

LE CHEVALIER JOHNSTONE.

In concluding the last narrative of Campaigns, attributed to the Chevalier Johnstone, it may not be out of place to sum up his chequered career, in the words borrowed from William Howitt, in his description of the battle-field of Culloden, of which the unlucky Chevalier left such an interesting account. Mr. Howitt says :—

“ The Chevalier Johnstone’s history is a romance of real life, to the full as interesting, and abounding with hair-breadth escapes, as the tales of the author of *Waverley* ; and, indeed, frequently reminds you of his characters and incidents. The chevalier was the only son of James Johnstone, merchant in Edinburgh. His family, by descent and alliance, was connected with some of the first houses in Scotland. His sister Cecilia was married to a son of Lord Rollo, who succeeded to the title and estate in 1765. The chevalier moved in the best society of the Scottish capital, and was treated by the then celebrated Lady Jane Douglas with the tenderness of a parent. Educated in Episcopalian and Jacobite principles, on the first intelligence of the landing of Prince Charles Edward, he made his escape from Edinburgh to the seat of Lord Rollo, near Perth, where he waited the arrival of the Prince, and was one of the first low-country gentlemen that joined his standard. He acted as aid-de-camp to Lord George Murray, and also to the Prince ; and after the battle of Preston-Pans, he received a captain’s commission, and bore a part in all the movements of the rebel army till the defeat at Culloden. From Culloden, he escaped with the utmost peril to Killihuntly, where Mrs. Gordon, the lady of the house, offered to build him a hut in the mountains, and give him a few sheep to look after, so that he might pass for a shepherd ; but the uneasiness of his mind would not allow him to adopt such a life. He fled to Rothiemurchus, where the young

laird advised him to surrender himself to the government, as he had advised others, particularly Lord Balmerino; advice which, had he adopted it, would have caused his destruction, as it did theirs. From house to house, and place to place, he escaped by the most wonderful chances and under all sorts of disguises. He passed continually amongst the English soldiers busy at their work of devastation, his blood boiling with fury at the sight, but instant death his fate if he gave one sign of his feelings. Seventeen days he remained in the house of a very poor peasant, called Samuel, in Glen-Prossen; Samuel's daughter watching at the entrance of the glen. He was determined to reach Edinburgh if possible, and thence escape to England, and so to the Continent; but the chances were a hundred to one against him. Every part of the country was overrun with soldiers, every outlet was watched, and heavy penalties denounced on any boatmen who conveyed a rebel across the Tay and Forth. He prevailed, however, with two young ladies to ferry him over the Tay; but after a dreadful journey on foot into Fifeshire, he found the utmost difficulty in getting across the Forth to Edinburgh. The account of all his negotiations and disappointments at Dubbiesides, where no fisherman would carry him over; but where he did at length get carried over by a young gentleman and a drunken fisher, is very much in the Waverley manner. After being concealed with an old nurse at Leith, and partly with Lady Jane Douglas at Drumsheagh—he set out for England as a Scotch pedlar, on a pony. On his way he encountered a Dick Turpin sort of gentleman, and again a mysterious personage, who entered the inn where he was near Stamford, seated himself at table with him, and after playing away heartily at a piece of cold veal, began to interrogate him about the rebels in Scotland. Escaping from this fellow by the sacrifice of some India handkerchiefs, he got to London, where he lay concealed for a long time amongst his friends—fell into a very interesting love adventure—and saw many of his comrades pass his window on their way to execution. On one occasion he was invited by his landlord as a relaxation, to go and see two rebels executed on Tower Hill, Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino! He finally escaped to Holland, in the train of his friend Lady Jane Douglas; entered into the service of France, went to Louisbourg in America, and returned to France to poverty and old age! Such is one recorded life of a Jacobite of the expedition of forty-five,—how many such, and even more wretched, passed unrecorded!