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THE
HIGHLAND ROG
BEING A
General HISTORY
OF THE
HIGHLANDE

WHEREIN IS GIVEN

An ACCOUNT of their Country and
Manner of Living, exemplified in the
of ROBERT MAC-GREGOR, com-
monly called ROB-ROY.

2a CONTAINING

A GENUINE ACCOUNT of his Education,
Grandeur, sudden Misfortunes, and his commencing
CAPTAIN of a Band of Men who committed all
Manner of Rapine and Robbery in the Highland
of Scotland, and lived in the Manner of the Ancient
ROBIN HOOD of England; his joining with the
Earl of MAR in the late Rebellion; with his
various Arts and Pranks 'till the Time of his Death:
The Whole being a compleat History of the
Highlanders, sufficient to give the Reader a just
Idea of that People and their several Clans.

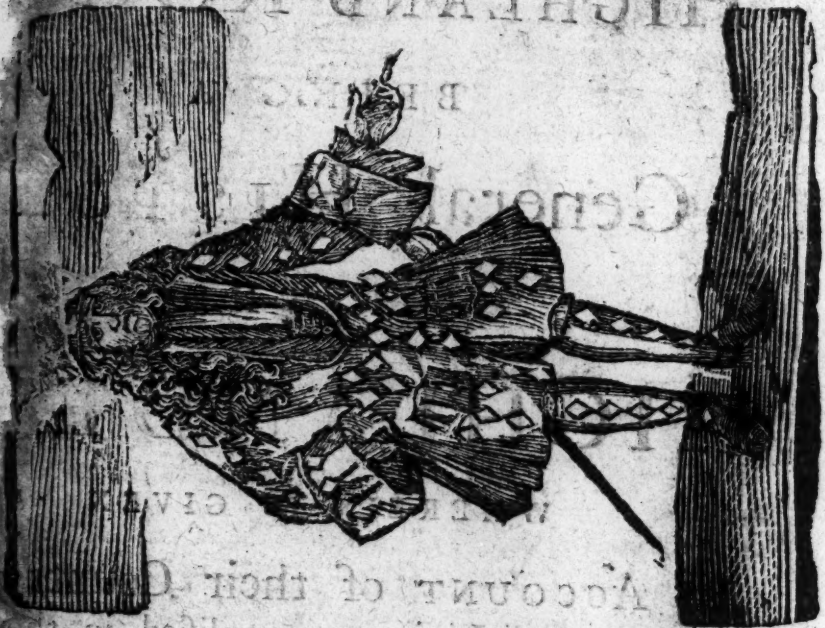
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The Portrait of Corporal Macpherson, who
perswaded the Highlanders to desert.



The fashion





T H E

History of the Highlanders



THE March of the Highland Regiments from their native Country, and what occur'd since their Arrival in this Kingdom, having in a great Measure engrosed the Conversation of all England, it is hop'd that the following Account of the Highlanders of Scotland is not, at this Time, a disagreeable Subject to be treated of. As nothing can give the Reader a juster Idea of those People than the following Account, which was published some Years ago, we shall relate the History of ROB-ROY, the Highlander, and afterwards make some Remarks on the Behaviour of the Highland Regiments.

To proceed, and as an Introduction to his Exploits, it may not be improper to speak a Word of his Ancestors.

The Family of the Mac-gregor's, in the Highlands, were always reckon'd among the least of the Clans, their whole Numbers seldom amounting to Five Hundred, and their Possessions being but small. They might indeed boast of the Antiquity of their Name, for there are but few Families in Scotland more Antient than theirs: But yet they were not more Antient than Infamous, for, from Time immemorial, they have been shun'd and detested for the Outrages they daily committed. They liv'd by Rapine, and made Murder their Diversion; and, in a Word, they seem'd emulous to monopolize all that was Wicked.

his most notorious Appearance in Villainy, was in the Reign of King James the First, of Scotland, when a Difference happen'd between them and the Clan of Colquhouns (none of the least Families in the Kingdom) which occasioned the bloody Battle of Glenfrune.

Sir John Colquhoun, suspecting an unwelcome Visit from the adverse Party, and being conscious he was not then sufficiently provided to engage with them, shut himself up, with several of his Friends, in his Castle of Banarchane: To which, the Mac-gregors, and their Auxiliaries, came privately Night; and, by the Treachery of a Servant, whom they had brib'd, the Gates were open'd; they suddenly rush'd in, and basely murdered not only all of the Colquhoun's, but several Gentlemen of Distinction who were with them. The few that escaped alarmed the Country, and gathering a considerable Strength, pursued the Mac-gregors, and a bloody Battle ensued, in which the latter were worsted; and compelled to retire to the Mountains for Shelter. By this Means, they were, for the Present, disappointed of bringing their inhuman Designs to a Conclusion: But, being insatiate with Blood, they soon after made several Excursions in the Night, upon the Friends and Relations of the Laird of Colquhoun, plundering their Houses, and even in the Sight of the Husbands and Fathers, they ravish'd their Wives and Daughters, cut off their Breasts, ript open their Bodies, dash'd out the Brains of their Infants, and threw their mangled Carcases for a Prey to hungry Dogs, and devouring Wolves.

These Barbarities coming to his Majesty's Ear, an Arret was published, commanding every one of the Name of Mac-gregor, immediately to depart the Kingdom, and a Reward of Two Hundred Pounds was offered for the Heads of any of the Persons that were actually engaged in the aforesaid Murders. The Effect of this was, the few honest People among them were forc'd to go Abroad, and the others, that were culpable, secur'd themselves among the Mountains,

and still continued their usual Villanies, whenever was in their Power.

In some Time after, the Government being wearied with the continued Complaints of the Robberies Murders committed by the Mac-gregors, there was an Act of Indemnity pass'd, with this Proviso, they should change their Name of Mac-gregor, for some other. Hereupon, some of them assum'd the Name of Mac-Allester, and others that of Graham. Which last is esteem'd to be the greatest in Scotland. — 'Tis hardly credible how much Vanity abound among the vulgar Inhabitants of the Highlands on Account of their Names.

These new Names they strictly observed for a considerable Time; but as the Charm of Novelty wore off, they began to grow weary of them, and at last assum'd their former; which, however, was wink'd at by the then Government, in Regard to their Reformation and Conformity to the Laws in other Respects. Thus they remain'd Peaceable in their Habitations, and, except now and then lifting (as they term'd it) a Cow or a Horse, they liv'd without injuring their Neighbours, 'till the Time of Rob-Roy, whose History we now arrive at.

Robert Mac-gregor, alias Rob-Roy, is the Son of Calm Mac-gregor, second Son to the Laird of Mac-gregor, the Chief of that Name. He is a Man of a prodigious Strength, and of such an uncommon Stature, that he approaches even to a Gigantic Size: He wears a Beard above a Foot long, and not only his Face, but his whole Body is cover'd over with Red Hair, which is the Reason that he is commonly called Rob-Roy, for that (in the Highland Dialect) signifies Red-Robert; it being usual there to give People nick Names, in their Hair or Complexion. His Habit is after the usual Manner of Highlanders, who are perfect Strangers to the English Fashion of wearing Breeches and Stockings. He was brought up a Grazier; and, while he followed that Employment, he gain'd the Love of all that knew him; for he had good natural Parts, was obliging to every Body, and a very diverting pleasant Fellow in Conversation. He

kept

of good Company, and regarded his Word with greatest Strictness imaginable.

By these commendable Qualifications, he attain'd great Credit, and a flourishing Trade; and was likely in few Years to be Master of a good Estate: But, delusive are the Prospects that Fortune presents with! That gay, that pleasing Scene of Grandeur and Affluence was suddenly chang'd to a melancholly View of Penury and Contempt.

There happen'd to arise a Dispute betwixt Mr. Mac-gregor and the Duke of —, concerning some Lands that were in Mac-gregor's Possession, and which the Duke claim'd a Right to: At the Conclusion, Mac-gregor lost the Day; which so alarm'd his Neighbours, that (every one striving to secure himself first) they made their Demands upon him faster than it was possible for him to answer them.

He was amaz'd at such an unexpected Stroke; and knew not, immediately, what Course to take: He told them, if they would but have Patience 'till he could call in what was due to him, he should have sufficient to satisfy them all: But he talk'd in vain; they insist'd upon present Payment, or else he must expect the utmost Severity of the Law. At length, perceiving 'twas in vain to hope for Favour from their Hands, that they were resolv'd to compleat his Ruin, and deprive him of his Liberty, he thought it a Point of Prudence to provide for himself; and accordingly, by the Help of his Domesticks, and other Dependants, who attended him in his Misfortunes, he found Means to convey himself, and the most valuable Part of his Effects, to his House at Craigroystone, where he knew he could live in Security, and bid Defiance to all his Enemies.

Craigroystone, is situated in the County of Lenox, on the Borders of Lochlomund, and environ'd with stupendous high Mountains, and Rocks of a prodigious Magnitude, the Passages along which are very intricate, and generally so narrow, that two Men cannot walk a-breast.

'Tis a Place of such Strength and Safety, that one Person, well acquainted with it, and supplied with Ammunition,

Ammunition, might easily destroy a considerable Army, if they came to Attack him; and he himself at the same Time, need not so much as be seen by them. Lochlomund is a pleasant fresh Water Lake, famous for three Things; Fish without Fins; and being often Tempestuous when the Air is calm. It is about thirty Miles in Length, and six in Breadth, and beautified with twenty-four Islands, chiefly belonging to his Grace the Duke of Montrose, and the Family of the Colquhoun's. Several of them are of large Extent, and plentifully stor'd with Deer.

Nothing throughout Scotland was now so much talk'd of as Rob-Roy's absconding; and, as w Men are under Misfortunes, 'tis common for the World to make free with their Characters, it cannot be suppos'd that Mac-gregor escap'd unceasur'd. Every one took the Liberty of examining into, and judging the past Actions of his Life; and from thence, wisely discovering, that his present Circumstances were the natural Effects of such Causes.

Mr. Mac-gregor had not liv'd long in this Asylum, before he perceived, that the great Charges he was at in maintaining so many Followers, had made a considerable decrease of his Stock: This put him upon Thoughts of obliging others to contribute towards his Expences; and proposing the Means to his Men, they quickly came to a Resolution, unanimously chose him their Captain, swore Fidelity to him, and a strict Obedience to his Orders.

These were immediately joined by the Clan of Mac-gregors, who had long wish'd for an Opportunity of returning to their former Villainy, in open Defiance to the Laws; which (as I hinted in the Introduction) for several Years past, had so far kept them in Awe, that they only pilfer'd, and did Mischief privately: But now was Plunder and Violence once more their Profession, and they first put it in Practice upon those whom their Captain alledg'd were the Authors of his Misfortunes. They went in the dead of the Night, broke open, and ravag'd their Houses, and not satisfy'd with that, carried those that liv'd in them under a strong Guard to Craigroystone; where they kept
them

in Prisoners 'till they were ransom'd by such a Sum of Money as their Chief demanded.

He never wanted good Intelligence, for he continually kept Spies abroad; insomuch, that if any Person came to visit a Friend within ten or twelve Miles of Cra groystone, he was assuredly catch'd by some of the Mac-gregors, convey'd away, and detain'd 'till the Sum demanded was paid; which was seldom very long, for they were generally treated in such a Manner, as made them very importunate with their Friends to dispatch the Price of their Redemption. But Rob-Roy did not always act with this Severity, sometimes, if his Prisoners appeared to be Persons of Credit, he'd grant them their Freedom, upon their promise of sending him the Sum requir'd.

He gave a particular Instance of his Generosity to a Gentleman whom he took one Night from a Friend's House. He kept him Prisoner for several Days, in Expectation of making some Advantage by him; but finding that he had really been very much reduced by great Losses, he not only set him at Liberty, but supplied him with Money to defray his travelling Charges, and sent him in one of his own Boats, with Servants to attend him, as far as he could go by Water.

Not long after this, a rich old Parson, who was a zealous Maintainer of Predestination, coming late one Night from an Entertainment, where he had been a little too free with the Bottle, unluckily reel'd into the Hands of the Mac-gregors.

By the small Regard they shew'd to his Habir, old Sanctity quickly suspected he was fallen among Reprobates, and how to extricate himself he knew not. He endeavoured to lay open before them the heinous and damnable Sin of Sacrilege; but his Tongue failed him, and the Accents fell imperfect from his Mouth. The ungracious Rogues laugh'd at his Stammering, and haul'd him away to their Captain; who order'd them to take Care of him, 'till he was able to speak more intelligibly.

Rob-Roy, it seems, in the Time of his Prosperity, had been one of the Flock over which our elect Elder was

was Pastor; and knowing him to be rich, sent for him next Morning to treat about his Ransom; designing to make the most of a Prize so considerable.

But old Boanerges being brought before him, begun with grievous Complaints of the unchristian Usage he had met with. "Is this, continues he, doing as you would be done by? are ye quite abandon'd to Works of Darknes? Have ye lost all Sense of Goodness, of Religion, Conscience and Justice? What do ye think will become of ye? Do you never expect to give an Account of the Deeds done in the Flesh? Have ye no Thoughts of the dreadful Consequence of your Wickedness? No Regard to future Rewards and Punishments? Cannot Hell and Damnation, Fire and Brimstone awaken and terrify ye from this destructive Course of Living? — Prithee no more of your Cant, says Rob Roy; how often have I heard you teach that we are not free Agents, but that all our Actions were pre-ordain'd, and that of Consequence we are under a Necessity of doing all that we do? Are we then accountable for what we are compell'd to, for what it is impossible for us to avoid? How impertinently do you tell us of living without Religion, Conscience and Justice, when according to your own Doctrine we cannot help it? Do you mutter at the Treatment you have receiv'd from us? Consider that it was determin'd before the Creation that you should fall into our Hands, and suffer all that you have undergone, and that we had not Power to act otherwise. Why do you advise us to employ our Thoughts upon a State of Life hereafter, when if your own Notions are just, we were from all Eternity fated to Happiness or Misery, and consequently all our Endeavours to obtain one, or prevent the other, must needs be vain and ridiculous. You make Pretensions to an extraordinary Piety, but you are not asham'd to rob; nay worse, to cheat your Congregation, by taking their Money for preaching, when at the same Time you believe it is to no Purpose. Can there be any thing more chi-

“ mercial than the Whimsies you put into their Heads
 “ about religious Duties? There can be no Duty
 “ where there is no free Action; and therefore whe-
 “ ther you preach or not, whether they pray or swear,
 “ go to Church or a Bawdy-house, give Alms or
 “ pick Pockets, the Case is still the same; all Actions
 “ are indifferent, Right and Wrong, Good and Evil,
 “ Virtue and Vice, are meer empty Sounds, without
 “ any Signification. — You are not, I say, asham’d
 “ of thus imposing upon the Weakness of your Flock,
 “ because (if you believe what you teach) you think
 “ that Providence compels you to it; and yet, without
 “ question, you would take it for a Piece of high In-
 “ justice in me to demand as much Money for your
 “ Liberty as the Profits of your Benefice amounts to
 “ in a Year. But think of it as you please, ’tis your
 “ Fate to pay it, and to meet with but scurvey Usage
 “ ’till you comply.” The Parson was struck mute for
 some Time, not knowing what Answer to make; but
 at length considering that it was in vain to oppose De-
 stiny, he came to a Resolution, and sent Orders for the
 Sum required.

Rob-Roy continuing in this Course of Life, his
 Creditors grew almost past hopes of recovering their
 Money: They offer’d a large Reward to any that
 should attempt it successfully; but not an Officer could
 be found who was willing to run such a Hazard of his
 Life, ’till at length a Bailiff, who had no small Opi-
 nion of his Courage and Conduct, undertook the
 Affair.

Having provided a good Horse, and equipt himself
 for the Journey, he set out without any Attendance,
 and in a few Hours arrived at Craigroystone, where
 meeting with some of Rob-Roy’s Men, he told them
 he had Business of great Importance to deliver to their
 Master in private. Rob-Roy having Notice of it,
 order’d them to give him Admittance. As soon as he
 came in, the Captain demanded his Business: “ Sir,
 “ (says the other) tho’ you have had Misfortunes in
 “ the World, yet knowing you to be in your Nature
 “ an honourable Gentleman, I made bold to visit you
 “ upon Account of a small Debt, which I don’t doubt
 “ but

“ but you will discharge if it lies in your Power.
 “ Honest Friend, says Mac-gregor, I am sorry that
 “ at present I cannot answer your Demand; but if
 “ your Affairs will permit you to lodge at my House
 “ to-Night, I hope by to-morrow I shall be better
 “ provided.” The Bailiff comply'd, and was over-
 joy'd that he had succeeded so well. He was enter-
 tained with abundance of Civility, and went to Bed
 at a seasonable Time. Rob-Roy then order'd an old
 Suit of Cloaths to be stuf't full of Straw, not wholly
 unlike one of the Taffies that the Mob dress up and
 expose upon the first of March, in ridicule of the
 Welshmen, only instead of a Hat with a Leek in it,
 they bound his Head with a Napkin.

The ghastly Figure being compleatly form'd, they
 hung it upon the Arm of a Tree, directly opposite to
 the Window where the Officer lay; he rising in the
 Morning, and finding his Chamber Door lock'd, steps
 back to the Window, and opens the Casement, in
 Expectation of seeing some of the Servants; when to
 his great Astonishment, he cast his Eye upon the dreary
 Object that was hanging before him; he knew not
 what to make of it; he began to curse his Enterprize,
 and wish'd himself safe in his own House again. In
 the Midst of this Consternation he spy'd one of the
 Servants, and calling to him, desir'd him to open the
 Door. The Fellow seem'd surpriz'd to find it lock'd,
 begg'd his Pardon, and protested it was done by
 Mistake. As soon as the Bailiff got out, “ Prithee,
 “ Friend, (says he) what is it that hangs upon yon-
 “ der Tree? O, Sir, (says the other) 'tis a Bailiff, a
 “ cursed Rogue, that had the Impudence to come
 “ hither to my Master's own House, and dun him
 “ for an old Debt, and therefore he ordered him to
 “ be hanged there for a Warning to all his Fraternity.
 “ I think the insolent Dog deserved it, and, in Troth,
 “ we have been commended by all his Neighbours for
 “ so doing.” The Catchpole was strangely terrify'd
 at this Account; but hoping that the Servant did not
 know him to be one of the same Profession, he walk'd
 away from him with a seeming Carelessness, 'till he
 thought himself out of Sight, and than looking all

around to see if any body observ'd him, and finding the Way clear, he threw off his Coat, and ran for his Life, not resting, nor so much as looking behind him, 'till he came to a Village about three or four Miles off; where, when he had recovered his Breath, he told the Story of his Danger and Escaps, just as he apprehended it to be.

Rob-Roy was so pleas'd with the Success of his Frolick, that the next Day he sent home the Bailiff's Coat and Horse; and withal let his Neighbours know that it was only a Contrivance to frighten him away; by which Means the poor Rogue became the common Subject of the People's Diversion.

The Mac-gregors were now so constantly in Action, that 'twas thought strange if a Day pass'd which afforded News of a Robbery. They were not contented with a Booty upon the Road, or with stripping a House of Money and Furniture, but took away Horses, Oxen, Sheep, or any other Cattle, wherever they found them. But those that more especially suffered by them were the Servants and Tenants of the Duke of Montross, both upon the Score of a late Grudge, and because his Grace and those that belong'd to him were continually using their utmost Endeavours to suppress the whole Clan of them.

John Graham, Esq; Steward to the Duke of Montross, being gone to a Village in the County of Montreith, where he had appointed several of his Grace's Tenants to meet him Rob-Roy having before receiv'd Intelligence of it, drew off a Party of the Mac-gregors, and went after him about ten at Night. Mr. Graham had concluded his Business with the-Company, having receiv'd amongst them about the Value of Five Hundred Pounds, at which Time they were suddenly alarm'd by a furious knocking at the Door; but making no Answer, the Mac-gregors (who had surrounded the House) beat open the Window with their Muskets, and swore if they did not immediately let them in, they would fire the House, and send every Soul of them to the D—l. The Steward, perceiving it would be in vain to dispute the Point, order'd one of the Men to open the Door, and another, in the mean Time,

Time, to convey the Money to a private Place: But this was not done so dextrously as to escape the observing Eye of Rob-Roy, who perceiv'd the Action through the Window.

The Captain, at his Entrance, saluted the Company with an Air of Civility; and then going directly to the Place where the Bag was hid, he brought it to the Table, pour'd out the Money in the Presence of them all, and counting it over with great Exactness, he said it was right, and so put it up again; then, ordering his Men to take Mr. Graham Prisoner, they return'd homeward. But, it being very dark, they went no farther than Locktrenerin that Night. And from thence next Day they arriv'd at their own Habitation. They kept the Steward two or three Weeks; after which, he having found Means to discharge his Fine, they set him at Liberty.

In their next Attempt, they had the Audacity to come even to the Duke of Montros's Seat at Buchanan, situated on the Banks of the River Airick, on the East side of Lochlomund, from whence, tho' not without Opposition, they carried away a considerable Prize. Their Captain, at the same Time, behaved himself with great Civility to the poor Country People; giving strict Orders, that none of his Men should wrong them of the least Trifle: And if any just Complaint was made, the Offender was sure to be severely punished. This procur'd him the Love of some, while he was fear'd and hated by others.

He now began to assume a greater Authority than ever; he decided Causes, and levied Taxes, both in the County of Lenox and Sterling; severely threatening all that would not comply with his Measures; and promising Protection to those that submitted. Many in both Counties paid a regular Tribute to him, which every Quarter he punctually sent his Servants to receive. But the Duke of Montros's People, notwithstanding the many Grievances they suffer'd, and the imminent Dangers that continually threaten'd them, could never be brought to any Terms of Agreement with him.

The Mac-gregors proceeded in their open Violence throughout the greatest Part of the County of Lenox,
 approaching

approaching sometimes even within three or four Miles of Dum-barton. And a Report was spread, that they intended to come in the Night, murder the Militia, and fire the Town. This so alarm'd the Inhabitants, that many of them remov'd great Part of their Effects to Places where they thought they might remain secure, 'till the Danger was over.

The chief Men of Dum-barton consulting of what was most expedient to be done in this Exigence, at last resolv'd, Nemine Contradicente, That the whole Militia should make their Way to Craigmoystone, cut off all that made Opposition, and take the rest that submitted Prisoners. The Time appointed for this intended Expedition being come, they were join'd by Commodore Stewart, Captain Field, and other Officers of his Majesty's Ships of War, then lying at Greenock, who brought several Pieces of small Cannon with them. The Wind being favourable, they quickly reach'd Lochlomund, and landing not far from the Enemy, they were met by several of the Inhabitants thereabouts, who joyfully came to their Assistance. Their first Enterprize was to secure the Boats belonging to Rob-Roy, which they quickly accomplished; for they met with no Resistance; and then they proceeded to search after him and his Men.

Rob-Roy had Intelligence of their Attempt, but made no Offer to oppose them; though his own People strongly persuaded him to it. This was a great Condescension in him; for, as was mention'd before, his Place of Residence was so well fortify'd both by Nature and Art, the Passages about it were so difficult to Strangers, and so familiar to the Mac-gregors, that had their Captain been permitted to have made use of the many Advantages that were then in their Power, it had been no difficult Task to have destroy'd the whole Body of the Besiegers. But he knew himself secure from their impotent Endeavours, and therefore, laughing at their Folly, he ordered his Men to retire to their Hiding-places. The opposite Party, having made a vain Search for the Mac-gregors, imagin'd they were run away; and so, returning triumphantly

on board, they set sail, and the next Day land'd all safe at Dum-barton Harbour.

The repeated Complaints of the Outrages committed by these Ruffians were at length so numerous, that the Government taking it into Consideration, sent fresh Men and Ammunition to be sent to Innerleithen Garrison, near Craigroystone.

This gave a considerable Check to their Proceedings, and drove them to great Extremities; for they were afraid of too frequently leaving their Hiding-places, and venturing in the Low-lands. And if they kept themselves too strictly confin'd among the wild Mountains, they were apprehensive of starving.

But, in the Midst of these Difficulties, Rob-Roy receiv'd an Invitation from the late Earl of Mar, to join with him and the rest of the Forces, who at that Time were in open Rebellion against the present Government.

This Proposal came so opportunely, that, when the Captain laid it before his Myrmidons, there was no need of many Arguments to gain their Compliance.

Hereupon he collected his scattered Forces, to the Number of three hundred Men, and march'd in order to join the Camp of the Rebels, where they were receiv'd with no small Tokens of Joy and Respect; the Lord Mar immediately presented Rob-Roy with the Commission of a Colonel.

But, as it was judg'd by many at first, so they afterwards found, Rob-Roy had a much greater Affection for the imagin'd Spoil, than for his pretended Prince.

He was active in nothing serviceable to the Rebels; nor signalized himself by any thing, but running away with the Booty; part of which he still has to maintain himself with.

The Jacobites being defeated and scattered, he was about to return to Craigroystone again. But, being inform'd that his House was burnt down by order of the Officers at Innerleithen-Fort, was so enrag'd at this Misfortune, that he with his Men took a Range through the North of Scotland; ravaging and plundering wherever they came.

Having thus revell'd for some Time, at length they sett upon a new Habitation, in a more remote Colony, belonging to the Earl of Broad-Albain; where they staid for a short space of Time, living in much Plenty and Peace upon the abundance of Spoil they had taken.

But Captain Mac-gregor being now grown notorious both for his Robberies and Rebellion, a Proclamation was publish'd, offering a Reward of a thousand Pounds to any Person that should apprehend and bring him to Justice.

Hereupon a certain Nobleman in the North of Scotland sent several Messages to him, assuring him, that if he would come in private to his House, and satisfy him in some material Points relating to the Rebellion, his Trouble should meet with no less Recompence, than his Majesty's free Pardon and Favour, both to himself and his Followers.

At length, by repeated Intreaties and additional Promises of Protection, and that, upon Honour, if he disliked the Terms, he should have full Liberty to return in Safety, he was brought into a Compliance to run the Hazard.

The Nobleman was walking in his Garden, when a Servant brought him word, that Mr. Mac-gregor was arrived: Upon which he gave Orders to conduct him in.

At Rob-Roy's Appearance, the Duke, with seeming Fondness, ran to embrace him; protesting he knew not how to express the Joy he felt at the Sight of so brave a Gentleman.

The Compliments on both Sides being over, his Grace began to be very inquisitive about Persons concern'd in the late Insurrection, and other Things, which Mac-gregor was unwilling to answer directly to.

The Duke told him, that if he expected to obtain Pardon, he must make a full and particular Discovery. "If your Grace, says he, had let me know as much
"by your Messengers, it had sav'd me the Labour of
"coming so far." I never intended, says the Duke,
"to give you this Trouble to no Purpose; for tho'

" at

“ at present you are not in a Humour to satisfy my
 “ Curiosity, 'tis possible your Mind may alter in a
 “ few Days; and therefore it may not be improper
 “ to detain you.” And am I then betray'd! says
 “ Mac-gregor; has a Man of your Quality such a
 “ mercenary Soul! as to forfeit his Word, his Faith,
 “ his Honour, and all for a pitiful Reward?—
 “ Peace! Peace! quoth the Duke; and stepping back,
 knock'd at the Garden Door; which being immedi-
 ately open'd, a Body of Guards rush'd in.

Rob-Roy in a most violent Rage laid his Hand on
 his Dagger, with an Intent to stab the Duke for his
 Perfidy. But, instantly recollecting his Reason, he
 consider'd such a rash Action might prove of fatal Con-
 sequence to himself; and that Dissimulation might
 effect what would be impracticable by Violence.
 therefore quietly suffer'd them to carry him to Pri-
 son.

Being there, at Rob-Roy's earnest Intreaty, the
 Duke coming to him, he, in a most submissive Manner
 begg'd his Grace's Pardon; and promis'd him, if next
 Day he might have Liberty, he'd acquaint him not
 only with the Particulars then desir'd, but with other
 Affairs also much more material.

This so pleas'd the Duke, that he was resolv'd to
 use all the fair Means possible to engage him to perform
 his Promise; and therefore order'd his Guards to treat
 him with all the Respect that was consistent with the
 Safety of a Prisoner.

His Grace was so elate with the Success of this En-
 terprize, that he forthwith dispatch'd an Express to
 the Lord Justice Clerk, who then resided at Edin-
 burgh.

Upon which Information, his Lordship immediately
 order'd a Party of Dragoons, then quartering at Lin-
 lithgow, to march to his Grace's Seat, and conduct
 Mr. Mac-gregor to Edinburgh Goal; but notwith-
 standing their Expedition, they happen'd to arrive too
 late; as we shall find hereafter.

The Duke was not satisfy'd with transmitting this
 Affair to his Lordship only; but, as if he thought
 Fame was too idle in spreading the News of his

Management, he wrote another Letter on the same Subject to the Secretary of State at London, and several more to other Gentlemen his Friends and Acquaintance; so that in three or four Days there was scarce an Inhabitant in North-Britain that had not receiv'd the welcome Report of Mac-gregor's Imprisonment.

Rob-Roy, in the mean time, was employing his Thoughts about forming a Scheme to regain his Liberty; and having resolv'd upon one that carried an Air of Success, it was presently put in Execution.

He gained the Hearts of his Guard, by frequently calling for large Quantities of Brandy, and other strong Liquors; of which he had been accustom'd to drink so heartily, that not a little would disorder him. The Glafs was handed about a-pace, the Soldiers drank freely, and so did Rob-Roy himself to their thinking; but he generally deceiv'd them, by letting the Liquor run through his Beard; which, the Reader may remember, was of an extraordinary Length. He was so far from appearing discontented at his present Circumstances, that he was almost continually diverting the Company with comical old Songs, and pleasant Stories of his own Adventures; not forgetting at proper Intervals to insinuate that he had a profound Respect for the Duke their Master; and that his Grace had no indifferent Regard for him.

These Artifices, corroborated by the Charge that the Duke had before given them, to treat him with Civility beyond the Condition of a common Prisoner, produc'd the Effect that Mac-gregor desir'd. They vainly thought that both his Will and Interest were so united with his Grace's Pleasure, that there was not the least Danger of his Escape. This made them so incurious in observing his Management, that he found an Opportunity of bribing a Servant to be ready next Morning in a neighbouring Wood, with an able Horse, and what else was necessary for his intended Flight.

The Night was wasted in drinking, swearing, roaring, and all that a Sot calls Pleasure; but when Morning appear'd, Rob-Roy told his Guards that he had a

Favour

Favour to beg of them. They were eager to know what it was, and swore, as intelligibly as the Fumes of the Brandy would let them, that they should think themselves the most ungrateful Dogs in Nature, if they deny'd any thing that was reasonable, to a Gentleman that had shew'd himself so generous. He thank'd 'em for their Civility; and added, that he had Reason to believe his great Strength and the Preservation of his Health were chiefly owing to a constant Practice of bathing himself every Morning, and therefore hoped that they would not deny him the Liberty of continuing a Custom which he had been us'd to from his Infancy; and especially since the Omission of it might be of ill Consequence to him. They, without the least Scruple, comply'd with his Request, and readily attended him to a River, that ran along by the Side of the Wood, in which he had given Orders for a Horse to be ready. He plung'd into the Water, and, bathing himself as usual, came out, seeing no sign of the Horse, and return'd with his Guard to the Prison.

They were no sooner got in, but as a Gratitude for the Favour they had granted him, he gives Orders for a Bowl of Punch; which, being brought before them, they welcom'd it with loud Acclamations of Joy, and the Cup run merrily round, with "a Health to the Duke, and Captain Mac-gregor." But, in the Height of their carousing, Rob-Roy puts his Hand in his Pocket, and, in a seeming Consternation, tells them he had lost his Pocket-Book since he went out last, that there were Notes in it of great Value, besides, some particular Memorandums that nearly concern'd the Duke. They, as drunk as they were, express'd a great Concern for his Loss, and unanimously offer'd their Service to go with him, and look for it. He thank'd them, and accepting their Kindness, led them toward the River, where, while they were diligently searching the Grass, he suddenly called to them, and bid them give over. They looked up, and were surprized to see him well mounted. "My humble Service to the Duke your Master, says he, and pray assure his Grace, that I shall take all

“ Opportunities of returning the Favours he has oblig’d me with.” He spoke, and setting Spurs to his Horse, they were left in the utmost Confusion, cursing one another, and damning the Blood of the Pocket-Book. The News of this Escape was quickly carried to the Duke, who ordered the poor intoxicated Sinners to be taken into Custody, and severely punished for their Negligence. The Dragoons that arrived soon after with Orders to convey the late Prisoner to Edinburgh, were oblig’d to return without him; and his Grace’s Conduct in the Affair was for a considerable Time after the common Subject of Lampoon.

Rob-Roy thus escaping, took his Way towards his former Place of Residence, from whence he had been so lately decoy’d; but Night overtaking him, he put up at the House of a poor Farmer, who, as it happen’d, was a Tenant to the Duke we last mention’d.

Mac-gregor, observing his friendly Host to be very melancholly, was inquisitive to know the Reason of it. “ Sir, says the Farmer, in my last Payment I made to his Grace’s Steward, which was about three Weeks ago, my Necessities oblig’d me to leave a small Matter deficient; which, with much ado, I persuaded him to stay for ’till To-morrow, expecting e’re now to have made the Money up; but my Friends have fail’d me, tho’ they know if it was not ready by the Time appointed, he will certainly make a Seizure on my Goods, and that will intirely ruin me.” “ What’s the Sum, says Rob-Roy?” “ Fifty Shillings, says the poor Man.” “ Have a good Heart, honest Friend, quoth the other; for if fifty Shillings will prevent your Ruin, tis here at your Service.” And so saying, he took out his Purse, and laid down the Money.

The poor Farmer was so overcome with Joy, his Heart so fill’d with Gratitude, that he was quite confus’d, he could not find Words to express himself; the Tears stood in his Eyes, and he look’d unspeakably thankful.

The next Day the Steward, not expecting the Money to be ready, brought an Officer with him in order to seize; but was very much surpriz’d when the Farmer

desir’d

desir'd him to write a Receipt, and take his Money. The Demand being answered, and discharge given, the Steward and the Officer return'd homeward, somewhat satisfy'd with their Disappointment.

But Rob-Roy did not intend they should carry their Burden with 'em long; for, taking leave of his Landlord, who gave him a thousand Thanks for his unexpected Kindness, he persw'd his Prey, and in a little Time coming up with them, oblig'd them to deliver not only what they had receiv'd from his Host, but several other considerable Sums they had taken elsewhere. This Adventure was no sooner accomplished but he made the best of his Way home; when he came, he was welcom'd with all the Testimonies of Joy imaginable.

Not long after his Arrival here, he found that his former Settlement at Craigroystone would be much more convenient for him and his Men than this, notwithstanding his House was burnt down; and therefore advising with them about it, they quickly came to a Resolution, and accordingly remov'd thither.

Here they intended to live peaceably upon the Spoils that were already taken; and indeed for a long Time there was no News of fresh Robberies.

But these Resolutions were at last forgot; for, on a sudden, the Country was alarm'd with the Report of a most inhuman Murder, committed by two of the Mac-gregors. The Fact was thus.

Two Soldiers belonging to Innersnail-Fort, having been long indispos'd, obtain'd leave of their Officers to take the Air without the Garrison; they walk'd 'till they were both tired, and then sat down to rest themselves in a wild lonely Place between two Mountains, remote from any House. They had not sat there long, before Due Mac-Allester and Sander Mac-Allester, two of the Clan of the Mac-gregors, who had formerly assum'd that Sir-name, and had not yet lost it, coming that Way, and seeing the poor Soldiers, fell violently on them, bound them to a Tree, and, without the least Provocation, regardless of their Cries, they drew their broad Swords, and with infernal Cruelty cut them to Pieces.

Rob-Roy, tho' he had been guilty of Actions that were far from being justifiable, yet was never known to be of a savage Disposition: And when he came to hear of this merciless Villany, he express'd his Horror and Detestation of it in such a Manner as discover'd that he was not without Sentiments of Humanity.

What became of these two Criminals is more than can be learn'd; for the Scotch MS. breaks off abruptly in this Place. I might have told you, that Rob-Roy had order'd them to be executed by some of their own Companions; or order'd them to be delivered to the Officers of the Fort; but as I began with Truth, I was oblig'd to end with Fiction. Rob-Roy has been dead several Years; but as the Narrative was new printed to give the Publick a Description of the Highlanders, we shall conclude with what pass'd after they deserted, and when they were taken. The following is a Copy of a Letter sent by Major John Creed, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Northampton, to his Grace the Duke of Montagu, one of the Lord's of the Regency, from a Conference with the Scotch Highland Deserters, then lying in Lady-Wood, about four Miles distant from Oundle, wherein the Major had us'd earnest Entreaties with them to surrender, and return to their Duty.

My Lord Duke,

I did myself the Honour this Morning to write to your Grace, and since that, I have seen some of the Gentlemen Highlanders. I propos'd to them to lay down their Arms, and to depend on the King's Mercy and Clemency, and did assure them that your Grace would stand their Friend as much as possible. They acknowledg'd that they had forfeited their Lives according to the Laws of the Land, and therefore were not willing to lay down their Arms, without being assur'd of a Pardon, and in that Case they will be willing to return to their Regiment again, and promise Fidelity for the future. And in this Case they desire, that one of their Officers may be sent down for

them, with a Route to march by, otherwise they cannot be provided for upon the Road. I beg your Grace will answer me by the first Post, because I suppose they will continue in the Neighbourhood 'till they have an Answer. They insist it may be a sufficient Pardon sign'd by the Regency and Secretary at War. I beg your Grace will excuse my not writing this Letter myself, because it is in the Field, in the Presence of the Highlanders.

I am, your Grace's
Sunday Morning,
Five o'Clock,
May 22, 1743.
 Most obedient, humble Servant,
JOHN CREED.

A Copy of a Letter sent by Major Creed to Major Orway.

SIR,
I Have been talking with the Highlanders, and have just now wrote to the Duke of Montagu to let him know they are willing to return to their Regiment, provided they are pardon'd. Wherefore I desire you will not commit any Acts of Hostility, 'till I have an Answer to that Letter, which I hope will be by the first Post. They are a brave, bold sort of People, and are resolv'd not to submit 'till their Pardon comes down. I shall be glad to see you at Oundle, and am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,
Lady-Wood, May 22,
1743.
JOHN CREED.

A Copy of a Letter from one of the Scotch Highland Deferters to Major John Creed, before the coming up of his Majesty's Troops, under the Command of General Blakeney.

Honoured Sir,

JUST now came here a Captain belonging to General Blakeney's Regiment, and propos'd to us to surrender to him, without Regard to your Honour's Letter to the Duke of Montagu, which we refused to do, wherefore he is gone for his Squadron, and is immediately to fall upon us. So if you think that they

they can be kept off 'till the Return of your Letter, you'll please to consider it without Loss of Time. I

am.

May 22, 1743.

Honoured Sir,
Your Honour's most humble Servant.

A Copy of a Letter from Major John Creed, in Answer to the above from the Highlanders, before the Arrival of which Answer, they obstinately persisted in their Resolution to die to a Man, rather than they would surrender, and had accordingly placed themselves in a Posture of Defence, prepar'd to withstand any Attack which might be offer'd.

I Do know what Orders the King's Troops may have had since I saw you, you see now what Situation you are in. I think it proper you should surrender yourselves, and return to your Duty. As I have already intended to you the best Service I could, by applying to the Duke of Montagu in your Behalf, in Case you surrendered, I will continue to do so, if you think to surrender. I will see you To-morrow Morning early, if you desire it, which is all I can say until I have an Answer from the Duke of Montagu.

May 22, 1743.

JOHN CREED.

On Saturday May 21st Major Creed having learn'd that his Majesty's Troops had pass'd the Highlanders, then posted in Lady-Wood, dispatch'd the Constable of Oundle to give Information to the Commanding Officer of their Situation; and as the Troops were in Motion, order'd him to proceed 'till he came up with them, which he did at Uppingham in the County of Rutland.

When the Highlanders found there was no Possibility of escaping, they sent Word to General Mordaunt that they were willing to lay down their Arms, begging him to make a favourable Report of them to the Lords of the Regency; which being promis'd, they were brought up to Town and lodg'd in the Tower, in order to be try'd at a Court-Martial.

F I N I S.

