

THE  
SCOTS MAGAZINE

MDCCLIII

VOLUME XV.

*Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.*

*EDINBURGH:*  
Printed by W. SANDS, A. MURRAY, and J. COCHRAN.

On the 17th of May, Dr Archibald Cameron was carried from the tower in a hackney-coach (the Deputy-Lieutenant sitting with him, and several of the warders and a party of the guards attending) to the court of King's-bench, and there arraigned upon the act of attainder 19<sup>o</sup> *Geo.* II. [viii. 269.]. He admitted himself to be the identical person. The four judges of the court were upon the bench, and the Lord Chief Justice Lee pronounced the sentence usual on such occasions [viii. 326, 79.], fixing the execution for that day three weeks. The court intended his execution to be that day fortnight; but he begged to be permitted to see his wife, who, with seven children, (entirely dependent on him for support), were then at Lisle in Flanders; upon which it was postponed a week. He behaved with great resolution, and answered to every question with a becoming decency. His wife arrived in town some time after; and on Sunday the 27th attended at Kensington with a petition in behalf of her husband, but was prevented, by her falling into a fainting-fit when going to deliver it. She is said, however, to have delivered one, next day, to the Princess Amelia, and one, upon the Tuesday, into the King's hand, and a third to the Princess-dowager of Wales.

“What is good-nature and charity amongst the many, is clemency in the great; and in an age in which commiseration and beneficence is so very conspicuous amongst all ranks, and on every occasion, we have reason to hope that pity resides in that place where it has the highest opportunity of imitating the divine goodness, in saving the distressed.—The greatest, bravest, and wisest monarchs, have been most remarkable for clemency; as for instance, Cyrus, Tamerlane, and Charlemagne. To say the truth, MERCY is the highest prerogative of a crown. For after creating, preserving a human being is the highest benefit can be bestowed. It affects the minds of men universally with reverence and affection: reverence of the power that can work so great an effect, as to stay the uplifted sword of Vengeance; affection for

the godlike goodness expressed in restoring from death to life, and carrying the benign rays of pardon into the gloomy regions of the grave. But, above all, it is the peculiar of Kings. Wrongs may be done in their name, and benefits conferred without their knowledge; but an act of mercy is so clearly marked with the impression of him from whom it comes, that it can never be mistaken, or the gratitude it inspires misapplied. This was well expressed in an old epigram, thus translated.

In CÆSAR'S *conquests* every soldier shares:  
‘Tis singly CÆSAR'S glory,—that he *saves*.”  
*Lond. Ev. Post.*

*P. S.* On Saturday, June 2. the Lord Chief Justice Lee signed a warrant, directed to the constable of the tower, for the delivery of the body of Dr Archibald Cameron, on the Thursday following, to the sheriff of Middlesex; and next day Mrs Cameron was confined, by order, with her husband, to prevent her troubling any of the royal family or nobility with petitions in his favour. On Thursday, June 7. about ten o'clock, Sir Charles Asgill and Sir Richard Glynn, went to the tower; and William Ransford, Esq; the Deputy-Lieutenant, delivered the Doctor into the custody of Mr Missen, Deputy-sheriff of the county of Middlesex. Being put into the sledge, he requested of the Governor to speak to his wife; which being granted, and he being informed that she had left the tower at eight that morning, he said he was sorry for it. On which the sledge drew away, among a great number of spectators, who all pitied his unfortunate circumstances. Sir Charles Asgill left the prisoner at the tower, but Sir Richard Glynn followed the sledge, in his chariot, to Tyburn. The sledge was drawn; by four horses, with black feathers on their heads; and the Doctor was dressed in a light-coloured coat, red waistcoat and breeches, and a new bag-wig, without a hat. About a quarter past twelve he arrived at the place of execution; and having spent about ten minutes in devotion, he was turned off. After hanging twenty-four minutes, he was

cut down, his head cut off, and his heart taken out and burnt, but his body was not quartered. His body and head were afterwards put into a herse, and carried to Mr Stephenson's, undertaker. In his way to the place of execution, he behaved himself with great composure and decency, and spoke often, with a manly cheerfulness and confidence. In short, his behaviour throughout was easy and graceful, such as became a person under his unhappy circumstances, without betraying any fear of his approaching death. A nonjuring clergyman of the Episcopal church of

Scotland attended him, and he lived and died in that communion.—It is said in a letter from London, of June 9. “Dr Cameron suffered last Thursday like a brave man, a Christian, and a gentleman. In short, I cannot express what I have heard of his behaviour. It was reckoned by the thousands that saw him, more than human, and has left such an impression on the minds of all, as will not soon be forgot. His merit is confessed by all parties, and his death can hardly be called *untimely*, as his behaviour rendered his last day worth an age of common life.”

London Daily Advertiser, June 6. *The author of the INSPECTOR to the Honourable\*\*\*\*\**  
\*\*\*\*\*.

AS addresses are received by the august Assembly of our parliament, although they come from the lowest of the people; I suppose a ---, since he will not conceive himself to be greater than they, may be applied unto without offence. When the occasion is public, no matter that all know what is spoken; nor do I apprehend that any person, however inconsiderable, provided he means well, is excluded from this privilege. For these reasons I have determined to apply myself to you on a subject not to be despised; and as I speak to one of Roman virtue, suffer me to do it with a Roman freedom.

Let not the cause appear strange to you; for nothing ought to do so which is not foreign to humanity: nor suppose that being solicited to attempt what is not wholly in your power, you will be censured if you do not effect it. What is requested, is, that you would use that interest which you so much deserve to have, and which you have often employed so worthily, in favour of a man whom all pity, though none excuses; and who being spared, certainly will not offend again.

The ears to which this should be whispered are open but to few; yet among those, you are one to whom they never have been shut;—nor may they ever be so. Therefore let me request you by that popularity which I am sure you wish, and which I know you merit, to undertake this office of humanity: in which it will be no dishonour not to succeed; and which, if you should carry it to perfection, will endear you to every creature who can feel compassion.

I cannot think it hard to perfect it. He to whom you will apply, far from severe or cruel, is the most mild and merciful of men; ready to pardon all things, where public prosperity does not withhold that mercy; and

he will in this be, doubtless, most ready, because the offence was done against himself.

Nor are you to suppose the application will come ill from you, because you are so faithfully attached unto his person and descendents; 'tis therefore it will come most properly from you: nor should I imagine this address would have the least weight with you, but that it is from one whom you know to be full of respect for you, as well as faith where that is owing.

Perhaps you will take offence at it; but do not from thence judge of him to whom you are requested to apply. Although you should be so far wrong, which yet I scarcely think you will, he certainly will not. This, Sir, is the only source on which I can regard your taking it amiss: as to the rest, he who means well, has but one kind of men to fear, and you are not of that number. Nor are you to suppose these my thoughts alone: if there be those about you who have prevented your hitherto knowing it, be informed now, that it is the general voice of the people; of a people, who being brave, feel for a fallen enemy; and who being taught to think humanity a virtue, know there is nothing God-like, but the act of mercy; and are convinced, because they feel it so, that of the higher nature the offence, the greater is the glory of a pardon.

You will say, He is a Criminal!—Aye: there would be else no need of your good offices. That his offence is of the blackest kind.—'Tis true: his life forfeited; none questions it. And that he stands excepted long ago from pardon.—All own it is with justice.—But, Sir, though all things are excluded else, what power can shut out mercy? allowing him this signal criminal, where could the heart of an humane man, or where the soul of a great prince, find out a nobler object for his clemency? It is with the resisting enemy alone that heroes combat. The monarch of the forests, were his throne attacked, would face the tyger while it roared against him; but would not rake into the

earth long after, to crush the toothless worm that crawled after the standard.

Sir, you have prudence; and you well know, that did there, or could there want a better motive, this will prescribe compassion. The brave, for that is a character we must allow these men, while we condemn their cause, may be made friends by mildness, but they will scorn severity. Wisdom and humanity plead therefore on the side of pardon. And to what, let me ask you, should the sacrifice be made? Is it to resentment? That is for little minds, and therefore not for his who may prevent it. Is it to justice? Mercy is a nobler attribute. Or to satisfy a people? They wish otherwise. Assured that the last effort has been made in a despairing cause, they think no more of danger; and they would conquer those who despise death, by clemency.

But there is yet a cause behind for compassion, and unto you, of all men, it will appear the strongest. You have a wife, and you have children: you know, none knows so well, what is duty, and what is affection; for none has seen so many proofs of both; nor has any felt them with more tenderness. He also has a wife and children; and guilty as he is, these sure are innocent. They cry to you: and you, who know what must be their unmeasureable sufferings, and what a people's pity of those sufferings, will not, I think, let them cry to you in vain.

I know this would be no plea to Justice; but 'tis not Justice I would influence, but Compassion. All owns, that strict inquirer warrants the whole procedure, and sanctifies severity: but the more right there is to take, the greater is the generosity that shall forgive the forfeit.

*An account of Dr Cameror's behaviour at his execution on the 7th of June. [251.]*

**W**hen this gentleman came to the place of execution, he looked on the officers and spectators with an undaunted and composed countenance; and as soon as he was unloosed from the sledge, he started up, and with an heroic deportment stept up into

the cart, by the help of one of his executioners; whence looking round, with unconcern, on all the apparatus of death, he smiled: and seeing the clergyman that attended him coming up the steps, he came forward to meet him, and endeavoured with his fettered hands to help him up saying, "So ---- are you come? This is a glorious day to me! 'Tis my new birth-day. There are more witnesses at this birth than were at my first." The clergyman asked him how he did. He said, "Thank God, I am very well, but a little fatigued with my journey; but, blessed be God, I am now come to the end of it."

On hearing one of the gentlemen who presided at the execution, ask the clergyman, whether he would be long about his office? Dr Cameron immediately took the word, and said, he required but very little time, for it was but disagreeable being there, and he was as impatient to be gone as they were. The clergyman then asked the gentleman who had spoke, whether he was the sheriff? and on his being answered in the affirmative, he told him, Dr Cameron's business there would be chiefly with him; that he had something to communicate to him, if he would take the trouble to come near. Which he very readily complied with, and endeavoured to bring his horse close to the cart. But finding the horse a little unruly, and that he could not hear what the Doctor said, by reason of the noise of the multitude, he beckoned with his hand for silence; but to no purpose: whereupon he very obligingly alighted, and came up the steps, and with great civility and attention listened to the Doctor; who spoke to this purpose.

"Sir, You see a fellow-subject just going to pay his last debt. I the more chearfully resign my life, as it is taken from me for doing my duty according to my conscience. I freely forgive all my enemies, and those who are instrumental in taking away my life. I thank God I die in charity with all mankind.

"As to my religion, I die a stedfast, though unworthy member, of that church in which I have always lived, the church of England; in whose communion I hope (through the merits of my blessed Saviour)

for forgiveness of my sins, for which I am heartily sorry.

“The custom of delivering something in writing on such occasions as this, I should willingly have complied with, had it not been put out of my power, being denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, except in the presence of some of my keepers. But what I intend my country should be informed of with regard to my dying sentiments, I have, by the means of a blunt pencil, endeavoured to set down on some slips of paper, as I came by them, in as legible characters as I was able; and these I have left in the hands of my wife, charging her on her duty to her dying husband, to transmit, with all convenient speed, a faithful transcript of them to you; and I am confident she will honourably discharge the trust.”

He then told the sheriff he would presume no longer upon his patience. But the sheriff, with looks that bespoke a great deal of concern, and with much good nature, begged he would take as much time as he pleased, for they would wait till he was ready. The Doctor thanked him. Then turning to the clergyman, he said, “I have now done with this world, and am ready to leave it.”

He joined heartily in the commendatory prayer, &c. then repeated some ejaculations out of the Psalms: after which he embraced the clergyman, and took leave of him.

As the clergyman was going down from the cart, he had like to have missed the steps; which the Doctor observing, called out to him with a chearful tone of voice, saying, “Take care how you go. I think you don't know this way so well as I do.” [305.]

*To the author of the SCOTS MAGAZINE.*  
SIR, *Invernesshire, June 21.*

**D**R Cameron's execution made me look back to your *Magazine* for the year 1746, when tragic scenes were frequent.—All the rest of the unhappy persons in the mournful list [viii. 269.], are by law doomed to suffer one of the cruelest deaths; and there may be men, who would hunt to destruction, as we do noxious animals, such of them as

dare to breathe their native air. It cannot however but be affecting to every humane breast, to see one suffer for what conscience, even a wrong-informed conscience, prompts; to see such a one suffer, upon a sentence pronounced seven years ago, and in absence too; to see this when our blood is become cool, the remembrance of the crime well nigh forgot, and no renewed acts of guilt alledged against the criminal.—If the severities of 1746 in this neighbourhood, were as pompously related, and as well known, as those of some former periods, good people would probably wish, that the sacrifices then made might satisfy public resentment; would wish, if possible, to be no more shocked with the sight of a fellow subject going to death, for having done what he deliberately justifies in that awful hour, pledging eternal salvation on his sincerity.—My heart would dictate more than my tongue or pen can express. I shall therefore only beg a place for the following letter, first published in the *National Journal*.

SIR, *Tuesday, June 10. 1746.*

*Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.*

Lucr.

**A**S this day gave a son to that unfortunate monarch James II. the well-wishers to that family, who regard him as their King, will, I doubt not, celebrate it as a day of mirth and rejoicing: whereas, if they were but to think seriously, they would rather put on sackcloth, and cry out with Job, *Let the day perish wherein he was lorn, and the night 'wherein it was said, There is a man-child conceived.* For on which side soever they turn, the same dismal prospect ever opens to their view, the same mournful distracting scene still presents itself, without even the least likelihood or appearance of its changing. Whether they look upon themselves as subjects, or as Englishmen; whether as firm and loyal friends to their supposed injured prince, or as sincere and

hearty lovers of their country, their reflections will be equally bitter, and their grief no less unsupportable.

In the first place, they will naturally turn their thoughts back on the fountain from whence their afflictions first flowed, which has since, like a torrent, overwhelmed them. The reader will easily know, I here mean K. James II. the father of their present pretended monarch. That he was a prince, his enemies will allow, whose virtues might have shone conspicuous in the eyes of all men, had not they been prevented and obscured by the clouds of mistaken zeal and ill-placed ambition. But whatever his faults may have been as a king, that he was sufficiently punished as a man, is a question no less, difficult perhaps to determine, than it is in these days improper to dispute. The pangs, therefore, which they must feel, are better to be imagined than described, when they reflect on the misfortunes of the Royal exile, who was misguided by his ministers, betrayed by his council, persecuted by his enemies, abandoned by his friends, deserted by his subjects, driven from the throne of his ancestors, his race abjured, and himself forced to take shelter amidst the most inveterate enemies of his native country.

But how greatly must their grief be heightened, when they come to consider the still harder condition of the son? The father, as he had his day of adversity, so had he also of prosperity. To say nothing of what passed before his accession, he was for some time in possession of a throne, then the greatest and most glorious in the universe. As to the son, a continued series of misery has never ceased to persecute him even from his cradle, without the least allay of happiness. Although born to a throne, and once universally acknowledged and treated as the indisputable heir, yet was banished both from the crown and his native land, long before he could be sensible of either; and that too not for his own, but his father's misdemeanors; since he could not at that time, through the tenderness of his years, be susceptible of the least wrong.

The good of the nation, it is true, required it, and political, is not natural justice, confirmed, and sanctified the deed. But however just and necessary the exclusion might be, the case of the person excluded is the same. To come nearer home: How will they be able to support themselves from utterly despairing, when they revolve in their minds the fatal issue of the late glorious, but unsuccessful struggle, in the present rebellion? when they find that their unhappy prince has been made the tool and dupe of an infamous and perjured foreign court? when they reflect on those men, who (through mistaken principles) bravely laid down their lives for their cause; whilst others are preserved to glut and adorn the revenge of an exasperated court, and to die ignominiously by the hands of a common executioner? When they consider all this, what room can they have, what inclination to indulge their joy, when even the most indifferent and obdurate heart cannot but feel some impressions of sorrow hereat?

Again, as Englishmen, they will find too much cause, I fear, to give a check to their mirth, when they behold their country, at home, enervated with luxury, involved in an excessive national debt, and in danger of being enslaved by corruption; and abroad, bullied by our enemies, deserted by our allies, and engaged in a foreign expensive war on the continent; especially since they are so weak as to attribute all these calamities to the exclusion of him whom they call the right and lawful king.

*I am, &c.* ITHACUS.

PAGE 305

Dr Cameron's remains were carried from Mr Stephenson's, undertaker, in the Strand, on Saturday, June 9. at twelve at night, and interred in the large vault in the Savoy chapel.

Several gentlemen attended the funeral, who seemed greatly to lament his un-happy fate. [279.]