

A plain, authentick and faithful

NARRATIVE

Of the several

PASSAGES

OF THE

Young CHEVALIER, &c.

From the Battle of *Culloden* to Embarkation for
France:

TAKEN

From the Mouths of the several Persons, who either
gave him Succour, or were, aiding and assisting to
him in his many wonderful and unheard of
Escapes, both by Sea and Land.

Quis talia fando—?

LONDON:

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THOSE whose curiosity may lead them to know the particulars of the late daring attempt in Scotland; its author's first escape at sea^a from the English squadron off Brest; his landing^b with seven friends^c only in the Highlands; the setting up and success of his standard; his march down into the country; his getting possession of the capital; routing General Cope at Preston; becoming master of Scotland; his march into England with an army consisting of between 4000 and 5000 men; his taking Carlisle; his march to Derby and stopping there; His retreat from Derby to Carlisle, and in that retreat giving a repulse to a detachment of the Duke's forces at Clifton; his crossing the Esk and return to Scotland: The reinforcement he then received from the north, and the intire defeat of General Hawley at Falkirk: His

^a From the Lion man of war.

^b About the 26th of July 1745

^c William Marquis of Tullibardine, elder brother of the Duke of Athol; Sir Thomas Sheridan, Late tutor to the P—, Sir John Macdonald; Col. Strickland; Capt. O Sullivan; Mr George Kelly, a clergyman of the church of England, who escaped several years ago out of the Tower of London to which he had been committed in 1723 as concerned in the Bishop of Rochester's plot; and Mr Æneas Macdonald, a banker at Paris, and brother of Kinlochmoidart. The first and last were Scots, and the other five Irish.

farther retreat again from Sterling and the operations in the north till the battle of Culloden inclusive. Whoever, I say, is desirous of being acquainted with the particulars of these important events, need only have recourse to the Scots Magazine, where he will find them fully and distinctly related: So that what the publick seems now greatly to want, for completing the subject, is a genuine account at the P—'s escape in, and out of Scotland, after the memorable battle of Culloden. To supply this want, is the design of the following narrative; and in order to render it as concise and connected as possible, some of the incidental particulars are thrown into the form of notes.

Various causes having paved the way for the rout of the highlanders at Culloden, on the 16th of April 1746, their leader was forced off the field by some Aid-de-camps, particularly Mr Alexander Macleod, by whom he was assured, that nothing now remained for him but to consult his safety.

The P—'s followers were then obliged to bid adieu to their master; who, exchanging his horse, which had been shot through the neck by a musket-ball, retreated with a few chosen friends^d, by Tordarroche^e, Aberardar^f, and Faroline^g, to Gortulaigh^h. Here he found Lord Lovat; who exhorted him most pathetically to keep up his courage, and remember his ancestor Robert the Bruce, who after eleven battles lost, (he said) by winning the twelfth recovered the

^d Sir Thomas Sheridan, Sir David Murray, Mr Alexander Macleod, (the two last Aid-de-camps) Mess. O Sullivan and O Neille, Mr John Hay, one of the Secretaries; Edward Burk, servant to Mr Macleod; a servant of Mr Hay, and one Allan Macdonald.

^e Nine miles from Inverness.

^f Three miles further, in Macintosh's country.

^g Five miles more, in Lovat's.

^h One mile further, the house of Mr Fraser, a steward or factor to Lord Lovat.

kingdom. On the other hand, O Sullivan and O Neille, taking their master aside, begged him to consider the imminent danger, and to listen to no insinuations of another rising.

The P— set forward about ten at night, and reached Invergary about four or five next morning, the 17th. Tho' this castle was not yet burnt, nor its ownerⁱ made prisoner; yet the family being absent, it could afford no entertainment. Edward Burk, however, by break of day caught two salmons, which furnished an ample repast. A little wine had been provided for the P—'s use; but this, nor any other good would he ever share in preference to the sharers of his fortune. And now his few attendants are judged too many. He is obliged to part with his dear friends, who retire to Arnaby, retaining only O Sullivan, Allan Macdonald, and Edward Burk for a guide. Setting out about two o'clock, having first exchanged cloaths with his guide, the P— reaches Donald Cameron's at Glenpean about nine at night. Here having thrown himself upon a bed in his cloaths, (a custom he ever after continued while in Scotland) he met with refreshing sleep, which had long been a stranger to his eyes. Thus recruited, he pursued next day his progress on foot through most rugged and pathless ways, and over almost inaccessible mountains, to the Glen of Morar, or Kinloch-Morar; thence to Glen-Biasdale, or Boradale, in Arisaig, a country of Clanranald's. Here he rested several days, giving and getting intelligence. Mean time he is rejoined by Capt. O Neille, who acquaints him from Sir Thomas Sheridan, that all hopes are lost of reassembling his men, and that he has now nothing left but to get out of the country. To effect this, the highlanders advised his stay on the continent; but O Sullivan and others more effectually urged his moving to the western isles, where he might find more easily a ship to carry him abroad.

Three several messengers reach Donald Macleod in one day, with a summons to attend the P— at

ⁱ Mr Macdonald of Glengary, long a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle.

Boradale. Donald needed not a second command. As he hasted through a wood, April 20, or 21. he met the P— alone; who boldly accosted him in these terms. “Are you Donald Macleod of Gualtergil?”^j—“Yes,” answered Donald.—“I am your Prince (resumed the P—). You see my distress: I therefore throw myself into your bosom; do with me what you like.” Donald said he was old, and feared he could be of little service; but that he was willing to do what he could. “As you are a good pilot, (said the P—) I desire you may conduct me through the islands to some safer place than this.” Donald readily undertook the hazardous task, and quickly procured an eight-oared boat; wherein they embarked about twilight in the evening of the 26th, at Lochnannuagh in Boradale, being the place where the P— first landed on the continent of Scotland. The boat contained, besides the P—, O Neille, O Sullivan, Allan Macdonald, Donald Macleod the pilot, between whose knees the P— took his place, and Edward Burk, which last officiated as one of the boatmen. They rowed not far, till overtaken by a violent storm of wind and rain, not unforeseen by the sagacious Donald. When destitute of pump, of compass, and of light, they reeled at their wits end, the author of the perilous voyage would sometimes express his reliance on providence, and at other times would cheer their sinking spirits with a highland song. The returning light dispelled their fears with the tempest, and discovered to them Rossinish^k, where they landed safely. Here also the P— was the first to bear a hand at making a fire, and did every thing possible to revive his half-perished crew. The seeming danger had been their safety, and prevented the enemy’s pursuit; which was turned on

^j A place in the isle of Sky.

^k A point or promontory in the N. E. part of Benbecula an island five miles long from E. to W. and three broad from N. to S. belonging to Clanranald, lying between the islands of N, and S. Uist.

the contrary towards St Kilda^l, the remotest of the western islands of Scotland.

After being weather-bound in Benbecula two days and two nights, the P— sets sail on the 29th, with his attendants, for Stornway, the chief port of the Lewis^m. But, overtaken by another storm, they are fain to put into Scalpay, or Glass, where they land next morning before day; and passing for ship-wrecked merchants, are hospitably entertained by Donald Campbellⁿ. On the 1st of May, Donald Macleod procuring a boat of his friend Campbell, was dispatched to Stornway to freight a vessel for the Orkneys. In two days he sent notice that a ship was ready. The P— immediately put to sea, and landed on the 4th at Loch Sheffort^o; from whence, with O Sullivan, O Neille, and his guide, he set out on foot for Stornway. They travelled, or rather wandered, through the hills all night, and on the 5th at noon arrived wet and weary at the point of Arynish, only sixteen miles from where they landed, and about half a mile S. E. of Stornway. From hence the P— sent for Donald; who brought them immediate refreshments, and conducted them to Lady Kildun's (a

^l Gen. Campbell being dispatched thither, inquired what was become of the young pretender. The inhabitants, who have little other commerce with the world than by paying their rent once a year in solan geese feathers, answered, they had never heard of such a person. There was a rumour, they said, that their Laird (Macleod) had been at war with some great King, and had got the better; which was all they knew of the world's transactions.

^m The northmost of the western isles, which is about fourteen leagues N. of Benbecula, and belongs to Seafort.

ⁿ Tacksman or farmer of the island, which belongs to the Laird of Macleod.

^o Here Allan Macdonald took his leave, and went for S. Uist.

Mackenzie) at Arynish, there to wait till every thing should be ready for an imbarcation.

Donald returning to Stornway, was not a little surprised to find the men up in arms, and an imbargo laid on all the shipping. His servant had got drunk, and blabbed for whom the ship was hired; but had insinuated withal, that the P— was in a condition to make the ship good by foul means, if he could not by fair. This intimation was confirmed by a chain of alarms communicated from a Minister in S. Uist, to his father in the Harris, and thence to another Minister in the Lewis. Donald assured the people they had nothing to fear from the P—'s numbers, any more than the P— from theirs. Finding it impossible to get the promised ship, he used every endeavour of love and of money to procure a pilot: but in vain. The people of Stornway would risk nothing for the P—'s safety; but begged he would depart for theirs. The P— therefore, on the 6th, bid adieu to the hospitable Lady Kildun; who furnished him with every refreshment she could. It was first proposed to sail for the Orkneys in the boat they had; but this the crew, now but two in number, not daring to attempt, a resolution was taken to steer southward along the coast in hopes of better success elsewhere. But they were soon driven upon a desert island, called Euirn, or Iffurt^p; where however they spied some fishermen. These taking the P—'s company for a press-gang, fled away as fast as possible, leaving fish and all behind them. The P— finding a good dinner where he had little expected it, was going to leave money in its place, till he better considered that this justice might raise a dangerous curiosity. In this island they subsisted some days upon the fish they found curing, or the shell-fish that presented themselves at low water, joined to some necessaries the Lady Kildun had afforded them. Thus their entertainment was better than their accommodation. They lodged indeed within the walls of a ruinous hut; but lay upon the bed of

^p About half a mile long, and as much broad, lying twelve miles from Stornway, and a little to the north of Scalpay.

nature, under the extended canopy of a sail. The weather growing more favourable in the morning of the 10th, they embarked for the Harris, and touched at the hospitable farmer's in Scalpay; where they offered money in vain to some men for a better boat. They proceeded therefore in their own, till chased by an English man of war. The P— seeing the enemy within two musket-shot, orders his men to pull away. "If we escape this danger, (says he) my lads, you shall have a handsome reward; if not, I'll be sunk rather than taken." The large ship, after a vain pursuit of three leagues, found itself becalmed: while the light little skiff soon skimmed out of sight, and got in among the rocks at the point of Roudil in the Harris^q. Then, keeping close to shore, it sailed to Lochmaddy, and thence to Lockniskiway in Benbecula. In this loch they landed upon the isle of Loch-Seibert, about four after noon of the 11th. Here, it being low water, the P— assisted a boatman to fill a cog with partans; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Donald Macleod, would carry it as his share of the baggage. They trudged on for two miles, without seeing the least appearance of a house. At length, however, they lighted on a hut; into which the P— was fain to creep on all fours. Edward Burk was therefore employed to heighten the door, by sinking the threshold. In this humble habitation the P— was waited on by Clanranald and his Lady; who promised him all the service in their power, and made their promises good. After some days stay here, it was judged expedient for the P— to retire sixteen miles further into the country, as far as the mountain of Curradale, or Coradale, in S. Uist; whither he was conducted by Ranald Macdonald, on the 16th. Donald Macleod had been sent off to the continent, with letters to Lochiel and to Murray, to get the best intelligence he could about all friends, and to bring back money and brandy.

Donald met with Lochiel and Murray at the head of Loch-Arkaig; but got no money from Murray, who said he had none to spare, having only sixty louis-

^q An island belonging to Macleod.

d'ors for himself. Having however received the returns of his dispatches, and purchased with difficulty two ankers of brandy, at a guinea each, Donald returned to the P— at Coradale, after the absence of eighteen days; and rejoiced to find his master in a better pavilion than that he had left him in, tho' perhaps its superior excellence consisted greatly in its portable platform of two cows hides, supported by four moveable pillars of wood. The P—, after a stay of near a month in this retreat, during which time he had diverted his anxieties and subsisted his company by the successive exercises of hunting, fowling and fishing, began to think of shifting the scene of his wanderings, upon receiving intelligence that some militia were landed on Eriska^r in quest of him. On the 14th of June, therefore, the P—, O Neille, O Sullivan, Edward Burk, and Donald the pilot, sailed from Glen-Coradale, and landed at Ouia or Fovaya^s; where they lay four nights, entertained as well as the island could afford, by Ranald Macdonald, who happened to be there grazing his cattle. From hence the P— set out on the 18th for Rossinish; where the militia-boats cruising around, made him fain to steer his course back to Glen-Coradale. But forced by a storm into Uishness point, (about two miles and a half farther north) in the cleft of a rock called *Achkirside-allich*, he was glad to take shelter from the winds and the waves. Committing himself however again to their mercy, he safely arrived at Celiestiella, in S. Uist; from whence to Loch Boisdale he moved backwards and forwards some days, according to the appearance and motions of his various enemies.

And now the P—, receiving intelligence, that Capt. Caroline Scot was landed at Kilbride, within less than two miles of him, was reduced to the hard necessity of parting from all the rest of his few attendants, except O Neille; with which vigorous, as

^r An island between Barra and S Uist, about three miles long and one broad, being the first British ground the P— landed on.

^s A small island between S. Uist and Benbecula.

well as faithful companion, he betakes himself now, like a roe, to the mountains^t.

^t The P— dismissed not his friends without hopes of another meeting; which however poor Donald could never enjoy. Immediately abandoned by all the boatmen but one, he was fain to sink the boat, and to shift as he could for himself. This he did till the 5th of July, that he was taken by Allan Mackdonald of Knock in Sky, a Lieutenant, who made two others also prisoners along with him. These three, after being carried some time from place to place, and at last to Applecross bay opposite to the isle of Sky, were there put on board the Furnace, Capt. Ferguson. Donald Macleod was immediately called into the cabin to Gen. Campbell, who examined him very circumstantially.—The General asked him, “If he had been along with the young pretender?”—“Yes, (answered Donald, I winna deny it.”—“Do you know (said the General what money was upon that Gentleman’s head? No less than 30,000*l.* Sterling; which would have made you and your family happy for ever.”—“What then? (replied Donald) what tho’ I had gotten it? I could not have enjoyed it two days; conscience would have gotten the better of me: and altho’ I could have had all England and Scotland for my pains, I would not have allowed a hair of his head to be touched, if I could have hindered it; since he threw himself under my care.”—The General said, he could not blame him; and allowed him to withdraw. Donald was conveyed on ship-board to Tilbury fort, and thence to London; where he was at length discharged out of a messenger’s (in whose hands he had been a little time) on the 10th of June 1747; which he declared he would ever after celebrate as the happy day of his deliverance.

As for Edward Burk, after parting from the P—, he went over North-strand to North-Uist, his native country; where he sculked in a hill called *Eval*, near seven weeks; twenty days of which he had no other food than dilse, and lampocks, a shell-fish. For about this time a paper had been read in the kirks, strictly forbidding all persons to give the least sustenance to

The P—— having lain all night on the top of a mountain, gets notice next day, the 18th, that Gen. Campbell is at Bernera^u; and so finds himself surrounded with forces on both the land-sides of him, without any sort of vessel wherein to put to sea. In this perplexity, Capt. O Neille thought of applying to Miss Flora Macdonald^v, who he knew was then at Milton, her brother's house, in S. Uist, whither she had lately come from the isle of Sky for a visit. Though Miss Macdonald is very justly described by an author, who from her own mouth relates her story, yet, as we can boast the same advantage, for that very reason we dare not use the same freedom with a young Lady, whose modesty is equal to her merit, and consequently to her fame. Besides, it is not our design here to paint characters in a pompous shew of words, which are as justly as generally believed to have no meaning, or one that should offend those they are meant to please. Our sole object is genuine narration, and actions will always speak better than words. This young Lady he intreated to come to his master's aid.

any rebel, upon pain of being deprived of it themselves. After various distresses, occasioned chiefly by this order, he at last was obliged to hide himself in a cave of North-Uist; where he was fed by a shoemaker's wife, in the night. At last, having the good fortune not to be excepted in the general act of grace published in June 1747, he was enabled to purchase a chair, which he has ever since carried in Edinburgh.

^u An island about two miles long and one broad, lying between North-Uist and the Harris. It belongs to the Laird of Macleod.

^v This young Lady is daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in the isle of Uist, descended from Clanranald's family. Her father died when she was but one year old, leaving her an only brother. Her mother afterwards married Hugh Macdonald of Armadale in the isle of Sky; and has by him two sons and two daughters This Gentleman is esteemed one of the strongest men of the name of Macdonald.

She objected at first to the Captain's proposal; but upon his demonstrating the necessity of her immediate going to the P—, who could not come to her, she was prevailed with to set out, taking Neil Macechan^w with her as a servant. Being conducted by the Captain to the P—, she concerted what was to be done, and presently planned two schemes; that one failing, (as it did) another might be sure of success.

Pursuant therefore to the latter plan, Miss Flora set out for Clanranald's, June 21. in order to get the things necessary for disguising the P—. In going to cross one of the fords, she and her servant, having no passports, are made prisoners by a party of militia. The Lady desiring to see their officer, was told he would not be there till next morning. She then asked his name; and upon their answering, "Mr Macdonald of Armadale," (her stepfather), she chose rather to stay all night than to answer any of their questions. She was detained therefore in the guard-room till Sunday the 21d, that Mr Macdonald arrived. Miss soon removing her step-father's surprise, desired a passport for herself, her man Macechan, and one Betty Burk, (the character the P— was to assume) whom she begged he would recommend as an excellent spinner, by a letter, to her mother, knowing her great want of such a person.

Having obtained all she desired, Miss proceeded to Clanranald's, where she communicated the design to the Lady; whom she found ready to do all in her power to promote it. Here she spent several days in preparing things, in receiving and returning messages by the trusty O Neille.

The day appointed being come, June 27. Lady Clanranald, Miss Flora, and her man Macechan, were conducted by O Neille to the P—; who, at eight miles distance, waited them with some impatience, and received them with no less courtesy. While supper was preparing, a servant arrived out of breath, with

^w Originally Macdonald, who was educated in France, and was of great use to the P— in his after wanderings.

intelligence that Capt. Ferguson, with an advanced party of the Campbells, was within two miles of them. Upon which they all hurried into the boat to a farther point; where they passed the night undisturbed. Next morning, the 28th, another servant came in all haste for the Lady Clanranald, whom he informed, that Capt. Ferguson had lain all night in her bed. This news required that Lady's immediate taking leave, and return home: where she was scarce arrived, when Capt. Ferguson began to examine her very strictly. "Where have you been?"—"To see a distressed child."—"Where lives the child? How far," &c.—To all which she answered as she thought fit^x.

Lady Clanranald being gone, Miss Flora told the P— — it was time to be moving. The faithful O Neille begged hard to go with them. But to this the young Lady would by no means consent; well judging that this single addition to her charge would endanger them all. Prudence therefore getting the better of affection, the Captain was forced to take leave^y.

^x Tho' the Captain could make nothing of the Lady, she was soon after made prisoner, as well as her husband, his brother, Mr Malcolm Macleod, and Roger Macneal of Barra, as also about the same time John Gordon, eldest son of Glenbucket, for reviewing his father's men, tho' he had been totally deprived of sight six years before. All these were carried severally to London, and committed to the custody of a messenger, till discharged in June 1747.

^y Mr O Neille, upon parting from the P—, met with O Sullivan; and about two days after, a French cutter of 120 men arrived at S. Uist to carry off the P—. Mr O Sullivan went immediately on board; while Mr O Neille set out in quest of the P—, hoping possibly to find him before he should leave the island. But hearing that the P— had sailed two days before, he returned, three hours too late; the cutter having taking the benefit of a fair wind to escape the pursuit of two armed wherries that had been dispatched after it. Mr O Neille was soon after taken, and put on board of a man of war; whence he was conveyed to

The P— now putting on his female attire, they moved towards the water-side; where a boat lay ready. Here they resolved to wait till night should favour their embarkation. They had therefore but just made themselves a fire upon a piece of a rock, as well to dry as to warm themselves, when the approach of four wherries full of armed men obliged them to extinguish it in all haste, and to squat themselves down in the heather or heath; where they lay till the enemy passed.

About eight in the evening, June 28. they embarked, under a serene sky; but had not sailed a league, when the fickle element became tempestuous. The P—, seeing not only his fair guardian apprehensive, but the hardy boatmen themselves express some concern, cheered up their hearts as well as he could, and sung them the *Restoration*. At length Miss Macdonald's fatigue got the better of her fear, and she fell fast asleep in the bottom of the boat. The P— became now guardian in his turn, and assiduously watched over his sleeping conductress. Tho' a calm returned with the morning, the boatmen, having no compass, were at a loss how to steer; when at last they discovered the point of Waternish, in the west corner of Sky. Here they attempted to land; but found the place possessed by a body of forces, who had also three boats or yawls near the shore. From one of these a man fired at the P—'s, to make it bring to: but this soon pulled away out of reach; the ships of war that were in sight, wanting wind to pursue, and the boats wanting oars to improve the calm. The P— soon after (being the morning of the 29th) put into a creek, or clift, to rest and refresh the fatigued rowers. But he was quickly obliged to put off again, for fear of a surprise from the alarmed village.

At length the P— landed safe at Kilbride in Trotternish, about twelve miles N. from the above mentioned point, and just at the foot of the garden of

Edinburgh Castle; and having there been confined some time, he was at length sent abroad according to the cartel, as being a French officer.

Mougestot. Miss Flora, leaving the P— at the boat, set out immediately with her servant for Mougestot, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was then elsewhere. But here too she found an officer of militia, in quest of her charge; and had many interrogatories to answer; which the fair traveller did in a manner that gave as little suspicion as satisfaction. But, seizing an opportunity, she acquainted Lady Margaret Macdonald, Sir Alexander's Lady, with the P—'s situation, for which she had prepared her by a preceding message. Her Ladyship, at a loss how to act in so critical a conjuncture, sent off directly an express to Donald Roy Macdonald^z requiring his immediate attendance. Her Ladyship applied, in the mean time, to Mr Macdonald of Kingsburgh^{aa}, who happened to be then in the house, and was walking in dote conference with him when Donald arrived. It was then agreed, that the P— should be conducted that night to Portree^{bb} by the way of Kingsburgh; that Donald Roy should ride directly to Portree, and endeavour to find out the old Laird of Rasay, to whose care the P— was to be intrusted; and that Neil Macechan should return immediately to the P— upon the shore, inform him of the scheme concerted for his preservation, and direct him to the back of a certain hill, about a mile distant, where he was to wait Kingsburgh for his conductor. Kingsburgh, taking therefore some wine and other refreshments, set out soon after for the place appointed. He had some difficulty at first to find the P—, who however soon made up to him, very briskly, with a thick short cudgel in his hand, and said, "Are you Mr Macdonald of Kingsburgh?"—"Yes, Sir," answered Kingsburgh.—"All is well then, (replied the P—) come, let us be jogging." Mr Macdonald told the P—, he must first

^z Brother to Balshar in N. Uist. Donald was at a surgeon's house, two miles off, under cure of a wound he had received through his foot at the battle of Culloden.

^{aa} A relation of Sir Alexander's, and his factor.

^{bb} Or King's port, about seven miles from Kingsburgh.

partake of the refreshment he had brought; which the P— accordingly did, the top of a rock serving for a table. This done, they proceeded together; and, in conversing, Kingsburgh told his fellow-traveller, with no less admiration than joy, that he could recollect: no cause, either of business or duty, for his being at Mougestot that day. “I’ll tell you the cause, (said the P—) Providence sent you thither to take care of me.”— But now they are interrupted by some country-people coming from the kirk. Kingsburgh could no way get rid of their conversation, till at last he said, “O! Sirs, cannot you let alone talking of your worldly affairs on the sabbath, and have patience till another day?” The good people took the pious hint, and moved off. Betty Burk and her companion are no sooner rid of these, than overtaken by Miss Flora and her attendant, who had been also joined by some acquaintances. One of these could not forbear making observations upon the long strides of the great tawdry woman that was walking with Kingsburgh; and in wading a rivulet, the P— lifted his petticoats so high, that Neil Macechan called to him, for God’s sake to take care, else he would discover himself. The P— laughed heartily, and thanked him for his kind concern. Miss Flora however prompted her company to mend their pace, alledging that otherwise they would be benighted. She knew that the P— and Kingsburgh were soon to turn out of the common road by a rout it was not proper the people with her should see. The riders therefore soon lost sight of these two on foot; who turned over the hills S. S. E. till they arrived at Kingsburgh’s, about eleven at night on Sunday June 29. having walked seven long miles, in almost constant rain. Miss Macdonald arrived about the same time, having parted from her company by the way.

Lady Kingsburgh, not expecting her husband home, was going to bed, when she was informed, that Kingsburgh was come, with Milton’s daughter, and a great odd-like woman, whom he had also carried into the hall with him. The Lady had scarce got this news, when Kingsburgh entered the room, bid her dress again as fast as possible, get presently some supper, and soon after introduced her to her guests. The P—

, after making a hearty supper, and smoking a pipe, an antidote he had learned against the tooth-ach, went to bed. Lady Kingsburgh then begged of Miss Flora, what she knew of the P—'s adventures. The story concluded, the Lady asked, what has become of the boatmen who brought them over? Upon being told of their return to S. Uist, "That was wrong, (said she) Flora you should have kept them on this side for some time at least, till the P— had got further from his pursuers." Miss told, she had taken an oath of the boatmen at parting. "What signifies that? (replied the Lady) the threats of torture will force a confession." Which happened exactly to the sagacious Lady's conjecture. This hint made Miss Flora the more readily join Kingsburgh next day in advising the P— to lay aside his female dress. Kingsburgh took care to send a message that very night to Donald Roy, acquainting him, that Miss Flora being weary, could not make out Portree, as appointed, but was to sleep all night at Kingsburgh; and desiring Donald to provide a boat against next day to carry her to her mother's in Sky, Miss Flora chusing rather a sail than a journey.

The P— having slept about nine or ten hours, (thrice as long as was usual with him in his wanderings) Miss Macdonald prevailed with Kingsburgh to wake him, for fear of a pursuit. Kingsburgh then asked the P—, how he had rested? "Never better in my life, (said the P—) 'tis long since I slept in a bed before." Kingsburgh then begged leave to tell the P—, it was high time to be preparing for another march; that tho' it would be proper for him to go away in the dress he came in, "Yet, (says he) Sir, as you are a very bad *pretender*, and the rumour of your disguise may have taken air, I think it adviseable for you to reassume your proper dress; and, if you will stop at the entrance of the wood on yonder hill, I shall take care to bring you thither every thing necessary for that purpose." The P— thanked his good landlord, and approved the proposal. While the P— was dressing, Kingsburgh used the freedom to ask him, if he suspected treachery in Lord George Murray. To which the P—, answered, he did not. When the P— had dressed himself as well as he could, the

Ladies were called in to pin his gown and cap. Upon Lady Kingsburgh's signifying a desire to have a lock of his hair, the P— laid his head in Miss Flora's lap, and bid her cut off a little; of which she gave one half to the Lady, and reserved the other to herself.

The P— having breakfasted, asked a snuff of Lady Kingsburgh; who took that opportunity of prevailing with him to accept of a silver snuff-box. The P— then took leave of his kind landlady, thanking her very courteously for all her civilities. The exchange of dress was performed at the place appointed, and the P— grasped once more the *claymore* instead of the distaff^{cc}. And now the P— had to bid adieu to his faithful Kingsburgh, whom he embraced in his arms, assuring him in the warmest manner, that he would never forget his services. Tears fell from the eyes of both, and some drops of blood from the P—'s nose. Kingsburgh was alarmed at seeing the blood; but the P— told the good man, this was usual with him at parting from dear friends^{dd}.

^{cc} The female attire was deposited in the heart of a bush, and afterwards carried to Kingsburgh's house; where, upon the alarm of a search, it was burnt, except only the gown, which Kingsburgh's daughter insisted on saving, as a precious relick and pattern. It was of a stamped linen, with a purple sprig.

^{dd} About six or eight days after the P— left Sky, Capt., Ferguson followed him in hot pursuit; and from the boatmen at or in their return to S. Uist, having extorted an exact description of the gown and dress the P— had wore, he first went to Sir Alexander Macdonald's; where, after a strict search, hearing only of Miss Flora Macdonald, he thence proceeded in all haste to Kingsburgh; where he examined every person with the utmost exactness, He asked Kingsburgh, where Miss Macdonald, and the person who was with her in woman's cloaths, had lain? Kingsburgh answered, He knew where Miss Flora had lain; but as for servants, he never asked any questions about them. The Captain then asked Lady Kingsburgh, Whether she had laid the young pretender and Miss

Flora in one bed? To which she answered, "Whom you mean by the *young pretender*, I do not pretend to guess; but I can assure you it is not the fashion in Sky to lay the mistress and maid in one bed." "Upon visiting the rooms wherein each had lain, the Captain could not but remark, that the room the supposed maid had possessed was better than that of the mistress.

Kingsburgh was made a prisoner; and by Gen. Campbell's order he went on parole without any guard, to Fort Augustus where he was plundered of everything, thrown into a dungeon, and loaded with irons. When Sir Everard Fawkenner examined him, he put him in mind, how noble an opportunity he had lost of making himself and his family for ever. To which Kingsburgh replied, "Had I gold and silver piled heaps upon heaps to the bulk of yon huge mountain, that mass could not afford me half the satisfaction I find in my own breast from doing what I have done." While Kingsburgh was prisoner at Fort Augustus, an officer of distinction came, and asked him, if he would know the young pretender's head if he saw it? Kingsburgh said, he would know the head very well, if it were on the shoulders.—"But what if the head be not on the shoulders, do you think you should know it in that case?"—In that case, (answered Kingsburgh) I will not pretend to know any thing about it." So no head was brought him.

Kingsburgh was removed hence to Edinburgh castle, under a strong guard of Kingston's light horse. He was at first put into a room with some other Gentlemen, and afterwards removed into one by himself, without being allowed to go over the threshold, or to see any person, except the officer upon guard, the serjeant, and the keeper; which last was appointed to attend him as a servant. And here he was kept till by the act of grace he was set at liberty on the 4th of July 1747; being thus, as an author observes, got a whole year's safe lodging for affording that of one night.

The P—, conducted by Neil Macechan, got safe, tho' very wet, to Portree. Here he had the pleasure of meeting once more his female preserver, as well as Donald Roy Macdonald; who, tho' disappointed in his search after the old Laird of Rasay, had got a boat from that island for the P—'s reception, and three choice friends to attend him, *viz.* John and Murdoch, Macleod of Rasay's eldest and third sons, and one Malcolm Macleod. The two last Gentlemen had been in the P—'s service. The P— would fain have persuaded cripple Donald to accompany him. But Donald had the resolution to resist his importunities, and also to sacrifice his own inclination to the P—'s safety; for his wound did not permit him to move without a horse, which he well judged would have rendered him too conspicuous a companion of the P—'s privacy. To this faithful friend, therefore, as well as his female preserver, the P— was obliged to bid a tender farewell; regretting much that he had not a Macdonald to the last^{ee}.

^{ee} Miss Macdonald, having taken leave of the P—, left Portree immediately, and got safe back to Armadale. She had not been above eight or nine days there, when she was required to attend one Macdonald, whom Macleod of Taliscar had employed to examine her. She set out in obedience to the summons; but had not gone far, till she was seized by a an officer and party of soldiers, who carried her directly on board the *Furnace*, Capt. Ferguson, Gen. Campbell was on board, and commanded that the young Lady should be used with the utmost civility: that she should be allowed a maid-servant, and every accommodation the ship could afford. Miss Flora finding the boatmen had blabbed every thing, was also fain to acknowledge to Gen. Campbell the whole truth.—About three weeks after, the ship being near her mother's, Miss Macdonald was permitted to go ashore with a guard, to take leave of her friends.—The fair prisoner found now another protector in Commodore (now Admiral) Smith; whose ship soon after came into Leith-road. Thence removed from place to place, till November 28, 1746, she was put on board the *Royal Sovereign*, lying at the Nore. After

Early on July 1, the P— and his company arrived at Glam in Rasay, a place six miles from Portree. All the houses in Rasay, to the number of some hundreds, being burnt, the P— lodged two nights in a miserable hut, stretched upon the naked ground, and using a little heath for a pillow; one of the Gentlemen who was at freedom to appear going backwards and forwards, and fetching provisions in a corner of his plaid.

On the 3d of July, the P— and his company sailed for Trotternish in Sky, in the same small boat, which could not contain above six or seven persons. Soon after the wind rising very high, the crew were for putting back to Glam; but this the P— opposed, and animated them to push on by a merry highland song. About eleven at night they landed at a place in Sky, called *Nicholson's great rock*, near Scorobreck, in Trotternish, about ten miles distant from Glam. They had a steep rock to clamber up, but got at length to a byre or cow-house belonging to one Mr. Nicholson, about two miles from Scorobreck. Here the P— took up his head-quarters; and soon after, starting from sleep that had seized him, he cried, *Ah! poor England! poor England!*

The P— being extremely desirous to have one interview more with Donald Roy Macdonald, dispatched young Rasay from the byre, to find him out if possible. Which Rasay did; but poor Donald's wound being still open, he could not arrive in time to see the P—; who having waited him in vain, till seven in the morning of the 4th, appointed Murdoch Macleod to meet him at Camistinnawagg, another place in the same island; and set out upon a new progress, attended only by Malcolm Macleod, whose servant he was now to appear. The better to support this character, the P— would needs carry the baggage, which consisted of two shirts, one pair of

five months imprisonment on ship-board, she was transported to London; where she was confined in a messenger's house till July 1747; and then discharged, without being asked a question.

stockings, one pair of brogues, a bottle of brandy, some mouldy scraps of bread and cheese, and a stone bottle of water which held three English pints. After walking a good way, the P— forced his companions to take the only remaining dram in the bottle, declaring he wanted none himself; and observing his own waistcoat too fine for a servant, exchanged it with that of his supposed master. As they approached near Strath, in Macinnon's country, the Captain suggested to the P—, that he now run a great risk of being known, Macinnon's men having been out in his service. The P— therefore putting his wig into his pocket, tied a dirty handkerchief about his head and pulled his bonnet over it. This was no sooner done than they were actually met by two or three of the Macinnons; who, presently knowing their late master, burst into tears. Malcolm begged them to compose themselves; and, swearing them to secrecy, dismissed them. At length the P— and his companion, after a stretch of twenty four highland miles, through the worst roads in Scotland, arrived at the house of John Macinnon, his companion's brother-in-law; who not being at home, Malcolm introduced the P— to his sister, as one Lewis Caw, who passed for his servant. After having got some refreshment, of which they stood in great need, the washing of the stranger's feet was no less necessary; for the P— had slumped to the middle in a bog, whence Malcolm had had difficulty to pull him out; and thus doubly refreshed, they took a few hours rest.

The Captain hearing his brother-in-law was coming, went out to meet him and told him the P— was in his house. John hastened to welcome his guest; and was immediately dispatched to hire a boat for the continent. John applied to the old Laird of Macinnon, who undertook immediately to bring his boat. Upon John's return. Malcolm told the P—, that as he needed no other guide than the old Gentleman, it would be proper for himself to return, lest his absence should raise a suspicion in the military folks, with whom he had secured himself by a surrender. The P— could not think of parting with Malcolm; but he at last consented. Mean time Macinnon arrived, with his Lady, who had brought in the boat what wine and

other provisions they were able to furnish. They all dined together in a cave, and the P— was just about to step into the boat, when he turned suddenly to Malcolm, and said, “Don’t you remember I promised to meet Donald Roy Macdonald and Murdoch Macleod at Cammistinnawag?”—“No matter (said the Captain); I’ll make your apology.”—“That’s not enough, (replied the P—) Have you pen, ink, and paper about you? I’ll write then a line or two. I’m obliged in good manners to do so.” Malcolm having supplied his demands, the P— wrote the following words.

“God be thanked, I have got off as I intended. Remember me to all friends; and thank them for the trouble they have taken. I am your most humble servant,

Ellagol, July 4. 1746.

JAMES THOMSON.”

This letter the P— desired the Captain to deliver; and then, at parting, twice embraced him tenderly, made him a present of a silver stock-buckle, forced him to accept of ten guineas, thanked him very warmly for his faithful services, and expressed most feelingly his regret for the loss of such a companion. Having most gratefully taken leave of the Lady Macinnon, as well as of Capt. Macleod^{ff}, the P—, old

^{ff} Capt. Macleod having followed the P— as far as his eye could go, set out on his return home by the way of Kingsburgh; where he related the P—’s late adventures, and failed not to tell the Lady Kingsburgh, that the P— having one day cast his eyes upon her silver snuff-box, had asked him the meaning of its device and inscription; and that he had explained them in such words as these. The device, Sir, of *two grasping hands*, is used in Scotland as an emblem of a sincere and firm friendship; and the inscription *ROB GIB* refers to a common Scots saying, *Rob Gib’s contract, stark love and kindness;* that the P— admired the design, and declared he would endeavour to keep the present as long as he lived.—Capt. Macleod had not been long at home, before he was

Macinnon, and John, Malcolm's brother-in-law, went on board in the evening of the 4th of July.

After a tempestuous voyage, the P—— and his company landed safe next morning about four, on the S. side of Loch-Nevis, near Little Malloch; where they lay three nights in the open fields. The fourth day, old Macinnon and one of the boatmen having gone to seek a cave to lie in, the P——, with John and the other three, took to the boat, and rowed up Loch-Nevis along the coast. As they doubled a point, they were hotly pursued by five men with red crosses on their bonnets, (a badge wore by the highland militia); whose summons to come ashore John had not thought fit to obey: on the contrary, by his words and example, he so animated the three rowers, that they soon outrowed their pursuers, turned another point, and stood in to the shore. The P—— then sprung out of the boat, and, attended by John and another, mounted nimbly to the top of the hill; from whence they beheld the boat with the red crosses returning from their fruitless pursuit.

On this eminence the P—— slept three hours; and then returning down the hill, reembarked, and crossed the loch to a little island about a mile from Scotus's house. They soon after repassed the loch, and landed at Malloch; where having refreshed themselves, and met again with old Macinnon and servant, they set out for Macdonald of Morar's, about seven or eight miles distant. As they passed a shealing, they spied some people coming towards the road. Whereupon the P—— made John fold his plaid for him, and throw it over his shoulder, with his knapsack upon it; tying a handkerchief about his head, the better to disguise himself: and now beheld the P—— once more a servant. After receiving a draught of milk from Archibald Macdonald, grandson to Macdonald of Scotus, they pursued their journey, and came to another shealing belonging to old Scotus, where they

taken prisoner, conveyed into the Thames, and, on the 1st of November 1746, removed to London, where he was detained in a messenger's house till July 1747.

procured a guide to Morar's bothy, or hut, his house having lately been burnt. Morar receiving his guests as well as his situation would permit, conducted them to a cave, where they slept ten hours; during which time he when in quest of young Clanranald. At his return without finding him, the P— resolved to bid farewell to old Macinnon^{gg} and Morar, and in the evening to set out with honest John and a guide for Boradale. Here they arrived before day, found the house burnt, and Boradale himself at a bothy hard by. To this Gentleman's charge John Macinnon committed the P—, saying, "I have done my duty, do you yours."—"I am glad of the opportunity, replied Boradale) and shall not fail to take care of him." He proved accordingly as good as his word^{hh}. From Boradale's hut, the P— sent for Glenaladale, a Macdonald of Clanranald's family y. This Gentleman arrived about the 10th of July, brought the P— intelligence of

^{gg} Old Macinnon was taken at Morar, in his return home. He lay prisoner for some time on ship-board in the Thames, then at Tilbury-fort, and was thence removed to the new goal, Southwark. In 1747 he was removed into the custody of a messenger, and is set at liberty within these few weeks.

^{hh} John escaped at this time, having lain near the boat, and got home under cloud of night on the 11th. Here he no sooner landed, than he was made prisoner at his own shealing in Ellagol, by a party of militia under the command of Lieut. Hope, who used him with great civility. But he was afterwards carried to Kilvory; where he was examined, and two of the rowers who were taken with him. One of these was stripped naked, tied to a tree, and whipped with the cat-o'-nine-tails, till the blood gushed out of both his sides; and John Macinnon was threatened with the like usage, and with irons, if he did not discover where the P— was. He was then put on board the Furnace; where he was civilly used by Gen. Campbell. From that ship he was turned over to the Thomas; which lodged him on board of a transport. He was first put ashore at Tilbury-fort; from whence he was removed to the new goal, and discharged the 3d of July 1747.

Lochiel and other friends, and assured him, that the loss at Culloden and after the battle, was not near so great as O Sullivan and O Neille had told him.

The P— then proposed to go to Lochaber, where he believed Lochiel was. But as all the passes were closely guarded, it was deemed at that time impracticable. For one line was formed from Inverness to Fort-Augustus, and from thence to Fort-William; and another from the head of Loch-Arkaig, to stop all the avenues of Lochaber. The P— continued therefore some days in Glen-Biasdale, or Boradale, till he heard of Gen. Campbell's arrival with 400 men on one side of him, and of Capt. Caroline Scot's with 500 more on the other. There having got some intelligence of the P—, were forming a circle round him, not above two miles distant. In this situation the P— was advised to get, if possible, to the braes of Glenmoriston; to skulk there and in Lovat's country till the passes should be opened. He sent for Donald Cameron of Glenpean to be his guide. That Gentleman came accordingly, and in the night conducted the P— safe through the guards who were in the pass; being obliged to creep upon all fours so close to the tents, that they heard the soldiers talking to one another. As the P— continued his progress to Glenmoriston, attended only by Glenaladale, the latter one day lost his purse, with forty guineas in it. This being their whole joint stock, Glenaladale begged the P— to rest himself behind an adjacent hill, till he should go back and seek it. This the P— opposed: but in vain; his attendant assured him they had not walked far since he had lost it.

The P—, at his post, was meditating on the goodness of providence, in preserving him hitherto amidst the greatest dangers; when, at a distance, he spied a party of soldiers advancing. He immediately hid himself as well as he could; yet so as to see the soldiers pass by not far from him, and then take the very rout he and Glenaladale would have taken had not the purse been lost. The P— eyed them as far as he could; and soon after his friend returned with the purse. As they had joined in regretting their loss, they

now joined in thanks to heaven, and steered their course another way.

They got safe into Glenmoriston about the 15th, but were almost famished, having been forty eight hours without meat, when Glenaladale found out six men, who had been in the P—'s army, and rejoiced to have it in their power to do him further service, which they accordingly did of various kinds. With Glenaladale and these men the P— continued between the braes of Glenmoriston and Glen-Strathferrar, till the guards were removed, and the passes opened. The soldiers and militia soon after, believing the P— to be killed, from the sudden motion of a certain great officer, and the certainty of one at least, if not more being killed for him, began to be less strictly watchful than before; by which means the P— escaped from place to place with less danger.

About the beginning of August, he went with his new retinue into Lochaber, to Achnasual on the side of Loch-Arkaig, two miles from Achnacarie, the seat of Lochiel. They brought no provisions, expecting to be better supplied in this country. But how greatly were they disappointed, when they found it burnt, and all the cattle drove away! In great distress they remained some time; when, at last, one of the Glenmoriston men spied a single hart, which he took aim at, and shot: and this, without bread or salt, afforded present subsistence to the P— and his company. The P— and Lochiel now sent in quest of each other. Lochiel's messenger found the P— in a hut built on purpose, between Achnasual and Loch-Arkaig. He was bare-footed, and a long beard, a dirty shirt, an old black kelt coat, a plaid, and a philibeg, with a pistol and durk by his side; but chearful withal, and in good health. When he was informed of his dear Lochiel's safety, he thrice gave solemn thanks to God.

The P— proposed going immediately to Lochiel; but understanding there was a rumour of his having passed Coiryerg with Lochiel and thirty men, which might probably occasion a search in those parts, he resolved to stay some time longer where he was. Soon after he dispatched Glenaladale to look out for ships

on the west coast; and dismissed the Glenmoriston men, having no further occasion for their service.

In this neighbourhood the P—— continued, moving between three different huts, till about the 10th of August; the sons of Cameron of Cluns, Mr John Cameron, an itinerant preacher stationed at Fort-William, who had joined the P——'s army, and Capt. Macraw of Glengary's regiment, being his chief attendants.

As they were one day in the hut which Cluns had built for his family after his house was burnt, one of that Gentleman's children gave an alarm of the enemy's approach. Mr Cameron awoke the P—— (it being about eight in the morning), and told him that a body of enemies was in sight. The P—— arose very composedly, called for his gun, and having assembled his few friends, he examined all their pieces, which were in pretty good order, and exhorted them to sell their lives as dear as they could: "For my own part, (said he) I have been bred a sportsman, and can charge quick; am a tolerable marksman, and shall be sure of one at least."

He then marched at the head of his handful to a neighbouring hill, that had a commanding prospect of Glenkengie; whence he detached Cluns and Mr Cameron to reconnoitre more closely, resolving that night to go to the top of Mullantagart.

When these two scouts had got to the Strath of Cluns, the women told them, that the party were 200 of Loudon's regiment, under Capt. Grant of Knockando in Strathspey; that they had carried off ten milk-cows, which Cluns had bought after being plundered of his own; that they had found out the hut in the wood of Tervalt; and that they said they were gone to fetch Barrisdale's cattle to the camp. From the braes of Glenkengie the P—— moved to those of Achnacarie, wading through the water of Arkey up to mid-thigh.

In a day or two, Locgary and Dr Cameron brought it as Lochiel's opinion, that the P—— would be safer

where Lochiel was sculking; which was very agreeable news to the P—.

Next night the P— set out with Lochgary, Dr Cameron, Cluns's son Alexander, Mr John Cameron the preacher, and three servants, they travelled in the night, and slept all the day, till they got to Lochiel; who was then among the hills between the braes of Badenoch and Athol. I pretend not to describe the conflict of passions that struggled in the P— and Lochiel at meeting: this is to be felt, not read.

About the middle of September, Mr Cameron was sent southward, to hire a ship to carry them off from the east coast. The ship was accordingly provided, and a messenger dispatched to give the proper notice. But, before his arrival, two friends who had been employed to watch on the west coast, had brought accounts that two French ships waited the P— at Moidart.

The P— set out that very night, but not without sending to all his friends around an offer of the same opportunity. Some arrived in time; several had not the good fortune. The P— reached Moidart Sept. 19. 1746; and, after seeing all his friends into the ships, embarked next day on board the *Bellona* of St Malo's, a Nantes privateer, of 32 carriage and 12 swivel guns, and 340 men, brought thither by Col. Warren of Dillon's regiment, who had gone over to France for that purpose. They immediately set sail for France; where they landed safely at Roscou, near three leagues west of Morlaix, on the 29th of the same month, after a pleasant voyage; tho' narrowly escaping Adm. Lestock's squadron, which was then on the coast of Bretagne.

The *Bellona* was taken, on the 2d of February following, by three men of war, the *Eagle*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Nottingham*. The P—'s expulsion out of France in November 1748, is as well known to the publick, as his progress since has eluded its penetration. Both these being therefore impertinent to the present design, I shall leave it with the candid world to judge, whether prejudice or truth hath dictated the character Malcolm Macleod gave of the P—, "That he is the most cautious man he ever

saw, not to be a coward; and the bravest man, not to be rash;” or that other expressed by Mr Cameron; who says, “The P— possesses all the virtues that form the character of a true hero and of a great prince.”

Now, if, in spite of my endeavours to make facts only speak, the above narrative should seem to authorise such an eulogium, it must be considered, that, in order to render this account as genuine as possible, it has been taken from the mouths of the several persons concerned; who must not only be allowed to know the circumstances best, but also to represent them most favourably for the P—, from the near access they had to his person. But to candour, which can feel for a foe, and distinguish a man from a cause; to those whose zeal is only for truth, and whose curiosity can boast a British freedom, I need make no apology for this humble essay towards doing justice to the uncommon subject.—

I am, &c.

PHILALETHES.

F I N I S .