

PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
SCOTTISH HISTORY SOCIETY

VOLUME XXVI



WARISTON'S DIARY AND OTHER PAPERS

DECEMBER 1896

*This Volume is presented to the members
of the Scottish History Society by
T. and A. Constable
December 1896*

DIARY OF
SIR ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON
LORD WARISTON
1639

THE PRESERVATION OF
THE HONOURS OF SCOTLAND
1651-52

LORD MARS LEGACIES
1722-27

LETTERS CONCERNING HIGHLAND
AFFAIRS IN THE 18TH CENTURY
BY MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN



EDINBURGH

Printed at the University Press by T. and A. CONSTABLE
for the Scottish History Society

1896

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE COUNCIL
OF THE SCOTTISH HISTORY SOCIETY

February 1896

‘The Secretary read a letter ... making offer on behalf of Messrs. T. and A. Constable to print at their own cost, and to present to the Society, in October next, a volume of Miscellanies, in commemoration of the Tenth ‘Anniversary of the Society’s institution. The offer was cordially accepted, and the Chairman was requested to convey to Messrs. Constable the Council’s appreciation of the generous gift.’

T.G.L.

Hon. Sec.

CONTENTS

LETTERS WRITTEN BY MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN CONCERNING HIGHLAND AFFAIRS AND PERSONS CONNECTED WITH THE STUART CAUSE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Edited by J. R. N. MACPHAIL.....	6
---	---

LETTERS WRITTEN BY
MRS. GRANT OF LAGGAN
CONCERNING HIGHLAND AFFAIRS AND
PERSONS CONNECTED WITH THE STUART
CAUSE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Edited by

J. R. N. MACPHAIL

INTRODUCTION

THE writer of the following letters was the only child of Duncan Macvicar and Catharine Mackenzie, his wife, and was born in Glasgow in the year 1755. Her father's family belonged to Craignish in Argyll, while her mother was on the maternal side descended from the Stewarts of Invernahyle. Three years after her birth the 77th Regiment, in which her father held a commission, was ordered to America, where she and her parents remained some ten years. In 1768 they returned to Scotland, and resided in Glasgow till 1773, when Mr. Macvicar was appointed Barrack-master at Fort Augustus, where his daughter lived till her marriage in 1779 to the Rev. James Grant, minister of the parish of Laggan, which lies in the centre of Inverness-shire. Of good Highland blood on both sides, Mrs. Grant had all along been deeply interested in everything that related to her race, and she spared no pains in becoming thoroughly acquainted with the customs, the traditions, and the language of the people among whom she now had her home. Soon after the death of her husband in 1801, Mrs. Grant removed with her family from Laggan to Woodend, near Stirling, and in 1810 she finally settled in Edinburgh, where she died in 1838, at the ripe old age of eighty-three.

In 1803 Mrs. Grant published a volume of poems, the most ambitious of which was entitled 'The Highlanders.' In 1806 this was followed by a selection from the correspondence which she had kept up with her south-country friends from 1773, when her family settled at Fort Augustus. The Highlands of Scotland were at that time an unknown land, and from their matter, as well as from their literary merit, these *Letters from the Mountains* attracted considerable attention, and secured for the writer recognition as an authority of some importance on Highland affairs—a reputation which was enhanced by the appearance in 1811 of her *Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland*.

One of Mrs. Grant's neighbours at Woodend was Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Steuart of Allanton, with whose wife—a Miss Seton of Touch—she was on terms of intimate friendship. A county gentleman of no ordinary attainments, he had the intention of writing 'An historical Review of the different attempts to restore the Stewart family to the throne, from the Revolution in 1688 to the Suppression of the Rebellion in 1745.' To Mrs. Grant, amongst others, he applied for assistance in the collection of materials, and in response to his request the following letters were written. Sir Henry Steuart, however, never succeeded in carrying out his design, and Mrs. Grant's letters, along with the other papers which

he had accumulated, including *The Lyon in Mourning*, passed into the hands of Dr. Robert Chambers, to the courtesy of whose grandson and representative, Mr. C. E. S. Chambers, their publication is now due.

It is indeed rather as embodying what had already become tradition—but tradition of a very rich and special kind—than as authoritative statements of historical facts that the Society has given them a place in this volume. And in spite of many inaccuracies, some of which have been corrected in the notes, the value of such tradition, even for historical purposes, will not be gainsayed. Dr. Chambers himself made use of these letters when writing his well-known history of the Forty-five, and Mr. John Hill Burton also had access to them, as is acknowledged in the preface to his *Life of Lord Lovat*. But they are now published for the first time,

MRS. GRANT'S LETTERS

Melville Place, Janry. 21st, 1808.

DEAR SIR,—I plead guilty to inexcusable delay in fulfilling my promise relative to the anecdotes, but indolence always frames excuses for procrastinating, and that with which I lulled my conscience on this occasion, was that having wrote to Miss Ferguson for Lady Stuart's reminiscences, I thought it would be a species of frugality to wait for their arrival, in case some of her anecdotes should be similar to my own, and so preclude the necessity of my writing such as she had anticipated.

She, however, has not as yet answered my letter. I have therefore confin'd myself to a branch of the subject, on which I imagine myself particularly well inform'd. You may probably think me both minute and diffuse. It may be so, but I am satisfied with being authentic and sure of my ground. Much more and much worse might be said of Lovat, but here is abundance of the dark side of human nature. We shall next bend our attention to a more luminous object while we contemplate

'A brave man struggling with the storms of fate.'

I shall detail the anecdotes I know of Lochiel '*con amore*' and you may expect them very soon. But first I must know how you approve of the manner in which I have executed this part of my task. It is worth your while to look into the late Earl of Orford's reminiscences for the anecdote I refer to.¹ I have seen among Lovat's relations a little pamphlet, published, I suppose, to distribute among his friends, containing an account very plainly and, I doubt not, accurately detailed, of his behaviour and conversation with his friends in the Tower, etc. It contains many interesting and curious particulars.

If you will take the trouble of looking over the notes on the Poem of the Highlanders,² which I think you have, you will find some anecdotes relative to the Prince, but those perhaps are too well known. I think I can recollect many others, but to these perhaps the same objection may lie; but from Ralia I shall expect information both curious and authentic.

Miss Colquhon has obliged me with a detail of the treacherous apprehension of the Marquis of Tullibardine, by the elder and younger Buchanans of Drumakiln. This last, by-the-bye, was married to a daughter of Murray of Polmaise.

¹ See p. 268.

² Vide Introduction.

I am astonish'd, Dear Sir, that in your search for anecdotes of the '45, you should have overlook'd a fertile source in your immediate neighbourhood. I am told Miss Lilly Wilson at Murrays Hall is a perfect magazine of that kind of knowledge, to which she had great access.

Ballacheulish,¹ who you know resided there, had the most extensive memory and the most extensive knowledge on these subjects of any person I ever knew, and he was not more knowing than communicative.

Pray be kind enough to assure Mrs. Mackenzie of my sincerest veneration, and offer my best respects to Mrs. and Miss Stuart. I inclose a line of introduction to Miss Ferguson; but can only say of Ormiston that it is four or five miles from Edr. I am, Dear Sir, with respect and regard, Your obedt. servt.,

ANNE GRANT.

DEAR SIR,—I promise to send you some anecdotes of Lovat and Lochiel, who were certainly the two prime movers of the northern insurrection in '45. This, if my memory does not fail me, is much in my power to do, having liv'd in great intimacy with persons to whom these extraordinary and very opposite characters were very well known.

Willing to perform the most unpleasant part of my task first, I shall begin with Lovat, who might at his outset in life be styl'd a daring and unprincip'l'd adventurer,² and who began his career of wickedness very early in a manner that would have expell'd any other person for ever from society.

Simon Fraser, afterwards Lord Lovat, was born about the year 1665. I do not recollect his first title, but his father³ was a gentleman possess'd of some inconsiderable property in the Aird, the peculiar abode of the Clan Fraser. Tho' not very nearly related to the former Lord⁴ (who left only a daughter) he was, I believe,

¹ John Stewart fifth of Ballachelish, married Margaret, daughter of William Wilson of Murray's Hall, near Stirling. Mrs. Grant's spelling of proper names is preserved throughout.

² He was not in the least an adventurer, but after his father and elder brother, the rightful heir to the title and estates of Lovat, of which the Atholl Murrays unsuccessfully attempted to deprive him. For a succinct account of this whole matter *vide* Lieut.-Col. Fergusson's introduction to *Major Fraser's Manuscript*.

³ Thomas Fraser of Beaufort, third son of the ninth Lord Lovat and granduncle of the eleventh Lord.

⁴ Hugh, eleventh Lord Lovat, by his wife, Amelia Murray, daughter of John, first Marquis of Atholl, left four daughters, of whom the eldest,

the nearest male heir. But not having at that early period learnt to disguise the prominent features of his character, which were cunning and ferocity, his predecessor took a dislike to him, and devis'd the estate to Hugh Fraser,¹ sometime styl'd Lord Lovat, who was either his cousin or nephew (I think the latter) by the female side: this youth was then, I think, a minor studying at some university. Meanwhile Simon Fraser rais'd a number of men who had been accustom'd to follow him in all his dubious enterprises, with the intention of joining Lord Dundee in the '15,² tho' in hopes of securing the inheritance, he had before courted the higher powers then presiding.

I know he was not at Killiecrankie, nor do I think he was engag'd in any instance. If he had any principle of action beyond mere self-love, the exil'd family would certainly be more congenial to his early prejudices. Yet it was generally thought that this loyalty to the unfortunate serv'd merely as a pretext to add to his followers numbers whom his own personal influence could not attach to him. But having them once under his command, that undefinable magic by which he all his life sway'd the minds of those who neither lov'd or esteem'd him, made them follow his desperate fortunes. Indeed, he at this period somewhat resembl'd David when in the cave of Adullam, for 'every one that was discontented, and every one that was in debt' literally resorted to him.

The former Lord Lovat in the meantime died. The succession was consider'd as doubtful, and the doubts in such cases seldom were decided by law. The claimant who had the strongest party in the clan, especially if sanction'd by the will of the deceas'd, was generally acknowledg'd as heir. In this case the good and peaceable members of the clan were all on the side of Hugh,³ in the absence of Simon who headed all the needy and turbulent. Hugh was receiv'd as heir to the late Lord, whose daughter he married, whose Dowager, then residing at Castle Dunie, added all her influence in his favour, and put him in formal possession of the Castle, which he relinquish'd immediately to her use, returning

Amelia, born 1686, married, in 1702, her cousin, Alexander Mackenzie, son of Roderick Mackenzie of Prestonhall. This lady and her husband long pretended right to the title and estates, a claim which continued to be maintained by their son, known as Hugh Fraser of Fraserdale, who only died in 1770.

¹ This is nonsense.

² An obvious mistake.

³ *i.e.* Alexander Mackenzie. The title and estates were claimed by Amelia Fraser on her father's death in 1696.

back to pursue his studies. Simon immediately march'd back to the Aird, resolving to take forcible possession of the estate, where he was so much dreaded that there appear'd none to oppose him, except the Dowager Lady Lovat, who refus'd him entrance to the Castle. This, however, he soon forc'd, and without respect to her age or quality (she was daughter to the Marquis of Tullibardin),¹ reveng'd himself by treating her in presence of his brutal followers in a manner too shocking and cruel for description. She immediately took refuge with her family, who were about to institute a criminal prosecution for this unheard-of outrage; to avoid this he fled to the Court of St. Germain's; being well aware that his life was doubly endanger'd in Britain, as he was liable to a trial for treason on account of levying forces in the name of King James; which might have been hush'd up had not this last exploit exasperated all the Athol family and their connections, and even the public mind against him. His matchless art and assurance stood him in good stead at the Court of St. Germain's, where he represented himself as a sufferer for loyalty, got into great favour, and finally was trusted with secrets of the most momentous import, and sent over the year after as a secret agent to negotiate with the English adherents of the unfortunate monarch.

This mission he the more readily accepted, as important business of his own now demanded his attention at home. Hugh, the rival heir, was by this time dead, and he became undoubted successor to the family honours.² His credit at the Court of St. Germain's was no small recommendation to him among his clan, and many thought highly of his address and abilities. Of these he was now about to exhibit a distinguish'd proof. On his way from France to England³ (1709), where he was coming upon the mission which has been already mention'd, he was seiz'd in a French fishing-boat, with some others, and carried prisoner to London, where he was soon recognis'd in spite of his disguise, and affected ignorance of the English language. For Lovat had a countenance highly expressive of his character, and so mark'd by a peculiar style of homeliness that no one who had ever seen it could forget it.

The Earl of Godolphin was then Prime Minister. With regard to his personal virtues and public wisdom opinions have been much divided; but in respect to his utter dereliction of all moral delicacy in regard to the instruments he employ'd to obtain his political ends, I believe there has not been any difference of opinion. Never

¹ Marquis of Atholl. The Marquisate of Tullibardine was not created till 1703.

² Wholly inaccurate, *vide* p. 255, note 3.

³ Lovat left this country in 1703 and did not return till 1714.

was a stronger proof of this than the present occasion afforded. This caitiff, already steep'd in crimes and treachery, and knowing his life had before been forfeit to the laws of his country, purchas'd a present immunity by discovering, without the least reserve, all the secrets entrusted to him. At the same time that he laid the lives and fortunes of so many others at the mercy of exasperated and powerful enemies, he took good care to give an exaggerated account of his own influence, power, and connections, and of the rank he was now entitled to hold in his own country; representing that the obstructions he met with in asserting his just claim had thrown him thro' desperation into the arms of the opposite faction, but that if his life was spar'd, and his income augmented without adding to the burdens of his people, he would prove a grateful and useful servant to Government, and extinguish in the minds of all his friends those delusive hopes which supported their attachment to the exil'd Prince.

The English in those days were shamefully ignorant of everything relative to the Highlands of Scotland. Montrose's wars had given them some idea of Argyllshire, and a faint view of Breadalbane and Athol; but beyond that, all was to them a formless chaos, and they fear'd the more from not knowing the limits of the object that excited their apprehension. They had now got into their toils one of these monsters they least knew, and most dreaded, a Highland chieftain possessing power and property in the unknown regions of the north, and they were determin'd to derive some lasting advantage from an alliance with depravity so formidable. The sentence passed against him was not rescinded, but merely allowed to lie dormant. He had secretly a pension of three hundred a year settl'd on him, which he regularly receiv'd till the year of his death; and was permitted to return in peace, if not in triumph, to the possession of his inheritance, and of an influence which with these additional means he did not fail to extend considerably.

Meantime Godolphin made a wise and moderate use of the intelligence purchas'd at so high a price. Few if any of the English Jacobites were publicly call'd to account. They possibly ow'd their safety to their numbers, it being rather dangerous to strike at so wide a confederacy. But this artful statesman did not fail to let them know individually that they were in his power, and to watch and distrust them afterwards. This was perhaps the principal reason why the Jacobite interest in England (tho' possessing far more power and property than that in Scotland) lent such feeble aid to the insurgents afterwards.

Lovat, once settled in the abode of his ancestors, did all that a man could possibly do without reforming his life, to efface the memory of the past, and to redeem the good opinion of the

neighbouring chiefs. But being by this time accounted a spy for Government, and distrusted by both parties, he had but partial success. Yet such were his numberless artifices to gain popularity, and his Proteus-like readiness to take every shape that suited the present occasion, that at length he obtain'd a degree of influence that might appear incredible when one considers that his appearance was disgusting and repulsive, his manners (except when he had some deep part to act among his superiors) grossly familiar and meanly cajoling, and that he was not only stain'd with crimes, but well known to possess no one noble or amiable quality, if we except fortitude, which he certainly display'd eminently in the last extremity. Tho' his most valuable possessions and his family seat were in the Aird, the true centre of his power and popularity was in Stratheric, a high-lying wild district between Inverness and Ft. Augustus. There he contriv'd to be really belov'd by the common people, and there he was both popular and patriotic. He very frequently resorted there, and every year spent some time regularly among them; making it his study to secure their affections, he would go easily and unlook'd for into the houses of the petty gentry, dine or stay the night with them, banish reserve by his perpetual good humour and frankness, and by a peculiar strain of jocularly perfectly suited to his audience. He came from any distance to the christening of every gentleman's first son, or the next, if it was to be call'd Simon. He us'd to walk alone on the road, and whenever he met a peasant, examine him with regard to the number of his children and state of his welfare, redress his grievances if such he had, and mingle sound advice with the ludicrous fancies and cunning blandishments which abounded in his ordinary discourse. If he met a boy on the road, he was sure to ask who he belong'd to, tell him of his consequence and felicity in belonging to the invincible Clan Fraser, and if he said his name was Simon, to give him half a crown, at that time no small gift in Stratheric. But the old women of all others were those he was at most pains to win, even in the lowest ranks. He never was unprovided of snuff and flattery, both which he dealt liberally among them: listen'd patiently to their old stories, and told them others of the King of France, King James, etc., by which they were quite captivated, and concluded by entreating that they impress their children with attachment and duty to their Chief, and they would not fail to come to his funeral and assist in the Coronach there.

At Castle Dunie he always kept an open table to which all comers were welcome, for of all his visitors he contriv'd to make some use, from the nobleman, or general, by whose interest he could provide for some of his followers, and by that means strengthen his interest with the rest; to the idle hanger-on, whose

excursions might procure the fish and game, which he was barely suffer'd to eat a part of at his patron's table. Never was there a mixture of society so miscellaneous as was there assembl'd. From an affectation of loyalty to his new masters, Lovat paid great court to the military station'd in the North.¹ Such of the nobility in that quarter as were not in the sunshine receiv'd his advances as from a man who enjoy'd court favour, and he fail'd not to bend to his purposes every new connection he form'd.

In the meantime the greatest profusion appear'd at table, while the meanest parsimony reign'd thro' the household. The servants who attended had little if any wages. Their reward was to be recommended to better service afterwards, and meantime they had no other food allow'd to them but what they carried off on the plates. The consequence was that you durst not quit your knife and fork a moment, your plate was snatch'd if you look'd another way. If you were not very vigilant you might fare as ill amidst abundance, as the Governor of Baratavia; a surly guest, once cut the fingers of one of these Harpies when snatching his favourite morsel away untasted. I have heard a military gentleman who occasionally din'd at Castle Dunie describe those extraordinary repasts. There was a very long table loaded with great variety of dishes, some of the most luxurious, others of the plainest, nay coarsest kind. These were very oddly arrang'd. At the head were all the dainties of the season, well drest, and neatly serv'd in; about the middle appear'd good substantial dishes, roasted mutton, plain pudding, and such like; at the bottom, coarse pieces of beef, sheep's heads, haggies, and other national but inelegant dishes, were serv'd in a slovenly manner in great pewter platters. At the head of the table were plac'd guests of distinction, to whom alone the dainties were offer'd. The middle was occupied by gentlemen of his own tribe who well knew their allotment and were satisfied with the share assign'd to them. At the foot of the table sat hungry retainers, the younger sons of younger brothers, who had at some remote period branch'd out from the family, for which reason he always address'd them by the title of 'Cousin.' This, and a place however low at his table, so flatter'd these hopeless hangers-on, that they were as ready to do Lovat's bidding 'in the earth or in the air,' as the spirits were to obey the commands of Prospero.

The contents of his sideboard were as oddly assorted as those of his table, and sery'd the same purpose. He began: 'My Lord, here is excellent venison, fine turbot, etc., call for any wine you please, there is excellent Claret and Champagne on the sideboard. Pray, now, Dumballoch, or Kilbockie, help yourselves to what is before

¹ Cf. Burt's Letters from the North of Scotland. Letter VIII.

you, these are Port and Lisbon, strong ale and porter, excellent in their kind. Then calling to the other end of the table: 'Pray, dear cousin, help yourself, and my other cousins, to that fine beef and cabbage. There is whisky punch and excellent table beer.'

His conversation, like his table, was varied to suit the character of every guest. The retainers soon retir'd, and Lovat (on whom drink made no impression) found means to unlock every other mind, and keep his own designs impenetrably secret, while the ludicrous and careless air of his discourse help'd to put people off their guard, and searchless cunning and boundless ambition were hid under the mask of careless hilarity.

When he was perfectly establish'd, he form'd an alliance that completely suited his purpose. He married a daughter of the Laird of Grant¹ (about the year '22), thus connecting himself with a family of distinguish'd worth, and with another powerful clan and family by means of her sisters, one of whom was married to Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Scatwell, and the other to Grant of Ballandalloch. To this Lady, whose modest virtues, and pious resignation deserv'd a better fate, he made a harsh and negligent husband. She liv'd but a few years after (died about 1728) her marriage, and left four children. Two sons, one of whom was the well-known General Simon Fraser, the second was a Brigadier in the Portuguese service, and afterwards among his friends in Stratheric;² and two daughters, the eldest of whom was married to Macpherson of Clunie, and the youngest, who died unmarried, was so deeply affected by her father's violent and impenitent death, that she mourn'd incessantly and surviv'd him but a very short time.

After the death of the first Lady Lovat, he married a Miss Campbell,³ who was mother to the present Lovat,⁴ and liv'd to a great age, having surviv'd her Lord above forty years. He went now and then to London, and got somehow introduc'd to the younger branches of the Royal Family, whom even in childhood he strove to win by the grossest flattery.

After the death of the first Lady Lovat, all restraint was thrown off at Castle Dunie. The young ladies, who inherited the modesty

¹ Margaret, daughter of Ludovick Grant of Grant.

² 'Brigadier' was a nickname given to him when a child, and not derived from any military service; *vide Transactions of Gaelic Society of Inverness*, xii. p. 382.

³ Primrose Campbell, daughter of the Hon. John Campbell of Mamore, and sister of the fourth Duke of Argyll.

⁴ Archibald Campbell Fraser, died 1815.

and piety of their mother, could not endure the profane and licentious manners of their father and his retainers, and generally resided at Scatwell, where nothing was to be seen but sanctity and decorum.

Meantime the restless and intriguing spirit of Lovat, unrestrain'd by the sentence that hung over him, was meditating another revolution and laying trains to excite that spirit in others, which he durst not discover himself. He us'd to frequent the fairs at Inverness (from about the year thirty-five to forty when he became infirm) and pay court to the meanest of the people; nay, I have heard my mother-in-law declare, that she saw him once, in the street there, embrace the Laird of Grant's piper.

Meanwhile years came on, and Lovat, long since unwieldy from excessive corpulence, lost the use of his lower limbs, and was carried from place to place in a litter. He had a great easy-chair, too, made for his accommodation, carried after him wherever he went. Yet this man whom few lov'd and none trusted, who was old without being venerable, and infirm without being pitied, and over whose head the axe impended, had still subtlety and address to move the whole North to his purposes, without laying himself open to detection. When the invasion was projected he gave secret orders to his son, then a lad of sixteen, studying at Glasgow College, to rouse the Frasers of Stratherick and join the adventurer¹ whenever he should arrive. Meantime he was sending to the Court of St. James' the strongest professions of loyalty and concern for the approaching danger. He knew it was in vain to tamper with his daughter, Lady Clunie, to influence her husband. That excellent person, tho' a zealous Jacobite, would never persuade him to break his oath and forsake his colours, for he had accepted a Company in the Black Watch² (now the 42d) and of consequence sworn allegiance to the reigning family. Lovat, however, invited two of the principal gentlemen of the Clan to Castle Dunie and so imprest their minds with regard to the probability of success, which was the only objection, that they went home resolv'd to engage their young Chief in this perilous enterprise. The conference was held at Clunie. When the Chief began to waver, his lady urg'd the dishonour and treachery of forsaking the service in which he was engag'd, on which a leading man of the Clan sternly told her, stamping with his foot, that she came there to bring heirs, not counsel. Clunie, in consequence, led out his Clan, and I have told in another place what was the result.³

¹ The Prince.

² His company seems to have been in Loudon's Regiment.

³ 'A Ballad founded on Fact.' Cf. p. 276.

Lovat having secretly set this great machine in motion, and having his emissaries everywhere, carrying on his plans and bringing him intelligence, lay quiet in his Castle, affecting great concern for what was going on, and railing at his son's disobedience and sedition.

When the Chevalier mov'd northward after the disastrous irruption into England, Lovat retir'd up to Stratherick to avoid the appearance of any understanding between him and the Prince. He had no house there, but while he stayed, resided in that of Gortulig his Chamberlain.

I have heard the daughter of this gentleman, who is still living, describe with great naïveté a scene to which she was witness the day on which Culloden was fought. Tho' the probability of success was greatly against the highlanders, they were somehow infatuated with the most sanguine expectations, all but the Prince and his veteran counsellors, who saw too well the enemies' superior advantage. Both at Stratheric and Inverness the adherents of the cause were making the most exulting preparations to receive their victorious Prince after the battle should be decided. The lady I have mention'd was then a girl of ten years old. It was decided that if the Prince conquer'd he should immediately make his way to seize on Fts. Augustus and William, and thus possess himself of the Glenmore which extends from sea to sea, and that he should consult with Lovat on his way.

For two or three days before, preparations were making for the reception of the Prince and his train. To regale them, a very ample cold collation was preparing. All the women in the vicinity were call'd in to bake cakes, and roast meat, poultry, and venison for the occasion. Such was the urgency of the time and the quantity of food dress'd, that every room in the house, even that which Lovat occupied, was us'd for culinary purposes, and fill'd with bread and joints of roasted meat.

On the fatal day of Culloden, the highlanders at first gained some partial advantage, and some one came up express to say that the fortune of the day was in favour of the Prince. The house soon fill'd with people, breathless with anxiety for tidings of their friends who were engag'd. The little girl was consider'd as an encumbrance, and order'd into a closet, where she continued a little while an unwilling prisoner. Below the house was a large marshy plain, in the centre of which was a small lake that in winter overflow'd it, but was now nearly dry. This spot the superstitious believ'd to be a rendezvous of the Fairies. All of a sudden the tumultuous noise that fill'd the house was succeeded by deep silence. The little prisoner, alarm'd at this sudden stillness, ventur'd out and saw no creature in the house, but Lovat sitting

alone in deep thought. Then she ventur'd to the door, and looking down saw above a thousand people in one ghastly crowd in the plain below. Struck with the sudden shifting of the scene and the appearance of this multitude, she thought it was a visionary show of fairies which would immediately disappear. She was soon, however, undeceiv'd by the mournful cries of women who were tearing off their handkerchiefs for bandages to the wounded. In an instant quantities of linen were carried down for the same purpose, and the intended feast was distributed in morsels among the fugitives, who were instantly forc'd to disperse for safety to the caves and mountains of that rugged district. The Prince and a few of his followers came to the house; Lovat express'd attachment to him, but at the same time reproach'd him with great asperity, for declaring his intention to abandon the enterprise entirely. 'Remember' (said he fiercely) 'your great ancestor Robert Bruce, who lost eleven battles and won Scotland by the twelfth.'

The Prince made little answer, but immediately set out for a place of more safety. The first thing set about was to dispose of Lovat's great chair least it should be the means of tracing his flight. (It was loaded with lead and sunk in the lake.) He was then carried off in his litter thro' the night and lodg'd in a cave to the northward of Fort Augustus, where he might have remain'd long enough had he not been betray'd by one of his own adherents.¹ In this extremity the subtlety and craft which had ever mark'd his character were display'd in their full extent. He insisted on carrying his sword with him to this retreat. When the party from Fort Augustus came to seize him there, he affected to mistake them for a detachment from the Rebel forces, started up on his knees, and drew his sword, crying, 'Traitors, you need not hope to bring me to your purpose, I will draw my sword for my lawful sovereign, King George, as long as I live.'

This finesse did not avail, yet when he found himself caught, like an old lion in the toils, he conducted himself in a manner that would have done credit to a worthier character. No complaint or reproach was heard, nor did his wonted good humour forsake him. The Coronach of the old women, on which he always laid such stress, preceded his funeral. For on seeing him carried a prisoner, they rent the air with their howlings. His old Bard follow'd the litter in which he was carried, and begg'd permission of the guard to be allow'd to kiss his hand. He stretch'd it out, and when the Bard perceiv'd it lank and fallen off by what it was formerly, he burst into tears, crying in his own language, 'Alas for the white hand and blue veins of my Master.' Tho' easy and even facetious

¹ Another story is that he was captured on an island in Loch Morar.

with some of his humble friends who follow'd his march, and attended him at the inns where he stopp'd, he did not wish to be exhibited like a wild beast, to use his own words, to the people who surrounded his travelling conveyance. Governor Trapaud, who long fill'd that station at Fort Augustus, was then a Capt. and commanded the party who carried Lovat over Drimochter, being then a lively, bustling young man. He was impatient to see Lovat, who, keeping the curtains of the litter close about him, and being help'd out and in by his friends, long evaded the young officer's curiosity, who, tho' dying to see this singular personage, did not choose to force an intrusion on his privacy, but frequently peep'd into the litter to observe whether he were sleeping, hoping then to have a full view of him. Lovat, perceiving this, affected one day to snore while his friend rode slowly by. The latter, delighted to obtain at length his object, put his head into the litter and bent it over the suppos'd sleeper, who, rising with a sudden jerk, snapp'd at the nose of the terrified Capt., and then seem'd highly amus'd at his consternation, yet deign'd not during the whole journey to exchange a word with him. His behaviour while in the Tower was strongly mark'd with all the leading traits of his character. Even there he was busy, intriguing, fawning, and insolent by turns, and while his usual good humour and coarse jocularities never forsook him for a moment, he left no method untried to defeat or evade the rigours of the law, and to soften the hearts of his enemies. I have seen letters of his address'd to Prince Frederic and the Duke of Cumberland, vulgarly familiar as his usual style was, yet written with an air of simplicity not devoid of pathos, and proofs of a deeper and more refin'd subtlety than the most eloquent and polish'd productions. It was this frank and familiar simplicity that, by throwing others off their guard, had thro' life assisted him to deceive. To the desire of prolonging a life stain'd with dishonour, and which had already extended beyond the common limits of nature, he affected to be superior. All he wish'd was, as he express'd it, 'to end his days in his own country, and to attain what all his life he had most desir'd, the honour of being buried with his brave ancestors, of having all his clan in tears following his funeral, and the *Coronach* of the old women of the country over his grave.'

This same *Coronach* had certainly taken possession of Lovat's imagination in a most forcible manner. In all his petitions and conversations he recurr'd to it, and when the motives for dissimulation were extinguish'd with the hopes of life, still the long anticipated *Coronach* seem'd to ring in his ears, and he earnestly entreated that his corpse might be carried down to be interred in the North, still urging the same motive, and hoping no doubt that

'Their plaintive cries would sooth his hovering Ghost'—Hammond.

There can be no greater proof of the strong tendency the mind has to lean at the last on the posthumous approbation even of our fellow-mortals than the solicitude which even the godless and heartless Lovat show'd to be the subject of praise and lamentation to these abject and ignorant beings. It was one of these strange caprices of human nature which made

'A perjur'd Prince a leaden saint revere,
A godless Regent tremble at a star.'—Pope.

The fancy and humour which this strange personage show'd on the brink of death, the serene dignity with which he submitted to it, and the noble sentiment he quoted from Horace, when the axe was about to fall, are well known to the public. Yet it is not perhaps equally well known that the rancour of revenge display'd itself on that awful occasion. He knew himself to have been betray'd by one whom he had long cherish'd and trusted, and in reference to this person gave out on the scaffold the Psalm expressive of bitter resentment in which David appeal'd to the divine justice to avenge the cruelty of Doeg.

Lovat could not die uniformly great.

The Ministry, who seem'd still to smart from the wounds of the highland claymore, appear'd to consider Lovat as terrible even in death, and dreaded the influence his bones might have on his countrymen should they return to their native soil. To this purpose Horace Walpole in his *Reminiscences* records an anecdote of the Duke of Newcastle's terror and perplexity about the funeral of Lovat, which, told in his ludicrous manner, is highly amusing, and strongly marks the spirit of the times.

Thus liv'd and thus died Simon Lord Lovat, in his eightieth year, always formidable, yet always contemptible, who, had he been sincere and consistent, with the same address and ability might have been despotic among his own connections, might have sway'd the whole North with unbounded influence, and finally, might have liv'd esteem'd and honour'd, and died belov'd and lamented.

He was in a very high degree crafty, rapacious, and treacherous, subtle, cruel, and revengeful, voluptuous and addicted to every the grossest sensual indulgences, yet possessing the most perfect command of temper, and perpetual, easy, ludicrous gaiety, such as Shakespeare ascribes to Falstaff. No man was ever subject to more wounding sarcasms from his fellow chieftains and other associates, which he either bore with calm indifference, or return'd with smooth yet keen irony. But these insults were all treasur'd up in his mind, to be reveng'd on some future occasion.

Lovat's private life, even in advanc'd years, was such as would greatly disgust in description, and is really better consigned to oblivion. In the first Lady Lovat's time he us'd regularly to visit once a year at Castle Grant, and Ballandalloch, on pretence, of indulging her, but in fact to cultivate and strengthen his alliance with these families.

She never complained of him, but had always a drooping and dejected appearance. The lady he afterwards married by his recommendation liv'd with his first wife as a companion. Tho' inferior in understanding and capacity to the first Lady, Miss Campbell much excell'd her in figure and carriage; to which advantage he was at pains to direct the attention of others. At Castle Grant, he us'd to say, 'I am bringing this Lady of mine to Court to mend her carriage; is it not wonderful that she does not learn to make the most of her little person when she sees her companion's fine carriage?'

His second wife, however, had much patience and good nature, which was very severely tried. She rarely ever sat at the head of his table; and I knew a person to whom she us'd to give an account of the manner in which he us'd to feed her. Everything on the table became the prey of the attendants, except untouched birds and pastry. These were laid by in a little room of the *Hall of Hearts* of which Lovat kept the key, and reproduced till they were nearly mouldy, when they were sent up for the Lady; dinners, which if she rejected, he would go up in a rage, draw her about the room by the hair, and treat her in the most cruel manner. He continually taunted his first wife for want of beauty, and equally reproached the second with want of understanding. He seem'd, however, much concern'd at the death of the first Lady, which happen'd after the birth of her youngest daughter Sibylla. He was, however, a kind and indulgent father, and when his daughters as they grew up shew'd a disgust to the profligacy of Castle Dunie, and preferred residing generally with the only aunt they had then living, Lady Mackenzie of Scatwell, he did not resent their leaving him, but rather seem'd pleas'd with the delicacy and good principles which always govern'd their conduct. He always regretted that the first Lady was not sufficiently attended to in the lying-in which prov'd fatal to her. When his daughter, Lady Clunie (who every way much resembl'd her mother), was about to lie-in of her first child, he had the precaution to send for her to Castle Dunie, that she might have the attendance of physicians, if required, more commodiously than in that remote country. He always restraint the coarseness of his witticisms in presence of his daughters, whom he seem'd to regard not only with tenderness, but a degree of respect.

Sybilla, the youngest, possess'd a high degree of sensibility,

which when strongly excited by the misfortunes of her family, exalted her habitual piety into all the fervour of enthusiasm. When Lovat pass'd thro' Badenoch, where she then was with her sister, Lady Clunie, she (Sybilla) follow'd him to Dalwhinny, and there in the most pathetic manner implor'd him with floods of tears and extreme agony to avail himself of the impending stroke by withdrawing his thoughts from all earthly things, and making this danger the happy means of reconciling himself to his Saviour.

Lovat seem'd to consider all this as womanish weakness, and endeavour'd to reassure her spirits by talking lightly of the danger, and setting his enemies in a most ludicrous point of view, while he ridicul'd them with a levity of mind almost incredible in such circumstances. Sybilla departed almost in despair, pray'd night and day, not for his life, but for his soul; and when she heard soon after that he 'died and made no sign,' grief in a short time put an end to her life.

The Brigadier, as Lovat's second son¹ was call'd (I do not remember his name), was, by the Prince's influence, recommended into the Portuguese service, where he staid some years. But, being excessively attached to the country where he was greatly belov'd, he came home to visit his friends, where he became greatly attach'd to a Lady of his own name, and acquir'd rather too great a relish for the convivial mode of living and hospitality frequently carried to excess, which was then too prevalent there. He could not endure to go abroad again, and had too much honour to take the oaths to Government, which would have in that case employ'd him. With much truth, honour, and humanity, he inherited his father's wit and self-possession with a vein of keen satire which he indulg'd in bitter epigrams against the enemies of his family.

Some of these I have seen, and heard songs of his composing, which shew'd no contemptible powers of poetic genius, tho' rude and careless of polish. He sunk into a habit of dissipation, and became hopeless and careless of himself, and died belov'd and regretted by adherents of his party about the year '58, leaving his watch and what little he had to bequeath to the Lady he was attach'd to, who is still alive and unmarried. The last Lady Lovat was doom'd like her Lord to die in extreme old age a violent death. She was poison'd by a very near relation in the 100th year of her age about 16 or 17 years since.²

The estate of Lovat, there being now no male heir of his line

¹ Alexander, died 1762, said by Mackenzie, *History of the Frasers*, p. 435, to have been for some time in the Dutch service. Cf. p. 262, note 1.

² She died 23rd May 1796, *aet.* 86.—*Scots Magazine*.

remaining, will go at the death of the present Lovat to Fraser of Breiagh, a distant relation, who possesses considerable property in Aberdeenshire.¹

It would at this distance of time be as impossible as unprofitable to detail Lovat's tricks and stratagems, exerted in his transactions with his neighbours, whom he invariably cosen'd and over-reach'd. Were Gaelic wit and humour (of all things the most volatile and evanescent) translatable, the good things said by or to Lovat would furnish a little jest-book. He indeed was like Falstaff, not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in other men, and 'all ranks did take a pride to gird at him.'

Benchar, who was very intimate with James Macpherson, the translator of Ossian (who also wrote some historical tracts), used to talk of a life and character of Lovat which he had seen in manuscript written by that author.

By what I remember of his account of this performance, Lovat's life only made part of an intended larger work, which I imagine was never publish'd. I heard, however, of its being shown to some of the Edinburgh *literati*, who observ'd that if his character of Lovat was a just one, his depravity exceeded all parallel. I imagine it was suppress'd in tenderness to his family. I shall be glad to hear that you receive this safely. I ought to have said that the title of the rival candidate for the honours of Lovat in the beginning of last century was Fraserdale.

I shall be glad to hear that this reaches you safely, and much regret that the indistinctness of my recollection, and the inaccuracy of my orthography, will occasion you so much trouble in arranging the facts I send you.

The want of early education is never to be got over even by those whose powers of mind urge them on

'To daring aims, irregularly great;'

far less by a person so prest down by adverse circumstance, and a perpetual crowd of occupations as Your oblig'd obedt. Servant,

ANNE GRANT.

Melville Place, Feb. 1st, 1808.

'DEAR SIR,—I cannot pretend insensibility to approbation such

¹ The Lovat estates when restored to General Simon Fraser were entailed by him. The Frasers of Brea are not included in that entail, and the family which Mrs. Grant plainly had in view was that of Strichen, sprung from the second son of the seventh Lord Lovat, who now enjoy both title and estates.

as yours, but I greatly regret that I was not made sooner sensible of my own *importance* as a narrator of facts, because in that case I should have taken some pains to correct my vicious orthography, which constant hurry and great carelessness have confirmed into habit. I should likewise have distinguished periods, and left a margin had I ever dreamt that I was doing anything more than furnishing materials for you to arrange in their own places, and digest into order in your own language. On looking over these desultory pages, however, I find they have more the air of a connected narrative than I thought. I shall consequently do all that can now be done to render it more distinct. I would not have you rely on Johnson's account of anything relative to the Highlands. A pedantic prejudice unworthy of his great mind, blinded him to all the worth and wisdom that could possibly exist among people unacquainted with the dead languages. Coarse as he was himself, the luxuries and elegancies of life had too great sway over his mind, and of self-denial he did not possess a sufficient share to know its value or assign it the proper rank among the manly virtues. Strangers to classical literature, and to modern elegance, were with him decided savages. He did not do justice to his own great powers, nor was he aware what a noble *savage* he would have been himself tho he had never seen Oxford nor had any light but that of the gospel, which shone even on these remote Isles, where ladies knew not how to make a pudding. Boswell, vain, fantastic, and credulous, often misled him without intending it. The polity of the clans, and the wisdom and humanity that appear'd in many of their customs and regulations, could only be known by a person acquainted with the language and residing among them. Tales of wonder are always told to strangers, and it is in the fury of exasperated passions that the wild and wonderful originates. The ancient state of the Isles (where tales too true were told him) was calculated to cherish a vindictive and sanguinary spirit. Before the Bruce and Baliol contention, which swallow'd up the regulations, the arts, the learning, and the very national spirit, as well as national records of this ancient and comparatively enlightn'd kingdom, all predatory incursions came from the North, and spent their first fury on these Islands. Even in time of peace, they were often attack'd by Norwegian pirates, so often indeed that all their possessions were precarious. And many submitting to those invaders, while others preserved their loyalty. These different parties, exasperated to savage severity at each other, bequeath^ the most rancorous feuds to their successors. The Lord of the Isles, courted by both the kings of Norway and Scotland, became himself a rebel and a pirate, and threw his force into each scale by turns. He even set up for an independent Prince in later times, encourag'd by those long minorities at once bloody and feeble, which

prevented Scotland from ever recovering its primitive importance, and by strengthening the hands of a turbulent aristocracy, render'd the talents and the virtues of her last race of Monarchs of little avail to themselves or their country. This way of telling you what you already know much better than I do, is not meant for your information, but merely to serve for a basis to some details and reflections I mean to trouble you with hereafter. There is nothing in which the ignorance of the learn'd and the folly of the wise appears more in than the absurd and imperfect accounts given of a people who are so well worth knowing more of, were it but for the singularity of being without any defin'd head or pretension to independence, for so many centuries a people by themselves, with manners, customs, and language entirely distinct from those of their rulers. Can anything, for instance, be more contradictory than to see the very same writers, who at one time represent the clans as hordes of ferocious barbarians who blindly rush'd on to pillage and to slaughter at the bidding of their chiefs, without the least moral sense to distinguish good from evil, but merely actuated by passive obedience and love of plunder? To see these writers immediately after record of the same people instances of fidelity, disinterestedness, and true magnanimity that do honour to human nature? Is virtue, 'that self-given, solar ray of pure delight,' a paroxysm, or how were so many people of all ranks at one critical period affected with this paroxysm, who were before strangers to native probity and generous feeling?

To return to Dr. Johnson's anecdote of Lovat, half of it is true. Did you not discover under the decent terms which I made use of what was the nature of the crime perpetrated by Lovat, of which the Dowager Lady Lovat was the object? She was not to this miscreant the object of any passion, but the most rancorous hatred, being a woman advanc'd in years,¹ and in some degree deform'd on the shoulders or back. Her personal disadvantages were balanc'd by worth and understanding, and by the high alliances she brought to her family, for the house of Athol was greatly look'd up to in the north. The motive of this crime and the public mode in which it was perpetrated have no parallel in the history of mankind, but one to which I refer you, 2nd Samuel chap. 16th ver. 22nd. If I do add any more particulars of Lovat's shocking life, I think they will be best inserted as notes, not to break the unity of what has been done. I cannot comprehend how Lovat's letters were dated at Beaufort;² I should suppose it Beaulieu, for so he affected

¹ She was only thirty-four, and that a marriage was actually gone through seems beyond dispute.

² Beaufort near Beaulieu.

to style his residence, which was a very mean tho' defencible building, call'd by the country people Castle Dunie. The spot on which it stood was call'd Lamamonach, or the place where Monks dwelt, a monastery of French Monks, call'd the Abbey of Beaulieu, having stood there. They gave the same name to a beautiful small river which, descending from Strath Glas, pass'd close by this mansion and discharg'd itself into the Firth below Inverness. The Airds is perhaps only a popular term by which the district occupied by the estates of Lovat, Relick, Belladrum, and other old families of the Frasers, is distinguish'd. It is a beautiful and fertile spot, lying immediately below Inverness, on the north side of Kessock ferry. It is bounded on the south by Inverness, on the west by Strath Glas, on the north by Ross-shire, and on the east by the Firth. Airds in the Gaelic means heights, in contradistinction to hills and mountains, and is here applied to a stretch of high yet verdant ground which runs parallel to the sea thro' this district.

Of General Fraser, whom I remember and [whose] character I well knew, I can say little, that is, he differ'd from his father only as a chain'd-up fox does from one at liberty. A slight veil of decorum was thrown over the turpitude of his heart and conduct, and he was a well-bred, shrew'd, plausible man and a good enough soldier. His impudence and craft were not inferior to his father's, tho' less obvious. He was prosecuted in England for seducing, under the most aggravating circumstances, the wife of his friend, Major Santlow from Boston. At the remarkable trial of Alexander Stuart,¹ Acharn, falsely accused of the murder of Glenure in 1752, he pled at the bar (to which he was educated after being out in the '45) for the prosecutor, and was wonder'd at for his assurance in alluding to that circumstance, saying thus, 'On an occasion which I ought to blush to mention,' and then went on with great coolness descanting upon the 'unnatural rebellion' and the crimes thence arising. He was too much a man of sense and of the world to forsake the straight path openly, yet no heart was ever harder or no hand more rapacious than his. One instance shall suffice. When the General's estate was restor'd to him the whole country broke loose into the most rapturous joy at having once more a head to the Clan. Songs and bonfires were made over all the Aird and Stratheric, and he return'd home from his foreign campaigns like a belov'd Prince to his faithful subjects. All this I saw and heard, being then the '74 or thereabouts. In the '76 he rais'd a 2d battalion to his Regt. to go out to America. There was very little time for this, and to fill up this Corps suddenly he promis'd high bounties, which were to be

¹ The reference is obviously to James Stewart (Seumas-a-Glinne), whose misfortunes form the basis of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's *Kidnapped* and its sequel *Catriona*.

paid when they reach'd headquarters at Glasgow, and solemnly assur'd many that they should be dismiss'd after standing the review. The wretch'd creatures were all cheated and deceiv'd, and from their want of letters and the English language could obtain no redress. These poor people were follow'd by numbers of wretched women, who, barefoot and half cloth'd, were invoking the divine vengeance on their perjur'd chief. Mrs. Donaldson, daughter to Colonel Gordon Graham, and married to Major Donaldson of the 42d, was then with her husband at Glasgow. General F. gave a public dinner to the 42d and their ladies in return for one he had receiv'd from them. He call'd on Mrs. Donaldson, and with great politeness escorted her to the Inn where they din'd. She assur'd me she had very near fainted by the way, and was indispos'd for days after, and I have not known a firmer-minded woman, but thus it was. She understood the Gaelic language—a circumstance of which the General was not aware. While she leant on his arm as they proceeded along they were follow'd by the wretch'd wives and mothers of these men whom he had betray'd into the service and cheated of their bounty. These, perishing with hunger and cold, pour'd forth 'Curses both loud and deep' in their native tongue with all the emphasis of rage and anguish, praying that he would never see heaven, etc. All this he heard with an unmov'd countenance, thinking she did not understand it, and talk'd to her the whole time in the gallant and disenga'd manner. Meanwhile the clothing of his Regt. was so poor in quality and so scrimp in make that the poor men were starving. Now this man was suddenly enrich'd, was old, and had no family; moreover, he despis'd his heir, the present Lovat, and had he treated his people with common justice they would adore him. Yet I speak much within the truth. I would not wish to be known to say this on account of his widow,¹ to whom I was oblig'd for civilities when last in London, as well as to the Lyttleton family. Lady Lyttleton is her sister. I will endeavour to recollect dates by circumstances, but the persons to whom I was most indebted for intelligence dated one thing by another, and never mentioned the year of the Lord. Immediately after the poem of the 'Highlanders'² you will find one call'd 'A Ballad founded on fact.' This fact is the burning Clunie's Castle, and in the notes at the end you will find a sketch of that transaction, to which I will, if you wish it, add many curious particulars. Lovat was eighty years old when he suffer'd. In the succession of this family it has pleas'd providence to

'Change nature's law and curse his race with fools,'

¹ He died 1782, having married Catherine, second daughter of John Bristowe of Quiddenham Hall, Norfolk.

² *Vide* Introduction.

but these are now extinct, and the estate goes to a distant branch. I am in haste after all this prolixity, Dr. Sir, yours respectfully,

ANNE GRANT.

I have sent to Dr. Gleg, and write to Inverness tonight for the pamphlet of the Tower transactions. I shall observe your directions punctually.

Lochiel will be soon forth coming, but I must not be heard of as an anecdote-monger on this occasion.

Melville Place, Febry. 3d, 1808.

DEAR SIR,—How shall I excuse myself for breaking thro' both your injunctions and my own resolutions with regard to the accuracy and distinctness necessary to make what I say intelligible? You would pity me if you knew how extremely nervous the occurrences of the last year have render'd me. A large family in a small house create so many interruptions that it is impossible to write with composure. When I saw you I hop'd to have been able to spend two or three weeks at Jordanhill, where I could have my mornings to myself and perform the little task you set me in quiet. The rambling anecdotes I send you are merely for your own amusement, and to help you to form some judgment of the highland character. If any part of them illustrates your subject, you are heartily welcome to use it. But I should think them too detach'd for your purpose.

You see I have proceeded but a short way in my account of that admirable character Lochiel, to which, by-the-bye, I think that of Sir Evan Du no improper prelude. Do not think I have been embellishing his daughters. Were I not afraid of appearing fabulous, I could tell you many more singular particulars about them fidelity and ingenuity during the nine years which Clunie lay conceal'd in the country, that the family ever after had the highest value for her, and treated her more like a relation than a dependant. This person went to France afterwards with this unfortunate family, and retun'd with Mrs. Macpherson after Clunie's death. When the estate was restor'd, Clunie built a house for her and settled a pension on her. She was a very distinct, intelligent person, and from her I heard more of the fate of the exiles in France, as well as of the Lovat family, than from any one, except, indeed, my mother-in-law, who was nearly related to Lady Lovat, and saw her often after her marriage.

The present Fassfern,¹ whom I knew very well, is nephew to

¹ Ewen Cameron, created a baronet in 1815 in recognition of the conspicuous gallantry of his son, the well-known Colonel John Cameron

Donald of Lochiel, and knows all that can be known of his own family. But then he communicated many interesting particulars to John Hume,¹ and was, I believe, very much displeas'd at the manner in which that writer garbl'd the intelligence entrusted to him. I doubt, under these circumstances, whether he (Fassfern) would have comprehension or liberality enough to answer more inquiries on the same subject, at least in writing.

Many years ago, when I liv'd at Ft. Augustus, I had a friend whose brother, in consequence of my intimacy with her, was very well known to me. He had had a classical education, a great thirst of knowledge, and a violent enthusiasm for highland poetry, music and antiquities. Of the Rebellion few of our contemporaries knew so much. His father was out with the Prince, and his uncle, Macpherson of Fleigherty, march'd a company with him to Derby.

This person was also a great collector of scarce papers relating to the events of former times, and I am much of opinion had once in his possession a manuscript memoir of Sir Evan of Lochiel,² which exists somewhere among his descendants.

This gentleman married and settl'd in the country. But his affairs being embarrass'd, about ten years since he set about to amuse his melancholy by publishing an old manuscript history in his possession, of Sir Eneas Macpherson,³ the hero of his clan, but relinquish'd the design, justly fearing the subject would not have sufficiently general interest. He then went into the army, and has been long a Capt. in the 22d, and Brigade Major. When I was in London last, he came up from Colchester and saw me very frequently.

I have the pleasure to hear since that he has distinguish himself at Copenhagen, and reap'd some solid advantages in consequence.

Now this Major Macpherson is the person of all others of whom I could best depend on for ability and inclination to furnish me with anecdotes regularly dated in chronological order. I do not spare my own pains, they will be mere dry facts, and if you prefer

of the 92nd Highlanders, who fell at Quatre Bras.

¹ John Home, author of *Douglas* and *The History of the Rebellion in 1745*.

² Probably that published by the Abbotsford Club in 1842, cf. Preface, p. xliii.

³ Æneas, second son of William Macpherson of Invereshie, 'a learned advocate and antiquary of the reign of Charles II., who received the honour of knighthood,' and the author of a history of his clan still extant in MS., *penes* Cluny Macpherson.

my mode of narrating them, I will with great pleasure arrange them for you.

I should scarce have time to hear from him here, being to set out for London in a fortnight, but if you are satisfied with my account as I can give it (for I really have no regular dates) I will transmit all I know immediately. If, on the contrary, you prefer the more accurate and circumstantial detail, which I may be able to give with the Major's assistance, and perhaps write more legibly amid the leisure and repose, which I hope for at Sunbury, tell me, and I shall so arrange it, but let me know immediately.

My authorities for the facts I have given and mean to give you, are very good ones. I knew well two granddaughters of Lochiel's, sisters of the late Clunie, who were our next neighbours at Laggan. I was very intimate, too, with Miss Margaret, daughter to the unfortunate Dr. Cameron, Lochiel's brother. A lady so distinguish'd for the homeliness of her person and the superior qualities of her mind, that I am sure Mrs. Stuart must have known or heard of her. My mother, too, remembers much of the Lochiels, whose memory she adores. I retain Lovat to make a correction of importance. Sir Robert gave him the pension, but it was Godolphin who examined him in the year nine, when he was taken coming from France. It was for Killiecrankie and not for Panmure¹ that he rais'd his troops. At this latter period the noose was about his neck, and he made a merit of forbearance. On this he got the pension. Macpherson of Benchar, who knew the whole race, was my particular acquaintance. When Lovat's daughter was married to Clunie, a young woman came home as a humble companion with her from Castle Dunie, who, being uncommonly sensible and well principl'd, was always retain'd in the family, and was so useful by her fidelity and ingenuity during the nine years which Clunie lay conceal'd in the country, that the family ever after had the highest value for her, and treated her more like a relation than a dependant. This person went to France afterwards with this unfortunate family, and return'd with Mrs. Macpherson after Clunie's death. When the estate was restor'd, Clunie built a house for her and settled a pension on her. She was a very distinct, intelligent person, and from her I heard more of the fate of the exiles in France, as well as of the Lovat family, than from any one, except, indeed, my mother-in-law, who was nearly related to Lady Lovat, and saw her often after her marriage.

I shall endeavour to enclose the account I receiv'd from Miss Colquhoun of the manner in which the Marquis of Tullibardine was betray'd by Drumakiln.—I am, dear Sir, With sincere good

¹ Lord Panmure was 'out' in the '15.

wishes towards all your family, Your faithful, humble servant,

ANNE GRANT.

I write so rapidly that I run my periods together unconsciously. I shall send you memoirs of the Brigadier, the only honest man of the family, with those of his father.

MEMOIR RELATIVE TO THE MARQUIS OF TULLIBARDINE

About three weeks after the battle of Culloden, the Marquis of Tullibardine¹ came across the moors and mountains, thro Stratheric and Lochaber, in search of a place of safety and repose, he being a very infirm old man, and so unfit for travelling on horseback, that he had a saddle made on purpose somewhat like a chair, in which he rode in the manner ladies usually do.

When he came down towards Loch Lomond, he was quite worn out, and recollecting that a daughter of the family of Polmaise (who were connected with his own) was married to Buchanan of Drumakiln,² who liv'd in a detach'd peninsula running out into the Lake, thought on these accounts that this place might be suitable for a temporary refuge.

He was attended by his French secretary, two servants of that nation, and two or three highlanders who had guided him thro' the solitary passes of the mountains. Against the judgment of these faithful attendants, he bent his course to the Ross, for so the house of Drumakiln is called. I should have mention'd that the old Laird of Drumakiln was still alive and in the house with his son. The Marquis, after alighting, begged to have a private interview with his cousin. He told him he was come to put his life into her hands, and what in some sense he valued more than life, a small casket, which he deliver'd to her, entreating, whatever became of him, that she would keep that carefully, till demanded in his name, it containing papers of consequence to the honour and safety of many other persons. In the meantime, the younger Drumakiln rudely broke in upon them, and, snatching the casket from her hand, said he would secure it in a careful place, and went out. This casket was never more seen. It was suppos'd to contain family jewels.

Meantime the French secretary and the servants were (they arrived in the evening) watchful and alarm'd, seeing the father and son walking in earnest consultation, and observing horses saddl'd

¹ The eldest son of the first Duke of Atholl. He had been attainted for his share in the '15, and the estates and titles were settled by Act of Parliament on the next heir.

² *i.e.* to the eldest son of the old laird.

and despatch'd with an air of mystery, and every one seeming to regard them with compassion. All this time the Marquis was treated with seeming kindness. While he partook of some refreshment, some of the children running in, cried out, 'Mamma, we never saw such odd men as the Marquis's.' 'How are they so odd?' answer'd the mother. 'They are all greeting and roaring like women.' This incident, the lady (who was a person of mean capacity) afterwards told her neighbours as a strange instance of effeminacy in these faithful adherents.

At night the secretary went secretly to his master's bed-side, and assur'd him there was treachery. He answer'd he could believe no gentleman capable of such baseness, and at any rate, was incapable of escaping thro' such defiles as those they had pass'd. Told him in that case it would only aggravate his sorrow to see him also betray'd, and advis'd him to go off immediately, which he did.

Early in the morning a party from Dumbarton, summon'd for that purpose, arriv'd to carry the Marquis away prisoner, who bore his fate with calm magnanimity. The fine horses he brought with him were detain'd, and he and one attendant who remain'd were mounted on sorry horses belonging to Drumakiln. The officer who commanded the party taunted that gentleman in the bitterest manner, and the commander of Dumbarton Castle treated his noble prisoner with the utmost respect and compassion, but regarded Drumakiln with the coldest disdain.

Very soon after young D— mounted the Marquis's fine horse (his servant riding another which had belong'd to that nobleman) and set out on a visit to his father-in-law, Polmaise.

When he alighted he gave his horse to the groom, who, knowing the Marquis well, instantly recognis'd him. 'Come in, poor beast,' said he, 'times are chang'd with you since you carried a noble and worthy Marquis, but you shall always be welcome here for his sake.' D— ran in to his father-in-law, complaining that his servants insulted him. Polmaise made no answer, but turning on his heel, rung for his servant to bring out that gentleman's horses.

After this, and several similar rebuffs, the father and son began to shrink from the infamy attach'd to this proceeding. There was at that time only one newspaper publish'd at Edinburgh, conducted by the well-known Ruddiman.¹ To this person the elder Drumakiln

¹ *The Caledonian Mercury*. In the issue of April 29, 1746 the following paragraph appears: 'By a letter in Town from the West, there is advice that the Marquis of Tullibardine with five others, and — Mitchell the young Pretender's governor had surrendered themselves and were confined in Dumbarton Castle. That the Marquis was in a very bad state of health, and it was thought could not live many days.'

address'd a letter or paragraph to be inserted in the newspaper, bearing that on such a day the Marquis of Tullibardine surrender'd to him at his house. This was regularly dated at Ross.

Very soon after the father and son went together to Edr., and waiting on the person appointed to make payments of this nature, demanded the reward.

It should have been before observ'd, that Government were by this time not at all desirous to apprehend the Marquis, tho' his name was in the first heat inserted in the proclamation.

His capture, indeed, greatly embarrass'd them, as it would appear cruel to punish, and partial to pardon him. To return. The official person desir'd them to return the next day for the money. Meanwhile he sent privately for Ruddiman, and examin'd him with regard to the paragraph already mention'd.

He found it on his file, in the old Laird's handwriting, and deliver'd it to the commissioner. Next day the Lairds were punctual to the assignation. The commissioner deliver'd the paragraph in his own handwriting folded up to the elder culprit, saying, 'There is an order on the treasury which ought to satisfy you,' and turn'd away from him with mark'd contempt. Soon after the younger Laird was found dead in his bed, to which he had retir'd in usual health. Of five children whom he left, it would shock humanity to relate the wretched lives and singular and untimely deaths. Of them, indeed, it might be said—

'On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege their gates.

And they were literally consider'd by all the neighbourhood as caitiffs

'Whose breasts the furies steel'd
And curst with hearts unknowing how to yield.'—POPE.

The blasting influence of more than dramatic justice or of corroding infamy seem'd to reach every branch of this devoted family. After the extinction of the direct male heirs, a brother, who was a Capt. in the army, came home to take possession of the estate. He was a person well respected in life, and possess'd some talent, and much amenity of manners. The country gentlemen, however, shunn'd and dislik'd him on account of the existing prejudice. Anything may be endur'd but contempt. This person, thus shunn'd and slighted, seem'd to grow desperate, and plung'd into the lowest and most abandon'd profligacy. It is needless to enter into a detail of crimes which are hastening to desir'd oblivion. It is enough to observe that the signal miseries of this family have done more to impress the people of that district with a

horror at treachery and a sense of retributive justice than volumes of the most eloquent instruction could effect. On the dark question relative to temporal judgments, it becomes us not to decide, yet it is of some consequence in a moral view to remark how much all generous emulation, all hope of future excellence, is quench'd in the human mind by the dreadful blot of imputed infamy. It is not mere wisdom or philosophy, or anything less than the most exalted consolations of Christianity that can support the mind in such a state.

The last wretched Drumakilh, whose death too much resembl'd his life, left a daughter on whom, having first legitimated her, he settled his estate. She is married to Hector M'Donald, Esqr., of Boisdale. She labours with much success to redeem the character of the family.

Melville Place, Febry. 11th, 1808.

DEAR SIR,—The high praises with which you grace efforts so broken and imperfect as mine, if not merited, are at least encouraging, and have produc'd a discovery entirely new to me. Like Moliere's Bourgeois Gentillhome who had made prose all his life without knowing it, it appears that I have been as unconsciously philosophising, for I never suspected that the depth of my reflections entitl'd them to be accounted Philosophical.

However inadequate any feeble aid of mine may be to that purpose, I rejoice to think you are about to open a rich mine of materials for elucidating our views of human nature that has been too long trod underfoot with stupid negligence, while we have been compassing sea and land to bring from Africa and Otaheite, pictures of man degraded by tyranny and gross ignorance, or debas'd by voluptuous sensuality.

Lions, unluckily, are no painters, and highlanders are no philosophers, at least the peculiarities in the manners and traditions of their own country have always appear'd too familiar to themselves to excite much wonder or reflection. And it has not occur'd to them how much amusement and instruction others might derive from the contemplation of a state representing man unpolish'd and unlearn'd, yet courteous, humane, and in full possession of his native energies.

I am so delighted with the prospect of seeing this desideratum rescued from oblivion that I too long delay the information which it is the intention of this letter to communicate.

Dr. Macpherson's treatise on highland antiquities is accounted a

valuable work.¹ It was publish'd previously to the translation of Ossian, and much approv'd by the Edr. *Literati*. He brought to the [task] great literary integrity, strong powers of mind, sound and extensive learning, and the most extensive knowledge of his subject. Highland antiquities were his darling pursuit, and the solace of a life spent in solitude and study after the early death of a belov'd wife. No character, no authority stands higher than his. I should have told you that he was minister of Slate in the Isle of Sky, and father to Sir John Macpherson, a learned, worthy, and amiable man, once governor of our Indian possessions after the return of Hastings.² His other son is now minister of Slate; he, too, is a learn'd man, has an unequal'd memory and a rich fund of anecdote, but being wealthy, proud and indolent, he turns his time and talents to no account, but lives always surrounded by buffoons and parasites who are by turns the objects of his satirical wit and indiscriminate bounty and hospitality. Yet this lounge is, from that very circumstance, possess'd of materials that would be valuable in other hands. Traditionary remnants of the wit and wisdom, the wars and policy of their ancestors making up great part of these people's conversations, if I saw him I could draw much out of him, but he is far too lazy to write.

He is, however, in possession of a treasure that will perish with him if not soon rescued from his hands. He has a great quantity of papers by him, the materials of a great work which his father had in contemplation on his favourite subject.

Sir John had a kindness for a good old man who had been domestic tutor to him and his brother, and who, being very unfortunate in life, officiated latterly as schoolmaster at Laggan. He was very much about us. At length Sir John, fearing he might want some comforts which his advanc'd age requir'd, wrote to him to go to Slate and spend the rest of his days in his brother's family, where he (Sir John) had a good right to make a guest welcome. Knowing the independent spirit of our old friend, Sir John contriv'd on this occasion to make himself the oblig'd person, requesting that Mr. Evan Macpherson would employ his time in revising and arranging the manuscripts left by the deceas'd Dr. Macpherson, a task which he (Sir John) had often in vain solicited Martin (his brother) to perform.

Mr. Evan, who was very well fitted for this employment, set out with a determination to engage in it immediately on his arrival. To

¹ *Dissertations on the Ancient Caledonians*, etc, by the Rev. John Macpherson, D.D.

² For an account of his somewhat remarkable career, *vide Dictionary of National Biography*.

his great grief, he saw his friend's manuscripts lying in a clos'd up lumber room below old chests, etc.

Martin, highly piqued at seeing this task transferr'd to our friend, would not suffer him to touch them, and there they lie to this hour I am persuaded. Mr. Evan, disliking the society with which his old pupil was surrounded, return'd, as he express'd it, to die near us, which happen'd a year after, in 101, and much genuine worth and valuable knowledge died with him.

I shall very likely meet Sir John in London. My distress and hurry prevented it last year when he was ask'd to his friend, Sir Walter Farquhar's,¹ to meet me at dinner, but I could not come. I know both brothers very well; a sister of Sir John's having been married to a brother of Major Macpherson's whom I formerly mention'd. If you would write me a letter saying you had been inform'd that some manuscripts relative to a subject you wish'd to illustrate remain in possession of Dr. Macpherson's family, and that you are sure a liberal and enlighten'd person, such as Sir John is well known to be, will not, on a proper representation, withhold them from such a purpose, etc., etc.

Now if you will send a letter of this nature address'd to me at Mr. Hall's, Edr., where I propose being next week, I shall, by shewing or sending it to Sir John, induce him, I doubt not, to lay his commands on Martin to give up the manuscripts for your use. I know he would willingly oblige me from a circumstance which occur'd when I was last in London. James Macpherson's Introduction to the history of Great Britain contains materials suited to your purpose, well arrang'd and express'd. A petulant and flimsy book² (wrote as a refutation of many of Johnson's assertions in his tour) by Macnicoll, the minister of Lesmore, contains nevertheless many amusing and well authenticated anecdotes. I forget its title, but every gentleman in Argyleshire has a copy of it.

One Alexander Campbell,³ from Rannoch, has lately publish'd a poem, to which he gives the title of 'The Grampians left desolate,' which I suppose has no extraordinary merit, but the notes on which, I am told, are replete with such traditional intelligence as you wish for. There are manuscript histories of families which at

¹ Son of the Rev. Robert Farquhar, minister of Chapel of Garioch in Aberdeenshire, and an eminent London physician.

² *Remarks on Dr. Samuel Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides*, by the Rev. Donald MacNicol.

³ Born at Tonbea 1764, died 1824.

any [rate] contain some dry facts worth knowing: Clanranald's,¹ for instance. Mr. Henry Mackenzie² could procure you the archives of the Grant family. The Montrose papers too might be useful. An introductory essay such as you mention would doubtless add great interest to your subject. I mistook if I spoke of being 6 weeks in England. I fear I must be there till August, but will from thence gladly communicate all I know, having the command of office franks.

I have a correction and an addition to make with regard to Lochiel's daughters. There was not of that set married to Auchalder, but there were two married in this country, one to Wright of Loss, the other to Macgregor of Bohawdie.³ Adieu, dear Sir. I shall write once more from Edr. with some anecdotes, and am in the meantime, Yours, etc., etc.

ANNE GRANT.

Lord Selkirk, as you well know, has written a book on emigration, and that with much candour and apparent benevolence, in which he draws from false premises very true and just conclusions. In the appendix of this book you will find some information which I know to be authentic.

Thoughts⁴ on the attachment of the clans to their chiefs—On filial piety—On enthusiasm—On the superstitions of the highlands, their origin and effect, illustrated by authentic anecdotes—On the consequences of certain immortalities as the system of life was affected by them—On the obscure and mystical, yet fervid and exalted ideas of the Deity and the worship He requires which pervaded the minds of highlanders of every rank.

Highland villains trembling at futurity like Shakspear's—Morality founded on sentiment, assuming by degrees a systematic form in a country undisturbed by conquest or foreign wars, where the essentials of Christianity had their due influence, and where certain lessons of practical piety were deliver'd from father to son with increas'd effect thro' successive ages—Peculiar effects produc'd on the imagination and the heart by cherishing with unusual care the memory of the departed, dwelling on their sayings and actions, and mixing them as it were with their surviving

¹ *i.e.* *The Black and Red Books of Clanranald*, now published in *Reliquiæ Celticæ*, vol. ii.

² *The Man of Feeling*. He married Penuel, daughter of Sir Ludovick Grant of Grant.

³ Cf. p. 321 note.

⁴ The first portion of this letter is missing.

friends in an inexplicable manner.

Lastly, on the utter impossibility of preserving in any other situation the spirit and character of a people so localiz'd, and bound by so many ties of fancy, memory, affection, and tradition to the strong featur'd land of their nativity.

Debas'd by an innate sense of degradation when driven to mingle with the mob of other countries with whom they have nothing in common. This spirit, if at all preserv'd beyond the limits of their native mountains, is chiefly found to exist in a body of highlanders devoted to arms, who, having no new abode or acquir'd localities to efface those so long endear'd to them, and going out in bodies from different clans, cherish both that martial ardour and that pathos of patriotism which is their peculiar [possession].

Strongly exemplified in the deservedly celebrated 42d Regt., which, as a body corporate, is worthy to have a little history transmitted of its achievements, its sufferings, its fidelity and magnanimity in several trying and distinguish^ instances.

On the additions, or cognomens, of the chiefs.

On the badges, Marches, Tartans, etc., which distinguished the clans.

Singular origin of the Macraes.¹

Remarkable difference of character and manners between the different clans.

Honourable strictness among the chiefs in adhering to a promise once solemnly given, instanc'd in the manner in which Glenmoriston acquir'd Dalentay, etc., etc.

Characteristic peculiarities.

There are many singular and interesting anecdotes worth preserving relative to the escapes and adventures of these persons who were attainted, such as Ranald Ratray of Ragnalion in Castle Ratray, Stirling of Craigharnet, Macdonald of Teindrich, the convicts sent to Maryland, etc., etc.

¹ Probably referring to the story told by Dr. Johnson. The 'Macraes,' he says, 'were originally an indigent and subordinate clan, and having no farms nor stock were, in great numbers, servants to the Maclellans who, in the war of Charles I., took arms at the call of the heroic Montrose and were in one of his battles almost destroyed. The women that were left at home being thus deprived of their husbands, like the Scythian ladies of old married their servants, and the Macraes became a considerable race.'—;*Journey to Western Islands*, p. 91.

These are hints whereon to found queries. Now, I am so confus'd, and the materials crowded into my lumber garret of a memory so disarranged, that I could not without some such finger-posts find my way thro' my own recollections.

Will you, if you wish for such aid of materials as I can give, demand in the order you see fitting my thoughts and recollections on each of these subjects, these letters you may afterwards arrange in the way you can best connect them.

I am going to give you a little anecdote illustrative of the history of woman. Drumakilh (the last), of whose infamous life and shocking death I had occasion lately to speak, seduc'd a well brought up and rather superior young woman belonging to the lower class, to live with him. She had three beautiful and promising children who were her consolation under the remorse that prey'd on her mind.

When the eldest was seven and the youngest scarce three years old, they were all swept away by a scarlet fever or some other complaint. Agonis'd with grief and penitence, the young woman retir'd to her father's house, and to perpetuate for an example or warning to others her transgression and its punishment, erected a stone in the churchyard of Luss with the following inscription,

'Under this stone lie three children
John, Helen, and William Buchanan,
Who by the sin of their wicked parents,
John Buchan[an] and Helen Stuart,
Were brought to this world,
And to punish these sins
And preserve them from such,
Were early taken out of it, Anno Domini,' etc., etc.

This now is precisely the meaning and very near the words of the epitaph, which I think is still more forcibly express'd.

Think of the power of early good impressions and the strength of the mind that could thus sacrifice all ordinary feelings and considerations to set up this perpetual memorial of her own disgrace for the eventual benefit of others.

I am here in Rose Street with my old friends and shall not set out for London for a week. You will please address any commands you have for me in the meantime here under cover to James Shearer, Esq., Surveyor of the Post Office, who has lately connected himself in a manner with me by marrying a young friend of ours.—I am, with the most affectionate wishes towards all your family, Dear Sir, Yours faithfully,

ANNE GRANT.

Brompton grove, 17 March 1808.

DEAR MADAM,—I was truly sorry that it was not in my power to have had the happiness of being of your party at my friend Sir Walter's dinner. When you return to town I will have much satisfaction in waiting upon you; and by that time our friend the Duchess of Gordon will be here.

Nothing could give me more satisfaction than to aid your friend Mr. Stuart in his literary pursuits: his brother-in-law, Mr. Seton at Delhi, is one of the most respectable characters in the public service in India. A true Caledonian; having had the advantages of foreign education and all admired by the people of India for his superior attention to business and his perfect probity. You should inform Mr. Stuart that when I was at Rome in 1792, I had access to read a Ms. copy written by Prince Charles, of the History of his Campaigns in Scotland in 1745, etc. It was communicated to me by the keeper of the Stewart Papers in Cardinal York's possession; and on condition that I should neither take a copy of it or make any extracts from it. I obtained permission to the Duke of Sussex, then in Rome, to peruse it upon the same conditions. It is, I think, possible to obtain that Ms., now that Cardinal York is no more, and if the intercourse with Rome were open I would write to my friend Cardinal Erskine upon the subject.

As to the manuscripts and papers that my father has left, I do not believe that they could be of much use to Mr. Stuart. I left those relative to his deportation with the late James Macpherson of Ossian memory, and it was from them chiefly that he wrote his own *Introduction to the History of Great Britain*.

What you observe relative to the state of society, of which we have seen the last characteristic shades in our native country, is perfectly just. Many causes combined in favour of that state of society: the spirit of true poetry which kept the memory of noble actions, as that of the best affections of the heart, in continued admiration; the hospitality which formed the intercourse of the chiefs and their family connections; the opportunities which the cadets of those families had of seeing foreign countries and serving in the armies of France, Germany, and Italy, always anxious to return to their native soil with a good name, together with an emulation between the different clans to surpass each other in acts of liberality and renown. These and other causes gave the manners of the last century in our highlands and islands much of the old early Grecian character mixed with the loyalty and spirit of chivalry. You remember the great Lord Chatham's words, 'I sought merit where it was to be found! I found it in the mountains

of the north, a bold and a hardy race,' etc.¹

The antient music of our songs was the great inspirer of the whole organisation of society in those days, and it is a fact elucidated by the oldest Italian history of music, that it was the music of the old songs of our hills which James, one of our Scots kings, was supposed to have composed, and which the Italians called the new species of music 'lamentabile et lacrimabile,' yes, long before the days of David Rizzio.

There is a singular characteristic difference between our finest and most pathetic music and that of Italy. With us it is generally a plaintive lamentation relative to the *past*, with the Italians it is all invocative of future happiness as in *Serenas*, etc.

Letters gave early instruction to our native land, and the good old schoolmaster, Evan,² whom you so justly esteemed was one of the last schools of these good effects. Our clergy in the highlands were above all the ranks of society there exemplary and useful members of instruction. The *Literati* who formed the select instructors of Scotland about seventy years ago, united and reanimated the spirit of highland as of the lowland renown of our country in its capital; and hence perhaps the rise and prosperity of the British Empire with Scots migration in the east and the west and even at its capital in a very considerable degree. English prejudices were thus done away, and Ireland is now in train of joining the works and deeds of her ancient genius to the mass of British renown. Do you, dear madam, continue to give us so classically the best ideas of the merits and renown of our Caledonian ancestors, and like a daughter of Ossian, you will most effectually aid your country and the ardour to defend it against our enemies and our own commercial and civilisation dangers you see how sincerely I by these observations would wish you to continue your poetical amusements, and how anxious I would be to aid your friend Mr. Stuart in his useful pursuits.—I have the honour to be, dear Madam, Your most faithful and most humble servt.

JOHN MACPHERSON.

P.S.—What you have written about Mr. James Macpherson and Ossian, etc. etc. is most correct and founded upon my early knowledge of that subject. My old friend Mr. Grant of Coriemony never forgave his being completely taken in by the *Wish of the Aged Bard*, which you have so much improved in the translation of it into superior verses. Honest Evan Macpherson copied it, and as

¹ The idea of raising Highland regiments, usually attributed to Pitt, was really due to Duncan Forbes of Culloden.

² Cf p. 286.

he valued himself on spelling Gaelic perfectly, he gave it its complete appearance of antiquity to Coriemony's eyes. You have, I hope, read the poem of your namesake, Charles Grant, Esq., junr.,¹ which won the prize, on the Restoration of Learning in the east. Admirable!

Sunbury, Middlesex, March 20, 1808.

DEAR SIR,—I was disappointed at not hearing from you when I left Edinburgh, from a fear that your headache had been worse than usual, or some of you indispos'd. I went up with an old friend and her husband, who had return'd from India last year, and was now oblig'd to return to London, and too delicate to bear the land journey. There was a large party of us, who knew each other very well, and were glad to be together. We came up in four days, and our passage was on the whole a pleasant one. It is not possible for me to express how much I was hurried for nine days that I staid in London, by the kindness of my friends, who wish'd me during that little time to see everything, and be introduc'd to numberless people. Among these kind friends, it's but just that I should mention Sir W. Farquhar's family, Mr. Fielding of the Palace, Mr. Hatsell of the House of Commons, his brothers and family, and, finally, the Bishop of London.² The attentions of Mr. Charles Grant's family were still more gratifying, and may in some respects be more important to me. I have no one of new people that is new to me who has so charm'd me by her attentions and by her manners as the Honble. Mrs. Stuart, who is married to the Primate of Ireland,³ and is a daughter of that Penn⁴ who now represents the Legislator and founder of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, but all this is egotism quite from the purpose. Your business was never a moment out of my mind. The friend I came up with is a Niece of Major Macpherson's. I wrote directly on my arrival; he is in a distant quarter, the name of which I forget. He answer'd me immediately; but says that it will take him some time to recollect and look thro' his papers before he can send me any intelligence worth transmitting; yet expresses himself delighted that the cause is in so good hands. Having appointed to be here at a certain day, I broke away from London rather abruptly, which hurried me exceedingly. Yet I must return for a few days in April, and shall then meet, perhaps, the Major, if he comes to see his niece embark

¹ Afterwards Lord Glenelg.

² Dr. Beilby Porteus.

³ The Hon. W. Stuart, fifth son of John, third Earl of Bute, became Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland.

⁴ Sophia Margaret Juliana, daughter of Thomas Penn of Stoke-Pogis.

at any rate. I shall hear from him again, but that is not near so well. Excessive fatigue and exertion, with the addition of a great cold, make me write a very stupid letter, but I hope my head will clear when [there is an improvement in] the weather, which even in these Elysian shades is bleak and cold. I daily defer'd writing to Sir John,¹ from an expectation of dining with him at Sir W. Farquhar's, who hop'd to induce him to break his resolution against dining out. He is indeed a very great invalid, but you may see how zealous he is to promote your undertaking, which I hope nothing less than ill health will induce you to relinquish or defer.

I speak my very conscience, and do not mean a compliment, when I say you are the fittest person I think in the Kingdom for this undertaking. When I say this, it is because I know there is no highlandman existing that can bring to it the prerequisites of learning, Antiquarian and Genealogical knowledge and habitual elegance and purity of style, besides vigour of mind, join'd as it seldom is with unwearied application. Were there an existing highlander possessing all these indispensables, who was at the same time a gentleman with full command of time, that highlander would be still better adapted to the work, but there is no such being. I need not tell you that in this case you are only an architect. It is not to be suppos'd that you shall create the marble and the mortar, 'tis enough that you polish and arrange. How humbly and how gladly would I drive a wheelbarrow to the undertaking, with all the materials I could collect, but this must be a work of time and patience. I pick'd up some anecdotes from a relation at Edr., which I will try to detail hereafter. Now I think of it, Dr. Stuart at Luss might be useful. He is a modest man, a good scholar, and, I should think, no bigot to Whiggism. Pray let me hear from you soon, to know how your undertaking thrives. I am charm'd beyond measure with the family and their mode of living here. I write Mrs. Stuart soon. Excuse headache, etc., and believe me, dear Sir, yours with esteem,

ANNE GRANT.

Windsor, 14 June 1808.

DEAR SIR,—I am sure you must by this time consider me as a great trifler, and begin to lose all dependence on my professions of zeal in the cause you are engag'd in, and of industry in gathering together antiques for the cabinet you are, I hope, busily constructing. I must begin my vindication by telling you a secret. At the request of particular friends I have been since the beginning of this year busily engag'd in preparing for the press Memoirs of a

¹ Sir John Macpherson.

deceas'd worthy well known in her time not only all over the Continent, but to all the distinguish'd persons who in her day led the British army to the Canadian frontier.¹ But I shall refer for particulars to the Memoirs themselves, which will very soon appear; by very soon, I mean before Christmas, for the delay of printers you know to be notorious. The conveniency of getting these Memoirs quietly arrang'd where my attention would not be every moment call'd off by family cares was one motive for my accepting Sir John Legard's in[vitation], and yet I find difficulty, by dint of early rising, etc., to attend closely even for a few hours in a day to my subject, the kindness of many excellent people making many demands on my time. I was oblig'd to return for a fortnight to London to see several of my old acquaintance from America, who being near relations or intimate friends of my rever'd Patroness, whom I am now commemorating, can furnish me with anecdotes. One of my motives in returning to London was to meet Major Ewan Macpherson, who wrote to me that he deferr'd his communications till we should meet, and I being at any rate going to London, wish'd to time my return there so as to meet him. He was at that time suddenly appointed to some office which attach'd him to the troops now in Sweden; call'd for me twice and mist me; I sent to him, but found he was gone off express to the place of debarkation. You cannot imagine how much I was disappointed. I wrote to Sir John Macpherson some weeks ago, and that uncourtly knight, tho' he always talks of me to the Farquhars and others in terms of the warmest friendship, did not condescend to answer my letter; possibly he may have wrote north to his brother Martin and waits his answer, and in that case he may wait long enough, for Martin is the very Prince of Procrastination. I am quite of your opinion with regard to Sir John's epistolary talents; they are certainly of the lowest order, and yet he govern'd India well, and is a kind-hearted, benevolent man. He is asthmatic and in very bad health. I was strongly tempted to call on him lately. I went by invitation, as you may suppose, to Fulham, the Bishop of London's Palace, May 20th, and staid four days, and there I saw more of the great and the noble than ever I imagin'd it could fall to my share to meet with. It is delightful to see the filial respect and attachment which many of the nobility seem to entertain for that venerable and amiable prelate. He was recovering from a serious illness, and from one o'clock to five every day there was a constant succession of visitors of the first rank, both eminence of merit and station. But all these matters I hope to recount at leisure at Allanton on my return, when I hope to be admitted to pass a fortnight there. For you see there will be no such

¹ Madam Schuyler.

thing as returning at once to my native obscurity after having sail'd like a paper kite so far out of my element. I am charm'd with the Bishop, and cannot say enough had I leisure of Mrs. Porteous. I am to have the privilege, for such I account it, of passing a little more time with them before I leave England. You will think me a perfect fugitive when you find this dated from Windsor. But the house from which I write, were I not bound down by prior engagements, has a more legitimate claim on my time and attention than any one in England. It is that which belongs to Miss Grant, alas now the only representative of the old Arndilly family. She and I have corresponded for two years past, and she was the cordial friend of my dear Charlotte, and has been in many respects a most useful friend to me. She lives here very much confin'd by her attention to two declining nervous sisters, but is a person highly valued for worth, judgment, and singular benevolence. She is cousin to Lady , and was her guide and monitor, while the state of her mind admitted of influence. It will be a sufficient testimony of Miss G.'s merit to say that she was the valued friend of the late Mrs. Eliza Carter, and many other eminent persons, and that the Princess of Wales greatly wish'd to have her about the young Princess. I came up here a day before with Isabella, but was hurried about seeing the place. I wish I had leisure to stay a little longer where I have met with so much affectionate kindness and so many objects of real interest. But I cannot indulge myself in a longer holiday from my book, and must return to-morrow. I find my task so often broke in that I have vow'd to suspend correspondence till it is done. But this is a holiday at any rate, and here I get a frank, which only now and then occurs at Sunbury. I wish at leisure to charm Mrs. Stuart by telling her of the fervent devotion of the good old King, whose morning prayers in his private Chapel I have attended at 8 for three days past. I have, notwithstanding my constant application, which is really fatiguing, wrote to the Highlands for anecdotes. I should be zealous on your account tho' I did not care for the work, and zealous for the work's sake tho' I did not care for you. Excuse the hasty and homely expression by which I describe this double stimulus. Our Rector at Sunbury is a Scotchman, and does us great credit as our countryman. Dining in his house last week I was awhile in his study, and happening to open the Statistical Accounts, all which he has, I lighted on that of an old acquaintance, Mr. Grant's co-presbyter, who mentions his having many papers in his hands that give light regarding the history of the family of Lochiel, which it appears he did not give to John Hume, who would scarce have asked the favour, keeping very shy of his old brethren. Fearing to overload this frank, which I got after I had folded my letters, I shall merely request you to cover and forward it to Killmallie, free, if possible, the within note. I am thus

hurried for fear the man should die, and being that he is (I whisper this) a kind of gander, I cannot explain matters to him as I would to a person of more comprehension, and therefore simply ask the favour for myself. I am quite jealous that Mrs. Stuart has not wrote to me, and beg you will not [omit] to mark in her pocket book to remember to forget.¹ Miss Stirling of Kippendavy—I forget this moment Miss Steuart's cousin—was at Sunbury with Lord Glenbervy one day lately. They were Sir John's mother and sisters that you saw at York. Convey the expression of my sincere veneration to Mrs. Mackenzie, and bid Miss Steuart cherish the memory of her sincere well-wisher and your oblig'd servant,

ANNE GRANT.

MEMOIR OF THE FAMILY OF LOCHIEL

DEAR SIR,—It is in tracing the history of Man when he has ceas'd to be a savage, and when his faculties, by a certain degree of moral culture, amid the benefits of social order, have begun to unfold. In short, it is in the patriarchal ages, before the coercion of laws and the tyranny of customs have transform'd him into an artificial being, that we can study nature undebas'd by ferocity, and undisguis'd by refinement.

Of these patriarchal ages, however, there are few memorials, because they were necessarily illiterate ones. Somewhat of the substance we see preserv'd in the sacred records, and somewhat of the shadow reflected in the compositions of the earlier poets of every nation.

In those rugged and barren districts of our own country, which, shelter'd by mountains that shut out both the conqueror and the legislator, retain'd traces of primitive manners long after they were effac'd in all other places. Some remains of ancient attachment, confidence, and simplicity, subsisted even within the last century, among wide extended families, who lov'd their head more than they fear'd him, and whose ardent and faithful attachment was the result and the reward of paternal kindness and protection, ever vigilant and unwearied.

It may be thought absurd to assimilate societies so warlike as these with the patriarchal modes of life. But it must be remember'd that their habitation was not assign'd in those fertile meadows and

¹ *Vide* Peter Pindar's 'Birthday Ode':—

'Mem.

'To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day.'

extensive plains, where the primitive herdsmen tended their flocks amidst peaceful abundance. They became hunters from necessity, and the transition from the hunter to the warrior is a very short one. He who braves danger in the forest will not shun it in the field; and he who goes always arm'd, will not readily submit to injury or insult. The hunter Esau, who pursued the sylvan chase thro' the forest of Mount Seir, was bred in the same pastoral tent, and under the same patriarchal dominion, with the shepherd Jacob, who fed his flocks in the adjoining plain, and seem'd equally solicitous to obtain the paternal blessing. Yet harden'd by his manner of life, he was sturdy and self-righted, and evidently an object of terror to those who had injur'd him, tho' the sequel shows him generous as brave.

The interior of this mountainous district, which afforded shelter to those primitive hunters, was by the hand of nature parcell'd out into subdivisions, the limits of which were defin'd most distinctly, and easily defended.

In every narrow vale, where a blue stream bent its course, some hunter of superior prowess, or some herdsmen whom wisdom had led to wealth, and wealth to power, was the founder of a little community, who ever after look'd up to the head of the family as their leader and their chief. Those chains of mountains which form'd the boundaries of their separate district had then their ascents cover'd with forests, which were the scene of their hunting excursions. When their eagerness in pursuit of their game led them to penetrate into the districts claim'd by the chief of the neighbouring valley, a rash encounter was the probable consequence, which laid the foundation of future hostilities.

These petty wars gave room to a display of valour and conduct in the chiefs, and produc'd a still closer cohesion and mutual dependence among their followers. These hasty animosities were soon hush'd into peace, yet often renew'd. The consequence was that the clans became expert in arms, cautious, vigilant, and enterprising. They form'd alliances, offensive and defensive, cemented them by intermarriages between the chief families of the confederating clans, govern'd their followers by a kind of polity not ill-regulated, and the chief had the power of life and death over all his large family (for such he consider'd his clan), but this was very sparingly us'd. In cases of long feud and much mutual exasperation, a chieftain might be cruel to his enemies, but never to his friends. To their own people they were invariably clement and indulgent. Nor were these paternal rulers in any sense so despotic as they have been represented; so far otherwise, that of all monarchs they were the most limited, not being permitted to take a step of the least importance without consulting their *friends*. By

this expression was meant the elders of their tribe, including relations so distant, that in any other country they would not be recognis'd as such. But then in this council of elders, those who were not regarded as prudent and sagacious persons had no weight. It can scarcely be imagin'd by us, who depend not so much on the wisdom of our sages, how nicely they weigh'd and discriminated the degrees of intellect, and how carefully the wise or witty sayings of these oracles were treasur'd up and deliver'd down to posterity. The poor laird could neither marry or give in marriage, raise a benevolence or levy war without the full consent of these counsellors, who, unless he happen'd to be a man of uncommon talents, govern'd him much more than he did them. He led out the tribe no doubt, but then they led out the families of which the tribe consisted, and unless perfectly satisfied with the ground of quarrel they would not move.

The celerity with which they sometimes appear'd in the field, was rather a proof of the unanimity of the clan than the despotism of the chief.

Of the bold exertion of control us'd by these mountain Hampdens, I am about to give a well-known instance.

Sometime in the last years of the 16th century, there was a Laird of Grant, who was either in mind or body so enfeebl'd that he was not able to maintain the requisite authority, even in his own immediate family. His eldest son, of whom the renown'd Prince Hal seems to have been a prototype, was call'd Laird Humphry. He was remarkable for ready wit, personal graces, bodily strength, and superior skill and dexterity in all athletic games and exercises, but he was volatile, unprincip'l'd, profuse and licentious. He gather'd up among the youth of the country a train as far as possible resembling himself, and thro' Strathspey and Murray, where the family had then large possessions, nothing was to be heard of but the excesses of Laird Humphry and his dissolute attendants. Having drank all the claret in Murray, and borrow'd and run in debt till no one would trust them, he then return'd to his own country, and honour'd every house by turns with a visit, which lasted till he and his banditti had left nothing eatable or drinkable within the walls, besides polluting them with vice and intemperance. The elders in this extremity held a council, the result of which was, that if they did not immediately remove this pest, their importance and dignity as a clan was at an end. On this great occasion they laid not only their wits but their purses together, bought up Laird Humphry's debts, and laid him up in prison at Elgin, where he was confined till his death many years afterwards, the next heir in the meantime discharging all the functions of a chieftain. Now the chief justice, by whom the heir-apparent was

imprison'd, show'd no greater firmness, and ran no greater risk.

I could give a hundred instances of the freedom of speech allow'd the subject in these suppos'd arbitrary dominions, but shall confine myself with a very modern one within my own knowledge.

There remain yet more vestiges of this dominion of the affections in the lesser Hebrides than in any other part of [the] highlands.

The Macniels of Barra have possess'd that island without a rival or competitor for time immemorial, and it is a very singular circumstance in the history of that family, that nineteen Roderick Macniels¹ in succession have inherited that estate without any of them having a brother; the lady always had one son, who continued the family, but never had more. Thus there was in the family of Barra a great dearth of hereditary counsellors, yet every islander was ready in his own humble, or rather familiar, way to proffer advice.

About twenty years ago Barra, without asking the consent of his islanders, came to Lochaber to solicit the hand of the beautiful and amiable daughter of Cameron of Fassfern, nephew to the banish'd Lochiel. Among the rowers that brought his boat from Barra was an old man of the lower class, who had been perhaps his father's foster-brother or one of the island sages.

A few days after his arrival he was walking with other gentlemen in the street of Maryburgh,² when old Ronald call'd out in his native tongue, 'Rory, do you hear? I say, Rory.' 'Yes, I hear you very well, but am engag'd at present.' 'But wait, Rory, is it indeed true what I hear of your marriage?' 'Be quiet, I have gentlemen with me; I will speak with you again.' 'Nay, but Rory, dear Rory, be cautious, 'tis the mother of your children you are seeking; you do not need money; but is she prudent and modest, tell me that, Rory?' And all this in a loud voice in the open street. I should have premis'd that Barra is a well-bred, respectable, worthy man, whose appearance and manners might claim distinction wherever he is seen. The man's freedom was not the grossness of vulgar familiarity, nor Barra's forbearance the want of dignity. It was the earnestness of affectionate simplicity on the one side, and the condescension of true greatness of mind on the other. There is a volume of character in this simple anecdote.

Yet simplicity in that sense which precludes penetration into human character, and occasional stratagem and finesse, made no

¹ This is not so.

² Now Fort-William.

part of the highland manners. They were often necessitated from their manner of carrying on their hunting or predatory excursions, to be like Arviragus,

‘Subtle as the fox for prey,

Like warlike as the wolf for what they eat’; (SHAKESPEARE)

while their peculiarly social mode of living together, the address necessary to conciliate and adjust jarring interests among allied clans, and the habit of making all private considerations subservient to the good of the community, sharpen'd their native sagacity and enlarg'd their minds. Meantime their excessive delight in poetry, music, and the tales in which the heroic deeds of their ancestors were preserv'd, communicated to their imaginations a tender and romantic enthusiasm, which gave a high and peculiar colouring to their affections and their virtues. Without entering into any discussion of the disputed question relative to the antiquity or authenticity of their boasted Ossian, it is undeniably certain that remains, undoubtedly genuine, of poems compos'd by the bards attach'd to certain great families, within these three or four centuries, still exist sufficient to do honour both to the genius and the virtues of this secluded people.

These remains are peculiarly valuable for the high strain of heroic generosity and pure morality which breathe thro' them and entitles the Mountain Muse to praise,

‘Beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame.’

It is to be observ'd to the honour of those untaught bards that their wild strains of eulogy and lamentation never fail'd to wait upon departed merit, however deprest or unfortunate. No highland worthy ever died ‘uncelebrated or unsung.’

The gallant Marquis of Montrose, tho' no highlander himself, had often led the clans in alliance with his family to victory, and finally to defeat. He who was indeed

‘The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword.
The observed of all observers’— (*Hamlet*)

had not a single chaplet hung upon his hearse but those woven by the hands of his faithful mountaineers. Their plaintive and pathetic strains have flow'd abundantly, and the *Shion shuil Ghreumach*—the wine blood of the Grahame, a common figure, to express generous and high descended blood, in the Celtic poetry—shed at the cross of Edinburgh, still wakes the throb of indignant sympathy in every highland cottage. Of this accomplish'd Hero, who was himself an elegant and classical poet, no one tuneful memorial is to be found in the English language; yet he has departed in the light of his renown, and his name lives in the song of the bards.

There were two great principles held in the utmost reverence in the Highlands on which much of the peace and order of society depend everywhere. In the first place, the violation of an oath, or even a promise once solemnly made, was regarded with unspeakable horror. Then the conjugal union was held so sacred that infidelity was scarcely heard of, and the criminal, when such there was, universally detested.

This picture of Highland society may appear a flattering one: yet those best acquainted with the subject will allow it to be a sketch very faithfully drawn. No doubt there are shades and some very dark ones. When the sword and balance are not plac'd under legal sanctions in appropriate hands, the irregular efforts of daring individuals to execute summary justice or redress dubious wrongs produce dreadful effects.

Of these I shall give one or two striking instances. When feuds ran high between contending clans, their last resort for security was to fortify a small island in one of the lakes with which that country abounds. Then by bringing in all the boats on the approach of an enemy they were secure from all danger. The south side of Loch Ness is call'd Strath Erick, from some powerful Dane who once attempted to force that pass, and was oppos'd by Cuming, head of that clan.¹ This Cuming, being mortally wounded, sat down to rest on the top of a high mountain, over which the military road has been since carried. There he expir'd, and there still remains a cairn or rude monument of stones erected to his memory, which is perpetuated by the name of the mountain, *Suie Chuiman*, the seat of Cuming. Descending from the mountain you arrive at a little plain beside the Tarfe, where the warrior was interr'd. This is call'd *Cillchuiman*, the tomb of Cuming, and is now the site of Fort Augustus. This district belong'd to the Frazers, who, being often at war with the Macintoshes and Macdonalds, their neighbours, felt the want of an island to secure their families in when they went on expeditions. They, like the Venetians, made an artificial one in a small bay of Loch Ness by sinking piles of wood and then heaping up stones. Part of this artificial island still remains, and is call'd the Cherry Isle, from some trees of that kind planted on it. There, too, are to be seen the remains of a castle once belonging to the Lovat family. In this lonely fortress, some time about the middle of the fifteenth century, Lovat left his three daughters while he went out on some warlike excursion. One of these young ladies was very beautiful, and was belov'd by Lovat's neighbour to the westward, Macdonald of Glengary. Not liking her family, however, he did not

¹ The Cumyns at one time seem to have included Lochaber as well as Badenoch in their vast possessions.

make open proposals, but strove privately to win her affections. This dishonourable attempt was repuls'd with due indignation. Resentment and dislike to her family now prompted this recreant lover to take an unmanly revenge by slandering the object of his passion.

Appriz'd of this the injur'd fair one sent a message in the most private manner to Glengary by her foster-father, acquainting him that on the following night she should send her attendants different ways, and alone in the castle wait to receive him at midnight.

Glengary gladly complied with the assignation, yet did not go unarm'd. For this the damzels were prepar'd. The entrance to these castles generally led to a kind of hall on the ground floor, to which three or four steps of a descent led down. In the dusk of the evening the old man, by direction, kill'd a bullock and spread the new-flay'd hide, with the inside outwards, upon these steps. Whenever the expected lover set foot on this slippery descent he slid backwards, as was intended. The old man, who waited at the bottom with a Lochaber axe, sever'd his head in a moment from his body. The lady who offer'd this victim to her violated fame did not long enjoy her triumph undisturb'd. The deed (in which the perpetrators gloried) was soon known.

The Macdonalds led their force against Lovat, overpower'd and took him prisoner. They carried him into the deepest recess of a thick wood, where swarms of flies were attracted by the close sultry heat. There they bound him to a tree, and opening his mouth as wide as possible fixed a stick to prevent its closing, that he might be chok'd by the insects which would in these circumstances fly into it. In this extremity some one propos'd to spare his life on condition that he would take the *great oath* to relinquish the estate of Abertarph to the Glengary family. They, the Glengary family, enjoy'd it till the late General Frazer purchas'd it back in '76. Abertarph is that picturesque district water'd by the rivers Tarph and Oich, in which Fort Augustus lies, and which extends westward from the head of Loch Ness to Loch Oich by Invergarrie house.

Lovat on this occasion departed from his dignity as a chief. According to the receiv'd notions he was not allow'd to part with territory for the preservation of his life.

The clans possess'd unequal shares of power and numbers, yet the prevalence of mind was here strongly mark'd. A clan which had been rul'd by a succession of wise and brave leaders soon deriv'd such consequence from the abilities of its chiefs as made it greatly preponderate in the scale of political importance over others more numerous and possessing more territory.

Among these, that of the Camerons was particularly distinguish'd. Many gentlemen of this name possess'd property, such as Dungallan, Callart, Glendissery, Clunes, etc. etc., but all acknowledg'd Lochiel as their chief, and literally resign'd their lives and fortunes in whatever cause he adopted. A succession of able and honourable men supported the credit of the clan, and by judicious and respectable marriages created useful connections to the family. Perhaps even our frugal country did not afford an instance of a family who liv'd in so respectable a manner and show'd such liberal and dignified hospitality on so small an income.

Their authority, supported by the general confidence in their personal virtues, was undisputed. Yet justice requires that even this generous clan and their successive gallant leaders should not receive unqualified praise.

The clan, with very little scruple of conscience, were wont to make excursions in search of prey, which they denominated a spreath.¹ They were, however, more honest and more decorous than the Elliots or Armstrongs of the border. Their chief never headed their excursions, never shar'd their prey, and severely punish'd them when they trespass'd on the bounds of any ancient ally of the family. To this effect there is a letter among the archives of the Grants, written with all the air of ceremonious dignity which one sovereign might be suppos'd to use in addressing another.²

It seems there had been an alliance by marriage between the chiefs of the two clans, in consequence of which a close friendship subsisted between the tribes. A band of the Camerons set out to make depredations on the inhabitants of the east coast. They had to cross the island from sea to sea (their way lying thro' Badenoch and Strathspey) before they arriv'd at their destination. Returning thro' the dark passes of the mountains with a heavy prey of cattle the Grant herdsmen saw, or thought they saw, some of their own cattle among them. These they reclaim'd: a scuffle ensu'd, for it was a point of honour with highlanders to rescue their cattle from depredators at the extreme risk of life, else they were for ever disgrac'd. The skirmish between these enrag'd combatants was so sharp that some lives were lost on the part of the Grants. The Laird of Grant wrote to his *Right traist* Cousin Lochiel, representing how utterly impossible it was to put up with this flagrant violation of the friendship subsisting between the clans without due satisfaction

¹ Probably a confusion of *creachadh*, a foray, with *spreidh*, cattle.

² The letter referred to is seemingly one from Allan Cameron of Lochiel to Sir James Grant of Freuchie, dated 18th October 1645. Cf. *Chiefs of Grant*, vol. ii. p. 76.

for the injury receiv'd.

Lochiel in answer assur'd his good cousin of his great concern for the injury his people had sustain'd. 'We would not willingly,' says he, 'that any of our men should skaith the lieges in your bounds, they only went forth to make a spreath upon the land of Murray, whence all men take their prey.'

A Cameron of the lower [order] was condemn'd, and I believe executed to appease the wrath of the Clan Grant; he did not suffer for taking cattle at the risk of his life from those whose business it was manfully to defend their property. Far less was he condemn'd for defending himself when attacked. His crime was violating the arm'd neutrality and breaking the ancient league, offensive and defensive, subsisting between the clans.

The Lochiels had for some generations been men of a commanding appearance, robust, athletic make, and dark hair and complexion. So many deeds of fame had been achiev'd by chiefs of this complexion, equally brave and fortunate, that superstition began to note it as a lucky one, and finally it was foretold by gifted seers that a fair Lochiel should never prove a fortunate one.

In the year 1675 was born Ewan du, or dark-hair'd Evan, who was fated by his courage, fidelity, generosity, and loyalty, to eclipse all his predecessors.¹ He was singularly belov'd by his people; and besides the virtues of his heart, and the powers of his understanding, possess'd that vigilance, prompt exertion, and determin'd firmness, which peculiarly fitted him for those military employments in which he afterwards distinguish'd himself. He very early display'd his attachment to the abdicated monarch, having led a considerable body of Camerons to the assistance of Viscount Dundee, at the Pass of Killiecrankie.² Here his courage and conduct went near to turn the fortune of the day. How this conduct came to be overlook'd by Government, at the very time that Glencoe, who was just at Lochiel's door, became the object of such signal vengeance, does not appear. Nor can it at this time be easily accounted for. His popular character, and powerful connections, might make it seem worth while to conciliate him; but if that was the intention, it does not appear to have succeeded.

Some time after, about the end of King William's reign, his son

¹ Eoghainn Dubh was really born in 1629, and died at the age of ninety in 1719. He married (1.) Mary, daughter of Sir Donald MacDonal of Sleat; (2.) Isabel, daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart; (3.) Jean, daughter of David Barclay of Urie.

² At Killiecrankie he carried the royal standard. For a description of his appearance, *vide* Macaulay's *History of England*, chap. xiii.

John went privately to France. He was an intelligent man, of frank and pleasing manners, who had more knowledge, and had associated more with his superiors than was usual for the chieftains of those days. There is reason to suppose that it was about this time that he became acquainted with the Duke of Berwick, who had a great friendship for him.

About this time too, Barclay of Urie, well known as the acute and able apologist of the Quakers, was also in France at that time, when probably commenc'd the acquaintance which soon after produc'd a matrimonial alliance between the families of Urie and Lochiel.¹

This marriage was an additional proof of the gallant chiefs independence of mind and deserved [all praise].

In the meantime every effort was made by the ruling powers at home to detach Lochiel from his allegiance to the abdicated monarch.

Great offers were made him on the part of Government. He was to have a pension of £300 a year, which was to descend to his son (whom they were particularly anxious to lure back to Scotland), and to be Governor of Fort William.

This generous chieftain, however, was above temptation. While Government were thus vainly negotiating with him, a very different kind was carrying on between Sir Ewan and another distinguish'd chief.

Alaster Du (Dark Alexander) of Glengarrie, whose territories border'd on those of Lochiel, and whose castle was situated on Loch Oich, not many miles from Achnacarrie, is still celebrated in the poetry and traditions of his own country, for wisdom, valour, and magnanimity.² He was the head of a very powerful tribe styling themselves Macdonells, in contra-distinction to the Macdonalds of the Isles, whose claim of superiority they always resisted, claiming to be a distinct family descended from the ancient Earls of Antrim in the north of Ireland. Indeed, the bards and sennachies of the house of Glengarrie did not fail even here to claim precedence, alleging that the family of Antrim deriv'd of them. Be this as it may, the Glengarrie family had at this time reach'd the acme of their power and popularity. An immediate predecessor of the renown'd Alaster had added literary and civic honours to the wild wreathes that had flourish'd round the brows

¹ Robert Barclay of Urie, the Apologist, born 1648, educated at the Scots College, Paris, returned to Scotland 1664, died 1690.

² Cf. Macaulay's *History of England*, chap. xiii.

of his ancestors. He had in consequence of his talents and attainments been created a Lord of Session, at a time when no little power and consequence was attach'd to that office.¹ He went afterwards to Italy, where he acquir'd a taste for architecture; and on his return built the Castle of Invergarrie (part of the walls of which still remain undemolish'd) on the model of an edifice of the same kind which had attracted his attention at Padua.

The heroic Alaster du succeeded to all the honours and all the popularity of his predecessor, and in sincere, however misplac'd loyalty to the house of Stuart, equall'd his neighbour Sir Evan.

Both men of abilities, integrity, and candour; and both stimulated by an ardent zeal for the cause which to them appear'd just. All the rivalry so usual between neighbouring clans was swallow'd up by the powerful sentiment which united them.

They concerted all the plans of their political measures or military operations together, and led their united clan to guard the hard-disputed Pass of Killiecrankie, where Glengarrie had a brother kill'd, and several Camerons of note fell victims to their principles. After this hard struggle the two chieftains returned to their respective abodes. Glengarrie, for some reason which does not now distinctly appear, was more obnoxious to Government than Sir Ewan, who very composedly occupied the house of Achnacarrie, tho' it was not very defensible and stood near the garrison; while Glengarrie found it necessary to retire for some time. His followers being at that time uncivilis'd, and less amenable to regular discipline than the Camerons, had probably by their ravages provok'd a more aggravated hostility.

He retir'd for some time among the woods and mountains of Glengarrie, remaining sometimes for days together in a small wooded island of Locharkaig, where tradition says they contriv'd a stratagem to elude the threaten'd vengeance of Government, which was afterwards put into execution with a dexterity and resolution equal to the subtlety and secrecy with which it was plan'd. It is said that some young men belonging to the most powerful families in England had come down with a certain regiment then lying at Fort William, to see the country, and take a share in the desultory warfare then carried on. These youths were accounted cadets or volunteers. Of such many were attach'd to every regiment in those days, who got a soldier's pay if they chose to accept it, were consider'd as pupils in the art of war, at liberty to retire if they chose, and eligible, being often persons of family, to fill the

¹ The reference is probably to Æneas Macdonell, ninth of Glengarry, who was raised to the peerage in 1660 as Lord Macdonell and Arros. No Glengarry was ever a Lord of Session.

vacancies which war or disease occasioned among the subalterns. This regiment was now about to occupy the garrisons of Stirling and Dumbarton, and was most probably succeeded by some other regiment. These who had been amusing themselves with their fowling pieces on the way to the Black Mount, were engag'd with each other in conversation, and bringing up the rear with some of the staff, and little dreading an assault in desolate regions where there are no inhabitants but a few wandering herdsman, and in a country which they consider'd as completely subdued.

Two hundred well-arm'd and light-footed highlanders, however, lay conceal'd in the heath and bushes in a narrow pass, confin'd on one side by a steep mountain, and on the other by a small lake by the path, for road there was none, that led towards Teyandrem¹ or the Black Mount. When the rear of the regiment to which these youths were passing fearlessly thro' the deep solitude, as they thought it, of this savage district, the highlanders sprung so suddenly from their ambuscade, that before they could recollect themselves sufficiently to have recourse to their arms for defence, these dexterous partisans had snatch'd away their prey. This consisted of eight or ten young men of the description above mention'd, and a few more of less note, whom in their indiscriminate haste they had swept away with the rest.

There were some shots fir'd in the confusion which produc'd little effect besides alarming the regiment.

This sudden and mysterious disappearance of their young *élèves* excited the utmost concern and perturbation among the superior officers. They could not possibly define the purport and tendency of this manœuvre; that so many people should venture their lives in this bold enterprise against unequal odds was very wonderful, if the intention were merely to carry away a few prisoners, and thus incense a power able to crush them in an instant.

What they knew of the sagacity and forecast of the chieftains and their habit of acting in concert on emergencies, forbid them to indulge the supposition of its being a mere predatory attack, the dictate of revenge or sudden caprice. Utterly at a loss for the motive of this well-concerted stratagem, they were equally puzzl'd how to act in consequence of it. To pursue them was useless, being entirely ignorant of their route. To divide into parties was unsafe in what now clearly appear'd to be a hostile country. To spoil and ravage the country while uncertain from what district or clan this unseen blow came, was to shake the wavering allegiance of some, and kindle others into fatal desperation.

¹ Tyndrum.

After revolving all things in their minds, it appear'd to them most probable that this plan was the result of that smother'd hostility which their own rashness and insolence had fomented, and that the intention was to engage them in a pursuit which should afford advantage to some large arm'd body lurking in the fastnesses for that purpose, to rush upon them and destroy them when involv'd in those intricate and dangerous passes which were only safe for the natives.

Afraid to pursue the aggressors, and ashamed to communicate to Government the result of a transaction from which they deriv'd so little credit, it was determin'd they should march silently on and suspend all measures of retaliation till they had some sure grounds to go on, by discovering the real aggressors and the tendency of this outrage. At Dumbarton they found a letter address'd to the commander of the corps, informing them 'that certain chiefs of clans who had no objections to King William's ruling in England, considering that nation as at liberty to choose its own rulers, but that they never could consistent with oaths they had repeatedly sworn on their arms and by all that is holy, take an oath to any other sovereign while any of the family at St. Germain's continued to exist. That they, however unwilling to perjure themselves or to hold their lands in daily fear, subject to the insults of the petty instruments of power and to the groundless accusation of treason to the ruling powers, were willing to live quietly under the present rulers as long as their conscience was not forc'd, nor their possessions disturb'd.

These last, they said, they and their followers were resolv'd to defend from aggression with the last drop of their blood. But in the meantime, to prevent as far as possible encroachments which might drive them into hostilities with a government, which, tho' they did not acknowledge, they meant not hereafter to disturb, they had taken hostages to insure their safety, and these they would never part with till Sir Evan and Alaster Du had obtain'd assurances that while they liv'd peaceably on their lands they should not be disturb'd for their principles, nor for any part they had formerly acted when government was so little settled or establish'd that no man obeying the Sovereign to whom he had originally sworn allegiance, could be said to disturb the peace of a country for the mastery of which rival Sovereigns seem'd contending.

This proposal was accompanied with a strong and pathetic remonstrance on the folly and danger of alienating and finally exasperating clans powerful from their union and from the inaccessible country they inhabited, by treating them with continued harshness and distrust, and making the tenderness of

their conscience and their fidelity (while it could be available) to their unfortunate exil'd Sovereign, a pretext to lay them at the mercy of 'every petty petling officer' who might think fit to experserate them into hostility that he might treat them as rebels. They quoted the late horrid massacre of Glencoe as justifying this measure of precaution, and threaten'd if their petition was rejected to take refuge with their prisoners in France and proclaim to all Europe the impolicy and cruelty of the treatment which had been the means of driving them there.

This remonstrance and petition for immunity, after being secretly and carefully perus'd, was despatch'd by a private express, not to the council (the king being then for the last time abroad), but to the relations of the young captives who were deeply interested in the success of the negotiation, and whose wives and sisters, at a time when the generality of even well inform'd people were shamefully ignorant of the manners and character of the Scottish mountaineers, might apprehend that their kinsmen might be not only kill'd but eaten by these remorseless savages, as they consider'd them.

Besides these private considerations, the aspect of public affairs was more favourable for the success of such an 'arm'd neutrality' than at any former period. William had outliv'd his queen, and with that popularity which her gentle and gracious manners attracted, and which was repell'd by his cold and forbidding ones, he was visibly declining in health, and the honours due to him as a patriot hero (whose very ambition was sanctified by the noble end he uniformly pursued) had not their due influence in a country, torn by the factions which divided a jealous aristocracy and a turbulent populace.

William's love of power was all directed to that single object, which had been the ruling passion of his life, the preserving the liberties of Europe from the encroachments of France.

If he was eager amidst all his affected indifference to obtain the dominion of this island, it was that he might turn all its resources against the common enemy. Thus engross'd by his military pursuits and foreign politics, it was little to be expected that he should take an intimate concern in those dark corners of his dominions where an 'Imperium in Imperio' still subsisted that eluded or resisted the ordinary regulations of civil government. These he left to the great officers of state in that turbulent kingdom, which foreigners were too ignorant, and natives too knowing to govern aright. By too knowing, I mean that they knew too well the confederacies and relative interests of their own tribes and factions to rule impartially.

Meanwhile, William, who had never been much lov'd, now childless and declining, was less fear'd than formerly. All eyes were turn'd towards the court of the Princess of Denmark, who, in herself, mild, pious and estimable, deriv'd additional popularity with the adverse party, from the coldness subsisting between her and the king.

The consequence which she deriv'd from being the recognis'd successor to the crown, was considerably augmented by her being the mother of a son to whom the nation fondly look'd up as the descendant of their ancient line of monarchs, born in their own country, and bred up in those religious and political principles for which they had suffer'd and sacrific'd so much.

The partisans of this court, which had already obtain'd considerable influence over the minds of the people, were not inclin'd to regard with much severity a stratagem which a late tragical event had in some degree authoris'd, and after a secret negotiation, the grounds of which, it is said, were never communicated to the king, both Sir Evan and Glengarrie were assur'd of safety for the future, and impunity for the past. The youths went home pleas'd with their treatment and the amusements which had been devis'd for them in their retreat.

The credit of this fact rests merely on the country tradition, and the silence concerning it in the publications and records of these times is accounted first, by the shame which the commanders of the regiment felt at being thus surpris'd and outwitted by an inferior number of those whom they had been accusom'd to style barbarians and treat as such.

Those on the other hand who had been urg'd by their concern for the safety of their relatives to bring about this treaty without assigning their motives, were equally interested in concealing it.

Sir Evan and Glengarrie [lived] peaceably unquestion'd all the ensuing reign, which was a very happy one for these and the neighbouring chieftains who were no longer forc'd to meet clandestinely in their favourite island, and whose friendship for each other continued undiminish'd thro' life. Few chieftains have been so much belov'd and admir'd in life, or so sung and celebrated after it as these memorable friends, who still live in the lays of their native bards.

The Keppochs, a highland family of the name of Macdonell or Macdonald, I am not sure which, have been long distinguish'd for valour and for genius, to which I might add the personal advantages of grace and beauty. Sheelah or Julia, an eminent poetess of this accomplish'd family, who was married to Gordon

of Belderno, was contemporary with these mountain heroes.¹ In her youth she must have known them well, Keppoch being in the close neighbourhood both of Invergarrie and Achnacarie.

Her family, if I mistake not, were cadets of Glengarrie,² and in the numerous lyrics that owe their birth to her prolific muse, much of the history of that family and even of that period, may be trac'd, for after her connection by marriage with the Gordons, the virtues and valour of that powerful tribe, and the vicissitudes to which its heads were subjected are by turns the object of eulogy and lamentation.

The enthusiasm with which her character was deeply ting'd, seems to have been not only poetical, but heroic, patriotic, and in a very high degree devotional. She was a Catholic too, and took every advantage that a religion so pompous and picturesque offer'd, to embellish her poetry with the peculiar imagery it afforded. The hymns and sacred rhapsodies of Sheelah are still the consolation and delight of all pious highland Catholics. Of her monody on the death of the renown'd Alaster Du, or at least of one of the many poems she consecrated to his memory, follows an extract literally translated, and selected more for its singularity than any superiority of poetical merit:

'Dark Alexander of Glengarrie,
Thou art departed and we remain forlorn.
Thou wert our guard, our comfort, and our ornament,
Thou wert admir'd of lovely women,
Thou wert the pleasure of heroic men,
Thou wert as among metals as the most pure gold,
Thou wert as the noblest Lyon among the beasts,
Among the birds as is the Eagle of strongest wing,
As is the shapely Salmon of bright scales among the fish,
As is the moon among Stars,
Or the fair-hair'd sun amidst revolving planets,' etc. etc.

The parallel betwixt Alastar Du and every object of transcendent worth is carried much further, and concluded with some very tender and pathetic retrospections of the past and sublime anticipation of the future.

But it is time to leave our poetess and our hero to return to the

¹ Well known in Gaelic as Sileas na Ceapach. She married Alexander Gordon of Beldorney.

² They were not. The family of Glengarry are said to be descended from the marriage of John first Lord of the Isles with Amie MacRuari, Lady of Garmoran; the family of Keppoch from his marriage with the Princess Margaret, daughter of Robert II.

more immediate subject of this Memoir. Sometime in the latter years of the reign of King William, Sir Evan had the satisfaction of seeing a marriage take place betwixt his son John and the beautiful and estimable daughter of Barclay of Urie, the apologist for the Quakers.¹

It is well known that the doctrine so abhor'd and revil'd of passive obedience and non-resistance makes a part of the tenets of this primitive and inoffensive sect. They were (perhaps on that very account) patronis'd by James the Second, and always retain'd a kindness for the abdicated family. This is the only point of agreement I can possibly see between a meek and simple Quaker, and a lofty and ambitious highland chieftain. But John, the son of Sir Evan, tho' obscured in some measure by the too near brightness of his illustrious parent (and his own voluntary exile in his early days) was possess'd of superior qualities of mind and innate worth sufficient to induce so good a judge as Barclay to consider him worthy of his alliance. Sir Evan cordially approv'd of this marriage, which was indeed every way respectable. This was an additional proof of the old chieftain's good sense, for it was in those days an unheard of thing for a highland chief to marry without the consent of his whole clan. When he did marry it was generally the daughter of some neighbouring great man, acquainted with the language and manners of that country.

This singular choice of the younger Lochiel, however, soon met the sanction of general approbation. Before the ancient chief, full of years and honours, slept with his fathers, he had the comfort to witness the happiness his son deriv'd from this marriage, and to see him live very respectably and altogether undisturb'd in the seat of his ancestors. This serene aspect of matters continued unruffl'd during the whole reign of Queen Anne, a Princess whose memory the highlanders hold in the highest veneration on account of the tranquillity and plenty they enjoy'd during her reign, which was advantageously contrasted with the former and subsequent periods. Indeed King William was most unjustly made accountable for the famine (a very severe one of seven years' continuance) which depopulated some inland districts of the highlands during his reign. The scarcity was extreme everywhere in those pastoral countries which at best produce very little grain. But on the seaside the supply of marine productions of various kinds afforded constant relief, for not only fish but the algae and other seaweeds afforded sustenance to this distress'd people. If poor King William was

¹ It was Sir Ewen himself who married as his third wife Jean, daughter of Colonel David Barclay of Urie, and sister of Robert Barclay the Apologist. John Cameron of Lochiel married Isabel, daughter of Sir Alexander Campbell of Lochnell.

blam'd for a famine which was consider'd as a visitation on his public and personal sins, tho' the suffering devolv'd wholly on others, the singularly rich crops which land too long left fallow afforded in the times of *good* Queen Anne were in a great measure attributed to her pious prayers. It was in short all over the highlands a period of peaceful abundance, still held in grateful remembrance, during which the Whig Lyon endur'd and sometimes even fondl'd the Tory Kid. And had the Duke of Gloucester liv'd the distinction of parties would in a great measure have been obliterated by the mild sway of this benevolent Princess. I only speak of parties as they existed in the highlands.

The Quaker lady meantime acquir'd the language of the country, and became distinguish'd for prudence, activity, and affability; no chieftainess could be more popular. One great defect she had, however, which was more felt as such in the highlands than it would have been in any other place. She did not, as a certain resolute countrywoman of hers was advis'd to do, 'bring forth men children only.' On the contrary, she had twelve daughters in succession, a thing scarce pardonable in one who was look'd up to and valued in a great measure as being the suppos'd mother of a future chief.¹

In old times women could only exist while they were defended by the warrior and supported by the hunter. When this dire necessity in some measure ceas'd the mode of thinking to which it gave rise continued, and, after the period of youth and beauty was past, woman was only consider'd as having given birth to a man.

John Lochiel's mind was above this illiberal prejudice. He fondly welcomed his daughters and caress'd their mother on their appearance as much as if every one of them had been a young hero in embryo. His friends and neighbours us'd on these occasions to ask in a sneering manner, 'What has the lady got?' To which he invariably answer'd, 'A lady indeed.' This answer had a more pointed significance there than with us, for in the highlands no one is call'd a lady but a person married to the proprietor of an estate. All others, however rich or high born, are only *gentlewomen*. How the prediction intentionally included in the chiefs answer was fulfill'd will hereafter appear.

Besides the family title, every highland chieftain has a patronymic deriv'd from the most eminent of their ancestors,

¹ This is nonsense. By his three wives Sir Ewen had altogether fifteen children, of whom eleven were daughters. Jean Barclay was the mother of seven daughters and one son, who was her eldest child. John Lochiel's children consisted of one daughter and seven sons, the eldest of whom was Donald, the 'Gentle Lochiel' of the '45.

probably the founder of the family, and certainly the first who conferr'd distinction on it. Thus Argyle is the son of Colin, Breadalbane the son of Archibald, etc.; and the chief of the Camerons was always styl'd son of Donald Du, Black Donald, whatever his name or complexion may be. This dark complexion, as well as the appellation deriv'd from it, became, it would appear, hereditary in the family, and at length it became a tradition or prophecy among the clan that a fair Lochiel should never prosper.

After the birth of the twelve daughters, to the great joy of the clan, an heir appear'd, but their satisfaction was not a little check'd on finding the ill-omen'd laird was as fair as any of his sisters. Tho' fair, however, he was not effeminate, but added to the dignity of appearance and muscular strength which distinguish'd his ancestors a singularly mild and engaging countenance. He was call'd Donald.¹ Archibald, afterwards known as the hard-fated Dr. Cameron, and John, denominated Fassfern, from the possession he held, were born soon after. The proud prediction of their father was soon amply fulfill'd with regard to the daughters of this extraordinary family, which centred in itself so much beauty, merit.

and good fortune that their history unites the extravagance of romance with the sober reality of truth.

The fair Quaker made not only an excellent wife but a most exemplary mother. Her daughters were better educated than the generality of young women in these remote corners, and tho' little or nothing was to be expected with them, the fame of their engaging appearance soon attracted admirers from all quarters.

There was little or nothing to be expected with them, or indeed with any highland damsel, but the great point was to be well born and well allied. Now, tho' no people on earth set more by high descent than the highlanders in choosing a wife, ancestry was not the sole consideration. They were much persuaded that the qualities of the mind as well as personal and constitutional defects or advantages were hereditary. They were therefore anxious to a degree, scarce credible to modern refinement, to avoid the risk of inherited faults or blemishes. To express the thing in their own homely manner, the Lochiel maidens were consider'd as of an excellent breed, and when the eldest and one or two of her sisters were well married the additional attraction of forming good alliances drew admirers to the younger branches of the family. They seem'd indeed like the Sibyl's leaves, to rise in value as they decreas'd in number. The younger ones were taken away almost in

¹ The 'Gentle Lochiel.

childhood, and the youngest of all, who was allowedly the most beautiful, was actually married to Cameron of Glendissery in the twelfth year of her age, and after his death to Maclean of Kingarloch, so that she was successively the wife of two heads of families.¹

The least beautiful of this tribe of beauties, who, however, possess'd a commanding figure and superior understanding, was Jean, afterwards married to Clunie,² the chief of the clan Macpherson. She had the advantage over her fairer sisters of being celebrated in English, or rather Scotch verse, being the reputed heroine of the popular and pathetic song known by the name of 'Lochaber no more.'

The poet, who in strains at once tender and heroic, laments his departure from Lochaber and consequent separation from his Jean, is said to have been an officer in one of the regiments station'd at Fort William. The marriages of these admir'd sisters derive a certain political importance from their forming links of a chain which their father, from his popularity and power of mind, was enabled to draw in any direction, and to which his son afterwards, by the combin'd power of affinity and ability, communicated the same momentum.

In this view it is worth while to trace each distinct head of this powerful confederacy which associated so many noted families by the ties both of kindred and opinion into one mass of disaffection to Government and strong mutual attachment.

The sons-in-law of John Lochiel were, 1st. Cameron of Dungallon. 2nd. Barclay of Urie. 3rd. Grant of Glenmoriston. 4th. Macpherson of Clunie. 5th. Campbell of Barcaldine. 6th. Campbell of Auchalader. 7th. Campbell of Auchlyne. 8th. Maclean of Lochbuy. 9th. Macgregor of Bohaudie. 10th. Wright of Loss. 11th. Maclean of Ardgour; and, 12th. Cameron of Glendissery.³ It is

¹ Christian, who married Glendessary, was Jean Barclay's eldest daughter.

² Lachlan Macpherson of Nuid who succeeded to the chiefship in 1722. Their eldest son Ewen, the Cluny of the '45, married Janet Fraser of Lovat.

³ This list is very inaccurate. First of all, it refers to the daughters, not of John, but of Sir Ewen. Moreover, there were only eleven, not twelve, of these ladies. Then, none of these married Campbell of Achlyne, Maclean of Lochbuy, or Wright of Loss; while there is no mention of the marriage of Katharine Cameron to William Macdonald, Tutor of Sleat, or of her sister Marjory to Macdonald of Morar. Macgregor of Bohaudie also is better known under the name of Drummond of Balhaldy. Cf. also p. 287. Barclay of Urie was Robert, the grandson of the Apologist.

singular that all these twelve ladies became the mothers of families, and made good wives and mothers, insomuch that their numerous descendants still cherish the bonds of affinity now so widely diffus'd, and still boast their descent from these female worthies.

Thus powerful in new form'd connections, and happy in the midst of an admirable family, Lochiel liv'd in tranquil comfort till the death of Queen Anne, ominous to all Tory visions of felicity, again brought troublous times, and once more brought the fidelity of the Jacobite chiefs to the severest test. Some of the Scotch nobility, who languish'd to see Scotland once more in reality an independent kingdom, nourish'd in the minds of the chieftains a hatred to English dominion. This had indeed been too often delegated into the hands of cruelty and rapine, to be in any degree popular; and tho' the scourges of the land who had thus abus'd authority were themselves Scotchmen, still the English rule was blam'd for the unparallel'd miseries of the country during the intermediate period between the accession of James the First and the Union. There still lurk'd in the minds of the less instructed Scotch a strong desire of being govern'd by a king of their own, who should reign in Scotland only, and to whom that kingdom should not be merely a secondary object.

This dislike to English sway was greatly exasperated by the cruel abandonment of the settlement of Darien, which gave the lieges of the low country a dislike to King William's person and government, equally strong and better grounded than that which the highlanders had conceiv'd, in consequence of the famine, when they imagin'd themselves starv'd to atone for his personal transgressions.

This eager wish for unattainable, or at best precarious and tributary independence, was lull'd to sleep by the lenient counsels and military triumphs that render'd the reign of their belov'd Queen glorious abroad, and comparatively tranquil at home, and she had the additional merit of having a grandfather born in Scotland, and to all these merits the passion for a direct line of succession for some time gave way. The leaders of the party did not fail to whisper to the chiefs that this pious princess was too conscientious to let her dominions descend to a stranger, and had made provision in her settlements to prevent such an alienation, as they consider'd it, of the crown.

Nothing could equal the astonishment of these deluded chiefs when they found that the dreaded foreigner was in actual possession of a crown of which they knew their inability to dispossess him.

To restore their ancient race of monarchs to the separate crown of Scotland was their fondest wish. This visionary project was never adopt'd by the Jacobites at large, who were too well inform'd to suppose it either practicable or eligible, but it serv'd as an engine to excite the zeal of bards and sennachies, who were still numerous in the Highlands, and in whose poetry strong traces of this very project may still be found.

The insurrection of the year fifteen, kindl'd from the embers of the unextinguish'd hopes of the Jacobites, is too well known to require any detail here, and was too ill conducted to do much credit either to those who kindl'd or those who extinguish'd it. Lochiel,¹ however, as far as fidelity is honourable, had merit in his adherence to his principles, having much to lose, and little to expect from a change. Before he went to the field of Sheriff Muir, which decided the contest, without leaving to either side the honours of victory, he arrang'd matters so as to be prepar'd for the worst. The frequency of feuds and civil wars in Scotland during those long and feeble minorities, equally fatal to the independence of the throne and the liberties of the people, had taught the Barons to practise all the finesse and stratagem render'd necessary by a state of perpetual change and uncertainty. The son and father, for the general advantage of the clan, often affected to take different sides, that the estate might in any event be preserv'd to the family. Lochiel did not exactly follow this example, but he left his affairs so arrang'd, and under such careful guidance, that in case of the worst that could be fear'd, his estate and affairs might be protected. He had a powerful band of sons-in-law to give aid and counsel to the heir, now nearly of age, and I think at college.

Donald, the younger Lochiel, having no concern in the rising, of which he was purposely kept in ignorance, was not liable to be question'd on that account. Tho' he was carefully educated in the family principles, a reflective mind and much acquir'd knowledge, remov'd him far from that headlong rashness which pursues the end without duly considering the means. Conscious that the honour and interest of the clan were safe in the hands of such a son, the elder Lochiel² (now consider'd by Government as a proscrib'd rebel), after hovering for some [time] in Braemar and Badenoch and the intermediate districts, join'd General Gordon, and follow'd the fortunes of the unfortunate adventurer to France, after his ill-advis'd landing and coronation at Scone. He was now consider'd too powerful to be conniv'd at, and of too much consequence to be

¹ John is meant, though Sir Ewen did not die till 1719. Cf. p. 308 note I.

² John is meant, though Sir Ewen did not die till 1719. Cf. p. 308 note I.

forgiven, had he even been willing to submit. He resided chiefly at the court of St. Germain, where he enjoy'd a high degree of favour and confidence, particularly with the Duke of Berwick, and tho' he seem'd to renounce Scotland till a change of Government should render his return eligible, he at different times made private visits to his native country, where he could remain, if not publicly, at least safely, as long as it suited his inclination, having sons-in-law in every district ready to protect him, besides the most dutiful and amiable of sons, who consider'd himself as merely holding his possessions in trust for his father. To all the noble and generous qualities display'd in the age of chivalry by his brave ancestors, Donald of Lochiel united a gentleness of manners and elegance of mind to which those unpolish'd warriors were strangers. He married about the year '28 a daughter of Sir James Campbell of Auchinbreck, of which marriage the present Lochiel is descended. Of this lady it is sufficient praise to say that she was every way a suitable companion for her husband.¹

Donald, tho' no less attach'd to the abdicated family than his predecessors, found it expedient for the general good to submit quietly to the ruling powers, but never took the oaths of allegiance to the reigning family. Nothing could be a greater proof of the esteem in which he was held by all parties than his being indulg'd in this tenderness of conscience so near a military station.²

In the many private visits which the elder chieftain made to his son, it cannot be doubted that there was a kind of tacit agreement that what they esteem'd 'the good old cause' should be supported when occasion became ripe. Donald, however, a patriot and a person of deep reflection, lov'd his king well, but his country still better. Nor would he be persuaded to risk the safety of that country by any prospect of personal advantage. Ambition, 'that last infirmity of noble minds,' had no great power over him. John Lochiel had look'd too near into the court of France to depend much upon it; and to the sound judgment of his son it seem'd obvious that an attempt unsupported by powerful aid from abroad would be unavailing. Indeed it was evident that without foreign aid, and the hearty co-operation of the English Jacobites, any further attempts to reinstate the exil'd Prince would only end, as the former had done, in a desperate display of unavailing courage and fidelity, and the utter ruin of his Scotch adherents.

John Lochiel the exile deriv'd much consequence from the influence he possess'd over his numerous progeny. The sons of his

¹ Their family consisted of three sons and four daughters.

² Fort-William.

daughters¹ were in some instances become the heads of families, and all look'd up to him for light. The slightest intimation of his will would have been sufficient to set his family confederacy in motion, but the chief saw too clearly to hazard the fate of so many, without well weighing the consequences, and his son's wisdom, early ripen'd by the cautious and critical part he had to act, forbade all precipitance.

In this state of matters he was appris'd of an intended descent on Scotland, which was to be powerfully supported by the French, and no less effectually seconded by the English Jacobites. It was necessary to be well assur'd of this before any steps could be taken in a country aw'd by garrisons and known to be disaffected. But while Donald was thus anxiously waiting for certain intelligence of their plans, what was his astonishment to hear of the young adventurer's landing in the wilds of Moidart, a savage district on the sea coast, in that neighbourhood where his standard was first display'd. After remaining there in concealment for a few days, he came to Auchnacarric.²

Lochiel strongly express'd his sorrow and concern at seeing him so ill provided, and so slenderly attended. He strongly dissuaded him from showing himself till more suitable preparation should be made for his reception, and till a force should arrive on the coast strong enough to encourage and support.

Full of the ardour of youth and presumption of sanguine hope, the Prince remain'd unmov'd by the chieftain's arguments, and began to reproach him with a circumspection and coolness incompatible with genuine attachment, and which tended to damp the zeal of his more courageous followers. Seeing no persuasion could deter the leader from prosecuting this rash adventure, he arrang'd his papers and affairs, as a man setting out on a journey from whence he was not to return, and with ominous sadness collected all his force, and having once embark'd in this perilous enterprise, he exerted himself with as much determin'd courage and eager perseverance as if it had been undertaken with his entire approbation. The sequel, it is well known, fully justified his objections, and the intermediate narrative of public transactions includes the account of the gallantry, clemency and good faith which distinguish'd his conduct during the course of that unhappy contest. Had not his judgment so far contradicted his wishes, he

¹ Should be 'sisters.' Cf. p. 318 note.

² The Prince landed at Borradaie on 25th July 1745. He met Lochiel there, and does not seem to have visited Auchnacarric at that time.

might have given still more effectual aid to the cause which a vain waste of blood and courage adorn'd without strengthening it. He sacrific'd himself and his followers, but could not be induc'd to persuade his brothers-in-law to engage in a cause so hopeless. Most of these, however, wish'd well to it, and some in consequence of previous impressions join'd it.

This chief was wounded in the leg in the battle of Culloden, and afterwards convey'd by some faithful followers to a shealing in the gloomy and unknown recesses at the west end of Loch Erroch. In the meantime, the house of Achnacarie was burnt and plunder'd, as well as the Castle of Glengarrie, and the district inhabited by Lochiel's followers ravag'd with unsparing cruelty; the details of this would be painful to humanity. Attracted by the fame of the advantages gain'd by the highlanders at Falkirk and Prestonpans, John of Lochiel came over from France and landed on the coast of Lochaber, a very short time before the final blow which scatter'd irretrievably his adherents.¹ He return'd in the same vessel after taking a last look of the scene of his past authority and happiness. He return'd, I know not on what account, privately to Scotland a few years after, and died in Edinburgh.²

It is hard to say what could particularly exasperate the conquerors at a character so distinguish'd for mildness and probity as that of Lochiel,³ yet his blood seem'd to be sought after with the most rancorous perseverance. It was known that his wound made escape from the country difficult, if not impossible, and a considerable reward was offer'd for apprehending him. In the plunder of the house of Achnacarie, a picture was found drawn for Lochiel, and accounted a good likeness. This was given to a party of the military, who were despatch'd over Corryaric in search of the unfortunate invalid. On the top of this mountain they met Macpherson of Urie, who being a tall, handsome man, of a fair and pleasing aspect, they concluded to be the original of the portrait they carried with them. This anecdote I had from Urie himself. He was a Jacobite, and had been *out* as the phrase was then. The soldiers seiz'd him, and assur'd him he was a d---d rebel, and that his title was Lochiel. He in return assur'd them that he was neither d---d nor a rebel, nor by any means Lochiel. When he understood, however, that they were a party in search of Lochiel, going in the

¹ He was present with the reinforcements which marched from Perth to Falkirk before the battle.

² Mackenzie's *History of the Camerons* says he died in exile at Newport in Flanders in 1747 or early in 1748.

³ Donald nineteenth of Lochiel.

very direction where he lay conceal'd, he gave them room finally to suppose he was the person they sought. They return'd to Fort Augustus where the Duke of Cumberland then lay, in great triumph with their prisoner. Urie, as he expected from the indulgence of some about the Duke, was very soon set at liberty; and this temporary captivity had the wish'd-for effect of giving the younger Lochiel time to recover of his wounds and leave the kingdom. In his flight to France he was accompanied by his lady, the faithful and affectionate associate of his exile. His son was left under the care of his brother Fassfern,¹ being then a mere infant.² A daughter, Donalda, was afterwards born in France, but attach'd herself so fondly to her father that at his death,³ which happen'd when she was about fourteen, she pin'd away with grief and never recover'd. Lochiel was what is call'd colonel of a reform'd regiment in the French service; and having a peculiar faculty of attaching the affections of those among whom he liv'd, was particularly belov'd among his new friends as well as among the associates of his exile, and held in great respect by the unfortunate adventurer.

These unhappy exiles were for a while amus'd with fleeting projects; in consequence of one of these Lochiel and Clunie went to visit their Prince at a retreat on the upper Rhine, to which he had retir'd after his cruel and perfidious imprisonment at the Castle of Vincennes.⁴

They found him sunk in that lassitude which often succeeds long protracted agitation and smother'd sorrow. He was accompanied by Miss Walkinshaw and her daughter, afterwards Duchess of Albany. In this child and her mother his whole affections seem'd to centre. This was very mortifying to the two chiefs by whom that lady was consider'd as a spy for the English court. They left him after a short visit, under the dominion of his Delilah, and return'd hopeless and dejected. From this time Lochiel's health began to decline. Exile, terrible to all, was to him embitter'd by a separation

¹ John Cameron of Fassifern married Jean Campbell of Achallader, and their eldest son, Ewen, afterwards Sir Ewen, was the father of the well-known Colonel John Cameron of the 92nd Highlanders who fell at Quatre Bras.

² He was born in 1732.

³ He died 26th October 1748, so the daughter cannot have been then fourteen if born after the '45.

⁴ As the Vincennes incident took place after Lochiel's death, and before Clunie's arrival in France, the statement in the text cannot be literally correct.

from vassals so faithful and attach'd, and friends so numerous and so worthy as fell not to the lot of any other man.

Nor was the attachment of those affectionate followers altogether unavailing. The estate of Lochiel was forfeited like others, and paid a moderate rent to the crown, such as they had formerly given to their chief. The domain formerly occupied by the laird was taken on his behoof by his brother. The tenants brought each a horse, cow, colt, or heifer, as a free-will offering, till this ample grazing farm was as well stock'd as formerly. Not content with this they sent a yearly tribute of affection to their belov'd chief, independent of the rent they paid to the commissioners for the forfeited estates. Lochiel's lady and her daughter once or twice made a sorrowful pilgrimage among their friends and tenants. These last receiv'd them with a tenderness and respect which seem'd augmented by the adversity into which they were plunged.

Lochiel died, as was generally thought, of a broken heart, about the year [1748].

His daughter soon follow'd him, and his wife did not long survive this amiable exile, who seems to have something peculiarly estimable and endearing in his character. So much was he belov'd in life, and so tenderly lamented by his tribe and party. Being a man of deep feeling, his fate was thought to be accelerated by the vindictive cruelty which pursued his kindred. The violent death of Dr. Cameron¹ and the banishment of Fassfern, who both fell victims to the rancour of party, no doubt embitter'd, if they did not shorten his remaining days. It was a melancholy winding up of this catastrophe that his only son should fall! a victim to the ill judg'd, tho' affectionate attachment of this generous tribe, yet so it was.

The young Lochiel,² tho' what the Scots call a landless laird, was cherish'd with enthusiasm by all the Camerons as the representative of their ancient chiefs. His friends, however, did not choose that he too should become a victim in a lost cause. They gave him a very good education, and at an early period procur'd for him a commission in the British army.

At an early age he married; and Government being soon after

¹ Dr. Archibald Cameron's judicial murder did not take place till 1753.

² On Donald's death his eldest son was John, who died in Edinburgh in 1762, unmarried and predeceased by his brother James. 'The Young Lochiel' here mentioned is accordingly Charles the third son. He married a Miss Marshall in 1767 and died in 1776.

engag'd in levying men for the American War, found it convenient to use the agency of the attained chiefs for that purpose. They, notwithstanding their poverty and privations, retaining an unbounded influence over the minds of their clans.

Lochiel was offered a company in General Fraser's regiment, the 71st,¹ provided he could raise it among his clan. This he soon and easily did, and march'd to Glasgow at the head of it, in order to embark on board some vessels then lying at Greenock under orders to sail for America.

While the regiment was about to embark, Lochiel was taken ill with the measles, which assum'd rather an alarming appearance, and for the present prevented his embarking with his company. Finding the oldest lieutenant about to assume a temporary command, they positively refus'd to stir, asserting 'that they had not engag'd with King George but Lochiel, that they would follow him wherever he went, but would obey no other leader.' Finally, in the Green of Glasgow, they made a circle round the adjutant, laid down their arms, and [positively] refus'd to take them up again till order'd by their chief. Lochiel, who lodg'd near the scene of [this disorder],² was soon inform'd of all those particulars. Tho' ill in bed, and very feverish at the time, he got up, dress'd, and with his sword in his hand went down and harangued his people; representing to them that unless they went on board their conduct would be imputed to disaffection, and thus become ruinous and disgraceful to him, and that he hop'd to overtake them at Greenock before they embark'd. They took up their arms, huzza'd their chief, and immediately resumed their march. Enfeeb'l'd by his effort and exhausted by agitation, Lochiel again took his bed and died in a very few days after, in consequence of going out in a raw misty day of November, when he was so unequal to that exertion.

Most of this devoted company perish'd in the contest which follow'd, and during which Fraser's regiment was thrice renew'd, and lost 2400 men. The present Lochiel is the son of this last chief, and to him the estate was restor'd sometime about the year '85.

Jordanhill, Decr. 24th, 1808.

¹ Cf. p. 275.

² He was ill in London at the time, and at once hurried to Glasgow.