

APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION.

No. I.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR APPREHENSION OF ROB ROY.

(From the Edinburgh Evening Courant, June 13 to June 21, A. D. 1712. No. 1058.)

"THAT Robert Campbell, commonly known by the name of Rob Roy MacGregor, being lately intrusted by several noblemen and gentlemen with considerable sums for buying cows for them in the Highlands, has treacherously gone off with the money, to the value of £1,000 sterling, which he carries along with him. All Magistrates and Officers of his Majesty's forces are entreated to seize upon the said Rob Roy, and the money which he carries with him, until the persons concerned in the money be heard against him; and that notice be given, when he is apprehended, to the keepers of the Exchange Coffee-house at Edinburgh, and the Keeper of the Coffee-house at Glasgow, where the parties concerned will be advertised, and the seizers shall be very reasonably rewarded for their pains."

It is unfortunate that this Hue and Cry, which is afterwards repeated in the same paper, contains no description of Rob Roy's person, which, of course, we must suppose to have been pretty generally known. As it is directed against Rob Roy personally, it would seem to exclude the idea of the cattle being carried off by his partner, MacDonald, who would certainly have been mentioned in the advertisement, if the creditors concerned had supposed him to be in possession of the money.

No. II.

LETTERS FROM AND TO THE DUKE OF MONTROSE, RESPECTING ROB ROY'S ARREST OF MR. GRAHAME OF KILLEARN.

*The Duke of Montrose to ————**

"Glasgow, the 21st November, 1716.

"MY LORD,—I was surprised last night with the account of a very remarkable instance of the insolence of that very notorious rogue Rob Roy, whom your lordship has often heard named. The honor of his Majesty's Government being concerned in it, I thought it my duty to acquaint your lordship of the particulars by an express.

"Mr. Grahame of Killearn (whom I have had occasion to mention frequently to you, for the good service he did last winter during the rebellion) having the charge of my Highland estate, went to Monteath, which is a part of it, on Mon-

* It does not appear to whom this letter was addressed. Certainly, from its style and tenor, it was designed for some person high in rank and office—perhaps the King's Advocate for the time.

day last, to bring in my rents, it being usual for him to be there for two or three nights together at this time of the year, in a country house, for the conveniency of meeting the tenants, upon that account. The same night, about 9 of the clock, Rob Roy, with a party of those ruffians whom he has still kept about him since the late rebellion, surrounded the house where Mr. Grahame was with some of my tenants doing his business, ordered his men to present their guns in at the windows of the room where he was sitting, while he himself at the same time with others entered at the door, with cocked pistols, and made Mr. Grahame prisoner, carrying him away to the hills with the money he had got, his books and papers, and my tenants' bonds for their fines, amounting to above a thousand pounds sterling, whereof the one-half had been paid last year, and the other was to have been paid now; and at the same time had the insolence to cause him to write a letter to me (the copy of which is enclosed) offering me terms of a treaty.

"That your Lordship may have the better view of this matter, it will be necessary that I should inform you, that this fellow has now, of a long time, put himself at the head of the Clan MacGregor, a race of people who in all ages have distinguished themselves beyond others, by robberies, depredations, and murders, and have been the constant harborers and entertainers of vagabonds and loose people. From the time of the Revolution he has taken every opportunity to appear against the Government, acting rather as a robber than doing any real service to those whom he pretended to appear for, and has really done more mischief to the country than all the other Highlanders have done.

"Some three or four years before the last rebellion broke out, being overburdened with debts, he quitted his ordinary residence, and removed some twelve or sixteen miles farther into the Highlands, putting himself under the protection of the Earl of Bredalbin. When my Lord Cadogan was in the Highlands, he ordered his house at this place to be burnt, which your Lordship sees he now places to my account.

"This obliges him to return to the same country he went from, being a most rugged inaccessible place, where he took up his residence anew amongst his own friends and relations; but well judging that it was possible to surprise him, he, with about forty-five of his followers, went to Inversary, and made a sham surrender of their arms to Coll. Campbell of Finab, Commander of one of the Independent Companies, and returned home with his men, each of them having the Coll.'s protection. This happened in the beginning of summer last; yet not long after he appeared with

his men twice in arms, in opposition to the King's troops: and one of those times attackt them, rescued a prisoner from them, and all this while sent abroad his party through the country, plundering the country people, and amongst the rest some of my tenants.

"Being informed of these disorders after I came to Scotland, I applied to Lieut.-Genl. Carpenter, who ordered three parties from Glasgow, Stirling, and Finlirig to march in the night, by different routes, in order to surprise him and his men in their houses, which would have had its effect certainly, if the great rains that happened to fall that verie night had not retarded the march of the troops, so as some of the parties came too late to the stations that they were ordered for. All that could be done upon the occasion was to burn a country house, where Rob Roy then resided, after some of his clan had, from the rocks, fired upon the king's troops, by which a grenadier was killed.

"Mr. Grahame, of Killearn, being my deputy sheriff in that country, went along with the party that marched from Stirling; and doubtless will now meet with the worse treatment from that barbarous people on that account. Besides, that he is my relation, and that they know how active he has been in the service of the Government—all which, your Lordship may believe, puts me under very great concern for the gentleman, while, at the same time, I can foresee no manner of way how to relieve him, other than to leave him to chance, and his own management.

"I had my thoughts before of proposing to Government the building of some barracks as the only expedient for suppressing these rebels, and securing the peace of the country; and in that view I spoke to Genl. Carpenter, who has now a scheme of it in his hands; and I am persuaded that will be the true method for restraining them effectually; but, in the meantime, it will be necessary to lodge some of the troops in those places, upon which I intend to write to the General.

"I am sensible I have troubled your Lordship with a very long letter, which I should be ashamed of, were I myself singly concerned; but where the honor of the King's Government is touched, I need make no apology, and I shall only beg leave to add, that I am, with great respect, and truth,

"My Lord,
'y^r. Lords'. most humble and obedient servant,
"MONTROSE."

Copy of Grahame of Killearn's Letter, enclosed in the preceding.

"Chappellarroch, Nov. 19th, 1716.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—I am obliged to give your Grace the trouble of this, by Robert Roy's commands, being so unfortunate at present as to be his prisoner. I refer the way and manner I was apprehended, to the bearer, and shall only, in short, acquaint your Grace with the demands, which are, that your Grace shall discharge

him of all soumes he owes your Grace, and give him the soume of 3400 merks for his loss and damages sustained by him, both at Craigrostown and at his house, Anchinchisallen; and that your Grace shall give your word not to trouble or prosecute him afterwards; till which time he carries me, all the money I received this day, my books and bonds for entress, not yet paid, along with him, with assurance of hard usage, if any party are sent after him. The soume I received this day, conform to the nearest computation I can make before several of the gentlemen, is 3227^l 2s. 8d. Scots, of which I gave them notes. I shall wait your Grace's return, and ever am,

"Your Grace's most obedient, faithful,
"humble servant,
Sic subscribitur, "JOHN GRAHAME."

The Duke of Montrose to ————.

28th Nov., 1716—Killearn's Release.

"Glasgow, 28th Nov., 1716.

"SIR,—Having acquainted you by my last, of the 21st instant, of what had happened to my friend, Mr. Grahame of Killearn, I'm very glad now to tell you, that last night I was very agreeably surprised with Mr. Grahame's coming here himself, and giving me the first account I had had of him from the time of his being carried away. It seems Rob Roy, when he came to consider a little better of it, found that he could not mend his matters by retaining Killearn his prisoner, which could only expose him still the more to the justice of the Government; and therefore thought fit to dismiss him on Sunday evening last, having kept him from the Monday night before, under a very uneasy kind of restraint, being obliged to change continually from place to place. He gave him back the books, papers, and bonds, but kept the money.

"I am, with great truth, Sir,
"your most humble servant,
"MONTROSE."

No. III.

CHALLENGE BY ROB ROY.

"ROB ROY to *ain his and mighty Prince*, JAMES DUKE OF MONTROSE.

"In charity to your Grace's courage and conduct, please know, the only way to retrieve both is to treat Rob Roy like himself, in appointing tyme, place and choice of arms that at once you may extirpate your inveterate enemy, or put a period to your punny (puny?) life in falling gloriously by his hands. That impertinent critics or flatterers may not brand me for challenging a man that's repute of a poor dastardly soul, let such know that I admit of the two great supporters of his character and the captain of his hands to joyne with him in the combat. Then sure your Grace wont have the impudence to clamour att court for multitudes to hunt me like a fox, under pretence that I am not to be found above ground. This saves your Grace and the troops any further

trouble of searching; that is, if your ambition of glory press you to embrace this unequalled venture offered of Rob's head. But if your Grace's piety, prudence, and cowardice, forbids hazarding this gentlemanly expedient, then let your desire of peace restore what you have robbed from me by the tyranny of your present situation, otherwise your overthrow as a man is determined; and advertise your friends never more to look for the frequent civility payed them, of sending them home without their arms only. Even their former cravings wont purchase that favor; so your Grace by this has peace in your offer, if the sound of war be frightful, and chase you whilk, your good friend or mortal enemy."

This singular rhodomontade is enclosed in a letter to a friend of Rob Roy, probably a retainer of the Duke of Argyle in Isla, which is in these words:—

"SIR,—Receive the inclosed paper, qⁿ you are taking yor Botle it will divert yorsel and comrad's. I got noe news since I seed you, only q^t wee had before about the Spainyard's is like to continue. If I'll get any further account about them I'll be sure to let you know of it, and till then I will not write any more till I'll have more sure account. and I am,

"SIR,

"Your affectionate, and most

"humble servant,

"Rob Roy."

"Apryle 16th, 1719.

To Mr. Patrick Anderson, at Hay—These."

The seal, a stag—no bad emblem of a wild catteran.

It appears from the envelope that Rob Roy still continued to act as Intelligencer to the Duke of Argyle, and his agents. The war he alludes to is probably some vague report of invasion from Spain. Such rumors were likely enough to be afloat, in consequence of the disembarkation of the troops who were taken at Glensheal in the preceding year, 1718.

No. IV.

FROM ROBERT CAMPBELL, *alias* M'GREGOR, COMMONLY CALLED ROB ROY, TO FIELD-MARSHAL WADE,

Then receiving the submission of disaffected Chieftains and Clans.*

"SIR,—The great humanity with which you have constantly acted in the discharge of the trust reposed in you, and your ever having made use of the great powers with which you were vested as the means of doing good and charitable offices to such as ye found proper objects of compassion, will, I hope, excuse my importunity in

* This curious epistle is copied from an authentic narrative of Marshal Wade's proceedings in the Highlands, communicated by the late eminent antiquary, George Chalmers, Esq., to Mr. Robert Jamieson, of the Register House, Edinburgh, and published in the Appendix to an Edition of Burt's Letters from the North of Scotland. 2 vols. 8vo, Edinburgh, 1818.

endeavoring to approve myself not absolutely unworthy of that mercy and favour which your Excellency has so generously procured from his Majesty for others in my unfortunate circumstances. I am very sensible nothing can be alleged sufficient to excuse so great a crime as I have been guilty of it, that of Rebellion. But I humbly beg leave to lay before your Excellency some particulars in the circumstance of my guilt, which, I hope, will extenuate it in some measure. It was my misfortune, at the time the Rebellion broke out, to be liable to legal diligence and caption, at the Duke of Montrose's instance, for debt alleged due to him. To avoid being flung into prison, as I must certainly have been, had I followed my real inclinations in joining the King's troops at Stirling, I was forced to take party with the adherents of the Pretender; for the country being all in arms, it was neither safe nor indeed possible for me to stand neuter. I should not, however, plead my being forced into that unnatural rebellion against his Majesty, King George, if I could not at the same time assure your Excellency, that I not only avoided acting offensively against his Majesty's forces upon all occasions, but on the contrary sent his Grace the Duke of Argyle all the intelligence I could from time to time, of the strength and situation of the rebels; which I hope his Grace will do me the justice to acknowledge. As to the debt to the Duke of Montrose, I have discharged it to the utmost farthing. I beg your Excellency would be persuaded that, had it been in my power, as it was in my inclination, I should always have acted for the service of his Majesty, King George, and that one reason of my begging the favour of your intercession with his Majesty for the pardon of my life, is the earnest desire I have to employ it in his service, whose goodness, justice, and humanity, are so conspicuous to all mankind. I am, with all duty and respect, your Excellency's most, &c.,

"ROBERT CAMPBELL."

No. V.

ESCAPE OF ROB ROY FROM THE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

The following copy of a letter which passed from one Clergyman of the Church of Scotland to another, was communicated to me by John Gregorson, Esq., of Ardtornish. The escape of Rob Roy is mentioned, like other interesting news of the time with which it is intermingled. The disagreement between the Dukes of Athole and Argyle seems to have animated the former against Rob Roy, as one of Argyle's partisans.

"REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,

Y^{rs} of the 28th Jun I had by the bearer. I'm pleased yo have got back again y^r Delinquent which may probably save you of the trouble of her child. I'm sorry I've yet very little of certain news to give you from Court tho' I've seen all the last weekes prints, only I find in them a passage which is all the account I can give you

of the Indemnity y^t when the estates of the for-faulted Rebels Comes to be sold all Just debts Documented are to be preferred to Officers of the Court of enquiry. The Bill in favours of that Court against the Lords of Session in Scotland is past the house of Commons and Come before the Lords which is thought to be considerably more ample yⁿ formerly w^t respect to the Disposing of estates Canvassing and paying of Debts. It's said y^t the examination of Cadugans accounts is dropped but it wants Confirmatione here as yet. Oxford's tryals should be entered upon Saturday last. We hear that the Duchess of Argyle is w^t child. I doe not hear y^t the Divisions at Court are any thing abated or of any appearance of the Dukes having any thing of his Maj: favour. I heartily wish the present humours at Court may not prove an encouragm^t to watchfull and restles enemies.

My accounts of Rob Roy his escape are y^t after several Embassies between his Grace (who I hear did Correspond w^t some at Court about it) and Rob he at length upon promise of protectione Came to waite upon the Duke & being presently secured his Grace sent post to Ed^t to acquent the Court of his being apprehended & call his friends at Ed^t and to desire a party from Ge^t Carpenter to receive and bring him to Ed^t which party came the length of Kenross in Fife, he was to be delivered to them by a party his Grace had demanded from the Governour at Perth, who when upon their march towards Dunkell to receive him, were mete w^t and returned by his Grace having resolved to deliver him by a party of his own men and left Rob at Logierate under a strong guard till y^t party should be ready to receive him. This space of time Rob had Employed in taking the other dram heartily w^t the Guard & qⁿ all were pretty hearty, Rob is delivering a letter for his wife to a servant to whom he must needs deliver some private instructions at the Door (for his wife) where he's attended w^t on the Guard. When serious in his privat Conversatione he is making some few steps carelessly from the Door about the house till he comes closs by this horse which he soon mounted and made off. This is no small mortificationⁿ to the guard because of the delay it give to there hopes of a Considerable additional charge ag^t John Roy.* my wife was upon Thursday last delivered of a Son after sore travell of which she still continues very weak. I give y^r Lady hearty thanks for the Highland plaid. It's good cloath but it does not answer the set I sent some time agae w^t McArthur & tho it had I told in my last y^t my wife was obliged to provid herself to finish her bed before she was lighted but I know y^t let^r came not timely to y^r hand—I'm sorry I had not mony to send by the bearer having no thought of it & being exposed to some little expenses last week but I expect some sure occasion when

* i. e. John the Red—John Duke of Argyle, so called from his complexion, more commonly styled "Red John the Warrior."

order by a letter to receive it. excuse this freedom from &c.

"Manse of Courie, July 2d, 1717.

"I salute y^r lady I wish my
her Daughter much Joy."

No. VI.

THERE are many productions of the Scottish Ballad Poets upon the lion-like mode of wooing practised by the ancient Highlanders when they had a fancy for the person (or property) of a Lowland damsel. One example is found in Mr. Robert Jamieson's Popular Scottish Songs:—

Bonny Babby Livingstone
Gaed out to see the kye,
And she has met with Glenlyon,
Who has stolen her away.

He took frae her her sattin coat,
But an her silken gown,
Syne rood her in his tartan plaid,
And happd her round and round

In another ballad we are told how

Four-and-twenty Hieland men,
Came down by Fiddoch side,
And they have sworn a deadly aith,
Jean Muir suld be a bride:
And they have sworn a deadly aith,
Ilke man upon his durke,
That she should wed with Duncan Ger,
Or they'd make bloody work.

This last we have from tradition, but there are many others in the collections of Scottish Ballads to the same purpose.

The achievement of Robert Oig, or young Rob Roy, as the Lowlanders called him, was celebrated in a ballad, of which there are twenty different and various editions. The tune is lively and wild, and we select the following words from memory:—

Rob Roy is frae the Hiellands come,
Down to the Lowland border;
And he has stolen that lady away,
To haud his house in order.
He set her on a milk-white steed,
Of none he stood in awe;
Untill they reached the Hieland hills,
Aboon the Balmaha! I*
Saying, Be content, be content,
Be content with me, lady;
Where will ye find in Lennox land,
Sae braw a man as me, lady!
Rob Roy, he was my father called,
MacGregor was his name, lady;
At the country, far and near,
Have heard MacGregor's fame, lady.
He was a hedge about his friends,
A heckle to his foes, lady;
If any man did him gatnsay,
He felt his deadly blows, lady.
I am as bold, I am as bold,
I am as bold and more, lady;
Any man that doubts my word,
May try my gude claymore, lady.

* A pass on the eastern margin of Loch Lomond, and an entrance to the Highlands.

Then be content, be content,
Be content with me, lady;
For now you are my wedded wife,
Until the day you die, lady.

NO. VII.

GHLUNE DHU.

The following notices concerning this Chief fell under the Author's eye while the sheets were in the act of going through the press. They occur in manuscript memoirs, written by a person intimately acquainted with the incidents of 1745.

This Chief had the important task intrusted to him of defending the Castle of Doune, in which the Chevalier placed a garrison to protect his communication with the Highlands, and to repel any sallies which might be made from Stirling

Castle—Ghlune Dhu distinguished himself by his good conduct in this charge.

Ghlune Dhu is thus described:—"Glengyle is, in person, a tall handsome man, and has more of the mien of the ancient heroes than our modern fine gentlemen are possessed of. He is honest and disinterested to a proverb—extremely modest—brave and intrepid—and born one of the best partisans in Europe. In short, the whole people of that country declared that never did men live under so mild a government as Glengyle's, not a man having so much as lost a chicken while he continued there."

It would appear from this curious passage, that Glengyle—not Stewart of Balloch, as averred in a note on Waverley—commanded the garrison of Doune. Balloch might, no doubt, succeed Mac-Gregor in the situation.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION--(1817.)

WHEN the Editor of the following volumes published, about two years since, the work called the "Antiquary," he announced that he was, for the last time, intruding upon the public in his present capacity. He might shelter himself under the plea that every anonymous writer is, like the celebrated Junius, only a phantom, and that therefore, although an apparition, of a more benign, as well as much meaner description, he cannot be bound to plead a charge of inconsistency. A better apology may be found in the imitating the confession of honest Benedict, that, when he said he would die a bachelor, he did not think he should live to be married. The best of all would be, if, as has eminently happened in the case of some distinguished contemporaries, the merit of the work should, in the reader's estimation, form an excuse for the Author's breach of promise. Without presuming to hope that this may prove the case, it is only further necessary to mention, that his resolution, like that of Benedict, fell a sacrifice, to temptation at least, if not to stratagem.

It is now about six months since the Author, through the medium of his respectable Publishers, received a parcel of Papers, containing the Outlines of this narrative, with a permission, or rather with a request, couched in highly flattering

terms, that they might be given to the Public, with such alterations as should be found suitable.* These were of course so numerous, that, besides the suppression of names, and of incidents approaching too much to reality, the work may in a great measure be said to be new written. Several anachronisms have probably crept in during the course of these changes; and the mottoes for the Chapters have been selected without any reference to the supposed date of the incidents. For these, of course, the Editor is responsible. Some others occurred in the original materials, but they are of little consequence. In point of minute accuracy, it may be stated, that the bridge over the Forth, or rather the Avondhu (or Black River), near the hamlet of Aberfoil, had not an existence thirty years ago. It does not, however, become the Editor to be the first to point out these errors; and he takes this public opportunity to thank the unknown and nameless correspondent, to whom the reader will owe the principal share of any amusement which he may derive from the following pages.

1st December, 1817.

* As it may be necessary, in the present Edition (1826), to speak upon the square, the Author thinks it proper to own, that the communication alluded to is entirely imaginary.

ROB ROY.

CHAPTER I.

How have I sinned, that this affliction
Should light so heavy on me! I have no more sons,
And this no more mine own.—My grand curse
Hang o'er his head that thus transformed thee!—Travel!
I'll send my horse to travel next.

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

You have requested me, my dear friend, to bestow some of that leisure, with which Providence has blessed the decline of my life, in registering the hazards and difficulties which attended its commencement. The recollection of those adventures, as you are pleased to term them, has indeed left upon my mind a chequered and varied feeling of pleasure and of pain, mingled, I trust, with no slight gratitude and veneration to the Disposer of human events, who guided my early course through much risk and labor, that the ease with which he has blessed my prolonged life, might seem softer from remembrance and contrast. Neither is it possible for me to doubt, what you have often affirmed, that the incidents which befell me among a people singularly primitive in their government and manners, have something interesting and attractive for those who love to hear an old man's stories of a past age.

Still, however, you must remember, that the tale told by one friend, and listened to by another, loses half its charms when committed to paper; and that the narratives to which you have attended with interest, as heard from the voice of him to whom they occurred, will appear less deserving of attention when perused in the seclusion of your study. But your greener age and robust constitution promise longer life than will, in all human probability, be the lot of your friend. Throw, then, these sheets into some secret drawer of your escritoire till we are separated from each other's society by an event which may happen at any moment, and which must happen within the course of a few—a very few years. When we are parted in this world, to meet, I hope, in a better, you will, I am well aware, cherish more than it deserves, the memory of your departed friend, and will find in those details which I am now to commit to paper, matter for melancholy, but not unpleasing reflection. Others bequeath to the confidants of their bosom, portraits of their external features—I put into your hands a faithful transcript of my thoughts and feelings, of my virtues and of my failings, with the assured hope, that the follies and headstrong impetuosity of my

youth will meet the same kind construction and forgiveness which have so often attended the faults of my matured age.

One advantage, among the many, of addressing my Memoirs (if I may give these sheets a name so imposing) to a dear and intimate friend, is, that I may spare some of the details, in this case unnecessary, with which I must needs have detained a stranger from what I have to say of greater interest. Why should I bestow all my tediousness upon you, because I have you in my power, and have ink, paper, and time before me? At the same time, I dare not promise that I may not abuse the opportunity so temptingly offered me, to treat of myself and my own concerns, even though I speak of circumstances as well known to you as to myself. The seductive love of narrative, when we ourselves are the heroes of the events which we tell, often disregards the attention due to the time and patience of the audience, and the best and wisest have yielded to its fascination. I need only remind you of the singular instance evinced by the form of that rare and original edition of Sully's Memoirs, which you (with the fond vanity of a book-collector) insist upon preferring to that which is reduced to the useful and ordinary form of Memoirs, but which I think curious, solely as illustrating how far so great a man as the author was accessible to the foible of self-importance. If I recollect rightly, that venerable peer and great statesman had appointed no fewer than four gentlemen of his household to draw up the events of his life, under the title of Memorials of the Sage and Royal Affairs of State, Domestic, Political, and Military, transacted by Henry IV., and so forth. These grave recorders, having made their compilation, reduced the Memoirs containing all the remarkable events of their master's life, into a narrative, addressed to himself in *propria persona*. And thus, instead of telling his own story in the third person, like Julius Caesar, or in the first person, like most who, in the hall, or the study, undertake to be the hearers of their own tale, Sully enjoyed the refined, though whimsical pleasure, of having the events of his life told over to him by his secretaries, being himself the auditor, as he was also the hero, and probably the author, of the whole book. It must have been a great sight to have seen the ex-minister, as bolt upright as a starched ruff and laced cassock could make him, seated in state beneath his canopy, and listening to the recitation of his compilers.