

MACDONALD OF KEPPOCH.

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A  
FAMILY MEMOIR  
OF THE  
MACDONALDS OF KEPPOCH

BY  
ANGUS MACDONALD, M.D.,

OF TAUNTON.

WRITTEN FROM 1800 TO 1820, FOR HIS NIECE, MRS. STANLEY  
CONSTABLE.

EDITED BY  
CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, C.B.;

WITH SOME NOTES BY  
THE LATE CHARLES EDWARD STUART, COMTE D'ALBANIE.

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## PREFACE

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THE Family Memoir of the Macdonalds of Keppoch was finished in about the year 1820.<sup>1</sup> It was written by Dr. Angus Macdonald of Taunton, for the information of his niece, Mary Macdonald, who married Charles Stanley Constable, Esq.<sup>2</sup> The Memoir, it should be borne in mind, was written sixty-five years ago, and for a special purpose, namely, to supply information to a lady who was the last surviving near relation of the writer. It is addressed to her throughout.

Dr. Angus Macdonald belonged to the Gellovy branch of the Clan Keppoch. His brother Thomas, a physician in Edinburgh, died at the early age of twenty-six, in the year 1769; having married Catherine, one of the three daughters of Major Macdonald (or McDonnel) of Terndriech (sister of Mrs. Chichester of Arlington), and left an only child, Mary Macdonald, who became Mrs. Stanley Constable. She was born in 1768 and died in 1831. Her uncle Angus was a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, who settled at Taunton in 1786, and practised there for many years with distinguished success. He is described as a little man, always very neatly and carefully dressed, with precise, old-fashioned

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<sup>1</sup> Parts of it must have been written much earlier, as the author refers to opinions and remarks of his wife on what he writes, and she died in 1801. There are letters dated 1814, and Louis XVIII is mentioned as reigning, so that parts must have been written after 1815.

<sup>2</sup> The Memoir contains very full accounts of all her own relations. Her husband was the youngest son of William Haggerston Constable of Everingham, by Lady Winifred Maxwell, the granddaughter of the attainted Earl of Nithsdale. His elder brothers were Marmaduke Constable of Everingham and Carlavarock, who took the name of Maxwell, and was father of the late Lord Herries; and William Constable of Stockeld, who took the name of Middelton. Charles Stanley Constable and his wife, Mary Macdonald, had two sons and two daughters, namely:

1. Thomas Constable, Esq., of the Manor House, Otley, J.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire, born June 16th, 1805. On August 17th, 1865, he married Elizabeth, daughter of Henri Pierre, Comte de Lapasture. They have one daughter, Mary Constable.
2. William Constable died in 1836.
3. Mary Anne, died in 1878.
4. Catherine, Abbess of the Benedictine Convent of St. Scholastica, at Teignmouth.

manners. He was a great reader, making copious notes from the books he perused, and was specially fond of history and genealogy. Above all he was enthusiastically devoted to the memory of his Highland ancestry, and loved to collect anecdotes of their deeds and sayings. Besides this Memoir, he left behind him about twenty volumes of historical notes, numerous note-books on materia medica, pathology, and chemistry; and volumes of letters. He also left four manuscript quarto volumes of what he calls "Commemorations", being records of public events from 1760 to 1803.

Dr. Macdonald had a congenial helpmate. His wife was Miss Nancy Ord, daughter of Robert Ord, the Chief Baron of Scotland. She was a good musician, a botanist, and an extensive reader. She was intimate with many learned men, and they seem to have entertained a high opinion of her judgment. Among her correspondents were Baron Mure, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, David Hume, Lord Kames, the Lord President Dundas, and Henry Mackenzie, the author of *The Man of Feeling*. The latter consulted her, and asked for her opinion, when he wrote his play, *The Spanish Father*, and they frequently exchanged books and criticisms. David Hume presented her with a copy of his History<sup>1</sup>; and left her a legacy in his will, "as a memorial of my friendship and attachment to so amiable and accomplished a person." Mrs. Macdonald was also an intimate friend of Lord and Lady Mansfield; and she wrote an interesting account of the Gordon Riots, including the destruction of the Chief Justice's house. She was staying with her brother at the time, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, next door to Mr. Wedderburn. Mrs. Macdonald died on October 16th, 1801, aged fifty-four; and her husband found some solace to his grief by transcribing the letters from her learned and illustrious correspondents into a book. But her death was an irreparable loss to him, and from that time he retired from the active duties of his profession. He died at Taunton on the 9th of June 1825, in his seventy-fourth year.<sup>2</sup> There is a portrait of Dr. Macdonald at the Manor House, Otley.

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<sup>1</sup> The eight-volume (8vo.) edition of 1773; now the property of Mr. Constable.

<sup>2</sup> The following is an extract from *The Taunton Courier*, June 15th, 1825:—  
"Died, on Thursday, June 9, in the 74th year of his age, Angus Macdonald, M.D., of this town, and Fellow of the Royal College of

*Sir James Macdonald*

Dr. Macdonald left all his books, papers, pictures, and Stuart and clan relics to his niece, Mrs. Stanley Constable, and they are now inherited by her son, Thomas Constable, Esq., of the Manor House, Otley.

The father-in-law of the present Editor, the Rev. James Hamilton Chichester, Rector of Arlington, well remembered having luncheon with old Dr. Macdonald, as a boy on his way to school, when the coach stopped at Taunton.

Mr. Constable has kindly allowed the Memoir to be transcribed and printed, and has given the Editor free access to all the papers which formerly belonged to Dr. Macdonald. There are two copies of the Memoir, one much fuller than the other. The larger copy contains numerous letters and extracts which may be found in general histories. The less copious version, which is the one specially written by Dr. Macdonald for his niece, has therefore been used. But all that is interesting and original has been added from the larger Memoir. A copy of portion of the Memoir was preserved in the Chichester family, and was placed in the Editor's hands. This copy has been carefully collated with the Memoir belonging to Mr. Constable.

Dr. Macdonald begins his Memoir with a defence of the study of the history of ancestors, quoting Marcus Aurelius, Archbishop Tillotson, Dr. Johnson, the historian Gibbon, and other high authorities. He then opens his record of the Macdonalds with Somerled, Thane of Argyle, and continues the detailed genealogies of the

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Physicians of Edinburgh. He had practised as a physician in this town for more than thirty-five years, with distinguished success, but had retired many years from the active duties of his profession. For several months his health had been visibly on the decline; but his life insensibly drew to its close with scarcely any bodily suffering, and he departed with the hope and resignation of a true and sincere Christian, without a struggle or a sigh. He died, as he lived, respected and beloved by all who had an opportunity of appreciating the elegant acquirements of his mind, the amiability of his disposition, and the various excellences of his character. His memory will be long cherished and revered by a select circle of friends, who have either benefited by his professional skill, or enjoyed the pleasure of his interesting conversation in the more intimate and familiar intercourse of social life. He was descended on the father's side from the Macdonalds of Keppoch, a younger branch of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles; and on the mother's from the noble family of Johnstone of Annandale. His wife was Anne, second daughter of Robert Ord, Esq., late Lord Chief Baron of Scotland. She died in 1801."



Lords of the Isles and of the Clan Keppoch down to the memorable year 1745.

Among other passages of interest, the Memoir contains an account of the gallant Macdonald of Keppoch, and of his kinsman, Major Macdonald of Terndriech, who was executed at Carlisle for the part he took in the rising of 1745. There are several letters written by the latter chief to his wife, and a copy of the speech which he intended to have made on the scaffold, if it had been allowed. The family of Terndriech was driven from their Highland home, and wandered for months among the mountains. There is a most touching history of these wanderings written by the little son of Major Macdonald, then a child of seven years of age. One of the Major's three daughters married John Chichester Esq., of Arlington Court, in Devonshire, and Dr. Macdonald gives some account of this generous lady and her sisters, which includes interesting particulars respecting the French Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum. The Memoir is interspersed with numerous anecdotes, and concludes with a history of Alexander Macdonald of Aberhalder, and of his settlement, with a numerous colony of clansmen, on the shores of the St. Lawrence, in Canada.

A few notes to passages in the early part of the Memoir were kindly contributed, at the Editor's request, by the accomplished and amiable Charles Edward Stuart, Comte d'Albanie,<sup>1</sup> than whom no higher authority existed on all subjects relating to the Highland clans. These notes are distinguished by the letter A. The other notes are by the Editor,

[CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.](#)

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<sup>1</sup> The Comte d'Albanie died on board a steamer in the Garonne on his way home from Biarritz, on December 24th, 1880. As is well known, he claimed to be a grandson of Prince Charles Edward, and he certainly possessed many interesting Stuart relics. His claim is stated and explained in a small book, entitled *Tales of the Century* (Edinburgh, 8vo., 1847). The attempted refutation by Lockhart, in the *Edinburgh Review*, although it contains some telling points, is far from being conclusive. It is one-sided and unfair, and has no pretension whatever to judicial impartiality.

A FAMILY MEMOIR  
OF  
THE MACDONALDS.

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**I.**

**INTRODUCTORY.**

The love of preserving the memory of our forefathers seems in a great degree an inherent principle in our natures; and Mr. Gibbon, confessedly the first genealogical historian of our day, has very beautifully discussed this natural principle of mankind. He says:

“A lively desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men.

“We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers; it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the period of this ideal longevity.

“Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which nature has confined us; fifty or one hundred years may be allotted to an individual, but we step forward beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest; and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth, by associating ourselves with the authors of our existence.

“Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The Satirist may laugh, the Philosopher may preach, but reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of ages.

“Whenever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superior order in the state, education and example should always, and often will, produce among them a dignity of sentiment and propriety of conduct which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public esteem.

“If we read of some illustrious line, so ancient that it has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathise in its various fortunes, nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or even the harmless vanity, of those

who are allied to the ancient honours of its name.

“For my part”, says that great man, “could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with filial zeal and love.”

“I always contemplate the life of a good man with pleasure”, says the learned Mr. Howard; “and this I look upon to be the most pleasing as well as instructive part of history, inasmuch as it proposes to every man in private life worthy examples which are within his power for the most part to imitate: a benefit he seldom finds in the voluminous accounts of the rise and fall of empires.”

“To snatch from oblivion”, says the learned Bishop Hildesley,<sup>1</sup> “the venerable names of worthy men who have ceased to be amongst us, is the office of common humanity, and of something more. To set them forth truly in a connected point of view, by collecting the scattered materials of which their histories consist, is at once to do honour to virtue and to religion.”

The contemplation of genuine Christian energy in the heart, and of moral excellence in daily practice, wheresoever they are found, supplies the most instructive lesson to a well-constituted mind. The wise and the good in all ages have dwelt with delight on the meritorious talents and dispositions of their fellow creatures.

By exalting our ideas of the human character, they expand within us that original native principle of benevolence which best dignifies and adorns our species. They excite a noble ardour of emulation, and are at the same time highly favourable to piety, by raising our views to the supreme origin of all that is fair and Godlike in man.

Archbishop Tillotson expresses in a few lines the same feelings with those celebrated authors. “To commend”, says he, “those excellent persons the virtues of whose lives have been bright and exemplary, is not only a tribute of justice to the dead, but an act also of great charity to the living, as setting before our eyes a pattern of well-doing, which is very apt and powerful to excite and encourage to go and do likewise.

“The generality of mankind certainly derive the most solid improvement from those relations which are levelled to the

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Mark Hildesley, Bishop of Sodor and Man, successor of Bishop Wilson, 1755-72.

*Sir James Macdonald*

general surface of social life; which tell not how men learned to conquer, but how they endeavoured to live; not how they gained the shouts of admiring crowds, but how they justly acquired the esteem of their acquaintances and friends.”

“There has rarely passed a life”, says Dr. Johnson, “of which a judicious, a faithful narrative would not be useful. It is frequently objected to relations of particular lives, that they are not distinguished by any striking or wonderful vicissitudes. The scholar who passed his days among his books; the merchant who conducted only his own affairs; the priest whose sphere of action was not extended beyond that of his own study, are considered as no proper objects of public regard, however they might have excelled in their several stations, whatever might have been their learning, integrity, and piety. But this notion arises from false measures of excellence and dignity, and must be eradicated by considering that in the esteem of uncorrupted reason whatever is of most use, is of most value.”

In these pages you will allow I have given you a tolerable sermon upon virtuous incentive. Whether what may follow will be considered by you as of much consequence, I know not, but as you desired it, our wish is to preserve for you a little detail of those circumstances with which you are unacquainted, relating to us, and connected with yourself; still trusting in Divine Providence that in you may be preserved the representation of those excellent and virtuous characters from whom we remotely and more immediately have derived our existence.

The good Marcus Aurelius, Stoic though he was, expressed his chief gratitude to the gods for being born of honest parents; the conscious pride of which, he acknowledges, accompanied him through life.

These are our sentiments, altogether congenial to our feelings, and our admiration of them makes me commemorate them; for contemptible must the man be who does not feel grateful, and value himself the more, for having had parents enjoying the estimation of mankind!

It is well for the pride of our Clan that the celebrated antiquary, Camden, in his *Britannia*, has preserved, in the chronicle of the kingdom of Man,<sup>1</sup> the most authentic account of the ancient dynasty of that island, and of the

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<sup>1</sup> The Chronicle of the Kings of Man is printed at the end of the second volume of Gibson's edition of Camden's *Britannia*.

revolutions which happened in the Hebrides, or Western Isles of Scotland. It was written by the monks of Russin, an abbey in Man, and is probably older by a whole century than Fordun's *Scotichronicon*.

In that curious document of the kingdom of Man, we find Somerled, the very famous Thane of Argyle, particularly mentioned. He was married to a daughter of Olaus, or Olave, King of Man,<sup>1</sup> who was son of Godred, called Crovan, Prince of Iceland, who escaped from the battle of Stamford Bridge, where Harold Harfager, King of Norway, was slain.

It was immediately after the battle of Stamford that Harold, the usurping King of England, lost his life and kingdom at Hastings, when King William the Conqueror fixed himself on the Saxon throne, whose posterity remain to this day.

Lord Hailes, in his learned *Annals of Scotland*, in his introduction to the life and reign of King Robert Bruce, says, "Posterity ought to remember the chief associates of Bruce, in his arduous attempt to restore the liberties of Scotland." Our amiable partiality for the memory of that great man, I believe, continues undiminished, and will continue to the latest posterity; and conjoined with him will descend the names of his gallant friends who so essentially served him in that memorable struggle and enterprise.

Angus of the Isles, Lord of Kintyre, hospitably received the King into his Castle of Dunaverty (after the battle of Methven). From thence the King, with a few faithful followers, passed over to Rathlin, an island on the northern coast of Ireland, and there eluded the search of his enemies.

As this great and loyal patriot, whose generosity enabled his prince to conquer his unnatural enemies at home and abroad, is acknowledged as our common and undoubted ancestor, I have been at pains to collect the following genealogy of the clan, for your sake; and have been chiefly guided in it by the elaborate Tree presented to me by my late friend Dr. Clapperton, one of the first genealogical antiquaries in Scotland, and who considered our name as inferior to none. I therefore flatter myself you will receive it, and estimate it, according to its high rank and value, as presenting you with a catalogue of Chiefs and Heroes that would do honour to any family.

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<sup>1</sup> Gibson's *Camden*, ii, Appendix iii.

*Sir James Macdonald*

So much for introduction to the detail of our great clan, which I hope you will make great additions to. What may be my feelings a few years hence, if I live, I don't know, but so far, I have not been afraid of taking a retrospective view of life; and I pity, most sincerely do I pity, any person, however elevated his rank or fortune, who fears to look back a few years: for I am frank to declare, though I find, on a review of life, much to regret and lament, yet am I truly thankful to find there is somewhat praiseworthy; and that in the silent hour of reflection, when the passions are hushed, when the shades of my father and mother, of your father, and all those whom I have loved most in the world, pass before me, something whispers me (perhaps one of the Selvete), "Be not afraid! you are not worse than your neighbours."

Those good men, whose memories you sigh over, were your kindred; and perhaps their refined spirits may secure you a safe reception in the Land o' the Leal!

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1140.—I. Somerled, Thane of Argyle, is acknowledged by all historians to have been the most powerful chieftain in Scotland; being styled and acknowledged as King of the Isles for many generations; granting charters to his vassals and chief officers, and acknowledged as an independent prince by many foreign sovereigns. By the daughter of Olave, King of Man, he had four sons— <

1. Dougal, ancestor of the MacDougals of Lorn.
2. Reginald, ancestor of all our clan Macdonald.
3. Angus, whose family is said to be extinct.
4. Olave, whose descendants assumed different names.

Somerled was a very ambitious chief, and enlarged his possessions during the nonage of Malcolm Ceanmore. By the Irish and Highland Sennachies he was descended from a long line of ancestors deriving their origin from Chyan, King of Ireland; the whole is distinctly narrated in the Irish peerage of the family.<sup>1</sup> He was succeeded in the Isles by his second son.

1165.—11. Reginald, who was also designated King of the Isles. By Fonia his wife he left two sons—

1. Dovenald, or Donald.

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<sup>1</sup> Lodge's *Peerage of Ireland*, 1754 (vol. i), art. "Antrim", p. 103.

2. Roderick, to whom he gave many lands, and particularly the country of Kintyre.

1212.—in. Dovenald, or Donald,<sup>1</sup> Lord of the Isles, Ergail, and Inchgail. He never acknowledged King Alexander II as his superior; nor had his father, King William, who succeeded Malcolm Ceanmore, 1165.

Much controversy exists about the invasions of Somerled and his family against the kings of Scotland. Whatever provocation he might have had, it is certain he was slain in one of those invasions in the west, in the year 1164, near Renfrew. His son and successor, from every account that has reached us, was very munificent to the Church, founding and endowing the abbey of Sandel in Kintyre; giving great donations to the monastery of Paisley; securing to his wife and himself all the privileges of that house and of Cluny. He also granted charters to many vassals in Inverness-shire, in all which he is called “Rex Insularum”.

Reginald certainly leagued with John, King of England, 1206, and acted through life as an independent prince.

Dovenald was also a great benefactor, particularly to the monastery of Paisley. By his wife he left two sons—

1. Angus of the Isles.

2. Alexander, from whom the MacAlisters of Loup, in Argyleshire, and the Earls of Stirling are descended, Alexanders of Menstrie, etc. He was succeeded by his eldest son.

1284.—IV. Angus, Lord of the Isles, a great benefactor to the church of Paisley, and Kilkerran in Kintyre. He was a great man, and ranks among the Magnates Scotise, who, after the death of Prince David, agreed to acknowledge and receive Margaret of Norway, grandchild of King Alexander III, for their lawful sovereign.

This Angus is the first who acknowledged the sovereignty of Scotland, in 1292. He is found leaguering with Edward I, King of England; soon after which he died, leaving three sons—

1. Alexander, his heir.

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<sup>1</sup> *Domhnuill*. In the Gaelic language the aspirated *m* in the middle of words is quiescent. The name signifies “Brown-eyed”.

*Sir James Macdonald*

2. Donald, ancestor of the Robertsons of Struan.<sup>1</sup>

3. John, ancestor of the MacEnns of Ardnamurchan. He was succeeded by his eldest son.

1306.—V. Alexander, Lord of the Isles, also a great benefactor to the Church; the steady friend and supporter of Robert Bruce, in opposition to Edward I, and Balliol, whose cause his late father had unfortunately espoused. From this man's espousal of the cause of Robert Bruce may be dated the emancipation of Scotland under that heroic prince.

It was this Alexander, Lord of the Isles, who, with his great-minded son, afforded that prince every assistance when he fled to the Western Islands, after the fatal defeat at Methven, near Perth; receiving him into his castle of Sandel, etc. He died soon after this generous action, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

1314.—VI. Angus, Lord of the Isles, commonly called Angus More, or the Great Angus. He was a man of great worth: a firm friend to his beloved sovereign, King Robert Bruce; a steady patriot through that cruel and eventful period. He assisted him in recovering his estate of Carrie; and when his throne and country were ready to be overwhelmed by Edward II, he generously joined his standard with 5,000 Islanders, and had no small share of the honour of that memorable day at Bannockburn.<sup>2</sup> He continued attached to his sovereign with singular loyalty and inflexible constancy, and his fame has been handed down to posterity by historians as a real patriot and true friend to his country.

For the distinct account of this celebrated man's reign in Scotland, in which the national independence was firmly established, *vide* Lord Hailes's *Annals of Scotland*, vol. ii;

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<sup>1</sup> Called "The Clan *Donachaidh*", from their first founder, Duncan Robairt being a distinguished chief of the sept from whom the family of Struan are descended.—A.

<sup>2</sup> The Lord of the Isles, Angus mor, had promised Bruce to join him against Edward, with all his clan and dependents. His power spread over the whole of the Isles and west coast, and *midland* from Badenoch to the Pentland Firth, and he arrived at the head of 10,000 men at the most critical time of the battle. On seeing him, Bruce exclaimed, "Lord of the Isles! *my trust was in thee*," which is the motto of the chief to this day.—A.



also MacPherson's *Essay on the Norwegian Principality of the Isles*, a book replete with the ancient tales of our clan. This celebrated patriot married a daughter of Olain, a great chieftain in Ireland, and was succeeded by his only son.

1335.—VII. John, Lord of the Isles, a man of high spirit. He assumed a state of independence during the minority of his young sovereign, David Bruce, and espoused the cause of Edward Balliol; but on the death of that prince, forsaking all connection with the King of England, he heartily joined King Robert II, the first monarch of the Stuart race; and stood in such high favour with that amiable monarch, that he gave him his second daughter, Lady Margaret Stuart, in marriage. This great man died in 1336, leaving issue by Lady Margaret Stuart three sons and two daughters—

1. Donald, his heir.

2. John de Yle, ancestor of the Macdonalds of Dunbheg and Glynns, from whom the Earl of Antrim, the Macdonalds of Largy, Sann, etc., are descended.

3. Alexander of Yle, who is designated “filius 3<sup>tio</sup> genitus, Domini de Insulis, A.D. 1402,” and was ancestor of Macdonald of Keppoch, and progenitor of the Macdonalds of Gellovy, etc. The issue of this Alexander of Yle settled chiefly in the countries of Badenoch and Lochaber:

Mrs. Chichester of Arlington and Dr. Macdonald of Taunton are in a straight line from Alexander of Yle, and many other respectable families, such as Leck, Oberarder, Tullochchrombe, etc., in Inverness-shire.

1st daughter, Elizabeth, married to Nicholas, Earl of Sutherland.

2nd daughter, Margaret, married to Lauchlan MacLean of Dowart.<sup>1</sup> He had two other sons—

1. Godfridus, but his posterity is not known.

2. Reginald, or Ranald, who was progenitor of the Macdonalds of Mordart, Clanranald, etc., from whom Glengarry, Moror, etc., are descended. Concerning these two sons there is much and serious controversy.

John, Lord of the Isles, died A.D. 1388, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

1388.—VIII. Donald, Lord of the Isles, who married Dame

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<sup>1</sup> Chief of the MacLeans.—A.

*Sir James Macdonald*

Margaret Lesly, through whom he became Earl of Ross. This great chieftain fought the bloody battle of Harlaw, in defence of the Earldom of Ross.<sup>1</sup> He is a well-known character in Scottish tale, whose exploits would afford an excellent subject for an accurate biographer, as they exhibit an interesting portion of Scotch history; showing his own princely power, with the arts then used by those in authority at that particular period, A.D. 1414.

In a truce concluded between the Kings of England and France, Donald, Lord of the Isles, and John Stanley of Man, are included as independent princes, 1414. Donald died in France, A.D. 1427, and was succeeded by his son.

1427.—IX. Alexander, Lord of the Isles, and afterwards Earl of Ross, of whom Buchanan says he was “*unus post regem, longe potentissimus.*”

He asserted his claim to the Earldom of Ross A.D. 1427. At last King James I, that learned and unfortunate prince, yielded up the great estates and honours of Ross to him; after which, during the minority of James II, he was appointed Justiciary of the North, preserving peace and good order while he lived. It was upon his mother's death that he took the title of Ross. She was the daughter and heiress of Sir Walter Lesly, who with his brother Norman took Alexandria in the time of David II, and had a French title.<sup>2</sup>

He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Alexander Seton, and sister of Alexander, first Earl of Huntly, by whom he had three sons and two daughters—

1. John, his heir.

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<sup>1</sup> I have the Gaelic war song, composed by MacCrimmon, and sung by the Bards to encourage the clansmen at that celebrated battle. The war song is called “*Prosnaich Cath*”, or incitement to battle.—A.

<sup>2</sup> We have a black-letter vellum MS. once in the possession of the celebrated John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, of the same family as that alluded to above. The MS. is called the *Vestiarium Scoticum*, and gives an account of all the clan tartans. John Leslie was the historian and faithful adherent of Queen Mary. His signature is found in the first leaf of the book, and immediately below is noted, in his small, neat hand, “*Primo Maii 1571 I tuck my feaver, and ageu at ix huris atjnyt.*”—A.

2. Hugh, progenitor of the Macdonalds of Slate, as will be shown hereafter.

3. Celestine, ancestor of Lord Macdonald. Upon his dying without issue, 1680, Glengary succeeded to his estate, but the title became extinct.

1st daughter, Margaret, married to John, Earl of Sutherland, and was mother of Elizabeth, heiress of that noble family.

2nd daughter, Florence, married to Duncan MacIntosh, captain of the clan Chattan, or chief of the name.<sup>1</sup>

This Earl died in the end of the year 1448, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

1449.—x. John, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, one of the most powerful men in the kingdom. His life is narrated at large in the *Peerages of Scotland*.

1451.—Though he embarked in Earl Douglas's rebellion, he soon after became a great favourite; was included in several truces with England; was made Warden of the Marches, etc., 1457; but entering privately into a treaty with King Edward IV of England, after King James II's death, his estates were forfeited, and the Earldom of Ross annexed for ever to the Crown.

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<sup>1</sup> A Captain of a Clan is *never* the Chief: the very name implies the contrary. It signifies Guardian, Tutor, or *Regent*, either in the minority or absence of the chief, or is chosen by the clan to lead it for some particular cause, such as the next male heir after the death of the chief being too old or too young, etc. In the case of the clan Chattan, however, the title of "Captain" was assumed by MacDuff, who married the only daughter and heiress of Dougal Dall, chief of clan Chattan, and all MacDuff's descendants were called *Mic an Toiseaich* ("Sons of the Leader")—corrupted to MacIntosh—and the nearest in direct male descent acted the part of a chief over all that portion of the clan Chattan which inhabited the vast estates that MacDuff acquired by his marriage with the heiress. The great body of the clan, however, followed the next male heir and blood chief of the whole clan Chattan, who is now represented in the person of MacPherson of Clunie, commonly called Clunie MacPherson. This division of the clan Chattan caused great jealousy and bitter feuds between the two heads of this powerful clan, and the *jealousy* is strongly felt down to the present time.—A.

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1480.—His Lordship of the Isles was restored, and he married Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Livingston, ancestor of the Earl of Calendar, but by her he had no issue.

He left two natural sons, Angus and John. Angus died before his father, leaving a son, John, by Lady Margaret Campbell, daughter of Colin, Earl of Argyle. John left a natural son, David, who is said to have usurped the title of Lord of the Isles, and who was a chief actor in the great feuds with MacLeans, Campbells, etc., which terminated in their forfeiture, and in their country being given to the family of Argyle, which continues to this day to be a chief part of that overgrown fortune.

John, Earl of Ross, dying without lawful issue, the representation of this great family devolved upon Hugh, second son of Alexander IX, Lord of the Isles, who, had it not been for the forfeiture of John, would have been Earl of Ross, etc.

<sup>1495</sup>—XI. Hugh, second son of Alexander, Earl of Ross, succeeded his brother, from whom he got large possessions, which were confirmed under the Great Seal; but neither the title of Ross, nor that of Lord of the Isles, was granted to him. He married first Frinvola, daughter of John Mar, Earl of Ardnamurchan, by whom he had a son—

John, his heir.

He married secondly Mary, daughter of the chieftain of the clan Gun, by whom he had another son, Donald, who carried on the line of this family. Hugh died A.D. 1498, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

1498.—XII. John according to the custom of the country was called Hughson, but dying without issue A.D. 1502, his estate devolved upon his brother.

1502.—XIII. Donald, third Baron of Slate, also called Hughson, who married his cousin, ... Macdonald, of the Kingdom of Ireland, by whom he had a son, and dying A.D. 1506, was succeeded by this son.

1506.—XIV. Donald, fourth Baron of Slate, who married Margaret, daughter of Macdonald of Moidart. He died A.D. 1534, leaving one son and successor.

1535.—XV. Donald, Baron of Slate, a man of great spirit and possessor of a vast estate, who A.D. 1535 claimed the Lordship of the Isles and Earldom of Ross as lawful heir to John, Earl of Ross, in virtue of the Act of Parliament, July 1456; but the second forfeiture of that Lord stood in the way.

However, says Sir Robert Douglas, since he was refused what he thought his right, he raised a considerable force, and laid siege to the fort of Elendounan, before which place he was shot dead with an arrow A.D. 1537. His body was carried to an adjacent island, which to this day is called “Labby Macconiel”, or Macdonald’s bed; from thence he was carried to the Isle of Skye, his paternal inheritance, and from thence he was transported to Icolmkill, the ancient burying place of his ancestors, the Lords of the Isles.

By Margaret his wife, daughter of Roderick MacLeod of Lewis, he left a son.

1537.—XVI. Donald, sixth Baron of Slate, commonly called Donald Gorme MacDonald of Slate. He was a man of great loyalty and integrity; a faithful and loyal subject to Mary Queen of Scots during all the time of the civil wars. He married Mary, daughter of Hector MacLean of Dosart, by whom he had three sons—

1. Donald, his heir.
2. Archibald, who carried on the line of this family, of whom afterwards.
3. Alexander Macdonald.

He died A.D. 1585, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

1585.—XVII. Donald, seventh Baron of Slate, a man of good parts and a most polite behaviour. He was in great favour with King James VI, to whom he was very useful in civilising the most northern parts of the country.

He married Margaret,<sup>1</sup> daughter of Sir Kenneth MacKenzie of Kintail, ancestor of the Earl of Seaforth; but dying without issue, A.D. 1616, his estate devolved upon his nephew Donald, son of his brother Archibald, to whom we now return.

1616.—XVIII. Archibald MacDonald, second son of Donald, sixth Baron of Slate, married Margaret, daughter of Angus Macdonald of Duniveg and Glins, by whom he had a son.

1616.—XIX. Sir Donald, who succeeded his uncle Donald, A.D. 1616, was the eighth Baron of Slate; and in Bishop Guthrie’s *Memoirs* is called Sir Donald Gorme Oge. He was a man of great parts; was educated at Oxford, and turned out a profound scholar. He had all his estates consolidated under

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<sup>1</sup> Janet, according to the Peerage.

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the Great Seal, by particulars and general charters, in the Islands, and the continent of Scotland.

He was a man of high loyalty, and greatly esteemed by Charles I, who raised him to the dignity of a Knight and Baronet of Nova Scotia, giving him the precedency of all the other Baronets in Scotland, by a patent under the Great Seal, dated 14th July 1625.

He was a steady friend of that amiable monarch King Charles I, and never deserted his interest as long as he lived.

He married Janet, daughter of Kenneth, Lord Kintail, and sister of Colin, first Earl of Seaforth, by whom he had four sons and four daughters—

1. Sir James, his heir.

2. Donald Macdonald of Castleton, a great patriot and steady friend of the Royal family.

3. Archibald Æneas.

4. Alexander.

1st daughter, Margaret, married to ^Eneas, Lord Macdonald, without issue {*vide* Celestine, third son of Alexander, No. IX).

2nd daughter, Catherine, married to Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, and had issue.

3rd daughter, Janet, married to Donald Macdonald of Moidart, the Captain of Clanranald, and had issue.

4th daughter, Mary, married to Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, and had issue.

He died A.D. 1643, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

1643.—XX. Sir James Macdonald, ninth Baron of Slate, and second Baronet. Like his father, he was a steady loyalist, suffering many hardships on account of his attachment to his much beloved sovereign.

He was with the Marquis of Montrose at the siege of Inverness, A.D. 1645, and sent a body of men to the Royal army before the battle of Worcester, 1651. When the loyalists were suppressed, and the King had submitted to his fate, he retired into the Isle of Skye, where he lived with that circumspection which was necessary in such times. When Lord Broghill was in Scotland, during the usurpation, in a letter to Secretary Thurloe he writes that he had conversed with Sir James Macdonald, representing him as a man of great abilities, of great interest with his people, and of good

intelligence abroad. On King Charles II's restoration he was fined to a large amount, at the instigation of the Earl of Middleton, then Secretary of State, who had a grant of his fine; a practice which he successfully used against many families who incurred his displeasure.

The Privy Council sent Sir James a commission to pursue and punish the murderers of his kinsman, Macdonald of Keppoch, who had usurped his possessions. This afflicting event arose from a feud with the Macdougals; but none of those immediately concerned escaped condign punishment. Sir James sent their heads to Edinburgh, and received the thanks of the Lords of the Council by letter from the Earl, afterwards Duke of Rothes, signifying that he had done most acceptable service to His Majesty.

Sir James married, first, Margaret, daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Tarbat, ancestor of the Earl of Cromarty, by whom he had two sons and two daughters—

1. Sir Donald, his heir.

2. Hugh of Glenmore, progenitor of the Macdonalds of Serlie, Sortie, etc.

1st daughter, Catherine, married to Sir Norman MacLeod of Bernary, and had issue.

2nd daughter, Florence, married to John MacLeod of that ilk and Herries, and had issue.

He married, secondly, Mary, daughter of Roderick MacLeod of that ilk, by whom he had, a son, John Macdonald of Blackney. Sir James died in December 1678, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

1678.—XXI. Sir Donald Macdonald, tenth Baron of Slate, and third Baronet, who was also a great patriot, and loyal subject. He married Lady Mary Douglas, second daughter of Robert Douglas, Earl of Morton, by Ann, daughter of Sir Edward Villiers, the celebrated President of Munster, by whom he had three sons and two daughters—

1. Sir Donald, his heir.

2. Sir James, who carried on the line of this family.

3. Alexander, tutor of Macdonald, who married and had issue.

1st daughter, Isabell, married to Sir Alexander Bannerman of Elsick, and had issue.

2nd daughter, Barbara, married to Col. Macdonald of

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Keppoch, from whom the present family of Keppoch, the late Major Macdonald of Terndrieck, father of the present Dowager Mrs. Chichester of Arlington, Mrs. Stanley Constable, and many respectable families in the Highlands, are descended.

Sir Donald died in February 1695, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

1695.—XXII. Sir Donald Macdonald, eleventh Baron of Slate, and fourth Baronet; a man of great worth and probity, and a true lover of his family and country. He married a cousin of his own, Mary, daughter of Macdonald of Castleton, by whom he had one son, Sir Donald, his heir, and four daughters—

1st daughter, Mary, died unmarried.

2nd daughter, Margaret, married Captain John Macqueen, and was mother of the late Mrs. Inglis of Redhall, and Mrs. Vernon.

3rd daughter, Isabell, married to Dr. Alexander Monro, the celebrated Professor of Anatomy, who may well be called the founder of the unrivalled College of Edinburgh, and whose son, the present celebrated Professor of Anatomy, is its chief ornament.

4th daughter, Janet, married to Norman MacLeod of that ilk, and had issue.

This worthy patriot died A.D. 1718, and was succeeded by his only son.

1718.—XXIII. Sir Donald Macdonald of Macdonald, who dying unmarried, was succeeded by his uncle.

XXIV. Sir James Macdonald of that ilk, second son of Sir J. Macdonald, tenth Baron of Slate, and fifth Baronet. He married, first, Janet, daughter of Alexander MacLeod of Grisharnish, by whom he had two sons and one daughter—

1. Sir Alexander, his heir.

2. John Macdonald, who died unmarried.

His daughter Margaret married Robert,<sup>1</sup> eldest son of Sir Robert Douglas of Glenbervie, and had issue.

He married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of John Macdonald of Castleton, by whom he had a son, John, who

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<sup>1</sup> Author of the Peerage of Scotland.



died young. Sir James died A.D. 1723, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

1723.—XXV. Sir Alexander Macdonald of that ilk, and sixth Baronet. He married, first, Anne, daughter of David Erskine of Dun, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and Dowager Countess of Kirby, by whom he had a son—

Donald, who died young.

He married, secondly, Lady Margaret Montgomery, fourth daughter of Alexander, Earl of Eglinton, by whom he had three sons and one daughter—

1. Sir James Macdonald, his heir.

2. Alexander.

3. Sir Archibald, the present Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who married Lady Louisa Gower, daughter of the Marquis of Stafford, and had issue.

His daughter Susan died young.

Sir Alexander died A.D. 1746, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

1746.—XXVI. Sir James Macdonald of Macdonald, eighth Baronet of Slate, one of the most accomplished gentlemen and scholars of his age. This amiable and learned young man was snatched from the world and his family at Rome, where he had gone for improvement and for strengthening a delicate constitution, in the year 1766, at the early age of twenty-four years. His memory is embalmed by his admiring and lamenting country; it will be cherished while the name exists.

Sir James was succeeded by his brother.

1765.—XXVII. Sir Alexander Macdonald of Macdonald, and ninth Baronet, the lineal heir of the Lords of the Isles, Earls of Ross, etc. He was created Baron Macdonald of Slate at Dublin, 17th July 1776, a title far inferior to the rank and dignity of his family. He married Elizabeth Diana, eldest daughter of Godfrey Bosville of Gunthwaite, in the county of York, by the eldest daughter of Sir William Wentworth of Bretton, Bart.

**II.**

**RISING OF THE CLANS.**

We are told by a late writer, who has given to the world a short sketch of the situation of the Highlands and of the warlike Highlanders, that “the victories of the loyal and celebrated Marquis of Montrose raised the reputation of these ready warriors, and fixed them in the interest of the family of Stuart”; and he adds, “to which they were naturally well inclined, for, ignorant and careless of the disputes, civil and religious, which occasioned the war, Charles the First appeared to them as an injured chief.”

Montrose’s resource was at first chiefly his own valour, but that was innate, and acknowledged by all those powerful nobles and barons connected with his illustrious family, and whose vassals composed the strength of those gallant armies with whom he achieved such heroic exploits.

In this connection, the family of Macdonald might properly be ranked among the foremost to espouse the cause of the unfortunate Charles the First. The Macdonalds were strictly allied with the Royal family of Scotland, and by marriage and other alliances they could boast of their common descent from every branch of the Stuarts, in or by the noble families related to them. They have been accused of often thwarting the best designs of their native princes; but most of the great barons of Scotland may be accused of the same irregularities, particularly during the minorities of their sovereigns.

Edward the First’s bold and successful intrigues in Scotland involved most of the powerful families more or less in misery. The conquest, which lay nearest his heart, rendered that great man guilty of cruelties revolting to humanity, and which, with all good men, have justly stained his memory; in other respects he ranks as one of the most heroic and fortunate princes of his country.

That he should have tampered with and seduced the princely Lords of the Isles during the unfortunate struggle and competition for the Crown, does not appear astonishing, when it is considered how far these chiefs were removed from the seat of government, and that they felt the pride of, and acted as, independent princes. No sooner, however, did the gallant King Robert Bruce appear in defence of the crown and liberties of his country, than Alexander, Lord of the Isles (1314), and his great-minded son, Angus More, at once espoused his cause, and by their wealth and power served

essentially to establish that amiable prince upon his throne, and certainly secured the independence of Scotland.

The reward his son received from Robert II, in the hand of the Princess Margaret, is a convincing proof how well the Royal family estimated the loyalty and attachment of the Lords of the Isles.

We are told by the learned Lord Hailes that at this period “the politics of the Earl of Lancaster were estimated more by their probable success than their lawfulness”. The same train of policy, I fear, might be *The Lord of the Isles and Edward Baliol*. 25

urged by most of the high-spirited nobles, both in England and Scotland, against one another.

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1322.—The men of the Isles are found again scaling the walls of the strong castle of Norham, A.D. 1322, when the English fled and the Scots were victorious. In these distinguished transactions an Earl of Douglas and a Randolph, the King’s celebrated nephew, were coadjutors.

1346.—At the fatal battle of Durham, two chieftains of our clan of Macdonald are enumerated among the prisoners; but their rank is not given, though the then Earl of Ross is mentioned by Lord Hailes as having attended the rendezvous at Perth when Raynald, tutor of the Lord of the Isles, was assassinated.

1335.—It cannot be denied that John, Lord of the Isles, in the infancy of his young sovereign, David II, joined Edward Baliol, and the treaty is related at large by Lord Hailes, as follows:—

“That lord, descended from the famous Somerled, was not powerful enough to be altogether independent of Scotland; yet the extent of his territory, and its remoteness, had enabled him hitherto to remain in a state of dubious allegiance.

“Baliol, by mighty offers of advantage, won him over to acknowledge himself the vassal of Scotland. A contract, in form of indenture, was executed between Baliol and the Lord of the Isles. By it Baliol, as far as in him lay, yielded to John, Lord of the Isles, and his heirs and assigns, the islands of Mull, Skye, Ila, and Giga, the lands of Cantyre and Knapdale, with other islands and territories, and also the wardship of the heir of the Earl of Athole, at that time a child of three years old. On account of which concessions the Lord of the

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Isles bound himself and his heirs to be the liege men of Baliol and his heirs, and to aid them at all times to the utmost against all their enemies. He also became bound to swear to the performance of the promises on the Eucharist, on the cup of the altar, and on the missal, and for further security to grant hostages, if required, at Perth, 12th September, probably 12th December, 1335. Confirmed by Edward III, 5th October 1336.

“Thus did Baliol”, says his lordship, “in order to secure the fidelity of the Lord of the Isles, increase his power and influence, and extend it even unto Athole, the centre of Scotland.”

1357.—All this bad conduct, however, was done away in 1357, and we see him restored to full favour and amply rewarded by his sovereign. His son Donald, on being refused his right to the earldom of Ross, certainly occasioned great disturbance in the North; but he returned to his allegiance, as his son Alexander did, and was in high credit with that ornament of his family, King James I.

His great-grandson, John, Earl of Ross, and tenth Lord of this family, was unfortunate in being cajoled by the changing powers of England during the dreadful civil wars which prevailed between the rival houses of York and Lancaster; but except the sudden ebullition of Donald, the thirteenth Lord, who fell at Elendounan, the succeeding chiefs of the Isles stand conspicuous for their loyalty and patriotism on all occasions.

When the Marquis of Montrose, therefore, reared his standard in the Highlands in favour of his injured sovereign, considering his affinity by blood with Sir Donald Macdonald's family, it was natural to expect every aid would be afforded by those spirited and highborn people, and accordingly we find the clans, almost to a man, ranged under the banners of their chieftains on that memorable occasion.

Robert, Earl of Morton, whose daughter, Lady Mary, married Sir Donald Macdonald, was brother-in-law to the Marquis of Montrose, and nephew to the great Marquis, his father, which naturally excited additional ardour for the Royal cause. Her grandfather was King Charles's personal friend, who gave him the valuable lordships of Orkney and Zetland; and her five aunts were married into the potent families of Kinnoul, Argyle, Dunfermline, Home, and Roxburgh. All these Earls were steady loyalists.

At the Restoration, the Highlanders who had given such

proofs of their loyalty to King Charles the First, we are also told, were in high favour with his sons, Charles and King James II, looking upon them as the firmest friends of monarchy, and confiding implicitly in them upon every occasion, especially when the Covenanters proved refractory and endeavoured to throw the country and government into confusion.

It was at this time that the celebrated John Graham of Claverhouse, afterwards Viscount Dundee, appeared at the Court of Charles II: a man distinguished as a scholar in early life, and who had, with many of his kindred, entered into the service of the States of Holland. Under William, Prince of Orange, he distinguished himself greatly as the worthy relation of the great Marquis of Montrose. By the Prince of Orange he was particularly recommended to Charles and his brother, then Duke of York. How gallantly he opposed the Prince of Orange as William III, at the head of the clans at the fatal battle of Killiecrankie, has been the theme of every historian to this day. On that occasion our immediate ancestor, Keppoch, is said to have commanded 700 men.

The valiant conduct of the Highlanders at Killiecrankie, in which a strong and regular army was defeated; their numbers, their mode of fighting, and, still more, their devoted attachment to their chieftains, rendered them objects of deep and general suspicion to a man who, dead to every finer feeling of our nature, deserving the blame of all, like all tyrants, was fearful of all.

Proud of their power and numbers, and buoyed up with false promises from France, unfortunately they entertained the pleasing idea of being at no great distance of time able to regain all that their native princes had lost.

The bloody feuds of the clans in the West, which terminated in the aggrandisement of the fortune of the family of Argyle, and the more recent feud between Keppoch and MacIntosh, which ended in the action at Mull Buy, rendered them certainly objects of severe censure and even distrust to William. Those to whom he had delegated his power in Scotland were the natural and avowed enemies of these clans. Their estates lay contiguous to their own, and they expected to derive solid advantages from their destruction.

The clans at this time, particularly of our name, in the West and in the high country of Inverness-shire, appear to have been perfectly heedless of the dangers which surrounded them. It was not long, however, before their

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numerous and lurking enemies found an opportunity of putting their diabolical schemes into execution against them.

An edict issued in the end of the year 1691, requiring every Highlander to take the oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary, was the prelude to a tragedy, the most ferocious and bloody that ever stained the annals of any prince or country.

Various are the accounts given of the sanguinary massacre of the families of Macdonalds living in Glencoe, a strath well known in ancient song to the heroes of Fingal's race, when the Quaugh was freely circulated in the Hall of Selma.

1691.—The following account, I believe, is really the truth respecting that horrid transaction, as far as it will ever be known.

In August 1691, the Highlanders—that is, the clan which had been in arms in favour of King James, with Dundee—had come in all obedience to the Government, upon a proclamation of indemnity being offered to them. With this assurance, an oath of allegiance to King William and Queen Mary was required from all who had composed that army, on or before the last day of December.

Most of the clans which had appeared for King James complied with the proclamation; but Macdonald of Glencoe had been prevented from taking the oath, and submitting himself and his people, by a heavy fall of snow and a severe frost, which rendered travelling in that part of the country quite impossible. This accident the good old man felt severely. The storm was great in the extreme; but, as soon as he could get through the country, he went in the end of December to Colonel Hill, who commanded at Fort William, to take the oath of allegiance to the Government, explaining the cause of his delay. Colonel Hill, with much attention, gave him a letter to Sir Colin Campbell, sheriff of the county of Argyle, then at Inverary, directing him without delay to go and make his submission in a legal manner before that magistrate.

The way lay through almost impassable mountains; the season most rigorous, and the whole country covered with a deep snow. Anxious to take the oaths before the limited time was expired, though the road to Inverary lay near his own house, he would not stop to visit his family.

After almost insurmountable obstructions, he arrived at Inverary. The time was elapsed, and the sheriff appeared unwilling to receive his submission; but Glencoe prevailed

upon him by his importunities and by his tears. Suspecting no guile, and happy in thinking his peace was secured, he returned home, and diffused gladness through his family and clan, who expected him with great anxiety. Their gladness, however, was soon turned into wailing, and a scene was now to take place which stands unparalleled in any country where an established Government existed, in a country called at that time a nation of patriots and philosophers.

Glencoe's unavoidable delay of one day, or at most of two, in taking the oaths to Government, had been instantly conveyed to Lord Breadalbane, who, it is said, in a meeting with Glencoe at Auchallader, in July, with Sir John MacLean and Glengarry, had had a quarrel with Glencoe about some cows which had been carried away from some of Lord Breadalbane's tenants by Glencoe's people. At this meeting, the object of which was peace and forgiveness, the Earl is said to have threatened Glencoe with mischief.

It has been urged that this meeting related to money sent by Government to pacify those chiefs who were still attached to King James, through the hands of Lord Breadalbane; but that, disagreeing about the sum claimed and expected, they separated in anger, and that in consequence of this Lord Breadalbane's representation of Glencoe's obstinacy had induced King William to sign the warrant for the extirpation of the unfortunate clan.

The learned editors of the *Encyclopedia Brit*, say, "that the Earl of Stair, being Secretary of State for Scotland, took the advantage of Macdonald's neglecting to take the oaths of allegiance within the time prescribed, procured from the King a warrant of military execution against the whole tribe, and that as a mark of his own eagerness, or to save Dalrymple, William signed the warrant, both above and below, with his own hand." The Secretary, in letters expressive of the most brutal ferocity of mind, urged the officers commanding in the Highlands to execute their orders with the utmost rigour.

Those letters were sent to Sir Thomas Livingstone, Commander-in-Chief in Scotland at that time. He issued his orders to Captain Campbell of Glenlyon, who is said not to have been slow in carrying them into execution.

Captain Campbell, a captain in Argyle's regiment, and two subalterns, were ordered, with 120 men, to repair to Glencoe on the 1st of February. Captain Campbell was uncle to young MacDonald's wife; he and his party therefore were received in the valley of Glencoe with the most cordial hospitality; and

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the more so, as their pretence was to levy the land tax, hearth money, etc., when MacDonald inquired the reason of their visit; nay, Glenlyon not only assured him that its object was friendly, but promised upon his honour that neither he nor his people should sustain the least injury.

In consequence of this declaration, he and his men were entertained in the kindest way during full twelve days, in all which time nothing was heard but the most friendly assurances, and every day beheld a repetition of the most generous treatment and festivity that the country afforded. Macdonald and Campbell had spent the day together, and the evening was passed by Campbell and some of his officers at cards with Glencoe and his wife, as well as with Macdonald of Auchtricktain and some other neighbouring gentlemen. They parted early, with mutual promises of the warmest affection. Nor had the troops been worse treated; they lived familiarly with the people, and were entertained freely in the houses of the different tenants.

A dreadful storm of frost and snow covered the ground, and young Macdonald observing some quick movements among the men—particular parties meeting and whispering together—he communicated his suspicion of treachery to his father, who treated his tale jocularly, having implicit confidence in Captain Campbell.

Feb. 13th, 1692.—As night approached, he told his brother what he had seen, and going among the soldiers, some of whom were still whispering, and apparently agitated, unseen, they approached a guard, where they heard a sentinel tell his fellow his dislike to the business. “He would have had no objection”, he said, “to fight the Macdonalds of the Glen fairly in the field, but that he could not bear to murder them in cold blood. However”, says he, “our officers are answerable for the treachery.”

Upon hearing this conversation, the two terrified young men hastened back to their father’s house to warn him of the danger; but the bloody business was begun. As they approached, they heard the report of firearms and the shrieks of despair, and being themselves destitute of arms, secured their own lives by flight.

A Lieutenant Lindsay, in the night, with a party of soldiers, called in a friendly manner at the door of Glencoe’s house. He was instantly admitted. Macdonald, as he was rising to receive his guest, was shot dead behind his back. He fell down in the arms of his astonished wife, who died next day in a state of distraction. It has been asserted that they tore



the rings from her fingers with their teeth. The grandfather of my valued friend, the present amiable Auchtrichtain, from whom I have the most part of what I now commemorate, shared the same hard fate, though he had the King's protection in his pocket.

The slaughter became general; neither age nor infirmity was spared; women defending their children were killed; boys imploring mercy were shot by the officers at whose knees they clung. In one place nine persons, as they sat enjoying themselves at table, were shot by the soldiers. At Inverrigan, Campbell's own quarters, many men were seized and bound, and deliberately shot. Several who fled to the mountains were starved to death by famine and cold. Nearly forty persons were massacred by the troops; all who escaped owed their lives to a tempestuous night.

Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, who had the charge of the execution from Stair, was on his march with 400 men to guard the passes from the valley of Glencoe, but was obliged to stop by the severity of the weather. This proved the safety of the remainder of the clan, said to be about 200 males. All under seventy were ordered to be destroyed.

On that dreadful night Auchtrichtain had passed the evening at Glencoe's house, and gone to bed when the family retired. Awakened by the noise and screams of the dying, he flew with his servant to the room of his friend, whom he found weltering in his blood. Endeavouring to repel the assassins, a musket was levelled at him by a soldier from behind, which his servant observing, threw himself between the barbarian and his master. The shot killed them both.

This noble creature's name was Kennedy; and there is no mind capable of reviewing such a scene of complicated calamity without admiring this generous display of pure affection.

Thus were forty innocent persons surprised in their beds and hurried into eternity before they had time to implore the Divine mercy. About 160 made their escape and told the frightful tale. Hamilton entered the valley next day and laid all the houses in ashes, carrying off all the cattle and spoil, which were divided.

The tragedy of Glencoe justly alarmed all the clans who had been with the gallant Dundee; and from the examination of one of the young Macdonalds who escaped, it appears evident that the Glengarry Macdonalds were also in danger; for that young man says, upon asking Captain Campbell of

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Glenlyon, on the night on which the massacre happened, why he was preparing his arms, Glenlyon is said to have answered, "We are going to march against Glengarry's men."

King William's chief virtue was not humanity, and the horrid business was never sufficiently examined. The King endeavoured to throw the odium from himself, by saying that it was an oversight committed in the hurry of subscribing his royal mandates. But it may be asked if a mandate from the throne was of so little consequence as to be signed without consideration; or whether ignorance or hurry, in such a case, can be admitted as an excuse? Various circumstances, however, and particularly the lenity shown to all concerned in this business, rendered this apology very defective.

Whether his Majesty's conscience ever admonished him relative to this black transaction, or by what casuistry he might undertake to appease this monitor, does not appear; but the imputation of guilt stuck fast to his character, and his not punishing the perpetrators of the murders with due vigour was, as Bishop Burnet himself allows, the greatest blot on his whole reign.

In that violent but curious collection, Mr. Oldmixon's *History of the Reign of King William III*, there is evidence to show the share both the Earl of Breadalbane and the Earl of Stair had in the disastrous affair of Glencoe; and while the name of the victims will ever be mentioned with sympathy, those of Breadalbane and Stair will be remembered with execration.

In Scot's *History of Scotland*, now a rare book, the letters from Major Duncanson to Glenlyon, and from Colonel Hamilton to Major Duncanson, are given at full length; also the names of all the clans who had joined Dundee previous to the battle of Killiecrankie, in which Keppoch bore so conspicuous a part.

Little rhetoric was now necessary to open the eyes of the clans and their friends to the danger that surrounded them. The arts that were secretly practised, and the plans that were laid to call forth and expose the feelings and sentiments of every friend of the unhappy exiled family, left little doubt that soon after the revolution and the battle of Killiecrankie the same faction which had sapped and overthrown the throne had formed the criminal design of exterminating the whole race of Highlanders, as being the only people remaining in the kingdom who, having had no concern in that transaction, were likely to support the fallen fortunes of

the House of Stuart.

William had got quit of his enemy Dundee; he had wreaked his vengeance against the clan of Glencoe; but he durst go no further. King James died in 1701. King William did not long survive his unfortunate uncle and father-in-law, for he died the year following, in the midst of his royal splendour, a prey to chagrin and disappointment.

1708.—The Act of Indemnity granted by Queen Anne to the Scots who had opposed King William did not conciliate the clans. A young prince remained, and when the throne was settled upon the House of Hanover, great agitation prevailed among all who still adhered to their ancient princes. They were inimical to the Union, but they were ten times more so to the alteration in the succession.

All good men blamed King William's ingratitude to his family, while Mary and her sister, Queen Anne, were publicly accused of want of natural affection. Their brother remained; he was the natural heir to the throne, and he was not to blame for his father's follies. As to the spuriousness of his birth, too many of the first characters in the nation affirmed the truth of it to leave it in any uncertainty.

1714. —As was to be expected, Queen Anne was no sooner in her grave, than a large body of the Scotch nobility, possessed of the first fortunes, embarked heartily in the cause of James III (aided by France and Spain), as legal heir to the British throne.

1715. —In this combination the clans appeared in great force, and among them was Ronald Macdonald of Gellovy, the worthy grandfather of the writer of this Memoir. The rashness and precipitation with which this appearance of the clans was attended is well known to you. The battle of Sheriffmuir put an end to all expectation of success for that time, though it did not destroy the cause.

1719.—In the year 1719 we find Sweden, Russia, and Spain asserting the cause of James III, in favour of whom the clans were again conspicuous at the battle of Glenshiel. With that action fell the hopes of the whole league, at home and abroad.

Voltaire's account of the celebrated Cardinal Alberoni's scheme of marrying James III to the Princess Anna Petrovna, daughter of Peter the Great, is a curious piece of history. The Duke of Ormorr and Earl Marishal, then both exiles in Spain, were keenly interested about this match, and corresponded with our celebrated countryman, Dr. Erskine,

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then first physician to Peter, to forward their plans. The Count de Gartz, however, by a successful and unexpected intrigue, secured the Princess for his master, the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, which put an end to Alberoni's power, and laid the foundation for the succession of the Duke of Holstein to the throne of Russia.

King James, in the same year, married the accomplished and beautiful Clementina, daughter of Prince James Sobieski, and grand-daughter of the great John Sobieski, King of Poland. She was cousin-german to the Emperor of Germany and the Queen of Spain, and niece to the Elector Palatine. She was married in 1719, and died in 1735, leaving her consort two young princes, Charles Francis Edward, born the 22nd of December 1720, and the younger, Henry Benedict, the present Cardinal York.

While they resided in Rome, they dwelt in the palace of the Marquis de Monti. King James publicly professed the Roman Catholic religion. He was treated with every external appearance of royalty. His eldest son, Charles, was styled Prince of Wales, and looked upon as the presumptive heir to a crown by the Pope, who permitted him to take place of the Cardinals; and the younger son received the imaginary title of Duke of York.

The education of these young princes was entrusted to the care of the titular Earl of Dunbar, brother to the Viscount Stormont, because he was a Protestant.

There are many letters from Rome preserved, describing the court of James III; and it is well known how diligently a correspondence was kept up with all the families in Scotland attached to his fortunes. The relations of the exiled nobility, who naturally resorted to the Continent, were caressed in France, in Spain, and particularly in Rome, where in some degree the appearance of a regular court was supported, and honours conferred.

This was alluring, and the more so as at home those loyal Scots who had manifested their feelings for the Stuart family were treated with neglect, if not with contempt and jealousy; and this neglect and jealousy extended to all the connections and relatives of those who had appeared in arms against the new order of things.

Thus circumstanced, a new plan was suggested for the restoration of the Stuarts, countenanced by the French Government, then under the influence of the Cardinal Fleury, and aided by the abilities of Marshal Saxe. This

scheme was adopted with the greater ardour, as war had broken out with Spain. The Queen of Hungary was threatened with destruction; and France, in order to distract Britain, had recourse to her old policy of raising a civil war, under pretence of her friendship for poor King James.

The bait took; the plan was laid before the court at Rome; troops, money, and every necessary liberally provided. James wrote to the chiefs in Scotland, who consulted. Meantime, their schemes and those of the French were discovered, and a Bill was brought into Parliament making it high treason to hold correspondence with the sons of the Pretender.

No part of British history is more interesting than the Continental wars, in the year 1744, when we gave assistance to the celebrated Maria Theresa of Hungary.

Suspicious of the French promises, the Scottish chiefs wisely refused every proffer made to them, of embarking their lives and fortunes without the appearance of an army suitable to so bold an undertaking; and in this period of suspense, the battle of Fontenoy, fought 1st May 1745, was thought to offer a conjuncture favourable for facilitating the design. The disaster at Fontenoy had withdrawn many troops from Britain, and the troops in Scotland were too few to make any resistance.

A cruel execution of three Highlanders of the volunteer regiment called the Highland Watch, afterwards regimented under the name of the 42nd (now justly distinguished by the character of the "Invincibles of Great Britain"), had spread general sorrow among all ranks in the Highlands. That regiment consisted originally of the sons of gentlemen, and had done essential service to the country by their manners and conciliatory behaviour. The example made, therefore, of these respectable and well-born men was resented by their lamenting kindred, and without a doubt increased the disaffection to the Government.

1745.—The clans were thus circumstanced in 1745, when, notwithstanding all their remonstrances against any attempt of the kind, Prince Charles landed at Boradel, in the West Highlands, attended only by seven men, on the 25th of July. After much and keen regret that he should have come among the clans without a proper force (which is well told by John Home in his late account of the appearance of the clans, 1745), he was joined by our clan, and by those of Kinloch Moidart, Clanranald, Keppoch, Lochiel, Glengarry, Glencoe, and Terndriech, your gallant grandfather, and their people, amounting, it is said, to 2,300 men. In one of his

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manifestoes, published in August, he promised to dissolve the Union and to repeal the malt tax.

The broadswords of that day have upon one side the effigy of King James, with the motto below, "God save King James the Eighth"; on the other side is the figure of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland; and the motto below is "Prosperity to Scotland, but no Union."

The above effigies and mottoes are upon the very elegant sword which belonged to our worthy grandfather, and shows evidently how obnoxious the Union was, and that it served as a stimulus to the adherents of the family.

It was your grandfather Terndriech who began the war, by taking prisoner Captain Scott of the 1st Regiment of Foot, who had been sent to reconnoitre the country on the first report of the assembling of the clans. This happened at Highbridge.<sup>1</sup> Captain Scott became afterwards General Scott, and was father of the present Duchess of Portland.

<sup>1</sup> Two companies were sent under Captain Scott, by the Governor of Fort Augustus, to march to Fort William, in consequence of vague rumours of a rising. On the 16th of August 1745, in passing the ravine of Highbridge, they were startled by the sound of the bagpipe, and received a galling fire off the heights from a party of the clan Keppoch under Major Macdonald of Terndriech. They fled, but were met by a large body under Keppoch, to whom Scott surrendered.

The progress of the chiefs and the Highland army; their various successes; the terror they struck in the country after the battle of Preston in September; their overrunning Scotland, and being able to march halfway to the metropolis, making it tremble at their approach, you are well acquainted with; and though their retreat from England made many of their friends despond, as they had always disapproved of their ill-concerted march south, yet their defeating a regular army a second time at Falkirk in January, infused new spirit among all the well-wishers to their cause.

But, alas! jealousy had crept among their leaders: it had appeared previously to their marching to the south; it had appeared when they were far advanced towards London; and in their retreat to the Highlands it was evident. It was then they experienced the want of a commander. They had no such leader as Montrose; that great man whom the Cardinal de Retz thus describes: "C'est un de ces hommes qu'on ne trouve plus que dans les Vies de Plutarque."

That there was great discordance of opinion among the

chiefs previous to the battle of Culloden (April 15, 1746), is allowed by all who have ever written upon that melancholy subject; nor is it known to this day by whose advice it was that so ill-connected a plan of action was adopted, in which the Highland regiments were prevented from attacking as they had formerly done so successfully at Preston and Falkirk.

Whoever was the author of it, in that fatal action every hope of the family of Stuart terminated, and the destruction of the heads of those clans who had embarked their lives and fortunes with the unfortunate Charles was complete; as most of them fell in the action, and their people were killed and dispersed, never to unite again.

“The conclusion of this enterprise”, says J. Horne, “was such as most people expected at home and abroad; but the progress of the rebels was what nobody expected, for they defeated more than once the King’s troops, they overran one of the United Kingdoms, and marched so far into the other that the capital trembled at their approach, and during the tide of fortune, which had its ebbs and flows, there were moments when nothing seemed impossible; and to say the truth, it was not easy to forecast or imagine anything more unlikely than what had already happened.”

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**III.**

**MACDONALD OF KEPPOCH.**

In the memorable battle of Culloden, among other chiefs, fell Macdonald of Keppoch, who commanded one of the Macdonald regiments. When Prince Charles landed at Boradel, this amiable and gallant man joined his brother-in-law, Macdonald of Kinloch Moidart, Clanranald, and Lochiel, with his people, amounting to 300 men from Badenoch and Lochaber.

Married to a sister of Stewart of Appin, another of the confederate chiefs, and sister to the Lady of Kinloch Moidart, their affection for one another, and for their kindred in general, was proverbial, as their benevolence was unbounded and patriarchal.

It was Keppoch who saved Captain Scott's life when surrounded by the party of his cousin, Major Macdonald of Terndrieck, who may be said to have begun the war at Highbridge.

Keppoch was educated in France, and had entered early into the army, where he rose, and was an object of great affection. After the disasters of the year 1715, many of the Macdonalds of Keppoch and of the other clans entered into the French service, where their posterity remain.

Keppoch, from his military knowledge, was one of the most useful, as he was one of the most indefatigable, officers in the Highland army, in training his regiment and setting as strict an example of military discipline as could be exercised over so many raw men, most of whom were strangers to anything like military subordination. In this part of his duty, which is said to have been particularly entrusted to him by the Prince, he endeared himself to all ranks, while he commanded the respect and admiration of the chief men composing these raw levies.

From his unwearied care and assiduity in every department where his influence reached, he acquired such a reputation as gained him the distinguished epithet of "Mirror of Martial Men".

Of this influence he gave many pleasing and modest proofs to all the chiefs and generals who were supposed to possess the greatest experience and interest; but in one particular instance his decisive opinion operated as a charm, and established the high character which the Highlanders maintained through the whole of that extraordinary attempt,



when they were left to pursue their usual and ancient mode of attack.

A charming proof of this amiable man's knowledge of, and influence over, the Highlanders is mentioned by Mr. Horne in his account of the battle of Preston (Sept. 21 st, 174s).

“On Thursday evening”, says he, “Charles came to Daddingston, and, calling a council of war, proposed to march next morning and meet Sir John Cope half way. The members of the council agreed that there was nothing else to be done. Charles then asked the Highland chiefs how they thought their men would behave when they met Sir John Cope, who had at last plucked up the spirit to give them battle.

“The chiefs desired Macdonald of Keppoch to speak for them, as he had served in the French army, and was thought to know better than any of them what the Highlanders could do against regular troops. Keppoch said that, as the country had been long at peace, few or none of the private men had ever seen a battle, and it was not very easy to say how they would behave, but he would venture to assure his Royal Highness that the gentlemen would be in the midst of the enemy, and that the private men, as they loved the cause and loved their chiefs, would certainly follow them.

“Charles declared that he would lead them on himself and charge at their head. The chiefs exclaimed they were ruined and undone, for if any accident befell him, a defeat or a victory was the same to them; that if he persisted in his resolution they would go home and make the best terms they could for themselves. This remonstrance had the desired effect, and Charles did not persist.”

Jan. 17th, 1746.—The result of the battle of Preston, and I may add of Falkirk, showed how well he was acquainted with the real character of his countrymen, and how justly he had appreciated their courage and attachment to their chiefs. He judged of the whole clan-regiments from his own high-spirited kindred, as well as from his own feelings. The Prince found that he had not promised too much; they achieved all that innate courage could do, and, as Mr. Home observes, “spread a panic through the country which reached the drawing-room at St. James's”.

Often has the writer of these lines heard from the few aged Highlanders of his clan who survived in Edinburgh, that Keppoch's name was a guard against almost every depredation in their various marches and sojournings. The

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cause he had embarked in lay at his heart, and, like the just man mentioned by Solomon, he might be said to walk in his integrity.

It was the concluding scene, however, of this fascinating man's glorious career that stamped his real character indelibly, which added to the poignant feelings of his suffering and afflicted family at that eventful period, but which has since consoled them by hearing his name transmitted to posterity, accompanied with all the attributes of a perfect hero whose virtues were his own. The name of Keppoch Macdonald stands enrolled with the jEmilii and patriots of Rome; with the Talbots and other heroic names of our own country, whose martial achievements have served as a never-failing beacon to improve, and increase, and establish for ever our present unconquerable and invincible military renown, adorned as it is with justice and mercy.

Ever since I was capable of reading the history of the rising of our clans in favour of the House of Stuart, I had heard of the high and gallant character of our lamented chief, Keppoch; particularly from the late learned and polite Sir James Stewart of Coltness, and his lady, the good Lady Frances Wemyss, whose families had shown such patriotic attachment to the descendant of their ancient princes and benefactors, and in whose cause they had suffered so much.

But, till John Home wrote his history of that attempt, in which he has occasion to mention the high confidence Keppoch enjoyed with all ranks, from its commencement to its termination, I do not remember that any account of that accomplished man's heroic death was ever given to the public as he has related it.

So nearly connected as I am with his family, therefore, and as Mr. Gibbon expresses himself in his memoir of his life and family, drawing my pedigree from his grandfather, who was also an ornament to his name, I own I have studied his short but splendid career with filial love. In my various readings of history, which have constituted my chief amusement through life, I have never met with an instance of pure disinterested valour without associating it with the name of Keppoch.

By his kindred and countrymen he is remembered by the endearing epithet of "Mirror of Martial Men", as the men of his particular clan were distinguished by that of "Ready Warriors".

As I cannot join with those who have called Cato's death (A.C. 57) "the highest degree of political frenzy", neither can

I refrain from admiring the dauntless spirit of his son, who, unwilling to survive the overthrow of his country at Philippi, boldly sacrificed himself by rushing into the heart of the deadly action.

Nor do I hesitate in calling Keppoch the ^Emilius of Scotland, from the similarity of their situations and deaths, both alike courageous, both alike lamented, and the theme of admiring posterity.

In the battle of Cannae (B.C. 216), upon the river Aufidus, the Consul Terentius Varro, by his precipitancy, had well-nigh lost the Roman empire. The other Consul, jEmilius Paulus, the friend of Fabius, one of the most distinguished of the Roman generals, had been wounded in the first shock of the cavalry of Hannibal, but had still performed wonders against Hannibal himself, when, finding himself exhausted, he was found by Cornelius Lentulus, a young patrician, in a gore of blood, sitting upon a stone.

Lentulus, bursting into tears, begged the wounded Consul to take his horse, and save so valuable a life. "Save thyself", said he, "and go straightway to the Senate, and tell them from me to fortify the city." When he had delivered these words, says Plutarch, he bade Lentulus farewell, and, rushing again into the fury of the slaughter, there he died among his slain companions.

In the battle of Culloden (April 15th, 1746), when the Macdonald regiment retreated without having attempted to attack, Macdonald of Keppoch advanced, with his drawn sword in one hand, and his pistol in the other. He had got but a little way from his regiment when he was wounded by a musket-shot, and fell. A friend who had followed, conjuring him not to throw his life away, said that the wound was not mortal, that he might easily join his regiment, and retreat with them. Keppoch desired him to take care of himself, and going on, received another shot, and fell to rise no more.

1453.—In the reign of King Henry VI an affecting tale has been carefully and deservedly handed down to posterity of the death of the great John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, and known by the appellation of the "Achilles of England".

At the age of eighty this great man was made Lieutenant of Aquitaine, in France. He was one of the most celebrated warriors of his day, and contemporary with the still more celebrated Regent, Duke of Bedford.

Hearing that the French had besieged Chatillon, after having taken Bordeaux, Talbot advanced thither and gave

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them battle, on July 20th, 1453; but the event of that day (though for a while it stood doubtful) at length proved fatal to the English, and this renowned general was shot through the thigh by a cannon-ball, and had his horse killed under him. His generous son, Lord Talbot, found him in this condition. Unable to remount on account of his wound, he earnestly urged his son to retire and preserve himself for better times, when he might be serviceable to his country. But Talbot, rather than fly, and thus desert his wounded father, chose to die with the Earl, who soon after resigned that life which had been so often risked in his country's cause.

Such was Keppoch, the conclusion of whose life bears a comparison with all that we read of in Roman or British history.

His death was a heavy blow to a large and beautiful family; but the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and Heaven has been pleased to prosper his grandchildren, who have devoted themselves to the safety and defence of their country.

Many anecdotes are told of Keppoch. About the year 1743, three gentlemen of rank, anxious to visit the Highlands, set out, and were recommended to Keppoch and his relations.

He received them with the frankness of a chieftain, with the politeness of the French court, where he had been educated. His lady, a daughter of Stewart of Appin, presided at the festive board. After dinner, six lovely children were introduced, dressed in the tartan of their clan. In the midst of their happiness, when French wine and the piper had awakened their best feelings, one of the gentlemen (a Mr. Dundas) asked their host what the rental of Keppoch was!

“Come”, says he, “fill a bumper to the lad o’er the water, and I will tell you. My rent roll is 500 fine fellows ready to follow me wherever I go.”

The value of landed property was in these times to be reckoned, not by the rent it produced, but by the men whom it could send into the field.

It is observed by the Earl of Selkirk, in his *Observations on the State of the Highlands of Scotland*, that “the regular system of feudal tenure never was fully established in the Highlands. It was only in latter times that the chieftains were induced to apply for charters from the Crown, in the feudal form, to legalise the more effectual title they derived from the right of the strongest. Some of them (and Keppoch is here alluded to) even disdained to accept of such titles, and

declared they would never hold their lands in a sheep's skin." "One of them, of considerable note," continues that ingenious and learned young nobleman, "Macdonald of Keppoch, acted on this principle, down to the year 1745, and after the rebellion his lands fell into the possession of another chief, who had claimed them for many ages on the ground of a charter from the Crown, without ever having been able till then to make his title effectual."

It was the claim mentioned above which occasioned the battle of Mull Buy, narrated in Dr. Johnson's *Tour to the Hebrides*, in which Keppoch bore so conspicuous a part, and which shall be detailed more particularly anon.

Macdonald of Keppoch, however, who fought this battle with Mackintosh for the lands of Keppoch, was Ranald, father of the amiable and gallant man who immolated himself at Culloden; and, fortunately, the circumstances attending it were early communicated to me by my dear father, who had good reason to remember the consequences of it, being so nearly connected by blood with both chiefs.

Keppoch's mind was as pure and gallant as his birth was high; his grandfather was the ninth chieftain of Keppoch, in a straight line from Alexander of He, third son of John, Lord of the Isles, by the Lady Margaret Stuart, daughter of King Robert II, who is the seventh in the peerage from Somerled, Thane of Argyle, according to our historians and best antiquaries.

In deducing his descent, therefore, the memories of your excellent father and mother are consecrated, being descended from the same common progenitor, Sir Donald Macdonald, tenth Baron of Slate, and eighteenth in the peerage, by the Lady Mary Douglas, second daughter of Robert, Earl of Morton. The descent is as follows.

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**IV.**

**DESCENT OF KEPOCH.**

1648.—i. Colonel Macdonald Of Keppoch, the ninth in a straight line of descent from John, Lord of the Isles, by Lady Margaret Stuart, daughter of King Robert II, was the eldest son of Ranald Macdonald of Keppoch, by a daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, one of the most celebrated chieftains of the North.

He married Barbara, second daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald, his own cousin, by Lady Mary Douglas, daughter of Robert, Earl of Morton. Sir Donald Macdonald was the tenth Baron of Slate, third Baronet, and eighteenth in the peerage.

He had two sons—

1. Ranald, who succeeded him.
2. John (called Dow, or Black), ancestor of Macdonald of Gellovie, from whom Mrs. Stanley Constable, Dr. Macdonald of Taunton, etc., are descended.

He was succeeded by his eldest son—

II. Ranald Macdonald of Keppoch, who married a daughter of Macdonald of Glengarry, by whom he had two sons—

1. Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch, his heir.
2. Donald Macdonald of Terndrieck, grandfather of Mrs. Chichester of Arlington, of whom anon.

He was succeeded by his eldest son—

1745.—III. Alexander Macdonald of Keppoch, that “Mirror of Martial Men”, who immolated himself at the battle of Culloden, to the inexpressible loss and affliction of his family; and to whose glorious memory these pages are consecrated. He married one of the virtuous daughters of that honest patriot and chieftain, Stewart of Appin, by whom he had two sons and six daughters—

1. Ranald Macdonald, his eldest son, heir to the lands of Keppoch.
2. Alexander Macdonald, a major in the Glengarry Regiment of Militia Like his father, he was a highspirited, independent-minded man, and by his activity it was that the Glengarry regiment set the example of volunteering to serve in Ireland, where they performed essential service to their country by their discipline, good behaviour, and general

example. This regiment was commanded by his kinsman, the present Glengarry.

He married his cousin, Sarah, fourth daughter of Major Donald Macdonald of Terndrieck, of whom anon.

After the peace, this amiable man embarked with the Earl of Selkirk in his plan of settling Scotch colonies in the Island of Prince Edward, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, carrying his lady and family with him. After two years' residence, and establishing a large and valuable plantation, he fell a sacrifice to the climate, leaving two sons and two daughters. His sons have commissions in the army. His death was a great loss to the infant colony of Prince Edward's Island.

Keppoch's eldest daughter was

I. Isabella, married to Dr. Gordon, physician, in Madeira. She had three handsome daughters, the eldest of whom was married to James Murdoch, Esq., one of the chief members of the factory at Madeira, to whom she bore a son<sup>1</sup> and daughter. Dr. Gordon's second daughter was married to J. Masterton, Esq., member of the same house; the third daughter is unmarried.

2. Clementine, Keppoch's second daughter, was married to John Macdonald, Esq., of Dalness, grandson of one of the chiefs who were murdered at Glencoe. They had no issue.

3rd daughter, married to Alexander Macdonald, Esq., of Tallochcrombe, and has issue.

4th daughter, married to Alexander Macdonald, Esq., junior, of Tallochcrombe, and has issue.

5th daughter, married to John Macdonald, Esq., of Oberarder, and has issue.

6th daughter, married to the Rev. Peter Macdonald, minister, of Kilbride and Kilmore, and has issue.

IV. Ranald Keppoch's eldest son, immediately upon his father's death, was, with his whole family, taken under the protection of the family of Gordon and other liberal and noble-minded relations, who superintended their education, and interested themselves in everything relating to their success and prosperity.

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<sup>1</sup> The late Gordon Murdoch, Esq., Banker, in the firm of Ransom, Bouverie, and Co.

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The late good Lord Adam Gordon<sup>1</sup> and his benevolent Duchess<sup>2</sup> became more immediately the patrons of Ranald, who had a commission in the 1st Battalion of the Royals given to him early in life, where he rose to the rank of Major.

Handsome in his person and countenance, he was a favourite with all who saw or knew him; and perhaps at no time since the Prince's residence at Edinburgh, previous to the battle of Preston, had so many young Highlanders, all descended from chieftains of high martial fame and renown, assembled together in that captivating city, as immediately before Ranald Keppoch embarked with his regiment for Jamaica, in the year 1767-68. He remained many years upon the Jamaica station, where he married Miss Cargill, the daughter of a wealthy planter and merchant. By Miss Cargill he had three sons and two daughters.

On his return to Scotland his health was much impaired by the climate of Jamaica, and by gout. He finished a new and expensive house at Keppoch, but did not live to enjoy it.

He died at an early age, leaving his children young, in the year 1785. His eldest son is the present representative of our ancient branch of the clan.

V. Ranald Macdonald of Keppoch, a young man of the most amiable disposition, but of a delicate constitution, no way differing in courage and in the fascinating suavity of manner which distinguished his father and grandfather. He enjoys the same happy patronage of the Duke of Gordon as his father did; and is now a captain in the 1st Royals, in the Mediterranean, where he has distinguished himself, and has preserved the ancient character of his family. He is not married.<sup>1</sup>

The second son is gone to Jamaica, as a merchant

<sup>1</sup> He went to Jamaica with his regiment, the 92nd or Gordon Highlanders, and died there of yellow fever on 14th August 1819.

and planter, with his uncle. The youngest son and his sisters are with their mother in Edinburgh, for their education.

Thus it has pleased God to preserve hitherto Keppoch's

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<sup>1</sup> Lord Adam Gordon, fourth son of the second Duke of Gordon, was a general in the army, and Commander-in-Chief of the troops in Scotland. He died in 1801, without issue.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Adam Gordon was married to the Dowager Duchess of Athole.



children and grandchildren, and also those of his cousin, Major Macdonald of Terndrieck, who was his major, and confidential friend. I feel a kind of joy akin to grief in commemorating what I know of such worthies, whose latter end has not tarnished the fame of Angus More.

## V.

### ***DESCENT OF MAJOR MACDONALD OF TERNDRIECH.***

I. RANALD OF KEPPOCH, who married his cousin, Mary, daughter of Macdonald of Glengarry, was the eldest son of Colonel Macdonald of Keppoch, who married Barbara, second daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald, Bart., and Lady Mary Douglas, daughter of Robert, Earl of Morton. This Colonel Macdonald was the eldest son of Ranald of Keppoch, by a daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, a chieftain whose achievements are embalmed in the memories of all Highlanders.

Keppoch, who fell at Culloden, was their eldest son. His second son was

II. Donald Macdonald of Terndriech, who married his cousin, Mary Macdonald, by whom he had three sons—

1. Donald Macdonald, major in the Prince's army, of whom anon.

2. John, ancestor of Captain Macdonald of Leck.

3. Angus, ancestor of Donald of Dallafour, who fell an officer in America, in the Macdonald regiment. He died unmarried.

III. Donald, the eldest son of Donald Macdonald of Terndriech, married a near relation of his own, Miss Mackenzie, of the Earl of Cromarty's family, by whom he had one son and three daughters.

Ranald was the only son.

1st daughter, Isabella, an elegant, pious woman, unmarried.

2nd daughter, Mary, married to John Chichester of Arlington, in Devonshire, of whom anon.

3rd daughter, Catherine, married to her kinsman, Thomas Macdonald, who was bred to physic, and died at the early age of twenty-six years, of whom anon.

Major Macdonald, married, secondly, a relation of his own, a daughter of Macdonald of Killichonat, a beautiful woman, by whom he had two daughters—

1. Sarah, married to her cousin, Major Macdonald of Keppoch, as mentioned, now in Prince Edward's Island.

2. Juliet, who remains unmarried.

This amiable and brave man, allowed by all who ever saw him to have been one of the handsomest men of the age, was, with the rest of his numerous clan, living happily and bringing up his beautiful family in the heart of the Highlands. Here, with Keppoch and the other excellent men of the clan, happiness was diffused to all connected with them. To chase the deer with hound and horn was supreme delight. To feast in the ungilded hall, with the circulating quagh, and the enlivening pipe to the praise of Bragela, was their *ne plus ultra*. Suddenly Prince Charles Stuart threw himself among them, trusting to the well-known attachment of the clans to his family.

Attached to his cousins, Keppoch and Kinloch Moidart, with a brotherly or filial love, no sooner had their words been pledged, than the Macdonald and Cameron clang was heard from the west, darting like lightning through the whole region of Badenoch and Lochaber, where above 1,800 unoffending, happy people almost instantaneously started into action at the sound of the wellknown pibroch, or to the more stimulating martial music of Cogan-a-chiachan. These original people inherited from their ancestors a large share of bravery, and they had been characterised as ready warriors by their neighbours, perhaps less just and less humane than themselves.

By those that knew him well before he appeared in arms with his kindred, the private life of Terndriech was said to have been exemplary, when the customs and manners of the time and country in which he lived are considered. The warlike accomplishments of his chief and kinsmen were publicly acknowledged; and from the pure affection which subsisted between them, it is easy to conceive they possessed the same amiable qualities for which they have been so religiously revered by their lamenting countrymen.

That they were chieftains of no mean degree, is proved even from the continuation of their bards to this day; and from their kindred retaining many of their ancient hymns and songs, though the knowledge of the harp has been forgotten or laid aside. It is also proved by the recollection of their unceasing attentions to their relations, their vassals, and even the meanest of their people, who appear to have been happy only when their chief was pleased, and whose breasts glowed and panted to give him proofs of their affection.

The number of followers which these amiable men brought with them showed how eagerly the lowest sought for

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reputation under their chieftain's eye. The principle of attachment to their chief led these men to suffer many severe privations, nay, even to lay down their lives for him if necessary, as had happened in the dreadful affair of Glencoe, when the noble-minded Kennedy rushed in to receive the shot levelled at his master, and which destroyed them both.

How delightful to snatch from oblivion such pure, such virtuous affection! The inspired Saint John saith, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend"; and Saint Paul, in his very beautiful Epistle to the Romans, saith, "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die." Thus, we see that what was acknowledged by the inspired Paul to be the most refined feeling of our nature, was practised by the native Highlander. Thus it was a few years before we made our appearance in this world, and has continued to our day.

We witnessed the attachment of our own particular clan of Keppoch; we have seen the same affection manifested in the clan of Mackenzie and among the Camerons of Lochiel.

How much to be lamented that such ties are snapt asunder for ever!

From the affair at Highbridge, in which Terndrieck and his few people had displayed such prompt courage and resolution, he became a singular object of affection with the Prince and with all ranks.

Gen. Scott, 16th August 1745.—As this little rencounter may be called the beginning of the war, and laid the foundation for Captain Scott's future fortune, the following is a true statement of it.

Captain Scott was ordered to march from Fort Augustus, to reinforce the garrison of Fort William, upon the first rumour of the Prince being landed and the Highlanders appearing in arms. He set out upon the 16th of August, with two companies of the 1st Regiment of Foot, which he commanded. He had got as far as Highbridge, which is about eight miles from Fort William, when he heard a bagpipe and saw some Highlanders in arms. Captain Scott was alarmed, and halted.

As it was necessary to prevent Captain Scott from getting to Fort William, the Highlanders, commanded by Macdonald of Terndrieck, seized the bridges, and sent an express to his cousin, Keppoch, who with his followers joined Terndrieck, and surrounded Captain Scott and his party. Captain Scott,

on these gentlemen appearing armed, and hearing the bagpipes play on the back of a neighbouring hill, drew up his men to defend themselves, after endeavouring in vain to retreat back to Fort Augustus. In the scuffle, some of Captain Scott's men were slain, Captain Scott himself wounded, and the whole party taken prisoners.

Expresses were sent to the garrison of Fort William for surgeons, on Captain Scott's account, but they refused to send any; on which Major Macdonald took him on his own horse, and carried him to a place of safety, till he was conveyed to the garrison, on his parole of honour, which he faithfully kept, to the great mortification of the Duke of Cumberland and others, after his cure was completed.

Soon after, Captain Scott went to London, and such was the state of party at that time, that he was immediately waited upon and admitted to the highest company and first circles, such as the Duke of Bedford, Lord Gower, etc. This was the foundation of his future fortune in the world; and he is said to have been the only man who kept his parole with the Highlanders.

Long after that unhappy period, Captain Scott<sup>1</sup> was visiting at the Countess of Dundonald's, who had benevolently adopted Mary, Major Macdonald's second daughter. Upon asking who she was, and being told, he immediately replied that he owed his life to her father, as narrated above. Often afterwards, when seeing Miss Macdonald dance at the Bath assemblies, he used to repeat the same thing. Yet this very man, possessed of half a million of money, never made any present or provision for Miss Macdonald's family, though he ostentatiously bought houses for individuals of noble families in Edinburgh.

When Terndriech embarked with his clan, he was in the flower of his age, in perfect health, and of full strength of body, and, as his conduct proved, of undaunted courage. At the battles of Prestonpans, in England, and particularly at Falkirk, he is said to have behaved with great intrepidity, prudence, and humanity, encouraging his friends, and sparing the King's forces. This part of his conduct was proverbial, and carefully handed down to my day. Even those into whose hands he so unfortunately fell, treated him with

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<sup>1</sup> General Scott's great fortune, made chiefly by gambling, was inherited by his two daughters, the Duchess of Portland and Lady Canning.

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great attention, for which they were said to have been in some degree censured, such was the rancour of the day.

In endeavouring to commemorate all I have heard of these heroic men, their moderation at Edinburgh after their success at Preston, their uniform forbearance, and I may say justice, under severe irritations and wants, I cannot help considering their whole conduct as in some degree resembling those heroes whose lives and actions have merited the applause of posterity,

January 17th, 1746.—By a sad fatality, as he distinctly mentioned before his death, Major Macdonald was taken after the battle of Falkirk, by falling into the hands of a party of General Hawley's force, whom he mistook for Lord John Drummond's French picquet.<sup>1</sup> It was in the twilight of that day when the Highlanders had conquered all before them, and, from every account, might' have destroyed the royal army completely, had the clans been allowed to engage in their own manner. But, alas! Jealousy, that demon of human happiness, had reared her crest, and she continued to disorganise their best plans, till their total destruction and dispersion at the battle of Culloden.

While the capture of Terndrieck was matter of great triumph to General Hawley, it was a source of sincere sorrow to the Prince and all the confederate chiefs, who loved the man and respected his high and natural virtues, and whose engaging manners rendered him an idol with his people.

Often has the writer of these lines seen the tears trickle down the aged cheeks of James Macdonald of Killichonath, his wife's brother, when mentioning him and Keppoch, and their people all now gone or scattered through the world, leaving him in the afternoon of life bewailing them and the sad desolation of those valleys where they first drew breath.

Major Macdonald's confinement was strict and severe, but every art was practised by his relations and friends that sympathy and affection could dictate to soothe and support, and particularly to alleviate the poignancy of the grief he felt for his wife and family. In regard to himself, from the moment he was taken, he indulged no hope for mercy or forgiveness from the Crown. The wanton cruelties and

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<sup>1</sup> The brutal General Husk ordered him to be shot, and refused to receive his arms. But Lord Robert Kerr politely stepped forward to accept them. Major Macdonald afterwards referred to Lord Robert's generous civility with gratitude.

slaughter authorised by the Duke of Cumberland, after the Highland army had left the field at Culloden, destroyed every expectation of the kind, and in consequence of this impression his mind was fully made up and resigned to meet his fate, long before his trial commenced at Carlisle.

There does not exist a doubt that he might have escaped when on the road to England; but his lofty spirit resisted every offer of security for himself, when his friends, Sir Archibald Primrose, his cousin Kinloch, and Sir J. Wedderburn, were in equal danger; for it is said of him that he could not bear to deceive or be deceived, and that if ever any man was honest to a fault, it was Major Macdonald.

At his trial his conduct was respectful and dignified. When an appeal was seen to be useless, he and all those who shared the same unhappy fate submitted with a degree of firmness and composure which affected all present.

The severity of his confinement in Carlisle, and the sad effects of being carried from his own country, far from every aid of friends or advice, is manifest from Major Macdonald's letters to his unhappy wife at Edinburgh.

The following is directed to:—

“Mrs. Macdonald of Terndriech, at Edinburgh. To the care of Mr. John Moir, merchant, at Edinburgh, at Mr. Stirling's shop near the Lecken Booth.

“MY DEAR LIFE,

“I yesterday had the agreeable account of your being in health and of your stay in Edinburgh, for which I thank God, and your dear self for complying; and though Kinloch's lady came here yesterday, she will not get access to see her husband; and as a short time will discover the event of most of us here, we are all hoping for the best and prepared for the worst. In any event I shall acquaint you as soon as my trial comes on, therefore, my dear Life, put your whole trust in God's mercy and providence, in whom I put my entire hopes and confidence. My dear Life, I was surprised I got no letter from you, and you cannot imagine what joy and satisfaction it gave me, when I heard by Mr. Stewart that you complied to stay, for you would regret much your coming here, since you could not have access to me.

“I pray God to direct you in all circumstances, and to comfort you in your present situation, and may we both submit to the decrees of our Almighty God; therefore, my dear Life, be of good courage.

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“Ranald, nor the other witness, I believe, have not yet come to town, but Mr. Stewart expects them this night. I shall despatch Ranald, or the other witness, to you, as soon as my trial is over. You’ll make my compliments to Miss Christian Cochrane, Mrs. Graham, and Miss Peggy Barclay, and I am, my dear Life, with the greatest affection and love, my dear Life,

“Your most’ affectionate husband, and most obliged servant for your staying,

“DONALD MACDONALD.

“Castle, Carlisle, September 1746.”

His anxiety about his young and helpless family alone distressed him. Calm and unruffled about himself, he wrote the following letter to his attached friend, Mr. Graham, who from the time of his being made prisoner at Falkirk had attended on him with a brotherly love.

“To John Graham, Esq., at Mutries Hall, Edinburgh,  
with care.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Wishing from my whole heart that these may find yourself, lady, and whole family in good health, let you know that I -was yesterday tried by the Lords, and after long pleadings brought in guilty; indeed, Mr. Lockhart discharged his part most handsomely, though he was overruled. I have wrote this day to Lord Glenorchy, and I have wrote to my dear life, my wife, in the most pressing manner, desiring she would go, on receipt, home to manage our affairs the best way possible, and I beg of you and my cousin to prevail with her to comply with what I have strongly recommended her, and I beg you see her directly and assure her though she came here that she could not get access to me. I did not write the plain fact to her, and I wish you to give her strong assurance that I am in a good enough way. Really, the strongest defence was made for me, though I am brought in guilty. I am in great hurry, and shall be glad to hear from you soon, how you and my wife are, ere she goes into the country. I refer everything else to the bearer, who will tell you matters more fully, and wish it was in my power to return what favours and civilities I have, on all occasions, had from you. I conclude with my service to yourself and my cousins, and little Bob and Kattie, and all other friends in general, and I am, with great sincerity and affection, my dear Sir,

“Your most obliged humble servant,



“Donald Macdonald.

“Castle, Carlisle, September 16, 1746.

“P.S.—If you find it advisable that my wife, with other ladies of distinction, wait upon General Husk in my favour, but do in this as you see expedient.”

The following is the speech which Major Macdonald intended to have made at the time of his execution, but it was not allowed. He, therefore, left it among the papers to be transmitted to his family.

***“The Speech of Donald Macdonald of Terndriech.***

“As I am now to suffer a public, cruel, barbarous, and, in the eyes of the world, an ignominious and shameful death, I think myself obliged to acknowledge that it was from principle and through conviction of its being my duty to God, my injured King, and oppressed country, that engaged me to take up arms under the standard and conduct of Charles Prince of Wales.

“It was always my greatest concern to see our ancient race and lawful sovereign restored, and, if such was the will of Heaven, to lose my life cheerfully in promoting it. I solemnly declare that I had no view in drawing my sword in that laudable cause, but the restoration of the royal family and the recovery of the liberties of these unhappy islands, now too long oppressed with usurpation, corruption, and bribery; being sensible that nothing else but the King’s return could make our country nourish, under all ranks and degrees of men, and recover Church and State from those too many dismal consequences naturally flowing from revolutionary principles.

“I must let the world know that the whole number of evidences<sup>1</sup> to six or seven brought against me, by the Council for the Elector of Hanover, were all perjured. What they aimed to prove was relative to the battle of Gladsmuir. I declare they swore the greatest untruths, nor did they depose one fact. I earnestly pray for their repentance, and that God may forgive them as I heartily do, and not only them but all my enemies in general. It is true I engaged in that battle, and saw a great deal of bloodshed on both sides where I was posted. But no evidence<sup>2</sup> could discern my conduct. I thank

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<sup>1</sup> He means witnesses.

<sup>2</sup> That is, none of the witnesses brought against him could have seen him at Gladsmuir.

*Sir James Macdonald*

God, since I drew my sword in that laudable cause, I have acted not only in obedience to the commands of my merciful and generous Prince, but also in compliance with my private disposition, behaving with humanity and charity towards my enemies, the Elector of Hanover's troops, both in the field and prison, to the utmost of my power, without receding at the same time from the duty and fidelity I owe to my Prince and the common cause.

“For my own part, when I reflect on my innocence as to what has been laid to my charge, I cheerfully give up all murmuring, resigning myself to the Divine Providence, and I am hopeful of mercy through the merits of Jesus Christ. I die an unworthy member of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, in the communion of which I have lived, and however ill-spoken of or misrepresented, I am confident of happiness through the merits and sufferings and mediation of my only Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And here I declare, upon the faith of a dying man, that it was with no view of establishing that Church or religion in this nation that I joined the Prince, but purely out of duty and allegiance to our only rightful, lawful, and native sovereign, due to him had he been a heathen, Mahometan, or even a Quaker.

“I am hopeful and persuaded that our valorous Prince will, by the blessing of God, be at last successful; and in such case that he will take care of my poor wife and family; and as I have left them no fortune, I recommend my son to the protection of Almighty God, the best legacy I can bequeath him; earnestly requiring his obedience to my dying command to draw his sword for the service of his King and country as often as occasion shall offer, and he shall by them be required to do so; and as I have the honour to die a Major in the King's army, I am hopeful, if my dear child deserves it, he will be appointed to succeed in that rank, and I pray he may serve with the same honour, integrity, and fidelity as I have constantly endeavoured to do. I conclude with my blessings to my dear wife, family, relations, and friends; heartily and earnestly begging that the Lord may grant success to the Prince's army and restore the Royal Family.

“Forgive, O Lord! my enemies and receive my soul. Come, O Lord Jesus! Come quickly, into Thy hands I resign my spirit.

(Signed) “DONALD MACDONALD.

“Saturday, ye 18th October 1746.”<sup>1</sup>

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At one time an expectation of clemency was held out to him and Sir Archibald Primrose. This, however, was but a transient gleam, and the pious solemnity of the last scene convinced all who beheld it how perfectly calm and resigned they were in yielding up their lives, which had been devoted to the cause they had embarked in.

Their solemn but magnanimous conduct on that sad occasion was long the theme of universal admiration, while their contempt of their punishment recalled to memory the last scene and unjust sufferings of the immortal Marquis of Montrose.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> The day of his execution.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Macdonald certainly writes with exemplary calmness on the subject of these barbarous judicial murders. The rising of 1745 was a civil war, and the prisoners were undoubtedly entitled to the treatment of prisoners of war. Their judges were worse than the butchers employed by James II in one respect. The illegality of their conduct was more glaring. For, by the Act of Union, the prisoners had a right to be tried in Scotland. Their trial at Carlisle was contrary to law. The treatment the prisoners received from the Hanoverians and their English supporters was as follows.

Chief Baron Parker, and Judges Burnet, Dennison, and Clark, were employed to do the bloody work for their employers, being the Hanoverian successors of Jeffreys and Scroggs. There were 382 prisoners. Of these, 255 were to be transported without trial, and 127 were to be tried for their lives. The 127 victims were then heavily ironed and thrust into *one room* in the keep of Carlisle Castle. This shocking act of wanton barbarity was perpetrated previous to their trial. Mr. Mounsey says “they were huddled together promiscuously in places which we now almost shudder to look into”. Sir Archibald Primrose, Major Macdonald of Terndrieich, Donald Macdonald of Kinloch Moidart, his kinsman, and Lord Mordington, were among the 127. The trials, during September 1746, were mockeries of justice; a few perjured witnesses were hired to do the work, and there was a systematic attempt to blacken the characters of the prisoners. In all, 96 were sentenced to death, of whom 31 were executed, two succumbed to the horrors of their loathsome dungeon, and the rest were transported. The following is the savage and revolting sentence pronounced by Parker on these innocent and honourable men. “You must be drawn to the place of execution; when you come there you must be hanged by the neck, but not till you be dead, for you must be cut down alive, then your bowels must be taken out and burnt before your faces; then your heads must be severed from your bodies, and your bodies divided each into four quarters.” This barbarous sentence for high treason, abolished by the Commonwealth and by Cromwell, was revived in all its horrible details by the restored Stuarts and the House of Hanover.

On Saturday, the 18th of October, Major Macdonald of Terndrieich, his kinsman, Kinloch Moidart, a minister of

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But it has been the gracious will of Heaven that, though much depressed, this honourable man's family should be restored to its proper and ancient rank in society. Great was the desolation in the Highlands among the dwellings of all who had taken up arms in favour of Prince Charles. Not a house was left standing that could be destroyed, their cattle and goods of every kind were completely carried away or rendered useless, while the helpless and infirm were left to cold and poverty. After the destruction of the house at Terndriech, Major Macdonald's wife and six children were concealed in the valley and hills of Glenfindich, with many other sufferers. But God was with them, and they were most benevolently protected by Mr. Campbell of Achalader, who had been appointed by their dying father sole trustee of any property they might be allowed to call their own. And to the immortal praise of this excellent man be it remembered that through the whole of their miseries and wants he supported and protected them with a fatherly care, till they were placed among their mourning relatives, who, despising the most stern disapprobation, exerted themselves to soothe what they could not cure.

Blessed be the spirits of those illustrious friends who, regardless of the mean whisperings of a jealous and fawning minister, with an affection and liberality seldom witnessed,

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religion named Cappoch, and six others, were taken from Carlisle Castle to *Harrabee*, or Gallow's Hill, a mile south of the town, in a slow procession through the English gate, over which were the gory, wasting heads and mutilated remains of their gallant companions in arms. All declared that they died under the conviction that their cause was just. They then engaged briefly in prayer. They all behaved with unshaken fortitude. The hideous sentence of Chief Baron Parker was executed to the letter by a sanguinary wretch named William Stout, from Hexham. His price was twenty guineas and the clothes of the murdered men. The bodies were interred in the churchyard at Carlisle. The heads of Major Macdonald and his cousin Kinloch were stuck on the Scotch gate of Carlisle, where they remained for many years.

Mr. Mounsey believes that Sir Walter Scott had Major Macdonald of Terndriech in his mind when he drew the character of Fergus Maclvor in *Waverley*.—See *Carlisle in 1745. Authentic Account of the Occupation of Carlisle in 1745 by Prince Charles Edward Stuart*, edited by George Gill Mounsey (Longman, 1846), p. 254.

nobly showed themselves the protectors and guardians of the children of the suffering and dispersed clans: who, when they were hungry, gave them to eat; who, when they were naked, clothed them; and above all, who, with a resolution conscious only of doing good, in defiance of a suspicious Government, educated them, and inculcated into their pure minds those high principles of religion which have enabled most of them, whose lives have been prolonged, to turn out, what they really are to all around them, blessings and ornaments of society.

Soon after the catastrophe at Carlisle, Major Macdonald's only son, Ranald, a young man said to be like his father, and of great promise, was adopted and educated by the late excellent Mr. Warwick, of Warwick Hall<sup>1</sup> in Cumberland, whose pious lady was sister to Mr. Howard of Greystock, afterwards Duke, and father to the present Duke of Norfolk. No expense or pains were spared upon his education, to complete which he was sent to the college at Douai, where he died in early life, to the great regret of his benevolent friends and of his family.

There cannot be a more simple or interesting narrative of

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<sup>1</sup> Warwick Hall was on the banks of the river Eden, where there is an old bridge of four arches. It is four miles from Carlisle, and near Corby Castle. There is a plate of it in Hutchinson's *Cumberland*, i, p. 153. The family of Warwick was descended from Odard, who received the manor from Ranulph de Meschines in the time of Henry I. John Warwick of Warwick Hall married Mary, daughter of Francis Howard of Corby, and died in 1720, leaving one son. Francis Warwick enjoyed the estate for fifty years, dying childless in 1772. His wife Jane, daughter of Thomas Howard of Corby, hospitably entertained Prince Charles Edward in November 1745, and at parting she was heard to exclaim, "May God bless him!" (See Mounsey's *Carlisle*, p. 46.) Her husband kept out of the way; but both must have been horrified at the bloody assize of Carlisle, and both were anxious to befriend the helpless orphans of the murdered chiefs. Hence young Macdonald was hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Warwick, and carefully educated by them.

The male line of the ancient family of Warwick came to an end on the death of Mr. Warwick, in 1772. The place was inherited by a distant cousin named Bonner, who took the name of Warwick in 1792.

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domestic distress and suffering than is preserved in his own writing; being an account of his adventures at seven years of age, after the battle of Culloden, until he arrived at Warwick Hall.

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**VI.**  
**THE ADVENTURES OF RANALD MACDONALD**  
**FROM SEVEN YEARS OF AGE TILL HIS ARRIVAL**  
**AT WARWICK HALL.**

*Written by himself, A.D. 1749.*

“AFTER the battle of Culloden, the cruelty of the soldiers made us fly from our houses; and the first night we went and drove all our cows and sheep about two miles from the house, and carried all our provisions upon the horses, our bed-clothes, and all the other goods in the house, to the place where we took our night’s lodging, and pulled ling to make a fire and beds of, and we laid beside a little water that was at the bottom of two hills. Early next morning we went to Loch Traigh, and it was six days before Ronald Angus came home; everybody thought he was dead. My stepmother came to the other side of the loch to see her sister, and call at Ronald Angus’s house, which was two miles from the place where her sister lay ill of the small-pox, and Ronald Angus’s maid went along with her to see her sister; and when I was coming home I felt a pain in my back, and could not walk home. But the maid carried me, and they put me to bed, and I was very bad of the small-pox. They had no whisky in the house, or they would have given me some. I was blind about a week, and one day I began to see the walls; then I got up, and was very well. Then we went to Ranach, to get further from the soldiers, whom we heard were near hand us. I went along with my stepmother. My eldest sister and a gentleman went along with us; four servants and my two youngest sisters went with the cows, sheep, and goats, and drove them to Ranach. My stepmother, the gentleman, my eldest sister, and me, went to Ranach through woods and over mountains on foot; and we used to lie on the tops of the mountains, and the gentleman used to roll me in his plaid with himself, and sometimes we walked all night when we heard the soldiers were near us. Upon a hill we spied our chief’s son and all Keppoch’s family, but we had very little time to stay with them, for we heard the soldiers were coming that way. Then we parted, and travelled all that night on foot, and the next day till seven o’clock in the evening. Then we took our night’s rest under two steep hills, where we had four miles to go for wood to build a little house of sticks and sods, and we had as far to go for water as we had to go for wood. When we were about three days at that house, to our surprise we saw three men at the top of the mountain, and it proved to be Ronald Angus and his brother Samuel, and another man with them.

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They all three came into the house, and took me to Ronald Angus's house.

“We set forward about six o'clock in the morning, and they got me a little galloway, and they went themselves on foot, and they ran all the way as the galloway trotted; and about eight o'clock we got to our journey's end, where we saw a drove of cattle and some gentlemen that had been along with the Prince, flying from their houses. We made little houses, where we put our milk and curds, for we made cheese when we were not travelling.

“When we had stayed there about two days we heard the soldiers were coming that way. Then we went to a wood, where we built a little house, and stayed there about a week; and there was a loch near the wood, where Samuel Angus used to fish, and struck fire with his flint to make a fire to broil them. Then, as we had heard that the soldiers were gone, we travelled home again, and drove our cows and sheep over a river, and on the other side we built a house, and we stayed there about a fortnight; then we set forward for Loch Traigh. When we came within sight of it, I asked them what they called that loch, and they told me, and I could scarce believe them. We stayed in a wood on the other side of the loch about four days. Then we went to Ronald Angus's house, and stayed there about a fortnight; and there is a river runs out of Loch Traigh, and in the middle of the river an island, where the cows used to graze. I was sent to drive them back; so I stript to wade over the water, but it was so deep that it came into my mouth, and I stumbled in the middle of it, and had like to have been drowned, but Samuel Angus came and saved me. And there came some militia that got all their victuals from Ronald's, and they got a house on the other side of the water, where they lodged; and they said that if any of the soldiers came then they would not let them meddle with us.

“I went to see them before they went away. The head of them gave me a shilling, and I gave it to Ronald's mother. Then my stepmother came to Terndrieck, and when she saw her house was burnt, she built a little house of wood and turfs. A little after I heard I was to come to a gentleman's house in England, and two gentlemen had come to meet me. In the afternoon, my uncle and a lad that could talk English, and us, we all went to Ronald Angus's house at Loch Traigh, about fourteen miles from my father's house, all night. We set out about eight o'clock next morning; then we travelled to Ranach. Ronald Angus and Samuel and another man set us twelve miles, and Ronald Angus and Samuel and the other



man then took their leave of me.

“Then my uncle and the lad and myself went to a gentleman’s house, where we met Mr. Rose and Mrs. Douglas, and another gentleman with them. Mr. Rose could speak Erse. We stayed at that house all night. The next morning my uncle took his leave of me, and returned home. That lad still went along with me till I came to Edinburgh, and I got English clothes, and I did not love myself in them. I went one day to see a lady, and she gave me a guinea; and as we were coming home Mrs. Douglas called at a house, and she bade me let her see it. I thought she only wanted to see how much it was, but she put it in her purse, and I never saw more on’t. As we came home she carried me to the castle to see Glengarry, and I went to Glengarry’s room, and a little after Glengarry went downstairs, and his man called to me in Erse; and there was a soldier stood guard at the door, and he said, ‘Come back again’, and I did not know what he said, but I heard some people say, ‘No’, and I said ‘No’, and ran downstairs. Then Mrs. Douglas and I went home, and set out for Carlisle in the chaise, and we dined with some French officers at Carlisle, and then we went back again to Edinburgh, and then I stayed there about a fortnight. Then Mrs. Douglas and I went to Traquir, about fourteen miles from Edinburgh, and I stayed there about eight months, and I went to school, and my cousin learned me English and I learned him Erse. And when I was there about eight months, a man came for me, and he came to Enderlithen for me, and the master gave up play all that day, and Sharp got a fiddle and played all the day almost, and we danced country dances and reels. Then I took leave of all my acquaintances. We were three days on the road, and the houses that we were at all night they were very civil to us, and they got a fiddler, and we danced till after ten o’clock; and there was a young man that I knew that I laid with all night; and we got up early next morning, and we got to Langam at three o’clock, and we dined there, and we could get to Warwick that night. But Sharp thought that it would be too much for the horse, and we stayed at Langam all night, and next morning we came to Warwick, where I was kindly received.”

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At Douai young Ranald Macdonald felt a vocation for the priestly office; but his sister Isabella strongly objected to this course, on the ground that their father, in his written speech, had expressed a wish that his son should be a soldier. The replies of the young man to his sister, dated June 13th and 30th, 1757, are affectionate and temperate, but firm. He died

*Sir James Macdonald*

at Douai before he was old enough to be ordained.

The eldest daughter of Major Macdonald of Terndrieck was Isabella, who lived chiefly with her stepmother till her second sister married, when she resided much at Arlington. She was a tall, elegant woman, devout, but of a cheerful disposition, and highly accomplished.

When pensive, which she often was, she was said to be like her father, the recollection of whose sufferings always threw a gloom over her spirits. She was fond of reading, and had read many of the best French authors, and was well acquainted with history, particularly that of our own happy country. But when the attempt of the clans became the subject of conversation, and she remembered her father, she seldom offered an opinion, or if she did, she observed that the whole story already appeared like a piece of ancient history, which posterity would scarce believe could have taken place, though she and her family still smarted under it.

In the latter part of her life she lived with her third sister, Mrs. Macdonald, at York; but her time was much divided among her friends, particularly at Everingham, with the good Mr. and Lady Winifred Constable, as long as they lived.

An intimate correspondence subsisted for many years between this excellent creature and the writer of these lines. She had perused all the best French letter writers, particularly Madame de Sevigné's beautiful epistles, which rendered her correspondence very entertaining and also edifying, for they generally ended with some choice moral observation or reflection.

She had made a considerable collection of medals and other antiquities of the family of Stuart; and she presented the writer of the above with a ring of King James VI, or I of Britain, with his hair and cipher set in diamonds, which had been given to the Chichester family by that monarch, and left to her by the late Mrs. Chichester as a pledge of her regard. After a long life of meditation and good works, she died at York on the 30th of March 1803.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> There is a miniature of Miss Isabella Macdonald in the possession of Mr. Constable, of the Manor House, Otley.

## VII.

### *MRS. CHICHESTER OF ARLINGTON.*

MRS. CHICHESTER was the second daughter of Major Macdonald of Terndrieck, by Miss Mackenzie, his own near relation, and cousin to the Earl of Cromarty; and it has fallen to the lot of few women of any rank or fortune to do more good in society. Blessed with all the advantages of the first education, under the benevolent auspices of her matchless friend, Lady Dundonald,<sup>1</sup> whose love for her was that of a parent, her early accomplishments of mind and person afforded to that excellent person those happy presages of worth and benevolent goodness which have been acknowledged by all who know her, which have been felt by so many who never had the satisfaction of seeing her.

An interesting and beautiful countenance, accompanied with the most artless suavity of manner, naturally attracted to her and attached all who knew her in early life, while her naivete” and elegance in dancing rendered her an object of general admiration.

Married to one of the most benevolent and worthy men who ever lived, and who adored her, she was placed at the head of a large estate and establishment, with ample power to indulge all the natural charities and philanthropy of her heart.

Born, I may say, to succour and protect the remains of her once numerous and happy family, her liberalities have been unbounded, not to those only who were more immediately connected with her: her bounties have found their way to the silent abode of those true objects of benevolence who, having seen better days, were ashamed to beg, and had but little to subsist on.

She could not repair the desolation occasioned by the late conflict in her native country, but her silent acts of benevolence rescued many from misery to decency among the aged and infirm, and enabled those that had witnessed the destruction of their property and houses to seek an asylum with many kindred sufferers in the new world.

Plainly but elegantly attired, no advantages of fortune could alter her temper or moderation, even in the heyday of life. Keeping always in remembrance the overthrow of her

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<sup>1</sup> Catherine, daughter of Lord Basil Hamilton, and wife of Thomas, sixth Earl of Dundonald, who died in 1737.

*Sir James Macdonald*

father's house, her happiness did not depend upon any extrinsic circumstances. One plan only has been pursued by this amiable woman (whom I feel proud in being allied to) through life, and that embraced the prosperity of her family, the relief of the poor, and goodwill to all mankind.

With my amiable kinswoman gratitude has been, and continues to be, a primary feature. When the only son of her adored friend, the late lamented Earl of Dundonald, fell gallantly in his country's cause in America,<sup>1</sup> then it was that she manifested to her afflicted friend how deeply her sorrows or her cares were interwoven with her own. And when it pleased God to remove her angelic friend to a better world, her affectionate benevolence accompanied her only remaining daughter, Lady Mary Cochrane, as long as she lived.

It is ecstasy to contemplate an exalted mind denying itself many indulgences to satisfy a generous benevolence.

Such natures may well be called Stores of Providence. They may be said to be actuated by a secret celestial influence, to undervalue the common gratifications of wealth for the sake of relieving the afflicted.<sup>2</sup>

Her husband was John Chichester of Arlington Court, near Barnstaple, whose branch of that family had been settled at Arlington since the time of Richard II. He was the eldest son of Giles Chichester of Arlington Court, by Catherine Palmer, niece and co-heir of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine. John Chichester was born in 1707 and died in 1783. By Mary Macdonald he had two sons and three daughters.

John Palmer Chichester, the eldest son, went early into the Guards. He married Miss Carey, of Tor Abbey in Devonshire, one of the most beautiful women of the age. She died in childbed of her only daughter, now married to Alan Fitzherbert of Swinnerton, in Staffordshire. He married, secondly, Agnes, daughter of James Hamilton of Bangour, and sister to Lady Suttie. By Miss Hamilton he has four sons, John Palmer Bruce,<sup>3</sup> George,<sup>1</sup> James Hamilton John,<sup>2</sup> and

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<sup>1</sup> He fell at the siege of Louisburg, in 1758. He was unmarried.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Chichester died at Bath in 1815, aged 77. There is a picture of her at Arlington Court, and a miniature in the possession of Mr. Constable, of the Manor House, Otley.

<sup>3</sup> John Palmer Bruce Chichester was born in 1794, and succeeded his father in 1823. He was a lieutenant in the

Robert Bruce,<sup>3</sup> and one daughter, Margaret Caroline.<sup>4</sup> His children receive the name of Bruce from their grandmother, Margaret Bruce, who was a sister of James Bruce of Kinnaird, the famous traveller.

Leaving the Guards, John Palmer Chichester commanded

navy; member for Barnstaple from 1831 to 1841; created a Baronet in 1840, and died on December 20th, 1851. His son, Sir Alexander Palmer Bruce Chichester, second Baronet, was born on December 24th, 1842, and died on January 24th, 1881, leaving an only child, Caroline Rosalie, now of Arlington.

<sup>1</sup> George Chichester entered the army in 1817, served at the siege of Bhurtpore under Lord Combermere, and retired with the rank of Major in 1832. He died on July 14th, 1876. Major Chichester had two children, but both died childless.

<sup>2</sup> James Hamilton John Chichester was born on September 3rd, 1798. He was of Magdalen College, Cambridge, and entered Holy Orders. He was Rector of Arlington and Loxhore for sixty years. He died at Arlington on March 1st, 1884, in his 86th year. He had two sons, who died before him, namely, Captain Frederick H. Chichester, in the Austrian service (Walmoden Cuirassiers), and Lieut. Louis Chichester, R.N., and two daughters. His eldest daughter, Minna, married Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S. (the Editor of this Memoir), and has a daughter, Mary Louisa. His second daughter, Fanny, married Commander E. C. Hall, R.N., and had a daughter, Violet, born in 1873, and died in 1882.

<sup>3</sup> Robert Bruce Chichester was born on January 1st, 1800. He was a barrister, and died on June 1st, 1883. He had two sons and two daughters. His eldest son is Major-General Robert Chichester, C.B. Of his daughters, Mary married Major Bredin, R.A.; and Catherine married to Major-General Mark Walker, C.B., V.C.

<sup>4</sup> Margaret Caroline married in 1830 to Augustus Cleveland, Esq., of Tapely Park. She died on August 22nd, 1883, leaving two daughters, Agnes, Mrs. Christie, and Caroline, married to W. W. Beach, Esq., of Oakley Park, M.P. for North Hants. There was another daughter, Julia Hamilton, who died at Arlington in 1815, aged 17.

*Sir James Macdonald*

the Cardiganshire Militia with great spirit and popularity, accompanying the regiment to Ireland, or wherever their duty called them. Colonel Chichester is a great improver of Highland cattle, having generally some hundreds of that profitable stock of animals in his park, which run in common with the deer. Besides his ample possessions in Devon, he has large estates in Cardiganshire; but his chief residence is at Arlington, a delightful spot situated on the slope of a hill, with a deep valley and small river below. The opposite hills are clothed to the top with the most beautiful oak woods for miles, the road winding through them in a very romantic manner. In the neighbourhood the wild deer roam at large, and being within a few miles of the enchanting scenery of Ilfracombe, the Valley of Rocks, etc., Arlington may be considered as one of the most delightful spots in the west of England.

Mrs. Chichester's second son, Charles, married Miss French, niece to Joseph Nagle of Calverleigh, in Devon, with whom he got that fine estate. By Miss French he had two sons and two daughters.<sup>1</sup>

The eldest daughter of Mrs. Chichester was Catherine, a most accomplished woman, who, to many other splendid endowments of mind, possessed such a talent for painting as made her acknowledged as the first lady painter of the age. Miss Chichester at an early age took the veil, to the great disappointment of her family, and died at Liege, universally

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<sup>1</sup> Joseph Chichester Nagle of Calverleigh Court was born in 1792, and succeeded his father in 1837. He married Lady Henrietta Fellowes, daughter of the fourth Earl of Portsmouth, and had three sons and three daughters. He died in December, 1879.

Charles, born in 1795, entered the army in 1811, and became a lieutenant-colonel in 1831. He commanded a brigade in the AngloSpanish Legion, and was created a Knight of Charles III, a Knight of San Fernando, and a Knight Commander of the Order of Isabella the Catholic. He was knighted at St. James's Palace on April 6th, 1840. Sir Charles Chichester was Governor of Trinidad 1841-43, and commanded the 81st in Canada. He died at Toronto in 1846. In 1826 he married his cousin, Mary Barbara, daughter of Sir T. Clifford Constable, Bart., by Mary Macdonald Chichester, and had a son, Raleigh, in the army, and other issue. Lady Chichester died in 1876.

Eliza, born 1798; died, unmarried, in 1859.

Mary Anne, born in 1800, married her cousin, Sir Thomas Clifford Constable, Bart., and died in 1862, leaving an only son, now Sir Frederick A. Talbot Constable, Bart., who succeeded his father in 1870.

lamented.<sup>1</sup>

The second daughter was Mary. She also is an accomplished woman, and is married to Sir Thomas Clifford, Baronet (grandson of Hugh, third Lord Clifford of Chudleigh), of Tixall, in Staffordshire, who by descent possesses the estates of Sir R. Sadleir, and of Lord Aston of Forfar, in Scotland. Sir T. Clifford is the personal friend of the present excellent monarch, Louis XVIII of France, who, from a high sense of favours received during his exile in this country, requested the Prince Regent to confer the honour of a Baronet upon him.<sup>2</sup>

He is also heir of entail to the estates of Burton Constable in Holderness, in Yorkshire.

They have one son, Thomas Aston Clifford,<sup>3</sup> and two daughters.<sup>4</sup>

The third daughter of Mrs. Chichester, named Elizabeth Courtenay, is married to George Blount, Esq., third son of Sir Walter Blount, Bart, of Sodington in Worcestershire. They have no issue.<sup>5</sup>

Catherine, the third daughter of Major Macdonald of Terndrieck, was married to his kinsman, Thomas Macdonald, brother to the writer of these observations, who, having studied physic, settled in Edinburgh. But he died at the early age of twenty-six years, leaving you an infant of eight months old, of whom anon.

The following letter from my adored friend, Mrs. Chichester, I think worth preserving. That amiable lady

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<sup>1</sup> She died at Liege in 1791. Several of her drawings are in the possession of Mr. Constable.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Thomas Clifford (who assumed the additional name of Constable in 1821) was a good botanist, and wrote the *Flora Tixalliana*, an account of the botany of his place in Staffordshire. He also wrote a historical description of Tixall, a metrical version of the Psalms, and a translation of La Fontaine's fables. He was created a baronet at the request of Louis XVIII in 1815, and died at Ghent in 1823. His wife died in 1825.

<sup>3</sup> The late Sir T. Clifford Constable, Bart., of Burton Constable, who married his cousin, Mary Ann Chichester, and died on December 23rd, 1870.

<sup>4</sup> Mary Barbara, married to her cousin, Sir Charles Chichester; and Mary Isabella, married to H. R. Arundell, Esq.

<sup>5</sup> She died childless at Paris on March 4th, 1820.

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never went to her family at Arlington, in Devon, or returned to Bath, where she resided with her excellent daughter and son-in-law, Sir Thomas and Lady Clifford, without resting a day or two with me, when our time passed heroically among the spirits of our generous and unoffending Gaelic fathers. For, having lived among those who were true to the cause, she had heard and could relate a thousand anecdotes of our departed ancestors.

“Bath, May 21st, 1815.

“DEAR SIR,

“I promise myself the pleasure of seeing you on Tuesday next, and if you are disengaged, and it is quite agreeable, I purpose spending a few days under your hospitable roof. But as my state of health is so precarious, do not be uneasy if I should not arrive on the day mentioned, neither must you make any extraordinary preparation for me, as that would be making me like a stranger, and would give pain, dear Sir, to your obliged and sincere friend,

“MARY CHICHESTER.”

This little tribute to your aunt Chichester, *ma chère Marie*, is all I can offer in return for those many kindnesses she and her family have bestowed on us since we have lived in her neighbourhood; and you know it is just.

Long before the French Revolution, Mrs. Chichester and her family were in Paris with the late excellent Lady Lucy Stuart, sister of the Earl of Traquair, Lady Ogilvy, and other Scotch of distinction. They heard that a promising young man named Macdonald was there, who had been educated as well as his father's family could afford. These ladies set actively about to obtain for him a commission in the French service, and fortunately succeeded. They did not know his father,<sup>1</sup> but they made inquiries, and concluded he was one of our Badenoch cousins. Many years afterwards Sir Thomas Clifford waited on Marshal Macdonald, and told him that his mother-in-law, Mrs. Chichester, had seen him at Paris twenty-five years before, and desired Sir Thomas to recall her to the Marshal's recollection. “Oh, parbleu. The Lady Chichester”, said he, “je m'en souviens bien; elle avait avec elle deux jeunes demoiselles bien aimable; l'ainée pouvoit avoir 17 à 18 ans.” Sir Thomas told him one of these ladies

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<sup>1</sup> His father was Neil Macheachain who travelled with Charles Edward Stuart in the Hebrides eventually leaving with him for France from Loch nan Uamh on 19<sup>th</sup> September, 1746 (Old Style) – Ed.



was his wife. "Monsieur", he replied, "vous avez epousé une bien jolie personne." He then asked Sir Thomas Clifford and George to dine with him. After this they went to the English convent, and saw his youngest daughter there. She was about twelve years of age; his eldest was married. Sir Thomas continues: "On Saturday I went to introduce Arthur to Marshal Macdonald. He was very splendidly dressed as a Peer of France, and was going to attend the House of Peers. He received us very courteously. He made his dinner very pleasant, and when we went in to coffee he discoursed with us for near an hour, and told us many particulars respecting Buonaparte's abdication.

"He said the Emperor had 60,000 men at Fontainebleau, and talked to the last of fighting and beating the enemy. Macdonald was appointed to let him know that the troops would fight for him no longer, and that the French nation had voted his dethronement. He answered with the greatest *sang froid* that if the French nation required it, he submitted, and this tranquillity he preserved to the end.

"Macdonald never saw him dejected, nor heard him utter a complaint. He says that the Emperor constantly expressed a wish to retire to England. He never asked for Elba, but that was the place they chose to give him. The Marshal seems to possess great talent, high sentiments of honour, and much frankness and openness of manner. We departed highly gratified with our entertainment."

His father was, I believe, the son of one of the clan Keppoch, whose children were dispersed from 1715 to 1720.

It now only remains to give you our Gellovie (or your father's) descent from Keppoch, which completes the story, and, by including your excellent mother, displays to you the whole descent of your grandfather Terndriech, of whom we have all heard so much, and whose memory, with the other heroes of our clan, deserves well to be preserved.

It is my intention to mention your grandfather Terndriech's second marriage, and the second connection his widow, your step-grandmother, made with our kinsman Aberhalder, and their prosperous settlement in Canada; but before I do the one or the other I must relate to you an anecdote of Lady Mary Douglas's family.

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## VIII.

### *ANECDOTE OF THE PALMER FAMILY.*

LADY MARY DOUGLAS, who married Sir Donald Macdonald, had for her mother Ann, daughter of Sir Ed. Villiers, the celebrated President of Munster, and for her grandmother, Lady Ann Keith, daughter of George, fifth Earl Marischal, etc., by Lady Margaret, daughter of the fourth Earl of Home. She was also niece to the well-known George, Duke of Buckingham, and sister of William, Viscount Grandison, father of the enchanting Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland; also sister of Edward, ancestor of the Earl of Jersey, and of Barbara, Countess of Suffolk.

Lord Viscount Grandison was a great patriot, and was mortally wounded at the siege of Bristol, in the cause of Charles I, and his character is beautifully drawn by Lord Clarendon.

The Duchess of Cleveland was married to Roger Palmer, created Earl of Castlemaine, and the following anecdote is told of him by Lord Walpole, in his *Catalogue of Noble and Royal Authors*.

“Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, author of several pieces, but better known from having been the husband of the Duchess of Cleveland, and from having been sent to the Pope as ambassador from James II, who treated him with as little ceremony as his wife had done. While his wife was producing dukes for the State, he was engaged in controversial divinity, and in defending the religion of a Prince who was so gracious to his lady.

“Among other things, he wrote a short and true account of the late war between the English-and the Dutch, written by the Right Honourable the Earl of Castlemaine, 1671.

“The editor, as wise as his author, observes that the Earl had visited Palestine, to which he had a particular relation by his name Palmer, or Pilgrim; and he acquainted the world that the Earl’s great-grandfather had three sons, for three Sundays successively; and that another of his ancestors by the same wife kept sixty open Christmases in one house without ever breaking up house.”

*Note.*—There are sheets now at Fairfield, in this county (Somerset), the seat of our friend John Palmer Acland, Esq., who inherits the Palmer estates, where you have been with your aunt and me, with a label pinned to them, mentioning that in these very sheets were born three boys on three

Sundays successively, which corroborates the above.<sup>1</sup> It is a curious anecdote.

The Palmer family lived at Parham, in Sussex, but a son of that family married the daughter and heiress of Vernay of Fairfield; and the daughter and heiress of Palmer carried the estate into the family of Sir Thomas Acland, Bart, of Colomb John in Devon, through the Wroths of Petherton Park, near Bridgewater. The Baronets of Petherton Park were Rangers of the Forest of Athelney, where the celebrated Alfred the Great was concealed during the successful invasions of the Danes; and it was in a barton near the old house of Petherton Park that the beautiful antique gem, of fine enamelled gold, of King Alfred was found, which is now preserved in the Museum at Oxford.

A particular account of this beautiful antique is in Musgrave's *Antiquities of Somerset*, vol. ii.

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Macdonald seems to have overlooked the fact that his friend Mrs. Chichester's mother-in-law was a Palmer, niece and co-heiress of Lord Castlemaine. The story of the trines is told in Horsfield's *History of Sussex*, and by Fuller in his *Worthies*, p. 112. All three trines, John, Henry, and Thomas Palmer, were knighted for their valour by Henry VIII. Sir John was Sheriff of Sussex in 1544; Sir Henry was Master of the Ordnance and Governor of Guisnes, where he was killed defending the place against the Due de Guise. Sir Thomas was executed on Tower Hill for supporting the cause of Lady Jane Grey.

## *IX*

### *DESCENT OF ANGUS MACDONALD OF GELLOVY.*

I. JOHN (DOW, or BLACK) MACDONALD, second son of Ranald Macdonald of Keppoch, by the daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron, married the daughter of MacIntosh of Strone, by whom he had a son—

II. Alan Macdonald of Gellovy, on the banks of Loch Laggan, one of the most romantic spots in Scotland.

He married a daughter of MacQueen of Corybrugh, the chief of his name, near Inverness. He had a son—

III. Ranald Macdonald of Gellovy, who married his cousin, daughter of Macdonald of Moy, by whom he had several sons, who all died young except his eldest—

IV. Alan Macdonald of Gellovy, who married a relation of his own, daughter of Macdonald of Achnachichan, of the Slate family, by whom he had three sons and one daughter—

1. Ranald Macdonald of Gellovy and Laggan.
2. Angus, father of Aberarder and Tullochcrombe.
3. Alan, father of Donald, afterwards of Gellovy.

His daughter was married to Macpherson of Strathmassie, whose son John was one of the most amiable and well-informed gentlemen in the Highlands. Well acquainted with the antiquities and language of his country, he was referred to by Dr. Blair, in his critical dissertation on the origin of the poems of our great bard, Ossian.

She was great-grandmother of the present gallant Captain Donald Macpherson of the 39th Regiment, who has distinguished himself under the Duke of Wellington, and is now with the army in Canada.

V. Ranald Macdonald of Gellovy married, first, a daughter of MacIntosh of Balnespie, who died without issue. He married, secondly, her cousin, daughter of MacIntosh of Holm, near Inverness, by whom he had two sons and two daughters—Donald, who succeeded him, and married his cousin, daughter of Aberarder, but left no issue. He left his estate of Gellovy to his brother—

VI. Angus Macdonald of Gellovy, the worthy father of the writer of these lines, and your grandfather, who married Catherine, daughter and only surviving child of Thomas Johnston, Esq., of Merkland, in Dumfriesshire, by whom he got considerable property. His family ranked high in birth

and virtue, of whom anon.

He sold the estate of Gellovy to his cousin, Donald, whose family are now represented by Ranald of Strathmassie.

They had ten children. Angus and Jean died young. Their eldest son was your matchless father.

1. Thomas Macdonald, who was bred to physic, and settled in Edinburgh. A man of rare worth he was, of whom anon.

2. Ranald Macdonald, merchant in Jamaica, a valuable character; died early in life of a fever; unmarried.

3. Angus Macdonald, M.D., the writer of these lines, who married Ann, third daughter of Lord Chief Baron Ord of Scotland, of whom anon.

4. John Macdonald, a lieutenant in the Macdonald regiment, was reckoned, with his kinsman, Major Macdonald of Keppoch, one of the handsomest men in Scotland. He died of a fever, unmarried, in Jamaica.

1st daughter, Grizel, married to Thomas Lunham, Esq., of the Customs, and left issue.

2nd daughter, Isabell, a charming woman, died unmarried.

3rd daughter, Joan. 4th, Catherine; unmarried.

Vi1. Thomas Macdonald, as mentioned above, was bred to physic, and possessed at an early age all those attainments which are necessary for the physician and surgeon, which he practised with uncommon success and applause.

His education was liberal and complete, and had been conducted under the immediate auspices of the late, Professor Alex. Monro, a man to whom Scotland owes much, as he certainly was the father of our "*Alma Mater*", the College of Edinburgh.

In every department of science he appeared to advantage, which, with a fine person and countenance—for he grew fast to 6 feet 3 inches—rendered him a first object with the clan, which secured him the friendship of all who knew him.

Educated with him, and remembering with heartfelt gratitude his love and affection for all his family, every trait of his character shall be treasured up for the sake of his daughter, for whom these pages are written. But of him anon.

He married his cousin, Catherine, third daughter of Major Macdonald of Terndriech, by whom he had one daughter,

*Sir James Macdonald*

Mary, called after her aunt, Mrs. Chichester of Arlington.

This devoted physician was seized with a typhus fever in endeavouring to save a valuable man's life, and was snatched from his afflicted family at the age of twenty-six years, leaving his only child, only eight months old, in 1769.

VIII. Mary Chichester Macdonald, on whose education much pains was bestowed, for whose health and happiness much solicitude was shown by all who knew her matchless father. Her education was finished in France, immediately before the revolution of that wretched country.

The image of her father in mind and countenance, it may be permitted to me to say here that she had the same fascinating manner; and, in a word, if an uncle might so speak, she is all that the fondest parent could wish, or that a wise husband could desire.

She is happily married to Charles Stanley Constable of Acton, in Yorkshire, a son of William Constable of Everingham, and Lady Winifred Maxwell, heiress of the late Lord Maxwell, who, had it not been for his father's attainder in 1715, would have been the sixth Earl of Nithsdale. They have a promising family of two sons and five daughters.

It may be remarked here that Charles S. Constable by his mother, and Mrs. Stanley Constable by her father, are both descended from the beautiful Countess of Caithness, who, after her first husband's death—James, Lord Dalkeith—married George Crichton, the celebrated Lord High Admiral of Scotland under King James I, who was afterwards created Earl of Caithness by that great Prince.

Their only daughter, Lady Janet Crichton, married Robert, third Lord Maxwell, and carried the estate of Barntown into the Nithsdale family.

Lady Caithness, by her first husband, Lord Dalkeith (ancestor of the Earls of Morton), had Sir William Douglas of Whittingham, from whom descend General Robert Douglas and Dr. Macdonald of Taunton, through the Johnstons of Merkland. Such are the analogies of human life! The diploma of General Robert Douglas is now in the possession of Dr. Macdonald, dated 3rd January 1649, granted by Charles I.

The diploma of General Douglas's family was made out and sent to him at the Court of Sweden, where he commanded a Regiment of Horse, and was Governor of Riga. As he married a daughter of Count Steinbeck, it was necessary to ascertain that his birth was noble.



**X.**  
**RANALD MACDONALD OF GELLOVY AND**  
**LAGGAN.**

THE great-grandfather of Mrs. S. Constable is said to have been one of the best men of his day in the Highlands. To great natural parts he added a politeness and suavity of manners, as if he had been educated in a polished Court. With a clear head and a good heart, his time was devoted to doing good among his friends and people.

Everything he undertook succeeded with him. He bought lands from his relation, MacIntosh, who adored him; and he was particularly happy in his alliances, standing high in the estimation of the good George, fourth Marquis of Huntly, and his excellent wife, Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Henry, Duke of Norfolk, whose vassal for part of his lands he was, and with whom he was upon the kindest footing as long as he lived. Commanding in his person, and altogether just in all his transactions, he was considered as a public benefactor to all around. For it cannot be denied that many of the natives of that high country, where the whole of our clan of Keppoch lived, since the disastrous conflicts which happened in the civil war of poor Queen Mary's reign, had indulged in acts of irregularity and of violence, ill suited to times of peace.

Such a man, therefore, appearing among them, became a perfect blessing to his people and the neighbourhood, as the reverence with which his name is still mentioned testifies to this day.

For three or four generations his family had been settled on the banks of the romantic Loch Laggan, and his two brothers, who had large families, were settled immediately near him, forming, with their people in general, who were all connected, and boasted of their common lineage, a considerable clan, ever ready to start at the call of Keppoch, or to join the standard of the Gordons.

Strictly allied to the MacIntosh clan, both his wives having been of respectable houses, nearly related to their chief, he is said to have remonstrated keenly with his cousin Keppoch, previous to his feud with MacIntosh breaking out into open violence.

By Keppoch he was accused of want of duty; by MacIntosh and his wife with a want of affection. But he remembered, and had practised, through the whole of his short but well-spent life, the well-known and celebrated maxim of Fingal to



Oscar, "Never seek the battle, nor shun it when it comes."

In collecting his kindred, most of whom were settled near him on the shores of Loch Laggan, that ancient hunting seat of our kings, he learnt with much regret that some of his own family could not be restrained by any entreaty from siding with their chief, Keppoch.

A chosen few, however, who listened to him, were placed upon a hillock near where the combatants met at Mull Buy, and it was by their interference that an end was put to the fury of both parties, which in all probability would soon have terminated in their mutual destruction. From that time he was called the "Peace Maker".

The following is the account of the battle of Mull Buy given by Dr. Johnson in his *Tour to the Hebrides*. Detailing the customs and manners of the Highlanders, he says: "A claim of land between two powerful lairds was decided like a contest for dominion between sovereign powers. They drew their forces into the field, and right attended on the strongest. This was in ruder times the common practice, which the kings of Scotland could seldom control.

"Even so late as in the last years of King William a battle was fought at Mull Buy, on a plain a few miles to the south of Inverness, between the clans of MacIntosh and Macdonald of Keppoch. Colonel Macdonald, the head of a small clan, refused to pay the dues demanded from him by MacIntosh, as his superior lord. They disdained the interposition of judges and laws, and calling each his followers to maintain the dignity of the clan, fought a formal battle, in which several considerable men fell on the side of MacIntosh, without a complete victory to either.

"This is said to have been the last open war made between the clans by their own authority."

The feud at Mull Buy was long felt, but the disturbances in the year 1715 and 1719, in which Gellovy suffered much, overpowered him and others. His house at Laggan was burnt, his cattle carried off or slaughtered, and, till the Act of Indemnity passed in 1717, his family lived chiefly in a hut hastily nailed together to preserve them from the inclemency of a severe season. It was near the church, which had been before destroyed by the armed Covenanters, who, it is well known, blasted all ceremony and decency together. In a word, he possessed uncommon powers of understanding, and had it been his fate to have been born in better times, he might have proved to the world how well he merited the

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character he enjoyed among his own people—"Their common benefactor."

His memory continues to be cherished by your clan. Fatigue and disappointment injured a strong constitution, and he died a young man, leaving his sons and two daughters to the care of their uncles.

Both his daughters married relations of their own, and their children emigrated early to America, where their posterity enjoy large property in Canada and Virginia.

Gellovy was buried in the church of Laggan, where his family had been interred from the time they left Keppoch.

His sons were promising, fine young men, and when they returned from their education at Perth, they were objects of great affection. They were said to resemble their father. Donald, the eldest, was 5 feet 11 inches, and Angus, our worthy father, 5 feet 10 inches and a half high; strong, but handsomely formed, with very fair skins, and black, curled hair. Had it been the custom to wear the beard, the latter would have been distinguished by the hair being regularly divided upon his upper lip, with a thick tuft upon his chin, which was highly becoming, and resembled much some of the Plantagenets in the *History of England* by Vertue.

Never did brothers love one another with more sincere affection. Of a disposition the most happy, one will regulated both; so much so, that their similarity of sentiment and disposition was proverbial among all their family. Full of youth and frolic, and fond of all athletic exercises, to rouse the deer was their delight, whether in the hills about Strathmassie, or the mountains and passes of Loch Laggan.

Their natural bent was arms, but Donald was strongly allured by his uncle to settle upon Gellovy. This plan, however, did not suit their feelings, and the less so, as their mother had resolved to reside at Inverness, to be near her own family.

They had, however, determined to go into the French service, where Keppoch and many of their clan were. But earnest recommendations were made by the Crown to the principal families who had so zealously opposed the friends of the exiled House of Stuart, to promote the embodying of Volunteer corps,—for the protection of property in the Highlands, it was said; but more certainly, and a wise measure it was, to allure the children and relations of those who, led on by their chieftains, had so nearly overturned the Government.

In this laudable undertaking the Duke of Argyle was chiefly concerned, and many, if not most, of the officers first nominated were of his own clan and kindred.

Among those who received commissions for this great purpose was the late fascinating John Campbell of Carric, who had married his own cousin, the amiable daughter of John Campbell of Mamore, afterwards the celebrated John, Duke of Argyle.

A new generation had sprung up, as it afterwards appeared, and it was a chief object to conciliate and flatter the youth of the higher ranks of the people in Badenoch and Lochaber, and in the Highlands in general, in order to weaken or destroy that strong chain of attachment which bound the Highlander to his chieftain, and which had more than once proved so formidable to the reigning family.

With this view, Captain Campbell paid a visit to the countries of Badenoch and Lochaber, under pretence of exploring a part of the Highlands he had not seen.

He found my father and his brother, with several of their kinsmen, hunting in the mountains. They were enjoying a week's diversion at Strathmassie—for wherever the chase led them they went; often to Glengarry, where then lived one of the best men of our clan; often to their beloved friends at Strathmassie, or among their relations the MacIntoshes and MacQueens; wherever they went they were caressed and made happy in being told they bore so much the resemblance of their father, for whom they still mourned.

Captain Campbell was one of the most fascinating men of his name, and knowing their family and situation, soon introduced himself, as if pursuing his journey through the country.

Two of their cousins, Macphersons, were of the party, with a few attendants. Captain Campbell was much struck with their appearance. They had been out two days; their bed was the lair of the deer, their song was the praise of Bragela, and the descendants of the *Snowbreasted* Bran were their pages and purveyors.

He was received frankly; he joined in their sport, and praised the beauty of their dogs, that undegenerate race of Scandinavian origin. He partook of their fare, and attaching himself particularly to our worthy father, who for that time forgot his journey elsewhere.

From that moment commenced a friendship which subsisted for many years, and terminated only with the death

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of that pleasing and singular man at the battle of Fontenoy.

At this time the name of Campbell was not held in high estimation by our clan; they still remembered the disastrous affair at Killiecrankie, and the still more dreadful catastrophe of Glencoe; they were mourning for those who had fallen in 1715 and 1719.

Whatever was felt, the most conciliatory means were taken to unite the relations of the clans into these Volunteer companies, and none but the most fascinating and popular characters were appointed. Our good father and his brother, being so much connected and known in both countries, were importuned to join Captain Campbell, who held out a certainty of promotion, as arms were their object. The nation was at peace, and this was urged as much more befitting young men than loitering away their lives in retirement, where their only occupation would be pasturing of cattle.

The prospect was alluring, and not long after their second interview, after consulting their relations, they accepted, with the same frankness as it had been proffered, an invitation to pass some time at Camsail, in the Isle of Rosemath, opposite to Greenock, a seat belonging to Mrs. Campbell's uncle, the Duke of Argyle, and where Carric's family resided, one of the most delightful spots for wood, and water, and every kind of romantic scenery.

These Volunteer corps consisted entirely of gentlemen's sons, all at or above 5 feet 10 inches high, and supposed to have been the handsomest body of men in Europe. From them sprang the 42nd Regiment, now justly called the "Invincibles" of Great Britain.

Our excellent uncle soon after got a commission in the 30th Regiment, and married his cousin, a daughter of Oberarder, but had no family. He left the army on account of his health, and died of a consumption at Gellovy, in July 1744, leaving his estate to our father, whom he tenderly loved.

Captain Campbell's attachment to our worthy father at all times was more like that of a brother than of a common friend. We can only be happy, and he was completely so. To bend the bow, kidnap the deer, and return with his net full of grouse from the mountains of Couval, and enjoy the festive board of his friend, bounded his ambition; while the gentleness of his manners and natural civility of his disposition rendered him at all times a welcome guest to one of the most amiable and valuable women in the world, who

alone had reason to regret that Captain Campbell could be everywhere happy and agreeable but at home.

An attraction of a gentler nature than shooting of grouse, however, soon rendered Rosemath a paradise; for there he met our excellent mother, Miss Johnston, who was upon a visit to Mrs. and Miss Campbell. Our mother had been almost wholly educated by her pious and accomplished aunt, Mrs. Buchanan, at Hawkhead, near Dalkeith, who, having no children, early attached herself to her.

At Hawkhead she often met the families of Lord

Ross and Lord Evanston, who were connected with the family of Argyle, and with whom Mrs. Buchanan was connected by her mother, the good Grizel Inglis, being regularly descended from the Cranstons and Maitlands through the Douglasses. Here, also, she met Mrs. Campbell of Carric, and her only daughter, the late accomplished Miss Campbell of Carric, justly reckoned one of the first women of our age.

Our mother was young and beautiful; lively, but devout, and of great civility in her manner. Miss Campbell was nearly of her age. Little ceremony, therefore, was necessary to request her to pass the autumn and winter in the solitude of Rosemath. In such society did she pass her early days; such was her devout, yet playful manner, that Lady Glasgow (daughter of Lord Ross) used to say Ketic Johnston was really Nature's own favourite, as her aunt Buchanan was the favourite of Heaven. Such, *ma chère* niece, is the reward of real virtue, that it extends to the utmost circle of a connection.

It was in their happy seat of undisturbed retirement that the needle plied its busy task, that the sacred page was explained to her youthful mind; it was with them she acquired that regular and unaffected spirit of devotion which marked her whole life.

It was in the sacred mansion of the pious minister of Rosemath, the late Mr. Anderson, father of our late learned Professor Anderson of Glasgow, that they agreed to share their fates together. That good clergyman and his worthy companion had peculiarly attached themselves to our mother; and to her Mr. Anderson, by his unwearied attentions, acknowledged the early and substantial benefits he had received, when at school, from his learned uncle, Mr. Lesley, at Dalkeith. Gratefully have they both avowed the kind interest those worthy friends took in their happiness.

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They were both well born; she was a co-heiress, and he had a certainty of possessing the lands of Gellovy.

The only obstacle urged was her ignorance of the general language of the country, and that was obviated by his agreeing to live in the South; and to this plan his uncle, Mr. William MacIntosh, then with the late John MacKenzie of Delvin, Writer to the Signet, agreed.

Loaded with kindness and friendship by Captain and Mrs. and Miss Campbell, she received a letter informing her of her father's last illness, and desire to see her. Setting out immediately, after taking leave of her friends, accompanied by our father, she just arrived in time to receive her valued parent's blessing, and to close his eyes.

Sitting down upon the lands of Merkland, on which was an excellent house made out of an old tower, in which the family had lived from the year 1560, everything prospered, when your matchless father, their eldest son, was born. To cultivate his farm, to have his grain well housed against the approach of winter, was to him supreme delight. To see his children thrive, to hear them praised at school, seldom failed to call forth some flattering proof of his love and affection.

Never did the well-got lesson, or distinctly repeated psalm or hymn, go unrewarded. None ever treated their children with greater propriety; none ever set before their family a stricter example of religious duty. Nor had they a wish ungratified.

When your father had finished his course of the Latin and Greek classics, under the worthy rector, Mr. Huntor, he was introduced to college, and to the family of Mr. Chyne, surgeon, in Leith, and studied under the auspices of Professors Monro, senior and junior, from whose unexampled friendship the writer of these lines has derived such essential advantage.

The Greeks had a saying that the gods often mingle poison with favours, and that hope is too often only a snare which they spread for the unfortunate.

As his property at this time was considerable and increasing, he finished the sale of his estate to his cousin Donald, placing the money, with other sums he had, in the hands of James Ewart, the banker, in Edinburgh, with the view of future education and provision for his numerous family.

Little dreaming of such a misfortune, this wretched man failed, involving hundreds in deep distress; and among the

rest they lost the price of Gellovy, receiving, in return, one shilling and sixpence or two shillings and sixpence per pound. They felt keenly the misfortune they had met with, but, like truly pious people, they found in their daily contemplations the most powerful anodyne.

Their spirits were soothed. Their whole conduct on that gloomy occasion always put me in mind of the character so beautifully represented by Dr. Smith. "The man", says that admired writer, "who is conscious to himself that he has exactly observed those measures of conduct, which experience informs him are generally agreeable, reflects with satisfaction on the propriety of his own behaviour; when he views it in the light in which the impartial spectator would view it, he thoroughly enters into all the motives which influenced it; he looks back upon every part of it with pleasure and approbation; and though mankind should never be acquainted with what he has done, he regards himself, not so much according to the light in which they actually view or regard him, as according to that in which they would regard him were they better informed."

There was no idle abandonment to affliction. In the early development of your father's genius was laid the foundation of new and sanguine hopes. They valued themselves in possessing wealth only as it afforded them the means of giving to their children every advantage of education; and they were often heard to say that in a few years every recollection of their loss was absorbed in the promising appearance of their four sons, of whom, as you know, I was the fourth, and perhaps not the less favoured, that I was called by my father's name, as he had been after our celebrated ancestor, Angus More.

As it is in and through you, my dear Mary, that I contemplate the preservation of our branch of the great clan, it is also for your sake that I am now recollecting and mentioning those circumstances which characterised your grandfather, as a man whose heart glowed with the warm dictates of nature, that though he had the pride of a chieftain, it was the pride of a good man making those with whom he was connected happy. I am willing to believe you will ever feel an inexpressible degree of satisfaction on being assured from a son who gratefully loved him when alive, and who now adores his memory, that of most men I have ever known there was in him such simplicity of manners, with such genuine marks of integrity and benevolence, as diffused around him a charm which the forms of politeness can but poorly imitate.

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These are naturally my feelings now, when mentioning to you the circumstances which distinguished the early period of your grandfather and grandmother's life. Although I had witnessed her regular, I may call it severe, piety through life, yet when I peruse the letters that remain, and the pious labours of her own hand now in my possession, how well do they prove the advantages she had derived from her education, from the example of her worthy parents, and particularly of her aunts, the good Mrs. Buchanan and Mrs. Lesley; how strongly do they bespeak the rectitude, the undeviating devotion of her youthful mind at a period of life oftener dedicated to mirth and amusement, than to the humble and silent aspirations of the heart, as beautifully delineated in her private meditations; and I declare to you frankly, your aunt and I are at a loss which to admire most, the number of her select and enlivening passages of the sacred writings, or the order and regularity with which they are executed, and signed with her name at Camsail in the year 1738.

A pleasing intercourse was kept up while Mrs. Campbell lived, which was continued by her daughter, who only died a few years ago; and many books remain as testimonies of good Mrs. Campbell's affection.

Many letters remain to show the affectionate correspondence that was tenderly maintained with the Highlands, after your grandfather had left the country. In a letter from his cousin, relating to our uncle, he says:—

“Strathmassie, 15th July 1744.

“DEAR ANGUS,

“I am sorry that you are so neglectful in letting us know from time to time how you are, as accounts of your welfare would always be very agreeable.

“Considering the condition your brother was in when he parted with you, I hope you will be no ways surprised, and but moderately grieved, that I inform you it was the will of Almighty God to call him on Thursday morning last. I am certain it was but what you expected to hear soon. He was so much tormented, that instead of being much concerned, all his friends and relations in the world have a great deal of reason to be thankful to his Creator for taking him to Himself, which I am hopeful you will think with me, and take all in good part, from the overruling hand of Good Providence.

“There is an absolute necessity for your repairing to the



country to settle some affairs, which, in consequence of your brother's death, much require your presence, which I thought proper to advertise you, and hope you will so advert to it, as to come without loss of time.

"As I expect, therefore, to see you soon, will not trouble you any farther at present. Being, with my kind compliments to your spouse,

"Dear Angus, your affectionate cousin,

"JOHN MACPHERSON.

"To Angus Macdonald, Esq., of Gellovy, care of Mr. Alex. Macintosh, Writer, Edinburgh."

He lost his cousin, Donald of Gellovy, in 1758, a most worthy man, on which occasion his kinsman wrote to him as follows.

"Kinloch, 20th August 1758.

"DEAR SIR,

"I had the pleasure of yours, enclosing one for your friend, which, as it pleased God to relieve him, Friday was eight days, out of his suffering and distress, I used the freedom to open, and have since communicated and delivered the same to Mrs. Macdonald, his relict. I am sorry to be the instrument of conveying such disagreeable news to you as the death of your cousin must be, though the same should reach your ears through another channel before this comes to hand. He was decently interred, Monday last, and accompanied in the last duty by numbers of his friends in both countries. He had the good fortune to leave the world with a good and amiable character, universally lamented by all his acquaintance, and leaving behind a hopeful family of children in no mean circumstances.

"His relict desires to be remembered to you and yours, and looks for the continuance of that friendship 'and naturalty from you to her and her small family which her husband when living flattered himself with the possession of.

"The, £44 sterling and £6 for the horse will be all remitted to you by Lewis Grant. Banlespeick, Benchar, and Lurg in Strathspey are named tutors to Donald's children, and he has left all his affairs in great good order. I will be infinitely fond to renew and perpetuate a correspondence with you, as one for whom I was taught to have a regard over and above what was natural. My father and all others here join me in compliments to you, Mrs. Macdonald, and family, and sincerely am, dear Sir,

*Sir James Macdonald*

“Your affectionate servant,

“LAUHLAN MACPHERSON.

“To Angus Macdonald, Esq.”

1745.—Often have we regretted our good mother’s prudence, when, in a moment of alarm, aided by her friend Lady Torphichan, she destroyed all the letters and documents of a long and affectionate correspondence and intercourse, besides many important and curious papers, illustrative of past and present times. This was while your grandfather was in Edinburgh arranging his affairs, upon our uncle’s death, and while the country was kept in a state of constant alarm, from reports of French invasion, etc.: the fatal harbinger of what followed.

God tempers the weather to the shorn lamb! The stormy period of the years 1745 and 1746 wore away. Much assistance was given to our suffering friends in the Highlands; for my parents always found happiness in the exercise of benevolence, looking forward to the prosperity of their children, of whom their eldest son was your matchless father.

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*XI.*  
**THOMAS MACDONALD,**  
**REPRESENTATIVE OF GELLOVY AND LAGGAN.**

THE happy presages of your amiable father's genius which had distinguished him at school, began now to characterise him at college, while studying mathematics in all their branches, as preparatory to the study of physic.

"A wise son maketh a glad father." It was really so in his case; the daily reports of his personal accomplishments, and still more, the endowments of his mind, made two happy parents make light of aggravated disappointments, and support cheerfully an invidious lawsuit with the present Lord Chief Baron Montgomery, allied to our family by marriage; and, in a word, suffer any provocation for his sake and the rest of their family.

"I can assure you with great truth" (says the good and learned Bishop Forbes of Leith, in a letter to his mother), "and I have pleasure in so doing, that your son is a youth of most excellent promise, insomuch that he daily gains ground upon the good liking of everyone that knows him. I say not this to make you vain, or to flatter you; God forbid; but I say it to excite your thankfulness to God, for making you the happy mother of such a son.

"May he live to be a blessing to his parents, and a comfort to all who are connected with him, or have any concern in him.

"You may rest assured that wherein my poor endeavours may contribute to his present or future welfare and happiness they shall not be wanting. Mrs. Forbes joins with me in wishing a happy and comfortable new year to Mr. Macdonald, you, and the young family.

"That all things good and happy may ever attend you and your family, is the hearty and earnest prayer of, Madam, your most affectionate and very humble servant,

"ROBERT FORBES.

"Leith, 29th December 1759."

In 1758 his friend and preceptor, Mr. Chyne, writes to his father: "He has been received with the greatest civility and kindness by all the Professors, and I design to promote and encourage him in the application of his studies as far as possible."

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At this time, my dear niece—and the tear is in my eye while I write it—view him promising all that the fondest wishes of the fondest parent could hope: an honour, an ornament to his family. God had endowed him with a great and understanding mind, a quick comprehension, with a great capacity for learning, and a solid judgment. His progress in mathematics and his love of that fascinating study were astonishing, while drawing and music occupied those hours he stole from his more severe studies, as an amusement. In both he excelled, in the latter scientifically preferring Handel and Cornelli, and quite an enthusiast in the plaintive airs of our native Arcadia, and of the Gaelic songs of our ancestors. He had made great proficiency on the flute, but as he grew fast it was deemed prudent to drop it, and practise on the violin, which he did very accurately; latterly he excelled upon the bagpipe.

A beautiful specimen of his writing and drawing is now carefully bound and preserved in my library: his manuscript on practical geometry, requires only to be seen to be admired.<sup>1</sup>

In the midst of his academical career, when new plans for going to Leyden and Paris had been suggested, he lost his good friend Mr. Chyne, who had for the last three years superintended his health and his studies with parental care.

This event discovered the high estimation he was held in by every friend of that good man and his family, for at nineteen, when young men are only pursuing their studies, he was invited by every friend of his worthy preceptor, with the nephew of that good man, the present amiable Mr. Chyne of Leith, to succeed to the whole of his very extensive practice.

To make an early acknowledgment to his fond and liberal parents for all their goodness to him, he was anxious to go out to India; but the flattering invitation at Leith, seconded by his friends in the college, and still more to oblige those anxious parents, every other idea yielded to what was thought most fortunate for him.

No man ever commenced the practice of physic with more flattering advantages, Every year was not less marked for some mental acquirement than for the acquisition of new friends, among whom ranked the most celebrated young men of the age; particularly Sir James Macdonald, Ranald of

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<sup>1</sup> Now in the possession of Mr. Constable.

Clanranald, and that best of friends, Dr. Monro, etc., for it would fill a volume to number them.

Though ten years younger, this amiable man discovered a tender partiality for his brother, the present commemorator of his worth; and God knows at this moment what a melancholy consolation that brother feels in recollecting how affectionately he continued that partiality to his lamented death.

In an excellent letter to his father, dated 21st October 1765, he thus expresses himself:—"I expect my sister daily; also please to let in Angus for eight days or a fortnight, as I would like to see him, and probably I shall not have such an opportunity of seeing him for some time." So early, my dear Mary, did your excellent father interest himself about me; can I then feel too grateful to his memory, or too much anxiety about you?

"I know", says Mr. Gray, "what it is to lose persons that our eyes and hearts have been long used to, and I never desire to part with the remembrance of that loss; I know how dreadful it is; I know, too, I am the better for it. We are all idle, thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use at all in the world any longer than that sad impression lasts; the deeper it is engraven the better."

By too close an application to study and practice, and owing to his rapid growth (for he was 6 feet 3 inches high), he lost his health, and went to the country, when goat's milk, horse exercise, and the healthful, pure air of Annandale, with the kind attentions of many jovial friends, George Graham of Shaw, etc., soon restored him.

1766.—On his return to town I accompanied him, and soon after he married your excellent mother; when his hospitable mansion was the resort of all the clan, for Saturday was generally devoted to festivity.

Two years before he had left his friend Mr. Chyne, having resolved to go to Edinburgh. The death of the late Mr. Adie, surgeon, soon afforded his friends an opportunity of inviting him there. After fixing the father of the present Dr. Kellie in his extensive practice at Leith, he removed to town with his family, soon after which you were born, on Palm Sunday 1769.

He now became a Burgess Freeman of the city, entered into the Incorporation of Surgeons, was introduced into the ancient and venerable Company of Archers, where, with his friend Sinclair of Roslin, he shone like Saul among the

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people; for in the costume of that ancient fraternity they were singularly noble figures, and near a head taller than the other members,— Roslin's picture remains in the Archers' Hall, exhibiting a figure equal to any of the ancient Grecians or Romans. The miniature now in your possession was the only one of your lamented father.<sup>1</sup>

His success, his cures, and more especially his humanity and gentleness in his profession, immediately procured him a full tide of the first practice, more than four young gentlemen could easily execute. His house was the rendezvous of the musical and learned once a week, and he so managed his more serious avocations as to accompany a Miss MacLeod of Ransay to the Leith Assembly; join the clan at Middlemas oyster parties; or the elegant *petit souper* at the hospitable mansion of his much valued friends, Clanranald and his amiable lady, whose regard for him was marked and sincere.

Seldom had so many Macdonalds met together in Edinburgh, and none of the clan had ever studied physic till he set the example, boasting of a Dr. Monro, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Rutherford, Dr. Baswell, Dr. Whyte, Dr. Hope, Dr. Cullen, and Sir Stewart Thrapland as his patrons: enjoying at the same time the affection and friendship of the whole of his name who knew him, but more particularly of Clanranald, Keppoch, Dalmess Lachgarry, etc. Sir James Macdonald, when in the country, had treated him with a tender regard, leaving with him, as a valued pledge of his affection, a beautiful snuff-box of heath, as Clanranald did his elegant cane.<sup>2</sup>

Such was the morning of your dear father's 'life, when it pleased God to throw a cloud over it which destroyed at once the proud hopes of his afflicted family and lamenting connections. Alas! the morning of his life was a short one, the fairy fabric was soon dissolved: a heavy trial to his parents, who in the fulness of their hearts had considered him as their own, who had fondly contemplated in him future generations who should illumine the evening of their days. It was a still more severe trial to your excellent mother, whose perfect resignation to the will of God only could support her under a separation from such exalted worth. But

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<sup>1</sup> Now in the possession of Mr. Constable, of Otley Manor House.

<sup>2</sup> Now at Otley.

what pen can describe the agonising scene of the last moments of his invaluable life?

“Dear Sir”, says the good Bishop Forbes, in a letter to your grandfather on the 20th December 1769—

“Such is our condition in this life, that the wisest part we can act is to steer our course between hope and fear; to fear the worst and to hope the best, with an entire dependence upon God’s good providence, and resigned submission to His holy will and pleasure, who cannot choose amiss for us.

“I feel greatly for you and your family under the present distressful situation of your minds, upon account of your most hopeful son’s sickly state, at whose bedside I was yesterday four or five times; and sorry, very sorry am I to inform you that he is thought to be still in a dangerous way, as I saw with him Drs. Monro, Gregory, and Alexander doing their best, with no small anxiety and concern.

“However, so long as there is life there is hope, and I pray God, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, that I may have it in my power to alleviate your grief by more comfortable accounts than I can give at present.

“God Almighty brings us into this world at such a time as He thinks most proper, and His province it is to take us out of it when He judges fit, and in so doing He calls but for His own. Good is the will of God: be it then done in us and by us.

“I take this open with me to Edinburgh, and if there be any alteration in my dear friend, you shall know it.

“Meantime, commending you and your family to God and His all-wise direction, I am, in all truth, dear Sir, your faithful and affectionately sympathising friend,

“ROBERT FORBES.

“P.S.—Now in Edinburgh, 3 o’clock afternoon, and at your son’s bedside, who is no worse than he was yesterday, and, indeed, no better.

“However, be you prepared for the worst, and if the contrary happen by the will of God, it will prove an agreeable disappointment truly. It is a lucky thing that your bosom friend is here, for she proves most useful indeed. May God turn all to the best, and be gracious and supporting to you all. Your granddaughter is a very fine child, and in very good health. Adieu, dear Sir, adieu.”

The pious, the elegant, the benevolent Bishop Forbes’ attentions to our family were truly those of a parent; his love

*Sir James Macdonald*

for your father was particularly interesting. Severely afflicted and fatigued, it was with difficulty he could support himself while writing the following letter to our dear brother Ranald, then with Mr. Blenshall, merchant, in Dundee, previous to his going to Jamaica, from whence, alas! neither he nor his dear brother John ever returned.

What a sad tax upon human life is the loss of dear friends!

“Dear Sir”, says he, in a letter dated 27th December 1769—

“The design of all religion is to bring us as near to God as is possible, but near to Him we cannot be brought without an entire submission and resignation to His holy will and pleasure, which we are enjoined to pray for in that excellent form which Jesus Christ taught His disciples, ‘Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven’; that is to say, that we may perform God’s will with cheerfulness in every commanded duty, and suffer it with patience in every trial and affliction of life that may befall us, by the wise appointment of Heaven; for man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. God does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men, but it is of very faithfulness He suffers us to be troubled. He chastens us in love, like a tender-hearted father, not for His pleasure, but for our profit and advantage. He mingles His mercies with judgment, and allays His anger with gentleness.

“Good is the will of God: be it then done in us and by us.

“Sorry, very sorry am I that it should fall to my share to inform you, at the particular desire of your sorrowful mother, that your dear brother Thomas died on Christmas morning about one o’clock, after having been confined to bed in a fever for about a fortnight. He desired to write for his mother when he found himself in danger, and she was with him for about eight days before his death, and proved a most useful hand truly in his great distress. She remembers her blessing, and bids me tell you your father will write to you as soon as conveniently may be.

“On Christmas day an express was despatched to your father with the mournful account, and to know his will and pleasure, whether your brother’s body should be taken to Moffat, or be buried in Edinburgh; and till the express returns it cannot be known when or where the interment will be. Your brother was a most hopeful young man, of great promise and of a rising character. There was a tender and intimate friendship between him and me, and now I say with truth on this occasion, on this afflicting event, Woe is me, for the faithful are minished from among the children of men!



“May God Almighty sanctify this affliction to you and all concerned in it; that at the breach His unerring power has made His grace may enter in, and His mercy more abundantly flow upon you all, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

“Commending you to God and His all-wise direction, I am, in all truth and sincerity, to you and all your nearest and dearest relations, dear Sir, an affectionately sympathising friend,

“ROBERT FORBES.”

As a last tribute to his memory his funeral was attended by many of the first professors and physicians, and, indeed, by almost every medical man in Edinburgh, and he was laid in the consecrated family burial-ground of the celebrated Bishop Keith; Dr. Monro, Dr. Alexander, William Macdonald, John Chyne, John Graham, and Bishop Forbes attending your poor grandfather and me as mourners. Bishop Keith’s burial-vault in the Cannongate was preferred, at the earnest request of Bishop Forbes and his attached friend, the pious Mrs. Carmichael of Bony Town, Bishop Keith’s grandniece.

Before you have read this length, I trust you join with me in my gratitude to my excellent parents, as well as for my sincere love of your dear father’s memory, in whom I had witnessed such zealous application, with such consummate, with such unwearied humanity and skill as baffles every attempt to delineate. But feeble as it is, if they know what passes at this time in my soul, they will know how devoutly I remember his care of and kindness to me from my birth to his lamented death.

Often have I told you how much you resembled your dear father, only that he was a little marked with the small-pox; this, however, rather gave him a manly appearance when very young, and was becoming to a face uncommonly plain, with gentle manners, a voice well toned, and a ready smile which showed his happiness on all occasions.

He was, from his infancy, attached to figures, and when grown up, to mathematics and chemistry. After having studied anatomy as the necessary foundation for the practice of physic, in which he excelled, on any domestic occasion comparative anatomy was illustrated in the most familiar manner, and I believe from his moral observations there arose my enjoyment of comparative anatomy and entomology, which have at all times afforded me the most

*Sir James Macdonald*

intellectual amusement.

I never heard the late Sir James Macdonald named without recollecting the name of the Admirable Crichton, nor have I ever failed to associate your dear father with that ornament of our name.

Long and tenderly did he mourn for Sir James; he mourned for him as his benefactor and patron; he lamented over the hope and strength of his name being cut off in the flower of youth, in the career of glory.

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## *XII.*

### *SIR JAMES MACDONALD.*

SIR JAMES MACDONALD<sup>1</sup> was well known to your aunt's father, the Lord Chief Baron. Before he went abroad they had often met at the Earl of Mansfield's, who took great interest about Sir James's studies, and, indeed, in everything relating to him. Your aunt was also a favourite with Lady Mansfield, who used to carry her to Court and everywhere, when they were in town.

She looked upon Sir James's death as a country's loss, from what she knew of him, and more from the general estimation he was held in by those great men who had taken charge of him and his family after the year 1745. Much is it to be regretted that a life of such an extraordinary young man has not yet been given to his lamenting family and the clan in general.

To us poor drudges we can scarce believe that such precocious judgment, such general and splendid talent, could have existed, but having witnessed your father's early virtues, and recollecting how much he had matured without Sir James's advantages, I own I have been anxious to preserve any anecdotes I may have heard of that first man of his day. Knowing as you do the regard which existed between him and your father, any observations I may make will not be disagreeable to you. They rank high with us both, and if I may be allowed to say so, their shades often glide before me in the silence of the night.

In many respects your father resembled his friend, Sir James. Nature had endowed both with her best gifts. Your father was blessed with a most comprehensive mind, and, like that of his friend, I may say, it embraced every science. Their benevolence was equal; and they had the same common descent from that bright ornament of our clan, the generous, the patriotic Angus More, who so hospitably received and protected the great King Robert Bruce, enabling him to establish the independence of Scotland. Sir James was devising schemes for the improvement and happiness of his people, and by his rare attainments living in the affection of all ranks.

Your father was just settled in the most successful and

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<sup>1</sup> See page 22. He was succeeded by his next brother, Alexander, who was created Baron Macdonald of Slate in 1776.

flattering situation in Edinburgh, in the medical profession; invited, beloved, and patronised by the whole college, then, as it is now, composed of the most learned men in Europe, which the development of his genius had attracted to him,— alas! when the rapturous sight of your infant charms had naturally called forth new and joyous prospects.

But in nothing were they more alike than in their manners and affections; the latter were not confined within the pale of their own families and relations; they reached the circle of their friends; they reached the misfortunes of their acquaintance, of their distant acquaintance; they reached the whole human race.

The one fell a prey to travelling in quest of knowledge, to the marsh effluvia of the Campagna of Rome. His delicate constitution was ill-suited to the poisonous exhalations of that once celebrated portion of Italy. He was taken from the world at the early age of twenty-four years. We have seen the other at twenty-six years of age, owing to his unwearied humanity in the discharge of his professional duty, fall a prey to a nervous fever.

Sir James, finding himself worse, wrote an affectionate letter to his mother the night before he died. Your dear father, the moment he found himself in danger, requested his mother to be sent for; which was done, as is preserved in Bishop Forbes' letters.

Well may be applied to both these lamented men what Bossuet so pathetically applied to the great Condé: "Behold him, mild, beneficent, cheerful, complacent; so calm, so unruffled was his exalted mind, like a high mountain whose aspiring summit, piercing the clouds and midway storm, remains invested with a splendid serenity."

With the works of literature and with the authors he was equally acquainted, and they acknowledged that they never quitted his society without carrying with them a portion of his communicated wisdom, without being informed by his judicious remarks, reflections, and pregnant questions, and without being illumined by the coruscations which flashed from his vivid imagination. How enviable such a character!

Many are the anecdotes and observations of our first literary characters, relating to Sir James Macdonald.

"At the age of one-and-twenty he had the learning and abilities of a statesman and a professor, with the accomplishments of a man of the world. Eton and Oxford will ever remember him as one of their brightest ornaments.

He was well known to the most distinguished characters in Europe, "but was carried off", says Mr. Boswell, "from all their expectations."

Sir James was invited by Dr. Blair, the late amiable prebend of Westminster, to meet the Duke of York at supper. Sir John Pringle was also of the party, which was made on the Duke of York's account, as he had never been in company with Dr. Johnson. Dr. Johnson came, and much conversation ensued. After supper the Duke went early away, and soon after Sir John Pringle took his leave, carrying home Sir James Macdonald in his carriage.

After they were gone, Dr. Johnson said, "I want to know, Dr. Blair, who that young man is that you called Sir James, and who Dr. Pringle carried with him." "Why", says Dr. Blair, "he is a young Scotch Baronet just going upon his travels." Dr. Johnson, not satisfied with the answer, asked a second time who he was (for Dr. Blair had not introduced Sir James to Dr. Johnson, on purpose), to which Dr. Blair answered, that he was the young Sir James Macdonald of the Isles.

Dr. Johnson appeared surprised, and at last said, "I have heard of the prodigy before, Dr. Blair; why didn't you introduce me?"

"The tomb of Caius Martius at Rome", says a lady more witty than wise, "is supposed to have cost £10,000 of our money in these days, and little did he dream that it should be made in the course of time a repository for the bones of *Divisos Orbe Britannos*, for such it is now appointed by Government."

"All of us", says the same witty lady, "who die at Rome sleep with this purveyor of the gods, and from his monument shall, at the last day, rise the reanimated body of our learned and incomparable countryman, Sir James Macdonald, whose numerous and splendid acquirements, by the time he had reached twenty-four years of age, astonished all who heard him."

"His filial piety, however; his hereditary courage; his extensive knowledge; his complicated excellences, have now, I fear, no other register to record their worth than a low stone near the monument of Jupiter Caterer."

A very different register of the virtues of the good Sir James, however, exists, from what Madame Piozzi witnessed.

In the family church of Slate, in the Isle of Skye, is an elegant marble monument, executed at Rome, with the following inscription, written by his friend, George Lord

Lyttelton.

TO THE MEMORY OF  
 SIR JAMES MACDONALD, BARONET,  
 Who in the flower of youth  
 Had attained so eminent a degree of knowledge  
 In mathematics, philosophy, languages,  
 And in every other branch of useful and polite learning,  
 As few have acquired in a long life  
 Wholly devoted to study;  
 Yet to this erudition he joined,  
 What can rarely be found with it,  
 Great talents for business,  
 Great propriety of behaviour,  
 Great politeness of manners;  
 His eloquence was sweet, correct, and flowing,  
 His memory vast and exact,  
 His judgment strong and acute:  
 All which endowments,  
 United with the most amiable tempet  
 And every private virtue,  
 Procured him not only in his own country,  
 But also from foreign Nations,  
 The highest marks of esteem.  
 In the year of our Lord  
 1766,  
 The twenty-fifth of his life,  
 After long and extremely painful suffering,  
 Which he supported with admirable  
 Patience and fortitude,  
 He died at Rome,  
 When, notwithstanding the difference of religion,  
 Such extraordinary honours were paid  
 To his memory  
 As had never graced that of any other subject  
 Since the death of Sir Philip Sidney.  
 The fame he left behind him is the best consolation  
 To his afflicted family,  
 And to his countrymen in this Isle,  
 For whose benefit he had planned  
 Many useful improvements  
 Which his faithful genius had suggested  
 And his active spirit promoted,  
 Under the sober direction  
 Of a clever and enlightened understanding.  
 Reader, bewail our loss,  
 And that of all Britain.  
 In testimony of her love,

And as the best return she can make  
To her departed son  
For the constant tenderness and affection  
Which even to his last moments  
He showed for her,  
His much afflicted mother,  
The Lady Margaret Macdonald,  
Daughter to the Earl of Eglinton.  
Erected this monument,  
A.D. 1768.

The character given to the learned Hieronymus may well be given to Sir J. Macdonald: "Quod Hieronymus nescivit, nullus mortalium scivit."

A letter of Sir James's from France, in 1764, has been carefully preserved, and is noticed by Dr. Horn, Bishop of Norwich, as an early proof of his goodness.

"Have you heard yet from the Abbé Nolet?" says the Bishop, in a letter to a friend. "A friend of mine saw the other day a letter from Sir James Macdonald, now at Paris with Lord Hertford, in which Sir James informed his correspondent that the French philosophers liked Mr. Hume, in the main, very well; but disapproved of certain religious prejudices, not yet shaken off, which hindered him, in reaching to perfection.

"This at first seems an irony, and a pretty strong one; but Sir James explains himself by adding that the great men in France were most of them deep in materialism, and had discarded the belief in God, which our worthy Scottish philosopher refused to do.

"So that poor Hume,' says Sir James, 'who on your side of the water was thought to have too little religion, is here thought to have too much.'"

"Is not this", says Dr. Horn, "an amazing anecdote? It is highly characteristic of Sir James's early goodness, and ought to be generally known for the sake of our men of fashion."

That Sir James should preserve his religious principles even though surrounded by the atheists of France, does not surprise me, and the less so, after reading some of Horace Walpole's details of their lotteries at Mme. de Deffaud's.

"One night", says Walpole, "at Mme. de Deffaud's, he met the old President Henault, whom he called the Pagod of Madame de Deffaud, an old blind debauchee of wit, where, he adds, I supped last night.

“The President is very deaf, and very nearly superannuated. He sits by the table. The mistress of the house, who formerly was his, inquires after every dish on the table, is told who has eaten of each, and then bawls the bill of fare of every individual into the President’s ears.

“In short, every mouthful is proclaimed, and so is every blunder I make against grammar. Some that I make on purpose succeed, and one of them is to be reported to the Queen to-day by Henault, who is her great favourite. I had been at Versailles, and having been much taken notice of by Her Majesty (Queen of Louis XV, and daughter of the King of Poland), I said, alluding to Mme. de Sevigné, ‘La Reine est le plus grand roi du monde.’ You may judge if I am in possession, by a scene that happened after supper.

“Sir James Macdonald had been mimicking Hume; I told the women, who, besides the mistress, were the Duchesse de la Valière, Madame de Focalquier, and a demoiselle, that to be sure they would be glad to have a specimen of Mr. Pitt’s manner of speaking, and that nobody mimicked him so well as Elliot (Sir Gilbert). They firmly believed it, and teased him for an hour, and at last said he was the rudest man in the world not to oblige them. It appeared the more strange, as here everybody reads their own works in public, or attempts any one thing without hesitation or capacity. Elliot speaks miserable French, which added to the diversion.”

The above-mentioned meeting must have been when Sir James was on his way to Rome, as mentioned by Dr. Horn, and it is easy to conceive a man whose mind was so well stored as his was would readily see through the false principles of these daring people.

In Lord Lyttelton’s noble character of him, it is evident that in his studies he kept his mind free from every false bias, endeavouring to elicit the truth in all his inquiries. “A happy disposition this” (says a great chronologist), “which the most learned are often very great strangers to; for it is not abundance of literature which gives this temper, but it rather arises from a virtuous and undesigning heart.”

Like Moses with the Egyptians, he had a full instruction in all parts of their learning, though he preserved himself from being imposed upon by their errors. “He made himself a complete master of everything excellent in their discipline, and rejected what would have corrupted his religion under a false show of improving his understanding.”

He well knew, and your dear father knew, that “whatever



may be said (and a great deal has been said) of the modern improvements in science, the discoveries of philosophy, and the sagacity of human reason, it is to Revelation only we are indebted for the superior light we now boast of in religion," and upon which our happiness depends. Have we not lamented that the opening flower was suddenly blasted,—that the picture whose first warm touches excited expectation, was suddenly effaced?

Often, when traversing my study and humming the song of other times, has the remembrance of those worthies overpowered me with the joy of grief, and made me exclaim, with our great bard, "Happy are they who fell in their youth in the midst of their renown! they have not beheld the tombs of their fathers and friends, or failed to bend the bow of their strength." A beautiful heath-root snuff-box, the largest perhaps that ever was turned and polished, finely lined with paste, and gilt, as I mentioned, was the parting pledge of Sir James's regard for your father: the elegant cane of our lamented friend, Ranald of Clanranald, elegantly mounted in gold, with his name and arms:<sup>1</sup> the highly finished dirk of Keppoch, which was preserved after the battle of Culloden,<sup>1</sup> and presented to your father by his amiable son, the late Major: the pistol of our highly valued kinsman, John Macpherson of Strathmassie:<sup>1</sup> the dirk, pistol, and beautiful claymore of our venerated grandfather, Gellovy, with the real old curiously mounted purse:<sup>1</sup> the belt and pistol of my late worthy friend, the Honourable Col. Gordon of Auchendinnie, and brother of the Earl of Aboyne: the highly wrought bow and quiver of Indian arrows, etc., etc., stamp no little value upon my collection of the arms and relics of our clan and kindred friends.

They are carefully preserved in my library, where also hangs the richly painted Indian chief's robe, of an entire skin, the parting pledge of our late valued friend, Col. Campbell; in the hope that they will be one day regarded by you as an honourable testimony of the great estimation your father and his family were held in by those of our clan who flourished in his and our day, whom he valued most, whom the world admired.

Your children may behold them, and say, "There are the arms of the descendants of Fingal!" "Renowned", says Ossian, "are those who have feasted in my hall. They show the arms of my fathers in a foreign land! The sons of the

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<sup>1</sup> Now the property of Mr. Constable.

stranger shall wonder, and bless the friends of Morven's race, for our names have been heard afar! The kings of the world shook in the midst of their people!"—alluding to the ancient alliances and customs of the Caledonians of exchanging armour with their guests, which armour was religiously preserved in the different families as monuments of the sacred friendship which subsisted between their ancestors.

The possession of them, therefore, is a fine illustration how purely the spirit of former times has existed to our time, among the really good men and chieftains of our family.

Good men! whom we have mourned for! whom we have long and sincerely mourned for!—they are gone to their fathers; but the remembrance of their virtues shall be the companion of my future life.

Had Sir James lived, there would have been no emigration from the Isle of Skye; his example would have prevented it. When he died, his sword was delivered to Raasay.

Your excellent aunt,<sup>1</sup> who, you well know, is a great philosopher, thinks I have made out a tolerable tale for you, of our clan, and adds that we should carefully remember what the immortal De Thou inculcates. "Let us", says that great man, "bear with equanimity that course of things which it is impossible to mend; let us at the same time contemplate and act on the overruling providence of God. For while we see the order of things moved and changed continually, as if it were by chance, it is the Almighty Being who, in reality, regulates all; nor does any event take place which He has not long before determined and decreed, though the footsteps of His wisdom are unknown."

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<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Chichester of Arlington.

### *XIII.*

#### *ALEXANDER MACDONALD OF ABERHALDER.*

SOON after Major Macdonald's death, at Carlisle, in October 1746, his widow married Macdonald of Aberhalder, in Glengarry, and connected with that family.

Aberhalder was a worthy, respectable, and much esteemed man, not only as true a Highlander as ever wore a kilt, but as shrewd a man of business, and one who was supposed to understand the interests of the Highlanders after the 1745 better than most men.

He was a chieftain whose approbation made a great number of people happy; and he is said to have been particularly useful in healing and obliterating every little heart-burning which unavoidably arose from their late highly irritated situation; for it is well known how gallantly the Glengarry Regiment behaved, and it is generally well known how severely they suffered.

You know that your cousin Duncan, the late Glengarry, succeeded his uncle Alexander, one of the best men in the Highlands in his day, possessing eminently all the virtues of a Cean Cuine, whose hospitable mansion was ever open, as his assistance to distress was ever ready. But, alas! like too many of our clan, he was cut off in the prime of life, to the great grief of his family, and while he was busy in promoting the happiness of his people, as his worthy ancestor, Lord Macdonald of Aras, had done before him.

You also know that Duncan, our friend, was the son of Colonel Angus Macdonald, who commanded the Glengarry Regiment, and who was, unfortunately, shot from a window in Falkirk by one of his own people, accidentally trying a musket after the battle of Falkirk.

Intimate at your dear father's, well do I remember when the quaugh (Sliga Crichen), which now adorns our sideboard, used to be pledged with the gab-speaking usquebaugh between him and poor Keppoch, and that jolly soul Kingsbaro, whose name is immortalised by being the husband of that ornament of her name and sex, Flora Macdonald, who so heroically protected and preserved the unhappy Prince Charles, after the fatal catastrophe at Culloden.

Poor Glengarry and Mrs. Macdonald were among the last of our friends who visited us before we left Annandale. He was then ill, but was anxious to see me and to have my

opinion. We had introduced Mr. Gillespie and Mr. Gibson to him, who have so prosperously stocked the Highlands with sheep,—alas! I fear, to the depopulation of the country.

Glengarry never was explicit concerning the cause of dispute between him and Aberhalder; though it was commonly reported to have arisen from the killing of a deer. However it happened, from a common quarrel among friends it terminated in the emigration, not only of Aberhalder's own family and kindred, but extended, by his example, to above one hundred families, comprising a considerable population of a strong and healthy race of virtuous people.

Well did they deserve every attention Government could pay to them at the close of the Colonial war, for steady and loyal was their conduct, and severe to an extreme their sufferings and privations during the contest. Arriving in America just when a Congress had been formed, and all compromise with the mother country at an end, their fidelity in withstanding every temptation held out to them by General Washington and the rebel Congress proved the virtuous monarchical principles which should, and ever will, influence a people glowing with the innate affections of the descendants of Fingal.

In a stormy period their virtue supported them, and they are rewarded in the possession of a country in Upper Canada, where the Government has granted them the endearing indulgence of preserving the familiar names of their native soil in Caledonia, thus healing those thousand lacerations inseparable from a high-born and spirited people bidding adieu for ever to the sacred graves of their fathers.

But they were not alone! The God of their fathers was with them, the God whom they adore!

When our native tongue, the Gaelic, that elegant and expressive language, is forgot in Badenoch, and perhaps through all the North, in American Glengarry it will be preserved in all its purity, with all the habits, customs, and genuine manners of our ancestors. In the heart of the New World, the Celtic language will be handed down to latest posterity, and its migration from the Highlands of Scotland ascertained in the well-known genealogies of our family; while the benevolent and patriotic name of Macdonald of Aberhalder will be perpetuated in his new and flourishing dynasty; the patriarch of his people; and possessing in his family an honourable part of the representation of that amiable man, Major Macdonald of Terndrieck, your

grandfather.

With what keenness has our elegant critic and antiquary, Sir William Jones, pursued the footsteps and settlement of the Afghans in India from the Jews! With what learning has Jacob Bryant deduced the Jews on the coast of Malabar as part of those carried into captivity by Nebuchadnezzar!

How ardently are our learned countrymen employed in tracing the origin of the different dialects of the Jews in China, said to have been carried into captivity and dispersed over the East by Psalmanazer! (2 Kings, xvii, 3, 6, etc.) "They are said", says Sir Adolphus Oughton, "to have the Pentateuch and the Prophets."

Nor has the industry of Mr. Adair been less elaborate in tracing, in his *History of the North American Indians*, the language of Japhet and Gomer, or rather of the Noachidae, which is now asserted to be the pure Gaelic of our ancestors,—that attractive language, which the learned Dr. Shajv says was the language of Paradise.

However communicated, we are told by the ingenious Dr. Davies that of all human attainments, the art which enables man to communicate his feelings, his opinions, in the shape of oral and written language, is the most precious.

By the chain of this magical union, those are incorporated whom the distance of time and of scene would else have separated; the early and the recent ages meet; a barter of intellectual treasure is negotiated, and the civilised nations of the earth are like neighbouring families. In a word, all requisitions for the use and the ornament of the social world are streams from this fountain.

Dr. Shaw, who politely presented me with a copy of his Gaelic dictionary, which he calls the language of our ancestors, the greatest monument of antiquity, perhaps, now in the world,—adds, "Gaelic is the language of Japhet, spoken before the Deluge, and probably the speech of Paradise."

Your aunt, my dear Mary, laughs at the idea of Eve being wooed in the Erse!

However the language of Jew or Gentile may be traced by us arrogant moderns, I feel inclined to agree with our agreeable geologist, Mons. de Lue, when he says, "Ce fut donc par les anges, qui se fit d'abord la première éducation de l'homme, et voilà une des grandes questions de la philosophie expliquée par la Révélation."

Some American Glengarry Macdonald will soon appear as a linguist, and give to the world a tableau of the dialects of all the tribes of the original natives of America. But he will preserve the purity of his own, as it is now spoken in Upper Canada, and sung in every hamlet of that happy and prosperous country of our relations, whether in the melting strains of the Maid of Telmo, or the beloved Oscar, or the enchanting Oran Gaoil, or Morug!

We must hope, with Lord Selkirk, that the ancient spirit of the Highlanders will be preserved in the New World, "where no motives of general policy will militate against the preservation of all those peculiarities of customs and language, which they are themselves reluctant to give up, and which are, perhaps, intimately connected with many of their most striking and characteristic virtues." And happy am I to find, by letters from that New World, that the progress of our Transatlantic relations to wealth and prosperity, and above all to happiness, is equal to the most sanguine expectations of those they left behind them in the mother country.

Alexander Macdonald of Aberhalder, who married the beautiful widow of Major Macdonald of Terndriech, and sister of my late friend, James Macdonald of Killichonat, had by that lady four sons and three daughters—

1. John Macdonald, Colonel of the Glengarry Militia. He married a niece or grand-niece of the Marquis de Vadrioul, with whom he got considerable property, and the first connections in France among the old nobility. He left one son.

2. Angus, bred to the law, an advocate; unfortunately drowned.

3. Hugh, British Consul at Tangier, who married, and is now a widower with three daughters.

4. Chichester, a colonel in the British service, a very amiable, gallant young man, gaining the gold medal at the battle of Talavera, where he was desperately wounded. He was many years aide-de-camp to that great friend of his family, General Simeon, in Devon, when he used often to pass a week with us at Taunton. Getting promotion in India, soon after his arrival he fell a sacrifice to a fever, when a very young man.

1st daughter, married to ... Wilkinson, Esq., leaving a son who is a lieutenant in the Canadian Fencibles, and called Alexander, after his grandfather. She left three daughters, all

young.

2nd daughter, married to Macdonald of Greenfield. He is Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Regiment Glengarry Fencibles. His second son, Donald, is also LieutenantColonel. His third son is a captain in the same corps; and his fourth son is a partner in the North-West American Company.

3rd daughter, married to Major Ross, who was killed. She now lives at Edinburgh, and has a fine family of sons and daughters. Two of the latter are married to two sons of the late worthy and celebrated Benjamin Bell, surgeon, in Edinburgh,—the one an advocate; the other succeeded his father. They all have issue.

Mrs. Ross is a very amiable woman, and being left early in life a widow, a considerable pension was granted to her, and most virtuously has she lived and brought up her family, beloved by all who know her.

The above account of this excellent family I have from my amiable kinsman, Donald Macpherson of Strathmassie, captain in the 39th Regiment, 1st Battalion, now in Canada, and whose excellent and pleasing letter shall conclude this humble narrative of our clan; which, however imperfect, *ma chère Marie*, it may inform you of some particulars you have hitherto been unacquainted with, and which you wished to know.

Captain Macpherson, like his grand-uncle, is well acquainted with the history and antiquities of the Highlands; and in a letter, containing much information upon the subject of old family legend, he writes as follows:—

“The banks of Pattocke and Mashie (two small rivers) at one time supported about one hundred families (most of whom were my relations), which could turn out probably from three to four hundred stout, active fellows. Here there are now but five houses, and about a dozen sheep herds,—a melancholy, but, alas! a true picture of the Highlands in general.”

The above, I own, was to me, who had ever contemplated the Highland chieftain in a very different point of view, a heart-rending account; and I must acknowledge my feelings vibrate with those of an ingenious lady, whose writings from the seat of my ancestors have lately explained and elucidated much of the national manners of the Highlanders, when she says, very pathetically: “When a Highland chief looked from some eminence into his subject strath (and Strathmassie is

quite such a strath), and saw the blue smoke of twenty hamlets rise through the calm air of a bright summer morning; when he viewed those quiet abodes of humble content, with the perfect consciousness that there was no individual contained in them but what regarded him with fond and proud attachment, as his friend and protector, to save or to serve whom he would cheerfully die,—what monarch could compare with him in genuine power and heartfelt consciousness of being beloved and honoured beyond all other earthly beings? How perverted is the taste that would induce a man to deprive himself of such faithful adherents!”

But I hasten to a much more agreeable position of man and of society, in presenting, you with the latest account of your virtuous kindred in American Glengarry, in Upper Canada.

“Chambly, Canada, N.A., Dec. 26, 1814.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Having just returned from a visit of a month to the new county of Glengarry, I cannot help endeavouring to give you some account of it, as well as of the present condition of many of our countrymen who were driven from their native land, and who directed their course to America in search of better fortune.

“The county is a square of twenty-four miles, all of which, and the greater part of the next county (Stormont), are occupied by Highlanders, containing at this moment from eleven to twelve hundred families, two-thirds of whom are Macdonalds.

“More able fellows of that name could be mustered there in twenty-four hours than Keppoch and Glengarry could have done at any one time in the mother country.

“You might travel over the whole of the county and by far the greatest part of Stormont without hearing a word spoken but good Gaelic. Every family, even of the lowest order, has a landed property of two hundred acres: the average value of which, in its present state of cultivation, with the cattle, etc., upon it, may be estimated at from, £800 to £1,000. However poor the family (but, indeed, there are none can be called so), they kill a bullock for the winter consumption; the farm or estate supplies them with abundance of butter, cheese, etc., etc. Their houses are small but comfortable, having a ground floor and garret, with a regular chimney, and glass windows.

“The appearance of the people is at all times respectable,



but I was delighted on seeing them in church of a Sunday; the men clothed in good English cloth, and many of the women wore the Highland plaid. Land is now increasing much in price; a lot of 200 acres, without any cultivation, will now cost from £150 to, £200. An experienced hand can cut the wood and clear an acre in a fortnight. The ground is then ready for the seed, requiring no further preparation than being harrowed; and the produce of each acre may be estimated at from 120 to 150 bushels of potatoes, or from 25 to 30 bushels of wheat. The second year's crop is generally laid down with grass seeds, and the produce is little short of that of the first. For the third crop there is every reason to expect from the same acre a ton of hay, which will be continued if left in meadow five or six years; allow it then one year in pasture, and it will again produce the same crops of corn, etc., as before, without the assistance of manure. The price of labour is at present very high,—a man-servant, 60s. to 80s. a month, or by the day, 5s. to 7s. 6d.; women, 20s. to 30s. a month, or by the day, 2s. 6d., besides their food, lodgings, etc. This being the case, it is evident that a poor man with a numerous family, who will all assist in the field, will succeed better in this country than he who may have the command of a little money, if neither he nor his children will work.

“The chief object of my trip to Glengarry was to see an old acquaintance, Mr. Alexander Macdonald, a priest, who has been resident in this county ten years. I believe you know him, or at least you know who he is. A more worthy man is not in Canada; he is the mainstay of the Highlanders; they apply to him for redress in all their grievances, and an able and willing advocate they find him. He is well known, from the poorest man to the Governor-General, and highly respected by all.

“Were he ambitious of enriching himself, he might ere now be possessed of immense property; but this appears not to be his object; his whole attention is devoted to the good of the settlement, and the great and numerous services which he has done, which he has already rendered, it cannot well be calculated.

“From my friend Mr. Macdonald I have collected the following account of the families in whose affairs you are likely to be most interested.

“Colonel John Macdonald of Aberhalder died some time ago, and left one son, who is with his mother in the United States, amongst her friends. He is now fourteen years old,

and has a fine landed property in this province. Mrs. Macdonald is anxious to return with her son to Canada, and will do so as soon as circumstances will permit her. The Colonel's brother, Hugh, is British Consul at Tangier; he is a widower with three daughters. You are, of course, aware of the death of the other Colonel, Chichester, in India. Chichester Macdonald is particularly mentioned by the Duc de Liancourt in his travels through North America, during the first ebullition of that frenzied people, the French.

"The Colonel's sister, Mrs. Wilkinson, died a few months since; she left a son and three daughters. The boy is called Alexander, after his grandfather Aberhalder. He is a lieutenant in the Canadian Fencibles. The girls are all young yet, and at their education. They have a considerable landed property. Mr. Macdonald of Greenfield, who was married to the other sister, has a very considerable property here; he is Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Regiment of Glengarry Militia. One of his sons, Donald, is also Lieutenant-Colonel; his second son is a captain in the same corps; and the third a partner in what is called the North-West Company. John Macdonald, a remarkably fine young man, who lost his life in the battle of Queenstown, was another son of his. He was, at the time of his death, member for the county, Attorney-General of the province, and aide-de-camp to General Brock, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

"I understand he was a most promising youth; and had he lived, he would have been a credit to his country and an ornament to his profession.

"There are two of Lulu's sons here: the one lieutenant-colonel of Militia in the county of Dundas, the other a captain in the Stormont Regiment. A son of the former lost an arm in the battle of Chipaway, holding the rank of captain in the embodied Militia; and the eldest son of the latter, a lieutenant in the same corps, unfortunately lost his life on the same occasion.

"Mr. Macdonald of Lundie died in this settlement some time since, but his brother Alan, now upwards of ninety, is still alive and well.

"There is a son of Airdnabus here, with a fine, numerous family, and in easy circumstances.

"George Macdonald, son of Captain John Macdonald of Lulu, who died Captain of Invalids at Berwick, recruited the Glengarry Regiment of Light Infantry, and is now lieutenant-colonel commanding in this district, and inspecting field

officer of Militia. The good conduct of the Glengarry Light Infantry, as well as the militia regiments of the county, has been so frequently noticed and thanked in public orders, that it is unnecessary for me to say anything in their praise. They have on every occasion, when placed before the enemy, supported the character of Highlanders.

“I am so poor a politician that I will not venture an opinion on that subject, and will only say what I can with safety assert, that all the troops who acted under the great Wellington are heartily tired of the manner in which the war is carried on in this country, and look forward with much pleasure to the prospect there is of the present negotiations terminating in a peace.

“For my own part I am tired of war, and wish much for a little ease and repose, which a soldier cannot look for excepting in peace.

“It is now twelve months since I last did myself the pleasure of writing to you, and much longer since I had the satisfaction of hearing from you. If you will occasionally favour me with a letter I shall be extremely happy.

“Our worthy friend, Major Campbell, is perfectly well, and joins me in best wishes to you and Miss Campbell. Wishing you both many happy returns of the season, I am, with much regard,

“My dear Sir, yours most affectionately,

“D. MCPHERSON.”

The above pleasing letter is addressed, as all his letters are, to Dr. Macdonald, Taunton, Somerset, England.

*Note.*—Colonel Chichester Macdonald was named after his half-sister,<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Chichester, of Arlington in Devon, with whom he was a great favourite.

Among my letters from friends I find the following account of Loch Laggan, from our excellent kinsman, Captain Æneas Macdonald, eldest son of Captain J. Macdonald of Lecke; and his description of the place which my dear father sold to his sons may amuse you, as it is now popularly known by Mrs. Grant’s [\*Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders\*](#) being dated from it.

“Fort Augustus, 26th August 1796.

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<sup>1</sup> He was her step-mother’s son, but there was only distant blood relationship.

“Dear Sir,

“Your letter I received in course. Being on my way to shoot at Invergarry, I stopped a few days at Garvamore, within two miles of Loch Laggan, the residence of your ancestors.

“I thought I was now on the ground where your genealogical connection with Keppoch might be traced correctly. I therefore applied to the mother of the late Gellovy, and have the pleasure of enclosing it to you from their own mouths and in the writing of Mr. John Macdonald of Garvamore, who is married to a niece of Keppoch’s. This, I believe, will gratify you, and is quite complete.

“I saw Loch Laggan in very fine and dry weather. It is, in my opinion, as grand and beautiful as anything I ever saw.

“The station of your ancestors upon it was quite charming.

“I assure you there is nothing about Taunton so beautiful. I am sorry to say, however, that the condition and comforts of the Highlanders in general have undergone very little improvement. I am afraid this is to be attributed to their superiors. Bad as the condition of the lower Irish is, it is better than that of the same class in the Highlands. For sixteen miles between this place and Garvamore there is not one dwelling. You have no doubt heard of the famous Pass between this and that place called Coriarich; I was wet to the skin in passing it yesterday; and what was worse, I was disappointed of the fine prospect I promised myself in passing it. The fort here is not larger than your market-place, but is very pleasantly situated at the west-end of Loch Ness: a very pretty landscape, but in my mind very inferior in beauty to Loch Laggan, though upon a greater scale, and by many far more admired.

“I saw Laggan upon both sides, under every advantage of situation.

“My father was very much obliged to you for your kind expressions of regard to him and family. I left them all very well.

“Colonel Macdonald (55th) has been so good as to take George into his regiment. He has acquired considerable character in this war, both on the Continent and in the West Indies. He stands very high, both as an officer and a man. The one will consolidate the other.

“I met Glengarry for the first time at Berwick, and had an opportunity of comparing him with a young man of great advantages, namely, Major P., nephew to the orator of that

name, and the result of that parallel is, that Glengarry, though a younger man, is infinitely superior to him both in manners and knowledge of every kind, though Mr. P. has had the most complete education upon very good natural abilities.

“Pray make my best compliments to Mrs. Macdonald, and I remain, dear Sir, your obliged,

“ÆNEAS MACDONELL.”

You formerly asked me how the Macdonalds of Skye, with those of the islands and west coast, came to spell their names “Macdonald”, when those of Ireland— Keppoch, Glengarry — spelled their names “Macdonnell”.

In the high countries of Badenoch and Lochaber there certainly was less intercourse or communication with the low country than with the islands and the west coast. What time the surname of Macdonald was assumed by the clan in general is not explained, as far as I know. According to the accurate Lord Hailes, surnames began about the reign of Malcolm Ceanmore. I think it is probable that our immediate clans of Keppoch, Glengarry, etc., retained the Gaelic termination of Macdonell, or Macdoniel, while those of the islands, west coast, etc., assumed the more natural termination of Macdonald; and, if I am not mistaken, this was Sir James’s opinion to your father.

Donaldus Macdonaldus is evidently Latin, while Reynal Macdonell, or Macdoniel, is evidently Gaelic.

There is much caprice in the assumption of names and surnames. The late celebrated historian, Mr. Hume, spelled his name Hume, while his brother John spelled his name Home!

Since writing the above Memoir for your amusement, the papers of the family of Forbes of Culloden have been published, and contain a great mass of information respecting Scotch affairs, from the Revolution to the unfortunate year 1745. They were politely sent to me by our present amiable and learned High Sheriff, John Goodford, Esq., of Yeovil, and you may imagine my surprise to find, in the sixtieth letter of that large collection, an account of the destruction of my poor grandfather’s house and property at Gellovy, as I have before mentioned, when giving you an account of his goodness and worth.

The letter is written by a Mr. Robert Baillie, who appears to have been a clergyman in Inverness, and is as follows.

“Inverness, 6th April 1716.

“MUCH HONOURED,

“As the army passed through Badenoch an uncivil return was given to a message sent from the General by Macdonald of Gellovy upon Loch Spie in Laggan; whereupon a detachment of 200 men was sent to that country, who burnt his house and corn, and killed all his sheep and carried off all his cows. Wednesday the army marched from Badenoch towards the head of Strathspie, and yesternight encamped at May, and this night are to encamp about Borlum. Yesternight, at six in the evening, General Cadogan arrived here, under the discharge of the great guns from our castle. This day, Mr. Stewart and I waited on his Excellency, being introduced by my Lord Lovat. I hear that to-morrow or Monday the troops in this town will march to the ramp at Borlum. I am informed that Glengarry keeps his house at Invergarie; but how he will do I know not.

“I need not write the history of Frazerdale, his silver plate, since you may have that account from other hands; only, I am pretty well informed that it is not above, £150 in value; also I may observe that G. W. (General Wightman) keeps well what he takes. The gentlemen in Lochiel’s country have submitted to the garrison; but the Laird, with a few men, is gone to the hills. I hope shortly you shall hear of the settlement of this country, of which per next.

“I am, much honoured and dear Sir,

“Your most obedient and most humble servant,

“ROBERT BAILLIE.”

This General Cadogan, the Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, was the ancestor of the present Lord Cadogan, and was made a peer for his activity.

Had I time, I could insert much that would amuse, but the above will suffice till I find leisure to collect my scattered notes and papers in another form.

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