalene Scott, Lady Bruce of Kinross, the widow of Sir William Bruce of Kinross. She resided in the Citadel of Leith, and was a strong Jacobite; Mr. Forbes tells how her house was on more than one occasion the special object of the Government's concern, as the

¹ *Journals, etc., of Bishop Forbes*, by the Rev. J. B. Craven, 1886, p. 12. This register is still extant, and one of its counterparts, the register of marriages performed by the Bishop, is printed in the *Scottish Antiquary*, vol. viii. pp. 125-129. See also p. 169. One of the baptisms was that of John Skinner, author of 'Tullochgorum,' who on 8th June 1740 went to Mr. Forbes in his room, and was re-baptized, declaring that 'he was not satisfied with the sprinkling of a layman, a Presbyterian teacher, he had received in his infancy.'

² See ff. 916, 987.

Prince himself was supposed to be concealed there.³ For this lady Mr. Forbes cherished the highest esteem, speaking of her as 'the worthy person, the protection of whose roof I enjoy.'⁴ She died in June 1752, aged 82; but before that event took place he had left her house, on the occasion of his marriage to his first wife, Agnes Gairey. This was in 1749,⁵ and the lady died on 4th April of the following year.⁶ He afterwards married, as his second wife, Rachel, second daughter of Ludovick Houston of Johnstone, in Renfrewshire, of whom he makes frequent mention in *The Lyon*. She was in fullest sympathy with her husband's Jacobite proclivities, and occasionally sent presents to the Prince abroad.

In 1762 Mr. Forbes was chosen and appointed Bishop of Ross and Caithness, and in 1767 he was elected Bishop of Aberdeen by a majority of the local clergy, but the College of Bishops disallowed the election in his case, and another was appointed. How keenly Mr. Forbes felt this action will be seen from his conversation and correspondence with Bishop Gordon of London. He twice visited his diocese in the north, and kept full journals of his progresses.⁷ They are similar to a diary of his

³ See ff. 940, *et seq.*

⁴ See f. 325.

⁵ See f. 1749.

⁶ Craven's *Journals, etc.*, p. 11.

⁷ These have been printed, along with a sketch of his life and a history of the Episcopal Church in Ross, in the work by the Rev. J. B. Craven, pp. 139-327.

visit to Moffat, which is inserted in *The Lyon*,⁸ and which was doubtless so inserted because of its concern with certain Jacobite matters; but it is also of interest on other accounts.

In later life, when, from having less to chronicle, he was not so taken up with this work, Bishop Forbes was an occasional contributor to the *Edinburgh Magazine*, in which he published a number of topographical and antiquarian articles. Several of these, relating to Roslin Chapel, were collected and printed in 1774, under the *nom de plume* of *Philo-Roskelynsis*. He died at Leith on 18th November 1775 and was buried in the Maltman's Aisle in South Leith parish church. He does not appear to have had any children.

The origin of this collection, *The Lyon in Mourning*, probably dates from the author's imprisonment in Stirling Castle or Edinburgh Castle. In the latter place he was brought into contact with some of those who had taken an active share in the cause of Prince Charles, and it was, doubtless, while listening to their narratives that he was inspired with the idea of committing them to writing. Why he called his collection by the name it bears, he nowhere explains. It has been suggested that it was 'in allusion to the woe of Scotland for her exiled race of princes;' the Lyon being the heraldic representative of the nation. Bishop Forbes, in his own mind, no doubt, identified the Scottish nation with the comparatively few Jacobites within the country.

But whatever may be said about the title, the Bishop's purpose

⁸ See ff. 1915, *et seq.*

was, as he declared, to make up 'a Collection of Journals and other papers relative to the important and extraordinary occurrences of life that happened within a certain period of time,' and which, he adds, 'will serve to fix a distinguishing mark upon that period as a most memorable æra to all posterity... I have,' he proceeds to say, 'a great anxiety to make the Collection as compleat and exact as possible for the instruction of future ages in a piece of history the most remarkable and interesting that ever happened in any age or country.' Nor was it only what particularly concerned that 'certain Young Gentleman' (as they were wont to style the Prince) that Bishop Forbes set himself to gather information, but also whatever could be gleaned about those who followed his fortunes. He was even desirous that every act of kindness performed by the victorious Hanoverians towards their vanquished enemies, should be cherished with the names of the doers, that they with the others 'may be carefully recorded and transmitted to posterity, according to truth and justice.'

And thus, though it be a purely Jacobite Collection, it is evident throughout that the author was most scrupulous with regard to the truth of the facts he relates. Hence, in seeking for narratives of the different episodes in the rebellion, his endeavour was to get them at first-hand from participators therein. 'I never chuse,' he says, 'to take matters of fact at second-hand if I can by any means have them from those who were immediately interested in them.'⁹ Where this could not be obtained, he

⁹ f. 1231.

instructed his correspondents to 'have a particular attention to dates, and to names of persons and places;' for, he adds, 'I love a precise nicety in all narratives of facts, as indeed one cannot observe too much exactness in these things... I love truth, let who will be either justified or condemned by it... I would not wish to advance a falsehood upon any subject,' not even on Cumberland himself, for any consideration whatsoever.

His assiduity in the work is likewise noteworthy. Assuming that he began collecting in the end of 1746, by September 1747 he records that he has covered between twenty-four and thirty sheets, which by 19th April following had increased to about forty, by 4th July 1748, to sixty sheets, and by the following month about seventy, which he had bound up in several octavo volumes. These (from the point at which he mentions this¹⁰) would be at this time four in number, for by 'sheets,' Bishop Forbes means a sheet of paper which, when folded, yields sixteen pages, and the number of pages in these first four volumes amount in the aggregate to 868 pages. He was now well advanced with another, the fifth, which ends with page 1112. The sixth volume is also dated on its title-page '1748,' volume seventh, 1749, and volume eighth, 1750. This eighth volume, however, could only have been begun in that year, as there is reference in it, near the end, to an event which happened in 1761. But as the seven volumes contain 1598 pages, or, as the author would have put it, ninety sheets, we have a pretty fair estimate

¹⁰ f. 1052, 1067.

of his diligence in the collecting, sometimes drafting, and in all cases transcribing his materials. Naturally, as the main facts of the Rebellion receded from public view by the progress of time and other events, interest would abate, and materials fall off, and this is evident enough from the compilation of volume eighth taking ten or eleven years, while the previous seven were accomplished in three or four. Volume ninth, again, gave the collector employment for at least fourteen years, for though it is dated in 1761, it contains correspondence down to April 1775. This volume, while it yields a few papers respecting the Rebellion of 1745, is chiefly occupied with a correspondence maintained by Bishop Forbes with other Jacobites, in which a most lively interest is taken in the daily life and affairs of Prince Charles on the Continent of Europe, and schemes suggested and devised for the realisation, some time or other, of Jacobite hopes. This correspondence is continued in the tenth and last volume, which, however, is only partly filled up, the rest of the volume consisting of blank pages. It was commenced in 1775, and goes on to October of that year, the death of Bishop Forbes occurring in the following month. Here, however, there is no lack of interest in the persons to whom we are introduced as engaged in the Cause along with Bishop Forbes. They are almost all Episcopalians. Indeed, the members of the Scottish Episcopal body were practically identified with the Stuart Cause from the Revolution onwards, until in despair, they, by a formal declaration, professedly severed themselves from it in or about

1780. Bishop Forbes did not live to see this, but even some time before his death evil tidings had frequently arrived and given rise to sad forebodings of shattered hopes, and the wrecking of long-cherished expectations.

To publish his Collection, Bishop Forbes could never be induced. He rightly judged it imprudent to print what could only be construed as a censure of the Government of the day, and which, accordingly, was likely to draw resentment not only upon himself, but upon any of the surviving actors whose names it was his desire to immortalise in story. Urged to it by one of his correspondents (Dr. John Burton of York, who, being himself a sufferer on the Prince's account, published a pamphlet narrative of the Prince's adventures and escape, and also of his own sufferings), Bishop Forbes always replied that he 'waited a seasonable opportunity.' His mind, as to this, further appears from the way in which he expresses himself to a brother in office in reference to Dr. Burton's publication. It has made its appearance, he says, 'contrary to my earnest and repeated remonstrances. I have resisted many solicitations, and I am well aware that this is far from being a proper time for the publication of truths of so much delicacy and danger, and therefore, for my part, I am resolved to wait for a more seasonable opportunity;' and when that would occur he could not imagine. This was in 1749, and, as the result shows, the opportunity never came for him. He did print a short account of the Prince's adventures at a later date, copies of which he sent to the Prince and others

abroad; but this was only a trifle in comparison with what he had collected.

Naturally, *The Lyon in Mourning* was one of his most valued possessions, and he guarded it with the most jealous care. Only on one occasion would he allow it out of his own hands. He would show his friends the external bulk of it, but they were not permitted to pry within. One young relative, who did not apparently stand very high in the author's favour, had the temerity to ask that the 'black-edged volumes' might be sent to him in London for completing a narrative which he and another were preparing for publication, and in reply got the rebuff, that there was much room for doubting his competency for the task he had undertaken, while as for the loan of the Manuscript, he had asked what the author would not have granted to his own father. However, Bishop Forbes judged it expedient to part with them for a time when his residence was threatened with a search. He had this to plead as an excuse to Dr. Burton, who begged the Bishop to furnish from his collection some materials to make his own proposed publication more perfect. 'I was obliged,' he replies, 'to secret my collection, having been threatened with a search for papers. I have therefore put my collection out of my own custody into the keeping of a friend, where I cannot have access to it without some difficulty, and I resolve to keep it so, that so I may defy the Devil and the Dutch.' Indeed, this was his usual way with it, for he writes to another, 'I keep my collection in a concealment always, so that I am not afraid of its being seized

by enemies; and it is not every friend I allow to see only the bulk and outside of my favourite papers.'¹¹

The volumes are bound in sombre black leather, and have their edges blackened, while around each title-page is a deep black border. Some relics, which are, or have been, attached to the volumes for preservation, call for some notice. They are most numerous on the insides of the boards of the third volume. First, there is a piece of the Prince's garters, which, says Bishop Forbes, 'were French, of blue velvet, covered upon one side with white silk, and fastened with buckles.'¹² Next there is a piece of the gown worn by the Prince as Betty Burke, which was sent to Bishop Forbes by Mrs. MacDonald of Kingsburgh. It was a print dress, and from this or other pieces sent the pattern was obtained, and a considerable quantity of print similar to it made by Mr. Stewart Carmichael, already mentioned. Dresses made from this print were largely worn by Jacobite ladies, both in Scotland and England, for a time. Thirdly, there is a piece of tape, once part of the string of the apron which the Prince wore as part of his female attire. Bishop Forbes secured this relic from the hands of Flora MacDonald herself, who brought the veritable apron to Edinburgh, and gave the Bishop the pleasure of girding it on him. To keep company with these, another relic has been added to this board by the late Dr. Robert Chambers, and which, consequently, Bishop Forbes never saw. It is a piece

¹¹ f. 1426.

¹² f. 197.

of red velvet, which once formed part of the ornaments of the Prince's sword-hilt, and was obtained, as that gentleman narrates, in the following way. On his march to England, the Prince rested on a bank at Faladam, near Blackshiels, where the sisters of one of his adherents, Robert Anderson of Whitburgh, served him and his followers with refreshments. Before he departed, one of the young ladies begged the Prince to give them some keepsake, whereupon he took out his knife, and cut off a piece of velvet and buff leather from the hilt of his sword. Up till 1836 at least, this was preciously treasured at Whitburgh; and it was from Miss Anderson of Whitburgh, of a later generation of course, that Mr. Chambers at that time obtained the scrap which he placed with the Bishop's relics. On the inside of the back board of this volume are pieces of tartan, parts, respectively, of the cloth and lining of the waistcoat which the Prince received from MacDonald of Kingsburgh, when he relinquished his female garb. This he afterwards exchanged with Malcolm MacLeod for a coarser one, as it was too fine for the rôle of a servant, which he was then acting. Malcolm MacLeod hid the waistcoat in the cleft of a rock until the troubles should be over; but when he went to recover it, as it had lain there for a year, he found it all rotted, save a small piece, which, with two buttons, he forwarded to Bishop Forbes.

On the inside of the back board of the fourth volume the Bishop has had two small pieces of wood, one of which has now disappeared. The remaining piece is about one inch long, less than half an inch broad, and about one-eighth of an inch

in thickness. These, says the author, are pieces of that identical eight-oared boat, on board of which Donald MacLeod, etc., set out with the Prince from Boradale, after the battle of Culloden, for Benbecula, in the Long Isle. The bits of wood were obtained and sent by MacDonald of Glenaladale. Then, finally, there are pieces of one of the lugs of the brogues or shoes which the Prince wore as Betty Burke, stuck on the inside of the back board of volume fifth. But the Bishop seems to have had the brogues themselves, and he and his Jacobite friends were wont to use them as drinking vessels on special occasions. This was reported to the Prince, who heartily enjoyed the idea, and remarked concerning Bishop Forbes, 'Oh, he is an honest man indeed, and I hope soon to give him proofs how much I love and esteem him.'

After the death of Bishop Forbes *The Lyon in Mourning* remained a possession treasured by his widow for fully thirty years, she alone knowing of what value it had been in the eyes of her husband. With advancing years, however, she fell into poverty, and was obliged in 1806 to part with the Collection, a suitable purchaser having been found in Sir Henry Steuart of Allanton, who had set himself the task of preparing 'An Historical Review of the different attempts made to restore the Stewart family to the throne from the Revolution in 1688 to the suppression of the Rebellion in 1745.' Ill-health frustrated his design, and *The Lyon in Mourning* lay past unknown and unheeded at Allanton until it was unearthed by Dr. Robert Chambers. He purchased it from Sir Henry Steuart, and in 1834

published a number of the papers and narratives contained in it in his work entitled *Jacobite Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745*. On an average computation it may be said that Dr. Chambers printed about a third part of what is contained in *The Lyon*, sometimes weaving one narrative with another, in order to present in fuller form, so far as possible, the entire history of the Prince in his adventures. But what Dr. Chambers there gave in the personal narratives of the contributors to *The Lyon in Mourning*, and what he has written in his admirable popular *History of the Rebellion*, on information derived chiefly from the same source, have but increased the desire of the historical student to have before him the complete text of *The Lyon in Mourning* as it stands in the original manuscript. This desire the present publication will gratify. The Council of the Scottish History Society originally proposed merely to print what Dr. Chambers had left unprinted. But consideration of the fact just stated, and the undesirability of the reader being required to compare two works in order to ascertain the real contents of the *Lyon*, led to the resolution to print the full text of the Bishop's manuscript, especially also as the *Jacobite Memoirs* is now a somewhat scarce book.

Dr. Chambers bequeathed this Manuscript Collection of Bishop Forbes to the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, in whose library it now remains. He had previously attached to the first volume the following writing, to declare the genuineness and history of the work: —

Edinburgh, May 5, 1847.

'I hereby certify that the accompanying manuscript, in ten volumes, entitled *The Lyon in Mourning*, was purchased by me in 1833 or 1834 from the late Sir Henry Steuart of Allanton, Baronet, by whom I was informed that he had bought it about thirty years before from the widow of Bishop Forbes of the Scottish Episcopal Church, the compiler, who had died in 1775.

'The volume contains, in a chronological progress, many documents and anecdotes respecting the civil war of 1745, and the individuals concerned in it. On this account I desired to possess it, as I designed to make use of its contents for the improvement of a history of the insurrection which I had written.

(Signed) 'Robert Chambers.'

By a 'chronological progress' the reader is not to understand that the events of the Prince's life, or of the Rebellion, will be found related in order of time in the following pages. It can only mean that Bishop Forbes proceeded in a chronological progress from 1746 or 1747 till his death, in building up his Collection, telling us from time to time the dates of his receiving his information, which he enrolls as he receives it, without any other regard to chronology than its coming to him. But to enable the reader to follow the chronological sequence of events, a brief chronological digest of the narratives contained in the Collection will be given as an Appendix in the third volume. In that volume also will be found an Index to the whole work. Into the plots and scheming prior to the actual outbreak of the insurrection, Bishop

Forbes's materials do not lead us. It is, however, satisfactory to learn that the Scottish History Society has in hand the publication of the Journal of the Prince's Secretary, John Murray of Broughton, which promises to throw light upon much that was taking place anterior to the actual outbreak, as well as in other respects to supply the deficiencies of *The Lyon in Mourning*.

It only remains to acknowledge the kindness of the Faculty of Advocates in placing *The Lyon in Mourning* at the disposal of the Society for publication, and the uniform courtesy of Mr. Clark and his assistants in the Advocates' Library in facilitating the progress of this work. Our acknowledgments are also due to the indefatigable Secretary of the Society, Mr. T. G. Law, and to his ever-willing assistants in the Signet Library, for their ready furtherance in the labours of reference and research.

Copy of a Letter from the Rev. Mr. Robert Lyon ¹³ to his Mother and Sisters

1746 23 Oct.

[*fol.* 1.] My dear mother and my loving sisters, – How ever great a shock to nature I presently feel in writing you upon this occasion, and the great trouble and affliction it must give you all in reading my last, yet I could not allow myself, having warning of my approaching fate, to leave this miserably wicked world, without bidding you farewel and offering you my advice.

It has pleased Almighty God in His unsearchable Providence for some time past to afflict me with grievous and sore troubles, everything that could be look'd on as comfortable in this world being denied me that was in the power of my enemies to grant

¹³ Mr. Lyon was incumbent of the Episcopal Church in Perth, being elected thereto as colleague to the Rev. Laurence Drummond (whom he mentions in this letter) in or about 1738. When Prince Charles and his army passed through Perth on his way south, Mr. Lyon joined himself to them, especially as the most influential part of his congregation had gathered to the Prince's standard. He was appointed chaplain of Lord Ogilvie's regiment. After his arrest he was imprisoned at Montrose, and thereafter at Carlisle, where he was tried, and sentenced to be executed. He accordingly suffered death at Penrith on 28th October 1746. For further particulars about Mr. Lyon the reader may consult the *Episcopal History of Perth*, by the Rev. George T. S. Farquhar, M.A., 1894, pp. 131-186.

or refuse. But blessed be my merciful God, they could not stop the inward consolations of God's Holy Spirit, which has hitherto supported me in health and vigour under all this miserable scene of calamities, for which I have the greatest reason, while I live, to bless and adore His glorious name. The miseries I have already undergone, and humanly speaking, am still to suffer, are undoubtedly inflicted upon me as a just reward and punishment for my manifold sins and iniquities, [*fol. 2.*] and I trust they have been dispensed as the chastisements of a merciful Father to a prodigal child in order to draw me to a nearer acquaintance with Himself, to wean my heart from all inordinate affections to the follies and vanities of the world, to enlarge my heart with desires of being with Jesus, my Saviour, of the freedom from sin and of the fruition of my God to all eternity. This is the proper influence His afflicting hand should have had upon me. And, if my heart deceives me not, I have made it my endeavour, tho' with a great mixture of weakness during my long confinement, it should have its due effect.

Before this will reach you (my dear mother and sisters) the last fatal scene of my sufferings will be over and I set at liberty (even by my enemies themselves) from the heavy load of irons and chains I have so long drag'd. Lord, loose me from the burden of my sins! Assist me in my last and greatest trial! Receive my soul, and bring me into the way of eternal happiness and joy! Grieve not for me, my dearest friends, since I suffer in a righteous and honourable cause, but rather rejoice that God has assisted

me by His grace, the most unworthy of [*fol.* 3.] His servants, to act agreeably to my conscience and duty by bearing testimony to truth and righteousness, religion and loyalty in midst of a wicked and irreligious, perverse and rebellious generation. Let this consideration, the motives of Christianity, and the hopes and assurances which our holy religion so plentifully affords, allay in you all immoderate grief, and make you thoroughly resign'd to God's holy will in all His wise dispensations; which howsoever harsh at present they may appear to flesh and blood, yet they shall all be made to work together for good to them that love and fear Him, and put their trust in His mercy.

I am very sensible how much easier it is to give advice against affliction and trouble in the case of others than to take it in my own. It hath pleased God to exercise me of late with very sore trials, in which I do, I think, perfectly submit to His good pleasure, firmly believing that He does always that which is best. And yet tho' my reason was satisfied, my passion was not so soon appeas'd; for to do this is a work of some labour and time.

But since that God hath thought fit to warn me of my own mortality by giving me a summons to die a violent and barbarous death by the hand of man, I thank God for it; it hath occasion'd in me no very melancholy reflections. But this perhaps is more owing to my natural temper than wise considerations. [*fol.* 4.] But yet, methinks, both reason and religion do offer you, my dear mother and sisters, considerations of that solidity and strength, as may very well support you under all the afflictions of this present

life. Pray then consider: —

That God is perfect love and goodness; that we are not only His creatures, but His children, and as dear to Him as to ourselves; that He does not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men, and that all evils of afflictions which befall us, are intended for the cure and prevention of greater evils, of sin and punishment. And therefore we ought not only to submit to them with patience as being deserved by us, but to receive them with thankfulness as being design'd by Him to do us that good and to bring us to that sense of Him and ourselves which perhaps nothing else would have done. That the sufferings of this present life are but short and light compar'd with those extreme and endless miseries which we have deserved, and with that exceeding weight of glory which we hope for in the other world, if we be careful to make the best preparations for death and eternity. Whatever hardships and afflictions we suffer for our attachment to truth and righteousness bring us nearer to our everlasting happiness, and how rugged soever the way may [*fol.* 5.] be, the comfort is that it leads to our Father's house where we shall want nothing that we can wish for.

But now you labour under affliction for the death and loss of your only son, and all of you of your dearest earthly friend. Consider then that, if you be good Christians, God who is your best friend, who is immortal and cannot die, will never leave you nor forsake you, but will provide both for your temporal and spiritual concerns beyond what you can either ask or think.

But nature, you say, is fond of life. I acknowledge it. But then consider, to what purpose should we desire a long life? since with the usual burdens and infirmities and misfortunes that attend it, it is but the same thing over again or worse, so many more nights and days, summers and winters, with less pleasure and relish, every day a return of the same and greater pains and troubles, but perhaps with less strength and patience to bear them.

These, and the like considerations, have under my present calamities entertain'd me not only with contentment but comfort, tho' with great inequality of temper at several times, and with much mixture of human frailty, which will in some degree stick to us while we are in this world. However by this kind of thoughts afflictions and death itself will become more familiar to us, and keep us from starting at the one or repining [*fol.* 6.] at the other.

I acknowledge I find in myself a great tenderness in parting with you, my dearest relations, which I must confess doth very sensibly touch me. But then I consider, and so, I hope, with all of you, that this separation will be but a very little while, and that tho' I shall leave you in a very wicked world, yet you are all under the care of a good God who can be more and better to you than I and all other relations whatever, and will certainly be so to all those that love Him and hope in His mercy.

It likewise gives me no small uneasiness that I should leave you in a worse way as to your worldly circumstances than I could have wished or once expected, having spent my own and made some

encroachments upon poor Cicie's¹⁴ stock. But then I must say in my own vindication, this was not by any luxury or riot, as you can bear me witness, but rather owing to a small yearly income, an expensive place for living, and being too liberally disposed upon certain occasions; but, above all, by my being engag'd in the late glorious cause of serving my King and country. You'll easily see it was no mercenary view, but purely obedience to conscience and duty that made me take [*fol. 7.*] part in the fate of my royal prince and country when I tell you that I never received a farthing of his Royal Highness's money, nor was assisted in the least penny by any engaged in his service. So that this undertaking consum'd no small part of my private stock; and I hope you'll readily grant it could not have been better bestow'd, altho' all of you must feel the want of it. But God who has formerly done wonderful things for us all will, I trust, provide for you the necessaries of life.

And even poverty rightly weigh'd is not so very sad a condition. For what is it but the absence of a very few superfluous things which please wanton fancy rather than answer need, without which nature is easily satisfied, and which, if we do not affect, we cannot want? What is it but to wear coarse cloaths, to feed on plain and simple fare, to work and take some pains, to sit or goe in a lower place, to have few friends and not one flatterer? And what great harm in this? If I had time to compare it with the many dangers and temptations to which wealth is expos'd, – pray

¹⁴ Mr. Lyon's favourite sister.

consider that poverty is a state which many have born with great cheerfulness. Many wise men have voluntarily embrac'd it. It is allotted by Divine wisdom to most men, and the very best of men do often [*fol.* 8.] endure it. God has declared an especial regard to that state of life. The mouth of truth hath proclaimed it happy. The Son of God dignified it by His own choice, and sanctified it by His partaking deeply thereof. And can such a condition be very disagreeable to any of you (who were never over-prosperous in the world)? Or can it reasonably displease you?

My dear mother and sisters, these considerations, I hope, thro' the Divine assistance, will be a mean to support you under your present and future afflictions, and preserve you from repining at my fate and your own loss.¹⁵

[Before I end this letter I must take this opportunity to acquaint you of one thing that none on earth knows but the person immediately concern'd. The matter is this. Had it pleas'd God that I should have surviv'd my dear mother, and been provided of any tolerable subsistence in this world, I design'd and propos'd to make Stewart Rose (whom I know to be a virtuous, wise, good, and religious young woman), partner of my life and fortune. I

¹⁵ The paragraph following in brackets was at first omitted by Mr. Forbes, with this explanatory note inserted at the end of the letter. '*N.B.*— In the original of the above letter there was a paragraph about a very particular concern of Mr. Lyon's which I did not chuse to transcribe.' But he afterwards supplied it by writing it on the inside of the front board of the volume, with the following: '*N.B.*— Finding that Mr. Lyon's own relations and Mrs. Stewart Rose made no secret of the mutual affection that had been betwixt the young lady and her departed friend, I obtain'd a true copy of the paragraph and transcrib'd it as above. — Robert Forbes, A.M.'

am too sensible of what she suffers on my account, and which would make her affliction sit the harder upon her, the natural modesty she is mistress of, would never allow'd her to give vent to her grief, had not I mention'd it to you. I therefore recommend her to you, my dear mother, always to look upon her as your daughter, and to you, my dear sisters, to treat her always as your own sister, she being really so in my most serious intention and fix'd resolution. And I am persuaded there are none of you but will bear so far a regard to my memory as to value, esteem, and, as far as in your power, cherish and comfort the person on whom I had so deservedly settled my love and affection. I am sensible that all of you esteem'd her before on your acquaintance with her and her own proper merit, and am convinc'd that my discovering my mind thus far will more and more increase and not lessen your love and regard to her. May Almighty God support and comfort her and you all, and make you with humble submission resign'd to the Divine will.]

I must next acknowledge with all the tender-heartedness of a brother, the grievous troubles and afflictions both of body and mind my dear sister, Cicie, hath undergone, in order to be of use and comfort to me under my severe trials. Her firm love to me has made her follow my fate too far, and be a witness of more of my troubles than I could have wish'd. But whatever she has suffer'd on my account, which indeed cannot be express'd, she has been of unspeakable service to me. May Almighty God reward her, and whatever love all of you bore to her formerly I hope it will

be enlarged to her on this very account.

[*fol.* 9.] I cannot conclude without offering my best wishes (as they have always had my prayers) to Mr. Drummond, my colleague, and every individual person a member of our congregation. May Almighty God bless all of them both in their temporal and spiritual concerns, and of His infinite goodness reward them for their love and kindness, their attachment and concern for me in the several difficulties I have undergone! May the same God in His due time afford them authoriz'd guides to perform Divine offices amongst them, to administer to them the means of grace and bread of life, that they may be no longer as sheep without a shepherd. Till which time may the Holy Spirit direct every one of them into the way of truth, and assist them earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life. And finally, may the same merciful Lord save them and bless them, make them to the end of their lives stedfast in the faith, unblameable in holiness and zealous of good works.

You'll be pleased to offer my hearty and sincere good wishes to Balgowan¹⁶ and all that worthy family. I gratefully acknowledge their remarkable and undeserved favours. May Almighty God return them sevenfold into their bosom!

[*fol.* 10.] I sincerely pray that Almighty God may reward the family of Moncrief, Mr. Smyth's, Mr. Stirling's, Dr. Carmichael's, Mr. Graeme's, ladies of Stormont, Lady Findal's,

¹⁶ John Grahame of Balgowan.

and all other my kind benefactors and well-wishers with you (who have so bountifully ministred to my necessities) with His eternal and everlasting good things.

As I expect and earnestly desire forgiveness from God of all my sins and transgressions, thro' the merits and mediation of my only Saviour and Redeemer Jesus Christ, so from the very bottom of my heart I forgive all my enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and particularly Clerk Millar,¹⁷ who, I have reason to believe, has prosecute me to death, and whom, to my knowledge, I never injured in thought, word, or deed. May God grant him repentance that he may obtain forgiveness at the hands of our heavenly Father. And with the same earnestness I desire all of you to forgive him, and tho' it should be in your power, never in the least degree to resent it against him or his.

And now, my dear mother and sisters, it is my dying exhortation [*fol.* 11.] to you, as well as to every particular person, who (by the providence of God) was committed to my spiritual care, stedfastly and constantly to continue in the faith and communion of our holy persecuted mother, the Church of Scotland, in which I have the honour to die a very unworthy priest, whatever temporal inconveniences and hardships you may wrestle with in so doing. Nothing must appear too hard which tends to the salvation of your souls; and the disciple is not to expect better treatment than his Lord and Master. For as they

¹⁷ George Miller, town clerk of Perth, who seems to have taken an active part in the prosecution of his townsmen who engaged in the rebellion. See fol. 27.

persecuted Him, even so will they persecute you. Strenuously adhere then, in spite of all opposition, to those doctrines and principles, which thro' the grace of God and my own weak abilities, I endeavoured to teach publickly and inculcate upon you in my private conversation, I mean the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures, with their only genuine and authentick comment, the universal doctrines and practices of Christ's Church in her purest ages, even the three first centuries, before the manifold errors of Popery, on the one hand, or Presbyterian enthusiasm, on the other, prevail'd; both of which have been dangerous to the souls of many. Let no worldly consideration [*fol.* 12.] prevail with any of you to join with schismatics of whatever kind; and more especially be not deceived by those who may come unto you in sheep's cloathing, having the appearance of sanctity and righteousness more than others, but in Divine offices offer up to God unlawful petitions and immoral prayers.

And, as you know, the man cannot be perfectly happy without the reunion of soul and body (in consequence of which principle it was my practice, in my family devotions to commemorate the souls of my deceas'd friends who died in the Lord), so I earnestly beg and intreat when you approach the throne of grace that you'll pray for rest and peace, light and refreshment to my soul, that I may find mercy in the day of the Lord, and that I may be partaker of perfect consummation and bliss both in body and soul in God's eternal and everlasting glory. May our good and wise ecclesiastical governours, with the Divine assistance,

contribute their endeavours to restore this and all other primitive and apostolic practices in due form to the publick offices of our Church, which would be a mean to administer comfort and great consolation to many a pious and devout soul. I cannot finish this subject [*fol.* 13.] without putting up my petitions in the same words of our holy mother, the Church, as she appoints the very day¹⁸ on which it is determined I should suffer: 'O Almighty God, who hast built thy Church upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the head corner-stone, grant us so to be joined together in unity of spirit by their doctrine that we may be made an holy temple, acceptable unto Thee through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.'

And now, my dear mother and sisters, I must conclude this my too long letter with my prayers for you. May our most gracious God pardon all your offences and correct whatever is amiss in any of you. May He preserve you all in health, peace, and safety, and, above all, in mutual love to one another. May He pour down upon you His spiritual blessings, and vouchsafe you also such a measure of temporal blessings as He sees most convenient for you. May He of His infinite mercy let you want nothing either for life or for godliness. I pray God to fit us all for that great change which we must once undergoe; and if we be but in any measure prepared, sooner or latter makes no great difference. I commend you all to the father of Mercies and the God of all consolation and comfort, beseeching Him to increase your faith,

¹⁸ St. Simon and St. Jude's Day, F.

patience, and resignation, [*fol.* 14.] and to stand by you in all your conflicts, difficulties, and troubles, that when ye walk thro' the valley of the shadow of death you may fear no evil, and when your heart fails you may find Him the strength of your heart and portion for ever.

Farewel, my dear mother! Farewel, my loving sisters! Farewel, every one of you for ever! And let us fervently pray for one another that we may have a joyful and happy meeting in another world, and there continue in holy fellowship and communion with our God and one another, partakers of everlasting bliss and glory to the endless ages of eternity.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all evermore, is the prayer and blessing of, my dear mother, your obedient and affectionate son, and my loving sisters, your affectionate and loving brother, while

Robert Lyon.

Carlisle Castle, October 23d, 1746.

To my mother and sisters.

The Last and Dying Speech of Robert Lyon, A.M. Presbyter at Perth. ¹⁹

28 Oct.

[*fol.* 15.] The death I am now to suffer by the hands of violence the partial and unthinking world will doubtless be ready to imagine a sign of guilt and a stain upon the character with which I am invested.

But would the hardships of a close confinement and the time permit me to explain and vindicate my principles, I am persuaded I could prove them just and my conduct guiltless in the things for which I am to die.

That I may not, however, leave a natural curiosity on such occasions quite ungratified I shall briefly run over the principal passages of my past life, and represent my genuine sentiments in some material points. Which I hope will have the greater weight and efficacy upon you, my dear fellow-subjects and beloved countrymen, as I am just about to step into eternity where, at the greatest tribunal, on the last day I know I must be judged according to the works I have already done. And

[*fol.* 16.] First. It will be very proper to inform you that I have the honour to be more immediately descended from one of those

¹⁹ This speech was printed in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May 1819 (No. 26, vol. v. p. 164), and in *Stephen's Episcopal Magazine* for 1836, pp. 10, 111.

Scottish clergymen,²⁰ who unhappily surviv'd our flourishing Church and prosperous nation at the late Revolution; by which means it was my lot, by the wise providence of God to be early train'd up in the school of adversity, inasmuch as he underwent the common fate of our other spiritual pastors and dear fathers in Christ who were by merely secular, and what is worse, unlawful force thrust away from their charges and depriv'd of that maintenance to which they had a general and divine right as well as a legal title by our Constitution. And this in many instances was executed with the utmost rigour and severity, attended with every wicked and aggravating circumstance. For how could it be otherwise when allowed to be done by an ungovern'd mob, distracted with enthusiasm and misguided zeal, but whose deed received its sanction by some subsequent pretended laws.

Into this once glorious but now declining part of the Church Catholick I was thro' the care and piety of my loving parents enter'd by a holy baptism. For which inestimable benefit, as my judgment ripen'd and my reason improv'd I ever found [*fol.* 17.] greater cause to bless the happy instruments, and to thank my God, as it clearly appeared upon impartial enquiry that this Church for purity of doctrine, orthodoxy in the faith, perfection of worship and her apostolical government, equals, if not excels, any other church on the earth. And therefore I persisted by

²⁰ Thought to be the Rev. James Lyon, a native of Forfarshire, who was ordained under the patronage of the Earl of Strathmore, and became incumbent at Kirkwall, whence he was ejected after the Revolution (*Episcopal History of Perth*, p. 135).

Divine grace an unworthy member in her faithful communion till thro' various instances of the goodness and care of Heaven manifested in the wonderful support and preservation of our family, I received a pious and liberal education (tho' my father, wore out with sufferings, lived not to see it half compleated), and at length arrived at that age when by the canons of the Church I could be admitted into holy orders; which I received at a time no earthly motive could influence me, but a sincere intention to serve God and to my power to do good offices to men.

Both which I, tho' most unworthy of the sacred character, have ever honestly endeavour'd to the utmost of my weak ability, by enforcing and practising, as far as circumstances and my station in the Church would permit, that golden and glorious rule for the conduct of a Christian, and for every [*fol.* 18.] church whereby to reform itself, and moreover which alone can unite the differing parts of Christendom, I mean the Holy Scriptures, with their only genuine and authentick comment, the universal doctrines and practices of Christ's Church in her first three centuries. Which that it may again universally obtain God Almighty grant for his sake who purchas'd the Church with the effusion of his blood.

In perfect consistency with this Catholick and noble rule I declare upon this awful occasion, and on the word of a dying man, that I ever abhor'd and detested and *do* now *solemnly* disclaim the many errors and corruptions of the Church of Rome; as I do with equal zeal the distinguishing principles of Presbyterians and other dissenting sectaries amongst us who

are void of every support in our country but ignorance and usurping force, and whom I always considered as the shame and reproach of the happy Reformation, and both alike uncatholick and dangerous to the soul of a Christian.

I must further declare that by the same method I found out [*fol.* 19.] the absurdities of these two differing parties, I was soon determin'd from rational and solid arguments to embrace the doctrines of passive obedience, the divine right of kings, and in particular the indefeasible and hereditary title of our own gracious sovereign, James the Eighth and Third, and of his royal heirs, whom God preserve and restore.

For these I am thoroughly convinc'd are doctrines founded upon the best maxims of civil government and on the Word of God; and besides the very essence of our own Constitution and municipal laws. And therefore I could never view that Convention which pretended to depose King James the Seventh, our King's royal father, and dispose of his crown; I could never, I say, view that unlawful and pack'd Assembly in any other light but as traitors to their country and rebels to their King.

And as our then injured King and his undoubted heirs have from time to time uninterruptedly claim'd their right and asserted their dominion, I am so far from thinking that the [*fol.* 20.] royal misfortunes loose the subjects from their obedience, that I rather apprehend they loudly call for a steadier allegiance and more faithful duty.

In which sentiments I have been still more and more confirm'd

by the lamentable consequences of the opposite opinion, and by that sad affliction and load of misery, which a long usurpation has brought upon my country and which it is needless for me here to insist upon, as our numerous grievances, too heavy to be born, have been strongly, but alas! in vain, represented and loudly proclaimed even in some late pretended parliaments.

But what more naturally falls to my share to consider, and what I fear has been still less regarded in the long persecuted state of my dear mother, the Church of Scotland, that Church of which it is my greatest honour to be a member and a priest, tho' very undeserving of either; a Church, national and independent of any other and of every power upon earth, happily govern'd by her own truly primitive bishops, as so many spiritual princes, presiding in their different districts, and in them, accountable to none but God for the administration of her [*fol.* 21.] discipline; a church, whose creeds demonstrate her soundness in the faith, and who is blest with a liturgy (I mean the Scots Liturgy,²¹ compil'd by her own bishops) nigher to the primitive model than any other church this day can boast of (excepting, perhaps, a small but I believe a

²¹ A copy of part of this 'Liturgy' in print is inserted here in the manuscript. It is entitled 'The Communion Office for the use of the Church of Scotland, as far as concerneth the ministration of that Holy Sacrament. Authorised by King Charles I. Anno 1636, Edinburgh, printed by Mr. Thomas Ruddiman, MDCCXXIV.' The signature of 'Robert Lyon' is on the title-page, and the following note by Mr. Forbes on the back of the title-page, 'This is the identical copy which the Rev. Mr. Robert Lyon made use of in consecrating the Holy Eucharist in Carlisle Castle.' It consists of 24 pp. 12mo. The Liturgy referred to is better known as Laud's Liturgy, the enforcing of which gave rise to the Second Reformation in Scotland.

very pure church in England²² who, I am told, has lately reformed herself in concert with the forementioned and infallible rule) – in one word a church very nearly resembling the purest ages, and who (after more than half a century groaning under persecutions and mourning in her own ashes, but all the while distinguishing herself no less by forbearance and charity to her bitterest enemies than by her steadiness to principle and Catholick unity) is now at last, alas! devoted, in the intention of her adversaries to utter destruction; which I fervently pray God to prevent.

Her oratories have been profan'd and burnt, her holy altars desecrated, her priests outrageously plundered and driven from their flocks, some of them imprison'd and treated with uncommon cruelty, her faithful members almost depriv'd of the [*fol. 22.*] ordinary means of their salvation, and this mostly done without so much as a form of law, by a hostile force specially appointed by him who calls himself the Duke of Cumberland, and who (God grant him a timely repentance and forgive him) has occasion'd the painful and untimely death of many innocent and inoffensive persons; and by wilful fire and sword, by every means of torment and distress – barbarity exceeding Glencoe massacre itself – has brought a dreadful desolation upon my dear country.

All which evidently shews that there is nothing, however necessary and dear to mankind, however sacred and near

²² This church, which he called 'The True British Catholic Church,' was founded by Dr. Deacon, concerning whom see footnotes at fols. 37 and 40.

allied to Heaven; that must not give way to their resentment and to the better establishing their ill-got power, and that no lasting security even to the present established Church of England can reasonably be expected from this ruinous and usurped government. And indeed the reigning impiety and that flood [*fol.* 23.] of wickedness which the kindly influence and encouragement of a corrupted court has drawn upon us must speedily deface the very form of religion and give the finishing stroke to virtue, tho' no harsher methods were us'd by them.

But may the gracious hand of Heaven interpose and stop the wide destruction! May our Church once more resume her antient lustre, her priests be cloathed with righteousness and her saints yet sing with joyfulness! May her members yet be multiplied, blessed with peace and felicity in this world, and crown'd with immortality in that which is to come!

And now, my dear fellow-subjects, you cannot be at a loss to apprehend the reason of my appearance on this occasion, and of the death I am to suffer. For when our brave and natural-born Prince (a Prince endued with every virtue proper to grace a throne, and a stranger to every vice that high life is most subject to, in a word a Prince adorn'd with every quality that could attract the hearts of a wise people or make a nation [*fol.* 24.] happy) generously hazarded his own valuable person to relieve us from slavery and to retrieve his father's crown; and every steady patriot who had courage to resolve to conquer or suffer in the way of duty, according to the will of God, join'd his royal standard;

thither many, to whom I was attach'd by relation, friendship and several other ties, dutyfully resorted, and kindly invited and earnestly importun'd me to attend them as their priest, while they were laudably engaged in their king and country's cause; which agreeably to my now profess'd principles I readily consented to, as I plainly foresaw that I could not discharge my function with more safety in that congregation to which I have a spiritual and peculiar relation where part of the Prince's forces always lay, than in going along with my worthy friends in their glorious expedition.

And here I must declare that while I accompanied my brave [*fol.* 25.] countrymen in their noble enterprise I saw a decency and order maintained amongst them, equal if not superiour to any regular disciplin'd force. And if any hardship or severity was committed I am fully persuaded it was unknown to, and very cross to the inclination of their merciful and royal leader.

And in particular I do believe that the destruction of St. Ninian's²³ was merely by accident and without any order from his royal highness. And this is the more evident since the person who had the fatal occasion of it lost his own life in the conflagration. But it was maliciously represented and put in the worst light to vindicate the malicious procedure of the Usurper's forces; whose conduct let it be compar'd with that of our King's army and

²³ See fuller references to this incident of the war at f. 155. According, however, to detailed accounts from the other side, it was deliberately done, and caused the death of several of the poorer townspeople, who were allured into the church in the hope of getting stores the rebels could not carry away. —*Scots' Magazine*, 1746, p. 221.

then you may form as ready and just a judgment of the true and pretended father of the country, as Solomon by a like experiment did of the true and pretended mother of the child.

And for my own particular, I do solemnly affirm that during [fol. 26.] this expedition I never bore arms, for this I thought inconsistent with my sacred character. I never prayed in express terms for any king (because for many years it has not been the practice of our Church, and to make such a change in her offices I thought incompetent for me without the appointment, or at least the permission of my superiours) and preach'd the plain truths of the Gospel without touching on political subjects. This confession, by surprize, and the advice of my council I was forced to make at the Bar, upon which my pretended judges declar'd, and the jury found me guilty of high treason and levyng war, for my barely accompanying the royal army as before mentioned. And this their rigorous procedure they founded upon a pretended new Act of Parliament made since I was personally engaged in the royal cause, [fol. 27.] and for what I know since I was a prisoner: which plainly shews that whatever my private sentiments have been my life has been greedily sought and unjustly taken away, in as much as they pass'd their sentence without any other overt act of high treason (even in their own sense) being prov'd against me.

But in obedience to the precept, and after the divine example of my blessed Master, Jesus Christ, I heartily and cheerfully forgive them, as I do all my adversaries of whatever kind,

particularly George Millar, Clerk of Perth, who, I have reason to believe, has prosecute me to death, and whom to my knowledge I never injur'd in thought, word, or deed. Lord, grant him repentance that he may find forgiveness of God.

And more especially I forgive the Elector of Hanover by virtue of whose unlawful commission I am brought to this violent and publick death, and whom I consider as my greatest enemy, because he is the enemy of my holy mother, the Church, of my King and of my Country.

[*fol.* 28.] I do here acknowledge publickly with a strong and inward sense of guilt that thro' fear, human frailty, the persuasion of lawyers and the promise and assurance of life, I was prevail'd upon, contrary to the sentiments of my conscience and my openly profess'd principles, to address the Elector of Hanover for mercy and my life. Which address or petition or anything of that kind I have sign'd, derogatory to the royal cause, or our undoubted lawful sovereign's right and title, I hereby retract, and wish from the bottom of my heart I had never done any such thing; and with the sorrow and contrition of a dying penitent, most humbly beg forgiveness of my heavenly Father for this my great offence. God be merciful to me a sinner. I likewise beg forgiveness of all those good, religious and loyal persons to whom my inconsistent conduct in this particular has given just [*fol.* 29.] occasion of scandal and offence. And I humbly confess the justice of God for bringing to nought the devices of men when aim'd at or sought after by undue means and unlawful methods. But hereby

the unmerciful disposition of the Hanoverian family appears the more evident, and the injustice and cruelty of the Elector's Council at law in this, that they indicted, arraign'd, tried and condemn'd a person²⁴ whom I had forc'd by a subpœna to attend my trial at Carlisle as an exculpatory evidence, notwithstanding he had long before delivered himself up in consequence of the pretended Duke of Cumberland's proclamation, had obtain'd a protection and got a pass. This the more deeply concerns me in case any of his friends should imagine I had any design against him by forcing him to run such a hazard. But I here call God to witness, I esteemed the man, and as I thought him perfectly safe, I had no other view in bringing him this length than to do myself justice.

[*fol.* 30.] I farther acknowledge and humbly adore the justice of God's holy providence, the sovereign disposer of all things, in permitting the execution of the sentence of death against me, confiding that He of his mercy and goodness, through the blood and mediation of his dear and only Son, will accept of this my suffering in the cause of truth and righteousness, and reward it with the joys of his eternal kingdom. I heartily give thanks to Him for vouchsafing me the honour and felicity of dying for the sake of conscience, and of sealing with my blood those heavenly truths I have maintain'd, particularly that of loyalty to my king and prince.

And I do declare upon this awful and solemn occasion I

²⁴ William Baird in Perth. See f. 464 for the history of this case.

feel no sting of conscience for the part I have acted in our civil discords; and do sincerely profess before God and the whole world that had He of his infinite wisdom thought proper to prolong my life, I should have ever, by His all-powerful [*fol.* 31.] aid and grace, steadily persisted in the same faith and principles, in the hearty and zealous belief and open profession of which I now die, and with fervent charity to all men; imploring the pardon and forgiveness of all my sins thro' the merits and mediation of my crucified Saviour, our Lord Jesus Christ; earnestly exhorting you, my dearest fellow-subjects, and most beloved countrymen, speedily to repent and to turn to your duty in every point, and, in particular, to that fidelity and allegiance which you owe to your native and only rightful sovereign.

Consider, I beseech you, consider the evils already felt, the impending ruin of your country. Consider the crying injustice and indignity offered to the best of princes. Above all, consider the guilt and high demerit of violating God's laws and resisting His ordinance. And let these powerful and prevailing motives excite you quickly to amend your ways, to make a thorough change in your life and conversation, and to [*fol.* 32.] continue for ever firm and unshaken in your duty and subjection to the power ordain'd of God, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake. So shall ye arrest the vengeance and just wrath of Heaven which has gone out against us. Ye shall be the happy instruments yet to preserve your wishing country from entire destruction, and save your souls in the day of the Lord.

For which glorious and noble ends, Do Thou, O God Almighty! by Thy Holy Spirit, turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, the hearts of parents to their children, of children to their parents, the hearts of priests and kings to their people, of people to their kings and priests, the hearts of all to one another and all together unto Thee, their God, thro' Jesus Christ!

I conclude in the words of our holy mother, the Church, as she piously appoints in the office for this day,²⁵ and in that of the protomartyr, St. Stephen: —

[*fol.* 33.] 'O Almighty God, who has built thy church upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the head corner stone, grant us so to be joined together in unity of spirit by their doctrine, that we may be made an holy temple acceptable unto Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

'Grant, O Lord, that in all our sufferings here upon earth for the testimony of thy truth, we may stedfastly look up to Heaven, and by faith behold the glory that shall be revealed; and being fill'd with the Holy Ghost may learn to love and bless our persecutors by the example of the first martyr, St. Stephen, who prayed for his murderers, to Thee, O blessed Jesus, who standest at the right hand of God, to succour all those that suffer for Thee, our only Mediator and Advocate, Amen.'

Good Lord, lay not innocent blood to the charge of this people

²⁵ St. Simon and St. Jude's Day. — F.

and nation.

Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!

[*fol.* 34.] Such are the genuine dying sentiments and fervent humble prayers of

*Robert Lyon, A.M.,
priest of the persecuted and afflicted
Church of Scotland.
Penrith, 28 October 1746.*

On the 18th of October Mr. Francis Buchanan of Arnprior, after he was taken from prison return'd again and spoke to me the following words or to the same purpose:

As I have obtain'd a few minutes longer to stay here I desire to spend them with you in prayer and conversation. After prayers he proceeded and said: I am much oblig'd to Mr. Wilson²⁶ (one of the clergymen belonging to the Cathedral) for suggesting one thing which I forgot to speak of, being conscious of my own innocence. He says my being slander'd with the murder of Mr. Stewart of Glenbuckie²⁷ did me harm on my [*fol.* 35.] trial. Now I take this opportunity to declare publickly to you and my fellow prisoners that Glenbuckie and I liv'd many years in close friendship together, and altho' he was found dead in my house, yet, upon the word of a dying man, I declare I myself had no hand in his death, nor do I know any other person that had. And I am

²⁶ Probably Mr. Thomas Wilson, then prebendary, afterwards dean in 1764.

²⁷ See a narrative of Mr. Buchanan's case at f. 100, and about the death of Mr. Stewart, f. 107.

persuaded I can likewise answer for every one of my servants, since all of them were acquainted with and had a particular love to that gentleman. So that I declare it to be my opinion that he was the occasion of his own death.

Robert Lyon.

N.B.— As Mr. Lyon frequently administred the holy Eucharist to his fellow-prisoners in Carlisle Castle, so particularly upon Wednesday, October 15th, he had the happiness to communicate above fifty of them, among which number were Mr. Thomas Coppoch, the English clergyman, and Arnprior, and upon the 26th of the [fol. 36.] same month, being the 22nd Sunday after Trinity, he had above thirty communicants. He suffer'd at Penrith upon Tuesday, October 28th, the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude, 1746, and perform'd the whole devotions upon the scaffold, with the same calmness and composure of mind and the same decency of behaviour, as if he had been only a witness of the fatal scene. He delivered every word of his speech to the numerous crowd of spectators. Mr. Lyon never saw the speeches of Mr. Deacon and Mr. Syddal,²⁸ which some might imagine from their agreement in some points. He bore all his own charges in the expedition. The above *N.B.* was taken from the mouth of Mrs. Cecilia Lyon, who did not come from Carlisle till after her brother had suffered death.

Robert Forbes, A.M.

²⁸ These follow on this and subsequent pages.

The Speech of Mr. Thomas Theodore Deacon.²⁹

30 July 1746

[*fol.* 37.] My dear fellow-countrymen, – I am come here to pay the last debt to nature, and I think myself happy in having an opportunity of dying in so just and so glorious a cause. The

²⁹ See a letter to his father on the same occasion, f. 381 *infra*. According to Bishop Forbes, Mr. Deacon was the son of Dr. Thomas Deacon, who, he adds, (f. 40 *infra*), was a non-jurant bishop in Manchester. But another contemporary authority describes him as the son of an eminent and wealthy doctor of medicine in Manchester, and states that Thomas was educated at the university to qualify him for the same professions. – 'History of the Rebellion,' extracted from the *Scots' Magazine*, 1755, pp. 294-301. The fact is that Dr. Deacon engaged in both professions. Three of his sons joined the Prince. Thomas was appointed a lieutenant in the Manchester Regiment, and so was his brother Robert, while Charles, the youngest, aged about seventeen, was made an ensign. All were taken at the surrender of Carlisle, and sent prisoners to London. Robert became so ill on the way that he was left at Kendal, and died there. Charles was reprieved, though he was taken to the place of execution under a military guard to see his brother and others suffer. The head of Thomas Deacon, with others, was sent to Manchester to be stuck up on the Exchange there. His father was the first to come and gaze upon it, and saluting it, thanked God that he had had a son who could die for his lawful prince. Dr. Deacon only survived his son about six years, and the inscription on his tombstone is worthy of note: – 'Here lie interred the remains (which through mortality are at present corrupt, but which shall one day surely be raised again to immortality and put on incorruption) of Thomas Deacon, the greatest of sinners and most unworthy of primitive bishops, who died 16th February 1753, in the 56th year of his age. – Axon's *Annals of Manchester*, pp. 89-90.

deluded and infatuated vulgar will no doubt brand my death with all the infamy that ignorance and prejudice can suggest. But the thinking few who have not quite forsaken their duty to God and their king, will I am persuaded look upon it as being little inferiour to martyrdom itself, for I am just going to fall a sacrifice to the resentment and revenge of the Elector of Hanover and all those unhappy miscreants who have openly espoused the cause of a foreign German usurper and withdrawn their allegiance from their only rightful, lawful and native sovereign, King James the 3d. It would be trifling here to expatiate on the loss of so many brave subjects' lives who have had the courage to appear in defence of their native King; [*fol.* 38.] the vast, the immense treasure squandered away in defence of the Usurper; the heavy load of taxes and debts under which the nation groans; the prevalence of bribery and corruption; the preference of strangers to natives, and innumerable other inconveniencies which must necessarily attend a foreigner's sitting on the throne of Great Britain, and which must be too obvious to every impartial, unprejudiced Englishman.

Moreover, I think it is very evident that the very mercy of the Usurper is no less than arbitrary power, and the freedom of Parliament, bribery, and corruption; from which unhappy circumstances nothing else can restore this nation and bring it to its former happiness and glory but inviting King James the 3d to take possession of his undoubted right.

I profess I die a member, not of the Church of Rome, nor

yet that of England, but of a pure Episcopal Church which [*fol.* 39.] has reform'd all the errors, corruptions and defects that have been introduc'd into the modern Churches of Christendom – a church which is in perfect communion with the antient and universal Church of Christ, by adhering uniformly to antiquity, universality and consent, that glorious principle which if once strictly and impartially pursued would, and which alone can, remove all the distractions and unite all the divided branches of the Christian Church. This truly Catholick principle is agreed to by all the Churches, Eastern and Western, Popish and Protestant, and yet is unhappily practised by none but the Church in whose holy communion I have the happiness to die. May God of his great mercy daily increase the members thereof. And if any would enquire into its primitive constitution, I refer them to our Common Prayer-Book, intituled 'A compleat Collection of Devotions, both publick and private, [*fol.* 40.] taken from the Apostolick constitutions, antient Liturgies, and the Common Prayer-Book of the Church of England, printed at London. 1734.³⁰

I sincerely declare I forgive all my enemies, who have raised on me any false or scandalous reports, the pretended Court by which I was tried, and all those who were witnesses against me, particularly the unfortunate, deluded Mr. Maddox,³¹ who has

³⁰ This book was compiled by Mr. Deacon's father, a non-jurant bishop in Manchester. – F.

³¹ Samuel Maddock or Maddox, an apothecary's apprentice in Manchester. He was

added the sin of unparallel'd ingratitude to those of treachery to his fellow-subjects, perfidiousness to his lawful prince and perjury against his God, having sworn away the lives of those very persons who chiefly supported him while he attended on the Prince's army, and for a month after he was taken prisoner. And further, I affirm on the word of a dying man he perjured himself in the evidence he gave against me at my trial, as I verily believe he did in what he swore against [fol. 41.] most if not all of the others.³²

Lastly, I most freely forgive my two principal enemies, the Elector of Hanover and his son, who claims the pretended title of Duke of Cumberland, who are actually guilty of murder in putting me with many others to death, after the latter had granted a regular, formal capitulation in writing; which is directly contrary to the laws of God and nations, and I hope will be a sufficient warning to all those who shall hereafter have spirit, honour and loyalty enough to take up arms in defence of their lawful sovereign, King James the 3d, or any of his successors

appointed ensign in the Manchester Regiment, and after being taken prisoner became king's evidence. Some witnesses averred that Maddox held a bad character; that as apprentice he had wronged his master, and was not worthy of credence even upon his oath. – 'History of the Rebellion,' extracted from the *Scots' Magazine*, 1755, pp. 279 *et seq.* See also ff. 91, 98 *infra*.

³² Maddox deponed against Mr. Deacon, that he 'sat at the table at the Bullhead at Manchester, took down the names of such as enlisted in the Pretender's service, and received a shilling for each; and when he was writing he employed himself in making blue and white ribbons into favours, which he gave to the men who enlisted.' – 'History of the Rebellion,' *ut supra*, p. 289.

against the Usurper and his descendants. I say, I hope it will be a sufficient warning for them never to surrender to Hanoverian mercy, but to die bravely with swords in their hands. Not but I submit with the utmost chearfulness and tranquility to this violent death, being thoroughly [*fol.* 42.] convinc'd that thereby I shall be of much more service to my beloved country and fellow-subjects as well as my only lawful king, my dear, brave Prince of Wales and the Duke of York (whom God of his infinite mercy bless, preserve and restore!), than all I could do by fighting in the field or any other way.

I publicly profess that I heartily repent of all my sins, but am so far from reckoning the fact for which I am to die one of them that I think I shall thereby be an honour to my family, and if I had ten thousand lives would chearfully and willingly lay them down in the same cause. And here I solemnly affirm that malicious report to be false and groundless which has been spread (merely with design to involve my relations in inconveniencies), that I engaged in this affair thro' their persuasion, instigation and even compulsion. On the contrary, I was always determin'd to embrace the first opportunity [*fol.* 43.] of performing my duty to my Prince, which I did without consulting or being advised to it by any friend on earth.

And now, my dear countrymen, I have nothing more to say than to advise you to return to your duty before it be too late and before the nation be entirely ruin'd. Compare the paternal and tender affection which your King has always shewn for this, his

native country, with the rashness of the Usurper, and his great regard to his German dominions, the interest of which has been always prefer'd to that of England. Compare the extraordinary clemency and humanity of the ever glorious Prince Charles with the horrid barbarities and cruelties of the Elector's son which he perpetrated in Scotland. Remember what solemn promises have been given by both our King and Prince Charles to protect you in your laws, religion and liberties. Has not the Prince thrown himself into your [*fol.* 44.] arms? Has he not given sufficient proof of his abilities in the Cabinet, as well as bravery in the field? In fine, he has done his part, and consequently the sin must lye at your door if you do not yours.

May God be pleased to bless this land and to open the eyes of the people that they may discern their duty and true interest, and assist in restoring their only natural King to his indisputable and just right! God bless and prosper him, and guide him in all his undertakings! So prayeth

Thomas Theodore Deacon.

Lord, have mercy upon me!
Christ, have mercy upon me!
Lord, have mercy upon me!
Lord Jesu, receive my soul!

Wednesday, July 30th, 1746, upon Kennington Common.

The Speech of Mr. Thomas Syddal. ³³

30 July 1746

[*fol.* 45.] Friends, Brethren and Countrymen, – Since I am brought here to be made a sacrifice for doing the duty of a Christian and an Englishman, it may be expected I should give some account of myself and the cause for which I suffer. This expectation I will gladly indulge. And I wish the whole kingdom might be inform'd of all that I now say at the hour of death when there is the least reason to doubt my sincerity.

I die a member, not of the Church of Rome, nor yet of that of England, but of a pure Episcopal Church, which hath reformed all the errors, corruptions and defects that have been introduced into the modern Churches of Christendom – a church which is in perfect communion with the ancient and universal Church of Christ by adhering uniformly to antiquity, universality and consent, that glorious principle which if once [*fol.* 46.] strictly and impartially pursued would, and which alone can, remove all the distractions and unite all the divided branches of Christendom. This truly Catholick principle is agreed to by all Churches, Eastern and Western, Popish and Protestant, and

³³ Thomas Syddall was a barber in Manchester and acted as adjutant of the Manchester regiment. Some interesting particulars about him and his family will be found in *Manchester Collectanea*, vol. lxxviii. of the Chetham Society, pp. 208-225, where this speech is also printed.

yet unhappily is practised by none but the Church in whose holy communion I have the happiness to die. May God in His great mercy daily increase the members thereof! And if any would enquire into its primitive constitution I refer them to our Common Prayer Book which is intituled 'A compleat Collection of Devotions, both publick and private, taken from the Apostolical Constitutions, the ancient Liturgies, and the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England, printed at London in the year 1734.'

I most humbly and heartily offer up my praises and thanksgiving to Almighty God that He hath been pleased of His great goodness to give me grace to follow the pious example of my father,³⁴ who enduring hardships, like a good soldier of [fol. 47.] Jesus Christ, was martyred under the government of the late Usurper in the year 1715, for his loyal zeal in the cause of his lawful King.

And I solemnly declare that no mean, wicked motives of revenging my father's death (as hath been uncharitably said) induced me to join in attempting a restoration of the royal family. I think I had no occasion to be displeased with his murderers, when I reflect (as I firmly believe) that instead of punishing they

³⁴ Thomas Syddall, a blacksmith, who on 10th June 1715, the anniversary of the birthday of the Old Pretender, headed a party of rioters in Manchester, and wrecked Cross Street Chapel. He was seized and sentenced to the pillory and imprisonment in Lancaster Castle. The Jacobite army, however, released him and some of his comrades, but he was retaken at Preston, and after trial at Liverpool was executed at Manchester on 11th February 1716. – Axon's *Annals of Manchester*, p. 76.

sent him to his everlasting rest sooner than he would have gone according to the course of nature. And so far from doing an injury to his family, they pointed him out by his sufferings an excellent example of Christian courage, and contributed by that means to the good of his innocent children.

Neither was I tempted to enter into the army commanded by the Prince of Wales by any ambitious or self-interested [*fol.* 48.] views. I was easy in my circumstances and wanted no addition of riches to increase my happiness. My desires were limited within reasonable bounds, and what I thought I had occasion for (I bless God) I was able to procure. And to make my joy as full as in this world ought to be wish'd, I was blessed with an excellent, faithful, religious, loving wife, and five children, the tender objects of our care and affection. In this situation I was void of ambition and thankful to God for His gracious disposal of me.

My motive for serving in the Prince's army was the duty I owe to God, the King and the country, in endeavouring the restoration of King James the Third and the royal family; which I am persuaded is the only human means by which this nation can ever become great and happy. For altho' I have never had the honour of seeing his Majesty, yet I am well [*fol.* 49.] assur'd by others of his excellent wisdom, justice and humanity and that he would think it his greatest glory to rule over a free and happy people without the least innovation of their religion or liberties.

For this we have not only the royal promise of the King himself (than which a reasonable people cannot desire a greater

security) but we have also the word of a young Prince who is too great and good to stoop to a falsity or to impose upon any people – a Prince blessed with all the qualities which can adorn a throne, and who may challenge his keenest enemies to impute to him any vice which can blacken his character, whom to serve is a duty and a pleasure, and to die for an honour.

And here I cannot but take notice that if his Royal Highness had any of that cruelty in his temper which hath so abundantly displayed itself in his enemy, the pretended Duke of Cumberland, [*fol.* 50.] he would have shewn it upon Mr. John Weir,³⁵ when he had him in his power, and knew that he had been a spy upon the royal family abroad and upon the Prince at home, almost from the time of his first landing. But the brave unfortunate young heroe, with noble compassion, spared that life which hath since been employed in our destruction. If I might presume to say that the gallant good Prince hath any fault it would be that of an ill-timed humanity. For if he had been so just to himself and the righteous cause wherein he was engag'd as to have made examples of some of those who betrayed him, in all human probability he had succeeded in his glorious undertaking and been reserved for a fate to which his unequall'd virtues justly entitle him.

There is one thing I am bound in justice to others to take

³⁵ Captain John Vere, or Weir, in service under the Duke of Newcastle. He had been taken prisoner by the rebels about the time they held Carlisle, and was employed by them in negotiating the terms of capitulation.

[fol. 51.] notice of in respect to Mr. Samuel Maddox, who for prudential reasons was not produced upon my trial to imbrue his hands in my blood, as well as in that of my fellow-sufferers. Yet I solemnly declare in the presence of Heaven (where I hope shortly to be) that in the trial of Mr. Thomas Deacon and Mr. John Berwick,³⁶ I heard him perjure himself, as I verily believe he did in every trial upon which he was produced as an evidence. To this sin of perjury he hath also added the odious crime of ingratitude, for to my own knowledge he was under great obligations to the very people against whom he has falsely sworn, and was supported and kept from starving by them and me for a considerable while in prison when nobody else would assist him.

I heartily forgive all who had any hand in the scandalous surrender of Carlisle; for as it was the opinion of every one of [fol. 52.] the garrison who had been in foreign service that the place was tenable many days, and as the Elector's troops then lying before the town were in a bad condition, it is highly probable that a gallant defence (which I strenuously insisted upon) would have procured us such terms as to have prevented the fate to which we are now consign'd. I also forgive the pretended Duke of Cumberland for his dishonourable and unsoldierly proceeding in putting us to death in violation of the laws of nations after a written capitulation to the contrary,

³⁶ Or Beswick. A Manchester linen-draper, aged about thirty-one years. He was known by the soubriquet of 'Duke' in the rebel army. – 'History of the Rebellion' in *Scots' Magazine*, pp. 295-299.

and after the garrison, upon the faith of that capitulation, had surrendered the place and faithfully performed all the conditions required of them.

I pray God to forgive and turn the hearts of the bishops and their clergy who, prostituting the duty of their holy profession, have departed from their function as messengers of peace, and scandalously employed themselves in their pulpits to abuse the [fol. 53.] best Prince engaged in the most righteous cause in the world, and against their own consciences and opinions, represented him and his army in a disadvantageous and false light, in order to get the mob on their side and spirit up an unthinking people to a blood-thirsty, cruel and unchristian disposition. I could heartily wish these men would prefer suffering to sinning, and consider how contrary it is to the character of a truly Christian pastor to receive instructions about what doctrine to preach from the baneful Court of an impious Usurper. The credulous, deluded mob, who have been thus set on by their teachers, I also pray God to forgive for the barbarous insults I received from them when in chains. Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!

As I have before given thanks to Almighty God for the example of my honest father, so I beseech him that the same [fol. 54.] Christian, suffering spirit may ever be in all my dear children; praying that they may have the grace to tread the same dangerous steps which have led me to this place, and may also have the courage and constancy to endure to the end and despise

human power when it stands oppos'd to duty.

I pray God of his great mercy and goodness that he would be pleased to pour down the choicest of his blessings upon the sacred head of his Majesty, King James the Third, and his royal sons, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York; and (although England be not in a disposition to deserve so great a blessing, yet for the sake of justice and the love which Nature and duty prompt me to bear my native country) to restore them soon to their lawful, natural and undoubted rights, and in the meanwhile to inspire them with Christian patience and firmness of heart to bear their undeserved misfortunes.

It would be an unspeakable satisfaction to me if my manner [*fol.* 55.] of dying, or anything I now say, would contribute to the removing those unhappy and unreasonable prejudices with which too many of my countrymen are mislead. Danger of Popery and fear of French power are the idle pretences that wicked and ill-designing men make use of to misguide and stir up the passions of unwary (though perhaps honest) people. But if Englishmen would seriously consider that those who make the most noise about Popery are remarkably void of any religion at all, and dissolute in their morals; that Atheism, infidelity, profaneness and debauchery are openly avowed and practised even within the walls of that very Court whence they derive all their fancied religious and civil liberties. If they would reflect (when they talk of French influence) that they seek protection from a German Usurper, who is hourly aggrandizing himself and raising his

foreign dominions upon the ruines of the deluded people of England. If they would reflect that I and my fellow-sufferers are now murdered in [*fol. 56.*] order to weaken the cause of loyal virtue, and to strike a terror into the minds of all such as have the honest inclination to do their King, their country and themselves justice. If they would reflect upon the calamities, the massacres, the desolation of Scotland, which presage the destruction of this already more than half-ruined country, surely they would find but little cause to be pleased with their situation – a situation so extremely distant from honour and happiness that it would be uncharitable and misbecoming a dying man to wish even his most inveterate enemies to continue in it, and which I therefore pray God, of his infinite mercy, to deliver all Englishmen from.

If, my dear countrymen, you have any regard to your own happiness, which, in charity, I have endeavoured to point out in my dying moments, let me beseech you, in the name of God, to restore your liege sovereign, and with him the glorious [*fol. 57.*] advantages of an excellent constitution under a lawful government. This is every man's duty to aim at. And if your honest attempts should fail, remember it is a great blessing to die for the cause of virtue, and that an almighty power can and will reward such as suffer for righteousness sake.

To that God, infinite in his goodness and eternal in his providence, I commend my soul, imploring his forgiveness of all my sins, and hoping for a speedy translation to eternal joy through the merits and sufferings of Jesus Christ. – Amen!

Amen! Amen!

Tho. Syddal.

Upon Kennington Common, Wednesday, July 30, 1746.

The Speech of the Right Honourable Arthur, Lord Balmerino. ³⁷

18 Aug. 1746.

[*fol.* 58.] I was bred in Anti-Revolution principles which I have ever persevered in, from a sincere persuasion that the restoration of the royal family and the good of my country are inseparable.

The action of my life which now stares me most in the face is my having accepted a company of foot from the late Princess Anne, who I know had no more right to the crown than her predecessor, the Prince of Orange, whom I ever consider'd as an usurper.

In the year 1715 as soon as the King landed in Scotland I

³⁷ Arthur Elphinstone, sixth and last Lord Balmerino and fourth Lord Coupar, only succeeded his half-brother in these peerages on 5th January 1746. As he indicates in his speech, he forsook the service of King George the First in 1715, and joined the Earl of Mar, escaping abroad after the battle of Sheriffmuir. His father secured his pardon, and returning home he married Margaret, daughter of Captain John Chalmers (or Chambers) of Gogar, in Midlothian, but by her had no issue. An account of his trial and execution, with some notice of his life and family, and a portrait of him at the time of his death, was published in pamphlet form (12mo, pp. 50) at London in 1746. A fuller report of the above speech is given at f. 108, some panegyric verses at ff. 112 and 403 *et seq.*; and a singular letter addressed to Lord Balmerino three days before his death with a later reference to Lady Balmerino in connection therewith at f. 561 *et seq.* Lady Balmerino died at Restalrig, near Edinburgh, on 24th August 1765.

thought it my indispensable duty to join his standard, tho' his affairs were then in a desperate condition.

I was in Switzerland in the year 1734, where I received a letter from my father, acquainting me of his having procured me a remission and desiring me to return home. Not thinking [*fol.* 59.] myself at liberty to comply with my father's desire without the King's approbation, I wrote to Rome to know his Majesty's pleasure, and was directed by him to return home; and at the same time I received a letter of credit upon his banker at Paris, who furnished me with money to defray the expense of my journey and put me in proper repair.

I think myself bound upon this occasion to contradict a report which has been industriously spread and which I never heard of till I was a prisoner, 'That orders were given to the Prince's army to give no quarters at the battle of Culloden.' With my eye upon the block (which will soon bring me before the highest of all tribunals) I do declare that it is without all manner of foundation; both because it is impossible it could have escap'd the knowledge of me, who was Captain of the Prince's Life-guards, or of Lord Kilmarnock, who was Colonel of his own regiment; but still much more so because it is entirely inconsistent with the mild and generous nature of [*fol.* 60.] that brave Prince, whose patience, fortitude, intrepidity and humanity, I must declare upon this solemn occasion, are qualities in which he excells all men I ever knew, and which it ever was his greatest desire to employ for the relief and preservation of his father's subjects. I believe rather

that this report was spread to palliate and excuse the murders they themselves committed in cold blood after the battle of Culloden.

I think it my duty to return my sincere acknowledgments to Major White and Mr. Fowler for their human and complaisant behaviour to me during my confinement. I wish I could pay the same compliment to Governor Williamson who used me with the greatest inhumanity and cruelty. But having taken the sacrament this day I forgive him as I do all my enemies.

I die in the religion of the Church of England which I look [fol. 61.] upon as the same with the Episcopal Church of Scotland in which I was brought up.

When he laid his head upon the block, he said: God reward my friends and forgive my enemies! Bless and restore the King, the Prince, and the Duke, and receive my soul. Amen!

Upon Towerhill, Monday, August 18th, 1746, in the 58th year of his age.

From the *Constitutional Journal*, September 27th, 1746

1746 18 Aug.

27 Sept.

Lord Balmerino taking leave of his fellow-sufferer, Lord Kilmarnock, generously said: He was sorry to have his company in such an expedition, and that he wished he alone might pay the whole reckoning. He was himself asked by one of the spectators, Where Lord Balmerino was. To whom he answered, 'I am here, Sir, at your service'. His manner of undressing occasion'd most to say of him with Shakespear —

'He was

A bridegroom in his death, and run into 't

As to a lover's bed.'

He gave something to one who had behaved well to him in his confinement, whom he singled out of the crowd. He laid himself on the wrong side of the block, but on information immediately rectified it without the smallest appearance of disorder or confusion.

The Speech of Donald MacDonell of Tiendrish, of the Family of Keppoch. ³⁸

1746 18 Oct.

[*fol.* 62.] As I am now to suffer a publick, cruel, barbarous and (in the eyes of the world) an ignominious and shameful death, I think myself obliged to acknowledge to the world that it was principle and a thorough conviction of its being my duty to God, my injured king and oppressed country, which engaged me to take up arms under the standard and magnanimous conduct of his royal highness, Charles, Prince of Wales, etc. It was always my strongest inclination as to worldly concerns to have our ancient and only rightful royal family restored, and even (if God would) to lose my life chearfully in promoting the same. I solemnly declare I had no by-views in drawing my sword in that just and honourable cause, but the restoration of my king and prince to the throne, the recovery of [*fol.* 63.] our liberties to this unhappy island which has been so long loaded with usurpation, corruption, treachery and bribery; being sensible that nothing but

³⁸ He was the son of Ronald Mor of Tir-na-dris, second son of Archibald MacDonald of Keppoch, and so nephew to the famous 'Coll of the Cows.' —*History of the MacDonalds*, p. 490. He suffered death at Carlisle. See f. 106. He is said to be the original of Sir Walter Scott's Fergus MacIvor in *Waverley*. His sword, a genuine *Andrew Ferrara*, afterwards came into the possession of the Howards of Corby Castle.

the king's restoration could make our country flourish, all ranks and degrees of men happy, and free both Church and State from the many evil consequences of Revolution principles.

I must here let the world know that the whole evidences, to the number of six or seven, brought against me at my trial by the Elector's council were perjured. What they aim'd to prove was only relative to the battle of Gladesmuir, and in this they swore the greatest untruths, and did not declare one word of truth. I earnestly pray for their repentance that God may forgive them, as I sincerely do, not only them but all other my enemies in general.

I own indeed I was engaged in said battle and saw a great [fol. 64.] slaughter on all hands where I was posted. But sure I am the evidences that appeared against me did not see one step of my behaviour that day.

I thank God ever since I drew my sword in that just and honourable cause, I acted not only in obedience to the merciful commands of my glorious prince but in compliance with my own natural disposition, with charity and humanity to my enemies, the Elector's troops, when prisoners and in my power, without receding at the same time from that duty and faithfulness I owed to my prince and the common cause.

My being taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk³⁹ was more owing to my own folly or rashness than the bravery or valour of the enemy, whom I saw before I was taken entirely routed [fol. 65.] and chased off from the field of battle. I fell into their hands

³⁹ See ff. 979-982.

by supposing them at a distance, and in the twilight, to be Lord John Drummond's regiment and French picquets; but too late, to my sad experience, found out my fatal mistake. And here I refer to my enemies to declare my behaviour on that occasion.

Now though I am presently to die a cruel death, yet when I consider the justice of the cause for which I suffer, it puts a stop to every murmuring reflection; and I thank Almighty God I resign my life to Him, the giver, with chearfulness and submission to his Divine and all-wise providence.

I here declare I die an unworthy member of the Roman Catholick Church, in the communion of which I have lived, however much her tenets be spoken against and misrepresented [*fol.* 66.] by many; and in that I now expect salvation through the sufferings and merits and mediation of my only Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But I hereby declare upon the word of a dying man that it was with no view to establish or force that religion upon this nation that made me join my Prince's standard, but purely owing to that duty and allegiance which was due to our only rightful, lawful and natural sovereign, had even he or his family been heathen, Mahometan, or Quaker.

I am hopeful and am persuaded that my valorous prince, by the blessing of God, will at last be successful, and when in his power, will, under God, take care of my poor wife and family. And as I have no worldly fortune to leave my dear son, I recommend him to the blessing and protection of Almighty God, as the best legacy I can give him, and earnestly require his [*fol.* 67.] obedience to

my last and dying command, which is to draw his sword in his King's, his Prince's and his country's service, as often as occasion offers and his lawful sovereign requires. As I have the honour to die a Major in our King's service, I am hopeful, if my dear child deserves it, he will succeed me at least in the same office, and serve his Prince with the same honour, integrity and faithfulness I have all along endeavoured, to which his royal highness is no stranger.

I conclude with my blessing to my dearest wife and all my relations and friends, and humbly beg of my God to restore the King, to grant success to the Prince's arms, to forgive my enemies and receive my soul. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Into thy hands I resign my spirit!

Donald MacDonell.

[fol. 68.] *At Carlisle, upon Saturday, October 18th, the festival of St. Luke, the Evangelist, 1746.*

N.B.— Major MacDonell was the first that drew blood in the cause. He with only twelve or thirteen Highlanders under his command had the courage to attack two companies of soldiers (being eighty or ninety in number), whom he chas'd for seven or eight miles in Lochabar, and at last forced them to lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners of war; among whom were Captain John Scott, son of Scotstarvet; and Captain James Thomson, brother to Charlton. Captain Scott had a very pretty gelding which Major MacDonell made a present of

to the prince. There was not the least mark of a wound upon the Major or any of his worthy few, tho' many firings had been [*fol.* 69.] exchanged in the chase and severals of the soldiers were wounded.

I had a particular account of this gallant and surprizing action (oftener than once) from the Major's own mouth. He was a brave, undaunted, honest man, of a good countenance and of a strong, robust make. He was much given to the pious acts of devotion, and was remarkably a gentleman of excellent, good manners. That submission and chearfulness of temper with which he bore up under all his sufferings may easily be discovered from the following copies of letters which are faithfully transcrib'd from the Major's own hand-writ, with a return to one of them, transcrib'd from an holograph of the writer.⁴⁰

Robert Forbes, A.M.

⁴⁰ See further references to the Major, and his presenting the Prince with the first horse he rode in the war, the capture he had made in this first skirmish, ff. 357, 360, 641.

Copy of a Letter to Mr. Robert Forbes at My Lady Bruce's ⁴¹ lodgings at Leith

1746 24 Aug.

[*fol.* 70.] Dear Sir, – After making offer of my compliments to yourself and the Leith ladies, no doubt you have heard before now that our trials come on the ninth of September next; and may God stand with the righteous! The whole gentlemen who came from Scotland are all together in one floor with upwards of one hundred private men; so that we are much thronged. They have not all got irons as yet; but they have not forgot me, nor the rest of most distinction, but the whole will be soon provided. You'll make my compliments to Lady Bruce and Mr. Clerk's⁴² family, but especially to Miss Mally Clerk,⁴³ and tell her that notwithstanding of my irons I could dance a [*fol.* 71.] Highland reel with her. Mr. Patrick Murrey makes offer of his compliments to you, and I hope we'll meet soon. I am sincerely, my dear sir, your affectionate and most obliged servant,

⁴¹ Dame Magdalene Scott, widow of Sir William Bruce of Kinross, a noted Jacobite, in whose family Mr. Forbes lived until his marriage.

⁴² Captain Hugh Clerk, in Leith.

⁴³ His daughter, Mary.

Donald MacDonell.

Castle Carlisle, Aug. 24th, 1746.

Copy of a Return to the Above

1746 27 Aug.

Dear Sir, – Your kind letter of the 24th instant I gladly received, and it gives me no small pleasure to find you are in so much good health, amidst the many distressing circumstances of your present situation. The friends mentioned in your letter make a return of their compliments, and best wishes to you with as much affection and earnestness as friendship is capable of. In a word, that worthy person, my lady, gives you her blessing.

[*fol.* 72.] Some charitable and well-disposed persons in Edinburgh are employing their good offices in raising a contribution for what is needful amongst the poor prisoners with you; and I hope their laudable endeavours will meet with success. For certainly human nature in distress, be the case what it will, is always a just object of pity and compassion, except to those selfish and barbarous persons who are proof against all the tender feelings of sympathy.

Your friends in the Castle of Edinburgh are ever mindful of you. Kellie⁴⁴ is put into the room with your companions, and poor

⁴⁴ Alexander Erskine, fifth Earl of Kellie. He had taken part in the Rebellion, but surrendered to the Government, and after over three years' imprisonment in Edinburgh Castle, was released without being brought to trial.

Kingsburgh⁴⁵ is close confin'd by himself in the solitary room where Kellie formerly was, and is not allowed to step over the threshold of the door; a situation not at all agreeable to his taste, for he loves a social life.

[*fol. 73.*] That honest soul,⁴⁶ Cowley, glad am I to hear of his welfare. Pray remember me in the kindest manner to him and all my acquaintances with you, particularly Mr. Robert Lyon, whose passing thro' Edinburgh I am heartily sorry I knew nothing about; for I should have used my utmost endeavours to have seen him.

Let me know the issue of your case whatever it be, for you may assure yourself of a place in the prayers and good offices of, dear sir, your friend and servant,

Robert Forbes.

August 27th, 1746.

P.S.— The lady prisoners in the Castle are well. Adieu.

N.B.— When the Major was in the Castle of Edinburgh he happened to run scarce of monie, when I was so happy as to make out for him among my acquaintances upon July 20th and 21st, 1746, ten pounds sterling.

Upon the approach of winter, collected for MacGregor of Glengyle and some men with him, fifteen pounds sterling. To Mr. James Falconar, clergyman, fifty shillings

⁴⁵ Alexander MacDonald of Kingsburgh, in Skye, factor to Sir Alexander MacDonald. For concealing the Prince in his house he was arrested, carried to Fort Augustus, and sent by a party of Kingston's Horse to Edinburgh. He was committed prisoner to the Castle on 2nd August. See his own history in the sequel.

⁴⁶ Patrick Murray, silversmith.

sterling. To a brother of Kinloch Moidart, who had been bred a sailor, a guinea and a half. Isabel Shepherd's effects, given that way, eight pounds sterling. Total, 37. 1. 6.

Robert Forbes, A.M.

Copy of a Letter to Mr. John Moir, Merchant in Edinburgh, and Mr. Robert Forbes in Leith

1746 16 Sept.

28 Sept.

[*fol.* 74.] My dear Gentlemen, – These are letting you know that I was yesterday on my trial, and after long and most eloquent pleadings, was brought in guilty. Really, there never came a more eloquent discourse out of men's mouth, and more to the purpose than what my good and worthy friend Mr. Lockheart⁴⁷ spoke, and he would tear them all to pieces if justice or law was regarded. I have wrote to my dear wife, but did not let her into the whole, and I have recommended to her in the strongest manner to goe forthwith home, and to manage her affairs at home in the best way possible. And I recommend to you both as ever you can oblige me (whose former favours I can never forget) that you back what I have wrote her, and that you prevail [*fol.* 75.] with her to goe directly home. I never will forgive either of you if you do not manage this point. For tho' she would come here 'tis probable she would get no access. And even tho' she would get no access, our parting would be more shocking to me than death.

⁴⁷ Lord Covinton. – F.

My trust was still on the Almighty's providence, and as that is still the case with me, I hope for the best and prepare for the worst. In a word, I am afraid there are few here will escape being brought in guilty. Before this Court there were the most villainous proofs laid in against me by four of Colonel Leef's men and a dragoon, of facts that I never was guilty of, not the least circumstance of what they charged me with. But may God stand with the righteous, for I freely forgive them. You shall hear from me [*fol.* 76.] as oft as I can. And for God's cause, see my wife fairly on her way home. You'll make my compliments to the worthy ladies of my acquaintance, and all other friends in general, and your selves both in particular, and I am, with the greatest sincerity and affection, Dear gentlemen, your most obliged humble servant,

Donald MacDonell.

Carlisle Castle, September 16th, 1746.

P.S. – If you see it advisable that my wife, with some ladies of distinction, wait of General Husk – do in this as you see proper. I believe the half of our number will plead guilty. Pray give my service to Mrs. Jean Cameron, and excuse my not writing her.

Copy of a Letter to Mr. Robert Forbes at my Lady Bruce's lodgings, Leith

28 Sept.

[*fol. 77.*] Dear Sir, – Wishing from my whole heart that these may find you and your Leith friends in good health, I have had a little bit fever some days past. But God be blessed I am now in good health, heart and spirits, and if it is my fate to goe to the scaffold, I dare say that I'll goe to death as a Christian and a man of honour ought to do. But it is possible that a broken ill-us'd Major may be a Colonel before he dies. You'll make my compliments to my Lady Bruce, Mr. Clerk's family, but Miss Mally in particular, and the rest of the honest folks in that city, and accept of the same from him who is with the greatest sincerity, affection, and esteem, my dear sir, your most affectionate and obedient servant, while

Donald MacDonell.

Carlisle Castle, September 28th, 1746.

[*fol. 78.*] P.S.– I wrote you and Mr. Moir a joint letter about ten days agoe.

Copy of a Letter to Mr. John Moir, Merchant in Edinburgh

1746 17 Oct.

My Dear Sir, – I received yours yesterday of the 11th current, and as I am to die to-morrow this is my last Farewel to you. May God reward you for your services to me from time to time, and may God restore my dear Prince, and receive my soul at the hour of my death. You'll manage what money Mr. Stewart is due me as you see proper, for my poor wife will want money much to pay her rents and other debts. I have given Mr. Wright fourteen pounds sterling and half a dozen shirts, in order to be sent my poor wife by Mr. Graham at Multrees of Hill. I have wrote just now to Mr. Graham, and sent letters inclosed to my poor wife and my brother. My [*fol. 79.*] dear Sir, manage Mr. Stewart's money as you best advise, and fail not to write to my wife of same. I conclude with my blessing to yourself and to all the honourable honest ladies of my acquaintance in Edinburgh, and to all other friends in general, and in particular those in the Castle. And I am, with love and affection, My dear Sir, yours affectionately till death, and wishes we meet in Heaven.

Donald MacDonell.

Castle Carlisle, October 11th, 1746.

P.S.— Remember me in particular to my dear Mr. Robert Forbes.

N.B.— Several persons, particularly the lawyers, agents and writers, insisted much with the Major that he should plead guilty, that being the only probable chance left him for saving his life. He resisted all their importunities without the least wavering. And when they press'd him very hard to comply with their advice he [*fol.* 80.] boldly declar'd that he had far rather be taken out and hanged at the Bar, in the face of those judges before whom he was soon to be tried, than do any such thing as they desired. Upon which they gave over arguing with him upon the point, and promis'd to exert themselves to the utmost to save so valuable a life.

N.B.— The following narrative is so doubtful that it is not to be relied upon.⁴⁸

Mr. Burnet of Monboddo, Advocate, talking to one of the judges at Carlisle, said that he thought the Government should treat these condemned men with humanity and in a different way from those who are really downright rebels; because, said he, they were influenced in the matter by a principle of conscience, being firmly persuaded in their minds that they were endeavouring to do right to one that was injur'd, and whom they look'd upon as their only lawful sovereign, having no ill design at all against the person, family or estate of King George, but wishing him to return to his own place; and therefore their rising in arms could not strictly be look'd upon as proceeding from a spirit of

⁴⁸ This narrative is accordingly scored through by Mr. Forbes.

rebellion. The judge answered: 'Sir, If you design to plead the cause or to soften the case of your countrymen, you hit upon the worst argument in the world, for the Government is positively determin'd by all means to extirpate these folks of principle.' This happen'd in a private conversation.

Robert Forbes, A.M.

The Speech of David Morgan,⁴⁹ Esquire

1746 30 July.

[*fol.* 81.] It having been always deem'd incumbent on every person in my situation to say something of himself and the cause he suffers for, I could not decline it, however disagreeable to my persecutors, when I once held it my duty.

The cause I embarked in was that of my liege sovereign, King James the Third, from an opinion I long since had of his just right; an opinion, founded on the constitution, and strongly recognised and established by an Act of Parliament, now in its full vigour, which neither the people collectively nor representatively have any power or authority to subvert or alter. [See the Statute of Charles 2d.] Nor can that law be repealed but by a free Parliament summoned to meet by a lawful king, [*fol.*

⁴⁹ David Morgan was a member of a good family in Monmouthshire, was about fifty years of age, and educated for the Bar. Not succeeding to his expectation in that profession he retired to his estate, and lived as a country gentleman until he joined the Prince's army at Preston. He was evidently consulted by the Prince and his officers as to their procedure, for he got the name of 'the Pretender's Councillor.' He accompanied the army to Derby. He was among the first lot of prisoners executed on Kennington Common, and there being no clergyman appointed to attend them on the scaffold, Mr. Morgan, 'with his spectacles on' for about half an hour, 'read prayers and other pious meditations to them out of a book of devotion.' – 'History of the Rebellion,' *Scots' Magazine*, pp. 291, 295, 298, 300.

82.] not by a Convention commanded by a foreign prince and usurper, and intimidated and directed by him at the head of a foreign army.

To this Convention we owe the Revolution; to the Revolution we owe the accession of the family of Hanover; and to this accession all our present ills, and the melancholy and certain prospect of the entire subversion of all that is dear and valuable to Britons.

My opinion of the King's title to the imperial crown of these realms, thus uncontrovertible, received additional strength and satisfaction from his character and qualifications, confirmed to me by persons of the strictest honour and credit, and demonstrated to me, that his establishment on the throne of his ancestors would be an incident as productive of happiness to the subject as of justice to the sovereign; since his Majesty's confess'd superiour understanding is absolutely necessary to extricate our country out of that most desperate state she has [*fol.* 83.] been declining to since the Revolution, and has precipitately fallen into since the accession.

On this declension and ruine of our country have the favourers and friends of both Revolution and accession built vast and despicable fortunes, which possibly they may entail (with the conditions of slavery annexed) on their betrayed and abandoned issue; it being much more clear that slavery will descend from generation to generation than such fortunes so acquired.

Have we not seen parliaments in a long succession raise

supplies sufficient to surfeit avarice? Do we not see that avarice heaping up millions for the nurture and support of foreign dominions on the ruines of that country that grants them? Nor can this move the least compassion or even common regard [*fol.* 84.] for her welfare and interest from that ungrateful avarice. British Councils since the Usurper's accession have had foreign interest their constant object, and the power and finances of the imperial crown of Great Britain have been betrayed, prostituted, and squandered for the convenience and support of the meanest Electorate in Germany; and the Elector's conduct has been more destructive and detrimental to our country than all the finesse, treachery and force that the French or any other adversary's council and power could have attempted or effected. Land armies only can sustain and cover dominions on the Continent. These are raised in the country protected, and maintained by the country protecting. Here Great Britain has all the burden and Hanover all the advantage: whereas navies are the British bulwarks, which have by the Elector been neglected, misapplied, or employed to her disadvantage, and can alone guard and protect her dominions and commerce.

[*fol.* 85.] If the present convention had any regard to self-preservation or that of their constituents they would this session have made new laws for the further security of privilege. The panick, diffused universally over the Electoral family, would have prepared an easy assent to any law in the subject's favour. But even here these representatives omitted this second

opportunity of securing and improving the happiness of their electors; and instead thereof have given additional power to the Usurper to suspend the bulwark of liberty, and invert the order and method of trials for treason – precedents they will have occasion one day to repent of, since they very probably may fall victims to them.

The false glosses and fears of Popery universally propagated have deluded unthinking, vulgar minds, and diverted all attention to reason; when it is clear to any just reflection that his Majesty can have no happiness but what results from his Britain, who he must know from melancholy experience will [*fol.* 86.] not be tempted to part with the doctrines and exercise of the religion established in her. His Majesty must know that a lawful king must adhere to the constitution in Church and State, and show a most inviolable attachment to those laws that were made for the security of both, whatever indulgences and concessions are made by conventions to an usurper for the breach of all. A lawful king is a nursing father who would protect us, and demand no more supplies than the immediate services required, and those from the riches of the country, the excrescences of trade and commerce, without prejudice to either. And such would be deem'd best that were just sufficient for the purposes they were raised, and for which only they would be employed. But an usurper is a stepfather that builds his own hopes and views on the ruine and destruction of his usurped dominions, and has joy from the fleecing and impoverishing of those under his influence

and power.

Even his Majesty's enemies allow him great understanding. [*fol.* 87.] Nor has any one of them imputed breach of honour to him. His abilities and sense of our situation would move him to interpose in favour of his subjects, and are equal (if human abilities are so) to extricate us out of the various perplexities and intricacies we have been brought into by negotiations for thirty years, for the preservation of the balance of power, to the disappointment of every Briton's hope and the ridicule of all our enemies.

If you once think, my brethren, you must repent. If you repent you must make the constitution just reparation; which can only be done by calling in your lawful king, James the Third, who has justice to attempt and wisdom to compleat a thorough reformation in the constitution and to fix it in its pristine happy state; and which, in spite of all chicane and prejudice, without a restoration, will never be done.

[*fol.* 88.] I am to declare my happiness in having such a wife and daughter that forgive my involving them in my misfortunes, and having an undeserved share in them. I heartily thank them and wish them both temporal and eternal happiness, and hope that those who are friends to my King will look upon them as the relict and orphan of a fellow-subject that has suffered in the royal cause.

I glory in the honour I have had of seeing his royal highness, Charles, Prince Regent, and of being admitted into his

confidence. And I here declare it the greatest happiness I ever knew and the highest satisfaction; and such as even my vainest thoughts could never have suggested to me – an honour to every rational creature that can judge of the many requisite virtues of a prince centred in him truly, tho' so often falsely assign'd to the worst. His character exceeds anything I could have imagined or conceived. An attempt to describe him [*fol.* 89.] would seem gross flattery, and nothing but a plain and naked narrative of his conduct to all persons and in all scenes he is engaged in can properly shew him, – a prince betrayed by the mercy he shewed his enemies, in judging of the dispositions of mankind by the benignity of his own. His fortitude was disarmed by it, and his ungrateful enemies think they have reaped the benefit of it. But let them not rejoice at his misfortunes, since his failure of success will, without the immediate interposition of providence, be absolutely their ruine. What a contrast is there between his royal highness the Prince and the Duke of Cumberland! The first displays his true courage in acts of humanity and mercy; the latter a cruelty in burning, devastation and destruction of the British subjects, their goods and possessions. I would ask, Who is the true heroe?

The report of my having betrayed his royal highness or his friends is scandalously false. My appeal to the counsel for the [*fol.* 90.] prosecution on my trial and my suffering death must refute it to all honest men. And I hereby declare I had rather suffer any death the law can inflict. I deem death infinitely

preferable to a life of infamy. But the death I suffer for my King gives me vast consolation and honour that I am thought worthy of it.

To conclude, my brethren and fellow-subjects, I must make profession of that religion I was baptized, have continued and shall, through the Divine permission, die in, which is that of the Church of England, and which I hope will stand against the malice, devices and assaults of her enemies, as well those of the Church of Rome as those equally dangerous, the followers of Luther and Calvin, covered under and concealed in the [*fol.* 91.] specious bugbears of Papacy and arbitrary power. This my faith I have fully set forth in a poem of two books, intitled, *The Christian Test, or, The Coalition of Faith and Reason*, the first of which I have already published, and the latter I have bequeathed to the care of my unfortunate but very dutyful daughter, Mrs. Mary Morgan, to be published by her, since it has pleased God I shall not live to see it. To this poem I refer, which I hope will obviate all cavil to the contrary.

I freely forgive all my enemies, from the Usurper to Weir and Maddox, the infamous witnesses in support of his prosecutions of me. And I must also and do from my heart forgive my Lord Chief Justice⁵⁰ for his stupid and inveterate zeal in painting my loyalty to my King with all the reproaches he had genius enough to bestow on it, when he passed sentence on seventeen at once, and which he did without precedent, because it was without concern.

⁵⁰ Lee.

[*fol.* 92.] I beg all I have offended that they will forgive me for Jesus Christ sake, my only Mediator and Advocate. To whom with the Father and the Holy Spirit be all adoration, praise, glory, dominion and power for ever. Amen!

David Morgan.

Kennington Common, Wednesday, July 30, 1746.

The Speech of Mr. James Bradeshaw. ⁵¹

1746 28 Nov.

[*fol.* 93.] It would be a breach of duty in me to omit the last opportunity of doing justice to those who stood in need of it. I think it incumbent upon me the rather because I am the only Englishman in this part of the world who had the honour to attend his royal highness in Scotland.

When I first joined the King's forces I was induced by a principle of duty only, and I never saw any reason since to convince me that I was in the least mistaken. But, on the contrary, every day's experience has strengthened my opinion that what I did was right and necessary. That duty I discharged to the best of my power; and as I did not seek the reward of my service in this world, I have no doubt of receiving it in the next.

Under an opinion that I could do more good by marching [*fol.* 94.] with the army into Scotland than by remaining with the Manchester regiment at Carlisle, I obtained leave to be in my Lord Elcho's corps, for I was willing to be in action.

After the battle of Culloden I had the misfortune to fall into

⁵¹ Bradshaw was a Manchester man, and in the check trade there. Joining the Prince's army he became first a captain in the Manchester regiment, and afterwards entered into the Prince's life-guards, under Lord Elcho, which accounts for his going into Scotland. He was taken prisoner after the battle of Culloden. – 'History of the Rebellion,' *Scots' Magazine*, p. 341.

the hands of the most ungenerous enemy that I believe ever assum'd the name of a soldier, I mean the pretended Duke of Cumberland, and those under his command, whose inhumanity exceeded anything I could have imagined in a country where the bare mention of a God is allowed of. I was put into one of the Scotch kirks together with a great number of wounded prisoners who were stript naked and then left to die of their wounds without the least assistance; and tho' we had a surgeon of our own, a prisoner in the same place, yet he was not permitted to dress their wounds, but his instruments [fol. 95.] were taken from him on purpose to prevent it; and in consequence of this many expired in the utmost agonies. Several of the wounded were put on board the *Jean*, of Leith, and there died in lingering tortures. Our general allowance while we were prisoners there was half a pound of meal a day, which was sometimes increased to a pound, but never exceeded it; and I myself was a eye-witness that great numbers were starved to death. Their barbarity extended so far as not to suffer the men who were put on board the *Jean* to lie down even upon planks, but they were obliged to sit on large stones, by which means their legs swell'd as big almost as their bodies.

These are some few of the cruelties exercised, which being almost incredible in a Christian country, I am obliged to add an asseveration to the truth of them; and I do assure you [fol. 96.] upon the word of a dying man, as I hope for mercy at the day of judgment, I assert nothing but what I know to be true.

The injustice of these proceedings is aggravated by the

ingratitude of them, for the Elector of Hanover's people had been often obliged by the prince, who ordered his prisoners the same allowance of meal as his own troops, and always made it his particular concern that all the wounded should be carefully dressed and used with the utmost tenderness. His extreme caution to avoid the effusion of blood, even with regard to spies when his own safety made it almost necessary, and his surprizing generosity to all his enemies without distinction certainly demanded different treatment. And I cannot think that an English army under English direction could possibly behave with such unprovoked barbarity.

With regard to the report of his royal highness having [*fol.* 97.] ordered that no quarters should be given to the enemy I am persuaded in my conscience it is a wicked malicious lie, raised by the friends of usurpation in hopes of an excuse for the cruelties committed in Scotland, which were many more and greater than I have time to describe. For I firmly believe the Prince would not consent to such orders even if it were to gain the three kingdoms.

I would gladly enter into the particulars of his royal highness's character if I was able; but his qualifications are above description. All I can say is, he is every thing that I could imagine, great and excellent, fully deserving what he was born for – to rule over a free people.

I die a member of the Church of England, which I am satisfied would flourish more under the reign of a Stewart than it [*fol.* 98.] does now, or has done for many years. The friends of the

House of Hanover say they keep out Popery. But do they not let in Infidelity, which is almost become (if I may so say) the religion established?

I think it every man's business by all lawful means to live as long as he can; and with this view I made a defence upon my trial which I thought might possibly do me service. All that the witnesses swore on my behalf was strictly true, for I would much rather die than be the occasion of perjury. After sentence my friends petitioned for my life, and if it had been granted I should have been thankful for it. But as it otherwise happens I patiently submit, and have confident hopes, that upon the whole, it will be better for me for I suffer for having done my duty.

As I expected, so it happen'd upon my trial, Mr. Maddox perjured himself, and I am afraid he is so immersed in wickedness [*fol.* 99.] that it would be difficult for him to forbear it. Lieutenant Moore swore he was acquainted with me at Manchester, but I declare I was never in his company before we met at Inverness. I should think it a great reflection upon the honour of any government to encourage officers to lay by their swords and become informers. I forgive both these and all my enemies.

I am convinced that these nations are inevitably ruin'd unless the royal family be restored, which I hope will soon happen. For I love my country, and with my parting breath I pray God to bless it. I also beseech Him to bless and preserve my lawful sovereign, King James the 3d., the Prince of Wales, and Duke of York, to

prosper all my friends, and have mercy on me!

*James Bradshaw.*⁵²

Friday, November 28th, 1746, Upon Kennington Common.

18 Oct.

The case of Mr. Francis Buchanan of Arnprior is so very singular, and attended with such odd, unaccountable circumstances that an exact narrative of it ought to be preserved, which is as follows:

[*fol.* 100.] Arnprior was taken prisoner at his own house some time before the battle of Culloden by Mr. James Dunbar, captain of militia, and eldest son of Sir George Dunbar of Dunbar House or Woodside, and committed to Stirling Castle. As Mr. Buchanan had never been in arms, nor had made any publick appearance whatsomever in the whole affair from first to last, so the ground of his commitment was only *suspicion*. The commanding officer looking upon this to be very thin, and not imagining Arnprior to be in any hazard at all, allow'd him the full liberty of the Castle, to walk up and down as he [*fol.* 101.] pleased, without

⁵² There was a soldier of the name of Enoch Bradshaw in the ranks of Cobham's dragoons in the Duke of Cumberland's army, who also was present at the battle of Culloden and wrote a letter in reference to it to his brother. The contrast in language is strong. But as the letter is not known to have been formerly printed, it is given in the Appendix at Letter A. We are indebted to Mr. C. H. Firth of Oxford for the copy.

keeping a strict eye over him. When several prisoners were ordered from Stirling Castle to Carlisle, Arnprior was appointed to be amongst the number. Captain James Thomson, brother to Charlton, and Lieutenant Archibald Campbell (commonly called Tobie) had the command of the party that guarded the prisoners in their journey. These officers knowing well the case of Mr. Buchanan, and having witness'd the usage he had met with in Stirling Castle, treated him in a quite different manner from the other prisoners. In the forenoon, as if he had been only a fellow-traveller, they would have desir'd him to ride forwards to bespeak dinner at a proper place, and to have it ready for them against the time they should come up. In the afternoon they also desir'd him [*fol.* 102.] to ride on to take up night quarters and to order supper for them, and all this without any command attending him; so that he had several opportunities every day of making his escape had he dream'd that he ran any risque of his life in the issue of a trial. Besides, the officers wou'd not have indulg'd him such liberties had they imagin'd any danger in his case. When the prisoners came to Carlisle, Arnprior, much to his own surprize and that of the foresaid officers, was immediately ordered into a dungeon and to have irons clapt upon him. Finding himself in a situation he had entertain'd no apprehension of, and dreading the worst from this harsh usage he sent for Captain Thomson, who very readily came to him, and after some conversation upon the unexpected change of treatment desir'd to know what he could do for him. Mr.

[*fol.* 103.] Buchanan beg'd he would wait upon the commanding officer and let him know his whole case, and the usage he had met with both in Stirling Castle and in the way to Carlisle, which he did not doubt would have a good effect for making a change to the better in his state of confinement. Captain Thomson frankly undertook to do as he desir'd, and without loss of time, honestly represented the whole affair to the commanding officer, who said he was heartily sorry for the gentleman, but that it was not in his power to do him any service, because the Solicitor-General was come to Carlisle, and that (now he was in the place) his province it was to determine in these matters. Captain Thomson did not stop here, but like one of generosity and compassion, went directly to the Solicitor-General [*fol.* 104.] and laid before him the case of Mr. Buchanan, requesting him to consider it and to allow the gentleman a more easy and comfortable confinement. The Solicitor-General told him he knew there were more Buchanans than one among the prisoners, and therefore he desired to know what Mr. Buchanan he meant; and then asked if he knew his Christian name, and whether or not he had a designation. Captain Thomson answered that he did not know Mr. Buchanan's Christian name, that though he was sure he had a designation he had forgot it. Upon this the Solicitor-General pull'd a list of names out of his pocket, and after looking it over asked the Captain if Mr. Francis Buchanan of Arnprior was the person whose case he had been representing. 'That same is the gentleman,' replied the Captain. 'Then,' says the Solicitor-

General, [*fol.* 105.] 'pray, Sir, give yourself no more trouble about that gentleman. I shall take care of him. I have particular orders about him, for HE MUST SUFFER!' This unaccountable speech from such a mouth about one neither convicted nor tried surpriz'd the Captain not a little and made him walk off without insisting any more, to tell Arnprior the result of what had pass'd, in the softest manner he could.

This narrative was given by Lieutenant Archibald Campbell, after the execution of Arnprior, to several persons in Edinburgh, particularly to the Rev. Mr. Thomas Drummond.

When Arnprior was brought to a trial not a single overt act was prov'd against him. An unsubscrib'd letter was produced in the Court which had been intercepted in going to the Highland army, and several persons, particularly Commissary [*fol.* 106.] Finlayson in Stirling, gave their affidavits that it was the hand-writ of Mr. Francis Buchanan of Arnprior. Upon this the jury without any hesitation or scruple brought him in guilty. After sentence of death was pronounced against him so little did people imagine that he would suffer that he was prevail'd upon to send off an express to London in order to give a true and exact representation of his case, not doubting but that this would be sufficient to obtain a reprieve from a verdict and sentence pronounced upon such slight grounds, but all to no purpose. To destruction was he destin'd by his enemies, and accordingly suffer'd death at Carlisle in company with the Revd. Mr. Thomas Coppoch, Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, Major

Donald MacDonell, etc., etc., etc.

Arnprior left no speech behind him, but took an opportunity [fol. 107.] of declaring that as he was persuaded in his conscience King James the 8th had the sole undoubted right to sit on the throne of these realms, so the only action that stared him most in the face was that he had acted the prudent and over-cautious part in not joining the Prince immediately upon his arrival, and drawing his sword in so glorious a cause, and in not exerting all his endeavours upon those with whom he had any interest to rise in arms for their King and country.

Robert Forbes, A.M.

Arnprior lived at the house of Lenny, near Callender, in Monteith, and Stewart of Glenbucky came from Balquhiddier with his men. Arnprior went to see them in Strathyre. There happened some dispute between them about the Majorship of the Perth regiment to which Glenbucky belonged. Arnprior brought Glenbucky home with him to Lenny that night. On the morning of next day he was found dead in his bed with a pistol in his hand.⁵³

⁵³ This paragraph seems to have been inserted here later. It is not in the handwriting of Mr. Forbes.

The Speech of the Right Honourable Arthur, Lord Balmerino, faithfully transcribed from his lordships own handwrit

1746 18 Aug.

[*fol.* 108.] I was brought up in true loyal Anti-Revolution principles, and I hope the world is convinced that they stick to me.

I must acknowledge I did a very inconsiderate thing, for which I am heartily sorry, in accepting of a company of foot from the Princess Anne, who I knew had no more right to the crown than her predecessor the Prince of Orange, whom I always look upon as a vile, unnatural usurper.

To make amends for what I had done I join'd the King when he was in Scotland, and when all was over I made my escape and liv'd abroad till the year 1734.

In the beginning of that year I got a letter from my father which very much surprized me. It was to let me know that he had got the promise of a remission for me. I did not know what to do. I was then, I think, in the Canton of Bern and had no body to advise with. But next morning I wrote a letter to the King, who was then at Rome, to acquaint his Majesty that this was done

without my asking or knowledge, and that I [*fol.* 109.] would not accept of without his Majesty's consent. I had in answer to mine a letter written with the King's own hand allowing me to go home, and he told me his banker would give me money for my travelling charges when I came to Paris, which accordingly I got.

When his royal highness came to Edinburgh, as it was my bounden and indispensable duty, I join'd him, though I might easily have excused myself from taking arms on account of my age. But I never could have had peace of conscience if I had stayed at home when that brave Prince was exposing himself to all manner of dangers and fatigue both night and day.

I am at a loss when I come to speak of the Prince; I am not a fit hand to draw his character. I shall leave that to others. But I must beg leave to tell you the incomparable sweetness of his nature, his affability, his compassion, his justice, his temperance, his patience, and his courage are virtues, seldom all to be found in one person. In short, he wants no qualifications requisite to make a great man.

Pardon me, if I say, wherever I had the command I never suffered any disorders to be committed, as will appear by the Duke of Bucleugh's servants at East Park, by the Earl of [*fol.* 110.] Findlater's minister, Mr. Lato, and my Lord's servants at Cullen, by Mr. Rose, minister at Nairn, who was pleased to favour me with a visit when I was an prisoner in Inverness, by Mr. Stewart, principal servant to the Lord President at the house of Culloden, and by several other people. All this gives me great

pleasure now that I am looking on the block on which I am ready to lay down my head. And tho' it had not been my own natural inclination to protect every body as far as lay in my power it would have been my interest so to do. For his royal highness abhorred all those who were capable of doing injustice to any of the King, his father's subjects, whatever opinion they were of.

I have heard since I came to this place that there has been a most wicked report spread and mentioned in several of the Newspapers, that his royal highness, the Prince, before the battle of Culloden, had given out in orders that no quarters should be given to the enemy. This is such an unchristian thing and so unlike that gallant Prince that nobody that knows him will believe it. It is very strange if there had been any such orders that neither [*fol.* 111.] the Earl of Kilmarnock, who was Colonel of the regiment of Foot-guards, nor I, who was Colonel of the 2d troop of Life-guards, should never have heard any thing of it, especially since we were both at the head-quarters the morning before the battle. I am convinced that it is a malicious report industriously spread to excuse themselves for the murders they were guilty of in calm blood after the battle.

Ever since my confinement in the Tower, when Major White and Mr. Fowler did me the honour of a visit, their behaviour was always so kind and obliging to me that I cannot find words to express it. But I am sorry I cannot say the same thing of General Williamson. He has treated me barbarously, but not quite so ill as he did the Bishop of Rochester. I forgive him and all my enemies.

Had it not been for Mr. Gordon's advice I should have prayed for him as David does, Psalm 109.

I hope you will have the charity to believe I die in peace with all men, for yesterday I received the Holy Eucharist from the hands of a clergyman of the Church of England, in whose Communion I die as in union with the Episcopal Church of Scotland.

I shall conclude with a short prayer.

[*fol.* 112.] O Almighty God! I humbly beseech Thee to bless the King, the prince, and Duke of Yorke, and all the dutiful branches of the royal family! Endue them with thy Holy Spirit, enrich them with thy heavenly grace, prosper them with all happiness and bring them to thine everlasting kingdom! Finally I recommend to thy fatherly goodness all my benefactors and all the faithful adherents to the cause for which I am now about to suffer. God reward them! Make them happy here and in the world to come! This I beg for Christ's sake, in whose words, etc. Our Father, etc.

A List of those who were evidences against my Lord Balmerino taken likewise from his own handwrit

William M'Gie, messenger.

Hugh Douglas, drummer to Lord Elcho.

James Barclay.} One of these three was servant to the

David Gray.} Secretary, and another of them servant

James Paterson.} to little Black Malcolm.

Roger Macdonald.

Upon the truly noble Lord Balmerino

In this brave Lord, the mirror of mankind

Religion, virtue, loyalty had join'd,

To make him great in ev'ry act of life.

But greater still when he resign'd that life;

With fortitude went through his martyrdom.

No nobler motto can adorn his tomb.

Strictly attached to royal Stewart's race,

For which he died, and by his death gave grace,

To the just cause he bravely did embrace.

Like great Montrose, he fear'd no tyrant rage;

Next to his prince, the hero of the age.

His glorious death to distant climes shall reach,
And trait'rous minds true loyalty shall teach.
His noble soul to us endears his name,
And future ages shall resound his fame.

Extempore, upon viewing the scaffold immediately after the execution of Lord Balmerino

Lo! where undaunted Balmerino stood,
Firm without canting, seal'd his faith in blood.
In cause of right and truth unmov'd and just,
And as he knew no fear, betray'd no trust.
The amaz'd spectator drop'd the troubled eye,
As more afraid to look than he to die.
Whence sprung this great unparallel'd deport?
God and his conscience were his strong support.

[*fol.* 113.]

Upon the death of Lord Balmerino, by a non-jurant clergyman in London in a letter to a friend

Short is the term of life, my honour'd friend.
Soon o'er the puny space with rapid speed
The unreturning moments wing their way,
And sweep us from our cradles to the grave.
And yet this puny space is fill'd with toil
And labours in the transitory scene,
To make life wretched, as 'tis frail and fleeting.
Rattles and toys employ and please our childhood.
Wealth, pomp, and pleasure, full as arrant trifles,
Commence the idols of our riper years,
And fill the mind with images as wild;
Absurd, fantastic, as a sick man's dreams,
Disquieting this span of life in vain.

He truly lives and makes the most of life
Who well hath studied its intrinsic worth,
And learnt to lay it down with resignation;
Can like thee, Balmerino! lay it down,
And deem it not his own, when honour claims it.

See the unconquer'd captive (matchless man!),

Collected in his own integrity;
Facing with such a brow the king of terrors,
And treading on the utmost verge of life,
Serene as on a summer's ev'ning walk;
Draws more amazing eyes upon his scaffold [*fol.* 114.]
Than ever gaz'd on laurell'd heroes car;
Triumphant in his fall o'er all that crusht him.

Amazement seiz'd the crowded theatre,
Struck with the awful scene; and throb'd a heart
In ev'ry breast but his. The headsman trembl'd
That rais'd the fatal axe. Nor trembl'd he
On whom 'twas falling. Falls the fell edge;
Nor shrinks the mangl'd victim! What are stars and garters?
All titles, dignities, all crowns and sceptres,
Compar'd with such an exit? When these perish
Their owners be as they had never been,
In deep oblivion sunk. This greater name,
As long as any sense of virtue lasts,
Shall live and fragrant smell to after times,
Exhibiting a pattern how to die,
And far the fairest former times have seen.

Copy of a Letter to a gentleman in Holland, vindicating the character of Arthur, Lord Balmerino, in a certain important point

1746 Sept.

Dear Sir, – I have not yet been able to answer the cries of the officers for beating orders, and I can conceive no other reason for our Ministry's refusing them than that of the [*fol.* 115.] Young Chevalier's being in Scotland, and that they thought that his escape might have been saved through their means. But now that he is safe arrived in France, I hope that we shall meet with no more difficulties.

I had the honour to be of Lord Balmerino's acquaintance, and it was my misfortune to be pitch'd upon to attend upon him in the Tower at his last moments, and upon the scaffold, where I was witness to a behaviour that even exceeded all that we read of in the heroes of antiquity. His whole behaviour was so composed, so decent that it greatly surprized the sheriffs, the clergymen, his friends and the spectators; and at the same time not a soldier present but was moved by his intrepidity.

My Lady Balmerino is now at my elbow, and she has desired me to write to your Heer Pensioner that she is greatly offended

at a passage in your *Amsterdam Gazette* of Tuesday, September 6th, 1746, where, in giving an account of that Lord's unhappy end, the author is so insolent as to insert so notorious a falsehood that it can in no sort be justified. He has no authority from my lord, from the sheriffs, from the clergymen, nor even from our lying newspapers. The government here had a power over his body, and he has suffered for his rebellion. But neither they nor their agents abroad have any just power over [fol. 116.] his reputation. 'Tis barbarous to the greatest degree, and lays us under a necessity, let the consequences be what they will, to give you my lord's own words on that point, a point which he had greatly at heart to clear up; and they are as follows:

'I have heard since I came to this place that there has been a most wicked report spread, and mentioned in several of the newspapers that his royal highness, the Prince, before the battle of Culloden, had given out in orders, that no quarters should be given to the enemy. This is such an unchristian thing, and so unlike that gallant Prince that nobody that knows him will believe it. It is very strange if there had been any such orders that neither the Earl of Kilmarnock, who was Colonel of the regiment of foot-guards, nor I, who was Colonel of the 2d troop of life-guards, should never have heard any thing of it, especially since we were both at the head-quarters the morning before the battle. I am convinced that it is a malicious report industriously spread to excuse themselves for the murders they were guilty of in calm blood after the battle.'

[*fol.* 116.] I shall take it as a very great favour if you are so kind as to lay the above before the proper person, whose authority it is to take cognizance of it that he may be obliged to retract in the most solemn manner, a falshood, uttered to the prejudice of the reputation of one of the greatest men that ever was born, let his principles have been what they will. It is my Lady Balmerino's desire. It is mine, as his friend, and as a friend to truth and justice.

I dare not presume to write to so great a man as the first person of so great a republick. Therefore I beg that you will lay it before him, and you will very much oblige, Dear Sir, your, etc.

*Sic subscribitur, John Walkingshaw.*⁵⁴

London, 6/16 September 1746.

P.S.— The above is writ by the direction of my Lady Balmerino.

⁵⁴ Mr. Walkingshaw is frequently mentioned in this collection. He was a London Jacobite, and was able to be of considerable service to the Scottish prisoners there.

**Speech of the Rev^d. Mr. Thomas
Coppach of Brazenose Colledge,
Oxford, commonly (but foolishly)
called Bishop of Carlisle. ⁵⁵**

1746 18 Oct.

[*fol.* 117.] Dear Countrymen, – I am now on the brink and confines of eternity, being to suffer a scandalous, ignominious death for my duty to God, my King and country, for taking up arms to restore the royal and illustrious house of Stewart, and to banish from a free, but inslaved people a foreigner, a tyrant, and an usurper. For never was the British nation since the Norman Conquest govern'd more arbitrarily, or enjoyed more precariously. Never was a nation under the canopy of Heaven more grossly abused, more scandalously imposed upon, or more notoriously deceived. Liberty has been banished. Tyranny and oppression, like a deluge, have overflowed the land. Places of

⁵⁵ He was the son of John Coppoch, or rather Cappoch, a tailor in Manchester, and joined the Prince there, by whom it is said he was appointed chaplain to the Manchester Regiment, and was promised the bishopric of Carlisle. See two pamphlets reprinted by Samuel Jefferson. (1) 'The Trial and Life of Thomas Cappoch (the rebel-bishop of Carlisle),' 1839; and (2) 'An Account of Carlisle during the Rebellion of 1745, to which is added a speech (supposed to have been) delivered by Thomas Cappoch, the rebel-bishop, on his execution at Carlisle,' etc. 18 October 1746: 1844.

the utmost importance have been taken from the most deserving and given to the illiterate, unexperienced or unqualified. Our fleets and armies, once the terror of Europe, are now the scorn, contempt and derision of all nations. The one, like Æsop's mountain, has brought forth a silly, ridiculous mouse; the other has brought home eternal infamy, shame and disgrace. Such a Ministry and such a Parliament was [fol. 118.] nation never curs'd with. The former for these thirty years past has exhausted our treasures, drain'd our purses on foolish idle treaties and negotiations to procure us allies and friends; and no friend or ally have we in the world we can trust, rely on or confide in. The latter, vassals, creatures equally despicable, void of honour and conscience, compos'd of pensioners and placemen, have sacrificed their country, their all, to the boundless ambition and insatiable avarice of a beggarly Hanoverian electorate. Estimates, supplies and subsidies have been granted, *nemine contradicente*, though never so illegal, unreasonable and unjustifiable. Such heavy taxes and such a monstrous load of national debt this kingdom never groan'd under since Julius Cæsar's invasion; so that justice may say, never was Parliament (some few members excepted, *rara avis in terris, nigro simillima cygno*) more slavishly devoted or more sottishly infatuated.

Here it will not be amiss to introduce that worthy honest gentleman, the Elector's Earl of Oxford.⁵⁶ When a motion was made by some true patriots to bring him to give an account of his

⁵⁶ Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, the Lord Treasurer.

stewardship of the nation's money, did not his Elector solemnly declare that a hair of his head should not be [*fol.* 119.] hurt, conscious that he had acted by his direction in sending sums to aggrandize his poor, native, scrubby country, Hanover, – sums to engage the affections of the wavering Dutch, sums to bias the votes at elections?

These are facts the truth of which is too obvious. What soul inspired with the least grain of courage, the smallest spark of honour, or that sympathizes with the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, would tamely sit down or patiently acquiesce under such monstrous and unheard of grievances? When religion and loyalty, liberty and property call to arms! when a prince adorned with all the gifts of nature, and grace of education, endowed and enriched with every virtue, amiable and commendable (*maugrè* all your vile reports, invidious reflections and slanderous aspersions; *maugrè* all your pulpit harangues, stuff'd with downright falsities, gross calumnies and palpable absurdities), daily amidst the horrid din of war, risks and exposes his precious life to conquer and subdue the Lernæan Hydra, to deliver you from almost Egyptian tyranny, bondage, and slavery: – a prince whose title to the crown is indisputable, whose conduct and courage are inimitable and matchless, and whose virtue, mercy, and goodness none can parallel or equal! *Nil viget simile aut secundum!*

[*fol.* 120.] Such is your legal *jure-divino*, hereditary and lineally descended Prince, whose father you exiled and excluded,

whose grandfather you rebelled against and banished, and whose head, conscious of your own demerits, you have set a price on! Seeing the heir, Come, say you, let us fall upon him and kill him, and the inheritance will be ours. Be not too secure. Your iniquities are almost compleated. The fulness of time is almost at hand, even at the door, when the Almighty I AM, with my Prince under the shadow of his wings, will pour out the vials of his wrath, fury and indignation on that cursed, perjured and abandoned people, on this guilty, perverse, wicked and adulterous generation. For the innocent blood of the righteous cries Vengeance! Vengeance! O my native country! my native soil! What pangs hast thou to endure! What throes to labour with! What misery and desolation is thy lot and portion!

Kind Heaven! Avert all these evils by a speedy and blessed restoration, that Albion may no more be scourged by vultures, storks and logs; may once more see happy days, once more put on its ancient lustre, pristin splendor and glory; that God and Cæsar may enjoy their own just and due right; that [*fol.* 120*a.*] tribute may be rendered to whom it is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour, and that the supreme powers may receive the sovereign allegiance, obedience and subjection which are really and duly theirs by the laws of God and nature in conjunction.

It is for sentiments and tenets of this kind I am now made a publick spectacle, that my head is publickly to be exposed and my bowels burnt; which I gladly and willingly submit to without

the least reluctance. Nay, I should rejoice beyond measure, if this simple head of mine could be fixed on all the Cathedral and parish churches in Christendom to satisfie the whole Christian world of the honesty of my intentions and the integrity of my principles. And could it be engraven on my tombstone: —

Underneath are deposited the ashes of the only English protestant Clergyman whose honour, courage, loyalty and zeal are conspicuous in his Royal Master's cause. Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

I should have been silent about my religion had it not been to satisfie and open the eyes of severals who have been deceived by false representations, which was, I believe, the reason I was spit upon, struck, stoned, insulted and barbarously treated by severals (some of whom are since dead), not only in Carlisle [*fol.* 121.] but Kendall and elsewhere, when I was led in a string by Mark Ker's dragoons through all the dirt and nastiness, with my arms pinion'd, from Carlisle to Lancaster Castle, by an express order of the pretended Duke of Cumberland, notwithstanding Baron Clarke's specious harangue to make the jury believe I was not an object worthy of their notice.

I declare then upon the faith of a dying man that I die an unworthy member of that particular church, the Church of England, as she stood before the Revolution, which I firmly believe to be truly primitive, Catholic and Apostolic, free from superstition on the one hand, and Fanaticism and Enthusiasm on the other. May she prosper and flourish! May she, like a house on

a rock, withstand all tempests, storms and inundations, till time shall be no more!

And now, God bless my royal, true and undoubted sovereign, King James, his royal highness Charles, Prince of Wales, Henry, Duke of York and Albany! O Jehovah! bless, protect and preserve them! for nothing but fraud and anarchy and confusion; nothing but horrid bloodshed and barbarous murder, villainy, perjury, ambition and cruelty, barbarity within and corruption without, have reigned triumphant in [*fol.* 122.] this island since their banishment. God bless all my enemies, persecutors and slanderers, especially that corrupted judge, Baron Clarke, who put a most malicious construction on every thing said at my trial! God forgive Samuel Pendlebury of Manchester, John Hill, Thomas Joy, an Irishman, John Gardener and Thomas Dennison, both of Carlisle, who all grossly perjur'd themselves at my trial! O Lord God! send them timely repentance and remission of their sins! I freely and voluntarily forgive them; and humbly ask pardon of all I have injured in thought, word or deed. I close with the dying words of my Saviour and Redeemer, and the protomartyr deacon, St. Stephen, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do! Lord, lay not this sin to their charge! Lord Jesus, receive my soul! Amen!'

At Carlisle upon Saturday, October 18th, the Festival of St. Luke the Evangelist, 1746.

Speech of Andrew Wood, who join'd the Prince in England

**Blessed are they who suffer for
truth and righteousness sake; for
theirs is the kingdom of heaven**

28 Nov.

[*fol.* 123.] Friends, countrymen and fellow-subjects, – I was born in Scotland, and brought up in the Established Church (as they call it) of that kingdom. But of late (thanks be to God!) I saw my error and became a member of the Church of England.⁵⁷

I engaged in this just cause, for which I am to suffer, out of the true love and regard I had for my king and country. For I thought it my indispensable duty to join my Prince when I found him in this country endeavouring to restore his father, my lawful sovereign, King James, to his undoubted right. I had the honour to be made a Captain by his royal highness, raised a company out of my own pocket, and served my Prince to the utmost of my power, even beyond what could have been expected of one so little accustomed to military acts as I was.

⁵⁷ See a full account of how this came about at f. 806.

And for thus faithfully serving my king, and endeavouring to restore him and your ancient liberties, I am to fall a sacrifice to the Usurper and his bloodthirsty son, the pretended [*fol.* 124.] Duke of Cumberland. But thy will, O my God! be done! And as Thou art pleased that I suffer for truth and righteousness sake, I resign myself entirely to Thy will!

And now I am in a few moments to launch into eternity, I do solemnly declare, as I must answer at the awful tribunal of Almighty God, that the order said to be given by his royal highness for giving the Usurper's men no quarters the day of Culloden battle is false, and contrived merely to excuse the barbarities committed by the Duke and his men on all those of our army who fell into their hands; for I myself saw the orders of that day. No. It does not agree with the Prince's former lenity at the battles of Gladesmuir and Falkirk.

I leave the impartial world to judge of this brave Prince's character from his actions, which would require one of the greatest hands to do justice to it.

O my countrymen! Consider the woeful situation you are in. In short, all that ever your forefathers fought for is gone. You have nothing you can depend upon, burthened with debt, ruined with a standing army. Alas! you have no more than the name of Liberty. Rouse you then while it is in your [*fol.* 125.] power, and take the first opportunity to restore your lawful sovereign, King James, which is the only sure way to make these nations happy. I leave my hearty prayers for concluding the same, and

I hope Almighty God will, in His good appointed time, restore my lawful sovereign, King James. And in a particular manner, I beseech Thee, O God! to bless his royal highness, Charles, Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York.

I shall conclude with forgiving all my persecutors, hoping Almighty God will of His infinite mercy, forgive me all my sins, through Jesus Christ, pardon the frailties of my youth, and accept my imperfect repentance.

Into Thy hands I commit my spirit, O Lord, Thou God of mercy and truth!

Andrew Wood.

P.S.— I sent for a Presbyterian minister to have administred the sacrament to me; but he refused. Lord forgive him; for I do.

Kennington Common, Friday, November 28th, 1746

[*fol.* 126.] A genuine and full Account of the Battle of Culloden, with what happened the two preceeding days, together with the young Prince's miraculous escape at, from and after the battle, fought on April 16th, 1746; to his return to the continent of Scotland from the Western Islands on the 6th of the succeeding July. Taken from the mouths of the old Laird of MacKinnon, Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, etc., and of Lady Clanronald and Miss Flora MacDonald, by John Walkingshaw of London or Dr. John Burton.

1746 14 April

15 April

16 April

Upon April 14th (afternoon) the Prince marched from Inverness on foot at the head of his guards to Culloden House, where the clans and others met him, and stayed thereabouts under arms. He himself did not go to bed. Upon the 15th by daybreak he marched the men up to Culloden Muir about a mile south-east of the house, and review'd them drawn up in two lines of battle. About eleven o'clock he ordered them to refresh themselves by sleep or otherwise just in the field, during which time he walked about cajoling the different chiefs, and proposed to all of them separately to march off the men towards the

evening and attack the enemy by daybreak; but finding the bulk of them against the proposal (reckoning it rather too desperate an attempt untill they were joined by [*fol.* 127.] Keppoch and his men with others that were soon expected), he drop'd the project. About 4 afternoon Keppoch arrived with 200 men. Then it was said Lord George Murray proposed the night march, and undertook to manage the attack, which was agreed to. And when near dark, the men were marched off, the front of the second line following the rear of the first. About 2 o'clock of the morning of the 16th the Duke of Perth came galloping up from aside to the front of the second line, and ordered the officers to wheel about and march back to Culloden. They had not gone above one hundred yards back when they met the Prince, who called out himself, 'Where the devil are the men a-going?' It was answered, 'We are ordered by the Duke of Perth to return to Culloden House.' 'Where is the Duke of Perth?' says the Prince. 'Call him here.' Instantly the Duke came up, and the Prince, in an angry tone, asked what he meant by ordering the men back. The Duke answered that Lord George with the first line was gone back three-quarters of an hour agoe. 'Good God!' said the Prince, 'what can be the matter? What does he mean? We were equal in number, and would have blown them to the devil. Pray, Perth, can't you call them back yet? Perhaps [*fol.* 128.] he is not gone far yet.' Upon which the Duke begg'd to speak with his royal highness. They went aside a very short space. The Prince returned and call'd out, 'There is no help for it, my lads; march

back to Culloden House.' Back they marched to Culloden House (the Prince bringing up the rear) where the bulk of them arrived about 6 in the morning. The Prince after ordering and earnestly recommending to everybody to do their utmost to get provisions to his men went into the house, threw himself upon the top of a bed, boots, etc., upon him; but in a few hours, being alarmed with the approach of the enemy he hurried to the field, and endeavoured to put his men in order by drawing them up in two lines. But they, being some fatigued and others dispersed about seeking victuals, could not be all got together; so that when the cannonading began there were not 3000 men in the field, and these not in the best order. At that time the Prince was in the rear of all, ordering some men to replace some others that he had sent from the second line to the left of the first. He immediately [*fol.* 129.] sent off an aid-de-camp with orders to the generals in the front to make the attack, and, moving forwards beyond the second line, sent off a second and a third aid-de-camp with positive orders to attack. It seems the first aid-de-camp happened to be killed with a cannon shot just at setting out, which 'tis thought was the reason the attack was not made soon enough.

Upon the right the attack was made with great bravery by the Athol brigade, Stewarts, Camerons, and part of the MacDonalds; but the left was so soon flanked by a great body of the enemy's horse that from the centre to the left they never got up to give their fire. The right broke in upon the enemy, sword in hand, and did great execution, but were likewise soon flanked and very

much galled by the grape-shot. And Lochiel and Keppoch, being both soon wounded in the advancing, were carried off, which their men observing, immediately they fled; which so alarmed all the corps to the left that they gave way in confusion.

Just at this time the Prince called out to stop and he would light from his horse and return to the charge at their head. [*fol.* 130.] But a number of his officers got about him, and assured him that it was improbable for them to do any good at present. For since the clans had turned their backs they would not rally, and it was but exposing his person without any probability of success; and therefore intreated he would retire, and really forced him out of the field.

The retreat was made with the utmost regularity. Not above 500 of the Low-country men, having detached themselves from the main body, kept together till they received the Prince's orders to shift for themselves.

N.B.— There was a battery of canon that played very smartly for a considerable time just upon the place where the Prince was, and one of his grooms was killed about two hundred yards straight in his rear.

After the forces were entirely defeated he retired to a house of a factor or steward of Lord Lovat, about ten miles from Inverness, where meeting with that lord, he stayed supper.

18 April

After supper was over he set out for Fort Augustus (where a musket-bullet was taken out of the counter of his horse), and

pursued his journey for Invergarry where he proposed to have dined. But finding no victuals he set a boy a fishing, who caught two salmon on which he made a dinner, and continued [*fol.* 131.] waiting there for some of his troops, who had promised to rendezvous at that place; and being disappointed he resolved to proceed to Locharkaig. He arrived there on the 18th at two in the morning and went to sleep, which he had not done for five days and nights, his forces having been under arms, marching and counter-marching without meat for 48 hours before the battle. He remained there till 5 o'clock in the afternoon in hopes of obtaining some intelligence; but gaining none, he set out from thence on foot, and travell'd to the Glens of Morar, over almost inaccessible mountains, where he arrived on the 19th at 4 in the morning. He set out about noon the same day for Arrisaig, through as bad ways as before, where he arrived at 4 in the afternoon.

27 April

He remained there seven days waiting for Captain O'Neil, who joined him on the 27th, and informed him, as did many others from all quarters, that there were not any hopes of drawing his troops together again in a body. Upon which he resolved to go to Stornway in the Island of Lewis, a town at the head of a loch of that name, in order to hire a ship to go [*fol.* 132.] to France. The person employed for this purpose was one Donald MacLeod, who had an interest there.

28 April

On the 28th he went on board in an eight-oar'd boat, in company with O'Sullivan, O'Neil, and some others, ordering the people to whom the boat belonged to make the best haste they could to Stornway. The night proved very tempestuous, and they all begg'd of him to go back, which he would not do. But seeing the people timorous, he, to keep up their spirits, sung them a Highland song. The weather proving worse and worse, on the 29th, about 7 in the morning they were driven ashore on a point of land called Rushness, in the north-east part of the island of Benbecula, which lies betwixt the islands of North and South Ost or Uist, being about 5 miles long from east to west, and 3 miles broad from north to south, where as soon as they had got on shore, the Prince helped to make a fire to warm the crew, who were almost starved to death with cold.

30 April

On the 30th, at 6 in the evening, they set sail again from Stornway, but meeting with another storm were obliged to put into the island Selpa (Scalpa) in the Harris. This island [*fol.* 133.] is about one mile long and half a mile broad. There they all went ashore to a farmer's house, passing for merchants that were shipwrecked in their voyage to the Orkneys, the Prince and O'Sullivan going by the name of Sinclair, the latter passing for the father, the former for the son.

Thence they thought proper to send Donald MacLeod (who

had been with them all the time) to Stornway, with instructions to freight a ship for the Orkneys.

3 May

On the 3d of May they received a message from him that a ship was ready. On the 4th they made the mainland and set out on foot for that place, and arrived on the 5th about noon at the point of Arynish, two miles southeast from Stornway, having travelled 18 hours on the hills without any kind of refreshment, and were misled by their guide, either thro' ignorance or design. There a messenger from Stornway met him, and told him that Donald MacLeod, having got drunk, had told one of his acquaintances for whom he hired the ship; upon which there were soon 200 people in arms at Stornway upon a report that the Prince was landed with 500 men, and was coming to burn the town; so that he and his company were obliged to lie all night on the muir with no other refreshment than bisket and brandy.

6 May

[*fol.* 134.] On the sixth they resolved to go in the eight-oar'd boat to the Orkneys, but the crew refused to venture; so that they were obliged to steer south along the coast side, where they met with two English ships which compell'd them to put to a desert island called Seafort or Iffurt, being about half a mile long and near as much broad. There they remained till the 10th, and must have famished, had they not providently found some salt fish upon the island.

10 May

8 June

About ten o'clock in the morning that day they embarked for the Harris, and at break of day on the 11th they were chased by an English ship, but made their escape among the rocks. About 4 in the afternoon they arrived at Benbecula, where they stayed till the 14th, and then set out on foot for the mountain of Corradell, in South Ost or Uist, being about 16 miles distant. There they stayed till about the 8th of June, living upon fish and other kind of game, which the Prince daily killed himself, and had no other kind of drink than the water they found there.

11 June

The Militia at this time coming to the island of Irsky (Eriska), (which lies betwixt the island of Barra and South Ost [*fol.* 135.] or Uist, is about three miles long and one broad, and is the very first British ground the Prince landed upon at his coming on the late expedition); the militia, I say, coming to the island, obliged the Prince and his company to disperse; and he, with two or three others, sailed for the island Uia or Ouaya, lying betwixt South Uist and Benbecula. There he remained three nights, till having intelligence that the militia were coming towards Benbecula, he immediately got into the boat and sailed for Loch Boysdale, but being met by some ships of war he was obliged to return to Loch Karnon, which is about a league and a half west southwest from the island Uia.

There he remained all day, and at night sailed for Loch Boysdale, which is about 30 miles south of Loch Karnon, and belongs to the MacDonalds. There he arrived safe, and stayed 8 days upon a rock, making a tent of the sail of the boat, and lived upon fish and fowl of his own killing.

18 June

There he found himself in the most terrible situation, for having intelligence on June 18th that Captain Caroline Scott [*fol.* 136.] had landed at Killbride within less than two miles of them, he was obliged to dismiss the boat's crew, and taking only O'Neil with him, he went to the mountains, where he remained all night, and soon after was informed that General Campbell was at Barnare (an island lying between North Uist and Harris), being about two miles long and one broad. It belongs to the MacLeods. So that now he had forces not far from him on both sides, and was absolutely at a loss to know which way to move, having forces on both the land sides of him, and the sea on the other, without any vessel to venture into securely.

In this perplexity Captain O'Neil accidentally met with Miss Funivella or Flora MacDonald, to whom he proposed assisting the Prince to make his escape, which she at last consented to, on condition the Prince would put on women's cloaths, which he complied with. She then desired they would goe to the mountain of Corradale and stay there till they heard from her, which should be soon.

There they arrived, and accordingly remained two days in

great distress, and then hearing nothing from the young lady, [*fol.* 137.] the Prince concluded she would not keep her word. But about 5 o'clock in the evening a message came from her desiring to meet her at Rushness, being afraid to pass the Ford, which was the shortest passage, because of the militia. They luckily found a boat which carried them to the other side Uia, where they remained part of the day afraid of being seen of the country people.

June

In the evening they set out in the same boat for Rushness, and arrived there at 12 o'clock at night, but not finding the young lady, and being alarmed by a boat full of militia they were obliged to return back two miles, where the Prince remained on a muir till O'Neil went to the young lady, and brought her with him to the place appointed about sunset next evening.

About an hour after they had got to the Prince they got an account of General Campbell's arrival at Benbecula, which obliged them to move to another part of the island, where, as the day broke, they discovered four vessels full of armed men close on the shore. They having seen the fire on the land, made directly up to the place where they were,⁵⁸ so that there was nothing left for them to do but to throw themselves among [*fol.* 138.] the heath, by which means they escaped being found.

When the wherries were gone they resolved to go to

⁵⁸ See f. 528.

Clanranold's house. But when they were within a mile of it they heard that General Campbell was there, which obliged them to retreat again to Rushness; from whence they set out in a little yawl or boat for the isle of Sky about the end of June, and were at sea all night. The next day as they were passing the point of Waternish, in the west corner of Sky, the wind being contrary, and the female frightened at turning back, they thought to have landed there, but found it possess'd by a body of forces; which obliged them immediately to put to sea again after having received several shots from the land.⁵⁹

From hence they went and landed at Killbride, in Troternish in Sky, about twelve miles north from the above mentioned point. There they also found a body of troops within less than two miles of them, whose commanding officer rode as far as Moystod or Mougestot, not far from Sir Alexander MacDonald's seat, near which place they landed. He there enquired of Miss Flora MacDonald who she was, and who was with her, which she answered as she thought proper. [The [*fol.* 139.] officer, however, would not be satisfied until he had searched the boat. In the mean time the Prince was hid on shore, so near as to hear what passed].⁶⁰

Immediately after this scene was over the Prince parted with his female guide, and took to the hills, and travelled without

⁵⁹ See ff. 530-534.

⁶⁰ Stated in the sequel to be incorrect.

rest 15 long miles⁶¹ south south-east in women's cloaths till he came to Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh's house, where his female guide met him again, having gone a nearer way.⁶² There the Prince got his first refreshment, and stayed till next day, towards the evening; when he set out from Kingsburgh's house, but would not, on any account, let the consequence be what it would, consent to put on women's cloaths again, having found them so cumbersome the day before. He went 15 long miles⁶³ to a place called Portree or Purtry, where again he met his female preserver, who had gone a different route, and which was the last time they saw each other.

At Portree the Prince met Young MacLeod of Raaza or Raasa, and with him went directly to the island of Raaza, being [*fol.* 140.] about ten (or 6) miles in a small yawl or boat, being the only one to be got at that time.

1 July

On the 1st of July he landed at a place called Glam, in Raasa, where he remained two nights in a miserable hutt, so low that he could neither sitt nor stand, but was obliged to lie on the bare ground, having only a bundle of heath for his pillow.

3 July

On the 3d of July he proposed going to Troternish, in the Isle

⁶¹ Should be 7. See f. 144.

⁶² See ff. 145, 532, 533.

⁶³ Should be 7. See f. 144.

of Sky, notwithstanding it blew very hard, and that he had but the small yawl above mentioned, scarce capable of carrying six people. However, he set forward about 7 o'clock in the evening, having with him Mr. Malcolm MacLeod. He had not gone far before the wind blew harder, and the crew, being timorous, begg'd to turn back again. But he refused, and to encourage them sung a merry Highland song. About eleven the same night he landed at a place in the island of Sky called Nicolson's Rock, near Scorobry (Scorobreck), in Troternish, being about ten miles from Glam. He remained there all night without any kind of refreshment, not even so much as a [*fol.* 141.] fire to dry his cloathes, being quite wet. In this wet condition he was for the space of 48 hours.

4 July

The next day about 7 o'clock in the evening he left this rock, being accompanied by Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, the latter passing for the master, the former for the man, who always carried the little baggage⁶⁴ whenever they saw any person or came near any place. They marched all night through the worst of roads in Europe, and did not halt till they arrived at Ellagol or Ellighuil, near Kilvory or Kilmaree, in Strath, not far from a place in some maps called Ord or Aird, in the Laird of MacIntosh's⁶⁵ country, being full 24 miles long.

⁶⁴ Two shirts, one pair of stockings, one pair of brogs, a bottle of brandy, some scrapes of mouldy bread and cheese, and a three-pint stone bottle for water. – F.

⁶⁵ Altered to MacKinnon's. See f. 144.

After two hours rest and some little refreshment the Prince seem'd quite alert and as ready for fatigue as ever, and diverted himself with a young child in the house, carrying him in his arms and singing to him, and said that perhaps that child may be a captain in my service [or] might live to be of great use to him hereafter.

5 July

At that place the old Laird of MacKinnon came to him, and they set out together that day, being July 5th, for the [fol. 142.] mainland in a small boat, tho' the night was very tempestuous and the coast very bad. The next day, July 6th, they landed safe in Knoidart, which is 30 miles from the place they set out from. At that place he left the Laird of Mackinnon, who was the next day taken prisoner. In their passage they met with a boat in which were some militia, with whom they spoke. As they did not much exceed their own number, they were resolved to make all the head they could, and to fight them in case they had been attack'd.

What method the Prince took to conceal himself on the mainland of Scotland, or what route he took till the 20th of September, being the time he embarked for France, will be made publick at another time.

Citadel of Leith, Saturday, July 11th, 1747.

1747 11 July

Mr. Alexander MacDonald of Kingsburgh and his lady were paying their compliments to my Lady Bruce, when

it was proposed to read the above Account or Journal in the hearing of Kingsburgh, that so he might give his observations, or rather corrections upon it. He and the whole company (about 14 in number) declared their satisfaction in the proposal. There were present, John Fullarton, senior of Dudwick; James MacDonald, joiner in Leith; Lady Lude, with her eldest son and her daughter; Mrs. Graham and her son; Mrs. Rattray, Mrs. Jean and Rachel Houstons, etc.

The Account was accordingly read, and Kingsburgh made [*fol.* 143.] the following observations:

Page⁶⁶ 130, near the foot. Instead of Invergar, it should be Invergarry; a place belonging to the Laird of Glengarry.

Page 132, near the foot. Instead of Selpa, it should be Scalpa, commonly called the Island Glass.

Page 134, at the foot. Instead of Irsky, it should be Eriska.

Page 139, at the top. Kingsburgh said it was not fact that the boat was searched, and that the Prince should have heard what passed.

Ibid. Instead of 15 long miles south south-east, it should be 7 long miles.

Ibid. Kingsburgh was at pains to represent to the Prince the inconveniency and danger of his being in a female dress, particularly from his airs being all so man-like, and told him that he was very bad at acting the part of a dissembler. He advised him therefore to take from him a suite of Highland

⁶⁶ These pages will be found by the marginal folios.

cloaths with a broadsword in his hand, which would become him much better. But in the meantime that he should go out of his house in the female dress, lest the servants should be making their observations, and stop at the edge of a wood upon the side of a hill, not far from the house, where he and others should come to him with the Highland cloathes, broadsword, etc.

Mrs. MacDonald said that she behoved to employ her daughter as handmaid to the Prince for putting on his womens [fol. 144.] cloaths, 'For,' said she, 'the deel a preen he could put in.' When Miss MacDonald (*alias* Mrs. MacAllastar⁶⁷) was a dressing of him, he was like to fall over with laughing. After the peeness, gown, hood, mantle, etc., were put on, he said, 'O, Miss, you have forgot my apron. Where is my apron? Pray get me my apron here, for that is a principal part of my dress.'

Kingsburgh and his lady both declared that the Prince behaved not like one that was in danger, but as chearfully and merrily as if he had been putting on women's cloathes merely for a piece of diversion.

Agreeable to Kingsburgh's advice they met at the edge of the wood, where the Prince laid aside his female rags, which were deposited in the heart of a bush till a proper opportunity should offer of taking them up; for these that were present resolved to preserve them all as valuable tokens of distress. After the Prince had got himself equipt in the Highland cloathes with the

⁶⁷ This is interlined in the manuscript. See f. 216. She married Ronald MacAlister, of the family of Loup.

claymore in his hand, the mournful parting with Kingsburgh ensued. Away he went to struggle through a series of fresh dangers, the faithful MacKechan still attending him.

Ibid. Instead of 15 long miles to Portree or Purtry, it should be 7 long miles.

Page 140, line 1. Instead of 10 miles, it should be 6.

Ibid., near the foot. Instead of Scorobry, it should be Scorobreck.

Page 141. Kingsburgh said that MacIntosh's country there named behoved to be an error in the writer, for that MacIntosh had no property in Sky, and it ought to be named MacKinnon's country.

[*fol.* 145.] Page 142. Kingsburgh said that he thought the Prince with old MacKinnon had landed in Moror and not in Knoidart; but he own'd MacKinnon behov'd to know best. He said he was pretty sure that old MacKinnon was made prisoner in Moror, which might happen after his coming from Knoidart.

When all the Journal was read over, Kingsburgh observed that the persons from whose mouths it had been taken had not meddled with his part of the story; 'and,' said he, 'they were indeed right, for they know very little about it.'

Then particular questions were put to him with respect to that pamphlet called 'Alexis, Part 1st.' To give some instances, it was asked him, Whether or not it was true that he took along with him out of Sir Alexander MacDonald's house a bottle of wine and some bread in his pocket for the refreshment of the

Prince; that he had great difficulty to find him, and that it was owing to the accidental running of a flock of sheep that at last he found him sitting upon a rock? He answered, 'All these things are exactly true as related in that small pamphlet.' Then it was asked, Whether or not the Prince made briskly up to him with a thick short cudgel in his hand, and asked, If he was Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh? He said, 'It was really so, and that the Prince very pleasantly said, Then all is well; come, let us be jogging on;' but that he told him he had brought some refreshment along with him, which he behoved to take before they set out; [*fol.* 146.] which accordingly was done, they sitting upon the top of the rock.

Asked further. If it was true that the Prince lifted the petticoats too high in wading the rivulet when going to Kingsburgh, and that honest MacKechan⁶⁸ hastily called to him to beware? He said, 'It is fact; and that MacKechan cried, "For God's sake, Sir, take care what you are doing, for you will certainly discover yourself;" and that the Prince laughed heartily, and thanked him kindly for his great concern.'

Asked further. If the cursing and blasphemous speech of the Duke of Cumberland was such as represented in 'Alexis, Part 1st.' 'Exactly so,' said he, for I had it almost in the very same words from the mouth of Sir Alexander MacDonald, who was

⁶⁸ Neil MacEachan or MacKechan, the attendant of Flora MacDonald, was a descendant of the MacDonalds of Howbeag in South Uist. He followed the Prince to France, and settled there. One of his sons was Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum, one of Napoleon's most distinguished generals. – MacGregor's *Flora MacDonald*, p. 64.

witness to the Duke's expressing himself in that rough way. 'Whom,' added he, 'I indeed never saw in the face.' Then he said that 'Alexis' was exactly and literally true in every ace (not only as to facts but even circumstances) that concerned his management of and conversation with the Prince, the *brogs* not excepted, and that he looked upon the recovery of Cœlestius⁶⁹ as a great blunder, for that he had reason to think that he fell (as design'd) in the attempt. 'This is not to say,' added he, 'that I know anything certain of that affair, as if I had been an eye-witness or conversed with those that had seen the fact. But when I was prisoner in Fort Augustus, an officer came to me and very seriously asked if I would know [*fol.* 147.] the head of the young Pretender if I saw it. I told him I would know the head very well, provided it were upon the body. But the officer said, What, if the head be not upon the body? Do you think you could know it in that case? To which I replied, In that case, Sir, I will not pretend to know anything about it.' Kingsburgh told the company that he was resolved if any head should have been brought before him that he would not have made them a whit the wiser, even though he should have known it. But he owned no head was brought to him. He left it to the company to draw what inferences they pleased from this conversation betwixt him and the officer.⁷⁰

⁶⁹ This was Roderick Mackenzie, who was killed by Cumberland's soldiers near Fort Augustus, and in dying tried to put an end to the pursuit of the Prince by pretending that it was he whom they had slain. See ff. 482, 1800.

⁷⁰ There is a printed copy of 'Alexis, Part 1st,' bound up in the end of volume eighth of this collection.

Kingsburgh informed us that when at Fort Augustus, he happened to be released one evening in mistake for another man of the same name. When the irons were taken off him he went to Sir Alexander MacDonald's lodgings to ask his commands for Sky. Sir Alexander happened to be abroad, but when he came in he was quite amazed when he saw Kingsburgh, and said, 'Sanders, what has brought you here?' 'Why, Sir,' said he, 'I am released.' 'Released,' says Sir Alexander, 'how has this come about? I have heard nothing of the matter. I do not understand it.' 'As little do I know,' says Kingsburgh, 'how it has come about. But so it is that I have got free.' Then Sir Alexander ordered a bed to be made [*fol.* 148.] up for Kingsburgh in the same room with himself, and when Kingsburgh (about 11 o'clock) was beginning to undress in order to go to bed an officer came to the door of the room, and asked if MacDonald of Kingsburgh was there. 'Yes, Sir,' said Kingsburgh, 'I am here. What want you with me?' 'Why,' replied the officer, 'you must goe with me to Lord Albemarle, who wants to speak with you.' 'Then,' said Kingsburgh, 'I began to think within myself all was wrong with me. I begged that I might be allowed to take my rest all night in the place where I then was, and that in the morning I should wait upon Lord Albemarle as soon as he pleased; and that I would give my word of honour to do as I promised; and besides, that Sir Alexander would engage for me.' 'No, no,' said the officer, 'that will not do, Sir. These are not my orders. You must come along with me quickly.' When Kingsburgh came to the door and

saw ten or 12 sogers with screwed bayonets waiting to receive him, he did not like that piece of ceremony at all. They had not gone many paces from Sir Alexander's lodgings till they met Lord Albemarle running himself out of breath, foaming at the mouth, and crying out, 'Have ye got the villain? Have ye got the villain?' Kingsburgh mildly answered, 'O why all this hurry? Where is the man that will refuse freedom when it is offered him? I am here, my Lord, at your service. I had no intention of being in a haste to leave the place, and though I had left it you would have easily found me again, for I would have gone to my own [fol. 149.] house. I had no fear about any thing.' 'However,' says Albemarle, still in a passion, 'it is well, Sir, you are not gone; I had rather by G – have given anything before this mistake had happened.' 'Go,' added he, 'and throw the dog into irons.' Instantly the orders were obeyed. But to do Albemarle justice, Kingsburgh said that in a day or two he ordered him into a better place and the irons to be taken away from him; and every day after this that his lordship sent to him at dinner time, three dish of meat from his own table, with two bottles of wine. By this time the Duke of Cumberland had left Fort Augustus in great haste to London.

It was represented to Kingsburgh that his lady during his confinement had been telling some folks that upon conversing with him (her husband) about the pamphlet 'Alexis,' he should have said that he knew no body who could be the author of it but Neil MacKechan, so pointed and exact it was in giving the narrative. Kingsburgh, looking to his lady, said, 'Goodwife, you

may remember, I said that I knew nobody who could be the author of that pamphlet but either Neil MacKechan or myself.' When it was suggested that Neil MacKechan (a low man) could not be thought capable of drawing up any thing of that sort, Kingsburgh and his lady informed the company that MacKechan had been educated in the Scots College in Paris with the view of commencing clergyman, but that after [*fol.* 150.] getting his education he had dropt the design; that therefore he was capable enough, and that he had proved a great comfort to the Prince in his wanderings by talking to him in the French language about matters of importance in their difficulties, when perhaps it was not so prudent or convenient that those who were present should know what they were conversing about. They told likewise that they had never been so much afraid of any person's conduct as that of MacKechan, because he was a good-natured man and very timorous in his temper. But they frankly owned they had done him great injustice by entertaining any suspicion about him; for that he had behaved to admiration, and had got abroad with the Prince, the great wish of his soul; for he could never think of parting with him at any time but upon condition of meeting again, which MacKechan was so lucky as frequently to accomplish even when at parting they could scarce condescend upon a time or place when and where to meet.

Kingsburgh said that he asked particularly at the Prince about Lord George Murray, whether or not he could lay treachery or any such thing to his charge. The Prince answered that he never

would allow anything of treachery or villainy to be laid to the charge of Lord George Murray. But he could not help owning that he had much to bear of him from his temper.

[*fol.* 151.] The Prince asked Kingsburgh if he could inform him anything about the heads of the clans, what they were doing in the present confusion. Kingsburgh answered that MacDonal'd of Glencoe had surrendred himself, and that Cameron of Dungallan had done the same. The Prince made no remark at all upon Glencoe; but as to the other, said: 'Cameron of Dungallan! Is not that Lochiel's major?' 'Yes,' said Kingsburgh, 'he is the same.' 'Why,' replied the Prince, 'I always looked upon Dungallan to be a man of sense.'

When the Prince was going out of Kingsburgh's house he turned about and said, 'Can none of you give me a snuff?' Upon which Mrs. MacDonal'd made up to him and offered him a snuff out of a little silver-mill with two hands clasped together upon the lid of it, and the common motto, Rob Gib. Kingsburgh begged the Prince to put the mill into his pocket, and, said Kingsburgh, 'He accordingly put it into a woman's muckle pouch he had hanging by his side.' After the Prince had met with Malcolm MacLeod, Kingsburgh said he had heard that the Prince spying the carving and the motto asked MacLeod what it meant. 'Why,' said MacLeod, 'that is the [*fol.* 152.] emblem we use in Scotland to represent a firm and strong friendship, and the common saying is Rob Gib's contract, stark love and kindness.' 'Well, MacLeod,' says the Prince, 'for that very same cause shall I endeavour to

keep the mill all my life.'

'All the female rags and bucklings,' said Kingsburgh and his lady, 'that were left in the heart of the bush, were taken up and carried to our house in order to be carefully preserved. But when we had got notice that the troops had such exact intelligence about the Prince that they particularized the several bucklings of women's cloathes he had upon him, even to the nicety of specifying colours, etc., (and Kingsburgh and Miss MacDonald being by this time made prisoners) word was sent to Mrs. MacDonald and her daughter to throw all the female dress into the flames to prevent any discovery in case of a search.' When the rags were a destroying the daughter insisted upon preserving the gown (which was stamped linen with a purple sprig), saying that 'They might easily keep it safe, and give out that it belonged to one of the family.' The gown was accordingly preserved, and Kingsburgh and his lady promised to send a swatch of it to Mr. Stewart Carmichael at Bonnyhaugh as a pattern to stamp other gowns from.

Kingsburgh rose from his seat, and coming about to one of [*fol.* 153.] the company whispered in his ear, 'Sir, since you seem to know a good deal of these affairs, pray will you inform me what you know of Barrisdales case?'⁷¹ 'What do you think of that point?' It was answered, 'It is certain enough that Barrisdale entred into terms with the Duke of Cumberland, that he received

⁷¹ For some interesting particulars about the MacDonalds of Barrisdale, see the *Scottish Antiquary*, vol. viii. p. 163, and vol. ix. p. 30.

a protection for a certain limited time, and that he touched money; but whether or not he was sincere in the design of seizing the Prince, or if he intended to make use of these stratagems for consulting the safety and preservation of the Prince, was what that person could not pretend to determine. But one thing was constantly affirmed by all the accounts from abroad that Barrisdale was still in some sort of confinement in France, *i. e.* a prisoner at large.' Kingsburgh shook his head and said, 'I am sorry to hear that he is a prisoner in any shape, for that says ill for him.' When Kingsburgh was seated again this subject happened to be spoken of publicly in the company, and all agreed that they had heard that Barrisdale still continued to be in some sort of confinement in France. Kingsburgh insisted upon its being a very bad sign, and again declared his concern to have such an account of him.

[*fol.* 154.] When some of the company happened to be talking of Major Lockheart's cruelties in the Highlands, particularly that of his having thrust his sword through the body of a child aged four years, in at the belly and out at the back, Kingsburgh's lady said, 'That was no rarity among them, for that several old men, women, and children had been butchered by them in the Highlands.'

Dudwick was exceedingly much delighted with the interview, and said he had never before entertained any notion of that little thing 'Alexis'; but that now it should be *a* favourite of his, as he well knew the veracity of it, and what to say in its behalf.

14 July

N.B.— After a confinement of twelve long months for one night's hospitality, Kingsburgh was at last set at liberty upon Saturday, July 4th, 1747, upon his preferring a petition to the Justiciary Lords, wherein he pled the benefit of the Indemnity. Before transcribing the above conversation into this book I went to Edinburgh upon Tuesday's morning, July 14th, 1747, and read my *prima cura* in the hearing of Dudwick, in order to know of him if I had been exact enough. He told me it was very right, and exactly written according to the terms of the conversation. That day Kingsburgh and his lady had left Edinburgh, so that I could not have the opportunity of reading it over in their hearing.
Robert Forbes, A.M.

Journal by Mr. John Cameron, Presbyterian Preacher and Chaplain at Fort-William

1746 1 Feb.

[*fol.* 155.] The retreat from Stirling was made with the utmost hurry and confusion. The evening before, Mr. O'Sullivan wrote from Bannockburn to Lord John Drummond ordering him to leave Stirling and cross the Forth by break of day, which order his lordship obeyed, and by 5 in the morning marched. This surprized the Highlanders, to whose officers it appears these orders were not communicate, and made them believe the enemy was near them, which occasioned such an universal consternation that they went from Stirling as every one was ready, and left most of their baggage, all the cloaths they brought from Glasgow, and some of their arms.

Lochiel, who had been wounded at Falkirk, not being able to ride or walk, went in a chaise with Mrs. Murray, and was driving through St. Ninian's when the church blew up. Some of the stones came very near them. The horses startled and threw Mrs. Murray on the street, where she lay speechless till she was taken up by some of the men. Had there been any intention to blow up the church, doubtless Lochiel, one of their principal officers, and the

Secretary's lady had been apprized of it and put on their guard to avoid danger.

When the Prince join'd the body of the army a Council of War was held, in which it was debated whether the army should march in a body to Inverness by Aberdeen or take the Highland road, by which the chiefs could, with the greater ease, get such of their men to rejoin them as had gone home with [*fol.* 156.] plunder after the battle of Falkirk, which would considerably increase their army. The low-country men were of the former opinion, the Highlanders of the latter. It was put to the vote, and the latter carried it by a great majority. However, the Prince was positive for the Aberdeen road, with which Lochiel complied. But Cluny, going out, met Mr. Murray, and told him it was surprizing the Prince should be so positive in a thing contrary to reason and his own interest, especially when a great majority of the Council of War were of another opinion. His expressing himself with a little warmth made Mr. Murray speak to Sir Thomas Sheridan, who went to the Prince and prevailed upon him to agree with what had been the opinion of the Council of War. He marched with the Highlanders the Highland road by Ruthven in Badenoch, to Inverness, where it was resolved to attack Fort Augustus and Fort William. Of either I can give no distinct account, but that the first was taken and the siege of the other deserted.

Earl Cromertie and others were sent to different countries to cover the rising of some and to prevent that of others. This weakened the army, and tho' many joined the day before the

battle of Culloden, a great number did not. Earl of Cromertie, tho' many expresses were sent to order his returning to Inverness, in place of doing as commanded, was surprized and taken prisoner, and these that did join were much fatigued. None had got pay after they left Tay bridge in their march north, and they were straitned in provisions for some days before the battle. Cumberland's army was not opposed in passing the Spey, tho' a considerable force had been sent there⁷² for that end. The Prince was in danger of being taken at MacIntosh's [*fol.* 157.] house, and his safety was chiefly owing to a mistake of Earl of Loudon's men.

14 April

On Monday, April 14th, Lochiel in his return from Fort William (from whence he had been called on Cumberland's crossing the Spey) marched through Inverness. His men were mustered at the Bridge-end, and being but two hours in town when informed that Cumberland's army was at Nairn, 12 miles from Inverness, he immediately marched to Culloden, tho' his men and he were much fatigued, having marched from Fort William in little more than two days, being 50 long miles. He arrived in the evening, and then his regiment, with a few of Glengarie's, were ordered to mount guard upon the Prince. They got a few sacks of meal, of which some baked bread. The body of the army lay on the hill above the house.

⁷² Not fact, as Donald Roy, who was there, told me. – F.

15 April

16 April

Next morning the whole army was drawn up in order of battle a little nearer Nairn than where the battle was fought, much in the same order as on the day following. In this situation they continued all day without meat or drink, only a biscuet to each man at 12 o'clock. About 7 at night they encamped on a dry hill without tents, being cold and hungry. Great numbers being dispersed through the country, many of them did not return. That night, betwixt 8 and 9, orders were given for their marching, with an intention to surprize the enemy in their camp. The word was King James. The attack was to be made with sword and pistol. They marched in one column, by which the rear was near a mile from the front, each rank [*fol.* 158.] consisting of 33 men only. Many were so much fatigued that they slept on the march. Others to a great number wandered, and by the time they came within three miles of Nairn, a person of distinction,⁷³ observing the state of the army, and fearing all there would be cut off, told Lord George Murray the condition the army was in, and to prevent the loss of so many gallant men wished he would retreat in time. Lord George Murray was of his opinion, but, for reasons he gave him, desired he might inform the Prince of their situation, and bring him orders, which he undertook. But before he could return with the Prince's orders, Lord George Murray, observing day

⁷³ No doubt Lochiel. See ff. 441, 616. – F.

coming on, began to retreat, which occasioned some reflections, and confirmed several in their opinion formerly of him, though, I believe, without any just foundation. We came to Culloden about 9 next morning, being April 16th. The provisions being all spent, the Prince ordered each colonel to send some of their officers to Inverness with money to buy such as could be got, and sent orders to the inhabitants to send provisions to the army, otherwise he would burn the town.

16 April

Before the Prince left Inverness, on certain intelligence that Cumberland had passed the Spey, Major Kennedy went to Mr. John Hay who, in Mr. Murray's absence, officiated as Secretary, and told him that as the enemy was on their march towards them it was more than probable there would be a battle; and as the event was very uncertain, it was prudent to guard against the worst. They might get the better or be defeated. In this situation he wish'd he would propose to the Prince his sending a large quantity of provisions then in Inverness to some distance [*fol.* 159.] that, in case of the worst, scattered troops might join and have wherewithal to subsist them till rejoin'd by such as had not returned from their commands they had been out upon. If this was not done all must disperse, the cause must be given up, and the Prince behov'd to be in danger; for the neighbourhood of that country could not supply the smallest number of men for one week. Mr. Hay said nothing, nor do I believe he ever mentioned it to the Prince. But to return.

The Prince intended to give the army an hearty meal and a day's rest, and to fight next morning. But being inform'd that Cumberland's army was within half a mile, he resolv'd to fight that day. Lord George Murray and the chiefs of the clans, especially Lochiel, were against it. However they complied, though it was their opinion to keep the ground they were on and receive Cumberland, if he attack'd them, which they were still in doubt of. Our army came to the height of the muir before Cumberland came in view. The Prince order'd the men to be immediately form'd in order of battle, but Lord George Murray begged to have a little time to view the ground and observe the motions of the enemy. Cumberland soon appear'd and was forming his men, on which ours began to form by the Prince's orders, who all the while stood with Lochiel and Mr. Sullivan, frequently complaining they were long in forming. A little after they were form'd we observ'd the [fol. 160.] horse and the Argileshire men on the left of the enemy drawing to a distance from the main body and inclining to our right, on which the Athol and Cameron officers were afraid to be flank'd. This made Lochiel send to Lord George Murray, then on the left with the Duke of Perth, to tell him of the danger. Lord George Murray (whom I heard formerly say that the park would be of great service to prevent our being flank'd) on this took a narrower view of it, and sent three gentlemen, viz., Colonel Sullivan, John Roy Stewart, and Ker of Grydan to view it down to the Water of Nairn. At their return they said it was impossible for any horse to

come by that way. The men still believed they might be flanked, and some proposed lining the park wall. The Duke of Perth, who came from the left, was of their opinion. But Lord George Murray, thinking otherwise, ordered Lord Ogilvie's regiment to cover the flank, told there was no danger, and to Lord Ogilvie said, he hoped and doubted not but he would acquit himself as usual.

The Prince, who with a body of horse was in the rear of the French, sent 8 or 10 times to Lord George Murray to begin the attack on the right; but that was not obeyed. He sent Sir John MacDonald to the Duke of Perth, who moved immediately with the left. The right, observing this, without orders from Lord George Murray, followed their example. Lord George behaved himself with great gallantry, lost his horse, his periwig and bonnet, was amongst the last that left the field, had several cutts with broadswords in his coat, and was covered with blood and dirt.

[*fol.* 161.] The Prince was in the heat of the action, had one of his grooms killed close by him, the horse he rode on killed by a musket bullet⁷⁴ which struck him within an inch of the Prince's leg. Some of the Camerons on the right gave way, being flanked, as they expected, from the park wall, which the Argyleshire men had broke down. Lochiel endeavoured to rally them but could not. On which under the greatest concern he returned to the action and was wounded by a flank shot.

⁷⁴ Not true. See ff. 1161, 1162. – F.

Thus did some of his men desert their chief and the cause they fought for, who at the battle of Gladesmuir and Falkirk behaved with so much intrepidity and courage. I more than once heard Major Kennedy tell that after the Highlanders were broke and the French engaged, he went to the Prince and told him they could not hold it long, that some dragoons had gone from the right and left of the enemy probably to surround the hill and prevent his escape, and begged he would retire. In this request he was joined by others. The Prince complied with great reluctance, retired in good order and in no hurry.

As the action was near over, as has been told, Lochiel was wounded in both his legs. He was carried out of the field by four of his men who brought him to a little barn. As they were taking off his cloaths to disguise him the barn was surrounded by a party of dragoons, but as they were entring [*fol.* 162.] the barn they were called off, which prevented his being taken. The dragoons were no sooner out of sight but his four men carried him out, put him on a horse, and brought him to Clunie's house in Badenoch, where he continued till next morning, and then went to Lochabar. When he left the barn he dismiss two of the four men, the other two supported him on the horse.

At a meeting held at Murlagan, near the head of Loch Arkaig (present Lord Lovat, Lochiel, Mr. Murray, Major Kennedy, Glenbuicket, Colonel John Roy Stewart, Clanranald, Barrisdale, Lochgarie, Mr. Alexander MacLeod, Sir Stewart Threpland, Keppoch's nephew, and Barrisdale's son), it was agreed that

they, viz., Lochiel, Lochgary, Clanranald, and Barrisdale, should assemble their men at Glenmallie and cross Lochie, where Clunie and Keppoch's men should join them. Lochiel got a body of 3 or 400 men, Barrisdale and Lochgerrie came with about 150 men each; but so soon as Lochgerrie got pay for his men, he went away, promising to return in a few days and at the same time to observe the Earl of Loudon's motions. But neither of these was done, for the Earl marched thro' Glengarry and had taken Lochiel but for some of his scouts as shall be told. Barrisdale, before Lord Loudon came to Achnecarie, told Lochiel he would go and bring more men, and left his son with a few. Early in the morning a body of men appear'd marching over a hill, whom Lochiel believed to be Barrisdale's men; but he was soon undeceived by some out-scouts he had placed at proper distances who told him these men were certainly Loudon's, for they saw red crosses in their bonnets. On this Lochiel dispersed [*fol.* 163.] his men and crossed the loch in a boat which he kept to prevent his being surprized. It prov'd as he had been told, and he owed his escape more to the red crosses than Barrisdale's honesty.

Lord Lovat and others took different routes. Mr. Murray continued with Lochiel till they came to Lochleven near Glencoe, and after being there some time Mr. Murray went from thence to Glenlion. Sir David Murray, Dr. Cameron, and I went with him. We continued there 12 or 14 days. From that we went to Glenochie, where he (Murray) was taken very ill. He desired we should return. Sir David Murray went south, and we to Lochiel.

He bid us tell him that he would continue about Glenlioni till he recovered, and if he could not in safety get south to provide a ship he would return to him. But we were soon informed that in 2 or 3 days after we parted from him he went south. Captain MacNab went with him to the Braes of Balquidder, and provided him in an horse and cloaths. I return to the battle.

As to the left of our army I can give no particular account but that the officers, nobility and gentry, behaved with great gallantry, in which all there did agree. The Duke of Athol had been ill at the time the Prince was at Inverness, and so was not in the action, but before Cumberland came there he left it. I was told by one that was with him that a little after the battle he met with John Hay and enquired what was become of the Prince. To which he replied he was gone off and desired none to follow him. On which the Duke took the road to Ruthven of Badenoch, where he met severals of the unfortunate, who took different roads for their safety.

The Prince, as I have already told, being prevailed on to [*fol.* 164.] retire after the action, went to Invergarry, Glengary's house; but that gentleman and his lady were not at home. However, he continued there that night without meat, drink, fire or candle except some firr-sticks and a salmon he brought, which he ate with gridiron bannocks. He was made believe his loss was much greater than it was; that Lochiel, Keppoch, and other leading men of the Highlanders were killed, and was advised by Sullivan, O'Neil, and John Hay to dismiss all that were then with him

for greater security of his person, as in that situation he could trust none. Accordingly he dismissed all but the above three; but whether Sir Thomas Sheridan was then with him I have not been inform'd. Many would have followed him after the battle, but were forbid, as the Duke of Athol was.

19 April

From Invergary, where he was but one night, the Prince went by the head of Locharkeig to the west coast, where he embarked for the Island of Uist. How long he continued there at that time I know not. But from thence he went in an open boat to the Lewis in order to get a ship to carry him off. But being in that disappointed he returned to Uist, where he skulked, till he was informed that Major General Campbell, and a body of Argyleshire men and others were come to that island. To avoid them he went to Clanronald's house, continued there no longer than to dress himself in woman's cloaths, and [*fol.* 165.] with Miss MacDonald went in an open boat to the Isle of Sky. In his passage he met with a boat in which were some of the Argyleshire men, who seeing a small boat with two men and two women took no notice of them. On his landing in Sky he sent Miss MacDonald to Lady Margaret MacDonald, Sir Alexander's lady, to tell her of his being there and to know if he would be safe in her house if but for one night, as he was the day following to leave the island. What reception Miss had, or what return was made, I cannot say with any certainty (it being told in so many different ways), but certain it is the Prince went that night to Mr.

MacDonald's of Kingsburgh, where he slept very well, and next day in an open boat left the island with the Laird of Mackinnon and another. He landed in Moidart, went to Angus MacDonald's house in Boradale, returned MacKinnon to Sky, changed his own dress, and sent for Glenaladale of Clanranald's family.

After the battle of Culloden many of the wounded who were not able to leave the field were that and the next day killed upon the spot, and few were made prisoners. Cumberland came to Inverness, where such as had been prisoners were released. The clans who were at the action dispersed, and such as were only coming on their march to join the Prince returned. Earl Cromerty and others were taken prisoners in Sutherland, and sometime after brought to Inverness. The French surrendred prisoners; and different parties were sent to take up the stragglers. After Cumberland had been sometime in Inverness he ordered Earl Loudon with a good body of men to Lochabar to prevent our coming to a body and receive such as would come and deliver up their arms to him. He met with no [*fol.* 166.] opposition, received a great number of arms, and gave protections. When he was encamped at Moy, three miles from Achnacarry (Lochiel's house), where he (Lochiel) had been, and six miles from Fort-William, Monroe of Culcairn was sent by Cumberland with a body of men to Earl Loudon with orders to him to burn Lochiel's house. On receiving these orders he told Culcairn that as he was to march from thence, he (Culcairn) might burn it. To which he answered he had done that already. The Earl, tho' as an officer

he with exactness discharged his duty, yet behav'd with great humanity to the unfortunate, which I believe made Culcairn execute what he had no orders for.

At this time or soon after a line was formed from Inverness to Fort Augustus, from thence to Fort William to prevent the Prince or any others to escape; as also a line was formed from the head of Locharkaig to prevent coming in or going out of Lochabar.

While Cumberland was at Fort Augustus great liberties were taken by some officers sent on different commands, particularly Colonel Cornwallis, Major Lockheart, Monroe of Culcairn, Captain Caroline Scott, and Captain Grant, son to Grant of Knockando and Strathspey. Culcairn, after he had burnt and plundered from Moy to the head of Locharkeig, marched from thence to Kintale. Captain Grant, above mentioned, with about 200 men of Loudon's regiment, marched into Lochabar, stripped men, women, and children without distinction of condition or sex. He burnt Cameron of Cluns's house, took a few cows he had bought after Culcairn had formerly plundered him of all, stript his wife and some others naked as they came into [*fol.* 167.] the world.⁷⁵ Thus was this unfortunate gentleman made partner in the miseries of his wife and children and deprived of all means of subsistence except five milk goats. From thence he marched by the wood of Tervalt to Locharkeig. He told he was going to carry off Barrisdale's cattle who had undertaken to apprehend the Prince, but had deceived them; which was owing more to its

⁷⁵ See f. 1685.

not being in his power than want of inclination. He burnt and plunder'd as he marched. The day he left Cluns he apprehended one Alexander Cameron, on the side of Locharkeig, who had a gun on his shoulder. This man, tho' he discovered the party at a distance made no attempt to run from them but came and delivered his arms. Being asked how he came not to deliver his arms sooner, he answered he saw these who had submitted to the King's mercy plundered as well as those who did not; that he had gone with his wife and children and cattle to a remote wilderness, which was the reason he had not delivered up his arms before that time. This to any but Captain Grant would have been a sufficient excuse, but so void was he of the least humanity that he ordered him immediately to be tied to a tree and shot dead by the highway in the wood of Muick. This party was joined in Knoidart by Monroe of Culcairn, who commanded 200 men and had been in Kintail. About eight days after, as they were returning with Barrisdale's cattle and some belonging to others, Culcairn was shot from a *[fol.*

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