

SECOND EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

MEMOIRS
OF THE
OLD HIGHLANDER,
SERJEANT D. MACLEOD.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

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MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE AND GALLANT EXPLOITS
OF THE
OLD HIGHLANDER,
SERJEANT *DONALD MACLEOD*,
WHO,
HAVING RETURNED, WOUNDED, WITH THE
CORPSE OF GENERAL WOLFE,
FROM QUEBEC,
WAS ADMITTED AN OUT-PENSIONER OF CHELSEA
HOSPITAL, IN 1759 ;
AND IS NOW IN THE
CHILD YEAR OF HIS AGE.
copy William Thomson

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MEMOIRS

OF THE LIFE OF

SERJEANT DONALD MACLEOD.

DONALD MACLEOD, a cadet of the family of Ulinish in the Isle of Skye, from the time of his enlisting in the Scottish army, in the reign of King William, to his last campaign with Sir Henry Clinton in America, sent many a hero to his long home: but, in return, he raised up from his own loins a numerous race of brave warriors, the eldest of whom is now eighty-three years old, and the youngest only nine. Nor, in all probability, would this lad close the rear of his immediate progeny, if his present wife, the boy's mother, had not now attained to the forty and ninth year of her age.

It was formerly customary in Scotland, as well as other countries in Europe, for gentlemen of landed property to make provision for their sons by settling them, in some character and situation or other, on their own estates; so that the same tracts, and even districts of land, came, in the natural course of things, to be occupied by people of the same name and kindred, who lived together like one great family, drawn together by mutual sympathy, and often more strongly united by antipathy to some common enemy. Sometimes an estate was parcelled out among several brothers, whether in equal or unequal divisions; sometimes large and advantageous farms were let to the younger sons, who, at an easy rent paid to the elder branch and representative of the family, enjoyed their possessions under the name of tacksmen: and these possessions, subdivided and sub-let to inferior tenants, passed by a kind of hereditary right, which it would have been deemed a species of impiety to violate, in the families of the original tacksmen, from generation to generation. As the tacksmen were often the immediate
descendants

descendants of the independent baron or tenant of the Crown, so also the subtenants were, for the most part, connected by ties of blood with the tacksmen. All the capital and most of the secondary possessions, and all the offices or places in the estate, from the factor or land-steward down to the ground-officer and game-keeper, were in the hands of men who boasted of the same name and the same descent with the chief. Such, in general, was the state of society, and such the mode in which landed estates were parcelled out, under the seigneur, in feudal and warlike times; when men of family had not the same resources in manufactures and trade that they have now; and which, if they had enjoyed, they would have despised.

Let it not therefore seem any ways incredible, to those who are educated in a commercial age, that Serjeant Donald Macleod, the subject of this Narrative, is the son of John Macleod the son of Roderic Macleod, Esq; of Ulinish, by his wife Margaret Macleod, daughter to Macleod of Taliskar, in the parish of Bracadill in Skye, and county of Inverness, North Britain,

Sir Roderic Macdonald of the Isle of Skye, ancestor to the present Attorney-General, and Roderic Macleod of Ulinish, cousins in the second degree, sent their children Isabella Macdonald and John Macleod, to be educated in Inverness. In former times, more simple than the present, it was common for boys and girls, of the best families, to be brought up together in the same schools, as it is among common people, in common schools in Scotland, even at this day. Isabella Macdonald, accordingly, and John Macleod had been brought up together, in a familiar manner, at the public school of Inverness, for several years, when they acknowledged the mutual influence of love. Isabella was in the fourteenth year of her age, when John, in his sixteenth year, ran away with her from school, and married her. The first fruit of this union was our hero, Donald, who was born at Ulinishmore on the 20th of June 1688, as appears from the parish register of Bracadill already mentioned.

Sir Roderic Macdonald, informed of the early and unfortunate marriage of his daughter,

daughter, banished her, together with her young husband, from his presence, and vowed revenge against Roderic Macleod of Ulinish, John's father, to whose privity and contrivance, in the first transports of his passion, he attributed all that had happened. But, in the lapse of time, his anger abated, and, on the pregnancy of his daughter, when her time drew nigh, he agreed to meet the laird of Ulinish on peaceable and friendly terms, for the purpose of providing an establishment of some kind for the very young couple, that were the natural objects of their common concern.

At an interview between those gentlemen it was settled, that John Macleod should be put in the exclusive possession and right of the village and farm of Ulinishmore, by his father; and that another farm, of about equal value, should be added to this by the father of the young lady, Sir Roderic Macdonald. On this ground, contributed from different estates, the father and mother of our hero were settled, and lived in perfect comfort for six years, at Ulinishmore; where, besides their first-born, who saw light, as already

mentioned, in the year of the Revolution, they were comforted by the birth of another son in 1690, named Alexander; that of a third in 1692, named Roderic; and that of a daughter, Agnes, in 1694.—But this state of domestic innocence and felicity was soon converted, on the part of the fond husband and parent, into a life of great disquietude and danger to himself, as well as neglect and unnaturality to his offspring, by the death of his wife, who never recovered after bearing Agnes; for that melancholy event drove him to a course of dissipation, which terminated in a military life, and in the alienation of all his paternal inheritance from his family.

Being a man of high spirit and sensibility, and at no time restrained by the strictest laws of moderation, he gave a loose rein, after the loss of his wife, to unruly passions; and, while he wasted his substance by gaming and various kinds of expensive excess, he incurred general displeasure and dislike by challenging, in his cups, even his best neighbours and friends to fight him with the broad sword,
at

at which he was esteemed uncommonly expert and dextrous.

But all the power of extreme dissipation was not able to efface, from his mind and heart, the image of his dear and almost infant partner. The whole scenery around, every object, recalled to his imagination that beloved image, together with tender regret and sorrow, that she whom it vainly represented was now no more ! A year had not elapsed, from the death of his wife, when he mortgaged the land that had been made over to him, for seven years, for a sum of money ; left a country, the sight of which was become painful to him ; went to sea ; and, after various vicissitudes of fortune, became a Lieutenant of Marines in the Chatham Division.

By the time that the term of years for which he had granted the possession of his land had expired, he came home, sold it, returned to sea, and pursued his fortune. He rose in the naval service to the rank of Captain of Marines, in a ship of war, and fell at Belle-Isle, in the year 1761.

Captain Macleod, when he went to sea, left his children, four in number, in the care of their grand-father, Roderic Macleod of Ulinish; who was not able to do much for them, as he had a family of his own by a second wife, young, numerous, and yearly increasing. His children and grand-children amounted to the number of twenty-three, who lived all of them together at Ulinishmore; the youngest part going every day a space of about four miles, even amidst the severest wintry storms, to the parish-school of Bracadill. Sometimes Donald was obliged to carry his little brother Alexander, scarcely five years old, on his back. At the school of Bracadill Donald learned to read English, and to write; though his fingers have now become so stiff, through age, that it is with difficulty he can sign his own name. It would cost him greater exertion to write one page than to walk an hundred miles, or to go through a trial at the broad-sword.

The regimen and manner in which he, with his little brothers and uncles, some of whom were younger than either he or any of his brothers, were brought up, was as follows,

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They were clothed with a woollen shirt, a kilt, or short petticoat, and a short coat, or rather a waistcoat with sleeves, reaching down and buttoned at the wrist. This was the whole of their clothing. No hats, nor bonnets, no stockings, nor yet shoes, either in summer or winter! in sun-shine, rain, frost, or snow! If the elder boys had one pair of brogues, or coarse shoes, formed rudely by leathern thongs out of raw and undressed hides, it was rather for ornament than use; for particular solemnities than for constant wear. For the most part, their heads, necks, legs and feet were quite bare. It was only when the youth approached to manhood, and became, as we would say, beaus, that they were indulged with either shoes or bonnets. How, thus slightly attired, they could endure the rigour of an hyperboreal winter, appears to be astonishing and scarcely credible. But mark what I am going to relate. In the mornings, the moment they came out of bed, they washed themselves all over in large tubs of cold water, which seasoned them to the weather, whatever it was, and gave them the temperature of the day. In the evening
again,

again, they washed with cold water before their going to bed. This second ablution was necessary to clear away the dirt occasioned by going without shoes and stockings. The application of water was the more necessary, that the use of linen was then but little known, or in fashion. But, whatever were the circumstances and views that determined the Highlanders, in training up their children, to make free and frequent use of the cold-bath, certain it is that they did make such use of it. It is affirmed by many writers, and, indeed, on grounds almost certain, that not only the Lowland Scots, but even many of the Highland tribes, as the Campbells, Macleods, Macphersons, &c. are not of Celtic, but of Scandinavian, that is, of Scythian or Tartarian origin. Now, it is well known, that the Tartarian tribes, the same people with the ancient Scythians, are in the constant use of dipping their children in cold water, into which they put as much salt as they can spare. By this means they think their constitutions are invigorated, and prepared to

to encounter all inequalities and rigours of climate.

With regard to the food with which our young hero was nourished, it consisted, for the most part, nay almost solely, in meal, or flour of oats and barley boiled up into gruel or porridge, or formed into cakes with milk; and fish, which are caught on the western shores of Scotland in extreme abundance. As to flesh-meat, it seldom or ever came within his reach; for, though the Isle of Skye sends thousands of small bullocks annually to the English market; this very circumstance, this very abundance in cattle, induces the poor natives to husband well this article, as the only fund for raising a little money. Without corn sufficient for themselves, without mines, and without manufactures, the exportation of cattle is their only article of commerce. Herrings, whittings, cod, ling, &c. &c. croud upon their shores; but they want salt, they want capitals, they want the fostering breath of rich individuals as well as that of government, to swell their sails, and spread their vessels over the surrounding seas.

What

What a pity that four millions sterling should have been expended for liberty to fish on the other side of the globe for stinking whales, when even a small part of that sum, judiciously laid out on some such practical and easy plan as that recommended by Captain Newte, in his late tour in England and Scotland, would have nourished a flourishing fishery at home, furnished the tables of both rich and poor with such a variety of fishes, good for food, and pleasant to the eye, and which would tend, in more ways than one, to the increase of population? If tempests and furious storms drive our seamen within thirty miles of the Spanish shores, they have nothing to expect but barbarity from a proud and bigotted people, whose jealousy of our encroachments will now, after the late convention, be greater, and their insolence more intolerable than ever. If the winds and waves toss them on the Caledonian coast, every skiff is fitted out, every arm extended for their relief and comfort! But, not to digress too far from our subject:

When Donald Macleod was no more than nine years of age he was sent to Inverness,
and

and bound apprentice to Walter and John Watsons, alias Macpherfons, mafons and stone-cutters. On this occafion he was honoured with a pair of brogues and a bonnet. The apprentice-fee paid to the Macpherfons, who were efteemed excellent in their profefion, was 50l. Scotch; that is, 4l. 3s. 4d. fterling. He was bound for feven years. His own family was to furnifh him clothes: the Macpherfons with bed and board in their own houfe. He was an apt and diligent apprentice, learned his trade with great facility, and pleafed his mafters well. Both here, and when he was at the fchool of Bracadill, his fpare hours, like thofe of other boys, were wholly employed in training up himfelf, by cudgel-playing, to the ufe and management of the broad-fword and target.

The only article of food that he had, either here or in his grand-father's houfe, in abundance, was milk and fifh. Bread was dealt out with a very fparing hand; the porridge, or rather water-gruel, was greatly too thin; and as to the foup-meagre, made of oatmeal and a fmall handful of greens, (which, with a little barley-bread, was his
moft

most common dinner), it did not deserve the name of soup, or broth, so much as that of water tinged with those ingredients. With regard to fish, although even the common people were, on many occasions, plentifully supplied with this delicate food, it was neither found palatable for any great length of time, nor yet nutritious, unless duly seasoned with salt, and mixed, in using it, with something of the mealy or farinaceous kind; articles of provision in which the northern counties of Scotland were, at that time, miserably deficient. So that, on the whole, our hero confesses, that he very seldom had a full and satisfactory meal; or rose from table without a degree of appetite—if he sheathed his sword, it was for lack of argument. He is convinced that, by this penury of living, his stomach was contracted, at least not dilated to the usual size of men's brought up in the midst of plenty. For at no period of his life did he ever desire or use near so much food, of any kind, as the bulk of those around him in any country. At this moment he eats sparingly, and next to nothing at all, tho' he takes a chearful and even plentiful glass with-

out

out the smallest inconveniency. A gentleman just turned of forty, after drinking a hearty glass with Macleod to an hour much later than usual, and who felt the effects thereof next morning, was happy to be called up from bed, in London, by the arrival of Mr. Macleod, in good spirits and health, from Chelsea.

While Macleod remained in his grandfather's family in the Isle of Skye, scantiness of more solid provision was, in some measure, compensated by liberal supplies of milk: and, now and then, on holidays, they were treated with an egg. But, with the stone-cutters he found not one egg, and of milk very little. He felt the pinching pain of want. His situation became insupportable. Extreme hunger induced him to harbour thoughts of breaking loose from his master, and trying to satisfy the cravings of nature in some other part of the kingdom.

If all this pressure of hunger and want should appear extraordinary, the surprize of the reader will wholly vanish, when he recollects, that the first years of Macleod's apprenticeship fell within the period of that deplorable

plorable famine which afflicted Scotland, not yet taught to provide against scarcity of grain by means of navigation, for the last seven years of the seventeenth century, which was long remembered under the name of the *dear years*; and of which tradition has yet preserved in the minds of men a melancholy recollection. It was this dreadful famine that occasioned the noted proposal of Mr. Fletcher of Saltoun, to redeem the begging poor of his country from the fangs of want, by binding them in the chains of slavery. This idea appears shocking to a modern ear. Mr. Fletcher's mind was tutored in the Grecian and Roman School; nor was it much more than a hundred years since the Parliament of Scotland had passed an act, by which the children of beggars should be taken away from their unhappy parents, and be brought up in slavery for a certain term of years. And it was a hundred precisely since the Scottish Parliament, in 1597, extended that limited term to life. Mr. Fletcher tells us, that, in the year 1698, there were, besides a great many poor families pining in secret want, others very meanly provided for out of
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the church boxes, and others who had fallen into various diseases by living on bad food—that there were, besides all these, two hundred thousand people in Scotland begging their bread from door to door.

Such then were the hard circumstances and times in which Donald Macleod was brought up, from the fifth year of his age nearly to the twelfth.

Towards Christmas, in the year 1699, in the midst of frost and snow, with his indenture, which he had contrived to get into his hands, and one linen shirt in his pocket, our young adventurer, before it was yet day, set out from his master's house at Inverness, secretly, without any other destination than that of wandering with his face southward. His brogues and his stockings soon gave way, and he was reduced to the necessity of encountering the icy and rugged paths through which he passed with his legs and feet quite bare. This circumstance, however, was not half so afflicting to little Donald, as the constant apprehension lest he should be pursued and overtaken by the Macphersons, his masters, and forcibly taken back to fulfil the

time of his apprenticeship. He, therefore, as much as possible, avoided the highway, and struck, at every turn, into the narrow defiles, and bye-paths, that led through the mountains. Mr. Burke thinks that nothing, no, not Liberty itself, is absolutely or abstractedly good: that things are only desirable and good relatively; and that all their comfort depends on circumstances. But Donald Macleod was of a different opinion: for, even in the midst of snowy hills, and dreary, frozen wastes, he exulted in his freedom, in the consciousness of being uncontrolled, and his own master. Liberty appeared to Donald to be good, abstractedly and in itself; for, though it did not immediately remove the evil, of which he had so much reason to complain in a state of servitude, it excited courage, and nourished hope: it gave full scope to fancy and contrivance, and alleviated the weight of what he now suffered, by the prospect of what he might yet enjoy. His feelings were in exact unison with those of another adventurer, on a Tour into the Interior Parts of Africa.

“ I now

“ I now exulted,” says the traveller, “ in
 “ my emancipation, (from his masters,) and
 “ felt an extasy of joy in the mere pos-
 “ session of life and liberty, though I knew
 “ not how to sustain the one, or secure the
 “ other. Nor was I plunged into despair
 “ when this transport began to subside. If
 “ I should subsist on the reptiles of the
 “ earth, and roots, and herbs, and seeds,
 “ and to whatsoever I should be drawn by
 “ the keenness of sense, purified by want,
 “ and invigorated by the breath of Heaven,
 “ I would esteem myself happy in being my
 “ own master.”

Our young wanderer seldom went near
 any house in the day-time ; but when night
 approached, he looked about for some ham-
 let, or village, where he might get a lodging,
 and something to sustain Nature. Though,
 in those calamitous times, he met with fre-
 quent repulses when he begged a bit of bread
 or a little meal, he was never refused a
 night's lodging by any one to whom he
 made application. “ Woe is me !” people
 would say, “ he is a comely boy. His coat
 “ and kilt too are of a finer plaid than usual.

“ He is surely some gentleman’s son.—
 “ Perhaps,” another would say, “ he is some
 “ gentleman’s bastard.” Some, in the morn-
 ing, would give him a small pittance of the
 little that they had for their own famished
 children; and, with tears in their eyes, bid the
 LORD bless him and guide him. Others
 would earnestly advise him to return home.
 To all their inquiries concerning his family,
 his name, and the place from whence he
 came, he gave evasive answers, fearing no-
 thing so much, as that he should fall again
 into the hands of the Macphersons. Those
 men were not harsh to him, though they
 confined him closely to his work; but he
 was absolutely starved, as they had not, in
 the midst of prevailing famine, wherewithal
 to satisfy the wants of their family.

When he came (for he steered his course
 southward by the highland, not by the coast-
 road) near to Aberfeldie, where there was a
 ferry, the bridge not being yet built, he fell
 in with an elderly woman, decently ap-
 parcelled, and, in appearance, rather above the
 common rank. She put many questions, and
 at length offered to take him home with
 her

her to her own house. He asked her what she would do with him. She said, stroking his curling hair, " My pretty boy I have lost my only child, who, had he lived, would have just been about your age, and I think not unlike you. I will take you along with me, and you shall be my son." He was not insensible to this good woman's kindness; for, while she shed tears for pity, he cried out of grateful affection. But still he thought he was too near Inverness; too much exposed to the inquiries of his late masters. He, therefore, thanked the kind stranger for her offer, but positively refused to accept it. " Alas !" said she, " Where will you go ? " Some heart, I fear, aches for you this day." So, finding him resolute to pursue his journey, she put a shilling in his hand, and a warm handkerchief about his neck, and committed him, with many prayers for his safety, to the care of Providence.

Turning eastward from Aberfeldie, he pursued his journey along the north side of the Tay till he came to Logierait, at the junction of the Tay and the Tumel. This last river, that he might not spend one far-

thing

thing of his shilling by taking the ferry-boat, he boldly determined to ford, and actually did ford it, though the water was breast-high. But as he journeyed onward to Dunkeld, he was met by a well-dressed man on foot, with another man a little behind him who appeared to be his servant. The first of these, who was one of the gentlemen robbers so frequent in Scotland in those days, stopped our young traveller, and after several questions, asked him what he had in his pocket. Donald, trembling for his shilling, affirmed that he had nothing. But the application of a pistol pointed to his breast, extorted his whole treasure without delay. The unfeeling plunderer held on in his way northward, and the hapless youth whom he had plundered proceeded on his journey, to which he knew not when or where there would be an end.

It was now in the dusk of the evening, and being overcome with fatigue, cold, and great sorrow at the loss of his shilling, he felt an irresistible propensity to go to sleep. No house or hut was near in which he might obtain friendly shelter; but he espied
a sheep-

a sheep-cot as he advanced, in which he found a very warm and comfortable night's lodging, and most profound and refreshing repose, among the sheep and the goats. The next morning discovered a village, not far distant, in which he was refreshed with both oatmeal and milk : on the strength of which repast he passed on to Dunkeld, crossed the Tay, and, about two o'clock, arrived at the town of Perth.

Here he thought himself, at first, at a greater loss, amidst all the conveniencies and wealth of a very considerable town, than he had been while he wandered from mountain to mountain, and found, at long distances, the thinly scattered and humble abodes of the poor shepherds. Though gentlefolks, or those who consider themselves as such, would occasionally give a bit of bread, he knew that they were very shy of affording quarters. He was, therefore, eagerly looking about for some mean house, where his application for a night's lodging might not give offence or meet with insult, and where the poor inhabitant, taught sympathy, perhaps, by suffering, might be disposed to have compassion

on the unfortunate; when he saw, in the street called the Skinner-Gate, occupied chiefly by people from the Highlands, a woman, in a small shop with an earthen floor, spinning at a wheel, and watching a few articles which she was ready to sell.

These circumstances of poverty, together with a benignity of soul expressed in the countenance of the woman, encouraged him to apply for permission to rest a little in the house: nor did he apply in vain. The woman, whom he afterwards found to be a widow, received him into her little mansion, and treated him with the utmost kindness. To her questions respecting his situation, he answered, that he was a poor apprentice who had run away from his master. The woman, looking earnestly in his face, with tears starting into her eyes, said, "He must be a bad man from whom you have run away." Donald replied, that his master was not indeed a cruel man, though necessity made all of them work, and with very little sustenance, by night and by day. The tender-hearted woman lost no time to give him a basin of good broth, with a liberal supply

supply of bread. This was the first plentiful meal that he ever had received, to the best of his remembrance, in his life. He fell immediately to sleep. He was put to bed, and slept till twelve o'clock at night, when he awoke, and found his good hostess, at that late hour, still spinning.—“ Well,” said she, “ my pretty boy, will you have any thing to eat now?” For he had fallen asleep after taking the broth, without tasting a bit of the meat that had been boiled in it. He did not desire to eat any thing more than he had done, but begged leave to go again to bed.

Early in the morning the good woman had lighted her fire, and sat down to spin, when her young guest awoke, and, afraid of being too long troublesome, offered to take his leave, with many thanks for her great kindness. “ Woe is me,” said she, “ you have neither shoes nor stockings!” With that she brought forth, out of an old chest, a pair of shoes and stockings which belonged to one of her own children, that had been dead about six months, and while she tried how they would fit her young guest, which they did pretty well, shed many tears. She now invited

invited Donald to stop another night, and, in the mean time, conversed with him, in the Gaelic tongue, about the place and people he had left, and about his own family. Being now at a tolerable distance from Inverness, and pretty safe from the pursuit of the stone-cutters, he unboomed himself to Mary Forbes, for that was his landlady's name, with great freedom.—“ Oh !” said, he, “ is there any body in this place, do you think, that would keep me ?” “ I don't know,” Mary replied, “ but there is. Stay in the house, and mind the little things at the door till I come back.” Having said this she went out, and soon returned with a young man, of very genteel appearance, who kept a shop in Perth near the south end of the Water-Gate. He was a Strathern man ; his name James Macdonald. Mr. Macdonald being satisfied that the boy could both read and write, and that he had a pure as well as a fair skin, (for, in those sad times, cutaneous disorders were almost universal), took him immediately to his house, and let him sleep in the same bed with himself ; for he had but two in the house, in one

of

of which lay his mother and a servant girl. When Donald left Mary Forbes he promised to see her often ; and he kept his word.

Mr. Macdonald, as he walked homeward to his own house, said to his little servant, " I had once a boy, older than you ; and " after I had been very good to him he ran " away with all the money that he could " find in the shop." " He must have been " a very bad boy," Donald replied ; " but I " will sooner die than behave in such a man- " ner."—" I could swear, said Mr. Macdonald, " that you would."

The good old gentlewoman, Mr. Macdonald's mother, at her son's request, furnished his little man with stockings and shirts. He was also equipped with a new coat and a bonnet. He might have had breeches too, according to the lowland fashion, but he preferred the philebeg, and his master indulged him in his choice. He gave perfect satisfaction to his master in every thing, and particularly in the business of going on errands, which he did with astonishing expedition. At that time there was not any general post in Scotland ; and therefore

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the intercourse between merchants was carried on by special messengers. Mr. Maedonald put such confidence in his young footman as to send him to Edinburgh, with sixty-nine pounds in gold, sewed up, by Donald's advice, in his clothes. The distance from Perth to Edinburgh, by the nearest road, is twenty-eight Scotch, or forty English miles. Our young courier, with bread and cheese, and two shillings in his pocket, set out from Perth at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Kinghorn at six in the evening, when he luckily found a boat, that, in a little more than an hour, carried him over the Frith of Forth to Leith; from whence he ran to Edinburgh in half an hour, delivered his money safely, received a proper receipt, with a shilling to himself from the shop-keepers to whom the money, in different portions, was consigned, slept all night at a Stabler's, in the Canongate, recrossed the Frith next morning, and, towards the evening, returned to Perth. The old woman, Mrs. Maedonald, who was sitting in the kitchen, exclaimed, "O Donald! what has happened? what has brought you back?" But, by this time, he had given his

his master the acknowledgment he had received of the safe deliverance of the money.

At this time there was a recruiting party in Perth, beating up for volunteers to serve his Majesty King William III. in the regiment of the Royal Scots, commanded by the Earl of Orkney. They wore steel caps, and were armed with bows and arrows, and swords and targets. Donald Macleod, struck with the martial sight and sound of this little band, felt his heart beat time to the trumpet and drum; and, forgetting his stature and years, not yet thirteen, went up and offered his services to the serjeant. The serjeant, looking on him with a smile of complacency, said, "Nay, my good lad, you are too small: however, as you seem a spirited and well-made youth, I will take you to the Captain." The Captain, whose name was Macdonald, strongly prepossessed with his appearance, enquired who he was, and whence he had come. He told this officer all the truth, and shewed him the indenture executed, on his account, between Roderic Macleod of Ullinish, his grand-father, and the Macphersons, the Inverness masons and stone-

stone-cutters. On this, the Captain recognizing him to be the descendant of a gentleman, and, as it seemed, his own relation, immediately elevated him by giving him a shilling, in the King's name, of English money; and, at the same time, the promise of being soon promoted to the rank of a serjeant. He now took leave of his good friend Mary Forbes, and James Macdonald, an indulgent master, with some regret, and set out for Edinburgh with Captain Macdonald who presented him, in that city, to Lord Orkney, informing his Lordship, at the same time, of his family. In those days it was not an uncommon thing for the younger sons of gentlemen, and substantial farmers and manufacturers, to go into the army as volunteers, with the view of being soon made at least non-commissioned officers. The army was not then, as it is now, the common receptacle of all that carry the name and appearance of men. The art was not then known, or professed, of bending the greatest black-guards and poltroons into brave men, by the power of discipline: Regard was had to morals, to personal courage and strength, and to political and personal attachments.

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The noble Earl of Orkney highly applauded the martial spirit and appearance of his young volunteer; and soon after even trusted him so far as to send him, in the capacity of recruiting serjeant, with a considerable sum of money, a party of thirty men, and a trusty corporal, into the shire of Inverness. A certain number of these remained with himself, where-ever he went. The rest were sent, in small parties, under corporals, into different quarters.

The success of our young recruiting officer was very uncommon. He returned to Edinburgh, after an absence of only a few months in the county already mentioned, with a great number of recruits; and soon thereafter embarked with his regiment at Berwick, in 1703, for Flanders.

The French King, Lewis XIV. at this period aimed at nothing less than universal monarchy in Europe. The grand theatres of military action were those regions that are watered by the great rivers, the Rhine and the Danube, both of them having their source in the neighbourhood of the lofty country of Switzerland; but the first, running from south to north, and falling into
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the German Sea on the coasts of the United Provinces; the second flowing in a south-easterly direction, and emptying itself in the Black Sea in the Turkish territories. The chief commanders in the French army were the Marshals de Villeroy, Tallard, and Villars; the most renowned among the Confederates, consisting of the Dutch, the Imperialists, and the English—Prince Eugene of Savoy, and the Duke of Marlborough. The French, in daily expectation of being joined by the Bavarian army, headed by the Elector, were employed in fortifying their camp near Donawert, on the Banks of the Danube. The Confederate army forced their entrenchments, and put them to flight, after an obstinate engagement; in which the enemy lost six thousand men, besides deserters. In this battle, the first in which our hero Donald Macleod was engaged, he had his full share: for, according to the best informed historians of those times *, “The Earl of ORKNEY’S and Lieutenant-general

* See Cunningham’s History of Great-Britain, vol. i. p. 379. Cunningham was travelling governor and tutor to John Duke of Argyle.

" INGOLDSBY'S regiments, Major-general
 " WOOD'S squadron, and the LORD JOHN
 " HAY'S dragoons, purchased immortal glory
 " in the victory of this day, with the loss
 " of many of their men."

The battle of Donawert, otherwise called
 the battle of Schellenberg, was followed, in
 August, 1704, by the celebrated action at
 Blenheim, in which, also, the Royal Scots
 were engaged. After the battle had gone
 fore against the French, with their allies the
 Bavarians, and the Mareschal de Tallard was
 taken prisoner, a strong detachment of
 the former still maintained their post in the
 village of Blenheim. The Duke of Marlbo-
 rough sent a message to the commanders, ad-
 vising them, from motives of humanity, vo-
 luntarily to surrender themselves and their sol-
 diers. The general officer made choice of for
 carrying this message was the Earl of Orkney:

Serjeant Macleod continued to do his duty,
 with great applause, in Lord Orkney's
 regiment, when his lordship was sent by
 the Duke of Marlborough, in his fourth cam-
 paign, to raise the siege of Liege; at the
 battle of Ramillies or Malplaquet; and all

the time that his regiment served in the Duke of Marlborough's campaigns in Germany and Flanders. Yet, in all this quick succession of battles and sieges, he had the good fortune to escape without a wound.

During the cessation of arms that preceded the peace of Utrecht, 1713, he was engaged in several private encounters. As he one day walked along the ramparts of the town in which his regiment lay, a French non-commissioned officer, who happened to pass along underneath, used some taunting expressions, which provoked Macleod to retaliate, in a torrent of contempt poured forth in different languages, French, German, and Erse, as each most readily presented an emphatic term of abuse. The Frenchman being almost as hot as the Highlander, a challenge was mutually given, and received. At the time and place appointed a duel was fought, with swords, in which the Frenchman fell, giving his antagonist his gold watch, and confessing, with his last breath, that what had happened was owing to his own wantonness.—After the peace was concluded, and the army was preparing

to re-embark for Great-Britain, parties were sent out in search of deserters. Serjeant Macleod was sent with a party to the town of Breda. Whether there was any thing in the air and manner of the Serjeant, that was construed by the French, whom he met with near that place, into studied insolence, or no, is not here affirmed; but certain it is, that a French officer came up to him, and said, "I enlisted the two men whom you want, and (swearing by a great oath) I will keep them." A warm altercation ensued. Macleod challenged him to single combat. The French lieutenant obtained leave from his superior officer to fight with Macleod, though only a serjeant. The Frenchman fell in the duel; and the two men in question were given up by the superior officer on Macleod's paying the enlisting money, which amounted to fifteen ducats.—On another occasion, and in another town, to the best of his remembrance Lisle, as he was walking with two ladies on the rampart, a German trooper, looking sternly at our hero, said, in German, "The Devil take the whole of such dogs."

“ What is that you say ? ”—The German repeated it—Macleod immediately drew his sword—the trooper ran off: but a German officer, who had come up to take his part, faced Macleod, and a sharp conflict ensued. The officer had more courage and strength, than skill, at the broad-sword, and it would have been an easy thing for Macleod to have cut him off; but he had no quarrel with the gentleman who had generously come up to the assistance of his countryman when his life was threatened. He, therefore, finding that he was fully master of his man, determined to proceed by degrees. He first cut off a part of the calf of his large and thick leg. The Captain still persevered in the combat—the Serjeant wounded him smartly in the sword-arm.

He gave up the contest on this, and said, “ It is enough.” The officer was assisted to his quarters; and, wounded as he was, he insisted on Macleod’s accompanying him home, and drinking with him; which they did very plentifully. They both cried, and kissed at parting.—Such is the nature of man, divided by selfish and social passions, according

according to various situations ! Duelling, in those days, was more frequent in the army than now, but less common among all ranks in civil life.

Lord Orkney's regiment, on the peace, was sent to Ireland, in order to keep the country quiet, and to quell some riots and insurrections. By this time Serjeant Macleod's name was highly distinguished as a brave and expert swordsman. An Irish bully, called Maclean, while the Royal Scots lay in the barracks of Dublin, came to challenge him to fight with sword and target. He was presented, by a Lieutenant Maclean, his name's-fake, a Scotchman, to Captain Macdonald, to whose company our hero, now in the very prime of life, his 26th year, belonged, as has been already mentioned. Lieutenant Maclean hoped that Captain Macdonald would not be offended if his name's-fake, the swordsman, should challenge Serjeant Macleod to the broad-sword. The Captain gave his hearty concurrence, for he had the most perfect confidence in the agility, experience and address of the

Serjeant. The Bully went, in company with Lieutenant Maclean, to Donald Macleod. "I hear," said he, "that you are a good swordsman. Will you fight me for five guineas?" "As you are a Maclean," Donald replied, "it shall not cost you so much: I will, for the Lieutenant's sake, fight you for one guinea." They now shook hands, in token of mutual good-will: but Maclean gave such a squeeze to Macleod's fingers as made him roar, to the great diversion of Lieutenant Maclean and the Bully; who paid dear for this joke before they parted. Maclean had great muscular strength, and was, besides, of gigantic stature. His hand, by frequent use, had acquired such a power of squeezing, that it might be compared to a smith's VICE! He now, before they should proceed to the sword, would lay a wager, he said, that there was not a man in the company, nor in Dublin, that could turn his wrist an inch, one way or the other, from the position in which he should place it. There was a bet laid of two guineas. The Bully laid his right arm flat on a table: but Donald, by a sudden jerk, turned his

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wrist,

wrist, and gained the wager. The champions now fell to swords, and Macleod cut off Maclean's right arm.

The Scots Royals had not been more than a year in Ireland, when they were called over to Scotland, by the Earl of Marr's rebellion, in 1715. They joined the main army, commanded by the Duke of Argyle, near the town of Stirling. Among the rebels, under the Earl of Marr, who lay at Perth, was a Captain Macdonald, a highland robber of Croydart. This man drew near to the Duke of Argyle's camp, with a trumpet from the Earl of Marr, defying the whole army to single combat. Lord Marr was willing to inspire his undisciplined troops by this braggadocio. The Duke of Argyle, who was an excellent swordsman himself, and kept a band of excellent swordsmen always about him, did not despise and neglect this challenge, as he might have done, but gave permission to Serjeant Donald Macleod, who was pointed out to his Grace, on this occasion, as the fittest antagonist to the rebel champion, to meet him. They met accordingly, without seconds, unaccompanied, and all alone, at a place appointed, nearly midway between the two

armies. Macdonald pulled out a large canteen, filled with whiskey; and, before he should begin his attack on our hero, Donald, offered to drink with him. "No, the Devil a drop," said Donald, and calmly stood on his defence. Macdonald began; assailing Macleod with great fury, but with little skill. The Serjeant did not think that his life, or limb, was any object: he cut off his purse, and immediately demanded a parley.—"I have cut off your purse," said he, "is there any thing more I must cut off before you give up?" Macdonald acknowledged himself inferior in prowess to our Serjeant, and leaving his purse, in token of his inferiority, went back, with a very bad grace, to Marr's camp. The Earl of Marr, on the next day, sent ten guineas to Macleod: his own general, the Duke of Argyle, sent for him and gave him as much.

The famous battle of the Sheriffmuir, near Dumblane, had lasted upwards of an hour, when a French officer, perceiving that our hero was making great havoc, with his broad sword, wherever he went, had the courage to oppose him; but, in a few minutes, his head
was,

was, by a touch of Macleod's hand, severed from his body. A horseman, seeing this, sprung forward on Donald like a tyger. A small water-course was between them, with the aid of which Donald was able to make a stand. But the horseman with his long sword wounded him in the shoulder, and was pressing him sorely, when he leaped forward, across the water-course, and plunged his sword into the horse's belly. The animal fell down, and his rider was immediately hewn in pieces by the enraged Serjeant, who, in the act of stabbing the horse, had been cut in the head by the horseman's sabre, into the very brain. He bound his head fast with a handkerchief, otherwise as he says, he verily believes it would have fallen into pieces. The left wing of the enemy fled, and left the right wing of the King's army, in which Lord Orkney's regiment was posted, in the field of battle. Our wounded Serjeant was carried from the Sheriffmuir to Stirling: and from thence, after some time, during which he was treated with all due care, he was moved, in a covered waggon, with other wounded men, under a guard of twenty-five men,

men, commanded by Captain Abercrombie to Chelsea Hospital; where the wound or fracture in his scull was repaired. A blueness, or lividity in the skin, marks the place in the forehead where the wound was inflicted. After he was completely cured, he was reclaimed by his Colonel, the Earl of Orkney, now appointed Governor of Edinburgh castle. He again, in consequence of this, joined his regiment; which, for many years, lay in Berwick, Newcastle, and other places on the Scotch and English borders.

About the year 1720, or soon after, our hero, as he returned from exercising some men on the common near Newcastle, heard a woman hawking about a paper through the streets, which contained intelligence that there was a Highland regiment to be raised for the service of Government. It appeared that a certain number of independent companies were to be formed, under different commanders, for the purpose of preventing robberies, enforcing the law, and keeping the peace of the country; which, it was understood, they were not to leave, but
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to serve, within its bounds, in the nature and character of Fencibles. Serjeant Macleod, fond of the highland dress and music, and of the society of his countrymen, conceived the design of quitting an old regiment, and the rank and pay of a Serjeant, in order to enter as a private in one of the new highland companies, headed by Lord Lovat. He went to Major William Scot, senior officer in Newcastle, and told him, that he had come to ask a favour.—“You deserve any favour, Macleod,” said the good old Major, “that I can grant: but I first desire the favour of you to take a dram.” This request being readily complied with by the Serjeant, he told the Major, that he wished to have his discharge from the regiment. The Major was astonished at his request; and this the more, that he was in favour with Lord Orkney and all his officers, and that it was generally understood that he would be one day raised to the rank of a commissioned officer. His request, however, was granted, on his paying fifteen guineas to the Major: which, it was understood, was to be expended, on finding a person

son properly qualified to act as a serjeant; for education to read and write, and cast up accounts, was by no means so common in those days as at present.

Away, then, Donald, having obtained his discharge, set out for Edinburgh, and went straight to the Earl of Orkney. "How now, Macleod? How do ye do? Is all the regiment well?"—"Yes, please your Lordship, but I have left the regiment:" shewing, at the same time, his discharge.—"Who dares," said Lord Orkney, with an oath, "to give a discharge to any man in my regiment, without consulting me?" Macleod related his transaction with old Major Scot. Lord Orkney was pacified, being a very good-natured, though hasty man, and called upon Simon Black, his servant, to know how much pay was owing to Serjeant Macleod. Simon, having consulted his books, reported that 20*l.* was due. "D—n my b——," said Lord Orkney, "Macleod, I am not able to pay you."—"Never mind, my Lord," Macleod replied, who well knew that he was generally poor, "I will wait, when it may be convenient, on your Lordship's mo—
" ther,

“ther, the Countess Dowager of Orkney, “as I have done before.” With this he took his leave of Lord Orkney, who shook him kindly by the hand, and told him he was a damned fool for leaving the regiment. He went to the Countess, who had often stood pay-master for her son; and she readily paid, and took his receipt for all his demand.

Our late Serjeant in Captain Macdonald’s company, in the Scots Royals, was now all impatience to revisit the environs of Inverness; from which, about twelve years ago, he had fled, and to offer his services to Lord Lovat, who had married a daughter of Macleod of Dunvegan, the chief of his clan. At three o’clock, on a summer’s morning, he set out, on foot, from Edinburgh, and, about the same hour, on the second day thereafter, he stood on the green of Castle Downie, Lord Lovat’s residence, about five or six miles beyond Inverness: having performed, in 48 hours, a journey of an hundred miles and upwards, and the greater part of it through a mountainous country. His sustenance on this march was bread and cheese, with an onion, all which he carried
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in his pocket, and a dram of whiskey at each of the great stages on the road, as Falkland, the half-way house between Edinburgh, by the way of Kinghorn, and Perth; the town of Perth, (where he did not fail to call on Mary Forbes, to whom he made a present, and his former master James Macdonald); Dunblair, Dalwhinnie, Ruthven of Badenoch, Avemore in Strathspey, and, perhaps, one or two other places. It is to be understood, that what is here called a dram of whiskey was just half a pint: which, it may be farther mentioned, he took pure and unmixed. He never went to bed during the whole of this journey; though he slept, once or twice, for an hour or two together, in the open air, on the road side.

By the time he arrived at Lord Lovat's park the sun had risen upwards of an hour, and shone pleasantly, according to the remark of our hero, well pleased to find himself in this spot, on the walls of Castle Downie, and those of the ancient Abbey of Beaulieu in the near neighbourhood. Between the hours of five and six Lord Lovat appeared, walking about in his hall, in a morning dress; and at
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the same time a servant flung open the great folding doors, and all the outer doors and windows of the house. It is about this time that many of the great families in London, of the present day, go to bed.

As Macleod walked up and down on the lawn before the house, he was soon observed by Lord Lovat, who immediately went out, and, bowing to the Serjaant with great courtesy, invited him to come in. Lovat was a fine looking tall man, and had something very insinuating in his manners and address. He lived in all the fulness and dignity of the ancient hospitality, being more solicitous, according to the genius of feudal times, to retain and multiply adherents than to accumulate wealth by the improvement of his estate. As scarcely any fortune, and certainly not his fortune, was adequate to the extent of his views, he was obliged to regulate his unbounded hospitality by rules of prudent œconomy. As his spacious hall was crouded by kindred visitors, neighbours, vassals, and tenants of all ranks, the table, that extended from one end of it nearly to the other, was covered, at different places, with

with different kinds of meat and drink ; though of each kind there was always great abundance. At the head of the table, the lords and lairds pledged his lordship in claret, and sometimes champagne ; the tacksmen, or duniwassals, drank port or whiskey punch ; tenants, or common husbandmen, refreshed themselves with strong beer : and below the utmost extent of the table, at the door, and sometimes without the door of the hall, you might see a multitude of Frazers, without shoes or bonnets, regaling themselves with bread and onions, with a little cheese perhaps, and small beer. Yet, amidst the whole of this aristocratical inequality, Lord Lovat had the address to keep all his guests in perfectly good humour. Cousin, he would say to such and such a tacksmen, or duniwassal, I told my pantry lads to hand you some claret, but they tell me ye like port and punch best. In like manner, to the beer-drinkers, he would say, Gentlemen, there is what ye please at your service : but I send you ale, because I understand ye like ale best. Every body was thus well pleased ; and none were so ill-bred as to gainsay what had been reported to his lordship.

Donald

Donald Macleod made his compliments to Lovat in a military air and manner, which confirmed and heightened that prepossession in his favour, which he had conceived from his appearance. "I know," said he, "without your telling me, that you have come to enlist in the Highland Watch. For a thousand such men as you I would give my estate." Macleod acknowledged the justice of his lordship's presentiment; and, at his request, briefly related his pedigree and history. Lovat clasped him in his arms, and kissed him; and, holding him by the hand, led him into an adjoining bed-chamber, in which Lady Lovat, a daughter of the family of Macleod, lay. He said to his Lady, "My dear, here is a gentleman of your own name and blood, who has given up a commission in Lord Orkney's regiment, in order to serve under me." Lady Lovat raised herself on her bed, congratulated his lordship on so valuable an acquisition, called for a bottle of brandy, and drank prosperity to Lord Lovat, the Highland Watch, and Donald Macleod. It is superfluous to say, that in this toast, the lady was pledged by the gentlemen. Such

were the customs and manners of the highlands of Scotland in those times.

By the time they returned to the hall, they found the laird of Clanronald; who, having heard Macleod's history, said, "Lovat, if you do not take care of this man, you ought to be d——d." His lordship immediately bestowed on him the same rank, with somewhat more pay, than he had received in the Royal Scots; and, after a few days, sent him on the business of recruiting. Macleod, from the time that he went to the shires of Inverness and Ross, to recruit for Lord Orkney, passed under the name of the man that was lost and found.

The time that he served in the Highland, now called the 42d regiment, so long as it was stationed in the mountains of Scotland, a period of about twenty years, was filled up in a manner very agreeable to the taste of our hero: in training up new soldiers (for he was now employed in the lucrative department of a drill-serjeant); in the use of the broad-sword, hunting after incorrigible robbers, shooting, hawking, fishing, drinking, dancing, and toying, as heroes of all times and countries are apt to do, with the
 young

young women. As specimens of the life he led, in those days, the following are selected from numberless scenes in which he was engaged of the same kind. James Roy Stewart, a gentleman, and a driver, or rather stealer of cattle, in Strathspey, had long laid the country, far and near, under heavy contributions of both horse and cattle; and defied, wounded, and dispersed the officers of justice: when Serjeant Macleod, with a party of 30 men, was sent to surprize, if possible, and to secure him in his house, at Tulloch-Gorum. The serjeant came upon him suddenly, and early in the morning, while he was in bed. He left the men without, disposed at small distances from each other, around the house. He himself went boldly in, armed with a dirk, a sword, and loaded pistols. His wife, a very lady-like woman, was up and dressed, early as it was; for it was customary for some trusty person to keep watch, while the *red robber slept. At the sight of Macleod Mrs. Stewart was greatly discomposed, for she suspected his errand; but she endeavoured to dissemble her tears, and to soothe her suspicious guest by all the officiousness

* So called from the colour of his hair.

of hospitality. "Madam," said Macleod, "I am come to speak to James Roy. He is "in the house, I know, and in bed." This he said at a venture; for he was not sure of it: but his firm and determined manner overcame the poor gentlewoman; so that she assented to the truth of his information. Stewart Roy, on hearing what passed, jumped out of his bed, with his clothes on, in which he had lain, and, armed with a dirk and pistols, seemed desirous at first of making towards the door; but Macleod seized the pass, and the robber, dissembling his intentions, assumed a courteous air, called for whiskey and bread and cheese, and pressed his uninvited guest to partake heartily of such cheer as his house afforded. "I know," said he, "you are not alone; for no man "ever durst to come into my house alone, "on such an errand."

The Serjeant, without acquiescing in this last sentiment, but, on the contrary, with an asseveration that he feared not the face of man or of devil, acknowledged that a company of men lay not far from them both at that moment. "Very well," said Stewart, "but, I hope you are not in a hurry; sit
"down,

“ down, and let you and I talk together, and
 “ take our breakfast.” Macleod agreed to
 this, and a bottle of whiskey, at least, was
 exhausted in good fellowship, before a word
 was said of business on either side. At
 length, Macleod, after a short pause in the
 conversation, said, “ Jamie, what did you
 “ with the thirty head of cattle you drove
 “ away from the Laird of Glen Bisset’s, and
 “ the six score, or thereabout, that you took
 “ away from the lands of Strathdown ?” It
 was in vain to deny the fact ; Macleod had
 not come to try, but to secure, and produce
 him for trial. Stewart, therefore, waving all
 discussion of that point, said, “ Serjeant Ma-
 “ cleod, let me go for this time, and neither
 “ you nor the country will be troubled with
 “ me any more.”——“ Jamie, I cannot let
 “ you go: you have slashed many men, and
 “ stolen much horse and cattle. How many
 “ straths* are afraid of you?—Jamie, you
 “ must go with me.”——“ Serjeant Macleod,
 “ let me go for this time, and I will give
 “ you a hundred guineas.”——“ It was not
 “ for guineas, Jamie, that I came here this

* Vallies.

“ day; rather than be drawn off from the
“ duty of a soldier for a few guineas, I would
“ go with you and steal cattle.”

James Roy was now in great distress, and his poor wife, falling on the ground before Macleod, and embracing and holding fast his knees, implored mercy to her husband with showers of tears; and their four children, naked from their beds, joined their infant intercessions with tears and loud lamentations. The noble-minded Serjeant, moved with compassion, took the Lady by the hand, and comforted her with these words: “ My
“ dear, I will, for your sake, and the sake of
“ these innocent babes, let James Roy go,
“ for this time, on condition that he will
“ deliver all the cattle that I have men-
“ tioned, to be given up to their right
“ owners.” This condition was eagerly accepted, and Stewart, in the flow of gratitude and joy, would have given Macleod whatever share or portion of the hundred guineas he had offered as his ransom, that he pleased to accept: but the Serjeant generously declined to accept one single shilling; and all that he required was refreshment for his
thirty

thirty men, which was afforded in great plenty. A great part of the day was spent in conviviality, and, in the evening, they were directed to the cattle, which they restored to their proprietors.

Very different from the conduct of our Donald, towards the notorious James Stewart Roy, was that of Serjeant Macdonald, not many years thereafter. It was known that two oxen, which were missing, had been taken by Stewart; and Serjeant Macdonald was sent with a party to take both the robber and the oxen. The oxen were readily given up; but Stewart was forced to purchase the connivance of Serjeant Macdonald at his escape, by giving up all that he had in the world, which amounted to 245*l*. This sum he kept, in a strong chest in his own house: for, in those days, the Highlanders were unacquainted with Bills of Exchange, and there was no paper currency. Yet Macdonald, to whom James Roy weakly imagined he might now trust his safety, in order, it was supposed, to conceal or discredit any report of his robbing the robber, had the treachery, a few weeks after,

after, to draw the unfortunate Stewart into an ambuscade, under the guise of friendship, and surrender him to justice. Stewart was hanged, together with one Macallum, at Perth. The same ardour of mind that distinguished James Roy among all the cattle-drivers of his times appeared on his trial; and during the interval between his sentence and its execution. His only hope had been, that he might, by cunning or by force, escape the hands of constables and soldiers. It never occurred to him to place any confidence in deficiency of evidence, or any chicanery of law. He made a free and full confession of the life that he had led, and was anxious to vindicate the character of his poor wife and children, from all suspicion of participation in his crimes. He declared that his wife had often forwarned him of the end to which his course led, and conjured him, with tears, to live at home, and be contented with the returns of his own farm. He had many accomplices among his neighbours and kindred; but no delusive hints of a reprieve, not even the exhortations of the fanatical ministers about Perth, renowned in all times for

for blind zeal and absurdity, could persuade him to give up one man, that had committed himself to his honour. Eagerly acquiescing in the Antinomian doctrine of the Perth clergy, and others, who visited him from the country around, even from the noted Presbytry of Auchterarder, that the man who confesses his sins may be saved by faith, he worked himself up, by meditating on scriptural promises, to such a pitch of enthusiasm, that he believed himself to be quite sure of going immediately to heaven.

In contrast with the animated, and, in some respects, noble conduct of James Roy Stewart, appeared the brutal stupidity of Macallum. This wretch had for many years retired with his father from all human society, and lived in caves and dens, in the recesses of the Minegeg mountains; into which habitations he brought, like the Cyclops in Homer, sheep, goats, and even oxen. The party that discovered Macallum, found, in his den, a deep cavern in a mountain, the bones of the animals he had made his prey, piled up in heaps, or disposed in such a manner as to form, with hay laid over them, a kind of bed; the
flesh

flesh of bullocks salted up in their skins; and large quantities of fir-wood for firing. In the interior part of the cavern lay the father of Macallum, in his plaid, resting his head on a truss of hay, and groaning in the agonies of death. This miserable object they did not disturb, but left him to his fate. Young Macallum, in the form as well as the nature of a savage, for his hair and beard had extended themselves over his face so as to render it scarcely visible, was conducted to Perth, where he was condemned to die, for a series of thefts committed for more than twenty years. During the time of his trial, as well as after it, he shewed an astonishing indifference about his fate. He minded nothing but eating; and had a very constant craving for food, particularly animal food, which, had it been given, he would have devoured in immoderate quantities. When the ministers of Perth talked to him of the "Heavenly Manna, and the Bread of Life"—"Give me meat," said Macallum, "in the mean time." Even on his way from his prison to the gallows, he called for some rolls and cold meat, that he recollected had
been.

been left in his cell. This beast, however, so inveterate and often ridiculous is the pride of Clanship, growled some expressions of discontent that Stewart was honoured with the right hand, as they were led forth to the place of execution.

After the melancholy fate of Stewart, his family were soon involved in so great distress, that they were obliged to throw themselves on the charity of the world. Now the treachery of Serjeant Macdonald, who, on pretence of saving the life of Stewart, had robbed his family of almost all that stood between them and ruin, was discovered, and excited universal indignation. He was given up by Sir Robert Munro, his Colonel, to a judicial trial; and, for that and other crimes of a similar nature, was hanged at Inverness.

Our worthy Serjeant Macleod, not long after his expedition to Tulloch-Gorum, was sent with a small party to catch James Robertson, a horse-stealer, in Athol. The serjeant, in his way, stopped and took a very liberal potion of whiskey at Aberfeldie; so that, when he went to Robertson's house,

he was somewhat elevated with liquor. The horse-stealer was at no loss how to interpret the sudden appearance of a serjeant of the Black Watch. He, therefore, endeavoured to cajole him as much as possible into good humour, in order to protract time, and devise some means of escape.

This horse-stealer had four handsome daughters, with one of whom Donald fell greatly in love. "Jamie," said he, to her father, "I believe I must have one of your lasses to-night." "Yes, my dear," said James, "you are welcome to make yourself agreeable to any of my girls that you chuse. Make up matters between yourselves, and your courting shall not be disturbed by Jamie Robertson." After a great deal of amorous dalliance, our hero, without any further ceremony, retired with his *Briſeis*, and she became his wife.

In less than an hour, when Donald had forgotten every thing but the object of his love, behold three fine young fellows in the house, with rusty swords, ramping and raging like lions! One of them particularly, a very stout man, of the name of Meldrum, the lover of her whom Macleod had fancied, made a great noise,

noise, and vowed vengeance. The men who had accompanied the serjeant, as he determined to pass the night in Robertson's, he had dismissed to a neighbouring village till next morning. There was nobody near to help him. But up jumped our hero from the fragrant heather-bed, grasped his sword, and laid about him so lustily, that the four suitors, who had been slyly sent for by old Robertson, not unnaturally, were glad to consult their safety by flight. Robertson endeavoured to make Macleod believe that the young men had come to his house by accident; but the serjeant suspecting the truth, told him that he was a traitor, and swore that he would call his men, and, binding him fast, surrender him to the officers of justice. But the sweet girl, whose charms had captivated our hero's heart, threw her arms around his neck, and with many kisses and tears implored lenity to her father. On this occasion Serjeant Macleod acted a very different part from that of Colonel Kirke *. Though he might have

* Amidst the executions that followed the defeat of Monmouth, in 1685, a young maid pleaded for the life of her

have veiled severity to the father of the young woman, whom he had gained in so short a time, under the name of justice, and natural retaliation for intended assassination, he agreed to connive at Robertson's escape, on condition of his giving back the horses to those from whom he had stolen them.—As the British laws, made since the Union, had not yet free course in the Highlands, and depended, for their execution, on military aid, a great discretionary power, in all cases of this kind, was assumed and exercised by military officers of all ranks.

If it should be thought in any degree incredible, that the horse-stealer, Robertson,

her brother, and flung herself at Kirke's feet, armed with all the charms which beauty and innocence, bathed in tears, could bestow upon her. The tyrant was enflamed with desire, not softened into love or clemency. He promised to grant her request, provided that she, in her turn, would be equally compliant to him. The maid yielded to the conditions: but, after she had passed the night with him, the wanton savage, next morning, shewed her from the window her brother, the darling object for whom she had sacrificed her virtue, hanging on a gibbet, which he had secretly ordered there to be erected for the execution. Rage, despair, and indignation, took possession of her mind, and deprived her, for ever, of her senses.

would

would so readily consent to the request of Macleod respecting his daughter, let it be recollected that the Highlanders of the lower ranks, agreeably to what is affirmed by the excellent historian Cunningham, make no great account of the possession of virginity; and that, in general, the northern nations are less scrupulous on the subject of chastity than those in warmer climates. Some of the northern nations of Asia carry their politeness so far as to offer to their guests their wives and daughters; to refuse whom would be reckoned an insult.

Donald Macleod has nothing with which to upbraid himself on the score of Eliza Robertson. He cherished her as every good and tender husband ought to cherish his wife, till the hour of her death, which happened in child-bed. The boy of whom she was delivered is now a taylor, of the name of Robertson, in Edinburgh.

Towards the close of the year 1739, the independent companies of Highland Watch were increased by four additional companies, and the whole formed into a regiment, being the 42d, under the command of
their

their first colonel John Earl of Crawford. About a year thereafter they were marched to London; and, previously to their going abroad, were reviewed before the King in St. James's Park. What happened on that occasion falls within the memory of many persons now living, and will be long remembered as an instance of that indignant spirit, which justice and broken faith inspire on the one hand, and of that gradual encroachment which executive and military power are prone to make on civil liberty on the other. Many Gentlemen's sons, and near relations, had entered, as private men, into the Highland Watch, under the engagement that they should never be called out of their own country. That promise, made long before, in times of peace, was forgotten amidst the present exigencies of unsuccessful war; and it was determined to send the Highland companies as a reinforcement to the army in Germany under the Duke of Cumberland. A spirit of resistance and revolt, proceeding from Corporal Maclean, pervaded the whole regiment. The whole of the Guards, and all the troops stationed about London, were sent

sent for to surround the Highlanders, quell what was now called a mutiny, and reduce them to obedience. A great deal of blood was shed, and lives lost, on both sides. The long swords of the horse-guards were opposed to the broad-swords of the Highlanders in front, while one military corps after another was advancing on their flanks and rear.

Yet, in these circumstances, a considerable party of them forced their way through the King's troops, and made good their retreat northwards, in their way home, as far as Yorkshire, where, being overtaken by a body of horsemen, they took post in a wood, and capitulated on safe and honourable terms. But, in violation of the engagements come under, on that occasion, to the Highlanders, three of them, among whom was the high-spirited Corporal Maclean, the prime mover of the secession, were shot; the rest sent to the plantations.

Though Serjeant Macleod was not of the number of the seceders, he was indignant at the usage they had met with; and some of the horse-guards, bore, for years, marks of his resentment.--But the less that

is said on this subject the better. The Highland companies, or the 42d regiment, were now sent over to the Low Countries, and to Germany, where they were engaged in different battles, and particularly that of Fontenoy, in which Serjeant Macleod was not a little distinguished. On the day before the main engagement there was some skirmishing; and the 42d regiment was sent to storm a six-gun battery. Led on by their Lieutenant-Colonel, Sir Robert Munro, they attacked the enemy in their entrenchments, and silenced the battery; but at a very great expence of men. They suffered much from the French fire, as they advanced to their works; but when the Highlanders threw themselves in the midst of them, flashing terror and death with their broad-swords; they were seized with terror, abandoned their works, and fled in great confusion. Macleod, as they approached to the French lines, received a musket ball in his leg, yet he did not drop down, nor yet fall behind, but was among the first that entered the trenches: nor did he make this wound an excuse for retiring to the hospital; but, on the contrary,

trary, he made as light of it as possible, and was in the heat of the engagement the next day, in which, so great was the carnage, that on either side there fell, as is computed, about twelve thousand. The Highlanders, with an impetuosity that could not be restrained, or guided by discipline, rushed forward, out of the line, and lost more than two-thirds of their number; but not till they had committed still greater slaughter, and revenged their sufferings and loss on the enemy. The battle, where the 42d regiment was stationed, was close and hot, and individual was opposed to individual; or one, sometimes, to two, and even a greater number of antagonists. Serjeant Macleod, with his own hand, killed a French Colonel, of the name of Montard; and, in the midst of dangers and death, very deliberately served himself heir to 175 ducats which he had in his pockets, and his gold watch. He had not well gone through this ceremony, when he was attacked by Captain James Ramievie, from Kilkenny, an officer in the French service, whom he killed after an obstinate and skilful contest. By this time the prowess of our hero drew

more and more attention, and he was set upon by three or four Frenchmen at the same time; and, in all probability he must have yielded to their ferocity and numbers, had not a gentleman of the name of Cameron, though of a humble station only in the French service, come to his aid. This gentleman came seasonably to his relief, and he came over with the Serjeant, whom he had saved, to the side of the English. His Scotch blood, he said, warmed to his countryman in such a situation, and he immediately took his part.

The rebellion, which broke out in Scotland in 1745, called over the Duke of Cumberland, with his army, to Britain. But, after what had happened on the occasion above-mentioned, in St. James's Park, it was not judged proper to march the 42d regiment, which had been re-inforced, after the battle of Fontenoy, by a number of recruits, into Scotland. When the Duke marched northwards, the Royal Highlanders were, therefore, left at Barnet; from whence they went to Coventry, where they lay a fortnight. From Coventry they marched
into

into Wales; from whence, after the rebellion was extinguished; they went to Carlisle, and from thence to Ireland. They landed at Limerick in 1746, and marched from thence to Dublin. They were stationed, at different places in Ireland, for more than ten years; during which time they had frequent encounters with the White-boys, and Hearts of Steel, and other insurgents; to all of whom the Highland impetuosity and broad-swords were objects of great terror. Serjeant Macleod continued to be formidable to Irish bullies and braggers, and performed various exploits that fully supported the character he had acquired of being an excellent swordsman.

About the year 1757, after the 42d regiment was ordered to America, Serjeant Macleod was sent over, on the business of recruiting, to Glasgow. At Belfast, where he halted with the party he commanded for a few days, he had an adventure, in the fighting way, with one Maclean a taylor, and a native of Inverness. This man, having heard of the prowess of Donald, and particularly

ticularly how he had, a great many years ago, maimed a Maclean, came to a resolution, one day, when he was in his cups, of doing nothing less than challenging the Serjeant to single combat with broad-swords. Macleod, perceiving that the man was flustered, and unwilling to take any unfair advantage, advised him to re-consider the matter; telling him, that if he should persevere in his determination of fighting, he would meet him on the following day. But the more that the Serjeant was pacifically inclined, the more obstreperous and insolent was the taylor; so that an encounter at last became inevitable. They went, with their seconds, to a field behind a garden, in the out-skirts of the town, and set to work immediately. The taylor, who was a well-made and a very nimble fellow, attacked his opponent with great alacrity, and not without a considerable degree of art; but he soon exhausted his spirits and strength, and was entirely at the mercy of the veteran, whom he had rashly dared to provoke to an engagement. Donald first cut off one of his ears, and then another; yet the taylor, with a foolish obstinacy, still main-

maintained the conflict, and swore that he would rather die on the spot, than yield to any Macleod in the British Isles; so that the Serjeant, in self-defence, would have been obliged, as he expressed it, to *lay open the Taylor's belly*, if he had not fortunately brought him to the ground, by cutting a sinew of his hough.

Soon after the Highland regiments arrived in America, Macleod was drafted from the 42d into the 78th regiment, commanded by General Frazer, to fill the honourable and advantageous station of a drill-serjeant. In the course of the war in Canada, in 1758 and 1759, Macleod became personally known to General Wolfe, the poor man's friend, and the determined patron of merit in whatever station he found it. The General, finding that our Serjeant, to courage, honour, and experience, added a tolerable knowledge of both the French and German languages, employed him on sundry occasions that required both address and resolution. He acquitted himself always to the General's satisfaction; which he expressed in handsome presents, and in the most sincere and cordial assurances of preferment. At the siege of

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Louisbourg,

Louisbourg, with a handful of men, he surprised a small party of French, stationed as an out-post, and cut them off without leaving a man to tell tidings. This action, which was volunteered by the Serjeant, facilitated the reduction of a post called the Light-House Battery, from whence our fire was played with effect on the enemy's vessels, and the batteries on the other side of the river. A few days after the siege of Louisbourg was begun, a party of the besieged had the courage to make a sally on the assailants. They were led on with great firmness and intrepidity by Lieutenant Colonel O'Donnel, an Irishman in the French service. This bold sortie made an impression that might have led to disastrous consequences, if it had not been counteracted and overcome by the spirit of the Royal Highlanders, a part of whom faced the Irish Brigade that had made the sortie, while the rest threw themselves between them and the town, and cut off their retreat. O'Donnel, fighting valiantly, was slain, but did not fall till his body was pierced through with several bayonets. His men were all killed or

taken prisoners, and brought within the British lines. In this engagement Serjeant Macleod received a violent contusion, by a musket-ball, on the bone of his nose, which was more painful, and is even now more sensibly felt, than other wounds, where balls have pierced him through and through.

At the glorious battle of Quebec, Serjeant Macleod, amongst the foremost of the grenadiers and Highlanders, who drove the shaking line of the enemy from post to post, and compleated their defeat, had his shin-bone shattered by grape shot, while a musket ball went through his arm. He was assisted to retire behind the British line; and, in doing this, was informed of the multiplied wounds that threatened the immediate dissolution of his admired and beloved General. It was, under this weight of actual suffering, and sympathetic sorrow, some consolation to the good old Serjeant, (for by this time he was seventy years of age,) that the tender which he made of his plaid, for the purpose of carrying the dying General to some convenient place off the field of action, was accepted. In Serjeant Macleod's plaid was General Wolfe.

Wolfe borne by four grenadiers ; and with General Wolfe's corpse, being now an invalid, he was sent home to Britain, in November, 1759, in a frigate of war, named the Royal William. Minute guns were fired from the ships at Spithead, from the time of the body's leaving the ship, to that of its being landed at the Point of Portsmouth. All due honour being paid to the remains of General Wolfe, by the garrison here, the body was put in a travelling hearse, and carried to London. Although there were many thousands of people assembled on this occasion, there was not the least disturbance. Nothing was to be heard but murmuring and broken accents, in praise of the departed hero. On the 20th of November, at night, his body was deposited in the burying-place of his ancestors at Greenwich. A monument was afterwards erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

Donald Macleod was admitted, on the 4th of December thereafter, an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital. This was all that was done for our hero, though his own merit, and the very occasion and circumstances in which he

he returned from America, might well have drawn more countenance and protection. His wounds, however, soon healed, and he was enabled, by a perfect recovery of his strength, to go a recruiting to the Highlands, for Colonel Keith and Colonel Campbell, who raised some companies of Highlanders for the war in Germany. It was in that recruiting excursion that he married, at Inverness, Mrs. Jane Macvane, his present wife, who accompanied him to the Continent, where, with the rank and emoluments of a pay-master Sergeant, he served as a Volunteer under Colonel Campbell, until there was a cessation of arms. In the course of different engagements, in 1760 and 1761, he received a musket shot which went in an oblique manner between two of his ribs and his right shoulder. This wound, in cold and frosty weather, and after violent exercise, such as walking against time for wagers, still gives him a good deal of pain. He received also, in the same campaigns, a musket ball in the groin, which could not be extracted, and on account of which he still wears a bandage. After the peace he came home with Colonel
Campbell's

Campbell's Highlanders, and received pay for two or three years from Chelsea Hospital. He went now to Scotland, and staid about two years and an half at Inverness, working at his own trade. The constant use of the mell, however, was more than he was able to bear, and threatened to re-open some of his wounds; he, therefore, came again to England, laid out what money he had saved in the purchase of a small house in Chelsea, in which he lived for about ten years with his family, which was every year increasing, and was employed under Mr. Tibbs, in an extensive manufacture of white lead; but, on the commencement of the late war in America, leaving his wife and children, with the house and what little money he had, he went out in a transport called the *Duchess of Hamilton*, to New-York, and from thence to Charlestown, where he offered himself as a volunteer, to the Commander of the British forces in that quarter, Sir Henry Clinton, whom he had known in Germany. Sir Henry, struck with the spirit of the old man, let him remain with the army, under the name which he himself chose
of

of a drill-serjeant, and very humanely allowed him, out of his own pocket, half a guinea a week. But when the army began to move northward, that he might be exempted from the fatigues of war, he sent him home; according to Mr. Macleod's best recollection, in the New Gallant frigate, which carried home dispatches from his Excellency to Government.

He came to a resolution now, since he found that he had no farther prospect of being employed to his mind in the army, of retiring, with what little wealth he had, to the Highlands, where he might live cheap, and, when he should die, where his bones might rest with those of his kindred and ancestors. He sold his house in Chelsea for about two hundred pounds, to which he added some smaller sums that he had deposited from time to time, in the hands of Mr. Alexander Macdonald, a clerk in the King's office, Chelsea, and who there kept a Public House at the sign of the Serjeant and Crown. As his wife was very much afraid of the sea, he left her, with the little ones, to pursue their journey home to Inverness by land,

land, while he himself, with the chief part of the money, and several large trunks full of arms, clothes, and other stuff, on which he set a great value, was to make for the same place by sea. The ship in which he embarked was the Margaret and Peggy of Aberdeen; the Master's name Captain Davidson. Off the coast of Yorkshire a tempest arose, which drove the ship on the rocks, and sunk her to the bottom. Macleod alone, of the passengers, saved his life by lashing himself to a plank when the ship was sinking. He was taken up almost dead, between Whitby and Scarborough, and carried to the house of a gentleman, originally from Airshire, whose people had come to look after the wreck. By that gentleman, as well as by his lady, he was treated with the utmost humanity. He asked him, after he came to his senses, if he knew where he was? Mr. Macleod replied, that all he knew at that moment was, that he was under the roof of some good people, who had taken compassion on his misfortune; but that, if it should please God to recover him perfectly, he would be able to tell where he was,
when

when he should be taken out into the open air. Mr. Boyd, in the kindest manner, advised him to compose himself for rest, and, in the mean time, gave it in charge to his servants to wait upon the stranger, and to administer all proper refreshment and necessary assistance. For three or four days he was kindly detained by Mr. Boyd, who knew many officers known to Mr. Macleod, and who had himself a brother, Major Boyd, in the army. As Macleod's clothes were wet and torn by the rocks, he fitted him as well as he could, with a suit from his own wardrobe, two shirts, and a silk handkerchief for keeping his neck warm; and though he had a gold watch in his pocket, as well as a ring of some little value on his hand, Mr. Boyd insisted on his acceptance of two guineas. Nor did his generous goodness stop here; he offered his carriage to take the old Serjeant to Durham, from whence he might find convenient means of travelling to Newcastle and Edinburgh, in both of which places he had several acquaintance. That favour, however, Macleod positively and resolutely declined to accept; and, after the warmest acknowledgements

knowledgements of gratitude to the honourable family, took his leave.—Still the generous cares of Mr. Boyd pursued him. He sent his chariot after him on the road, with orders to the coachman, to pass himself for the driver of a ~~retour~~^{return} chaise going that way by accident. The coachman did so, and after walking about a mile or two before Macleod, and conversing with him, offered him “a lift,” which he accepted. He was made acquainted with the generous deception at the inn at Durham.

Donald Macleod, after all his toils, sufferings, and gains, found himself at last set down at Inverness, not much richer than when he served as an apprentice to the masons and stone-cutters; except, indeed, we account as riches, a very faithful and attached wife, and a plentiful stock of flourishing children, super-added, in his old age, to a pretty numerous off-spring procreated in his younger years. As his memory is now considerably impaired, he does not pretend to make an exact enumeration of the whole of his off-spring; but he knows of sixteen sons, the eldest of whom is turned of eighty, and the

the youngest of nine; besides daughters: of whom, the eldest, by the present wife, is a mantua-maker, in pretty good business, in Newcastle. Perhaps this intimation may have the good effect that is certainly intended. Of the sixteen sons, that he knows of, not a less number than twelve are in different stations in the army and navy; and, of course, in some shape or other, in the military service of his country. He lived from 1780 to 1789 in Inverness and the neighbourhood; where, old as he was, he did a business in his own profession of masonry. But some neglect or delay having happened in the payment of his pension, he set out on foot, accompanied by his wife, in the summer of 1789; and arrived in London in the beginning of August. He laid his situation before Colonel Small, a gentleman of unbounded philanthropy, universally respected and beloved, and under whom he had served for many years in Ireland and America. The Colonel treated him with the utmost kindness, entertaining him hospitably at his house, and allowing him a shilling a-day while he remained in London, out of his own pocket. By his advice a memorial and petition, set-

ting forth the merits and sufferings of Serjeant Macleod, was drawn up; and, with the countenance and aid of the Colonel, and other officers, he was favoured with an opportunity of presenting it to the King. The very first day that his Majesty came to St. James's, after his indisposition, Macleod, admitted to the stair-case leading to the drawing-room, presented his petition, which his Majesty graciously accepted, and looked over as he walked up stairs. At the head of the stairs the King called him. The old Serjeant was going to fall on his bended knee, but his humane Sovereign, respecting his age, would not suffer him to kneel, but laid his hand upon the old man's breast; and, making him stand upright, expressed no less surprize than joy at seeing the oldest soldier in his service, in the enjoyment of so great a share of health and strength. The sentiments that filled his own royal breast, he eagerly expressed to the different noblemen and gentlemen that were near him. He gave it in charge to a gentleman present, Mr. Macleod thinks Mr. Dundas, to take care that the prayer of his petition should be granted, which was modest enough, being no other than

than

than that he might have what is called the King's Letter, that is, being put on the charitable list, or a list of persons recommended by his Majesty for a shilling 'a-day for life, on account of extraordinary services, or sufferings. On that list Lord Howard, the Governor of Chelsea Hospital, immediately put the name of Serjeant Donald Macleod: and this circumstance, with ten or eleven guineas received out of his Majesty's hand, together with many expressions of kindness, agreeably to what has been accurately enough stated in different newspapers, sent home the old Serjeant and his Lady, with their small annual pension, as happy as princes.—But see again the crooks of one's lot, the labyrinths of life! Though Macleod's name was inserted in the King's List, he was to wait for the actual receipt of a shilling a-day until there should be a vacancy, which has not yet happened.—Behold, therefore, Serjeant Macleod and Mrs. Macleod again in London, in September, 1790, after a journey performed on foot, from Inverness, upwards of five hundred miles, in the space of three or four weeks, accompanied by their youngest son, a lively little lad, about

nine years old, as above-mentioned. Though it does not appear that any neglect has been shewn to his Majesty's orders respecting his old servant, yet it is difficult to persuade the good old man, and still more difficult to satisfy Mrs. Macleod, that, if his Majesty's courtiers had been as sincerely interested in his welfare as his Majesty himself, something substantial might not have been done for him before this day. And he is firmly persuaded, that when his Majesty, to whom he hopes to be again admitted, comes to understand how he has been treated, he will be very angry.

In the mean time, it is to be hoped, that he will draw a liberal supply from the publication of his picture, which may be had to be bound up with this sketch of his life, or separately, as the subscriber pleases. Before that supply be wholly exhausted, it is to be expected that he will be in the possession of some regular provision from the generosity, and, indeed, the justice of a country which, in his humble sphere, he has served with most distinguished reputation. It is extremely afflicting to the reader to be informed, that instead of security and ease, this gallant veteran was lately attacked by a confederacy
of

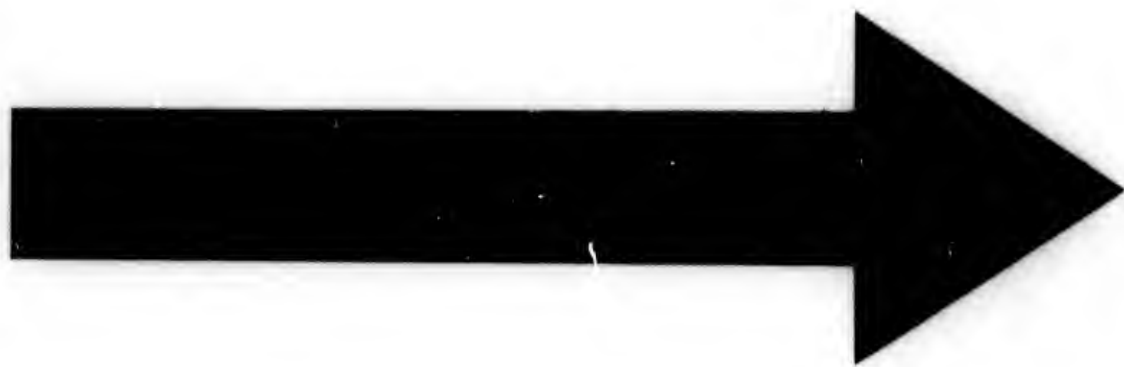
of assassins, and was in the utmost danger, after braving death so often in the field of battle, of perishing by the hands of those miscreants. On Saturday the 18th of December last, after leaving the stage-coach, from Uxbridge, where he had been on an invitation from that elegant historian of antiquity, Dr. Rutherford *, and walking a little way down Park-lane, he was set on by three footpads. He made all the resistance that he was able, and, with a short stick that he

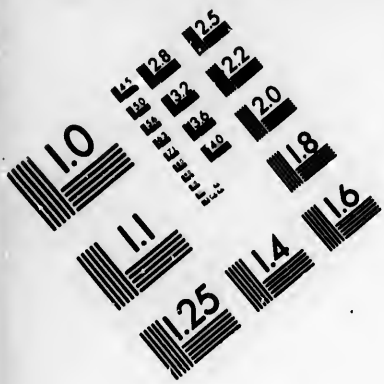
* The Doctor, wishing to converse with this *living* antiquity, chose, for inviting him, the time of the public examination of his flourishing academy, that he might gratify the young gentlemen with a sight of him before the Christmas vacation. He shewed, in the public school, in the presence of a most accomplished fencing-master, a fine specimen of his skill in the use of the broad-sword; and he was greatly delighted with the proficiency that several of the young gentlemen had made in the noble science of defence. Their proficiency in other studies was no less admirable; but fencing was the only exercise of which he pretended to be a judge. He said, that Dr. Rutherford's academy would be a fine nursery for noble recruits. The young gentlemen, as well as the Doctor's Lady and Family, behaved to Macleod in a most respectful and affectionate manner: worthy of the virtue of SPARTA. He was treated at Uxbridge with great kindness.

has carried about with him for near half a century, knocked down one of the villains, and drove a knife out of his hand, with which he aimed at stabbing him; but the other two came behind him and having brought him to the ground, robbed him of sixteen shillings. His clothes were torn, and his body so much bruised in the scuffle, that he kept his bed from Saturday to Monday evening: nor is it certain that he would have escaped from the robbers with his life, if they had not been forced to retreat within the Park-wall, at the approach of a gentleman on horseback, who, calling a coach, sent Macleod home to his quarters, and a number of men in search of the miscreants; but to no purpose. It is to be regretted that, old as Donald Macleod is, he still thinks it necessary to keep up the spirit, and to strain after the activity and power of a younger soldier. It is not by caution and prudent submission that he seeks to escape; as it is not by means of the law that he wishes to revenge injuries. In every thing he shews the spirit and the ideas of a soldier and hero. A pleasant-enough proof of this we have in the following Anecdote—A man, who is a good-enough engraver,

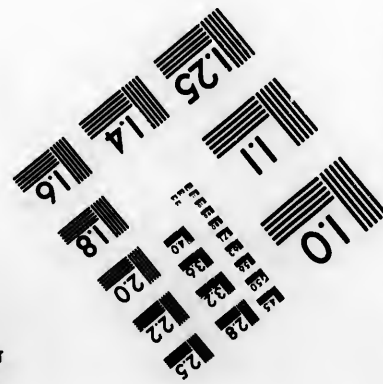
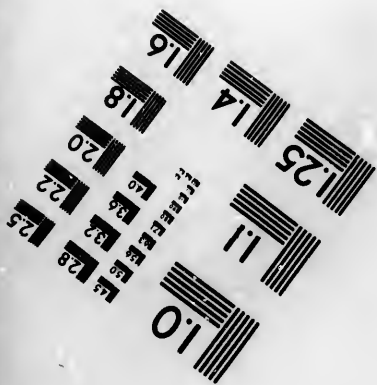
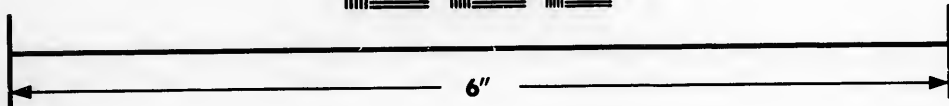
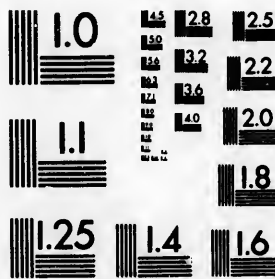
graver, and can also take off the outlines of a countenance, made an engraving of Macleod, which, as the expression of the countenance, or physiognomy, was scarcely touched, and the dress and arms of the highlander were misrepresented, did not give entire satisfaction. Instructions were therefore given to make some improvements, and some corrections. But the wretch—after the old Serjeant had sat to him as often as he pleased, shewed him where he had erred, and advanced five guineas in partial payment—the wretch, with whose infaustous name Macleod (for he is not a little tinctured with superstition) begs that these Memoirs of his Life may not be defiled, attempted to publish the portrait, intended for the benefit of his aged and generous employer, on his own account*. This act of piracy, he apprehended, would

* A striking likeness of Macleod, drawn by Mr. Biggs, and engraved by Mr. Grozier, is sold, for the benefit of the old Serjeant, by the publishers of these Memoirs. It is submitted to the POLYGRAPHIC SOCIETY, whether they might not employ their curious art in a manner worthy of their liberality, in multiplying exact likenesses of this *living* antiquity, and circulating them, at an easy rate, through Britain, Europe, and the world.





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excite the old Serjeant's resentment, and subject him to the discipline of his cudgel : he therefore, although in both size and appearance he bears a great resemblance to a middle-aged brawny porter or coachman, thought it necessary to skulk from Macleod, like a malefactor from the officers of justice ; but our magnanimous old Soldier, in order to quiet the apprehensions of the pirate, declares that he may live for him, till some hangman hang him, or a flea fell him!

Donald Macleod, in the prime of life, was five feet and seven inches in height. He is now inclined by age to five feet five inches. He has an interesting physiognomy, expressive of sincerity, sensibility, and manly courage, though his eyes have lost their lustre and become dim and languid. With regard to his mental qualities, that which is most impaired is the faculty of memory, and of discriminating lively conceptions or ideas, from historical truths or realities. What passed in the first fifty years of the present century, he remembers more distinctly than the occurrences of the last. In company, where the custom of giving toasts is kept up, it is the beauties of the last age that are commonly

commonly given by Mr. Macleod, though they have been in their graves for many years ; a circumstance which, in the vivacity of animated conversation, (for he has exceedingly high spirits,) he is very apt to overlook. His standing toasts are Her Majesty Queen Anne ; Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough ; and the Countess of Eglinton. I have noticed the proneness of the old Serjeant, in the present debilitated state of his mind, to confound mere imaginations with realities ; that a just distinction may be made between this weakness and deliberate deception. It really often happens, that when his mind is warmed by a lively description of scenes, in which he could not have been present, he imagines that he had actually seen them passing before his eyes.

The question is often put to Macleod, How do you live ? to which he as often replies, " I eat when I am hungry, and drink " when I am dry, and never go to bed but " when I can't help it." This last maxim requires a little illustration. He can never be persuaded to go to bed till he falls asleep. If he is taking a glass after supper, and a proposition be made for the company to wish

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one another a good night, he will observe, " My eyes are not shut yet." It is only when he feels himself under a necessity of closing his eyes, that he is willing to go to rest; and, what is not a little ludicrous, one of his eyes being much weaker, goes sooner to rest than the other. On the other hand, he never lies a-bed longer than he is fast asleep. The moment he awakes, up he springs, washes his face and hands, and goes somewhere or other; for he seems to have an aversion to rest, and is constantly in motion. He is of a wandering disposition, and never likes to stay long in one place: a very trifling motive, even at this day, would suffice to carry Donald Macleod to America, or to the East Indies.

Mr. Macleod talks, not unfrequently, on the subject of death, and in a religious strain. But he speaks oftener of the feats of his youth and manhood; and of men and women who have lived to great ages, several of whom he reckons in his own family. Alexander Macleod, Esq. of Ulinish, Sheriff of a District of Inverness-shire, his uncle, is now in the 100th year of his age.

Since the publication of the *first Edition* of these Memoirs, an incident happened to

Mr,

Mr. and Mrs. Macleod of a very affecting nature. One of their sons, following the wandering genius of his country and family, had come about ten years ago to England, in the character of a journeyman gardener; and while he steadily pursued his profession, and uniformly maintained a good character, encountered a variety of fortune: sometimes acting as a head-gardener, and, at others, working with his hands as a labourer in nursery and other gardens.—It was in this last-mentioned situation that he stood in January last, when, happening to come to town by the way of Knightsbridge, he spied on the road side an old Highlander, for such he readily conceived him to be by his dress, with a woman who appeared to be, what she was, his wife, and a little boy between nine and ten years of age. Having accosted and conversed with the old man for a little time on the highway, he proposed to rest a little and take some refreshment in a public house: to which proposal the other party readily agreed.—He asked his name, and the place of his usual abode.—My name is Macleod: my native country, and usual residence, the shire of Inverness, Scotland.—Having further learned

learned that his name was Donald, that he had lived in the town of Inverness, and been long a serjeant among the Royal Highlanders, the young man burst into tears!—The mother, who had now surveyed and recognized the features of her son, also wept, throwing her arms around his neck and embracing him. The old man, astonished at all this, asked the youth what was his name, and family.—O, serjeant Macleod, his wife exclaimed, do you not know your own child!—The old serjeant was now extremely moved, and wept very much; while the young lad, scarcely knowing what all this meant, joined in the general concert. The name of the gardener was JOHN, the name of the little lad also JOHN; for the tender parents, conceiving the former to be dead, had called their youngest son by his name, in remembrance and respect to his memory.—The unsettled life of both father and son had occasioned the miscarriage of many letters on both sides, and this circumstance led the parents to apprehend the death of their son, and the son to suppose the death of his father.

JOHN MACLEOD senior, from the moment he accidentally met with the old gentleman
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his father, has never left him, but waited on him constantly, serving him with the assiduity of a servant, and the attachment of a son. It is to be hoped, that this deserving young man will meet with encouragement in his own profession of a gardener, which he well merits, both on account of his ability and his morals.

DONALD MACLEOD takes this public opportunity of returning his most sincere and humble thanks to those ladies and gentlemen who have encouraged the sale of his picture and this pamphlet; and, particularly to the Gentlemen Reviewers, who have early and kindly, and not without effect, recommended both him and them to the consideration of a generous public.

WHAT follows, which has come to hand since the preceding sheets were printed, at the same time that it exhibits a very pleasing instance of that warm attachment to kindred, by which the Highlanders of Scotland are, even now, so amiably distinguished, is an authentication of some of the principal points
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in these Memoirs; the family, the great age, the sufferings, and the noble spirit, of our veteran serjeant.

After leaving the inn at Durham, he proceeded to Newcastle, where he fell in with some old fellow-soldiers who had served with him, and in the same place, half a century before. Their mutual joy was so great, and their temperance so small, that much distress to Macleod quickly followed this interview. All that had been left to him by the waves, or furnished by the beneficence of Mr. Boyd, was spent (for the serjeant has no idea of disguising the truth) at Newcastle. He found himself again in a most forlorn situation; but, from his relations at Edinburgh, whither he now directed his course in his journey northward, he received every mark of kind and anxious concern for his relief, and future welfare. Lady Clanronald, in a letter dated at Easter Duddingston, December 30, 1785, and directed to her uncle, Alexander Macleod, Esq; of Ulinish, by Dunvegan, uniting the sweetest humanity with the noblest condescension, says—" This will be given to you, if he
 " lives to get your length, by a person, in
 " whom

“ whom all the world, if they knew his
 “ history, would be deeply interested; much
 “ more you and I, who, by the strongest
 “ ties of natural affection, have every reason
 “ to be so. I will not attempt to relate his
 “ misfortunes, but will leave them to him-
 “ self. The effects of them on his appear-
 “ ance, is such as is sufficient to awaken
 “ all the tender sympathetic feelings of
 “ which the human heart is capable. It
 “ has, indeed, made an impression on my el-
 “ dest daughter (the only one of my family
 “ at home at present) and myself, beyond
 “ any incident we ever met with. Destitute
 “ totally of every means of subsistence, at
 “ the age of ninety-five! Almost naked and
 “ without a shilling, till providentially he
 “ met with Major Macdonald of the 84th,
 “ who gave him what enabled him to get
 “ quarters, and directed him to my house,
 “ for which, I do assure you, he will fin-
 “ cerely get my thanks, if ever I meet with
 “ him. O! my dear uncle, it is impossible
 “ to describe what an interesting object he
 “ is. The fine old veteran! What makes
 “ him doubly interesting is, that he seemed
 “ more hurt at seeing us so much moved,
 “ than

“ than by his own distress. I indeed never
“ wished more to be rich than I did at that
“ moment. With infinite satisfaction would
“ I have sent him all the way to your house,
“ if I could have afforded it, in a carriage.
“ And this is no more than what his king
“ and country owe him, after a service of
“ from three to fourscore years. But now,
“ like a true old soldier, all that he laments,
“ is the loss of his sword.

“ With my daughter’s assistance, I made
“ him, as he thought, rich, by giving him
“ three guineas, with some clothes I ordered
“ him from my cloth-merchants, which
“ will, I hope, if this severe weather will
“ permit him, enable him to get to your
“ house, where, I make no doubt, he will
“ meet with a tender reception, and I will
“ be anxious till I hear of his arrival.

“ My daughter joins me in wishing you
“ and yours many happy returns of the sea-
“ son. I ever am, dear uncle, yours

(Signed) FLORA MACDONALD.”

The tender care of this good lady over
her unfortunate kinsman did not cease, when
his personal presence ceased to obtrude him

on her mind and heart. After he had taken leave of her, in order to proceed soon thereafter on his journey northward, we find her in another letter, dated at Easter Duddingston, January 17, 1786, and addressed to Mr. Donald Macleod, at James's Court, Edinburgh, comforting him in these words,

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Receive with this a silk handkerchief
“ for your neck, for, on looking on what you
“ had on to-day, I saw it was not sufficient
“ to keep you warm. I sincerely wish you
“ were safe at Ulinish, and will remain
“ anxious about you till I hear you have got
“ well over the mountains.

“ Be sure to write to me soon. My love
“ to my uncle and his family. And I am,
“ dear Sir,

“ Your affectionate cousin,

“ FLORA MACDONALD.”

The serjeant was received by Ulinish, and his other relations in Skye, with great kindness. But hospitality, in its very nature, is rather a stepping-stone than a resting place.

He was eager to rejoin his own poor family at Inverness.

Many other instances might be here produced of the countenance and kindness shewn to Macleod by his own honourable kindred, and of letters from them to him, or concerning him, in proof of his veracity. But we avoid the expence which the publication of these would occasion. It has been alledged, by some who have seen Macleod, that it is impossible so hale and so hearty a man can be turned of 100. Let such wiseacres reflect, that the same vigour of constitution that prolongs life, prolongs the appearance of health and strength. They would have made the same observation on old Parr and Jenkins at the same period of their lives, though the former lived to the age of 150, and the latter to that of 160.

F I N I S