

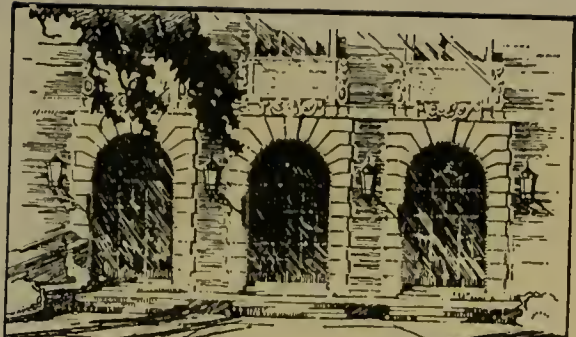
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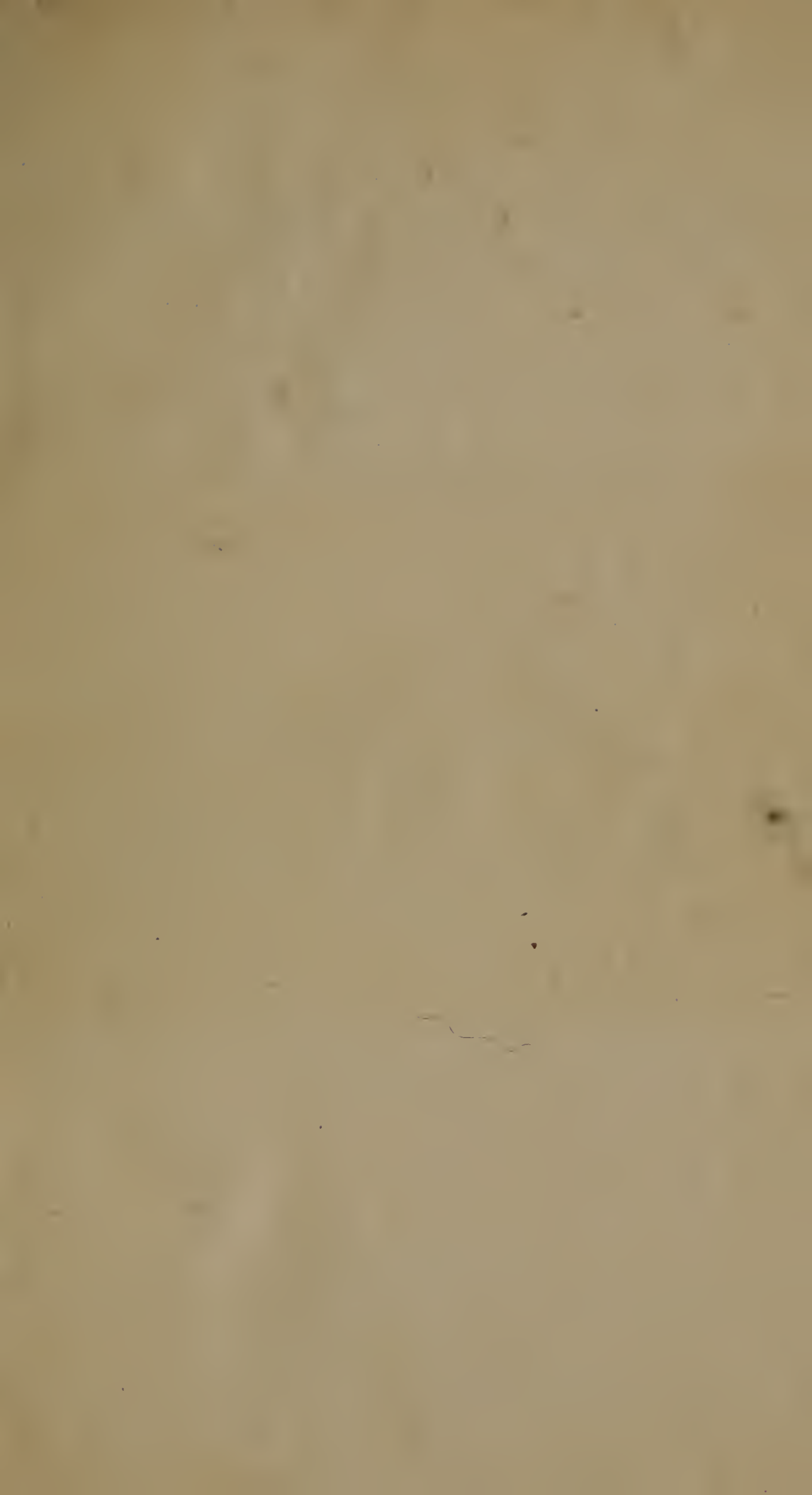
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THE
WHITE COCKADE;

OR,

FAITH AND FORTITUDE.

BY

JAMES GRANT,

AUTHOR OF

“THE YELLOW FRIGATE,” “SECOND TO NONE,”
“THE KING’S OWN BORDERERS,” “THE ROMANCE OF WAR,”
ETC., ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
BROADWAY, LUDGATE.
NEW YORK: 129, GRAND STREET.



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OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

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THE WHITE COCKADE.

CHAPTER I.

A FRIEND.

“ She tore her haffet links o’ gowd,
And dighted ay her comely ee ;
‘ My father lies at bluidy Carlisle,
At Preston sleep my brethren three !
I thocht my heart could haud nae mair,
Mair tears could never blind my ee ;
But the fa’ o’ ane has burst my heart,
A dearer ane there ne’er could be ! ”

Old Ballad.

ALL the time that those events were passing elsewhere, Bryde Otterburn considered herself in a land of bondage.

Prior to this the poor girl had never been further from her home than to Edinburgh, when she had ridden there occasionally on a pillion behind a groom, or to the Dunse spa, in my Lady Haddington’s glass coach, and now she felt herself as if in a foreign country, where her unmistakable Scottish accent, even in Cumberland (though once an integral part of Scotland) caused

her to be ridiculed, and, in that hot political time, occasionally reviled.

The pet of her doting grandfather, the idol of an old-fashioned household, among whom she had grown up from infancy; knowing the events of history and the tide of political affairs, and learning to think long before the time proper for reflection; hating the Elector of Hanover with childish rancour, and adoring an exiled king as the embodiment of every human virtue, and for whom she prayed as fervently as she did for those at sea (which she never failed to do when she heard the wind bellowing in the woods, and the waves booming as they rolled up Auldhame Bay)—Bryde Otterburn was of a temperament and turn of thought very different from those who had seen—that which few saw in those days—more of the great world that lay beyond the blue wavy line of their native mountains.

Four days had now passed away since Sir Baldred's interment, and in a species of stupor she lingered at Carlisle, scarcely knowing what to do. Bryde was young when her father was assassinated on Luffness Muir, and when her mother died of a broken heart; so this was, in reality, her first great grief, for the poor old man who was gone had been father, mother and kindred to her. She knew of none else. Her lover she had deemed lost, and the world a blank, till in a stray copy of the 'Westminster Journal' she saw it duly

notified, that “the third troop of the rebel Life Guards was commanded by Henry Douglas, calling himself Lord Dalquharn.”

She thus learned that her lover was free—free, and with the devoted army of the Prince!

She heard of the overwhelming masses of troops assembling in the south of England, and all assured her that “the Pretender and his adherents” were marching to their doom; hence her only craving now was to go home to die—home to the old beloved place, which would seem so lonely now—home, that once again she might look on the sea-beaten rocks, with all their gulls and gannets; that she might sit by St. Baldred’s gurgling well, pray as of old in the ruined chapel where her forefathers lay, and wander in the shady avenue or the tapestried rooms of the old house, for Bryde knew nothing of confiscation and attainder, and that her inheritance was to become the spoil of the whig and Hanoverian.

She longed for old Dorriel Grahame, who had been her nurse (and the nurse of her mother before her), and on whose maternal heart she would so gladly have laid her aching head, and indulged in all the luxury of woe.

Bryde was resolved to go home afoot, if she could not proceed otherwise, though the mountain paths by which the Dutch escort had marched seemed so wild, lonely, toilsome and perilous, that her heart shrunk within her at the prospect; but

what was she to do? Her little stock of money, raised chiefly by selling her ornaments to the castle sutler, was nearly expended, as she had spent so much of it in necessaries and comforts for her grandfather.

La Roque still hovered about, and his attentions terrified her, so home she resolved to go at all hazards, and secretly. He had repeatedly and tenderly declared his passion for her, and been no less than three times coldly and angrily repulsed or dismissed from her presence, but he was too much of a Frenchman to acknowledge himself baffled.

In her limited ideas of distance and travel, Bryde, we have said, thought and felt herself quite in a strange country, and when weeping for her sole relation, Sir Baldred, and thinking on his lonely grave, the lines of the late Mr. Alexander Pope of Twickenham, often came to memory :—

“By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers urned.”

On the last evening she had resolved to spend in the castle of Carlisle, Bryde, out of her little stock of money, procured some slips of roses, with the seeds of the crocus, the snowdrop and other spring flowers, and on her knees she planted them over the lonely grave beneath the old ramparts

that they might come forth in the early months of the next year, when she should be far away from it.

Her tears were flowing fast as she performed this filial tribute, and not until it was concluded did she become aware of a man's shadow being thrown by the sunshine across the grave. She thought of La Roque, and looked up with an angry shudder.

Instead of her persevering admirer, a fine-looking man, of a noble and stately presence, wearing a very rich scarlet uniform, a three-cornered hat bound with gold, thick lace ruffles, a sword and clouded cane, stood before her. He was well up in years; time had powdered his hair so whitely that he needed not the puff of a peruquier; but he lifted his hat, and saluted the young girl respectfully.

“Your humble servant,” said he; “Miss Otterburn, I believe?”

Bryde rose, crossed her white hands on her bosom, and bowed, with one of those graceful old-fashioned curtsies, which she had been taught by Madam Straiton, that notable “mistress of manners.”

“I am Colonel Durand of the First English Guards—allow me to introduce myself,” said the old officer.

Bryde curtsied again, but bowed somewhat coldly.

“I am the Governor of this castle of Carlisle—without seeking to intrude upon your natural sorrows, I come to offer you my dutiful service, my kindly advice.”

Bryde looked timidly and earnestly at the speaker with her soft pleading eyes. There was a benevolent expression in the face of this fine old English officer, and when she took his hand she burst into tears.

“You will pardon me, young lady, that I did not come to you sooner in your great grief; but I have been absent, and I have had much to do since my return—so many things to think about—for ere long Carlisle may be attacked.”

“Attacked, sir, by whom?”

“The Chevalier de St. George and his adherents, of whom we have had no recent or reliable accounts, though some say they have begun their march, no one knows for where, unless it be our English border; but permit me to lead you from this spot.”

“My poor old grandfather, would I were laid beside thee there—even there!” said Bryde, looking wistfully on the grave under the shadow of the old castle wall.

“I pray you, Miss Otterburn, not to speak thus. Long may God keep you from thinking, as you now, I hope, talk idly,” said Colonel Durand. “I’ve met death face to face at Ramillies, Malplaquet, and Oudenarde, and in many a later field,

and feared him not; but," added this old soldier, with a piety that was quite unaffected, as he lifted his triangular beaver and looked upward, "may He who sees all, keep us each and all, from thinking that our only chance of peace on earth, is there—in the dark grave."

Bryde's gentle and tender brown eyes were still bent on that solemn place, where she had sown the seeds of the spring flowers.

"Come," resumed the Colonel, drawing her hand through his arm, "come with me, the good old gentlemen is at rest now."

"At rest, sir—true but where? In that horrid unconsecrated castle ditch, he whose ancestors—"

"Miss Otterburn, I have seen ten thousand men, some of whose ancestors may have been nobler than yours and certainly than mine, taking their eternal repose in a place equally unconsecrated; but it was the broad field of honour! What matter's it—what matter's it; as the tree falleth, so let it lie. Whatever betide us, it all ends at last in a hole six feet by three. But to return to mine errand, I am most anxious to be of service to you."

"Sir, I thank you," said Bryde, in a choking voice. "I have had no one save that poor old man, and—and—another to care for me. Whom had I to love? No father, no mother, sister or brother. In the wide world, there was none to

love me, but my grandfather, and he is there—there under those unhallowed sods !”

“ My poor young friend ! But that *other* of whom you speak, is he—is he the Lieutenant La Roque ?”

“ Oh, sir—how can you think so ?” exclaimed Bryde, growing paler with anger.

“ Well, I am glad that ’tis not yonder popinjay Frenchman.”

“ I referred, sir,” said she in a low voice, and with extreme annoyance, “ to my intended husband, now with His Royal Highness.”

“ Ah, with the Duke of Cumberland ?”

Bryde’s disgust was intense, as she said rather vehemently :—

“ No, Colonel Durand—with Charles Edward Stuart—the Prince of Wales !”

The worthy old colonel shook his white head sadly, and patting her hand kindly, said after a pause :—

“ I vow, Miss Otterburn that I am more than ever sorry for you. I am sorry, too, for the little section of your countrymen who have joined the young chevalier, for evil days will come upon them all. I served in Scotland, under the Duke of Argyle, at the battle of Dumblane, and I am too true an English gentleman, not to deplore the miseries of a civil war, which I know is to be attributed quite as much to the horrible barbarities of the government in 1715, as to the

hereditary loyalty of your people to their banished kings.”

Kind old Colonel Durand arranged that he would procure a post chaise for Bryde, whose whole anxiety was now to reach home, or her old friend Lady Helen Hope, the Countess of Haddington, whose stately house of Tynninghame would always afford her a safe and proper place of shelter or residence until affairs were settled; until the Prince was finally victorious, or—but ah, she thrust aside the next idea, for she had not the courage to contemplate it.

Did she not fear the lawless character of the rebels (asked the old Colonel) and of this Popish Perkin Warbeck, whom the king of France had sent over to disturb the country and divert us from the Flanders war?

“Oh, no,” Bryde replied, with a sad smile, “she feared neither the Prince nor his followers, but devoutly hoped she might meet them by the way.”

CHAPTER II.

LIEUTENANT LA ROQUE.

“But the spite on ’t is, no praise
 Is due at all to me :
 Love with me had made no staies,
 Had it any been but she.

“Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least ere this,
 Twelve dozen in her place.”

Sir John Suckling.

THE quarter-master of the First Guards purchased for eighty guineas—equal then to thrice the same sum now—Bryde’s favourite pad and Sir Baldred’s old bay hunter with their horse-trappings. Fortunately she was thus pecuniarily independent of kind Colonel Durand, who had freely proffered his purse for her use, for the loneliness of the girl interested the fine old English officer greatly, all the more, that his daughter had died, when almost Bryde’s age, a few years before. So this was her last night in Carlisle.

“At this hour to-morrow,” thought she, “I shall be far away and drawing nearer home; but oh, what a desolate home!”

She had prepared and packed the few things she possessed, together with some reliques of her grandfather, his signet ring, his sword belt, the buckles of his shoes and the quaint black cavalier wig, to which he had so rigidly adhered in opposition to the white tow wigs of the Hanoverian era, and now she was seated thoughtfully and alone, in the gloomy, vaulted room, which had been apportioned to her. It was known as King David's chamber, for there that good Scottish monarch, one of whose favourite residences was the castle of Carlisle, died on the 24th of May, 1153, when he was found stiff and cold in an attitude of devotion, so "that you would not have believed he was dead," says Aldred. "He was found with his hands clasped devoutly upon his breast, in the very posture in which he had been raising them to heaven."

And, as Bryde sat there, half lost in thought, her pale cheek resting on her soft white hand, and her bright chestnut hair, as her head drooped, falling in a shower over her rounded arm and ivory neck, the old legend, which John the Prior of Hexham records, came vividly back to her memory, for it tells in all good faith and simplicity, how, when the Scottish courtiers conveyed their dead king northward to the place of his sepulchre in the abbey of the Holy Trinity, near Dunfermline in the woods, on reaching the shore of the Forth at the Queen's Ferry, they

found the waves so boisterous that they feared to embark. But no sooner had they placed the royal corpse within the barge, than the summer storm abated, the billows smoothed down into placidity, and the funeral train passed over in safety. Immediately after this, the wind bellowed again in tempestuous gusts, and piled the waves in white foam, on either side of the narrow strait, and shrouded in spray the little rocky isle that lies between.

Bryde was so full of this old legend, which, on this night, her room and its gloomy aspect brought to memory, that she did not perceive that the servant, who removed her tray of chocolate and macaroon biscuits, had ushered in a stranger, till she looked up, and by the light of the two branch girandoles, saw Lieutenant La Roque standing near her, hat in hand, and looking so handsome, so pleading, and so full of admiration for her beauty, that she found herself compelled to restrain a gesture of impatience, all the more perhaps, that this was, she knew, the last occasion on which she could be annoyed by his assiduity or attention.

The Dutch regiment of La Roque had been ordered back to the continent; but he, being wealthy, and the son of the colonel or proprietor, remained behind, whether with or without leave we are unable to state, nor does it matter much.

“ Ah, Mademoiselle Otterburn (we fear he pronounced it Ottairboorn) I have heard all,” said he, “ and deplore my unhappy fate.”

“ All, M. La Roque—what mean you ? ”

“ That you leave this place to-morrow ! ”

“ Yea—and the sooner the better, now surely.”

“ But—helas ! I shall see you no more ! ” said he, pressing his feather-bound hat with both hands on his breast, and looking sadly on the ground.

The yellow uniform, with its scarlet velvet trimmings, and long black military boots, the pale creamy complexion, rich dark hair, and fine but saucy eyes he possessed, all made the handsome young fellow quite a picture, and the *beau ideal* of what a young girl would admire as a lover ; but Bryde felt his attentions as a source of wrong, and as an insult that arose from her unprotected situation, which certainly was a powerful incentive to such a roué as La Roque.

With mingled timidity and impatience her soft brown eyes looked into his, that were so black and tender, yet expressive of something *more* than tenderness, as she said,

“ Sir, this black robe—the outward livery of inward sorrow—might teach you to respect my emotions, and to cease tormenting me thus.”

“ Ah, mademoiselle,” said La Roque, as he knelt down, “ have you no pity, have you no compassion ? Behold me—I am at your feet, and see how I weep ! (The rogue actually contrived

to squeeze out a few tears.) I am the most constant of lovers—the most miserable of men !”

“Of Frenchmen, likely,” said Bryde, with a faint smile ; “but, prithee, Monsieur La Roque, from what romance have you called these choice speeches ?”

La Roque drew himself up with something like hauteur in his bearing, and resentment in his eye ; he withdrew a pace, and then regarded her tenderly again, while toying with his little three-cornered beaver.

“Patience,” thought he ; “I must not relinquish a chase so charming, so seductive, and so secure from peril as the pursuit of this lovely and solitary girl promises to be. Parbleu, but she is marvellously attractive ! How is it possible to look on such a girl and not love her, or without longing to toy with her thick brown hair, her soft, white hands ; to caress and kiss again and again her tender eyelids and her beautiful lips ? How clear and gentle her eyes—how white her skin ! Mort de ma vie ! and her ear—’tis like a tiny white shell—she is perfect !”

All this occurred in thought to La Roque, and so he knelt again, and, with extreme volubility, said a great deal to which the pretty ear, which was so like a delicate white shell, was closed with provoking indifference.

“’Tis useless to talk to me thus,” said Bryde, after a pause, as she sighed with annoyance ; “I

could not marry you, Monsieur La Roque, even if I learnt to love you, which I never will——”

“Hah! you have then a lover—a favoured one, mademoiselle?” said the Frenchman, whose eyes glittered dangerously, while his fingers played ominously with his sword-knot.

“I have not said so.”

“But I think and suspect it.”

“I cannot help your fancies or suspicions, M. La Roque.”

“Tudieu! why so vague and uncertain in your answer? You either have or have *not* a lover—at least, dear mademoiselle,” he added submissively, “you can never have one more tender than I am.”

“Whether I have or have not, can in no way concern you,” said Bryde, almost in tears.

“It does, mademoiselle,” responded the impetuous Frenchman; “it does concern me, and all men who have the happiness, and, alas! the misfortune—for it is both—to see and to know you.”

“Romancing again, forsooth!”

“Peste! such a delightful, but provoking little chit it is, with its retroussé nose and touch-me-not face!” muttered La Roque, as he again knelt and strove to take her hand; “ah, ma belle—ma mignonne!” he exclaimed; “but do you know French?”

“Enough, at least, to know what your phrases imply.”

“That you are delicate, agreeable—beautiful.”

“Compliments to which I must not listen, and which, in my unprotected situation, become insults.”

“Mademoiselle!”

“I said, insults; yet think not that I am so totally unprotected.”

“Aha—our lover is at hand, I presume; if so, I hope he has *carte* and *tierce* at his finger ends.”

“Sir, if you do not leave me instantly, I shall desire a servant to summon Colonel Durand, and he, at least, will rid me of your persecution.”

Bryde rose as she said this, and laid a white hand, which trembled violently, on a bell that lay near, on the table. Her upper lip was quivering, and her eyes had a dangerous sparkle in them, for the *etourdi* bearing of her French admirer was becoming offensive, far more so than the queer mode in which love was made to her by poor Beau Egerton, of the Buffs. Poor Bryde was not a heroine, but only a loving, trusting, gentle, and affectionate girl; yet one withal who could act decidedly and resolutely enough at times, as her raid on Balcraftie's household proved.

“Do not, mademoiselle, I implore you, insult me so far, as to ring for assistance,” said the French officer, bowing, and stepping back as he did so. “If my presence is so hateful I shall hasten to relieve you of it. To-morrow you will be far away, and for the intrusion of to-night I entreat your pardon.”

“ I pardon^s you, Monsieur, with all my heart,” said she, presenting her hand; “ and for your kindness to one who is now no more, and your care of him too, I thank you truly and gratefully—more I cannot do—and now, good-bye.”

“ You travel north,” said he, still lingering over her hand.

“ By post-chaise.”

“ I know that, Durand told me; by the way of Berwick, probably.”

“ Oh no—by Longtown, direct towards Dumfries-shire.”

“ Longtown—ah, I must remember *that*,” muttered La Roque, as he kissed her hand with great tenderness, and, after murmuring his adieux, retired.

The moment he left her, he thrust his hat upon his head with the air of a man whose resolution is taken; he stroked his moustache, smiled to himself, and made a pirouette on the heels of his military boots.

“ I should not have said adieu, but *au revoir*, for we shall meet again, ma belle Ecossais, and where, perhaps, you little expect me, in a lonelier place than this. La Roque was never baffled yet, even by prouder and nobler demoiselles than you!”

Bryde’s beauty seemed all the more fair and rare to the Frenchman, that he had been accustomed to the dark and sallow women of his own country. Then she was so fresh, so white and

dazzling, so innocent, and yet so self-possessed, so timid, and yet so proud! Great was the spell of all this love and purity, so the mind of La Roque was full of love—as he thought it—but love darkened by daring and evil.

From his earliest boyhood, our enterprising lieutenant of the Nassau Contingent, had been in love with every pretty girl, maid, wife, or widow, who happened to be near him. A handsome and winning fellow, he had found most of the women to whom he had made love, remarkably facile; but, doubtless, he knew those that would prove so, by an intuition, the result of experience, for “that virtue which requires to be guarded, is scarcely worth the sentinel,” says the dear old Vicar of Wakefield.

Bryde puzzled him; she had no such sentinels, and required none. Her own innocence and her deep love for Dalquharn were guards enough. Hence her unstudied coldness and calm aversion, which piqued La Roque, and inspired him with an odd and revengeful emotion—a desire to conquer her at all risks and hazards—even of shame to himself. Thus, wounded vanity and inordinate self-esteem served as spurs to him in this unworthy pursuit.

If she had a lover in Scotland, what the deuce did that matter, save that it added piquancy to the whole affair? Poor devil of a lover, how disappointed he would be! Moreover, he might be

shot or hung in the coming troubles, if he really existed at all.

She was unhappy ; her tears told all that she was so, and Tudieu ! he—Lieutenant la Roque—was the identical person to soothe and console her. She was so charming and girlish—so full of the beauty of the devil—that it would be delightful to act the good Samaritan, to heal the wounds of her heart, and kiss those tears away.

It is not improbable that La Roque nursed himself into the conviction, that he was a very well-meaning and good-hearted fellow.

But it was a dangerous peculiarity of our flirting Lieutenant, that he could become sadly lover-like, and his tenderness was generally the more perilous and infectious, that while in the mood for it, he always seemed to be—and perhaps actually felt—bewitched by the fair one who stimulated his amorous proclivities ; and so, full of these thoughts, he put a round sum in guineas in his purse, quitted the Castle of Carlisle, and betook himself to the residence of the Postmaster in Scotch-street, that he might make some little private arrangements with the postilion who was to take “ mademoiselle ” north on the morrow.

* * * * *

On reaching Berwick-upon-Tweed, the fugitive Balcraftie, had learned the demise of Sir Baldred in the Castle of Carlisle. He rejoiced at that event ; another barrier between him and the

Auldhame lands was removed for ever, even King George's ministry, albeit ignorant of clemency or mercy, could not forgive the old baronet now. But Bryde still remained, and though the estates would certainly be forfeited to the Government, and doubtlessly be placed in his power, under the commission given to him, and so become virtually a gift to himself, Bryde had many noble and powerful friends, and the authorities might pity her desolate condition, and—do he knew not what—reserve a portion for her perhaps.

This his grasping avarice resented!

Could he but discover her, and get her kidnapped to the plantations (such things were done daily in those times)—or—or—not that—not *that!*

No, no, he had shed enough already, and he thrust the fierce thought aside.

But ere long Bryde was encompassed by perils sufficient to have satisfied even his avarice and hatred; and bitter indeed, was the rancour he bore her!

CHAPTER III.

THE LAIGH COFFEE-HOUSE.

“O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row.
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace cup served with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleased and please,
And e'en the very day's at ease!”

Pope.

THE Laigh coffee-house—an ancient establishment, having been the first opened in Edinburgh in 1677—fully rivalled the White Horse Hostel, as one of the chief rendezvous of the Prince's officers; and as the final day of October was to be their last in the camp and city, it was filled by them and their friends, drinking a cheerful and farewell glass. So many a bottle of rare old port was cracked; many a quaigh of usquebaugh emptied, and many a steaming bowl of punch brewed and drained to the success of the expedition, to the health of all true-hearted Englishmen who dwelt beyond the borders, to the confusion

of the Elector and all Hanoverian Rats and Rum-pers, amid scraps of party songs, and shouts of "*Righ Hamish gu Bragh*"—"the hills, the Glens and the people!" the dearest toast of the Highlanders; with many a fierce *Cathghairm*, or battle cry, which were yet to ascend to heaven, from the fields of Falkirk and Culloden!

This Laigh coffee-house, of which a certain Mr. John Loch was then the Boniface, was a famous place in those days for the "roup" of landed property, of houses, cattle, ships and prizes taken at sea; and therein was established an ordinary for gentlemen. Living was then very cheap in Edinburgh; at such an ordinary, gentlemen of good fashion could get—as the Reverend Mr. Carlyle tells us—a good dinner of broth, roast-beef, and *even* potatoes at four-pence a head, including "all the beer that was called for till the cloth was removed;" but, he adds, there used to be only one glass on the table, and it went round with the bottle, even as the dram-glass doth to this hour, among the humbler and jollier folks in Her Majesty's kingdom of Scotland.

The furniture was strong, old and imperishable. There were still the chairs and table, which had been used by the great and terrible Duke of Lauderdale, who was wont to sit there, with peruke awry and his vest unbuttoned, that he might drink more at his ease and swear in his cups at the crop-eared Covenanting Carles, and the English

Pock-puddings, who, between them, kept him for nine years in the Tower, after the field of Worcester was stricken, and well would it have been for Scotland, had they kept His Grace there for ever. There too, had been wont to come, Claverhouse in the pride of his manly beauty, Tom Dalzell of Binns, his white beard waving to his girdle, the "bloody Douglas," the ferocious Grierson of Lag, the Duke of Rothes, and other high flying cavaliers, to drink confusion to the Covenant and all the adherents thereof, before Dutch William came over, to turn their stormy world of madness and misrule upside down.

And now, at Mr. Loch's, all the chiefs and gentlemen of the Prince's little army were wont to come and go; and there might be seen all the nobles whose names we have elsewhere mentioned and all the prominent leaders, such as the hapless Major Macdonald of Tiendrish, who began the insurrection, by the brilliant affair of the Spean Bridge; Lieutenant Colonel Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, A.D.C. to the Prince, a splendid and heroic chieftain, who was basely captured in his bed, by a rabble at midnight and by the treachery of a clergyman, who received an incumbency as the price of his blood! Here too, came Gillies Macbane, John of Fassifern, and Roderick Mackenzie, whose fate made him a somewhat notable character in the insurrection.

No doubt when in this large but gloomy Edinburgh tavern, Dalquharn and others, who had been long exiled at Paris, would think of the Cafe Zoppi in the Rue St. Germain-des-Pres, where elegant suppers were served in luxurious private cabarets, for the bucks of the French Guards, and *filles de l'opera*, or the actresses of the old Comedie Française which was just opposite; and comparisons might be drawn, that were disadvantageous to the establishment of Mr. John Loch; and when dining at his ordinary some might miss the niceties of the French cuisine; but still what it lacked in splendour, the Laigh coffee-house made up for, in comfort and jollity.

And among many other groups there, on this farewell night, amid the smoke of tobacco pipes, and the light of wax candles in tin sconces on the walls, were seated Dalquharn, the Duke of Perth, old Simon of Lovat and others, including the worthy and amiable Lord Balmerino, who was master of the punch-bowl, which he never permitted to be emptied, but always—to use an old Scottish phrase—*eked* by additions of whiskey, hot water and lemon; thus in memory of this convivial Lord, “Balmerino’s *Eke*” is proverbial still, among all good fellows in Scotland.

They had left the ball given by the Prince to his officers in Holyrood—a ball, the glories and delights of which were the fond theme and memory of many an aged grandmother, long after

good old George III. was king, when the Black Watch were winning their scarlet plumes under the shadow of the Pyramids, and the last of the Stuarts lay forgotten in his grave at Frascati—forgotten by all, save a doting few, who remembered the days of old.

The Duke of Perth was dressed in a coat of richly flowered blue velvet. It was without a collar, but had heavy deep cuffs; his flap waistcoat was of rich silk sprigged with silver; his breeches of pearly coloured silk, were joined to his pink silk stockings by diamond buckles, while his ruffles and cravat were of the finest Brussels lace, and the star of the Garter which sparkled on his left breast, and was the gift of James VIII., added to the general nobility of his appearance.

Cunning old Simon of Lovat, stout, sturdy and florid, with his great obesity of calf and paunch, was sitting with a comical leer in his wicked eyes, his vast full-bottomed wig awry, and his gold laced coat, which was of the Fraser tartan, and had a row of very elaborate silver clasps, open for ease and comfort. He was smoking a long clay pipe, with his feet planted on a tabourette, his white silk hose making his short thick legs seem double their actual size.

Cards had been relinquished, and amid the buzz of voices in the large room, all their energies were now devoted to the punch-bowl.

“By my troth, I’ll play no more till I see

London town," said Lovat, testily; "I've lost more than I am ever likely to win."

"Yet what can a man do, my lord," asked Mitchell, "but play like his fellows—freely and boldly?"

"Aye, truly, what can he do, as Horace hath it, but like others, *inter scabiem tantam et contagia*—and so forth, amid the poison of such infectious times?"

"You talk of play, sirs," said the Duke of Perth—" (our glasses wait your pleasure, Balmerino), but I have seen nothing like the wild play of my boyish days, in the salons of La Belle Duclus, the famous Parisian actress."

"In the year when Louis XIV. died," said Mitchell, "and Philip of Orleans became Regent?"

"Exactly, Sir John; in that year, John Law, the Mississippi schemer, was the demigod of the faro tables. Gad-zounds, two hundred thousand livres of a night were a joke to our Laird of Lauriston, until M. D'Argensen, the Lieutenant-General of Police, warned him to quit Paris, or he found favour in the eyes of Duke Philip, which he was not long of doing. But you have heard of all those things, of course, Sir John?"

"When I came over to France, after being *out* at Sheriffmuir; but when La Belle Duclus was in her glory, I was in the Greys, under old Marl-

borough, in Flanders. I have heard that she was unsurpassed in her studied *deshabille*."

"And I have heard that was her chief mistake as a *toilette*," said Dalquharn.

"True—because an actor, an actress, coryphée or a favourite author, should never be seen like other folks in *deshabille*. The poor appearance of the late Mr. Pope—a little, lame and withered crookback—disappointed his greatest admirers, and dissolved, with some, the charm of his poetry. Louis-le-Grand, who was a good type of taste, was never visible, save in a full-bottomed wig—"

"To any but his mistresses," exclaimed Lovat, emitting a cloud of smoke in successive rings; "ah Duke, 'ods fish, I have you there."

"He was a safe model, at all events, my Lord Lovat," said Perth, with a tinge of hauteur in his tone.

"You are very silent, Dalquharn," observed Balmerino; "allow me to replenish your glass; but first I must add some more whiskey and a dash of lemon to the bowl; there, I knew it—gadso! I've overdone both—hallo, tapster—another tankard of hot water. You are thinking of the Bass, perhaps?"

"Ah—trés bon!" exclaimed the Duke of Perth, who had been so long in France, that like many other returned exiles, he interspersed his conversation with several French phrases; "your lord-

ship escaped out of that devilish stone trap by a most gallant *coup de maitre!*”

“On the contrary, I beg to assure your Grace, that I was not thinking of the past but of the future.”

“Nay—wherefore so gloomily?”

“I have lost more to-night at whist than I quite relish, and find that I shall have to march south at the head of my troop to-morrow, with empty pockets.”

“Soldiers’ thighs, as we used to say in the old Greys!” exclaimed Sir John Mitchell, laughing.

“Alas—yes—I am in ill luck.”

“That shall you not be, my good lord,” said a young man, who was seated at a table hard by, and had been observing the titled group with some interest, over his bottle of claret; “here are forty English guineas and three Portugal pieces at your service, and welcome to them!”

All gazed at the speaker with some surprise.

“Art sober, sir?” asked the Duke of Perth, whose dukedom was only recognised by the Jacobites, his patent never having passed the great seal of Scotland.

“The deuce, sir,” said Dalquharn; “how can I take money from a stranger—and when repay him, if I accept of an offer so generous?”

“If I am unknown to your lordship, you are no stranger to me. If we are successful, you can repay me (if God spares us) out of the first rents

you draw from the Holm in Galloway ; if we fail, 'twill make but little difference to me, if 'twere ne'er repaid at all ; there will have been more lost then, than my poor forty guineas !”

The speaker was a young man of singularly prepossessing appearance ; his face was a perfect oval, and his yellow, almost golden, hair, rose in spouts from his forehead, like that of the Phidian Jove, and fell behind in long waving curls, which were tied by a silk ribband. He wore it quite unpowdered, for like every fair-haired Scotsman at this time, and for long, long after, it was, perhaps, his “weakness” to be thought like “bonnie Prince Charlie”—and if so, a fatal folly it proved for him in the sequel.

He wore a full suit of the green Mackenzie tartan ; his figure and limbs were a model of combined strength and symmetry, and he had that remarkable smallness of the ankle, which is the pride of the Highlander, and it was improved by his neat brogues, which were tied about them sandalwise. His short coat was of pearl-grey cloth, fastened by a row of quaint silver clasps, and he was, of course, fully armed with broadsword, dirk, skene and pistols. In his smart round bonnet, which he instantly removed on addressing Dalquharn, was the Burning Mountain (Tulloch-ard !), the silver badge of the attainted Earl of Seaforth. He spoke English, but with a strong west Highland accent.

“I hope,” said the young man, reddening, as he proffered his pocket-book, “that your lordship will not—will not, degrade me by declining.”

“May I ask your name?” enquired Dalquharn.

“I am Roderick Mackenzie, humbly at your lordship’s service. I am not ashamed to say, that I have made my money as a simple haberdasher behind a counter in the Luckenbooths, without there; yet I am nevertheless of as good blood as any man in the North, and am a kinsman of Seaforth himself! Every farthing I have made, I mean to dedicate to the service of his Highness the Prince—so up I say wi’ the White Rose, and the Caber Feigh—hurrah for Kintail!”

“By my soul, but thou art a rare fellow! Give me your hand, and sit with us at this table,” said the Duke of Perth, as the young man’s colour deepened, on joining a group so high in rank.

“Taste of our bowl, my good fellow,” said Balmerino, who was seated at the head of the table, ladle in hand.

“I thank your lordship—this, to the health of our most gracious Prince!” exclaimed Mackenzie, draining the proffered glass, with an enthusiasm that made his temples flush, and his eyes fill with tears and fire together.

“Ah,” said Lovat, somewhat cynically, as there

were some doubts about his being created Duke of Fraser, lest they should lose all hope of the Laird of Grant, who had been secretly promised the Earldom of Strathspey. "No king, saith a certain adage, is ever thoroughly *gracious*, until he has passed a year or two in dethronement. And so as Horace hath it——"

"No more of Horace, my lord, or I shall be ill," said Balmerino; "tapster—waiter—pass the three elements this way, as we say at Mother Kilwinning; and now, once more to eke out the bowl. Zounds! I once used to take three bottles of French claret every night, till my conscience smote me——"

"For imbibing so much?"

"The devil, Dalquharn, I should think not!"

"For what, then?"

"For bringing so much custom to the Elector's Exchequer as one thousand and ninety-five bottles per annum insured, and so I betook me to a bowl of punch nightly instead—punch that had paid duty to no man, whether he wore the Scottish crown, or the Electoral hat."

"I vow, Mr. Mackenzie," said Sir John Mitchell, "that we are charmed to make your acquaintance—would that we had ten thousand more such Highlanders!"

"A handsome fellow, i'faith!" said Balmerino, with something like a hiccup, "and somewhat reminds me of the Prince himself. I warrant me,

Mackenzie, thou'lt leave many a fair lass in sorrow behind thee to-morrow."

"Nay, my lord—I shall leave but one woman, with a sad heart—and she is far away."

"But one, egad—but one?" exclaimed the old roué Lovat, mockingly.

"Yes—my mother," said Mackenzie, in a tremulous voice, while his fine, open features suddenly overcast; "there were three of us, when the Prince landed in Moidart—three brothers, Duncan, Hamish, and Roderick, my lord, and I was her favourite, if indeed she could choose between me and the other two."

"And where are they?"

"Buried in their bloody tartans under the old Thorn-tree, at Gladsmuir."

"Slain in the battle?" said the Duke of Perth.

"They fell, my Lord Duke, just as we rushed sword in hand, on the cannon—the same volley of grape slew them both. Oh sirs, my mother loved us with all her soul, but she risked us freely in King James's cause! I escaped the late battle without a scratch, but I have reason to know, and believe, that I, too, shall fall as Duncan and Hamish have done—yet I shrink not from my duty and loyalty."

"You know and believe—how so?" asked the Duke.

"It was by a dream," said the Highlander, sighing.

“A dream?”

“If not a dream that revealed this to me, I know not what it was—a vision, an instance of second sight perhaps, but a *double* case of it—two seeing at once—a travelling of the soul, while the weary body slept.”

“Pray tell us what you mean by this enigma?”

“I shall, my Lord Dalquharn, if you accept the money I offer you.”

“Sir, you are generous as you are remarkable! I shall accept the gold as a loan, and give——”

“Me a receipt—true—I earned it behind a counter—but say not this, my lord—your word is sufficient for me,” said Mackenzie, proudly, while his face turned crimson, as the blood rushed to his temples.

“Nay, good friend and comrade, I was about to give you but my thanks, meanwhile; and now about this dream?”

“It happened thus, my lord,” replied Mackenzie; and after a few moments of thought, during which he sat with his face half muffled in his belted plaid, as if ashamed of his emotion, he began as narrated in the following chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DOUBLE DREAM.

“Though thy slumber must be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep ;
There are shades which will not vanish ;
There are thoughts thou canst not banish ;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone !
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud.”

Byron.

It was in the grey morning, shortly before we attacked the army of Sir John Cope, near Preston Pans. I was lying asleep under the shelter of a whin-bush, with my head wrapped in my plaid, as a chill mist and wind were coming from the eastern sea, and with my target and claymore for a pillow. Duncan and Hamish were asleep beside me. God and Mary! (here Makenzie raised his eyes upward with reverence,) they slept a sounder slumber on the morrow, but not unavenged, for we found beside them a gory heap of the Sassenach Seider Dearg.*

* Red Saxon soldiery.

In a dream my thoughts, my spirit seemed to roam far, far away from that field, where, thick as sheaves in harvest and in close ranks, the clansmen lay sleeping in their plaids—away to the Head-of-the-two-Seas—to Kintail of the Mackenzies. Once more I seemed to tread my wild native mountains; once more I felt the soft heather as it bent beneath my tread, and again the air seemed laden with the sweet scent of the bog-myrtle. I saw the shaggy black cattle browsing in the glens, and contending with the fierce red deer for the green pasturage that grew by the sides of the rolling torrent.

I went on with a heart that grew full, well nigh to bursting, for I had a strange consciousness that I did but dream, and marvelled what was to be revealed to me. In thought I trod the steep and winding path that led to the home of my father. He was in his grave at Bundalloch; but his figure seemed to come before me in memory, just as I had often seen him limping up the road, for he had lost a leg in 1716, when the Saxon ships fired on our chief's castle at Donan, and he was known as *Rorri Crubach*, or lame Roderick, a true old Celt, who always bowed his head and lifted his bonnet, on hearing the name of his Maker, and never was known to take that sacred name in vain, though he used the devil's freely enough.

Morning was tinging with grey light the sum-

mits of Tulloch Ard, and the high hills of Belloch, when I passed through the gap or gorge, but for which the latter would be inaccessible, for there the vast mountains are cleft down to their base, as if by the hand of God, so that only three men can pass in abreast, and there the scenery is so terrific, that many a wayfarer pauses, or quickens his pace, as he proceeds.

I quickened mine, methought, for black darkness lay in the narrow glen beyond. I knew that at such an hour, I should find my dear mother, from whom I had been long absent, asleep in the same ancient bed, where many a time and oft she had nursed me, and soothed my infant petulance in the winter nights long past.

I let the gate close behind me with a clank, and traversed the little farm-yard, amid the old familiar barking of our dogs, till they recognised me, fawned upon me, and licked my hands. I rung the large ring on the twisted bar of the risp at the front door, but none seemed to be stirring within, and none heard me; *thrice* I did so, and then knocked with the hilt of my dirk, but all the household seemed to slumber like the seven sleepers, though the first rays of the morning sun were brightening now, the peak of Tulloch Ard!

Then my heart seemed to shrink with a vague and unknown fear; but, lifting one of the windows, I entered and found myself in the parlour which I remembered so well—every chair, table,

and other feature, being impressed upon my memory with vivid distinctness. I passed upstairs to my mother's room, and knocked on the door. Still no voice responded. Anxiously and fearfully I entered, and saw her, as she lay abed, holding back the curtains with one hand, and supporting herself with the other; but gazing at me, pale and affrighted—yea, paralysed with a horror that became too great for her.

Why was this? for now the grey light of the early dawn poured coldly, but clearly, in upon me, and she must have recognised my face and figure.

“I am come again to see you, mother, dear mother!” said I, hurriedly; “and, before the coming battle, to kiss you, and to say farewell!”

Then, as I bent towards her, she uttered a wild, convulsive cry, shrunk from me, and fainted!

With that shrill cry still ringing in my ears, I awoke to find myself cold and stiff, under the whin-bush at Preston Pans, and heard the half-whispered orders passed along the lines to stand to our colours, as we were close upon the Saxon soldiers, and were about to bear down on them in the mist with target and claymore.

I escaped that glorious battle scatheless, though my two poor brothers fell, covered with wounds.

Five days after this, my mother arrived in Edinburgh (just as I was closing, for the last time, my shop in the Luckenbooths), pale, wan,

sorrow and terror stricken, as she had appeared in my dream. With a wild cry she embraced me, and, on becoming more composed, informed me that on the morning of our victory at Preston—the morning of my vision—she, too, had a dream, and it was of *me*!

In fancy she had heard the gate of the farm-yard open and shut, and the subsequent barking and whining of the dogs, as if one whom they recognised had passed amid them. She had heard the jingling of the risp thrice, and the knocking with the dirk-hilt, without having the power to rise from her bed, or summon assistance; for a strange emotion seemed to congeal her blood, and to deprive her of all power of action.

Anon she heard a window lifted and closed as some one entered the parlour, and deliberately ascended the stair to her room, and then a tumultuous joy filled her heart as she recognised my step on entering, after giving my old familiar knock on the door.

Breathlessly and bewildered, I listened to all this, and as she proceeded, I seemed to be in my dream again.

“You entered, my son,” said she, in a broken and tremulous voice; “I knew your step, *Rorri laoighe mo chri*—*Rorri*, calf of my heart! I knew your gait, your figure, and the set of your tartans, as you stood by me in the grey light of the morning; but I saw not your comely ruddy face;

nor your blue eyes, that I was proud to think were like my own; nor the long, fair, silken locks which were as those of your father in youth, when the false Saxons were at Castle Donan, and the Spaniards in Glensheil; for, by the Blessed God and Mary, you were *headless*, and I saw the hot blood streaming from your neck!

“‘I am come to see you, mother, dear mother!’ said a voice, ‘and, before the coming battle, to kiss you, and say farewell!’

“The voice was yours, my fair-haired son; but it was strange in sound, and seemed to come from a vast distance—from some place far, far away.

“Then you stooped towards me, on which the infernal spell was broken. I uttered a cry, and became senseless. When I recovered all our household were around my bed; but the vision was so strongly impressed upon me that I could not rest, and so set out for Edinburgh to learn whether you were in the land of the living. Blessed be Heaven, I have found you; though that dream is a warning that we shall be spared to each other for a time—a brief time only!”

“I know, my Lords,” concluded the young man, “that in the Prince’s cause I am one who is doomed; for the dream of my beloved old mother was the very counterpart of mine. Why it should have been, God alone knoweth, for I cannot understand it, even through the medium of the powerful regard and filial affinity that exist

between us. We have never had a seer in our family; the fatal, the terrible, power of the Taischatr was never known to exist among us; and for myself, I am, as you see, a plain and practical fellow, who worked hard at business till the Prince landed in Moidart, when I exchanged the broadcloth for the tartans again, and the ellwand for the claymore.”

* * * * *

Dalquharn heard many a legend stranger and wilder than this during his campaign with the Highland army; but there came a time when he remembered, with singular and melancholy interest, the strange double dream of the mother and son.

“And now Balmerino, the grace cup,” said the Duke of Perth, rising and assuming his sword and pistols; “and then to quarters, sirs. To-morrow fife and drum will summon us all to our posts, when we march to proclaim King James III. of England and VIII. of Scotland, at Charing Cross, and to make ourselves masters of London!”

“Delenda est Carthago!” added Lord Lovat, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and adjusting his great wig.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARCH.

“ We’ve left our bonnie Highland hills,
Our wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland’s lord,
And the young chevalier !
For Charlie is our darling, &c.

“ Oh many were the prayers we said,
Wi’ many a hope and fear,
And many a sigh we gave to God,
For the young chevalier !
For Charlie was our darling.”

Old Song.

THE Lowlanders of Scotland at this period, as at every other, were remarkably jealous and tenacious of their civil and religious liberties. It was this noble spirit which roused them to oppose with such stern vigour the armed and most unwise interference of Charles I. and the zealot Laud; but by neglecting to secure the free exercise of the Presbyterian religion after the Restoration—when it was viewed as merely another phase of vulgar puritanism—they were exposed to much

persecution and to many foul wrongs by the Scottish ministry of Charles II.

The memory of the terrible "Highland Host," which swept the west country, was still fresh in the minds of all. Like the English, they had already become totally unused to the practice of arms, while the Highlanders were still warlike, hardy and expert in handling the sword, pistol, axe and musket, as every father trained his sons and the males of his household to war and the chase; thus, the Lowlanders became filled with melancholy forebodings, on hearing of the intended march of Charles Edward and his victorious "handful" into England. The monetary ruin that followed King William's treachery at Darien, the more recent military disasters and disgraces in Flanders, the rapid progress of the French power, and the defenceless state of the country—all the arsenals, cannon and munition of war, having been secretly abstracted by the government, who, after the Union, thought "the Scottish Lion" would be all the surer prey, without his teeth and claws—pressed upon their minds and filled them with gloom and apprehension, while nearly all the Highlands—territorially more than half of Scotland—looked quietly and exultingly on, awaiting the final catastrophe, whatever it might be, and watching with secret exultation, the rapid success of the brave but adventurous few, who had cast their lot with Prince Charles;

for the genuine Celt viewed the Englishman and the Scottish Lowlander, as Saxons and intruders alike, and felt himself the common enemy of both.

Our clansmen foresaw not then those happy and more glorious days, when their descendants, side by side with their English fellow subjects and brethren, would march to the splendid fields of Spain, of India and the Crimea, and when the "gathering" of the Camerons, the Gordons and Clan Donald, would summon many a red-coated Highland Brigade to battle and to victory!

The morning of the 1st November, 1745, dawned gloomily and drearily on the grey old city of the Stuarts. The steep castle-rock and the slopes of all the hills were powdered with a thin coating of snow. Shorn of his rays, the sun came upward from the Lammermuirs, enveloped in dull clouds, through which he loomed like a large crimson globe, while the smoke of the city hung, blackly and ominously, over its summit like a pall.

It was the morning of the march for England, and through the quaint old streets, "piled deep and massy, close and high," the pipers sent up their shrill summons, as the gatherings of various clans were played before the lodgings or quarters of many of the Prince's officers and chiefs; and rapidly the capital poured forth its thousands, to witness, from the eastern slopes of Arthur Seat, the departure of that small but courageous army from its camp at Duddingstone.

The tents were already struck, and the baggage was going in the carts of the Lothian farmers, under a guard of Pitsligo's Horse. The Lord Ogilvie's Clan-Regiment, consisting of six hundred men from Strathmore and Airlie, had marched as an advanced guard, and all the ground presented a stirring scene of bustle, amid which the smoke of the night-fires, as the dying embers reddened at times, curled up through the old copsewood, and rolled along the green hill slopes in light clouds.

The whole line of march had been regularly arranged, for the major and adjutant of each regiment or clan, had been with the Prince overnight to receive his final orders.*

The beautiful village of Duddingstone was then, as it is now, one of the most picturesque environs of the Scottish capital, and it presented a wonderful scene of animation on this morning, when so many Highlanders, all clad in their striking garb and variously coloured tartans, mustered under the banners of their chiefs, fully equipped for the field, each summoned by the pipers, playing the "Gathering" of their peculiar tribe.

Woods then bare or brown, rock and river, mountain and ravine, with land under the richest tillage, were all there to enhance the charming scenery round that broad sheet of water, on a

* "March of the Highland Army, by Captain Stuart of the Lord Ogilvie's Regiment"—a most interesting work,

promontory of which stands the square white tower of the quaint old white Saxon kirk, which once belonged to the monks of Kelso, and which was a place of worship for a more populous village than the present. Two hundred looms were once plied in Duddingstone Loan; but the people were all swept off by the plague, and now their bones are found from time to time, in the demesne of the Marquis of Abercorn.

Away to the westward of where the army mustered, stretched the loch which the coming winter should see covered with skaters and curlers, and which was then the haunt of the badger, the otter and the wild swan; and high over it rose the bare rocky scalp and the slopes of Arthur's Seat, with the snow that coated them, melting in the morning sun, and covered by thousands of interested spectators, among whom the old Jacobites were unusually noisy and vociferous, throwing up their blue bonnets, their bob-wigs, and three cornered beavers, shouting the while, as the 'Mercury' records,

“This is the Prince for us! He can eat a dry crust and sleep on pease-straw—tak' his dinner in four minutes and win a battle in five!”

And his soldiers, some of whom in after years lived to see George IV. in Holyrood and steamers traversing the great Glen of Albyn, were wont to weep when they spoke of him, and boast, in their quaint phraseology, that Prince Charles—“their

beloved Prionse Tearlach Steiubart, was straight as a lance and round as an egg !”

On this eventful morning the Highland army mustered six thousand five hundred infantry and five hundred horse, with seven six-pound field-pieces ; and all had four days, provisions per man. They were formed in thirteen regiments, clad almost entirely in the garb of old Gaul, and nearly all had muskets, in addition to their national weapons. The regiment of Perth alone wore scarlet coats with the Drummond tartan.

Carlisle was selected as the first point of attack ; while to mislead Marshal Wade as to the route he intended to follow, Prince Charles sent forward a party, under Gillies Macbane, to order quarters for his forces in all the principal towns on the road to Berwick-upon-Tweed.

The Duke of Perth was on this day made General of the Forces ; Lord George Murray, Lieutenant-General ; Lord Elcho was made Colonel of the Life Guard ; the Earl of Kilmarnock, Colonel of the Hussars, and the Lord Forbess of Pitsligo, Colonel of the Angus Horse, for so they named those corps, which they fondly hoped were only, as yet, the nucleus of their cavalry.

The enthusiasm of the Jacobites (and, let us hope, the commiseration of the whigs) was at its height, when Charles who had slept that night at Pinkie House, the ancient seat of the Earls of

Dunfermline, appeared in a simple Highland garb to march on foot, kilted with target and claymore, like a humble clansmen; and in this costume, he gathered round him, for a farewell harangue, the highborn chiefs of his army, all of whom leaped from their horses and uncovered their heads with reverence.

“God bless your Royal Highness!” exclaimed old Simon of Lovat, as two sturdy Frasers lifted him from the saddle.

“The benison of an old man, my lord, must ever be given for good,” replied Charles, bowing and laying his right hand on the star of the Thistle.

“Then in the name of sixteen generations of the House of Lovat, I bless thee!”

Probably the titled octogenarian really felt what he said at the time, but the Prince bowed again to conceal his smile, at the proud old Highland reprobate’s sudden affectation of piety.

“And what of this fellow Balcraffie, my Lord Dalquharn?” said the Prince; “I heard that you had burned his house about his wicked old ears.”

“He has fled to Berwick—”

“And so escaped us!”

“Yes, your Royal Highness; but I hope for a time only. Gillies Macbane may pick him up in that quarter, and do justice on him.”

“Too probably they may never meet; for, as the Duc de Sully has it, ‘petty rascals only fall

into the net of justice—the greater always escape.’”

“Of a verity, he is no petty rascal—but a villain of the most portentous magnitude!” exclaimed Dalquharn.

“Please you, to put on your bonnets, my Lords and gentlemen,” said the Prince; “the morning air is cold.”

But they all delayed to do so, for he now took off his own, which was simply adorned by three eagle’s feathers, and a white rose which had been made for him by the Duchess of Gordon, and while the red morning sun lit up his fine young face and made his fair curly hair glitter like gold, or floss silk, he delivered to his chiefs a most animated harangue, a few memoranda of which have come down to us, in the neat small handwriting of Sir John Mitchell.

As on the day when his standard was unfurled in Glenfinnan, he expatiated on the grievances of Scotland, which from being a royal kingdom was by the maladministration of the act of union, reduced to a province, despised by England, neglected by the Elector and blotted out of the map of Europe—a province impoverished by the absenteeism of alienated nobles, and burdened by oppressive taxes for the maintenance of wicked German wars. He promised pardon to all who quitted the service of the Elector and returned to their allegiance under James Stuart, their lawful king

He promised the abolition of lay-patronage and the restoration of the kirk of Scotland to that state which was established by the Revolution Settlement and Treaty of Union, both of which had been recklessly violated by the British Parliament in 1712, by an overwhelming majority of English votes.

“With all this, my lords,” continued the Prince, “I am opposed to a separation of the crowns. I say Britain for ever, and Scotland—the home of my forefathers—for one day longer! I am the heir of England and of Ireland, as well as of Scotland—the representative of Tudor as well as Stuart. The Union of 1707, is a great fact not easily got rid of; separation would ensure a mortal strife for years to come, and who among us would see that, and wish to live? We march into England *not* against Englishmen—oh no—God forbid!—but against those who have usurped my father’s throne. If England fails me, then shall I seek at least to secure and defend Scotland, the ancient cradle of our House and Race, and I shall then dissolve that Union which is so obnoxious to the masses of the people; but such a measure, be assured, most noble lords and chiefs, will be *last* resource of Charles Edward Stuart. The right of the first born is the right of the exiled king my father—the divine and irrefragable right which comes direct from God, and no illegal convention of the estates of Scot-

land or of the Parliament of England can subvert that claim, which I shall defend, even as God is my defence !”

The Prince put on his bonnet and struck the steel hilt of his claymore, as he concluded, and it was the only sound which broke the solemn silence, until Lord Elcho said,

“Your Royal Highness has spoken well ! The departed spirits of the faithful dead are with us now, so let us march and fear not. This poor Scotland of ours could once boast of a race of men, whose love for their native soil was a glorious passion—a passion in its strength and fulness second to no emotion that God hath planted in the human heart ! They loved the land of Spear-men well, when her soil was arid and barren, her treasures scanty and the vast resources of her mines and waters were unknown ; when her cities were thatched with straw or heather ; when her nobles dwelt in solitary towers and her peasantry in huts little better than the wig-wams of the Cherokees. Yet with all its sterile poverty, they loved well the mountain land, which God gave to their Celtic sires in the unknown time, and it was in this pure spirit that our barons declared to Pope John XXII., that so long as *one hundred Scotsmen* remained alive upon a hill side, they would never submit to the proud dominion of a foreigner ! Let us be worthy of our forefathers—of the true hearted men of the days of old !”

(“ Here,” says Sir John Mitchell, “ methought that the brief and ingenious harangue of my Lord Elcho, did surpass that of His Highness, as it drew a wild shout from the hearers.”)

A few hours after this, nothing remained of all the once inspiring scene, but the white ashes of the camp fires.

The sound of the pipes, the waving of the standards and the tartan plaids, the glitter of claymore and musket-barrel had all passed away by the wooded valley of the Esk on the road to Lauder, Charles marching on foot at the head of the first column, with his round shield on his arm, and his sword in his hand—and so, on and on towards the old warlike borders, advanced that devoted army, when the brown spoil of autumn was lying deep between the hedgerows, when the forests were fast becoming stripped, bare and cheerless, while the fir cones and the crisp leaves lay among the withered reeds and grass of the past summer.

On the night before the Highland army departed, the autumn wind had been heard by the superstitious to sough and moan with a singular sound among the old woods near the camp, and it was alleged that the groaning of the great oaks came mournfully on the breeze as it sighed away in the darkness, over the waste muirland towards the sea.

Some there were who shook their heads, and spoke of Flodden and King James!

The Prince was gone, but the hopes and the heartfelt prayers of the Jacobites followed him; and that absurdity might not be wanting, now that all danger had passed away, once more the hoarse drums beat to arms, the Edinburgh volunteers donned their red coats, and came forth from their hiding places. Great was the martial furore; and again the Seceders betook them to burnishing their firelocks, singing psalms and vowing vengeance on the Highland Amorites, and that man of Moab their leader, should he or they but dare to come once more. The flag on the castle was pulled down, and the officers of State returned from Berwick, pouring into the city with their retinues in a great stream, many on horseback and others in great pavilion-roofed coaches, crammed with property, children and livestock, spaniels and parrots, many of these vehicles being so piled with baggage, as to resemble pyramids on wheels, for all had "levanted" with their plate, jewellery and other valuables at the first approach of the Highlanders.

Among other returned *emigrés*, came my Lord Glentoady of that ilk, a famous whig noble, whose secret services to George II., his mistresses, and his ministry, together with his votes (ever adverse to the interests of his country), had been repaid by several pleasant and lucrative pluralities, such

as the office of Groom of the Back Stairs, Hereditary Keeper of the Royal Guinea Pigs, and Commissioner to the General Assembly of the kirk; and through whose good offices the much injured Provost Balcraftie had been specially recommended to the august notice of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NETHERBY ARMS.

“Despatch!

From Antony win Cleopatra; promise,
And in our name, what she requires; add more,
From thine invention, offers: women are not
In their best fortunes strong.”

Antony and Cleopatra.

How La Roque contrived matters we know not; but a singular and most provoking delay took place before Bryde ultimately departed from Carlisle in a chaise, the comforts of which would not be very apparent in these luxurious days of ours, as it was destitute of springs, and was merely slung in chains, that depended from four pieces of wood, that started at an angle of forty-five degrees from the lower carriage; and in this she was to be jolted over narrow, steep, and rough roads, such as, happily for us, have been unknown in the land since the time of Mr. Macadam.

Kind Colonel Durand, who accompanied her to the gate of the castle, hat in hand, with the stately courtesy of the old school, and there bade her farewell, kissing her hand with such an

air as Sir Charles Sedley would have displayed, promised that the solitary grave under the fore-wall should be cared for and respected so long as he was governor of Carlisle—which was fated to be but a short time now,—and as she departed, she prayed devoutly that it might be venerated, even as the Pagans of old invoked Nemesis to defend the relics and the memory of their dead from insult; but ere the leaves of the next autumn were whirling in the blast, many another heart was mouldering in the castle-ditch where Sir Baldred lay.

The Colonel had inquired of Bryde whether she was not afraid of falling into the hands of the lawless rebels?

And Bryde had smiled, for was not Dalquharn with those loyalists, misnamed “rebels,” because their efforts failed in blood and disaster? When did *rebellion* ever prosper? Were not Cromwell’s army and the Covenanters alike rebels, till each was victorious?

If the Prince’s troops were advancing, as the Colonel assured her they were, then every moment might be bringing her nearer to that heart on which she could repose her head and her lonely sorrows!

Great alarm was apparent on this day in Carlisle, and the whole militia of Cumberland and Westmoreland were pouring into the castle, for everywhere tidings were rife of the advance of the dreaded “rebels,” of whose ferocity, rapacity,

and cruelty, the most false and malicious reports were spread by the emissaries of the Government and the absurd fears of the peasantry.

She left the city about mid-day by the Scotch gate, but her progress was slow, and from the little windows of the chaise she looked lingeringly back to where the sun of the November noon reddened the walls of the venerable fortress, with its buttressed ramparts, so long one of England's chief bulwarks against the Scot, and to the square tower and great façade of the Gothic cathedral, which rose above the city.

Bryde was gone from Carlisle at last, and so was La Roque, well mounted, with his purse well filled, his holster-pistols loaded, and his sword at his side; but he took a different route, and making a detour towards Stapleton, pushed on at great speed for Longtown.

There were times, however, in steep parts of the road, when he drew his reins, and checking his horse, permitted them to drop on its mane, while he gave way to the dreamy luxury of exulting reverie. The only man in England whose control or interference he dreaded was worthy old Colonel Durand, and Bryde was beyond his care or supervision now!

As he rode on, he thought of her as he had seen her last night, seated in that gloomy old chamber wherein David, king of Scotland, knighted Henry of England, and wherein he died. The

last sound of her voice lingered in his memory, and Bryde's was a voice with a strange melody in it, that touched not only the tympanum of the ear, but thrilled at times upon the nerves, especially when she sung; the last touch of that soft white hand, with its violet tinted veins, seemed to linger on his, and his excited fancy pourtrayed alluringly her fair, young face, with its brown, tender eyes, long, dark lashes, and curling chesnut hair—all the more alluringly, that the country through which he rode was pastoral and lonely—that the girl seemed completely at his mercy, and that, in those lawless times of tumult and civil war—when to be a Scot was almost to be an alien in England—there was no one to protect her or to call him to account.

“How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done.”

Very wicked all this was, no doubt, of M. La Roque; but wicked fellows have existed in the world, even before David placed Uriah in his perilous post of honour, and such probably will always be, until the lion shares his couch with the lamb.

As he was particularly anxious that his prey should not enter Scotland, having a vague dread that if once there, she would be more sure of protectors, he spurred on till he reached Longtown, a market borough, and then a very small one, in the northern part of Cumberland, on the banks of the Esk, near its confluence with the

Liddel. A stone bridge crosses the river now, but then there was none, and the water was not always fordable. Around Longtown the country was pleasant, but pastoral and lonely.

La Roque rode straight to the only inn, or house of entertainment of which the place could boast—the ‘Netherby Arms,’ which were represented by three huge escallop shells on a sign-board, that swung from an iron rod above the trellis-work porch, over and about which were twined the dead creepers of the past summer.

It was evident that the landlord, Mr. Toby Radley, was a wag, as under the scutcheon, with the three escallop shells, in chief of Squire Grahame, of Netherby, was painted this distich—

“ In Longtown here, where dwells old Toby,
Pray stop and drink before you go by ;
Drink deep you may, withouten sorrow.
Tobacco given away to-morrow ! ”

The inn was the largest house in the straggling street, which was but a line of cottages, occupied by weavers of checks for the Carlisle market.

Built of solid stone, and roofed with grey slate, the inn was a massive old two-storied house, with a great chesnut tree before it. A deal table encircled the gnarled stem of the latter, and there many a tankard of ale was served to those riders, or travellers by the waggon, who cared not to alight ; and there also the male gossips of the town were wont to congregate in the warm sum-

mer evenings, for it was more pleasant as a rendezvous than the smith's forge, and more convenient too, if Giles Chawbacon, or Gaffer Hobnail, required a foaming tankard, which was pretty often the case.

With low ceilings, wainscoted rooms, narrow corridors, and oak furniture, an entrance which had several steps down instead of up, and a damp, earthy odour pervading it, the 'Netherby Arms,' had been an inn from time immemorial, which meant, since old Field Marshal Lesly, leader of the armies of the Covenant, and whilome "Governor of all the cities on the Baltic coast," with the Scots, was marching exactly one hundred and one years before, to the capture of Carlisle; and tradition still told that his officers, whose thirst seemed very troublesome, were all regaled with brown October, under the identical chesnut which overshadowed the porch.

And now, seated there, enjoying a yard of clay, and a brimming silver tankard of beer, with a little wall-eyed bull-terrier crouching under his chair, was Mr. Toby Radley, the host, a thickset, burly English borderer (looking excessively like Toby Tossopot, or the little squat mugs which bear his name). He was about sixty years of age, and wore a kind of stable-dress, with top boots, over which he had a frock of strong light blue linen. His fat rubicund visage was surmounted by a scratch wig and a weather-beaten brown beaver,

turned up on two sides, and presenting a cock only to the front.

He regarded somewhat suspiciously the horseman in the yellow uniform, who now rode briskly up to him, and reining his horse back upon its haunches, rather cavalierly bade him good morrow.

“Anan,” replied Mr. Toby Radley, that he might have time to scrutinise the stranger and rally his thoughts, which was usually a slow process.

“Monsieur le Maitre—diable! I forget—you are the host—the landlord, I presume?” asked La Roque.

“My sarvicé t’ye sir,” said Toby, bowing and draining his tankard; “yes—I be—what lack ye?”

“Refreshment for man and horse—and quarters here for the night.”

“Ods bud!” muttered Mr. Radley, pushing his scratch wig on one side, and rubbing his bald head with the mouthpiece of his pipe.

“You are not afraid of me, I trust?”

“Darn no—I’s’e feared o’ nae man that ever wore a laced quoad—ods bud!” said the landlord, who, however, was not so favourably impressed by the gay yellow uniform and gallant air of the rider, as his wife, a comely and buxom dame, who was reconnoitring from behind a window blind, where her black eyes twinkled with smiles, as

she adjusted her curly dark hair and her spruce mob cap.

La Roque, who had made up his mind to remain, dismounted, threw a guinea on the table, and ordered a stoup of red wine, while his horse was taken away by the ostler, after he had transferred the holster pistols to his girdle. Toby Radley took up the gold, but it failed to impress him with greater respect for this swaggering visitor, as he had seen many a bold highwayman do the same thing, in the same place, and with the same gallant air, ere now.

“You will share the wine with me, my friend,” said La Roque, as he seated himself by the table under the chesnut, and assumed his most insinuating air, when the drawer brought the wine and the change, out of which he tossed him a crown piece, “with the air of a lord,” as the landlady thought.

Toby, whose deeply set and keen twinkling eyes had never been removed from the stranger’s dark and handsome face, begged to be excused, “for wine aye gied him the mulligrubs, and he preferred yail.”

His wife, a plump and handsome woman, now passed and repassed, curtseying and smiling demurely to La Roque, till Toby rose and angrily told her to go and “prepare summut for the gentleman’s supper,” as the sun was setting now.

“Ken ye who he be?” she whispered.

“Wounds! no—how can I say. I veer mickle he may be the Pope or the Pretender, if he be na a highwayman—as I veer mair—so look to thy spoons, good wife.”

“He’s a pretty and a canny youth anyway.

The landlord of the ‘Netherby Arms’ only answered by a growl and an ill-concealed frown at his helpmate, who was greatly flattered by La Roque lifting his hat as she tripped away, and who was really pretty, pleasing, some thirty years Toby’s junior, and sô full and round in her bust, that she seemed to have grown up in her tight boddice and long peaked stomacher.

Toby again seated himself beside the stranger, who, after sipping his wine once or twice, said,

“Is that comely dame your wife, my friend?”

“I’m nae friend o’ yours, sir—what if she be—or what if she be na?” was the surly rejoinder of Mr. Radley, who laid down his pipe with a cloudy expression of eye, while his terrier began to growl and show his teeth, as if impressed by the sound of his master’s voice.

“Pardon me—I only envy you—though I too have the misfortune to be married.”

“Ods firkin, ye dunna look loike it,” exclaimed Toby.

“But my wife has run away from me,” said La Roque, with a deep sigh.

“Ods bud!” exclaimed the landlord, resuming his pipe and becoming suddenly interested.

“Has a chaise passed this way?”

“A chaise and four cream-coloured nag-tails?”

“No, a chaise drawn by a bay and a piebald horse?”

“No, maister—besides the river be na fordable at the present time, as ye may see.”

“Good—très bon! she will be here anon, and compelled to tarry.”

“She—who, maister?”

“My wife. I wish to stay here to-night for the purpose of arresting the fugitive. When she arrives, you will say nothing about my being in the house here—you comprehend, my friend?”

Mr. Toby Radley again applied the mouth-piece of his long pipe vigorously to his pole, and looked perplexed; the strange foreign accent, the confident bearing and excited manner of La Roque, puzzled one of a nature so slow and lymphatic.

“She’s goin’ to stop here, say ye?”

“Yes.”

“And you too, maister?”

“Yes—yes.”

“And one’s to ken nought about t’other, loike?”

“She is not to hear of me, till such time as I choose to make myself known. Mort de ma vie, what a stupid old beast it is!” muttered La Roque. “Truly, Father Adam has some very vulgar offspring. A French Aubergiste would

have taken in the whole situation at once—and guessed my wishes in an instant!”

“This business be na canny, maister—and I dunna loike it,” said the landlord, “dang me if I does!”

“I tell thee, sirrah, that the lady of whom I am in pursuit—whom I must have passed en route, and who will be here anon, is my wife!”

“Your wife—art sure?”

“Sabre de Bois! I have twice said so, fool.”

“But ods firkins, why do ye follow her in this wild fashion, maister?”

“Because she will leave me, despite all my love and tenderness, to join her rascally lover among these Scots rebels—les Sauvages Ecossais—dost see—dost comprehend?”

“If so be as that is the case, wounds; but I’m wi’ ye, and there’s the hand o’ Toby Radley on’t,” exclaimed the landlord, who was chronically jealous of a certain son of Vulcan, whose ponderous sledge hammer could be heard at that moment ringing on his anvil at the town end.

“Be you a voreigner, Maister?”

“Yes, a countryman, and what is more, a kinsman of King George, and as such I thank you, monsieur.”

“A chaise drawn by a bay ’orse and a piebald?”

“Peste—yes.”

“Then there they be, a rattling down the road

frae Blackford now, sure as my name be Toby Radley !”

As the landlord spoke, La Roque at once recognized the chaise with its yellow pannels, and glasses shining in the setting sun, as it approached Longtown at a rapid pace, swaying from side to side with fearful jolts on the rough and stony highway.

“ ’Tis she ! caution and secrecy now, M. L’Aubergiste, and be assured I shall pay you nobly and well !” said La Roque to Mr. Radley, who winked portentously, and placed his right forefinger by the side of his nose, on which the officer, who thought it might be an English mark of politeness, lifted his hat, as he hastened into the house muttering, “ En avant, M. La Roque ! milles diables, je le ferai bien ! en avant !”

CHAPTER VII.

LONGTOWN.

“I hold thee base enough
To break through law and spurn at social order,
And do a brutal injury like this ;
Yet mark me well, young Lord, I think Calista
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art !”

The Fair Penitent.

It seemed to Bryde that a singular fatality attended this first short stage of her journey. The delays were incessant; the horses, frequently restive, proceeded slowly, while the postilion seemed deaf alike to her orders and intreaties to travel quicker.

At a cross road, where the way was narrowed by prodigious hedges, they had to halt for nearly an hour until a suicide was interred, with a stake driven through his body, according to the custom of that enlightened age, and after his uncouth grave was covered up, and Bryde shuddered as the chaise passed over it; a malefactor's corpse swung close by on a gibbet, to add to the horror of the place.

At Blackford one of the horses cast a shoe ; the smith was tipsy at his forge, and another hour was lost ere a substitute could be found and the horse reshod.

The postilion next mistook the road, and drove her some miles on the way to Scaleby, before he pretended to discover his mistake, and poor Bryde shed tears of vexation, before she saw the straggling street of Longtown, and the desolate expanse of Solway Moss that lay to the westward of it, and there learned that the Esk was too deep for her chaise to cross that night, and she must wait until the morrow ; and as if that contingency was not enough, when just opposite the porch and chesnut tree of the 'Netherby Arms,' the near hind wheel of the vehicle, singularly came off (the driver had just abstracted the linch-pin), and in a great fright, Bryde allowed herself to be conducted into that celebrated caravanserai by Mr. Toby Radley, who felt that he was assisting in the performance of a high moral "dooty," by securing the pretty runaway.

This was on the evening of the 9th November, when the early sun sets at a quarter-past four. Bryde felt lonely and oppressed by an uncomfortable sense of her unprotected situation, as she saw the shadows deepening in this strange place ; and so she requested to be led at once to her room.

The hostess was kind, and her presence was very assuring to Bryde, who little knew from

whom she was only separated by a partition, and who felt puzzled, however, by her manner—especially by her strange smirks and smiles of intelligence. These surprised and annoyed her. What—thought Bryde haughtily—can this person mean; for whom does she take me?

After having a cup of chocolate, she desired to be left alone, as she meant to set forth betimes on the morrow, and from the window of her room, which was secured by iron bars, and which Toby Radley took especial care was at the top of the house, she sat alone, for hours, watching the new moon rising in the north-west above the pastoral hills of Annandale.

She saw it shining on the White Esk, which rises in the shire of Selkirk, enters England at the Scots Dyke and flows past Longtown to the Solway Firth. At least she was so much nearer home! A Scottish river flowed beneath her window, and those were Scottish hills over which the moon's sharp crescent was soaring. Poor Bryde's *maladie du pays*, would seem very strange to the wanderers of the world in this age of locomotion.

Well, to-morrow, if the spirits of the stream proved friendly, would see her beyond its banks, and travelling away towards the lonely wastes of Eskdalemuir. She remembered the halt among the mountains, when her grandfather grew weary and lay by the wayside with his poor old aching head in her lap. It seemed as if all that had

passed but last night! She resolved that she would visit the kind farmer who had befriended them, and was considering the various presents she would make to his wife and little ones, when, after saying her prayer very devoutly, with her hands folded as she used to do in childhood, the amiable girl dropped into a calm and pleasant sleep.

A certain vague sense of alarm had prevented her disrobing, so she lay down in her walking-dress and drew the coverlet over her for warmth.

She had thought of securing her door prior to this; but the key of the lock was gone! Indeed, at that moment it was safe in the pocket of La Roque.

Bryde had been unconscious for some hours, when that personage, who had been, as he would have phrased it, "priming" himself with wine to deaden any small scruples he might have felt, stole stealthily into her room, carefully shading his candle with one hand, lest he might startle or rouse her too suddenly, for one of his chief objects was to compromise Bryde if he could, by placing her in a false position.

Time was further advanced than our enterprising officer supposed, for notwithstanding the daring offence he meditated, he had actually fallen asleep with his head on the bar-table.

The silence of the apartment and of the time, was profound; he heard only the soft and regular

breathing of Bryde, as she lay half hidden by the coverlet, in a pretty little tent bed with white muslin curtains, in her *tout ensemble*, looking very much as we have all seen Desdemona in the last scene of her tragic story.

Bryde was pale, but looking almost beautiful, and there was a sublime innocence in her calm sleeping face; her long eyelashes seemed black when contrasted with the purity of her cheek, and her rich, bright chesnut hair was spread in some disorder over the pillow. One hand, white and faultless in its symmetry, rested on the tucker of her boddice; the other was under her round and softly shaded cheek. Her lips were parted. She was dreaming and smiling in her sleep, for midnight was long since passed; the morning was nigh, and then it is, that one generally dreams most.

“Peste!” muttered La Roque; “she is charming—superbe—magnifique! But there has been a decided dash of the devil at times in these glorious eyes, when they have surveyed me. Tudieu! my little beauty, I would rather—when you are provoked—be your lover than your husband, as I have given myself out to be, to the boors here. Mademoiselle has a chin and upperlip that evince determination of purpose. She sleeps and dreams—dreams of that other lover, whoever he may be. Ah sacre—shall I ever teach her to love me?”

He had been gradually drawing nearer as he muttered thus, and now stooping over her, he daringly pressed his lips to hers! Bryde started, and awoke with a sob of terror, and she was about to scream when he somewhat rudely placed his hand on her mouth.

“Oh, Heaven!—most merciful Heaven!—who is this?” she exclaimed, supporting herself on one hand, and seeking to protect herself with the other.

“’Tis I, mademoiselle—’tis I, dearest: do not alarm yourself,” said he, as she furiously dashed aside his arm, and forcibly sprang to the floor; but he confronted her midway to the door, in which he very deliberately turned the key, and placed the latter once more in his pocket.

At this action Bryde became seriously alarmed, but rallying all her courage—

“Monsieur La Roque—you here, sir,” she exclaimed: “here—and at this hour!”

“As you see; at your service, my dearest girl—tender, devoted, and true.”

“Oh, M. La Roque, you are cruel, insolent, and heartless! How can you—how dare you—to treat me thus?”

“Heartless—très bon!”

“Leave this room—nay, this house—instantly, and begone!—begone, or my cries shall bring me aid.”

“Nay, mademoiselle, do not deceive yourself as

to that, or be so rash as to make any unpleasant noise. This inn is perfectly solitary; it contains no travellers, fortunately, but ourselves, and your postilion, an unparalleled fellow who fulfilled my instructions to the letter! I have completely won over madame the landlady, and 'le maitre d'hotel,' the 'aubergiste,' or whatever you call him, *he* is far too judicious and well-bred to interfere between a wedded pair, as they conceive you and I to be."

"Have you dared to say this?" exclaimed Bryde, who felt more indignation than fear on hearing this bantering speech, which La Roque uttered with a somewhat thick and uncertain voice.

"What will love for you not make me dare and do? Ah, mademoiselle, have you no heart?"

"I have a heart—a resentful one, as you shall find," said Bryde, sternly, as she looked round; but there was no bell or other means of summoning assistance.

"A heart—peste! then it must be of stone, or of ice. Don't you see, my beloved one, how I suffer?" exclaimed La Roque, tearing his hair with both hands in a manner ludicrously French.

"I have told you often ere this, that my regard is irrevocably another's; and if it were not—"

"Ah—diable—if it were not—"

"This ruffianism would only serve to steel me against you."

“I am not so assured of that,” replied the young Frenchman, with a saucy smile, for the fumes of the wine he had imbibed overnight were still affecting him; “I never met a brown-eyed girl yet who did not like fire and vivacity in a lover. Ah, my angel, if you were but half as much in love with me, as I am with you, how happy we should be! what devilish fuss and trouble would be spared us!”

As La Roque had never before permitted himself to speak in this audacious strain, Bryde became seriously alarmed; and, on his attempting to take her hand, started back with a dangerous expression sparkling in her eyes.

“Tres bon—tres belle! C’est la beauté-diable!” exclaimed La Roque, laughing and making a rather unsteady pirouette.

“Oh, that I were a man and had a sword, or even a riding whip, wherewith to punish you as you deserve, base and ignoble coward, for such conduct as this! Sir, I command you to leave this room instantly!”

A very dark expression came over La Roque’s face at these words, which stung him keenly, and completely sobered him. He drew back a little way.

“Thank Heaven,” said Bryde, “day is at hand, and will bring succour with it—the dawn spreads fast across the east.”

“I have but one excuse, mademoiselle—I love

you so much, and love should pardon anything. It is in vain to resist me, for my plans are laid with care. You travel not one step further towards Scotland, but must go with me."

"With you?"

"Yes, my little coquette."

"To where?"

"Wherever I please."

"Leave me, sir—leave me or I shall faint," said Bryde, whose courage began to fail her.

"For to-night—or rather, for what remains of the morning, I shall leave you—if—if—"

"What, sir?"

"You will give me one kiss, freely, willingly—only one little kiss; people always seem to know each other so much better after that."

"Enough, sir—begone, I command you," said Bryde, rushing to the window and throwing it up; but it was closed by the bars without, and no one seemed abroad yet.

La Roque, inflamed alike by her beauty and helplessness, sprang towards her; threw his left arm round her waist, and grasped her right hand resolutely within his own.

"Ah, sir, have mercy upon me, if you are a gentleman—mercy I beseech you," said Bryde whose tears could no longer be controlled, "I am all alone in the world—alone among total strangers—in this wild place, too! You will have pity upon me, and no longer insult me, La Roque

—I know you will, for the sake of your mother—of your sister if you have one?”

Her soft brown eyes so imploring and full of earnest sweetness were turned to those of the Frenchman; but she saw that he was unflinching in his purpose; that her very glances served only to inflame him more, and now a long and shrill cry for help escaped her.

“Sacre-bleu,” said he, “such a very unpleasant sound; but you may scream for succour here a long time, before it will come to you, little one.”

At that moment there was a loud knocking on the door of the room, and the voice of the landlord was heard saying in a very excited tone—

“Open Maister—open! get forth the chaise and away wi’ your wife, for Odrabbit it, here be these pestilent Scots a comin’!”

At the same moment the sound of many bagpipes was heard, and Bryde from the window saw in the grey twilight of the morning a great body of Highlanders marching straight for the bank of the swollen stream, which they began to cross, without the slightest doubt or hesitation.

In fact they formed part of that column of the Prince’s army, which, under the Duke of Perth, was destined to capture Carlisle. A hundred men abreast, they flung themselves, hand-in-hand, in the Scottish fashion, into the rushing stream, and soon more than two thousand of them were in the water at once, stemming thus the fierce

torrent, without the loss of a man. Little more was visible than their heads, and the standards which their bearers held triumphantly aloft.

The first who plunged into this deep and dangerous ford, was the heroic Gillies Macbane, who, before doing so, drunk a mouthful of the water, exclaiming as he waved his bonnet :—

“Deoch slaint an Righ Hamish !” (To the health of King James.)

As soon as they had all crossed, they brandished their swords, gave three loud cheers and shouted :—

“Prionse Tearlach gu bragh !”

They then danced reels to the sound of the bagpipes till their kilts, plaids and other clothing were dry—and this sudden passage of a swollen stream, was achieved by those brave and hardy fellows in the space of five minutes.

A horseman in blue uniform, with an upright white feather in his hat, attended by a trumpeter, swam his charge across the river, and after a few words of conversation, with one who rode a white horse, and who was no other than the Duke of Perth, galloped off by the road to Carlisle.

Did nothing of his air seem familiar to Bryde? For that horseman—who crossed the stream within a hundred yards of the window, from whence she and La Roque, who was now thoroughly startled and dismayed by the sudden apparition of this hostile

column, were gazing—was no other than her affianced husband, who was dispatched to summon the city of Carlisle, and who spurred on, mentally vowing that, ere nightfall, he would free Bryde from the captivity he supposed she was enduring there, or he would lie dead in the castle ditch.

The inmates of Mr. Toby Radley's establishment were all roused now. Terror and dismay filled the hearts of all the simple folks in Longtown; for they believed that a general pillage and massacre were certain to ensue.

La Roque took his measures instantly; he looked to the priming of his pistols, and stuck them in his girdle. Bryde was rushing from the inn porch to effect her escape and join the Highlanders, when with the assistance of Toby Radley, her tormentor thrust her forcibly into the chaise, which was now at the door, with the horses traced, and the corrupt postilion in the saddle.

Poor Bryde uttered a succession of piercing cries; but a handkerchief was thrust into her mouth; the glasses were closed, and while La Roque held her firmly in his arms, they were borne away at a tearing pace, she knew not whither.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN ENGLAND.

“O, Pattison ! O chon ! O chon !
Thou wonder of a mayor !
Thou blest thy lot, thou wert no Scot,
And blustered like a player.
What hast thou done with sword and gun,
To baffle the Pretender ?
Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease,
Thou art more fit defender.”

Song, The Mayor of Carlisle.

LORD DALQUHARN'S mind was as full of Bryde Otterburn as of his duty while he rode along the same road, which she had pursued yesterday, (but in an opposite direction) and soon saw before him, all reddened by the morning sun, the fine old city and fortress, so long alike the key and bulwark of England's western frontier, whilome besieged by many a Scottish army, and sometimes in vain. Dalquharn knew now of Sir Baldred's death ; but he hoped to find and free Bryde from the old border city, and so, spurred on with emotions of joy and ardour, that however, were not untinged by anxiety.

Surrounded by massive walls of the time of Henry VIII., and which were greatly strengthened against the Scots by Queen Elizabeth, the town, under its Mayor, Mr. Pattison, was fully prepared for resistance; and that civic dignitary was at the pains, in a proclamation, to inform all whom it might concern, that he was *not* Paterson, a Scottish man, but a free-born Englishman, "*which* would fight to the last gasp for his king and country."

With the garrison of the castle, under Colonel Durand, and the cannon on the walls of the city, a noble defence was expected, as the column of the Duke of Perth was furnished with only a few small field-pieces.

Dalquharn, as he approached, saw the union-jack flying on the castle; the gates all closed, and guards of militia and the line on the alert. He reined in his horse; his trumpeter did the same, and blew three shrill blasts, while waving a white handkerchief in sign of truce, for they were not without fears of being fired on, in defiance of the laws of war, for the hostility of the people they were advancing among, was extremely bitter, though they were nearly the same race as the Scottish Lowlanders, for Cumbria, the most north-west part of England, and southern of Scotland, was a province of the Scoto Britons, (including those of Galloway and Strathclyde), who after the Saxon invasion, withstood it in

the west, and forming an independent kingdom, subsisted as such, till conquered by Gregory the Great, in the tenth century.

After a little parley, Dalquharn announced to an officer, who came forth, his name and rank, and stated that he had come on the part of His Grace the Duke of Perth, to demand in the name of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, for James III. of England and VIII. of Scotland—the precedence was changed now—the surrender of the castle and city of Carlisle, otherwise they should be taken at the point of the sword.

To this, the Mayor, a very vulgar little cheesemonger, replied by a recapitulation of his placard, adding,

“Sir—thof you call yourself a lord—I’m a freeborn Englishman, which won’t submit to no Roman vermin, French dragoons, Irish brigades, or Highland cut-throats. Hurrah for the land of liberty, say I, and down with the Popish Pretender—the lousy son of a Scotch warming-pan !”

Dalquharn was weak enough to be irritated by this man’s foolish insolence, and his right hand wandered involuntarily towards his holster flaps, a motion which Mr. Mayor Pattison was quick enough to detect, for he slunk behind Colonel Durand.

“The Mayor speaks for the city, my Lord,” said that stately old officer; “I am governor and

commandant of the garrison—Colonel Durand of the First Guards, at your service.”

“Permit me, Colonel, in future, to confer with you, for with this person, the mayor, I can do so no more,” said Dalquharn eyeing Mr. Pattison sternly.

Colonel Durand bowed, all the more politely, perhaps, that in our regular army officers and men had greatly lost confidence by the result of the battle of Preston; and as a means of resisting the furious onset of the Highland swordsmen, it was actually proposed to have portable chevaux-de-frise to place in front of the lines of infantry, a timid precaution never adopted; but the rumour thereof caused great anxiety to the Prince and his officers, lest it should baffle their simple tactics.

Durand listened with courteous politeness to the demands of Dalquharn, and glancing with a smile at the heavy ten-gun battery of the castle, said, that as a British officer he knew his duty, and that his garrison would stand on its defence.

“I regret to hear it, sir; but I too have a duty to perform. And now, Colonel, ere we part, I have a favour to ask of you. Sir Baldred Otterburn, who was prisoner here——”

“Lies buried in yonder ditch, where many more may be ere long, I fear; but what is the favour, my Lord?”

“It is the release of his grand-daughter, Miss

Otterburn, who was brought here prisoner under a Dutch escort?" said Dalquharn, whom this information greatly shocked.

"Under favour, good my Lord, she was no prisoner, but simply her grandfather's attendant. She is no longer here, having left Carlisle yesterday."

"For whence?"

"By chaise for Scotland. I had the pleasure to be of some special service to the poor young lady, who, I hope, will soon be safe among her friends."

"I thank you, sir," said Dalquharn, who could scarcely conceal his disappointment. "Then, Colonel, you have no amended answer for His Grace the Duke of Perth."

"None—save that if he would be wise, he should sheath his sword and go home. Mere hereditary right is a doctrine no longer understood by Englishmen, and your Prince deceives himself if he hopes to find either friends or allies on this side of the Tweed. I would not question either him or you, my lord, as to whether a king can do no wrong; I would only ask, if King James comes to rule over us, will he do right? Here ends our confidence."

They saluted each other and separated.

The citizens of Carlisle fully equalled those of Edinburgh in the display of valour and in noisy preparations for defence; but when the Duke of

Perth's column came in sight, and a battery was formed, under the direction of Captain James Grant, the Prince's chief engineer, on the east side of the town—a work at which, in their enthusiasm, the Duke, the Marquis of Tullybardine, and Sir John Mitchell, worked with their coats off—the gallant Mayor desired at once to make terms for himself and the city, meanly leaving to his fate Colonel Durand, who, however, fired briskly on the trench, and threw over hand-grenades in great numbers; but his cannon and explosives were so ill served, that they excited only the derision of the Highlanders, who waved their bonnets, whenever a missile fell among them.

Finding himself abandoned by the warlike Pattison, Durand substituted a white flag for the Union Jack, and once more Lord Dalquharn rode forward to parley with him. The sequel to this conference, was the surrender of the castle and city after a mock siege, (in which one man was killed and one wounded) on condition that all public rights were to be respected; that the militia should disperse, leaving two hundred horses, one thousand muskets, one hundred barrels of powder, fifteen coehorns, and three months' provisions at the disposal of the Prince, who, on the 17th, made his triumphal entry, amid a royal salute from the ramparts and the ringing of bells.

He was mounted on a white charger, and pre-

ceded by one hundred pipers, whose united strains must have made a terrific din to those who heard it. At the head of these musicians, swaggered John Macgregor of Fortingall, his own favourite piper. The Life Guards rode in two abreast, with one kettle-drum beating, and next day Pattison the mayor, and the other magistrate (who had delivered the keys on their knees), with the city sword and mace borne before them, proclaimed James king of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, while Marshal Wade, with his division of the British forces, was pushing from Newcastle towards Hexham, through fields and roads, buried deep under the heavy snows of an early winter, that rendered them nearly impassible.

Every reader of history knows the sad tale of the young Prince's campaign; how the rapidity and boldness of his expedition filled with ardour the brave; with pity, the wise and wary; with terror, the pusillanimous; and how it astonished all Europe, though his force grew smaller daily, for a thousand Highlanders declined to cross the Borders, and returned home.

When we consider the orderly and gentle conduct of the Highland Insurgents, who really believed that they were advancing to free their southern fellow subjects from a foreign thrall, the language of loathing and hate, adopted by the English towards them, seems now alike absurd and horrible.

A gentleman writing from Derby describes them as looking “like so many fiends turned out of Hell to ravage the kingdom, and cut throats ; and under their plaids nothing to be seen but butchering weapons of various sorts ; the sight at first must be thought very shocking and terrible.” After much grossness and obscenity, the letter adds, “but what really did afford me some matter for unavoidable laughter, was to see these desperadoes, officers and common men, at all their meals, first pull off their bonnets, then lift their eyes in a solemn manner, and mutter something by way of grace—as if they had been so many primitive Christians. Their dialect seemed to me as if a herd of Hottentots, wild monkies, or vagrant gypsies had been jabbering, screaming, and howling together ; and really their jargon was very properly suited to such a set of banditti.*

Even a clergyman, the Reverend Dr. Doddridge, in his memoirs of the foolish visionary Gardiner, who fell at Preston, announced, that were “an hecatomb of Highland brutes slain across the grave” of his hero, his hate would not be quenched.

Scotland has not been wanting in those who have coarsely and ungenerously written in a similar strain. We can smile at such bitterness now ; but we should also remember that though

* Hist. of the present Rebellion, by John Moredant, Gent. London, 1747, p. 212.

among the chosen twelve of God, there was one Judas, all England's proffered gold could not produce ONE traitor from among those "Highland brutes and banditti," who followed Charles Edward Stuart to the three last battles fought on Scottish ground.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETREAT FROM DERBY.

“The sun will not be seen to-day ;
The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day ! Why what is that to me
More than to Richmond ? For the self-same heaven
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.”

Richard III., Act v.

LORD DALQUHARN'S troop of the Life Guards formed the advance of the Prince's army, when after a long, fatiguing and harassing march, performed by Charles on foot, as he gave his coach to the aged and infirm Lord Pitsligo—a march, on which, especially after leaving Manchester, they were everywhere received with signs of aversion—the Insurgents entered Derby.

In London, terror reigned among the Whigs, and exultation among the Tories ; the Guards were at Finchley, and King George's yacht, laden with all his plate and valuables, lay off the Tower Stairs. Fielding, who was then in town, says, “when the Highlanders, by an almost incredible march, got between the Duke's army and the

metropolis, they struck a terror into it, scarcely to be credited," while the fear of the country people was as absurd as it is inconceivable.

Locheil with the Lords Dalquharn and Nairn were quartered in the same house at Derby, and the Chevalier Johnstone records that on their entrance, the landlady, an old woman, threw herself on her knees before the astonished Highland chief, and with clasped hands, and eyes full of tears, exclaimed in piercing accents,

"Oh sir, take my life—but spare my two little children!"

"Are you in your senses, my good woman—pray explain yourself?" said he.

Then she answered him with sobs, that everybody believed the Highlanders to be cannibals who ate little children. The good chief laughed heartily and assured her, but with some difficulty, that neither she, her little ones, or any one else would be injured. After this, she opened a secret press, saying:

"Come out, children—the gentleman says he will not eat you."

Then two trembling and half-stifled children came forth and threw themselves at the feet of the gallant Locheil, as if he had been the ogre of a nursery tale. "They affirmed in the newspapers of London," adds the Chevalier, "that we had dogs in our army trained to fight; and that we were indebted for our victory at Gladsmuir (or

Preston) to these dogs, who darted with fury on the English army. They represented the Highlanders as monsters with claws instead of hands; in a word, they never ceased to circulate every day, the most extravagant and ridiculous stories with respect to the Highlanders."

In all the towns along their route no man cried God save Prince Charles, or his father. It was too evident, when too late, that all England looked on with coldness, timidity, or hate, and felt, like he of the *Night Thoughts*, enraged to see

" A Pope-bred princeling crawl ashore
And whistle cut-throats with those swords that scraped
Their native hills for barren sustenance,
To hew a passage to the British throne."

They mocked, or with stupid wonder stared at those men, speaking an unknown language, wearing a wild barbaric dress, so quaintly and so amply armed, and who, though orderly and civilized, seemed uncouth, savage and garish in the appurtenances of their mountain chivalry, and marching bare-legged through the deep December snows! Yet in the ranks of that small army, so mocked and reviled, were many of Scotland's greatest nobles, perilling all that makes life dear for their native king, and many a young hero, whose mother had prayed on her knees, by his bedside in the lonely glens of the north—prayed as only a mother can pray, with her head on his pillow and her tears on his cheek, ere he went

forth with Appin, Locheil, Lord Louis or Gleggarry, with the white rose in his bonnet, high hope in his heart, and his loyal father's sword by his side, to find perhaps, a grave on the field, or under the scaffold; for in Scotland, many a mother could say, in the words of the old song—

“I once had sons, I now hae nane,
I bore them, toiling sairly!
But I would bear them a' again,
To lose them a' for Charlie!”

With an army reduced to 4400 men, the Prince was now but little more than a hundred miles distant from London; but save 200 men of Manchester under Colonel Townley, a brave and accomplished English gentleman, none joined him, and he was menaced by no less than *three* British armies; one under Marshal Wade in Yorkshire, another under the Duke of Cumberland at Lichfield, a day's march in front, and a third encamped at Finchley, under Marshal the Earl of Stair, while, beyond, lay London, filled with the militia and volunteers of the city and all Middlesex!

To advance seemed desperate; to retreat hopeless, while rivalry, jealousy and dissension, the usual curses of the Celtic race, were not wanting in the unfortunate Highland camp. To all, but more especially to the ill-starred young Prince, had it become apparent that the pretended English Jacobites had lured him to his doom!

“We have had ocular demonstration,” says the editor of Johnstone’s Memoirs, “from the archives of the Stuart family, now in the possession of his majesty, that he (Prince Charles) was first invited into Great Britain, and then basely abandoned to his fate, by a great part of the English aristocracy. This fact cannot be denied, as there is evidence in their own handwriting. These archives consist of more than half a million of documents;” hence “the project of the Pretender was not so wild, as since the *result*, it has usually been pronounced; and the conduct of the Highland chiefs, though certainly bold, was not so imprudent, as it might, at first sight, appear to be.”

So in the mansion of Brownlow Earl of Exeter, was summoned that celebrated council of war, which was attended by all the nobles and chiefs of that little army—a stormy and a bitter council it proved!

Many had to impart intelligence of a gloomy nature. All the west of Scotland was now in arms against them under John of Mammore, the heir of Argyle; in Perth the Jacobites and whigs had come to blows; in Dundee the Prince’s governor had been expelled by force of arms. In Edinburgh the demonstrations against him were remarkably vehement, and there General Handside was rallying a large force, among whom were the fugitives from Preston. Worse than all,

the Macleods, the Grants, and other powerful whig clans were all in arms, and mustering for King George, beyond the Grampians and the Spey!

Notwithstanding all this gathering gloom, M. du Boyer, the Marquis de Guilles, Captain of the marine regiment, 6th of the French line, and styling himself the ambassador of King Louis, who had only the selfish ends of that monarch in view, urged an advance, and spoke largely of the Irish brigades which were to join a few troops just landed at Montrose under Lord John Drummond. Even the Lords Dalquharn, Nairn and Balmerino urged that they should at once march and fight the Duke of Cumberland or the King.

“To London!” they exclaimed, “to London, your Royal Highness; it lies open to the first comers, Scots or Dutch; let us fight the Elector at the head of his Guards and train-bands, and die under the walls of London if we cannot be victorious!”

To all this Lord George Murray who acted as Adjutant General, replied in the name of the majority which adhered to him, calmly, briefly and wisely:—

“Your Highness, my lords and gentlemen, we have marched thus far into the heart of England, and Colonel Townley, with 200 loyal men of Manchester, alone have joined us, though our route has lain through those counties which were

supposed to be most favourable to our cause. Of that descent from France, of which M. le Marquis de Guilles speaks so largely, we hear only from himself. If one—yea, even one Englishman of note, shewed us favour, we might march to London or anywhere else; but 'tis not so, and nothing is left us now but to consult our own safety—to regain those mountains, from which we have been lured on false and base pretences! As matters stand at present, even if we eluded the armies of Marshals Wade, Stair and the so called Duke of Cumberland; now more than 30,000 strong, we would have to fight a *fourth* army in front of London, when every man of us would be destroyed, and the £30,000 which are set upon the head of your Highness, would probably be realised by some enterprising cockney.

“With whomsoever we fight, to a force so small as ours, victory would be impossible on one hand, and fruitless on the other. We could no more command the vast multitudes of London than the waves of the sea. We have many friends yet in the North, where Viscount Strathallan has mustered 4,000 loyal claymores; let us join them if we can; if we cannot, let us die, as our fathers have died, sword in hand, on the way!”

The Duke of Perth and Sir John Mitchell suggested a march into Wales; but Lord George shewed the impossibility of opposing the army of Cumberland, whose junction with Wade would

hopelessly cut them off. On all hands menaced, harassed, disappointed and despairing, it was carried that the retreat should be immediate!

The Prince had listened to all this, while his blue eyes, sparkling with tears of rage, were fixed on the road that led to London, through a level and fertile plain surrounded by beautiful scenery, over which a gloom, consonant with his own emotions, was cast by the dull grey clouds that enveloped the winter sun. His face was pale now, and his fair hair in disorder. Had charming Mrs. Cibber seen him then, perhaps she might not have played Polly Peachum for three nights gratis, to furnish money for his enemies, even though the candles for old Drury, were given, also gratis, by the chandlers of London.

His hopes were all but blasted now!

“I shall call no more councils now, my lords,” said he bitterly and proudly, “since I am accountable only to God and the King my father. To Scotland then be it!”

In those simple old days, great folks were not, like the veriest snobs of the present, ashamed of exhibiting the natural emotions of their hearts, and some stormy words ensued at that council board, and tears even were shed by some, tears of rage and mortification, by old and young.

Next day in the dusk of the December morning the pipes summoned the clans to their colours, and as they joyfully supposed against Cumberland.

“The Life Guards had the van; Kilmarnock next; the Athole brigade had the Royal Standard; Cluny and Pitsligo had the rear guards of foot and horse,” according to Captain Stuart of the Lord Ogilvie’s regiment; but when day broke and the increasing light shewed to the Highlanders that they were retreating, fleeing as they deemed it, a moan of rage and fierce lamentation rang along their whole line of march; and now the vindictiveness of the peasantry became prominent; most of them were in arms, says Sir Walter Scott, and all stragglers were murdered or made prisoners. When taken, they were led away, half stripped, with their hands tied behind their backs and halters about their necks.

The Prince, who had always marched at the heads of his clans when advancing, and was ever the first at the muster-place, now seemed to *follow*, rather than lead them. He rode on silently and moodily, or spoke only to Perth and Dalquharn, who had vehemently, but unwisely, opposed the retreat; and no more was his cheerful voice heard carolling a scrap of a French song, or calling to old Macgregor, his favourite piper, “Seid suas do phiob, Ian!” (blow up your pipes, John), and to march beside him; and, strange as it may seem, to the music of those identical pipes did George IV. dance in Holyrood, and Her Majesty the Queen at Taymouth Castle.*

* See Notes.

Sad and preoccupied, he rode on in silence, with the reins of his white horse resting on its neck, and his eyes fixed on vacancy, or like one who saw something unseen by others, in the infinity of time and space. But last night he had been discussing whether or not he should enter London in the kilt, and now!—

Dalquharn and others hoped that if they could elude the three armies, which were striving to hem them in, and join Strathallan in the north, a vigorous stand might be made in Scotland yet; but at times old Lord Lovat was vehemently of a different opinion, and consoled himself by sundry quotations from Horace, and affirming that “this retreat was like the madness of men doomed by the gods!” But it was a retreat unsurpassed by any, for rapidity, order, and skill, and they had been two days on their homeward march before the unwieldy hero of Fontenoy, heard that they had out-flanked and eluded both Wade and him. To traverse level England was easy work to those hill-climbing warrior shepherds, who wore the garb of old Gaul.

At all the cutler’s shops in the various towns, they gathered in clamorous bands to have their dirks and claymores sharpened. At Kendal, the young baronet of Kirkbrae, a gentleman of the Life Guards, was assassinated from a window, by a musket-shot. The ball narrowly missed the Duke of Perth, and pierced the hat of Sir John

Mitchell. In retribution for this, Dalquharn ordered his troop to pillage the adjacent houses, and endeavoured to set the town on fire.

So on, and on, was continued that weary and harassing retreat, through the winter slough and by execrable roads, with all the British cavalry, and even mounted infantry, the Yorkshire Hunters and armed peasantry in close pursuit, until the 18th of December, when, just as dusk was closing, shots were exchanged between the rear sections of Dalquharn's troop, the clansmen of Cluny MacPherson, and the dragoons of Cumberland, when a resolute stand was made by the rear guard of the fugitive army on Clifton Moor, an episode, some of the incidents of which were never to be forgotten by Dalquharn.

CHAPTER X.

THE ABDUCTION.

“ I am as bold, I am as bold,
 I am as bold, and more, lady ;
 And any man who doubts my word,
 May try my good claymore, lady.

“ Then be content, then be content,
 And run away with me, lady ;
 For you shall be my wedded wife,
 Until the day you die, lady.”

Ballad of Robin Oig.

To be dragged away as Bryde was by her daring abductor, in a chaise and pair, her own vehicle too,—dragged away she knew not whither, when almost within hail of the Prince’s army, was maddening! She uttered several shrill cries, and for a time struggled violently with her captor. Filled with just indignation by the deliberate insolence of La Roque, she wished for a dagger, and once she made a snatch at one of the handsome silver-plated pistols which hung at his girdle, though she knew not her object in doing so.

He strove to soothe her by caresses, which she angrily repelled; he tenderly besought her not to weep, saying also, that he had loved her since the

first evening on which he had seen her, when he came on that unwelcome errand from Berwick with M. le Provost—loved her dearly, fondly; that he would marry her if she would have him—*milles bombes!*—actually marry, though it was not much in his way to do such things; that she was a portion of his Fate—he of hers; that there was a hidden tie which bound them, and a great deal more to the same purpose.

But notwithstanding the outrageous nature of his conduct it must not be supposed that Lieutenant La Roque was so madly in love with Bryde Otterburn as his too ready flow of words would infer; a flirtation, philander, *affaire du cœur*—what you will—with some fair one, formed a necessary portion of the business of life, with this young *mal vivant*, for such he was, rather than a regular *vaurien*.

It was, he thought, excessively annoying to find that he, who had found so much favour with the gayest women of Paris, who had but to throw the handkerchief (like our old friend to the Commander of the Faithful) to delight the most charming of the opera girls and fair ones of the *corps-dramatique*, should be repelled and baffled thus, by a little *cossaque Ecosais*, as he playfully termed her.

A reckless audacity had chiefly caused him to avail himself of a handsome girl's unprotected situation among strangers; a love of adventure, and a desire of seeing the affair to an end, had

spurred him on, for all his life, especially since he had joined the army, had been spent in wild and dissolute scrapes, duels, and love affairs, with girls of all classes.

Bryde sat silent now, or only started from time to time as some labourer in the fields, or some way-farer, turned for an instant to gaze, with wonder and inquiry, at the chaise, as it was torn along the road, both horses being lashed to such furious speed, that the ill-hung vehicle swayed madly from side to side, in imminent danger apparently of being overturned.

The hot tears, which since early morning, had by their ceaseless flow inflamed Bryde's delicate eyelids, were still welling forth copiously.

The sight of this grief and unconquerable repugnance horribly bored La Roque, and there were times when he eyed her gloomily, and felt inclined to leave her, and say,

“Mademoiselle, we weary each other; turn your horses' heads towards the north, and begone to your barelegged friends, in the devil's name.”

On, on, amid the bold, abrupt, and precipitous scenery of Cumberland, along a road bordered by sterile fells, cut by brawling torrents, and over moors, where the old Cumbrian steers, a tiny breed, with giant horns, were browsing; on they drove by Carleton and Scalesheugh, by Hesketh, in the old forest of Inglewood, by Plumpton-wall, and the vast Druidical temple at Salkeld, where Meg and

her seventy-seven daughters, each a mighty monolith of grey stone, stood in dark outline against the clear blue sky; and now the town and ruins of Penrith were before them, as they proceeded at an easier pace over an open waste, or moorland, till the report of a fire-arm was heard, and the chaise was suddenly stopped, and two men muffled in dark roquelaures, with hats unflapped and crape-covered faces, and each with a pistol in his right hand, came galloping to the windows.

“Voleurs des grands chemins!” exclaimed La Roque, leaping out, with a pistol in each hand; but at that moment a shot pierced his shoulder, he staggered and fell to the ground, while one of his pistols exploded harmlessly, and the other fell from his relaxed grasp.

“’Sblood! surrender, purse, watch and everything, or your life arn’t worth a tester, whatever that may be,” cried the first who came up, a hideous fellow with two squinting eyes, that seemed to leer at each other through the holes in his crape mask; “heyday, Jack—what the devil have we here? a Frenchman by his lingo, and a tight little lass!”

“Ah diable inhumain—excessivement brutale! me regardes-tu coquin!” muttered La Roque, who soon after fainted in agony; and before Bryde had recovered from her consternation, she found that the robbers had possessed themselves of the well filled purse, rings and watch of La

Roque, and after contenting themselves by grimly surveying her, on hearing some alarm, had galloped off as rapidly as they had come; the whole episode appeared like a dream, and there she was, on an open moorland, she knew not where, far from help, with La Roque as she thought, dying beside her, and quite alone, for the postilion, like a pusillanimous knave, had untraced the saddle horse and fled.

Bryde's generosity and pity now made her do all in her power for La Roque; the blood was pouring from the wound in his shoulder; the collar-bone, apparently, was broken, and his gay yellow uniform was all stained by the crimson current. His handsome features were deathly pale. She dipped her handkerchief in a cool runnel and bathed his temples; then she tore a portion of her dress and folded it into a species of pad to place over the wound, her tears flowing fast all the while, alike for her desolate condition and this unfortunate fellow's danger. In the tenderness of her heart, she forgave all his wildness now; and while she was occupied in acting the good Samaritan, on looking up, she saw a stranger hurriedly approaching.

By his strictly black dress of sable broad cloth, his large cuffed and long skirted coat, his bob-wig and the low-cock of his hat, he appeared to be a clergyman; he carried a long ivory handled cane and a bag, which evidently contained a sur-

plice and prayer-book. He was a pleasant-looking man of a dignified presence, with a very bland and benevolent expression of face, and seemed to be about twenty-seven or thirty years of age. Bryde rushed towards him, and took the hand which he kindly extended towards her.

“ You look kind and good—you will protect me, dear sir, will you not ?” she exclaimed ; “ you are, I think, a clergyman ?”

“ I am the Vicar of Penrith—Dr. Thomas Cap-pock, at your service, madam. You have been waylaid by robbers—a sad affair—truly, a sad affair ! Here is the postilion returning I see.”

“ And I am here alone—all alone sir, without a friend—God help me !” said Bryde wringing her white hands, the delicacy of which the young Vicar perceived, as well as the sweet beauty of the clear brown eyes, that were bent on his so imploringly.

“ But this gentleman,” said he stooping down and feeling the pulse of La Roque, “ by his dress belongs to the foreign troops brought over against the—the—the Chevalier—he is your brother I presume ?”

“ Oh !” exclaimed Bryde with sorrow, alarm and confusion mingled, as she saw all the falsehood of her position, and knew not what to say.

“ Alas—he seems sorely wounded. Your husband ?”

“ Nor brother, nor husband, nor lover ; I shall tell you all, good sir, if you will but save him and

protect me. I have much need of protection—
and—and—”

Then after all she had undergone, the landscape, the church spire and the ruined castle in the distance, with the summits of the hills, all seemed to chase each other in wild career around her; she sank on the ground, and for a time, was happily unconscious of everything.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VICARAGE OF PENRITH.

“How different man—the imp of noise and strife,
Who courts the storm that tears and darkens life,
Blest when the passions wild his soul invade!
How nobler far to bid those whirlwinds cease,
To taste, like *thee*, the luxury of peace,
And silent shine in solitude and shade.”

Wolcot.

THE ancient vicarage of Penrith was then situated a mile or two distant on the road that led from the quaint old border town of that name, towards the beautiful valley of Kendal.

From the roadway could be discerned the heavy roof, steep ogee gables and clustered chimneys, twisted, octagon and square, of the antique house; here and there an oriel, or a latticed window with deep Elizabethan mullions, shone as the sunlight glinted on them through the masses of ivy and woodbine that covered all the quaint façade affording shelter for uncounted sparrows; or when it threw long wavy beams of light between the gorgeous chesnut trees, to flicker on the close and

velvet-like green sward, where the Vicar's cheviots were grazing.

A pleasant old house of the Tudor days, that had been many a time pillaged and burned by the Scots, but had always been restored again, it was remarkably picturesque, in its stone patchwork, over which the ivy and time together had cast a tone to please an artist's eye. It was embowered among knotty oaks, great chesnuts and grand old elms, remnants of the once vast Forest of Inglewood; and many shady green lanes, where the hedgerows were wild and luxuriant, and the grass grew rank and long (delightful for summer evening rambles), diverged on all sides from it.

The old house with its wainscoted rooms, tiled hall and dining-room, was suggestive of all that was comfortable; and so thought the hearty young Vicar, when seated in his easy chair, dressing-gown and slippers, he saw from the lozenged windows of his oaken library, so solemn, silent and tranquil, the sunny landscape stretching far away towards the Border mountains, and in middle distance the old town of Penrith, the spire of his own church, and the ruined castle, in the little valley northward of the Eamont.

Then he would light his long pipe, after his evening cup of chocolate had been brought to him by blooming sister Cicely, ere he turned wearily from Archbishop Tillotson and the last notes for his next sermon, to the more congenial

but certainly not very exciting pages of "Papal Tyranny" by Mr. Cibber the player, or of "Tancred and Sigismunda," by Mr. James Thomson the poet.

There, in that pleasant old English vicarage, dwelt Thomas Cappock, D.D., a tall, full, round and manly-looking divine—a bold, free Lancashire lad, as he was fond of boasting himself; and as such, one who was inspired by the strongest high church and Jacobite sympathies; for his father had been taken in 1725, for serving under General Foster in 1715, and was hanged therefore at Newgate—"murdered by the brutal whigs," as he bitterly phrased it. He possessed an intellect of the highest order; a conscience that was upright, tender and true. Cheerful and adored by his neighbours and hearers (especially by the unmarried spinsters) and more particularly by his two pretty sisters, Cicely and Olive, who considered Tom, as they called him, the beau-ideal of all manly excellence, though they often quizzed his sermons, for all that.

To Cicely and Olive Cappock, timid country girls, accustomed only to visit bed-ridden old folks in the cottages among the green lanes close by, to superintend the Sunday evening school and the choir of brother Tom's church, whose daily round was one of monotony; to potter about the secluded garden in huge hats and old fardingales with thick gloves on their delicate hands, to snip

off decayed buds and tie up drooping rose trees ; to cook and make pickles, preserves and home-brewed cordials of gooseberries or cowslips ; to feed rabbits and canaries ; to copy out Tom's sermons ; to take physic to Goody Hubbard's sick baby, or some elder-flower wine to Gaffer Gurton for his quinsy ; to girls, we say, accustomed only to such mild excitements as these, the approach of the Highland army, the proclamation of King James at Carlisle, and the episode of the wounded gentleman and the delirious young lady who were brought to the Vicarage in a chaise by Tom, were wonders only to be equalled by Skiddaw or Helvellyn turning into a volcano and spouting fire, or an earthquake swallowing up Penrith, church and all !

They were simple but affectionate girls ; both possessed of a great beauty purely English, and both were just after Bryde's own heart, as she felt when she had learned to know them, and their mutual regard ripened rapidly and wonderfully.

Among the first to tender his allegiance to Charles as Prince Regent, was the young Vicar, whom he immediately appointed Bishop of Carlisle, to the great disgust of Sir George Fleming, Baronet of Rydal Hall, then holder of the see. Great was the gratitude of Tom and his sisters for the sudden promotion ; it was a retribution almost sufficient for their father's murder, and not even

among his faithful Highlanders, had Charles three hearts more loyal, devoted and true, than those in the old Vicarage of Penrith; but they foresaw not the terrible sequel of that ephemeral appointment, which history records.

What enhanced the soft beauty of those girls was, that their dark brown hair was most unfashionably unpowdered; but "brother Tom," though he had on an ample bob-wig such as became a vicar, and consequently was "all shaven and shorn," was an uncompromising foe to the absurdity of that time, when, as a writer says, "there were some inconveniences attending the use of wigs. There was no such thing as walking forth to enjoy fresh air and exercise, except in the finest weather, if attired as became a gentleman; to be carried about by chairmen, and jolted in a sort of trunk or bandbox, was a most unenviable distinction. If a dark cloud hung over the Park or Mall, away hurried the magnificent perriwigs, and away flew the pretty women in their hoods and ribbands."

Till the march of the Prince into England, Dr. Cappock had been inspired by no desire but the wish to fulfil his calling as a churchman and citizen; and humbly, earnestly, and faithfully "to do his duty in that state of life to which God had called him;" but the new tide of events uprooted his simple plan. A thousand stirring emotions and old inbred sympathies were awakened

in his breast, and with all his heart and soul, in private, and in public, he prayed for the success of King James's cause, and the downfall of George II.

The excitement and terror she had undergone for months past, and the violent emotions to which she had been more recently subjected, cast Bryde on a fever-bed. Her pulses beat with the rapidity of lightning; her poor head was racked by incessant pains; she was alternately anxious and passive, delirious and sleepless. She had a parched throat and a burning thirst; but Dr. Cappock knew something of medicine, and Cicely, by his directions, prepared for her various cooling drinks, decocted of tamarinds, apple-tea, orange-whey, and from marsh-mallow roots; and as fashion reigns in physic as in other things, with arbitrary sway, she was copiously bled.

As for La Roque, he too was a patient on Cicely's hands; but as the pistol ball had not broken the collar bone, but had only inflicted a severe wound, loss of blood prevented inflammation from setting in, and he recovered rapidly.

In her delirium, Bryde frequently implored Dalquharn, Mitchell, and others, to save her from La Roque. Thus the Cappock family became pretty familiar with many names which occur in these pages, and were impressed with a great mistrust of the handsome young rogue, who, when questioned, said with the most perfect sang froid:

“Oh—madame is my wife.”

“She denies that such is the case,” said Dr. Cappock with some gravity of manner.

“A strange *erreur*—but poor thing, she is at times quite delirious.”

“She has no wedding ring,” urged the divine.

“Of course not—diable! the thieves took care of that, I doubt not. It has gone the way of my watch and purse. And how is madame?”

“Still weak—ill and feverish.”

“Peste—a dreadful nuisance!” muttered La Roque, who ere long began to retain the hand of Cicely or Olive—it mattered not which—to say his soft things, and to startle the girls by making love to them, which they thought very odd in a married man, and feared to mention to their impetuous brother Tom.

When Cicely laid Bryde’s head on her shoulder, and by caresses sought to soothe her, the poor girl occasionally imagined herself at home, and attended by old Dorriel Grahame, would, in fancy, hear her saying :

“Oh, the bairn I’ve nursed at these breasts—that I’ve borne in these arms—that hath lain for hours in my lap crawing and smiling! Bryde—Miss Bryde—my bonnie cushie doo—my ain pet lammie;” and then soothed with ideas of home, she would go to sleep like a child, in the white arms of the tender-hearted Cicely.

One day in her dreams, she heard the hum of the Highland pipes, and after waking, the sound lingered like a reality in her ear. It was the Prince's army marching southward from Carlisle on the 21st of November, and as the troops defiled along the road, Dalquharn rode past the old vicarage of Penrith, little knowing *who* was sheltered under its kind and hospitable roof.

Dr. Cappock had heard of the old cavalier who died in the castle of Carlisle, and on learning that Bryde was his grand-daughter, his friendly interest in her was redoubled.

"She seems a grand Scottish lady, Tom," said Cicely, "but then, they are all so grand and so vain, these Scots!"

"Don't say so, Cis," replied her brother; "a handful of Scottish men are setting an example for loyalty to all England, and their leader hath made your Tom a Bishop!"

"She has a sweet, almost a beautiful face—and her dress is black—mourning."

"She is no way grand, Cis; but seems to be just like yourself, a warm-hearted, good, brave and honest girl. Colonel Durand, whose 'occupation's gone,' like Othello's, told me all about her."

"But this Frenchman, Tom?"

"Gad, Cis, I can't make him out at all."

"She vehemently denies that she is his wife, and implores us to save her from him. The mere

mention of him always brings on her fever again."

"Then saved she shall be!"

"But the young man seems so handsome and so winning," urged Olive.

"Anyway, he shall leave this house as soon as he can move. Evidently our roof is no place for him, whose heart, I fear me, is too much like that of man in general, 'deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.'"

Poor Olive thought she could forgive much wickedness in one so handsome, and possessing such beautiful black eyes.

"Bah!" muttered La Roque, one day when he was convalescent, and after a few words of conversation with the new made Bishop, who seemed exceedingly dissatisfied, "this devil of an Abbé, Vicar, or whatever he is, doesn't like me, I can see that with half an eye. What does it matter whether I am married to Mademoiselle Ottairbourn or not! These Anglais are too well fed to have any romance about them. Peste, upon their narrow prejudices—their preposterous *idées insulaires!*"

Soon after this, finding his position becoming exceedingly unpleasant, all the more so, that the Highlanders were falling back from Derby, La Roque, after writing a note of apologies to Bryde, and another of thanks to the Cappock family, levanted without beat of drum, and was heard of

no more, unless we can identify him with the Colonel of the same name, who fell at the head of the Regiment de Perigord when, some years after, General St. Clair attacked L'Orient with the Royals, and a few other troops.

Leaning on Cicely's arm, Bryde was ere long able to walk during the warmer hours of the winter days, in the quiet shady lanes, where the large gnarled trees of old Inglewood Forest met overhead by entwining their branches, like the arms of so many giant wrestlers. The blithesomeness of her fair young brow had changed to sad and quiet pensiveness and sorrow now. She told all her story; of her engagement with Lord Dalquharn; her recent persecution by La Roque, and the Bishop was justly indignant that this personage had escaped unpunished. Unclerical though the duty, he would doubtless have let "the Johnnie Crapaud" feel the weight of a hunting whip; and when Bryde thanked him for all his kindness, he replied hurriedly, and while blushing like a great schoolboy,

"I am too much of an Englishman—a blunt Lancashire lad—to care about being thanked; and look you, Miss Otterburn, I hate it! When you are a little stronger, you shall repay us, by aiding Cicely, till my Lord Dalquharn comes to claim you; for Cis is my little almoner, and the distributor of the crumbs and pence my small

funds enable me to share with the poor here, and God help them, they are many.”

“Oh, that will be charming!” exclaimed Cicely, as she clung about her. “Bryde, darling, you are lovely—you have the face of an angel, it is so full of truth and sweetness; but our Bishop Tom here will tell us angels are only in Heaven.”

There was a demonstrative fondness, a sudden impulsiveness and friendship in those sisters—two black-eyed Lancashire witches—for Bryde, which is a charming peculiarity of English girls; their frankness puzzled and dazzled her, accustomed as she had always been to the cold, hard, and stiff puritanism of her own country. But certainly there was a double charm in Bryde’s face now, for her cherry mouth expressed smiles, while her eyes remained pensive even to sadness.

Clouds were now gathering over that happy English home.

Daily came tidings of how the Highlanders found themselves totally unsupported, hemmed in by three armies, each more than double their number, in the middle of winter, amid a hostile country, and they were now retreating fast; and passing couriers left word successively, that they were at Leeds, then at Burton, next at Kendal, and might be expected hourly at Carlisle, followed swiftly by all the troops and militia

in England, mounted volunteers, and armed peasantry.

How wildly and anxiously Bryde's heart beat at this intelligence! At last, one evening, Dr. Cappock heard that they had been overtaken at a place but a few miles distant, and that a battle was expected. Wreathed arm-in-arm, and all clinging together like three Graces, the girls were in tears, terror, and excitement, when he assumed his hat, cane, and roquelaure, and went forth into the moonlight, to discover what was passing in the vicinity, for the defiant notes of the Highland war-pipe, and the report of fire-arms, came at times on the passing breeze.

He had been absent more than an hour, when he returned, looking pale and agitated, to inform Cicely, whom he called aside, that there had been a severe skirmish between the Highlanders and the Duke of Cumberland's cavalry; that he had seen many poor fellows lying dead or wounded, among the hedgerows, and that he had stumbled over a horseman, who lay at a place little more than a mile distant, dead, beside his charger. His coat had been torn off him by plunderers, perhaps, and lay close by covered with blood. It was the blue uniform of the Prince's Life Guard.

A document, which had fallen from it, attracted the Bishop's attention, and it proved to be a letter from the Prince to the Lord Dalquharn,

who was doubtless the dead horseman in question, and their hearts gushed with old fashioned reverence and loyalty, as they read and kissed the signature, 'Charles, Prince Regent.'

Then with trembling hands, Cicely spread the blood-stained letter before her, and her eyes grew blind with tears.

"He has fallen—her lover—poor girl—poor girl!" said Dr. Cappock. "Heaven help and sustain her!"

"Oh Tom, dear, dear; what shall we do? We can never break her heart by telling her of this new sorrow," said Cicely.

"She is hale, strong, and well now, fortunately."

"But the shock might kill her—she doth so love this poor Lord Dalquharn. I am the repository of a thousand confidences."

"Yet who so fit to prepare, to tell and to console her, as I—a clergyman?"

"And such a dear, kind soul as you are, Tom! But hark—what is that?"

"A horseman—a dragoon, is clamouring at the gate!" exclaimed Olive, rushing in with a white and scared face.

"One of the Hanoverian crew?" said the Bishop, frowning. He looked forth, and there was a mounted trooper, whose scarlet uniform was distinct enough in the moonlight, knocking hurriedly with the hilt of his sword at the

gate of the Vicarage, which the family still occupied.

“Is this the road to Penrith—speak, I command you in the King’s name!” shouted the trooper.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REAR GUARD ATTACKED.

“There’s news!—news! gallant news!
 That Carle dinna ken, joe;
 There’s gallant news of Tartan trews,
 And Red Clan-Ranald’s men, joe.
 There has been blinking on the bent,
 And flashing on the fell, joe;
 The Red Coat-sparks hae got their yerks,
 But Carle daurna tell, joe.”

Jacobite Minstrelsy.

LORD DALQUHARN commanded the personal escort of the Prince, when the main body of the Highland army, after marching one hundred and fifty miles in twelve days, by muddy and execrable roads, buried often among snow, entered Penrith, on the gloomy evening of the 17th December.

Lord George Murray, who, to vindicate his sincerity for the cause he embraced, chose that arduous post of peril and honour, the Rear Guard, brought on the baggage and artillery, now numbering thirteen pieces; and these, from the state of the roads and the weather, were perpetually breaking down and causing dangerous delays.

Hence, on this night, Lord George, with a mind full of great anxiety, found himself compelled to halt at Shap, a village consisting of one straggling street, with an old abbey, amid thick woods, in the mountainous district of Westmoreland. At that time, the clansmen of Glengarry and Clan Ranald, with John Roy Stewart's corps (which was reduced to two hundred men), formed the Rear Guard. By break of day, Lord George began his march to rejoin the Prince in Penrith; but lo! as the dawn brightened, and the red beacons, which had been blazing all night on the mountains, died out, he saw in his front the hamlet of Clifton, which lies about three miles from Penrith, full of armed men, and the heights beyond it, covered by red-coated cavalry!

Since the battle of Preston, the Highlanders had rather despised the British cavalry (of whom before they had been in awe), and so the Macdonalds prepared at once to attack those who barred the way.

“Use your claymores against the heads and limbs of the horses,” was the order of Lord George Murray; “confusion will then ensue, and the riders be your own.”

Throwing off their green plaids, with heads stooped and targets up, the Macdonalds rushed to the onset with a yell of defiance, on which the cavalry, who were only county volunteers, fled instantly, leaving in their hands several prisoners,

one of whom proved to be a footman of the Duke of Cumberland, who stated that his master was close at hand, with 4000 Light and Heavy Horse.

On receiving this alarming news, Lord George dispatched a messenger to Charles, who sent Dalquharn with orders for the rear guard to fall back at once upon Penrith, while Cluny MacPherson, with his clan, would keep Clifton Bridge, together with the Stewarts of Appin under Ardsheil, and with his compliments, to send back Cumberland's valet to his master, a courtesy never acknowledged.

"Murray," said Dalquharn, "His Royal Highness's orders are, that you are to avoid an engagement."

"Too late, my Lord, we're in for it now; Cumberland is close at hand, and a stand must be made here. Return and tell His Highness so."

"Nay," said Dalquharn; "hap what may, I stay here to share it with you."

"Bland's horse and dragoons are immediately in our front."

"On their colours and grenadier caps are the white horse of Hanover."

"May that glandered quadruped break its neck over a mound of its own making, or one made by the little gentleman who works under-ground!" said Lord George, alluding to the molehill, which caused the death of William III. "Let us hope

that the thistle is grown and bearded too that shall choke it!"

Slowly and anxiously passed the day, for now the whole of Cumberland's cavalry were drawn up in order of battle, on the open moor of Clifton, cutting off the artillery, baggage and rear guard, under Lord George, who at once prepared to make a stout resistance, and then cut a passage through them to Penrith, or die in the essay.

The defence of the high road he entrusted to the regiment of Glengarry; the Appin Stewarts lined some enclosures on the left, with the MacPhersons flanking them beyond. Colonel John Roy Stewart, a celebrated officer, had the right covered by a wall. Dalquharn remained with Cluny.

Everything was very silent on this exciting evening, and the poor Celts snuffed, or smoked their pipes to comfort themselves. The night, as it drew on, was clear and cold, with a hard frost, which rarified the keen mid-winter air.

Beyond the moor the rear guard would necessarily have to continue their march through the pine plantations of Lord Lonsdale. There the fir cones lay thick among the long grass; the stagnant water was congealed in the corn fields, and the land was frozen so hard that the farmers were unable to set their ploughs in it. The husbandmen had begun to lop their hedges and hew timber, and the sheep and swine were at the pea-ricks.

The night was generally dark, for great masses of sombre cloud rolled swiftly across the sky; and when the moon did shine forth, it was with apparently unnatural brightness; then the highway to Penrith, which passed right through the centre of the Glengarry men, seemed white as snow, as it crossed the lonely heaths that undulated far and wide, while the shadows of wind-driven masses of vapour shaded them, giving a weird effect to the whole scene. In the distance rose some funeral-like clumps of trees round Lowther-hall, and afar off alarm fires were burning redly on Skiddaw and Helvellyn.

“They are coming on,” said Lord George, and every heart beat quicker.

Dalquharn thought of Bryde Otterburn tenderly and vividly now. Should he be fated to die on that field, what would he not give to have her face near him once more, that her eyes might be the last earthly object on which he might gaze!

He never thought of being taken prisoner; for that contingency, with its future legal forms and bloody fate, was too horrible for contemplation.

A thousand dragoons, chiefly composed of Kingston's Horse and Humphry Bland's corps, the King's Own,* were dismounted, and, under Lieutenant-Colonel Philip Honeywood, advanced softly and stealthily to take the Highlanders in flank, while the Duke, with the rest of his cavalry, 3000

* Now Third Hussars.

strong, remained upon the moor, to press, if need be, on Lord Murray's rear.

A clear white gleam of moonlight revealed the advancing party, and the latter consulted with Cluny.

“Give me but the order,” said that brave chief, “and I shall attack them midway, sword in hand.”

Advancing like infantry, the troopers, with their square-skirted coats, heavy cocked hats and jack boots, were but indistinctly visible beyond the hedge row; though the bayonets glittered brightly on their short musketoons, and, armed with sword and pistol, their officers urged them on.

A volley of musketry now whistled through the Highlanders, and the dragoons came on shouting—

“Down with rebel Highland dogs! cut the mangy Scots curs to pieces! Britons strike home—hurrah!”

In these outcries and taunts, none surpassed Cornet Hamilton of Bland's (son of a Scotch whig M.P., whose anti-nationality and total apostacy were rewarded by the Petty Bag office in the Court of Chancery), but two feet of a good claymore cut him short, and gave him cause to remember the Clan-Chattan to the end of his days.

“Musketry—what the devil is this?” exclaimed Cluny, drawing his sword; “I thought we were to attack a body of Horse. Claymore! forward—forward—dirk and claymore!”

The MacPhersons and Stewarts fired a volley with their muskets, and then, sword in hand, rushed on in the smoke, with a fury that was uncontrollable. Bursting through a hedge, they fell upon the dismounted cavalry; the thud of clubbed muskets ringing on Highland shields, the clash of claymores on iron barrels, a few yells, curses and outcries filled the air for a minute, and then all was over; the dragoons, in an incredibly short space of time were completely routed, with the loss of about one hundred killed and wounded, including Colonel Honeywood of the King's Own, son of a distinguished knight and general of the same name. The aspect of the light-footed MacPhersons in their white tartans, striped with grey, was weird and wild, as they swept on in pursuit of the jack-booted fugitives.'

In this charge Lord George lost his bonnet and wig, and would have been cut down by Colonel Honeywood, had not Dalquharn saved him by running that officer through the body after a few passes; but ere he fell, Honeywood levelled a pistol at the young lord, who, to save himself, skilfully made his horse rear violently. The poor animal received the ball in its head, and fell over on its rider, crushing him so heavily that he lay for a considerable time stunned and senseless.

When consciousness returned, he found the moon shining out clearly, and all still and quiet around him, save the moans from some

wounded who lay near. The fires were yet burning on the mountain-tops; but Lord George and the rear guard were gone, all save some twelve MacPhersons, who had run too far in pursuit, and been killed or taken, together with Captain Hamilton of Redhouse.

Cumberland was somewhat cooled by this repulse, or thought he had done enough for one night, and permitted Prince Charles to continue his retreat unmolested in future, save that sixteen carts laden with tents fell into the hands of General Bland, through the information furnished by "Mr. Balcraftie, purveyor to the forces;" and in revenge for this, the Highlanders plundered Penrith, destroying much property that they were unable to remove. After this they pushed on to Carlisle, in all their advance and retreat leaving behind no sick or stragglers, fortunately for themselves, death being the penalty of all who were taken. Only forty men perished in England, including those who fell at Clifton.

Left alone on the moor, Dalquharn found himself in a perilous predicament. The whole country, he knew, was alarmed, and filled with hovering bands of variously armed peasantry. Moreover, great bodies of regulars and militia, horse and foot, were moving on all the northern roads. His uniform was certain to betray him to the first foe who came; he was weak, giddy, and almost incapable of travelling or even moving for some

time; so he crept close to the hedge of Lord Lonsdale's plantation for shelter from the bitter frosty wind, and endeavoured to think over his situation.

If taken by the peasantry he might be helplessly murdered; if by the king's troops, he would be reserved for that future fate, the terrible programme of which haunted him daily and nightly in the prisons of the Bass; and again, as in his dreams, the four minarets of the Tower of London rose ominously and gloomily before him.

"Of all those sparkling stars," thought he, as he looked to the blue dome of Heaven, "does one preside—if such things be—over my wayward and miserable fate?"

Then some desponding remarks of Mitchell at the Derby council occurred to him.

"Surely, the House of Stuart must have risen under an evil star. Well, if they lose all on earth, 'tis something to have a portion of heaven—even a star!"

That he must lose no time in reaching Penrith or Carlisle, where the Prince had left a garrison under Colonel Hamilton, was evident; but his blue uniform—how was he to get over that?

By the fall he had received, his coat was fairly rent in twain. It was soaked, moreover, in the blood of his horse, and the crimson current had frozen on him. A thought flashed on his mind; he would pass himself off as one of Cumberland's

dragoons ; and this thought was no sooner conceived than acted upon. He threw aside his ruined uniform, and tore the white cockade from his hat, together with the large white feather.

The groans of some one near drew him to where Colonel Honeywood of the King's Own, lay with one of his legs crushed under his horse, which had been killed ; for he had come to the attack mounted, in virtue of his rank. Captain East, and Cornets Owen and Hamilton of the 3rd, lay severely wounded close by.

With great compunction now for the wound he had inflicted, Dalquharn humanely drew the poor Colonel from under the dead charger, and propped his head upon a dead trooper ; but from the saddle-bow, he unstrapped the Colonel's scarlet military cloak to disguise his own person, spreading over Honeywood his own blue roquelaure of the Prince's Life Guards ; and setting forth thus muffled, with a slow and laboured pace, he took that direction which he supposed must lead to Penrith.

He had not proceeded half a mile when he met a mounted trooper leading a saddled horse.

“ Which way have the rebels gone ? ” asked Dalquharn, with a tone of authority.

“ Straight along that ere road, sir, ” replied the soldier, saluting.

“ You are one of Kingstons by your uniform ? ”

“ Yes—I be, sir, ” replied the soldier.

“I am of Bland’s,” said Dalquharn; “where are you going?”

“I was sent wi’ a spare horse for Colonel Honeywood, who is main sorely wounded, and if so be as he canna roide, their coom the bearers wi’ a stretcher.”

“All right—our Colonel is too severely wounded to ride, so I shall take his horse and rejoin.”

“At your honour’s sarvice, sir,” replied the soldier, who by his dialect seemed to be a Yorkshire man.

“Adjust the stirrups for me, good fellow; I have no time to lose.”

There was none, indeed, for a fatigue party, with lanterns and stretchers for the wounded, was now crossing the moor.

“An awkward business this defeat of ours?”

“A plaaguey oogly business, sir?”

“And will read ill in London,” added Dalquharn.

“Aye; I dunna loike the Scots—I hates ’em woundily; but I think it’s a danged hard thing, as a young gentleman loike their prince, should suffer for the faults o’ his an-cestors; so I dunna care a doit, as vaither used to say, if they should square up matters, by gien’ one o’ the yoong German princesses, Amelia or Elizabeth, to the Pretender, and make a’ things tidy loike,

chookin' that ere blasted Hangover into the bargain."

Dalquharn laughed as he mounted and rode away, for to him, it seemed that in this Yorkshire bumpkin, there was more sound political sense than in those whose heads were deemed wiser.

He made a detour to avoid the advancing party of dismounted dragoons, and skirting the plantations of Lowtherhall, ere long found himself upon the highway, when the moon was shining brightly. As any mistake of his route might prove fatal, he approached a picturesque old house embosomed among trees; but alarm being prevalent in the district, he knocked repeatedly on the gates before he gained attention. At last he cried with a loud and authoritative voice,

"Is this the road to Penrith—speak, I command you in the king's name!"

"Who speaks—that voice—that voice, Cicely—Olive! I cannot be mistaken in it!" exclaimed Bryde Otterburn, who, with the two Miss Cappocks, had been seated at an open window, listening fearfully to the sounds of the distant skirmish. "Henry—Henry—Dalquharn, I am here!" she added, imploringly.

"Bryde—Bryde!" he cried, leaping from his horse, "can it be—can it be?" he added, pushing past the bewildered Dr. Cappock.

“ Henry, dearest—you here, and in *that* dress? —oh ! ” she exclaimed, with a shudder and a low cry, as she sank on his breast, when he dropped the scarlet cloak, and she saw that his shirt was saturated with blood—but fortunately, as stated, the blood only of his charger.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MARRIAGE.

“ Full many maids, clad in their best array,
 In honour of the bride, come with their flaskets
 Fill'd full with flowers : others in wicker baskets
 Bring from the marsh rushes to o'erspread
 The ground whereon to church the lovers tread.”

Browne's British Pastorals.

STIRRING times produce startling events, and with rapidity.

Written in the true spirit of that age (and we are sorry to say, of later times) in London, we find about this period, the following announcement in a metropolitan journal.

“ Married on the 20th December, at St. Mary's Cathedral, by the Rev. T. Cappock (the Popish Pretender's Bishop of Carlisle) the attainted Lord Dalquharn, to Miss Otterburn, with a fortune of £8,000 per annum (if it be not lost in the present unnaturall (*sic*) rebellion.) The Pretender, the so-called Duke of Perth, the Lord Elcho and so many Scots all a-scratching them-

selves, attended this wedding, that the church hath not been fit for Christians since.”

Circumstanced as our lovers were, with the army retreating, and before them all a future which none could foresee, Dr. Cappock, who, with his sisters had retired into the city of Carlisle, to avoid capture by the Duke of Cumberland's patrols, had urged them to wed at once, lest they might be separated, never, perhaps, to meet again ; for in those days of old Scottish loyalty, many a loving pair, many a husband and wife, many a parent and child were rent asunder hopelessly, and many a happy home made desolate, by the banishment and proscription which were daily ensuing.

If the Prince conquered in the end, then would Dalquharn be Lord of the Holm, in Galloway, and Bryde, the heiress of Auldhame ; but if the Prince failed, then would all be lost, too—all *but honour*—as Francis said at Pavia, when he threw up his sword, and only three of the Scottish Guard survived by his side.

“I shall perform the ceremony,” said Dr. Cappock ; “I am Bishop of Carlisle, however old Fleming of Rydal Hall, may protest to the contrary—bishop through my own loyalty and my father's, rather than personal merit ; but without committing the sin of Simon Magus, so obnoxious to our church courts, when he offered money for apostolical power.”

In "merry Carlisle" Cis and Olive had a busy time of it, to have all arranged for the marriage in two days; and there were others who had a busy time of it too, for various columns of the government troops were pressing on from several points, and the retreating army had to cross the Eden or the Esk, which were both now swollen and deeper than ever, by the winter floods and melting snows.

Cicely and Olive chose the marriage gloves and dress, the garter that was to be undone, and the stocking to be thrown, for many old customs that were in fashion then are forgotten now, even in the most rural districts. They had to prepare the hippocras and sweet cakes for the marriage luncheon; the sack-posset, a special treat for the bridegroom, composed of hot milk, curdled by some strong infusion, was made by Olive; while the wedding sops, cakes, or wafers, which the Bishop blessed, prior to their being put into sweet wine for the company, were all made by the white hands of Cis Cappock. But she was famous above all things for her hippocras, which was composed of red wine, sugared and spiced; and, for the marriage luncheon, the Duke of Perth, at whose quarters in the Castle street it was served up, provided enough and to spare of *liqueurs*, that were more consonant to the tastes of those hardy fellows who had marched, barelegged, through the winter snows from Derby.

So the marriage took place in the grand old cathedral of St. Mary, and the ceremony was performed by Dr. Cappock, who was not "assisted" by any one, as the newspapers have it now, as the Dean, the Chancellor, the four prebendaries, and the eight canons had all departed from the city in fear; and the spousal chime of Bryde, which rung so merrily in the old square tower of the Anglo-Saxon days, was the signal for the baggage and artillery of the army to march, and proceed to the Scottish side of the river.

She leaned on the arm of the graceful young Prince, who gave her away at the altar, and a charming picture she would have made in all her bridal loveliness, attended by Olive and Cicely Cappock, though that monstrosity, the hoop-petticoat, was at its zenith in 1745. The masses of her chesnut hair, which shone like gold in the morning sunlight, as it streamed through the great cathedral windows, were dressed low over the forehead, and covered by a small wreath, of which rosemary was then a component part.

For the information of the ladies, we may state that her dress and train were of white satin, sprigged with silver, and trimmed with Malines lace, with—in the odd fashion of the time—a long straight apron of pale blue silk, that reached to the ground. Over her left arm hung a gipsy straw hat, bound with white roses, and of a most piquante, but milkmaid form. Her ear-rings, watch,

and etui, her bracelets, worn *over* her long white gloves, were all of a suite, and a French *esclavage* (an ornament unknown in England till more than fifteen years after, when George III. was king), composed of several rows of gold chains and jewels, the first close round the throat, and the others falling in glittering festoons over all her beautiful neck and bosom, was clasped on by the adroit hands of the Prince, whose gift it was, as he gallantly claimed the first kiss, which the pale bride, in her bewildered state, accorded to him pretty much as a statue would have done.

Then she became aware that the benediction had been pronounced, and that the soldier-like fellow in the perruque à la brigadier, the tarnished uniform, sword and spurs, rusty with fording rivers, was her husband; and a little to her annoyance, even amid all the delicious confusion of the time, the next who claimed the privilege of a salute was old Lord Lovat, who loudly greeted her with—

“ My Lady Dalquharn—may you live a thousand years ! ”

How strange, how novel, sounded her new name !

Cicely, Olive, Lady Ogilvie, and others were all crushing round her, with smiles, tears, kisses, and congratulations; she felt as if in a dream. She saw the broad flakes of parti-coloured light from the tall painted windows, falling hazily athwart the

great church, which was crowded, but chiefly by armed and tartaned clansmen; she saw the grotesque screens in the aisle, covered with painted legends of St. Augustine and St. Anthony, and the roof emblazoned with the arms of the Warrens, the Lucys, and Piercys. She heard the merry clangour of the bridal peal that jangled in the tower overhead, and the mingled braying of many bagpipes in the streets, where some were played in honour of her, but others to summon the various clan regiments to their colours; and ere long, with old John Macgregor, the Prince's piper, blowing "a tempest of wild dissonance," in front, she was borne away by her husband in Charles Edward's coach, which the veteran Lord Pitsligo—who had been a youth when Kilicrankie was fought—relinquished for her use, resolving to follow the fortunes of the army on horseback now.

The marriage luncheon was a splendid, but necessarily a hurried affair, and soon—as a hint for departure—chocolate was served round by the Prince's valets, four servants in the royal livery of Scotland, scarlet and yellow, bearing salvers of silver, the various armorial bearings on which, showed that they had been contributed for his service, by the loyal lords and gentlemen of his court and army.

Dalquharn thought the fresh and blooming English faces of the two Lancashire bridesmaids charming; but he loved Bryde, and was in that

peculiar mood, when a man thinks there is only one beautiful woman in the world.

“You look divine, my Lady Dalquharn,” mumbled Lord Lovat, for the old rake could not resist hovering about her, she seemed so pure and angelic, enshrined in her white lace; “and, no doubt, you dazzle the good man God hath given you—*uratur vestis amor tuæ*, as Ovid hath it—your very dress shall captivate his heart.”

Worthy Sir John Mitchell, who loved Bryde with his whole heart, was the groom’s man, and marched to luncheon with Cicely Cappock, while Lord Elcho led Olive. Sir John carried his hat under his left arm, for he found it, as he whispered to Cicely, a rash measure bowing with it to the people, “for the flaps won’t bear much now, and since our march to and from Derby, it has lost all the elegant polish it possessed, when I bought it in the Luckenbooths, on the day after Prestonpans.”

From the bustle and gaiety of the bridal luncheon, the speeches, toasts, and jests (some rather rough, perhaps), amid which all sought for a time to forget that doubt was in front and disaster in the rear of the retreating army, Dalquharn, as he looked into the tender brown eyes of his flushed bride, and pressed her trembling hand from time to time to reassure her, wondered in his heart if he would ever see her a happy wife, in peace, security, and ease, in his ancestral mansion of the Holm in Galloway!

Would the voices of their children ever waken its echoes ; or would their little feet ever help to hollow the stairs of its quaint stone turrets, as his had done, and those of his forefathers in youth, long, long ago ?

God alone knew !

The Cappocks remained in the castle of Carlisle, with that little garrison of 200 devoted Englishmen, called the Manchester Regiment, who, under Colonel Francis Townley, preferred to risk their fortunes in England, and so fell a terrible sacrifice to the merciless Government, together with 200 Scots, Irish, and Frenchmen, under Sir Francis Geoghegan, of the Regiment de Lally.

Often in after years, when far, far away, did Bryde think of Cicely and Olive, those two attractive and affectionate English girls, and their good and manly brother, who had so befriended her in her sore necessity, and of their quiet secluded home, under the trees of old Inglewood forest—a home which, like many others, civil war laid bare and desolate ; and she wondered whether the girls were still alive, or what was their fate, for after the fall of Carlisle, she heard of them no more.

* * * * *

On the same forenoon when her marriage took place, the whole Highland army completed the passage of the river at Longtown, where our old friend, Toby Radley, had the honour of giving the Prince a stoup of wine, and that stoup is now in

possession of his descendants, the treasured palladium of the Radleys. Four days of incessant rain had swollen the stream by four additional feet, and the passage was one of extreme peril.

“Our cavalry,” says the Chevalier Johnstone, who was aide-de-camp to Lord George Murray, “formed in the river to break the force of the current, about twenty-five paces above that part of the ford where our infantry were to pass, and the Highlanders formed themselves into ranks of ten or twelve abreast, with their arms locked in such a manner as to support one another against the rapidity of the stream, leaving sufficient intervals between their ranks for the passage of the water. Cavalry were likewise stationed in the river below the ford, to pick up and save those who might be carried away by the violence of the current. The interval between the cavalry appeared *like a paved street* through the river, the heads of the Highlanders being generally all that was seen above the water.”

In an hour all had crossed in safety save a few luckless English girls, who wished to share the fortune of their kilted lovers, and were swept into the Solway.

When on the Scottish side of the river, the pipes struck up, and to prevent their tartans freezing in the December blast, the poor fellow danced joyous reels till they were dry and warm ere their northward march began.

The courage and humanity of the Prince were never more conspicuous than on this trying occasion. Stemming the current with his horse like a common trooper, he saw a poor Highlander, whom the fierce torrent had swept from his comrade's grasp, being borne past him.

“Cohear—cohear! (help, help) for the love of God and Mary!” cried the drowning man, and Charles skilfully caught him by his long fair hair, as he was floating down.

“By St. George, my friend,” said the Prince, laughingly, as he dragged him across his saddle-bow, “your locks are very like my own. Thank Heaven, I have saved you—you will still have a gallant life—it may be, a head, at my father's service.”

The blood of the rescued man ran cold at these words, for he was Roderick Mackenzie, and even there, amid the tumult of the rushing river, the dark memory of the double-dream haunted him.

And among such stirring scenes and events as the migratory movements of the insurgent army produced, were passed the first months of poor Bryde's experience, as the wife of Lord Dalquharn. Yet she was so happy, that she felt that even God could add nothing to her joy, save to give her the hope that it might endure.

Alas poor Bryde!

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE CALLENDER.

“Let not King James, though foiled in arms, despair,
Whilst on his side he reckons half the fair :
In Britain’s lovely isle a shining throng,
War in his cause, a thousand beauties strong !
Th’ unthinking victors vainly boast their powers,
Be theirs the musket, while the tongue is ours.
Then mourn not, hapless Prince, thy kingdoms lost,
A crown, though late, thy sacred brow may boast !”

Tickell, 1749.

It was now the January of 1746, and the winter was severe—“winter that changes into stone the water of Heaven and the heart of man,” and though the brand of civil war was lit, the New Year had been welcomed over all Scotland, with the usual frolics and jollity, buttered cake and *het-pint*, dancing, piping and mutual good will.

To Dalquharn and Bryde, too, love for a time gilded and brightened everything ; it drew forth all the latent virtues of their nature, and both strove to merit that affection which made them all the world to each other.

As a husband, the poor young lord's solicitude for their future, his secret prayers and aspirations for the success of the Prince's cause, were greater now than ever, though scarcely—but he knew it not—so single-hearted as they were before; for now he had a more dear and vital object at stake.

If driven again to penniless exile, where he would have to feed himself by selling his sword and services in foreign camps, what a prospect for Bryde—she so tender, so gentle and so delicate-nurtured—torn, perhaps, from her sequestered home, to tremble among the wars that were then waged by the shores of the Danube and Euxine! He reproached himself, as the means of destroying, it might be, all the peace of her future life, by weaving it up with his own miserable destiny. Bryde also had similar fears and anticipations, but neither spoke of them to the other.

With all their estates and rank, they were now but a landless lord and a landless lady. Dalquharn thought of committing Bryde to the care of her old friend, the Countess of Haddington; but her residence at Tynninghame would compromise a family already deeply in the interest of the government. Even that door was closed against her now, as the wife of an insurgent Jacobite, so with the Lady Ogilvie she found a temporary shelter at the hospitable mansion of the Callender, the seat of the Earl of Kilmarnock,

while Dalquharn with the Prince's army, after marching by Dumfries to Glasgow, to levy tribute on the whigs, crossed the Forth, and laid Fife under military contribution.

In the unsuccessful attack made by the Highlanders on the castle of Stirling, Dalquharn received a gunshot wound in the left arm; but this circumstance he carefully concealed from Bryde, and amid the severe weather of the season, he rode with the wounded limb in a sling, when the army took possession of Dumblane and the castle of Doune, and ultimately had its head quarters fixed at Perth.

It was, while resident at Callender House, that Bryde heard of the fall of Carlisle after a nine days' siege, and that among other prisoners, Dr. Thomas Cappock had fallen into the tender hands of the Duke of Cumberland. After a time she heard of his impeachment, for "wearing a hanger, white cockade and a plaid-sash, the distinguishing mark of the Manchester Regiment," for which heinous crime, he was half-hanged, disembowelled alive, and subjected to other horrors, prior to which, he prayed for the House of Stuart, and denounced King George as a foreign usurper, adding to those who died with him,

"Never mind, my friends, for were our Blessed Saviour here, those fellows would condemn him.

In the other world we shall not be tried by a Cumberland jury!" *

Bryde shuddered and wept as she read of these things, and her grateful thoughts went sorrowfully back to the hospitable vicarage of Penrith, to the handsome young vicar and his two affectionate sisters, so loving, so tender and so true; and amid all her own perplexities and troubles, she sorrowed for them.

The Prince was still blocking up Stirling Castle, when Lieutenant-General Hawley, on the 13th of January, after barbarously and boastfully erecting a huge gallows at Edinburgh to hang his prisoners, marched from that city to Linlithgow. Next day his whole army rendezvoused at Falkirk, while the Highlanders were cantoned at Bannockburn, prior to advancing to attack him.

Impelled by a natural desire to see Bryde once more, before the terrible risks of a general action were run, Dalquharn, accompanied by the Earl of Kilmarnock and Sir John Mitchell, with the Prince's permission most unwillingly accorded, early on the morning of the 17th, rode from their camp, and proceeded by the old Roman way to Callender House, a somewhat perilous excursion, as the roads might have been patrolled by Hawley's cavalry, which, however, they were *not*, an

* Scots Mag. 1746.

omission, which that gallant officer had soon especial cause to regret.

Though Dalquharn had neither the civil nor military rank of the Duke of Perth, the Earls of Kilmarnock or Dumbarton, nor the territorial power of the Lords Ogilvie, Nairn, Strathallan, and a hundred others of the Prince's army, he had somehow become a man of especial mark to the enemy.

His adroitly escaping from Dunkirk and evading the fleet of Admiral Byng; his supposed knowledge of all the intrigues and intentions of the French court; his alleged pistolling of Egerton and Gage, and his subsequent escape from the Bass Rock; his energy at the Derby Council of War, and the attempt to fire Kendal; his having been a prime emissary of the old chevalier, and an *avant courier* of the young one; his burning the house of Provost Balcraftie, and so forth, all made the government and its myrmidons anxious to have him in their hands. An accurate description of his person, penned by Balcraftie, was forwarded to William Grant, of Preston Grange, the new Lord Advocate, together with the offer of one hundred guineas from the ex-provost, for his capture; so this morning ride to Callender House was fraught with more perils for Dalquharn than he knew of.

The estates of the Earl were very extensive; thus he and his two friends were soon enabled to

quit the highway, and traverse the Kilmarnock property unquestioned, though they all wore the now well known uniform of the Prince's Life Guard.

Callender House had once been fortified; its walls were of enormous thickness, dating, according to some accounts, from the days of the Romans, when it was the residence of an official, whose duty it was to furnish fuel from the Torwood, for the Imperial camp close by, and who called himself Calloner, from *Calo*, a faggot of wood. Be that as it may, the deep fosse which encircled it was visible about the beginning of the present century, and the mansion was able to stand a determined siege by Cromwell, who stormed it at the head of Monk's Regiment, when it was garrisoned by the men of Falkirk. It is still embowered amid magnificent wood, but the Dule-tree, a giant ash, whereon for four centuries the lords of the land could string up their refractory vassals, fell in 1826. In the days of our story, there were, in the walls, many niches, having large statues, and one of these long survived the rest. It was named the Lady Alicreech, and represented a female of terrible aspect, with a dagger in her right hand, and her entrails wrapped round her left arm. Legends were not wanting to relate that this statue represented a noble matron, who had been wronged by some ancient Lord of the Callender, and perished by

her own hand, like the wife of Tarquinius Collatinus. This stone lady was said to walk at times, and in the twilight was a terror to the truant schoolboys or children who chanced to come upon her, when stealing apples in the orchard or nutting in the woods.

This fine old mansion, with all the fertile land around it, had passed by marriage to the Livingstones from the Callenders of that ilk, and now had gone to the Earl of Kilmarnock with his Countess, who was Anne Livingstone, daughter and sole heiress of the great cavalier, Earl of Callender and Linlithgow, and the inheritrix alike of his loyalty, his pride, and his high-souled enthusiasm.

As the three friends rode through the grounds where the fallen leaves lay more than fetlock deep upon the winter sward, the Earl uttered an exclamation of pleasure, when he saw the white walls of Callender House shining through the woodlands in the noonday sun; but this emotion was speedily checked, when they saw upon the terrace before the house, a trooper in scarlet uniform, and several horses accoutred with military saddle-cloths and holsters. These were evidently chargers, and were all linked together, and in the care of this solitary man, who seemed to be an orderly.

They simultaneously reined their horses back, on beholding this alarming sight, and rode straight to the house of the Earl's ground-bailie,

whose dismay and alarm on seeing him could scarcely be controlled.

“My lord—my lord—in Heaven’s name what brings you here at sic a time?” he exclaimed; “General Hawley and ever so many more are now in the house wi’ my lady, the Countess.”

“The devil they are!” exclaimed the Earl, angrily; “how came they there?”

“The general sent word to my lady that he would do himself the honour of visiting her with his staff.”

“Hah—and she knew what that meant.”

“Precisely so, my lord, for she sent me back wi’ word, that dinner would be on the table at one o’clock, so some dozen and more officers o’ rank are round your lordship’s mahogany at this moment, and a sumptuous feast they have o’ everything that flies, swims, or runs—pork excepted.”

“Of course, for that is disliked by we Scots in general, and was abhorred by James VI. in particular, so it hath never been fashionable since. And Mr. Hawley is here! Well, I shall not be kept out of my own house for all that,” said Kilmarnock, as he dismounted, gave a glance at the locks of his holster pistols, and stuck them in his girdle, while Dalquharn and Mitchell did so too. “You have the key of the private door, I presume, Bailie?”

“Yes, my lord—but—but—”

“Then give it to me, and keep our horses here from the eyes of all, for in less than an hour we shall mount again. A fig for the empty boaster, Hawley! I would relish no better sight than to see him hanging in his boots and wig, where better and braver men have hung, on the branch of yonder old ash tree.”

“Oh, my lord, be wary, be wary!” implored his adherent, who was an old man, with tears in his earnest eyes, and clasping his hands, which the Earl shook warmly.

“Trust me, John Livingstone; but if I fall into a trap, my son, the Lord Boyd will, I have no doubt, keep his feet clear.”

The Earl said this with something of bitterness in his tone, for his eldest son and heir was at that time a captain in one of the Line Regiments of Hawley’s army. This good Earl, who was a father to all his tenantry, and the fosterer of the ‘Bairns of Falkirk,’ as the townsmen named themselves; who always went out with his pockets full, and came home with them empty; who had a kindly word for all, and was welcome in every house and cottage on his lands; who cordially lent his aid afield, if a horse fell, or a wheel stuck fast; who once carried a blind beggar through the Carron on his back, and around whom the children of the poor “swarmed like gnats,” as he was wont to say, was the idol of his people.

“But for the treachery of the thing, I would collect a few stout fellows, and make all these staff officers prisoners,” said he, laughing. “Go round by the front of the house, John, and whisper to my lady that we shall be in my study, and will thank her to send us something from the General’s table, in care of old Ailie, the house-keeper.

Conducted by the Earl, the two visitors, feeling very far from safe, and reassured in their own minds, were led under cover of the old garden walls, close to the back portion of the house, where a small door, that was almost hidden among ivy, gave access to a vaulted passage and secret stair, which led to the more private apartments of the family; and ere long Kilmarnock ushered them into his study, a little panelled room, having a small book-case, where Pope, Addison, the Spectator, Shakespere, the Scots Magazine, and all his favourite reading, were at hand; and the chief decorations of which were portraits of old horses and pet-dogs that were defunct; but over the mantel-piece hung a two-handled sword of great size—the gift of Robert Bruce to his friend and comrade, Sir Robert Boyd, first Lord of Kilmarnock, Kilbride, and Dalry. This rusty old blade was supposed to be the palladium of his family, and the Earl looked wistfully at it, as he carefully closed the door.

“Listen, sirs,” said he; “how jovial our enemies are!”

In the next apartment, which was the dining-room, they heard loud and noisy laughter, the clatter of plates and knives, the jingling of glasses, and there were times when Dalquharn felt his heart thrill, when he thought he could detect the low gentle voice of Bryde—of his wife.

Would he be alive to hear that beloved voice on the morrow?

There was a dark and angry flush in the face of the Earl, and he muttered something scornfully about “acting the eavesdropper in his own house.” Kilmarnock was a fine-looking man, in the prime of life. His face was perfectly regular and pleasing in expression, and he wore a full bottomed grey wig, divided in the centre, with four rows of curls at each side, and a large black silk knot behind. Carefully and scrupulously shaven in the fashion of the time, his cheeks, and more especially his chin, had rather a tinge of blue in their colour, and his eyes were dark and sparkling. He was very moderate in all his tastes and habits, and was, singular to say in that age, a vehement temperance reformer, and frequently inveighed in public against the growing use of wine, spirits, and *tea* among the lower classes.

By the relays of bottles which were carried in by the sulky and reluctant butler, it was evident that Hawley and his officers were drinking deeply,

and were making fun with the old cellarer, who would much more willingly have supplied them with poison.

“Zounds!” said the Earl, “’twould be a rare jest, and one that would live in history, if my Lady Anne sent them all, drunk as fiddlers, to the field.”

When old Ailie, the housekeeper—a plump and grey-haired matron in a black wheel fardingale of Tillicoultry serge (a woollen stuff made there since the days of Mary), with her white coif, and bunch of bright keys dangling at her chatelaine—appeared, with terror on her face, and a salver of refreshments in her hand, the Earl good humouredly kissed her wrinkled forehead, and said,

“Fear not, good Ailie—you look scared, as if you had seen the ghost of the Lady Alicreech! But you know our auld Scottish proverb—the nearer the fire, the further frae reek. So Hawley will never dream that I am separated from him only by a board or two. Fill the wine and drink, Dalquharn, and you Sir John—to our next merry meeting at the Callender!”

The fated Earl knew little, that never more would he be under its roof tree; that in less than two years, he would be a headless corpse on a London scaffold, and that his gay, beautiful, and witty countess would be dead of a broken heart!

But they all clanked their glasses together and

drank gaily. At that moment, they heard a gruff voice in the next room reply to some remark of the Countess—

“Yes madam, by G—d, I assure you, that with two regiments of Dragoons, I will undertake to tread all the Highland rabble under foot, in the snapping of a flint!”

“Who speaks?” asked the Earl in a whisper.

“That is General Hawley,” replied Ailie, trembling with spite and fear.

This was General Hawley’s frequent boast, and he coarsely added,

“I have left a gallows building at Edinburgh, which will enable me to save ammunition on one hand, or troubling the government with prisoners on the other. Begad, they shall swing by dozens, like beads on a string.”

“I trust, General, you will not forget that I have a son serving under you; and that if an evil hour should come for those with whom you know too well we weak women sympathise so much, you will remember that Lady Dalquharn, Lady Ogilvie and I, have each a husband on yonder field.”

“’Tis my dear Anne who retorts so gently,” said the Earl, with a kindling eye.

“Husbands and sons must take the chances of war,” was the gruff response; “but I thank God, madam, that we shall meet these rebel dogs, on auspicious ground, for I have read that in this

neighbourhood the Scots were defeated by King Edward I., in 1296, under one, William Wallace, a thief and outlaw, as this same Popish Pretender is."

"True," said the Countess, "and on that disastrous day when Wallace wept over the corpse of Graham, under the old yew tree by the roadside yonder, many a brave man was dying for his country, amid these woods of Callender, with his good sword before his glazing eyes—as the cold steel imaged alike the blade that fought for Scotland, and the cross whereon Christ died."

"All this stuff sounds rather Popish, madam," said the General; "but here comes some one who seems in a devil of a hurry."

From the windows of the study, a mounted officer was visible, as he came galloping through the woods, in hot haste towards the house. He dismounted at the terrace, threw his bridle to the orderly, and then came fussily, with staff-importance, into the house, where his sword and spurs were heard ringing on the stone staircase, as he ascended to the dining-room.

"Drink again, my friends," said the Earl, "for here cometh news for Hawley, and too probably for us too."

They heard the officer hastily introduce himself as "Captain Wyvil of the Kentish Buffs."

"What's up, Wyvil?" asked Hawley with a hiccup.

“The rebels are in full march to attack us, and are now crossing the Carron with such speed, that they have left their cannon in the rear,” replied Wyvil in an excited manner.

Hawley uttered a fierce imprecation, and struck his clenched hand on the table, making all the crystal jingle.

“I have the honour to say, General, that your presence is instantly required at head-quarters, where General Huske is getting the Brigades under arms, but awaits further orders.”

“Blood and ’oons, sir! I don’t require Brigadier Huske, you, or any other man, to inform me as to my line of duty,” was the rude response; “I shall soon be at my post, and see whether I cannot *cope* better than Sir John, baronet though he be, with those bare-breeched scoundrels! Meantime, your ladyship, I shall, with another glass of your wine, replenish my glass, refresh this my poor carcass, and drink the health of His Majesty King George!”

He was fond of speaking of his body as “his carcass,” and actually designated it so in his will. Hawley, as an officer, was dreaded and disliked by the troops, for his disposition was as savage and severe as that of Sir John Cope (whom he rudely stigmatised as a coward) was gentle and humane; and though he had been a Lieutenant in Evan’s Dragoons (now the 3rd Hussars) at the battle of Sheriff Muir, and had seen how High-

landers could fight, he had a bull-headed contempt for them, that was only equalled by his hate.

In a few minutes after this, with all his staff, the General was galloping furiously towards Falkirk Muir, "where rougher cheer was preparing for him than he experienced at Callender."

Ere the sound of their hoofs had died away, Bryde's head was nestling on Dalquharn's breast, and she was sobbing heavily, as if her poor little heart would break, for it was the noon of the battle of Falkirk!

CHAPTER XV.

THE DAY OF THE BATTLE.

“ Oh ! what are meetings in this weary life ?
 The closing agony devours all else,
 And makes fond greetings be but partings all :
 Must I again unto my lonely bower,
 To hold harsh converse with the gusty winds—
 Months—and he will return !—a few brief months !”
Daniel.

THE Countess of Kilmarnock, Linlithgow and Callender—for she held the triple title—had schooled and tasked herself to receive with politeness, and even to entertain with courtesy, the self-invited, coarse and blustering General Hawley, and the officers of his staff, though he and they spoke in terms undisguised, coldly and sneeringly of her country, her party and her politics, even while sharing the good cheer and rare wines provided for them, making the tears often start to the eyes of Bryde and of Lady Ogilvie, who at last rose with scorn in her face and left the table ; but that task was ended now ; the scene was over, and she wept on the breast of her husband, to whom she and her two little boys Charlie and Willie, clung—for it was a farewell visit—a parting hour.

The very haste in which Hawley departed, urged that the interview would need to be a brief one, for it spoke of battle close at hand!

The Earl is said to have seen how desperate was the cause of the House of Stuart, with half Scotland and all England, against it; but was seduced by the Countess to risk all in its behalf, against the dictates of his calmer reason. Anne Livingstone was doubtless the syren that lured him to destruction, and now that the time of mortal strife was nigh, she hung on his neck, despairingly and perhaps full of self-reproach.

The old dining hall of the Callender was hung with Gobelin tapestry, representing shepherds and shepherdesses with flowing hair and crooks adorned by knots of ribbons, a present from Louis XIV., (in whose galleys it was worked) to George Earl of Linlithgow, and long after this parting, did the quaint faces and distorted figures of that pale green and russet piece of needlework, recur to Bryde's memory, as being painfully associated with it.

"My dear Sir John," said Bryde, taking in both her hands those of Mitchell, who had no one to bid a sad or tender farewell to him, and who was turning wistfully and alternately from her to the Countess; "if," continued Bryde drawing him caressingly a little way aside, "you really are so fond of me as you say—"

"Fond of you," interrupted poor Mitchell,

gazing tenderly into the clear, bright eyes that were so full of tears and earnestness; "fond of you," he repeated in a strange thick voice; "well, Lady Dalquharn?"

"My husband is younger than you, by nearly twenty years, and may be more rash; oh, pray do all you can to protect, to save him in case of peril—to save him for me, for he is all I have left to love on earth!"

"I promise you by my right hand, that I shall be by him and to him, as a brother," replied the other gravely.

"Then my dear, dear friend, you will indeed be worthy of all the love I can give you."

Mitchell sighed and stooped to kiss her delicate little hand, with a troubled expression on his face, and something like a sob in his throat.

"We are on the eve of a severe engagement, and to-night may see the last of me, and little would I care provided King James's cause were triumphant, as life hath but few charms for me; yet, while it lasts, I promise faithfully to watch over the safety of Dalquharn, for your sake, as much as for his own."

"Thanks, most worthy friend."

"To know you, is to love you dearly, Lady Dalquharn, and I fear that I—I—love you too well perhaps—for—for my own peace."

"Ah, don't speak thus," said Bryde growing very pale; and then with a little sickly smile,

she added, "Henry, here is Sir John Mitchell actually making love to me."

"Why did he not ask you first, and then you might have been my Lady Mitchell of Pitreavie?" asked Dalquharn laughing.

"Ah—why indeed? especially as my rent roll is about as valuable as your own," replied Mitchell with an air of affected gaiety. A great secret had escaped him, and luckily had been partly misunderstood; but he gazed sadly at Bryde, for his good heart was too full for jesting even with her, and he had but one firm conviction, that the less he saw of her, the better for his own peace.

A few minutes after this, saw them depart.

Ailie the housekeeper lived long to relate how "the women folk," wept when the Countess made her husband put on a waistcoat of tough bull's hide, which had been worn by Marshal the Earl of Callender at the storming of Newcastle in the days of King Charles I., and he buttoned his blue uniform over it.

The Earl and his two friends left the Callender by what was named the 'White Yett,' and rejoined the Highland army, when it was marching by the south side of the Torwood.

The winter day passed slowly on and the shadows of the old woods around Callender House began to deepen and assume fantastic shapes; but the Countess with her two children nestling by her knee, and Bryde drooping beside her, sat at a

window of the dining-room, silent, sad and anxious. Each had her heart full of prayer and of solicitude.

At times, volleys of musketry came on the passing wind and found a terrible echo in the hearts of those two pale-faced listeners. Each had a husband, and one, a son opposed to his father on that fatal field. As she spread her matronly arms over her two little ones, the Countess murmured,

“If I lose my dear husband, I must love these dear children more than ever—and more than ever must they love me.”

Bryde shivered.

If Dalquharn fell, whom was she to love on earth, and who would love her?

As she gazed on the darkening landscape, the shadowy woods, the masses of angry cloud gathering overhead and rolling slowly away, it was with sensations of grief and suspense, which she thought would last till death.

“I may never see him more—never more hear his voice—never more—it may be hushed already!” she thought, with her eyes and heart full of tears.

After a time the affrighted chargers of the slain or dismounted dragoons which crowded all the lanes and fields about Falkirk, were seen to fly through Callender Park, with saddles reversed, and some of them were disembowelled and dying.

Anon these sights and sounds of evil passed

away, and the ladies sat in each other's arms with the wearied children asleep and half forgotten at their feet.

In the dusk, two figures, bareheaded and tied with ropes, were dragged past Callender House, under a dragoon escort, on the road that led to Edinburgh.

It was well that neither Bryde nor the Countess of Kilmarnock could see those two miserable men, who passed almost within a musket shot of where they were seated!

* * * * *

Just as the darkness closed in, the ladies were startled by a wild and prolonged shriek, that woke all the echoes of the old mansion. It came from the apartment of Ailie the housekeeper, who was found in a swoon on the floor, and lying on her face, with her hands outspread before her.

On being recovered by the usual restoratives and appliances, after some hours of bewilderment, delirium, and repeated faintings, she solemnly alleged, that she had seen her chamber door flung violently open by an invisible hand, and then a human head rolled past her, gnashing its teeth fearfully—and its face bore the livid likeness of her lord—her son—her bairn (for so she called him, with all that deep affection of an old Scottish retainer) the Earl of Kilmarnock!

This legend was long current in the district of

Falkirk, and the vision was supposed to be a wraith, or supernatural foreshadowing of the future fate, awaiting the amiable, unfortunate and last Lord of the Callender.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE 17TH OF JANUARY, 1746.

“ Great William posts up to his royal papa,
And sends down old Hawley to hang them up a’;
Brave Hawley advances to fight at Falkirk,
But the Jacobite blades send him back with a jerk;
He lost all his cannon, his colours and men,
But the butcherly Duke may restore them again.
See! he comes in four days, and he never will yield,
Though the living run off, yet the dead keep the field.”

Jacobite Minstrelsy.

HAWLEY’S second in command, notwithstanding that general’s great carelessness, had all the troops under arms, in front of the camp before he arrived. They consisted of twelve chosen battalions of the line, whose flanks were covered by three regiments of cavalry, with a reserve, consisting of the 3rd Buffs, the four militia corps of Paisley, Glasgow and the Argyleshire Highlanders, chiefly of the surname of Campbell.

The Duke of Perth with one portion of the Highland army was left to press the siege of Stirling, which greatly weakened the force of Charles in the field.

On debouching from the flank of the Torwood, all bare and leafless then, the Highlanders could see the King's troops, the 1st Royal Scots, the Kentish Buffs and other veterans of Dettingen and Fontenoy, drawn up in order of battle, the cocked hats of the battalion companies, formed in ranks three deep, the grenadiers with their conical caps on the right flank of each regiment; their white cross-belts, white gaiters and scarlet coats, with the skirts buttoned back; their colours advanced and waving, and all presenting a fine appearance of steadiness, discipline and order, that proved very imposing; while the majors with their canes and the adjutants with their swords, dressed to a nicety; the ranks of officers and men, the former being armed with spontoons, and covered when in line, by the long halberts of the sergeants.

In their rear was the old burgh of Falkirk on its ridge, crowned by the octagonal tower and spire of St. Modan's church. The moor, under the richest cultivation now, was then a rugged and broken upland, interspersed with green morasses, and shaggy brown heath. The Highlanders occupied the higher ground, while the regular army were formed with their rear to the town, and their masses looked greater through the mist that rolled over the moor at times upon the stormy wind.

A flash seemed to pass along the British line, and then came the rattle of steel upon the blast;

it was the three lines of infantry fixing their bayonets, while the drums and fifes of each battalion struck up "the Point of War;" next followed the flourish of trumpets and patter of kettledrums on the extreme flanks of the army, as the cavalry drew their swords, to the air of "Britons strike home," just as if the poor Children of the Mist had not been Britons like themselves.

With their pipes playing, their varied tartans waving in the wind, their muskets or drawn swords and brass-studded targets shining in the fitful gleams of the winter afternoon, the Blue Bonnets marched steadily into position, clan after clan, in no wise daunted by the war array of Hawley.

Lord Ogilvie's battalion carried the Royal Standard, and all were eager for battle!

"Yonder hill to the west would be a good basis for future operations, if we could only get our d—ned guns up," said Hawley; "ride Captain Wyvil, and send forward the dragoons of Ligonier, Cobham and Hamilton, that we may enfilade these half naked scoundrels in flank. The order is, 'threes right,' and then 'left wheel by squadrons.' Let them ride as if all hell were uncoupled at their hoofs!" he added to the aide-de-camp in that rough style, which prevailed in the service until the opening of the present century.

The cavalry—one corps of which was composed

of the poltroons of Preston—were burning to avenge a repulse they had received on the previous day in front of Linlithgow, where they had been driven back by Lord Elcho, with the Life Guards—dashed spurs into their horses, and pushed on to reach the eminence ; but the Highlanders anticipated them, and *first* gained the crest of the ridge, on which the brigade of horse fell back, and on the slope of the ascent, the order of battle was formed by successive clans, Keppoch on the right (a post claimed by the Macdonalds since Bannockburn), Lovat on the left, in three small lines, the reserve under Prince Charles mustering only 450 swordsmen in the rear !

Neither army had any artillery ; in his fiery haste, the Prince had left his far behind, and those of Hawley, who as the rhyme has it, “ could not hawl his cannon to the foe,” were wedged helplessly among the winter mud at Bantaskine ; so by the bayonet, against the claymore, was the battle to be decided !

At three in the afternoon, it was begun by Hawley ordering a charge of cavalry — he “ believed” greatly in dragoons.

His three regiments, and a volunteer corps called the Yorkshire Blues, advanced at a rapid trot towards the column of Lord George Murray, under whom were the men of Appin, Clanranald and Keppoch. The trot was speedily lengthened into a gallop, and on they came like a thunder-

cloud, or some vast monster, having more than a thousand legs, devouring distance, and as if to tread all under foot. Already their uplifted swords were glittering in the sun, and the cheers of defiance and encouragement were ringing from flank to flank, when the clansmen brought their muskets to the "present," and their heads drooped, as they took aim at twelve paces distance.

"Fire!" cried Lord George Murray, adding "dirk and claymore, men—dirk and claymore!"

This deliberate volley threw the whole brigade into confusion, and the officers were heard shouting, "advance—advance—" "rally, brave boys, rally," but many more cried "threes about—retire," and in an instant the Stewarts and Macdonalds were down upon them with sword and target.

Where a few moments before, all had been quiet and still on the heath clad slope, were now horsemen and Highlanders engaged in wild *melée*. Now rung scattered volleys of musketry and pistols; the united clamour of a thousand voices—cheers, cries, and fierce yells of defiance, the hoarse *Cathghairm* or Celtic war cry, or the orders of some officer, given in pure English, and rising with strange distinctness; and too often amid the clang of weapons, the sudden and infernal hurly burly of the tumult:—

"The death-cry drowning in the battle's roar."

“The cavalry,” says the Chevalier Johnstone, “rode many of the Highlanders down, and a most singular combat followed. The Highlanders, stretched upon the ground, thrust their dirks into the bellies of the horses; some seized the riders by their clothes, dragged them down and stabbed them with their dirks; several used their pistols, but few had space to handle their swords.” Clanranald had a horse killed over him, and was nearly smothered by it; but the conflict ended by the whole cavalry retiring at full speed, riding down their own killed and wounded, and abandoning the infantry, they never drew bridle till they reached Linlithgow, seven miles distant from the field. In their terror and confusion, the 10th Dragoons contrived to ride along the whole fire of the Highland line.

A shower of sleety rain now fell to thicken the atmosphere of the misty and storm-covered moor, and the low smoke of the recent skirmish was blown towards Hawley's lines, when the whole Highland force, throwing down their muskets and plaids, drew sword and dirk, “and with all their pipes playing the *onset*, from flank to flank,” rushed on, shoulder to shoulder, and with a dreadful shock on the charged bayonets of Hawley's triple lines, which, in the usual fashion after a Highland charge, were broken, hurled on each other, cut down, trod under foot, and routed in an instant.

Brigadier Cholmondely, made a slight attempt

to rally the 4th and 48th regiments; but after firing briskly for a few minutes, they were forced to give way. As the Highlanders came on, they seemed to produce on the king's troops the same effect that Campbell's brigade did on the Russian column at the Alma—amazement and terror.

Foaming with rage and shame, Hawley was swept off the field by the human tide, and, in his blind fury, is said to have broken his sword, by madly hewing at the market cross of Falkirk, as he rode past it a fugitive.

“Pell mell, in headlong confusion, the sixteen regiments of infantry (militia inclusive) were driven through Falkirk, abandoning their camp, baggage and everything to the victorious Highlanders, who gleaned up all the arms, accoutrements, colours and knapsacks, which were thrown away by the fugitives, who that night reached Linlithgow.”

Before the Prince's quarters, which are yet shown in Falkirk, were brought the trophies of the field; 9 cannon and mortars; 5 pair of colours, 600 stand of arms, tents for 5000 men, and 28 artillery waggons laden with the munition of war. Never was victory more complete!

On the field lay slain 20 officers and 500 privates; among the former was the gallant old Colonel Sir Robert Munro of Foulis, who after killing or wounding six Highlanders, with his half-pike, was pistolled by Gillies Macbane, at the

head of his regiment, the 37th Foot, known chiefly then as Major-General Ponsonby's.

. Dalquharn, who had lost his hat, and had his coat cut to ribbons, when the slender reserve advanced into the general *melée*, with a few men of the Life Guard, had ridden to Bantaskine in the dark to capture the artillery, which were wedged fast in the mud of a deep and narrow road. One piece only was removed by the brave grenadiers of the 4th, who drew it to Linlithgow with their own hands.

He ordered his party to divide in two, and defile through the gaps of a hedge, to prevent the escape of the artillery by front or rear. By some mistake in the dusk and confusion, only *two* troopers followed him (the majority having ridden after Mitchell) as he turned towards the rear of the artillery, when Captain Koningham, the officer in command, ordered his gunners and drivers "to cut their traces and be off!" a mandate which they instantly obeyed, and for issuing which, after being cashiered by a court martial, he nearly committed suicide in a singularly terrible manner.

As the mounted gunners, a hundred and more in number, swept sword in hand along the narrow road, they instantly cut down and unhorsed Dalquharn and his two troopers, taking him prisoner, though he strove in vain to pass himself off as a Yorkshire hunter. He was dragged away, with a rope round his waist, and committed to the care

of a few of the 10th Dragoons, who came from a farm yard where they had been plundering.

Meanwhile Mitchell, an active and wary old soldier, lost no time in procuring horses and hands, and had the guns started out of their muddy lair, and brought into headquarters, where he learned that no traces could be found of Dalquharn, till a trooper, sorely wounded and dying, crawled in with tidings that he had been captured.

“Taken—taken prisoner under my very eyes, and despite my promise to *her!* oh, my God, how shall I ever break the news?” exclaimed poor Mitchell, who felt inclined to shoot himself with rage and vexation.

The Prince was greatly concerned on hearing of the loss of Dalquharn, and so were most of the army; but Lord Lovat quoted Horace and laughed at the affair, for he was too old, and too much of a philosopher, to value life or fear death.

“What! my Lord Dalquharn a prisoner again! I protest he hath a singular luck that way.”

The Prince turned from him in anger, and said in a whisper to Viscount Strathallan, whose sword arm was slung in a bloody scarf—

“Lovat—bah! he is a strange compound of the stoic and the cynic—the snaky, slimy old Scotch whig, with the cavalier; the frivolity and stateliness of the old Scoto-French courtier, with the simplicity of the patriarchal times, and the ferocity

of the middle ages. Pardieu, Viscount, the man is an enigma !”

“Thank Heaven,” replied Strathallan in a whisper, “we have not another in our army like old Simon of Beaufort and Lovat !”

All the affair with the artillery had passed with such rapidity that Dalquharn, half stunned and confused by the fury with which he had been struck from his horse, almost thought himself dreaming ; but ere long he realised all the bitterness of the case, and found that he had a companion in misfortune, to whom he was secured by a rope.

This was Donald Macdonald, of Teindreish, the senior major of the venerable Keppoch’s regiment, who has usually been called Hawley’s “sole trophy” of the field of Falkirk—a character of great note in the Highland army, as the hero of the Spean Bridge, where the first shot of the Insurrection was fired.

Amid the headlong confusion of the Highland charge, in consequence of mistaking the brigade of General Huske for that of Lord John Drummond, he was captured. By Huske, he was sworn at as “a lousy Scotch rebel dog !”

“Remember, sir, that I too am an officer,” said the unfortunate Highlander, “and, moreover, a gentleman ?”

“A gentleman quotha,” sneered Huske “I thank you for the information.”

“ Why, sir ? ”

“ For, ’pon my soul, I’d never have thought it. ”

By Huske, to whom he proffered his sword and pistols, he was treated with singular brutality, and would have been pinned to the earth by twenty bayonets, but for the intervention of Lord Robert Kerr, of the House of Lothian, a humane young officer, who afterwards fell at the battle of Culloden.

Though severely wounded in the sword arm, Macdonald’s hands were roughly tied behind him, and he was dragged away like a felon from that field where his friends were victorious.

On reaching Edinburgh, the first use made by Hawley of the shambles he had erected in the Grass-market, was to hang a number of his own soldiers thereon ; and the cat-o’-nine-tails was wielded unsparingly ; while his blind and childish rage was further exasperated by a knowledge, that Sir John Cope had offered bets, amounting to ten thousand guineas, in several coffee-houses in London, that the first general sent against the Highlanders would be beaten, just as he had been at Preston. By this, Cope “ gained a considerable sum of money, and recovered his honour to a certain degree. ”

The whole Gazettes of those unhappy affairs, published by the government, are invariably a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end, and unworthy of credence.*

* Constable’s Miscell. xvi.

CHAPTER XVII.

COBHAM'S DRAGOONS.

“ Farewell, then, fame, ill sought through fields and blood,
 Farewell unfaithful promiser of good :
 Thou music, warbling to the deafened ear !
 Thou incense wasted on the funeral bier !
 Through life pursued in vain, by death obtained,
 When asked, denyed us, and when given disdained.”

Tickell.

To be dragged away thus ignominiously, in the very moment of victory—pinioned like a black slave, or a common felon—dragged past the stately woods and noble demesne of Callender House, where Bryde, pale, anxious, and tearful, was waiting and watching tidings from the field, was maddening to Dalquharn !

All his old and worst terrors and anticipations rose up like ghoules and spectres before him now, and his mind became full of bitterness and rage—with sorrow for her, and apprehension for himself.

Perhaps the Prince might follow up this new success by marching on Edinburgh, or again advancing into England. In either case, Dalquharn felt assured that his own transmission south,

either by land or sea, was pretty certain, for every Highlander and adherent of Charles that could be gleaned up, were dispatched to “the shambles at Carlisle,” as the illegal court which sat there—and to which no Scotsmen were amenable for acts committed in Scotland—was not inaptly named.

The escort consisted of twenty of Cobham’s dragoons, under a young officer whose temper a pistol bullet in his thigh had in no way improved; and he pushed on at a pace, which Dalquharn, and more especially the poor wounded Macdonald, tied as they were, found great difficulty in accomplishing, and every instant they were in danger of being trod down by the hoofs of the horses.

These dragoons, among other plunder at the farm-house, had evidently procured some alcohol, for many of them were tipsy, and, on being encouraged by their foolish young officer, began to sing a long song, then current in London. It went to the air of “The Cut-purse,” and two verses will serve as a sample of the anti-Jacobite muse. The troopers trolled it lustily, and rattled their chain-bridles when they came to the chorus.

“ From Paris, Cartouche into Scotland has come,
 And his barelegged banditti will rob your estates;
 His itchy Scotch lords are the valets of Rome,
 Consult but their annals—record but their dates!
 It’s their politics,
 To burn heretics,
 Or poison by water that’s fetched from the Styx.

Chorus.

Or each Highland cut-purse will soon give us law,
For their cut-throats as daring as Tyler or Straw !

“ Let curses most vile, and anathemas roar ;
Let half-ruined France and the Pope tribute pay,
Our thundering cannon shall guard Britain’s shore ;
And none but great George will true Britons obey.
Then France and proud Spain,
Have laboured in vain ; [again.
For the mountains have brought forth a Scots mouse
The Pretender must scamper and quit every clan,
And to Rome, or to hell, get home if he can.

Chorus.

And no Highland cut-purse shall give to us law,
Though the devil should help him, or Tyler, or Straw !”

And, strange as it may seem now, stuff more perilous than this, drew storms of applause in the London theatres, if sung, or spoken in epilogue, by pretty Mrs. Woffington, when she swaggered so saucily before the float-lights, in the Kevenhuller hat and regimentals of a London volunteer.

The song being ended, Dalquharn ventured to remonstrate on the unworthy treatment to which they were subjected ; but the officer was deaf to him, and received his complaints in the true temper of the time.

“ I beseech you, sir,” exclaimed Dalquharn, “ at least to unbind my friend, who is severely wounded in the arm——”

“ Serve him right, egad !” was the brief response.

“ But he suffers acutely.”

“ He complains less than you, fellow, who have not a scratch.”

“ It is the pride of his race, which disdains to murmur.”

“ Pride, quotha! Why don't his pride provide him with a decent pair of breeches?”

“ Sir, he is like myself, an officer——”

“ An officer—gadamercey! who holds his commission from the Pretender.”

“ No, sir—from King James VIII.”

“ You are over bold to talk thus, my bonny Scot, with your precious neck in a noose—over bold, I can tell you.”

“ Noose, sirrah!” exclaimed Dalquharn, losing all patience, at the cool insolence of the officer; “ I demand my parole.”

The other laughed angrily, as he made his horse curvet in the half-frozen mud, and said,

“ 'Sblood, but this is rare—the idea of paroling a rebel! You should not have it, even had I the power to grant it, which I do not possess.”

“ Be it so; then I can fully without dishonour, escape.”

“ If you can; but beware my fine fellow, for on the smallest appearance of such an attempt, you will be pistolled without mercy,” replied the officer, cocking his Kevenhuller very much over his right eye; “ I know that the government have no wish to be troubled with prisoners.”

“ A time may come when I shall requite this

lack of common humanity—this coarse brutality.”

“Scarcely,” sneered the other; “but in case that time ever comes, you would wish to be favoured with my name, perhaps?”

“Assuredly, sirrah—for the name of a friend or a foe will never be forgotten by me.”

“I am Jack Dormer, a Lieutenant of Viscount Cobham’s dragoons.”

“Dormer, of Cobham’s—good,” said Dalquharn, through his clenched teeth; “I shall not fail to remember it——”

“On the gallows, to which I am marching you,” said the other coarsely, and with all the petulant impertinence of youth; “the name of Dormer may adorn your last speech: but excuse me holding further parley with you,” he added, and checking his horse, dropped to the rear of the escort, which rode in two sections, one in front and one in rear, along the narrow road, with a file on each side of the prisoners, who were tied together by a rope, the ends of which were secured to the stirrup-leather of the trooper beside them, so the idea of escape seemed a bootless boast.

“Heed not these fellows, my Lord,” said Macdonald, who marched on with his teeth clenched, to repress the groans that his wound and the tight pinioning of his arms must otherwise have wrung from him; “heed them not,” added this gentle and chivalrous Highland gentleman, “for even

the Black Chanter of the Clan Chattan, would not inspire them with courage to face us on a foughten field again."

"The Black Chanter—is it a spirit, Macdonald?"

The Highlander gave a mournful laugh, and replied,

"I forgot that your Lordship is a Lowlander. In the Highlands, we all know of the *Feadhan-Dhu*—the Black Chanter, or Holy Pipe of the Clan Chattan—which, according to tradition, fell among them from the clouds of heaven, at the battle of the North Inch in 1396, and the sound of which ensures prosperity, and inspires with heroic courage all who hear it."

"I never heard of it," replied Dalquharn, gravely enough, for he was in no smiling mood.

"Three of our clan—Macdonalds of Glencoe—had once taken a creagh on Strathspey, but were followed and caught by the Grants, near Aviemore, in a wild place, where, from an eminence, one may see the great green plain of the Alvie, and the course of the Spey, roaring in foam between its forests of dark and bronze-like pines. Two of the Macdonalds were pinioned, as your Lordship and I now are," continued the major, who, like all Highlanders, dearly loved to tell a clan story; "the youngest, an ancestor of my own, escaped, with an arrow in his cheek, but followed his friends in secret. Two miles from the base of Craigellachie, the Grants

halted to refresh themselves, when the young Macdonald stole near, and released the two captives, with whom he fell sword in hand upon the Grants. They killed seven, wounded sixteen, and succeeded in carrying off the creagh, a fine herd of cattle in triumph!

“‘A mhic! a mhic!’ was the cry of the oldest Macdonald, as he showered his blows around him; ‘do laimh o’ cruadhich, do bhuille!’ (my son—my son, harden thy strokes.)

“So enraged was the Laird of Grant by this affair, that he forced the survivors, on three successive Sundays, to march round the old Vicarage church of Inverallan (in presence of all his people), carrying wooden swords in derision; and the further to complete their shame, he borrowed of Cluny, the Feadhan Dhu, that its sound might animate them; and after hearing his own piper play thereon, they became, for ever after, brave men and true.”*

“I would advise General Hawley to get some such instrument, and play it in front of his dragoons; for, by my soul, I never saw so many hen-hearted knaves, with good Sheffield blades by their sides,” said Dalquharn, with a bitter laugh.

“A lord,” said one of the dragoons, who had

* The Grants would seem to have kept this remarkable bag-pipe long enough, as it was not until 1822 that Glenmorrison returned it to Evan MacPherson, of Cluny. *Logans Gael.*

been listening; “do you say, Jack, that the petticoated rebel calls t’other one a Lord?”

“So I hear,” replied his comrade.

“Scotch lords, or lairds, as they calls ’em, ain’t worth much, I reckon.”

“But this one is worth a hundred yellow Geordies, doan’t ee know, boy?”

“Offered by whom—the King?”

“No—boy.”

“No—the Dook o’ Coomberland, lad?”

“Offered by the Scotch Purveyor to the Forces—one Mr. Reuben Balcraftie.”

“Did he surrender to *you*?” asked the other, becoming suddenly interested.

“No—I wishes as he ’ad.”

“Whose prisoner will he be then?”

“Leaftenant Dormer’s, in course—wish to God he was mine.”

“You hear, my lord?” whispered Macdonald.

“I have heard every word—these rascals know my market value to a shilling.”

“You must escape,” whispered Macdonald in French.

“Ah—but how?”

“Never may there be a better opportunity than this; on the open highway, in a dark night, too.”

“I can see no way, my friend.”

“Once within gates and walls, the idea may be hopeless. What said a Douglas of old—better hear the lark sing, than the mouse cheep.”

Dalquharn shuddered as he recalled the Bass Rock with its prisons, and the awful perils of his escape therefrom.

“ I repeat, my lord, that you must make a bold effort to escape. I was at your marriage in the Cathedral of Carlisle—as a mere spectator, of course, as I had not the honour of being known to your lordship. I felt deeply interested in Miss Otterburn—her story, her beauty and sweetness. Think now of her—of your poor young wife, and escape if you can. As for me, I have neither wife nor child to sorrow for me; but blessed be God, I shall leave many a bold heart, and many a keen claymore among the Clan Donald, to avenge me !”

“ Poor Bryde—poor Bryde ?” murmured Dalquharn, in a voice of great sorrow.

“ Listen to me, my lord. On disarming me in the field, the Red-coats contented themselves with my sword, dirk, and pistols; the sharp Skene Dhu in my right garter escaped them, and it is at your lordship’s service.”

“ My hands are tied—”

“ But not behind you, as mine are; being in the kilt, I am deemed the more dangerous of the two, by the twenty heroes who guard us.”*

“ And the knife—what of it ?”

* *Twenty men* were detailed by General Huske, as the Guard over this solitary Highlander.—*Hend. Hist. Rebellion.*

“Take it from my garter,” replied Macdonald still in French; “and cut the rope that binds us together, and to that trooper on the left. Plunge it into his horse or himself, or both if you can, and trust to Providence for the rest—or stay! Erelong we shall be at the Bridge of the Avon—then will be the time to act; but meanwhile possess yourself of my skene.”

In the dark, though his hands were tied tightly but about twelve inches apart, Dalquharn easily contrived to draw from Macdonald’s garter the little dagger, known among Highlanders as the black-knife, and still used by them when hunting to cut the throat of the deer.

“But the sheath has come with it,” he whispered.

“Draw it off with your teeth—many a time have I done so, when under a charger’s belly. Fail not to use it, and use it well—for your life, and it may be *hers* too, depends upon it!”

“And you Macdonald—I shall not escape without you!”

“With a wounded arm I am helpless, and would but ensure your recapture, and why should both perish? Moreover, another opportunity may come, if they don’t hang me before I am healed. A brave fellow has chances often enough; and at all events ’tis better to be shot, than to die a dog’s death, at Carlisle wall.”

“Still we shall make the attempt together.”

“Allons, mon ami—as you please, my lord—

and at the Bridge of the Avon must the deed be done!"

Possessed of this weapon so sharp and so deadly, Dalquharn felt a wild glow of hope and vengeance swell together in his heart; and with it, there grew a fierce and pitiless desire to slay right and left—to be without mercy to the merciless!

The night was pitchy dark; westward and northward, large masses of black cloud enveloped the sky. Eastward it was tolerably clear, and the stars of the Plough shone, sharply and clearly, amid a patch of cold dark blue. In the southern quarter Mars, red and fiery, glinted at times through the flying scud above the western shoulder of the Pentland range, and a watch-fire was burning luridly on the summit of Cathail Rhi (or the hill of the Strife of Kings) to which the Scottish vulgar, have given the absurd name of Cockeroy. A cold wind swept over the road by which they marched; the leafless copsewoods moaned in the blast, and the dead leaves were whirled before it, along the frozen wastes.

Dalquharn and Macdonald both recognised the roadway and the features of the country.

"Yonder are the lights in the palace windows of Linlithgow," said the former.

"They are singularly bright!" replied the Major.

Erelong they were to be brighter.

“ Here we are, close upon the Bridge of the Avon—be wary, desperate and bold my lord !”

Dalquharn had already cut the cord that bound him to Macdonald, and by doing so, had already afforded intense relief to the stiffened arms of that unfortunate officer, who, warily, continued to march as if still bound, till they came to the old and narrow bridge, which saw the terrible feudal battle of 1526, in the days of James V., and the Earl of Lennox expire where a cairn long marked the spot, in the Jousting Haugh.

The side files of the dragoons altered their position ; one spurred forward, and the other dropped to the rear, both as they imagined giving the prisoners the whole length of the rope, which Dalquharn cut again and released his own hands, but this time, not unseen, by the rear trooper, who uttered a shout. Upon this Dalquharn sprang at him, stabbed his horse in the breast, forcing it by the bridle back upon its haunches. It recoiled furiously among the rest, causing much wild kicking, curvetting and confusion.

“ Follow me, Macdonald !” cried Dalquharn, as he sprang fearlessly over the parapet into the Avon beneath.

Macdonald endeavoured to do so too ; but his stiffened and wounded arm completely failed him ; he sank helplessly beside the parapet, and was instantly recaptured, and amid much swearing and bluster, pinioned with greater severity than

ever. Several carbines and pistols, fired at random, flashed over both sides of the bridge; Dalquharn swam vigorously under the surface for a time, while the balls tore up the water about him; and then, like a tracked deer which retraces its steps, he swam back towards the arch, and concealed himself under it. As he did so, Kilmarnock's proverb, the nearer the fire, the further from smoke, occurred to him; and then the idea of fire made him feel to the full, the bitter chill of immersion in a winter stream.

After a time the fusilade ceased; the dragoons hoped he was either shot or drowned; the sound of hoofs had died away, and around him all was still and silent as the pale stars that twinkled overhead.

He now began to breathe more freely, and crept up the bank of the river among the huge leaved water-docks and dry reeds; and for some time lay concealed in a coppice; after which, with a heart that was full of gratitude to Heaven for his second escape from peril, and keen thoughts of sorrow for poor Macdonald, he began to retrace his steps to Falkirk and Callender House, with all haste, as he was anxious to spare Bryde both tears and terror on his account. Avoiding the highroad, he took his way through fields and bye-paths, passing, in many instances, wounded and suffering soldiers, who had dropped in their flight from the field.

As he proceeded, a red light that spread over all the eastern quarter of the sky, caused him to look back, and he saw a very startling sight, that added astonishment and regret to his own sufferings.

It was the magnificent palace of Linlithgow, the scene of so many great and stirring events in Scottish History, sheeted with fire, that ascended from its vast quadrangle in one great roaring pyramid of flame, that reddened all the surrounding hills, having been wantonly destroyed, in spite of the keepers' remonstrances, by the pitiful and vindictive Hawley, ere he continued his disgraceful flight towards Edinburgh.

Of poor Donald Macdonald, Lord Dalquharn heard no more, till he read of his execution at Carlisle, when, after being subjected to other barbarities, his gallant heart was cut from his breast, and exhibited to the people, reeking on the point of the hangman's knife.

“Teindreish bore all his sufferings with great submission and cheerfulness of temper,” says Bishop Forbes, his fellow prisoner, who adds that he was very pious, and a very handsome man, of a strong and athletic figure, and he sent his last love to Miss Molly Clerk, a young lady of Edinburgh, and said “notwithstanding my heavy irons, I might dance a Highland reel with her yet. To-morrow I die.”

His dying words were forcible, as shewing the genuine spirit of the Scottish Jacobite.

“It was principle, and a thorough conviction of its being my duty to God, my injured king, and oppressed country, which engaged me to take up arms under the standard and magnanimous conduct of his Royal Highness Charles Prince of Wales ; and I solemnly declare, I had no bye views in drawing my sword in his just and honourable cause.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE NORTH.

“ Poor orphaned people, thus bereft,
How hast thou sinned, that thou should'st be
By deities to demons left,
And ignominious misery ?

“ No peace ! no parley ! treachery rends,
The old alliances ; and those
Who might have found us faithful friends,
Shall find us unforgiving foes !”

FAST though the tidings of misfortune fly, happily for Bryde, Dalquharn presented himself at the Callender even before tidings of his capture had travelled thither from the field, and when she hung upon his neck in a rapture of affection, he reflected with mingled gratitude and sorrow on how different their fate might have been, but for the forethought and decision, the bravery and single-heartedness of Keppoch's unfortunate major ; and great was the astonishment and joy of Sir John Mitchell, when that gallant gentleman rode to the Callender at midnight, to broach to Lady Bryde, with his own lips, though in what fashion

he knew not, the tidings of her supposed bereavement, when the first person he saw was Dalquharn himself!

Bryde, with the Countess of Kilmarnock, and other Jacobite ladies, was to follow the Highland army to the North in a few days; but on the 18th, the day after the battle, Dalquharn was with his troop in attendance on the Prince at Bannockburn, and then it was that he, the Lord Elcho, and several others, urged that the success on Falkirk-muir should be followed up by an active pursuit of Hawley's shattered army—to drive it completely out of Scotland, or hopelessly disperse it.

Either Charles had lost heart when he discovered the total indifference or intense caution of the English aristocracy, or he was ignorant of how completely he had demoralised the army of Hawley, otherwise he would scarcely have retired towards the Highlands, instead of advancing to Edinburgh, whose warlike volunteers were in an amusing state of fear for the third time.

So great was the terror occasioned by “the disagreeable affair at Falkirk,” as the “cooked” dispatches called it, that more foreign aid was summoned, and on the 8th of next month, Prince Frederick of Hesse, and the Duke of Wolfenbittel, landed at Leith from Wilhelmstadt, with five thousand Hessians, whose conduct in Scotland was singularly noble, when contrasted with that of our

own troops. Their long hair and moustaches, the blue uniforms, and strange language were long remembered traditionally in Scotland.

Noble, too, was the conduct of the Prince of Hesse Cassel, who, when the ministers and magistrates of Edinburgh, in their fawning address to him, poured forth a torrent of curiously mingled cant and slang, on "the Popish Pretender, and his desperate mob of robbers," replied, with a stern and lofty air,

"Gentlemen, no man of common sense or honesty believes that the unfortunate Prince's father was not the lawful son of King James II. It was a vile story contrived and industriously propagated to carry on the Revolution, and dropped as soon as that was settled. But suppose, gentlemen, it had been true, I must let you know that he is a prince by his mother, and I have the honour, by my alliance to the family of Sobieski, to be his near kinsman. It is very indecent and ill-mannered in a gentleman, and base and unworthy in a clergyman, to use reproachful and opprobrious names."

Prior to all this, the Duke of Cumberland had entered Scotland at the head of a vast force, composed of all arms of the service; and, as he marched by Aberdeen and the east coast, the Laird of Grant, with six hundred of his surname, and many other powerful and noted whig chiefs

and nobles joined him, so daily did the hopes of Charles Edward grow less and less.

Though young, the Royal Duke was overgrown, inert and obese, and travelled luxuriously in his coach, so that awkward comparisons were drawn by the people, who had seen the Stuart Prince, on foot in his kilt, with target and claymore, marching through snow, mud and river at the head of each clan in succession; and it is pompously recorded, that “the Duke actually walked *all the way* from Linlithgow to Falkirk, on foot, at the head of the Scots Royals, to encourage the men after the manner of his rival.”

Cumberland was undoubtedly popular with the army; his talents as a general were by no means brilliant; he was truthful and open, yet harsh and tyrannical, boisterous and brutal, and he was held in detestation by the English, who believed him capable of any atrocity, and ere long their worst belief was to be awfully realized. In Edinburgh he was received with adulation; elsewhere the Scottish people abhorred him so much, that in some instances the beds he slept in were taken down and burned immediately after.

From the hour in which he marched from Falkirk until the last fatal strife on the muir of Drum-mossie, Dalquharn never passed a day out of his saddle, and he was almost totally separated from Bryde, who remained in Inverness, then a remote

and secluded place, with the Ladies Kilmarnock and Ogilvie.

In the Highland capital, a miserable little town chiefly thatched with brown heather, and overlooked by the mountainous ridges of Glenmore nan Albyn, all covered with snow, Bryde felt herself almost as lonely, and infinitely more strange, than when in Carlisle. The fashion of the houses, the aspect of the country, and of the people too, seemed alike foreign to her. The Gaelic, which sounded hoarse, guttural and barbarous, alone was spoken, and with a hideous nasal twang still peculiar to Inverness; all the male inhabitants, even the shopkeepers, wore the kilt, and went about armed. No coach had ever traversed its narrow and unpaved streets, nor was there a turnpike road within forty miles of its gates.

In the castle, a tall gaunt tower, on a beautiful green eminence that overlooked the Ness, and by its cannon commanded the narrow and antique bridge of seven arches, which since 1686 had spanned the river, were now a garrison composed of the Grants of Rothiemurchus, in flaming red tartans, some Macleods of the Isles, and eighty men of the line, all of whom, as Hanoverians, were a fruitful source of terror to Bryde and other ladies of the Prince's army. She shunned its vicinity, and could not think with the gracious Duncan, when he paid his fatal visit to Macbeth in that place,—

“This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.”

But troops were pouring northward, and matters were fast becoming desperate with the Jacobite chiefs. Lady Ogilvie, and several other loyal ladies, with their young children and aged parents, resolved to seek safety in exile. A small vessel was procured, and they sailed for Holland. Dalquharn, though the parting pang was a bitter one, sent Bryde with them, and it was with something like the blackness of despair in his heart, that from the flat and sandy shore near Ardersier he watched the ship that bore her, as it sailed down the Murray Firth, and faded into obscurity, as the shades of night spread over the stormy North Sea.

Many skirmishes preceded the battle of Culloden ; Dalquharn ran incredible risks, and his life was saved by Mitchell in that desperate affair at Keith, when they assisted Captain Glasgow, of King Louis's Irish Brigade, to surprise and capture seventy Argyleshire Highlanders, and a troop of the Duke of Kingston's Light Horse.

Many advanced patrols, and other parties of Scottish militia were cut off in different places, and wherever the King's troops marched, the fires of rapine ascended to Heaven ; for every man who served the Prince had his house given to the flames, and his family, the young and the aged alike,

driven out on the frozen heather to die; and it is remarkable that in no instance did his followers retaliate, though Lochiel threatened to do so.

Lord George Murray attacked the king's garrison in the castle of Blair; but it was relieved by the sudden advance of the Hessians, who nearly cut him off. It chanced that Roderick Mackenzie, now a sergeant in Colonel John Roy Stewart's corps, when rambling in the night in search of provisions, came suddenly upon a body of troops.

“Halt—wer da?” cried a strange voice.

“Who goes there?” demanded Mackenzie, making the same request in English.

“Blitz und Granaten—der Teufel!” growled in unmistakable German, warned Mackenzie off their vicinity.

“Tulloch Ard!” he shouted, and fired his musket, the bullet of which slew the Duke of Wolfenbuttel's horse; the sound alarmed Lord George Murray's command, and finding the whole Hessian army upon him, he raised the siege of Blair and withdrew.

The Prince would have attacked Cumberland at Aberdeen; but feared to leave the properties and families of his adherents to the mercy of King George's garrison in Fort William, to which he laid a siege that proved useless; and now many little skirmishes took place in different parts of the Highlands.

The Earl of Loudon, with several whig clans,

had taken post at Dornoch for King George, but was attacked by the Duke of Perth, and routed. There were taken prisoners sixty men and a major, who before surrendering, somewhat vindictively fired a pistol at Sir John Mitchell. The bullet lodged between the bones of his fore-bridle arm, but was skilfully extracted on the field, by Lochiel's brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron.

To Charles Edward it had now become painfully apparent, that the false and fickle French, quite satisfied that the important diversion he had made in Britain ensured their success in Flanders, were selfishly abandoning him to his fate, for of all their promised succours, save the few troopers called Fitzjames's Horse, none ever came!

Dispirited hence, he allowed the army of Cumberland to pass the deep and rapid Spey, in a wild and wooded country, where two thousand determined men might have kept ten times that number at bay; and from thence by the moors of Elgin, the Duke marched to Nairn, which was only sixteen miles distant from the insurgent's camp.

Under the pennant of Admiral Byng, the British fleet kept pace with the Duke's great army along the coast, affording him all requisite supplies; while daily starvation and suffering decimated the slender force of Charles. Many of his men had dispersed to their homes in the glens, ill, wounded and weary, but still intending to return.

His small cavalry force had been sorely cut up, and the gentlemen of Lord Pitsligo's troop of Life Guards now served on foot. Provisions became so scarce that in their haversacks the poor Highlanders had only a few cabbage leaves and a little oatmeal, the latter being now their *only pay*, as the Prince's coffers were empty.

Battle alone could end all this, one way or other! "On such an alternative, then," says Sir Walter Scott, "and with troops mutinous for want of pay, half-starved for want of provisions, and diminished in numbers from the absence of 4000 men, he determined to risk an action with the Duke of Cumberland, at the head of an army considerably outnumbering his own, and possessed of *all* those advantages of which he himself at that moment was so completely deprived."

When Cobham's dragoons, who formed a portion of the Duke's advanced guard, approached the Bridge of Nairn, which gave entrance to that town on the east, the troopers of the Lords Elcho and Dalquharn fired on them briskly with their carbines. The last-named noble thought that, through his telescope, he could recognise his acquaintance of the night march from Bantaskine, Lieutenant Dormer, curvetting his black horse in front of the line of skirmishers, and he had a strong, but ungratified desire, to cross swords,

or exchange pistol-shots with that saucy young gentleman.

Outnumbered by Cobham's Corps, Lord Elcho's Life Guards had to retreat at a sharp pace, till the Prince in person appeared with a reinforcement, on which both Kingston's Horse and the 10th Dragoons fell back almost without firing a shot.

The Prince then established his headquarters in Culloden House, while his hardy followers slept amid the hoar-frost on the heather, which, as Gillies Macbane said, "served them alike for bed and fuel."

Erelong, it was to be the last bed—the long, long home of many!

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GABERLUNZIE.

“ Wi’ cauk and keel I’ll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade, indeed,
 To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
I’ll bow my legs and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout oure my e’e,
A cripple or blind they will ca’ me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.”

King James V.

EARLY on the morning of the 15th April, a man bearing a flat oval basket, filled with gingerbread, suspended by a broad leather strap from his neck, and having a wallet slung over his shoulder, quitted the Duke of Cumberland’s camp at Nairn. He was questioned by the advanced sentinels on the Croy road, but was permitted to pass, as he seemed to satisfy them.

This man evidently knew the parole and counter-sign as the watchwords issued every day are named.

His appearance was by no means prepossessing; his costume, which was of a hybrid nature, between Highland and Lowland, consisted of a short-skirted coat of grey frieze, with large, white horn buttons, green tartan breeches and calfskin gaiters; a yellow scratch wig, over which he wore a red Kilmarnock night-cap drawn to his coarse hairy ears, and surmounting both was a broad blue Lowland bonnet, slouched well forward over his eyebrows; but all these portions of his dress, conjunctly and severally, were frayed, tattered and worn to an extent that betokened extreme poverty and wretchedness; yet the wearer thereof was hale, hearty, stout and apparently well-fed, and as a weapon of defence, wore a rusty, horn-hilted dirk, about fourteen inches long, at his right side.

In this man's face and form of head, his bull-neck and tiger jaws, his bony, resolute chin, and huge frontal bone, there was something singularly detestable and repulsive.

A keen observer might have remarked that he carried his basket awkwardly, and seemed to be somewhat bored by the swinging of his old canvas wallet, and a bundle of horn spoons that dangled thereat, as he marched on with a great knotted staff in his hands, which were large, coarse and hairy, with flat nails.

His light grey eyes that peered from under brows that were shaggy and prominent as mous-

taches, glanced round incessantly, with a quick, restless and furtive expression, as he proceeded in the direction of the Highland bivouac by the road towards Croy. As he traversed that Strath so celebrated for its beauty, where *Uisc Nearne*, or "the river of alders," rolling from the dun mountains of Badenoch, to the blue waters of the Murray Firth, was pouring its April flood between belts of silver birch and alder trees, past patches of corn land and pasture field, where the shaggy little black cattle browsed, barren and heathy hills, flanking all the distance, he was as insensible to its rural features, as to the picturesque aspect of the old Highland burgh he had left behind, with its quaint and antiquated houses, a connecting link between the Sassenach and the kilted Gael (for at one end of Nairn, the people spoke Lowland Scottish, and Erse at the other), with its venerable church and bridge, and the thousands of white tents that marked Cumberland's formidable camp, all reddened by the glow of the morning sun.

He could see, thick as gad-flies, the gun-boats and man-o'-war launches, hovering about the sandy point of Findhorn, where exactly forty-four years before, the populous village of that name was swallowed up by the encroaching waves; and further off, mellowed in distance and the morning haze, were the great three-deckers and frigates of Rear-Admiral Byng's fleet standing under easy

sail up the noble estuary of the Firth of Murray.

The Gaberlunzie surveyed them with a saturnine and malicious grin, that expanded into a smile of cruel satisfaction, while he clenched his yellow teeth, grasped his knotty staff and resumed his journey.

After proceeding five or six miles, he found himself in a quiet and sequestered spot, in the neighbourhood of Cawdor, where then, as now, the grim old castle of the Thanes of that Ilk,—a pile amid whose “perspicuous intricacies, even the ‘Mysteries of Udolpho’ would vanish,”—looked down on the thick woods and dark peat masses; and there, at some distance from the narrow and stony draw-road, where the burn that traverses the old wood of Cawdor, runs in a deep, dark channel, so as to be lost to the sight, and almost to the ear, between its high, steep banks of rock and underwood, the Gaberlunzie seated himself under a great old hawthorn tree, and prepared to make his luncheon on a slice of kebboc, or good mountain cheese, a thick oat cake, and a flask of whiskey, wherewith to refresh his inner man.

After this, he drew from the canvas wallet two other matters, the contemplation of which seemed to afford him curiously-mingled excitement and satisfaction.

One of these was a knife about a foot long,

having a blade of great keenness and breadth. The other was a bag of black oiled silk, having a double running string, wherewith to close or open the mouth of it, which was about twelve inches in diameter.

The edge and temper of the knife he examined with great nicety; he gave the former a last finishing touch on the leather upper of his shoe, and the palm of his huge hand, as we have Shylock do on the stage, ere he restored it, carefully, to its sheath.

He repeatedly pulled open and tightly closed by its string the black oil-skin bag, to see that it worked smoothly, and then with a grim smile, passed it over his own face and head. It fitted him exactly; but he whipped it off with a little shudder, and restored it to the wallet. He then felt his throat, and carefully passed a finger round it, as if examining the muscles and form thereof.

Was the beggar about to cut off his own head?

A savage smile spread over his face, as he took the last drop from his flask, and pulled forth four printed papers from the lining of his old tattered bonnet, where they were enclosed in a piece of oiled silk, and spreading them before him, after a keen glance all round, proceeded carefully to read and commit their contents, for the hundredth time, to memory.

One was the first proclamation by George II., setting the sum of thirty thousand pounds sterling, on the head of the abjured Popish Pretender; and the second and third, were those issued by the Lord Mayor of Dublin and the Parliament of Ireland, offering conjunctly the sum of fifty-six thousand pounds, “to whoever should apprehend alive, or bring in dead, the body of the eldest son of the Pretender, if he should attempt to land, &c., &c. ;” and those last atrocious documents ran in the name of the Lord Lieutenant, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, the distinguished wit and politician, who married a German natural daughter of George I.

As the Gaberlunzie read these papers, a glow of triumphant avarice spread over his usually sallow visage; a wild, gloating expression shone in his fierce cruel eyes, which shewed that he was stern as the grave and unrelenting as death. His lips quivered, and his great strong fingers twitched convulsively as he muttered:—

“And all this money may yet be mine—mine—*mine!*”

Then he turned to the fourth paper, which was a printed description of the personal appearance of this abhorred Pretender—this young Italian gentleman, as he was sometimes designated, with a politeness not usual in his enemies, who strove to make him a species of Perkin Warbeck. He was stated truly to be tall and handsome, about

twenty-five years of age, face a complete oval, nose aquiline, lips full and well shaped, eyes a clear blue, hair fair, wavy and generally dressed with a blue ribband; always wore a blue Scots bonnet, a tartan coat with a silver star and a white sash. Was said, closely to resemble in face and figure, the attainted traitor, Henry Douglas, calling himself Lord Dalquharn of the Holm, for whose apprehension, one hundred pounds are offered, in addition to the government reward, by the purveyor to His Majesty's forces, &c., &c., &c.

(“Closely to resemble?” would the head of one pass for the head of the other? It was a brilliant idea!)

Already that foredoomed figure seemed to rise before the Gaberlunzie, and his cruel fingers trembled once more with eagerness and the lust of blood and gold, as he folded the papers in their oiled silk covering and hid them in the lining of his bonnet, which he drew once more over his cunning eyes, as he assumed his staff, and with something like a malediction on his gingerbread basket—though to him it was then as the basket of Alnaschar—once more resumed his way, passing the turrets of Cawdor towards Croy.

About midday, after traversing a long and bleak muirland waste, he came in sight of Culloden House, which is situated among woodlands, and on which the royal standard was waving, for there the Prince resided, though it was the

mansion and property of his unyielding enemy, Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session, who wasted his fortune and his energies in the cause of George II., and was permitted to die of disgust and a broken heart, in the following year. It stands on the verge of the Moor of Drummossie, now better known in the annals of war, as the Plain of Culloden, and from its windows, Charles would obtain a spacious view of the Murray Firth expanding to a sea, and all the dark blue mountains that rise beyond Strathnairn.

Around were the troops of the Highland army bivouacked in the park or on the moor, by contiguous clan regiments, with their arms piled and their colours planted in the turf; the horses were hobbled or picquetted; the cannon and their limbers, the tumbrils and waggons were all drawn up in close order, wheel to wheel; the out-posts were all accurately detailed, and their chain of sentinels were thrown forward, in a semicircle, on the road that led to Croy and Nairn.

As the Gaberlunzie approached the first picquet, he was stopped by a Highland sentinel, who with cocked musket, demanded in Gaelic, his business and where he came from; but he might as well have spoken in Greek or Sanscrit.

“What want ye, Carle?” asked the mendicant, with some alarm in his manner.

“Parole—parole,” said the Celt, who knew the language of duty so far.

“Hoots, havers! What kens a puir silly bodach like me aboot paroles or countersigns, or any sic ungodly matters? Here, my man—put that in your pouch, and let me pass on,” said the Gaberlunzie as he thrust into the hands of the Highlander, who was starving, some cakes of gingerbread, which the poor fellow proceeded instantly to devour, sputtering out something the while in Gaelic; but whether he expressed doubts, or thanks or threats, or all three together, was all unknown to the wayfarer, who hastened on, towards the gate of the mansion house.

On every hand he saw painful signs of famine and squalor. The once gay tartans of the Highlanders were in rags; many of them had become bare-armed as well as bare-legged; shoes and hose—the handsome brogue, the neatly cut cuarn, and the trim garters—had nearly all departed. Many had marched without bonnets in the winter blast from Derby to the Grampians, and had their weather-bleached hair tied simply by a thong, like the primitive warriors of Corbredus Galdus.

The plight of the chiefs was nearly as bad as that of their followers; misery, hunger and empty purses, were everywhere apparent; and the wolfish expression to be read in the hollow eyes and sad faces of those who were lords of great

estates, of stately homes and many faithful men, the inheritors of long descended titles and inborn bravery, might have melted the heart of any but he, who now traversed the bivouac of those ill-starred loyalists, who had perilled all, for their lawful king, and were soon about to lose all, save honour!

The ribs of the few remaining horses stuck through their bare and worn skins; in some instances, the poor animals had gnawed off each other's tails; the wheels of the artillery were masses of rust; the field-pieces but ill cared for, as the kilted cannoners of Charles, who had been summoned to war from herding sheep on the mountains, or cutting turf in the bogs, but only half understood their drill, or the orders of their Irish or French officers.

The well oiled and freshly flinted muskets and pistols, and the keen trenchant blades of the claymores, alone bespoke a fitness for the desperate strife that was to come; but as the spy looked around him—for *a spy he was*—a most saturnine expression of mingled hatred and satisfaction stole over his features.

“Yea, verily,” he muttered, “the time is nigh when the Highland Amorites will be stricken with defeat; when ‘one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.’ The doom o’ the godless herd is close at hand!”

He was beginning to count the number of can-

non, and note their calibre, when a crowd of famished Gaels gathered round him, eyeing eagerly the contents of his basket.

“Hollo, sirrah,” said a mounted officer, “how do you sell your wares in these times of scarcity?”

“As best I may, sir—Heevin be my help,” replied the other, cringing, and touching his bonnet.

“If ’tis money you seek, by my faith, you have come to a bad market. But give those poor fellows your bread and cakes, so far as they will go,” added the trooper, who had an arm in a sling, and who looked somewhat tatterdemalion, for his blue uniform was threadbare, and his gold aiguillette faded to a mere black cord; but he tossed a seven shilling piece into the basket, which the pale and hollowed-eyed Highlanders, after touching their bonnets respectfully to the donor, emptied in an instant of its contents, and generously shared by mouthfuls among their starving comrades.

“From whence come you, carle?” asked the officer, who was no other than Sir John Mitchell.

“Frae Inverness, please your honour,” replied the other, touching his bonnet, and bending head and knee; “I am a puir chiel frae the south country——”

“So I suspected by your accent.”

“Trying to pick up a few bawbees by selling gingerbread, spoons, and whorles, wi’ the blessing and help o’ the Lord—a puir God-fearin’

body, I assure you, sir, am I—self-reliant, and defyin' Satan, prince o' the power o' the air."

"Well, now, that your stock has been sold, you had better get back to the neighbourhood of the Clach-na-Cudden, as fast as you may, for there is a Bothwell-brig tone about you, that won't be fancied here," said Sir John, eyeing the mendicant keenly; "you'll find no sale for your spoons, my fine fellow, as we have nothing to sup. A strange resemblance," he muttered, as he rode away; "after all, it may be fancy only, but where, the devil, have I seen this Gaberlunzie man before?"

Perhaps Dalquharn might have assisted his memory.

A hideous expression passed over the face of the mendicant as they separated; and while he gazed after the bluff baronet, in his faded bravery, spurring his lean horse towards Culloden House, a fierce smile shone in his pale, heavy, and vulture-like eyes.

Elsewhere we have too often had occasion to refer to these same cruel and avaricious eyes.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BITER BITTEN.

“ Those who shelter lend to traitors,
Traitors are themselves, I trow ;
And as such I now impeach ye,
And as such I curse ye now.

“ Cursed eke, be your forefathers,
That they gave you blood and breath !
Cursed be the bread and water,
That such traitors nourisheth !”

The Cid.

THE spy, who seemed to fear that others might suspect his real character, shrunk back abashed, and was easily repulsed, when the Highland sentinels around Culloden House, refused him permission to approach that mansion, on the pretence that he had some horn-spoons for sale. He remembered that more than one spy had been hanged summarily on both sides already, and did not press the matter with Bohaldie's Macgregors, especially on learning that a council of war was at that moment being held in the dining hall, by the Prince and the great chiefs of his army.

He wandered about on pretence of selling his

wares, and of purchasing any rings, watches, or other plunder; but as he failed to dispose of the former, and nothing of the latter kind was forthcoming from the sporans or dorlachs of the poor Celts, he could do nothing in the way of business. His pretended avocation, however, enabled him to note the strength—the weakness rather—of the various clan regiments, and the utter misery of all!

The number of cannon—twenty-two in all (eight swivels included)—tallied exactly with the knots on his staff.

“Good”—thought he; “that saves a memorandum—and such notes are aye perilous ware to hae about me.”

For each tumbril and waggon filled with tents or other munition of war, he made a notch on his staff, with his old rusty biodag or dagger. Lurking at a little distance from the bivouac, he was making those notches to aid his memory, when suddenly a Highlander, who came he knew not from where, but who seemed to start from the earth, stood before him. The stranger was Roderick Mackenzie, who had been lounging on the sward, rolled up in his green tartan plaid, unnoticed by the spy, of whose stealthy and furtive movements, he had been for some time cognisant.

“You are busy, friend,” said he drily.

“Aye—aye,” replied the other, whose confusion and bewilderment were instantly evident, as he

awkwardly lifted his bonnet, and muttered, he knew not what.

These two men gazed at each other for fully a minute, in silence.

The spy seemed petrified !

The Prince as described in his paper, fair-haired and blue-eyed, aquiline in features, oval in face and tall in form, stood before him—the Prince, minus star and sash—but fully armed and kilted like any other clansman.

“Well, fellow,” said Mackenzie haughtily, “dost think you will know me again if we meet at kirk or market? You stare hard enough, and gadso—I hope you have not the evil eye about you !”

“I humbly crave pardon, sir,—that is your Royal Highness,” said the craven spy, whose tottering knees bent under him, with mingled respect and fear, as he stooped low his uncovered head, and kept his eyes bent on the ground ; “I am, as you see, a pair humble man—but one who hath seen better days !”

“I am no Royal Highness, but plain Rori Bane,” said the Highlander laughing ; “Roderick Mackenzie from Kintail, who had a shop in the Luckenbooths of Edinburgh—the gilt sign of Marshal Orkney’s head—till I exchanged the ellwand of the merchant for the claymore of a soldier. You are southland bred, as I know by your tongue.”

“I am sir—frae the fat and fertile Lothians.”

“And who are you?”

“A pair silly auld carle as you may see, seeking to earn an honest bawbee, by selling spunes and whorles wi’ the help o’ the Lord, sir—the help o’ the Lord wha guideth a’ things, and without whose permission not even a sparrow falleth to the ground.”

“You have come to the wrong market, for heaven knows bawbees are scarcer than broad swords in the Prince’s camp,” said the Highlander as he turned away with some bluntness of manner, his Lowland experiences having taught him to mistrust these religious effusions.

Mackenzie proceeded amid the groups of men, who lounged on the grass, or loitered near the piles of arms, and the colours, which alone indicated, where, on an alarm being given, each regiment was to fall in. A few were making fires of dry branches, fir cones and turf, wherewith to boil their day’s allowance of cabbage leaves and oatmeal; while others, who were too weary to search for fuel, or too famished to wait, were content to masticate them raw.

At a little distance, the spy followed Mackenzie, watching all his movements with deep interest, and more than once comparing his personal appearance with the description in the printed paper; as he dogged him from point to point about the bivouac, he remarked that though many spoke with

him none veiled their bonnets. This gave the Gaberlunzie grave doubts as to whether he really was the Prince under an assumed name; but the resemblance was so startling that he knew not what to think, and began to suppose that this non-acquiescence of respect, or failure to recognise his rank, was the result of some general order or secret understanding, to prevent capture by surprise, an assassination, or to baffle the very enterprise on which *he* had chiefly come.

Mackenzie repaired to the quarter-master of his corps, received his allowance of oatmeal in a paper bag, and returned to that part of the Park where he had been first seen by the spy, and where his musket, target and sword, with his *dorlach* or knapsack, were placed against a tree.

The spy still followed him, strange to say, even yet unassured that he was not the Prince; and indeed, becoming momentarily more convinced that he was so, having heard that in his habits, customs and duties, Charles Edward, like Montrose and Dundee, left nothing undone to assimilate them to those of his followers, and sharing all their privations to the fullest extent, as a means of gaining their admiration, love and esteem.

Knowing the deadly and terrible object that was in his avaricious heart, the spy feared to ask a question of any one, but contented himself by watching from a distance his intended victim, who seated himself under the tree where his weapons

lay, and where he had no doubt passed the night, near the shelter of a tall whin bush that grew thereby.

The spy had remarked that this fair-haired young man appeared to be remarkably popular in the little army, and that all who passed near, addressed him; for Mackenzie's resemblance to Charles Edward rendered him a favourite with all, and he was foolish enough to be vain of the coincidence, and wore his long hair tied exactly in the Prince's fashion, and queued, like his, with a light blue ribband.

The sight of the ribband, when the unconscious wearer turned and brought it in view, always gave the spy something like a galvanic shock; it confirmed his suspicions, and yet he had heard the guards at Culloden House distinctly stating to each other, that the Prince was at a Council Board.

“Weel—weel, one head may serve the Duke's purpose and mine too, as weel as anither,” muttered the Gaberlunzie, who seated himself at some distance, and continued to watch Mackenzie, who all unaware, that he was an object of such important and pecuniary interest, was taking his humble and primitive dinner of dry oatmeal, by feeding himself, as he best could, with the blade of his Skene-dhu. This did not seem a very princely proceeding; still it might be a part of the system pursued by Charles, and the Gaberlunzie muttered again,

“One head may pass for the other—oh that this hour were the gloaming.”

Suddenly the eye of Mackenzie detected once more the mendicant, who was so evidently and so sedulously watching him, and he resolved to be observant in turn. His frugal repast over, he lifted his bonnet as he muttered something by way of thanks to heaven, and muffled his head in his plaid in a way peculiar to the Highlanders. Then sinking back against the root of the tree, he appeared to dose off to sleep, while in reality he never lost sight of the tattered Gaberlunzie.

He saw that personage reckon again and again the twenty-two knots on his staff, and add several noches to those already made. These movements roused the keenest suspicions in Mackenzie's mind, for two poor Highland shepherds, who had been seen notching their sticks near the Duke's army at Banff, were hanged by his order, on the assumption that they were spies, taking notes after the fashion of the American Indians; and their unburied bodies yet hung upon a tree near an Episcopal chapel, which the same ferocious commander, wantonly and most unmeaningly, ordered to be gutted and destroyed.

Mackenzie now became all attention.

He saw the Gaberlunzie take a paper from his bonnet, and carefully read it, glancing furtively towards himself from time to time. On another paper, he saw him make some notes in pencil,

under the concealment afforded by his large oval basket; and then he hid both documents in the lining of his bonnet, which he replaced carefully and firmly on his head, slouching it well over his deep cunning eyes.

Mackenzie saw him look carefully round in every direction, and give a smile of satisfaction to see that they were almost entirely alone, all the loiterers having been drawn by some object of interest towards the great gate of Culloden House. Mackenzie saw him rise, and stealthily approach the place where he lay, one hand the while resting on the horn haft of his rusty old dirk.

His step was velvety, cat-like and noiseless.

The Highlander's heart beat wildly. Was robbery, was murder, or were both the intention of this daring old mendicant, within earshot and eyeshot, too, of the whole Highland bivouac.

When within three paces of his intended victim, the Gaberlunzie paused and looked once more hastily round him. At that moment the Highlander, like a couched tiger, sprang up and dashed him to the earth. In a moment he had him by the throat with a strong left hand, a naked dirk uplifted in the right, and his bare knees pressed upon the chest of the spy, and almost suffocating him.

“Dog—and son of a dog,” cried the Highlander, blind with sudden rage; “what sought you with me? Speak at once, and hatch not a

lie, lest I pin you to the earth in the midst of it!"

Fear and desperation endued the Gaberlunzie with double his usual strength; he made no reply, but drew a long breath, and collecting all his energies, succeeded in throwing Mackenzie from him, and half-rising, unsheathed his horn-hilted dirk; but ere he could use it, a great number of Highlanders, who saw the scuffle, rushed forward and seized both, to prevent bloodshed.

Amid a storm of guttural Gaelic, the Gaberlunzie denounced Mackenzie, as intending to rob and murder him, thus anticipating the charge that was about to be brought against himself.

Mackenzie, whose hot Celtic blood was now at boiling heat, and who was almost beside himself with fury, exclaimed in Gaelic,

“Villain! no robber am I. The same blood that I have in my veins did my father shed freely at Glensheil and Sheriffmuir! He lived with his sword by his side, the white cockade and the wing of the eagle above his brow. He perilled all for Scotland and King James—all as I now do, and never came reiver or thief of our race, so you lie like a base Saxon dog as you are! I denounce him, comrades, as a spy—search the Lowland churl, and you will see that I speak truly!”

“A spy—a spy—a rope, a rope—a tree, a tree!” cried a thousand voices, and amid a

tempest of Gaelic imprecations, the Gaberlunzie was torn hither and thither, surrounded on all hands, and had his staff, bonnet, wig, wallet and coat rent from him.

“Hold, sirs—hold all your hands,” cried a voice loudly and in authority, as several horsemen, who had just issued from the gate of Culloden House, rode up, hurriedly; “what means this tulzie—what barns-breaking is this?”

The speaker was Lord George Murray, whose voice stilled the tumult; and now it seemed to the breathless, baffled and terrified Gaberlunzie, that there were *two* princes present, one on horse-back and one on foot; but the former was undoubtedly the nobler of the two in bearing and aspect, and wore, moreover, the white silk sash and silver star!

CHAPTER XXI.

HIS EXAMINATION.

“ This one condition only seals your pardon.
But if, thro’ pride of heart and stubborn obstinacy,
With wilful hands you push the blessing from you,
And shut your eyes against such manifest light ;
Know ye, your former sentence stands confirmed,
And you must die to-day ! ”

Lady Jane Grey, Act. V.

“ WHAT say you, Mackenzie,” asked Lord George ;
“ is this man a spy ? ”

“ Even so, my lord ; I saw him reckoning again and again the knots on his staff, whatever that may mean ; and making notches thereon, together with notes in a paper, now hidden on his bonnet.”

“ Shew me the staff,” said Lord George. After examining it carefully, he said with considerable acuteness ; “ twenty-two knots, eight of which are notched. So, so—these stand for fourteen field-pieces and eight swivel guns.”

“ I am a pair silly bodach, my lord,” whined the prisoner ; “ my accuser lieth—woe unto him

who beareth false witness against his neighbour. Alake, alake! I am like ane pelican in the wilderness—an owl in the desert; and oh, as the Blessed Psalmist saith, my days are like ane shadow that declineth!”

“Silence, fellow! search him, Roderick,” said Lord George, while the young Prince who had not yet spoken, looked gravely and sternly on.

In the pockets of the spy, nothing was found but the seven-shilling piece given to him by Sir John Mitchell, and a few sixpences, *new* and fresh from the mint evidently; but in his wallet were found the sharp knife and the oilskin bag, the uses for which, all failed to conjecture, until Mackenzie handed to Lord George the papers which were found concealed in the lining of the prisoner’s bonnet.

As Murray’s fiery and indignant eye ran over these, and he read the three barbarous proclamations, the description of the Prince’s person, and the document in pencil, the frown on his face grew deeper.

“This is a most serious matter, your Royal Highness,” said he, “and a terrible example must be made.”

“In what way?” asked Charles Edward, wearily.

“Here we have a formidable case of espionage, if not of something worse, but most happily, thank Heaven, detected and nipped in the bud,

by this most worthy follower of the Earl of Seaforth. You quote Scripture, glibly," he added, with a furious glance at the culprit, while laying a hand on one of his holster pistols; "so I may tell you, rascal, in the words addressed to King Belshazzar, 'thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting;' and so thou shalt hang by the neck, my sanctimonious friend."

"Oh, sirs—eh, sirs—be mercifu' to me a sinner; I'm but a pair silly carle, and kenna how the papers cam' into my bonnet."

"A very likely story. Seize the villain and hold him fast. Here we have the proclamations of the Hanoverian Elector, issued from London and Dublin, offering magnificent rewards for the body of your Royal Highness, dead or alive, together with a full description of your august person—"

"I hope it flatters me," said Charles, with a bitter smile; "I shall send it to some of my fair friends at Versailles."

"Here is a little map of the country round Inverness, with the fords, bridges and heights marked, evidently for military purposes—for the passage of troops and position of cannon and field-works, with some notes in the handwriting of him, whose autograph is on the back—the Lord Bury."

"Bury?" said several voices.

“Cumberland’s favourite aide-de-camp,” exclaimed Charles Edward.

“And here, we have a jotting of some of our forces, quotha, no doubt for the information of that foreign general who calls himself Duke of Cumberland, Brunswick and Lunenberg—faugh! Here it runs:—

“ ‘Murrays of Athole under Tullybardine, 500 claymores ;
 Frazers under the Lord Lovat, 500 claymores ;
 Grant’s under Glenmorrison, 200 claymores ;
 Mac Intoshes under Drumnaglass, 300 claymores ;’

“and so forth—and so forth! well, most precious of rascals, what hast thou to say, that we should not hang thee from the branch of that beech tree?”

“Nay, my lord,” interrupted the Duke of Perth, who wore a scarlet uniform, “with the matter we have in hand *to-night*, would it not be well worth while to avail ourselves of this fellow’s services and information?”

“Gad, my Lord Duke, you are right,” said Lord Murray, “’tis well thought of—the dog’s life may be more valuable to us than his death.”

“He meant to betray us—let us make him betray his German master.”

“What says your Highness?” asked Lord George.

“I leave the matter entirely in your hands, my lords,” replied Charles gloomily, and almost indifferently.

“Then away with him to Culloden House,” exclaimed Lord George Murray. “To your own care I entrust him, Mackenzie—and see that you answer for him body for body.”

“Fear not for that, my lord,” replied Mackenzie, who pinioned the arms of the miserable spy behind securely with a strong rope, and tying the end of it to his own waistbelt, compelled him, with a cocked pistol at his ear, to march before him to the manor house.

The latter was a castellated mansion, and Captain Burt, a satirical English officer who visited it in 1730, describes it as a large fabric, built of stone, with a spacious dining-hall, good gardens, a noble avenue of great length, and splendid plantations. Its proprietor, the Lord President, was then a fugitive with the Earl of Loudon in the Isle of Skye; but when at home, his generosity was unbounded. “It is the custom of that house,” says Captain Burt, “at the first visit to take your freedom by cracking his nut (as he terms it), that is, a cocoa shell which holds a pint, filled with champagne, or such other wine, as you shall choose.”

The Laird of Culloden’s hospitality was famous even in the hospitable Highlands. A hogshead of wine was kept constantly on tap near the hall door for the use of all comers; and sometimes, says the editor of the “Culloden Papers,” nine

months' wine alone drank there cost a sum equal to two thousand sterling now.

The windows of the dining-hall afforded an ample view of the vast Moor of Drum Mossie, and the Murray Firth, where—a most mortifying sight for the starving Highland army—the fleet of victual ships could be seen coming to anchor. In this hall hung portraits of former Lairds of Culloden in wigs and breast plates, tartan kilts and Spanish doublets ; and one also of that brave Highland matron, who so stoutly defended the house when it was besieged by the insurgents in 1715, at a time when her husband was absent in London, on his parliamentary duties, and nearly half the north was in arms for King James VIII.

The entire fleet could be seen on the blue waters of the Firth, with their white sails shining in the noonday sun ; and all the hills were visible to a vast distance in the clear rarified Highland atmosphere. Though the young buds were bursting, and were green and bright in the April woods, the mountain scalps were powdered still with snow, for the season was cold and severe.

The long oak table, with writing materials thereon, was yet remaining, with all the high-backed chairs about it, just as it had been left a few minutes before, by that council of war, which had resolved on a midnight attack on Cumberland's camp at Nairn, when the spy was dragged forward and confronted with his accuser, Roderick

Mackenzie, and the papers which were found upon him.

On seeing that he was fully discovered, trapped and unmasked, this man's pale, watery and cunning eyes became frightful in expression. For a time they were no longer eyes apparently, but mere fishy-looking blobs of grey glass.

Rage and disappointed avarice, mortification and baffled hate, were all expressed in his visage by turns, and, if possible, all together, while the bead drops of selfish terror started from his forehead, and rolled over his livid and repulsive face.

He felt assured that he was in the hands of those whom a desire for retribution and reprisal, as well as a high sense of justice rendered pitiless. He muttered to himself and quoted much scripture—chiefly about the troubles that afflict the just—with great fluency.

With a strange species of fascination, he continued to stare stupidly and stolidly at Prince Charles, who seated himself at the head of the table; but who, for some time, took little interest in the proceedings, and played listlessly with the ends of his white lace cravat.

Lord George Murray, a tall and stately man, with broad shoulders, a grave, stern face, a heart that was fearless and loyal, a terrible and searching eye, an energetic and stormy, but decided manner, was a soldier of experience, who had

fought under the Duke of Savoy, and served in the Sardinian army since the battle of Glenshiel in 1716, when he and the Marquis of Tullybardine projected a rash rising in the west Highlands, with the aid of a few hundred Spanish Infantry. He gave the culprit a terrible glance as he opened the proceedings.

“What is your name, fellow?” he asked, thrusting his lace ruffles back under his wide velvet cuff, and dipping a pen in an inkhorn, “dost hear me?”

“Murray,” replied the spy.

“The devil it is! what more?”

“George Murray.”

At this second reply a laugh went round the table, and the young Prince’s was, perhaps, the loudest, for he had, rather unjustly, cherished a species of grudge at Lord George since the retreat from Derby—a grudge which one of his Irish staff officers, Sir Thomas Sheridan, left nothing undone to increase.

“Zounds! a clansman—eh?” said Murray, with a black look.

“I hae that great and pleasing honour, my lord.”

“I protest you shall not have it long, fellow. Moreover, I believe you lie, for no Highlander deems that an honour which is only the common community of blood; but were you the son and heir of a king, you shall die a dog’s death!”

“Nocht fear I—the Lord is my shepherd,” replied the other, turning up his eyes.

“Cease this disgusting cant. You have come from the camp of the person who calls himself Duke of Cumberland? Nay, man, speak out—evasion is worse than useless here!”

“I did, my lord,” replied the spy, and while his voice whined, and he cringed and craved mercy by his tone and manner in abject terror, the fire of ill-concealed hate and baffled spite was glistening in his eyes.

“Truly,” said the Duke of Perth, “this human worm is a hideous spectacle.”

“And the answers are wrung from him like blood-drops,” exclaimed Lord Murray; “cock your pistol, Roderick.”

The culprit shivered, when he heard the click of the lock.

“You came from the enemy’s quarters direct?”

“Direct by the Croy and Cawdor road, my lord.”

“With what intent?”

“’Tis useless, surely, to ask all this,” said Charles Edward impatiently; “his papers fully explain all.”

“You know the fate accorded to spies by the laws of war everywhere.”

The culprit did not reply; but his face became if possible more ashy.

“Hanging on the nearest tree!”

“Well, if you would escape that fate, answer truly, and serve us as we wish,” said the Prince, gently.

A gleam of hope spread like a ray of light over the coarse visage of the spy, who bowed as if assenting, and passed his tongue repeatedly over his upper and lower lips to moisten them, for they were livid, parched, and dry.

“Of what does the Duke of Cumberland’s force consist?”

“Fifteen battalions of Infantry—three Regiments of Horse, and the Argyleshire Highlanders, with sixteen pieces of cannon, many matrosses, gunners, and drivers, while six thousand Hessians are pushing on wi’ a’ the speed they may, by Strathspey and Elgin o’ Murray.”

On hearing of this overwhelming strength, many glances were exchanged, and almost every face fell.

“Where are the Duke’s troops encamped,” asked Lord Murray, whose manner never altered.

“Westward o’ the toun o’ Nairn.”

“In open ground?”

“Among fields and muir-land.”

“Good! are there any fieldworks?”

“Nane that I ken o’, my lord—but I’m a puir silly auld carle,” whined the prisoner.

“That we shall prove. I am noting your answers, fellow,” said Lord George, who was writing

rapidly; “and on the truth or falsity of what you have told and may tell us, depend the fact of whether you shall be a living man, or a dishonoured corpse ere morning. When did you propose to return to the Elector’s camp?”

“To-night, if possible.”

“To-night—ha! then consequently you must have been furnished with the parole and countersign, otherwise the outposts would fire on you.”

“I canna just say, my lord.”

“Put the rope round his neck, and open the nearest window, Mackenzie. By Heavens, we shall swing the carrion over it in the face of the sun, unless he speaks.”

“Mercy—I mind me o’t noo,” exclaimed the spy, shrinking from Mackenzie’s approach.

“Well?”

“The parole is *William*—the countersign *Fontenoy*.”

“Your memory is capricious, my friend,” said the Duke of Perth.

“*Fontenoy*—a lucky omen—” exclaimed Sir Thomas Sheridan; “I would the Irish Brigade were here.”

“Tres bon!” said the Prince; “my father’s faithful Irish!”

“This information,” suggested the Duke, “may be false, or a snare.”

“Now, rascal, listen to me,” said Lord George, with a terrible sternness of manner; “this night

we march to make an onslaught on Cumberland's camp—a secret surprise, and we shall avail ourselves of your services as a guide to the outposts. The words you have given we shall use, and if they fail us—even if they have been changed in your absence—you shall die, so surely as now the breath of Heaven is in your nostrils!”

“When the soldiers of Cumberland are stricken, shall I be freed—lowsed frae these bonds?”

“Most assuredly.”

“I hae your lordship's solemn promise thereanent.”

“In presence of His Royal Highness, these lords and gentlemen—yes!”

“Then gang at once as ye may,” replied the fellow, with sombre joy. “‘Go ye down against them’—as the scripture saith—‘behold, they come up by the cliff of Ziz, and ye shall find them at the end of the brook, before the wilderness of Jeruel.’”

“Cease this blasphemous raving, fellow!” said Prince Charles, striking his clenched hand upon the table, and starting from it in disgust.

“He hath the true whine of the prickeared curs who sold King Charles—I ken by the routing o’ him!” said Lord Balmerino, sternly.

“Away with him to the quarter-guard, Mackenzie,” added Lord George Murray, “and see that you watch him well!”

This interview took place on the afternoon of

the fifteenth of April, the birthday of the Duke of Cumberland, whose army at Nairn received, every officer and man, an extra, or double ration of cheese, biscuits, and brandy, in honour of the anniversary. The day was spent by them amid much festivity, and it was a knowledge of this fact, which gave rise to the idea of a midnight surprise on the part of Charles Edward, a movement which, in the sequel, was calculated to have a most fatal influence on his affairs.

In every way he felt himself too weak to risk a general engagement with the fresh, well-appointed, and well fed veteran forces of Cumberland; so before trying that great and final test of fortune, he resolved to attempt the success of that irregular warfare to which his followers were better accustomed, a night attack—a surprise—one of the most famous *stratagèmes de guerre*, such as those which gave Count Egmont, Courtrai, and old Rowland Hill, the victory of Arroya—while officers and men were supposed to be sleeping off the debauch of the past day in fancied security.

If the surprise proved successful, Cumberland's army might be cut to pieces and routed hopelessly before daybreak; and the hope of this result restored the sinking ardour of Charles's little army, which prepared for the enterprise with alacrity.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE NIGHT MARCH TO NAIRN.

“Thou art mazed, the night is long,
And the longer night is near :
What ! I am not all as wrong
As a bitter jest is dear.

Youthful hopes, by scores, to all,
When the locks are crisp and curl'd ;
Unto me my maudlin gall,
And my mockeries of the world.”

Tennyson.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon.

Already the Lords Dalquharn, Dunkeld, Ogilvie, and other officers, with Sir John Mitchell, had been sent on the spur to Inverness and elsewhere, to collect the stragglers who had left the camp in search of food. Under the stern influences of hunger and despair, some told their commanders to “shoot them if they pleased ; that it was better to die at once, than starve longer.” Others repaired to their colours with an alacrity that was inspired by a longing for death or vengeance ; yet barely half the army would be mustered, when the Prince's piper, John Macgregor,

struck up the gathering in front of Culloden House.

“If but a thousand men come, I shall lead them to the attack,” were the words of Charles, with all his characteristic and youthful fervour, as he broke up the council of war; and when he saw only twice that number assembled, he was still ready to make the rash attempt at Nairn, or perish in the midst of it.

He divided his slender force into two columns; to Lord George Murray, whom he cordially embraced—believing that perhaps they were only marching to death—he assigned the command of the first. He led the second in person, wearing his belted plaid, with target and claymore.

“King James the Eighth,” was the watchword for the night, and the orders issued by Charles were very simple.

No musket or pistol were to be fired; the claymore, dirk, and Lochaber axe, were alone to be used. The moment the outposts were deceived and passed, and the camp burst into, everything was to be cut down and overturned, horses hamstringed, and cannon spiked. All tent ropes were to be slashed to pieces, and wherever a heap was seen under the fallen canopy, *there* was the place to thrust with vigour.

These orders were conveyed along the line by Colonel Kerr, of Graden, the Prince's aide-de-camp. The march was one of about nine miles,

and by midnight it was believed the whole affair would be over.

The night of the 15th April was as dark as they could have wished, but this obscurity had its disadvantages, as the two columns had to march by woods and morasses apart from the main road ; their progress was slow and so laborious that many dropped by the wayside overcome by weariness, or fell into the hands of Cumberland's spies, Campbells who wore the Highland dress, so the Duke was fully prepared for their coming. He doubled his out picquets and gave orders for the troops to sleep cross-belted with their arms beside them—the cavalry saddled—the artillery horses traced to the guns.

With a few Life Guardsmen, Dalquharn and Mitchell formed the connecting links between the two columns, while in front rode the Duke of Perth, the Earl of Kilmarnock, the Lord Balmerino, and a few more, with the spy who was to act as a species of guide, and repeat the *mot de guet* when challenged.

The second column under the Prince lost its way in the dark, though Lord George repeatedly sent Dalquharn with instructions for it to come on ; and it is on record that those messages were reiterated more than *fifty* times.

“I fear me much, this enterprise will prove a total failure, Mitchell,” said Dalquharn despondingly.

“Say not so,” replied the hopeful and cheerful Baronet; “a brave soldier should fear nothing.”

“Nothing?”

“Save God and the chance of dishonour.”

“True.”

“Come on lads—look to your spur-leathers, and the priming of your carbines.”

Old John Macgregor, as he marched by the Prince’s side, alone woke the silence of the night by his pipes, which poured to the wind the ancient air of *Rìgh Alisdair*, (or King Alexander) but after a time, he had to cease, lest the foe might be alarmed, and the route was continued in solemn and monotonous gloom.

Through the dense obscurity, when Dalquharn turned in his saddle and looked back, he could distinguish at times a multitude of bright, but reedy and slender lines wavering above a ridge of formless shadows. This was when an occasional ray shot by the pale stars, fell on the sloped musket barrels, as the Highlanders of the second column marched on.

There was something solemnly impressive, striking and sinister in the gloom of the midnight march, especially when they traversed the deep and dark old woodland glades of Cawdor.

To the Highlanders, a race of people naturally thoughtful, superstitious and full of imagination, it seemed ghostly, tragic and strange, this night march to assail a sleeping foe. Even the

cheering voice of the war pipe — the inevitable accompaniment of everything Highland — was hushed. All orders were issued in ominous whispers, amid a pitchy darkness that seemed threatening and unusual; yet, as they were all well armed, they were resolute, tranquil, anxious to engage, to conquer if possible and end their misery.

All kind of strange rumours passed rearward along their line of march; some were to the effect that Cumberland had heard of their advance — that his troops were under arms — that they were flying to their ships in the Murray Firth, or across the Blasted Heath of Forres, where Macbeth met the Weird Sisters, and that their camp was empty.

Many of the poor Highlanders were now in that stage of extreme suffering, from long toil, exposure and privation during a severe winter campaign, without pay, food or clothing, that they longed for a catastrophe of any kind, and embraced the prospect of a slaughter with a sombre and terrible joy!

A red meteor that fell through the dark rolling clouds, towards Nairn, was hailed by them all as an omen of victory.

Dalquharn was heart-sick and weary; but through the frowns of fortune, the chances of civil war, and the changes on the political horizon, he was now enduring the agony of the loss of Bryde

—the separation, perhaps a final one, from the only being he truly and deeply loved on earth—his brave and tender young wife.

Amid the silence of the night her image rose before him and her voice came distinctly to his memory, with some of the old Jacobite songs she used to sing to her spinnet at Auldhame, and it seemed now to be, so long, long ago since *then*.

The spy, who to save his own degraded life had undertaken to act as guide, was found, when too late, to be utterly incapable of the task, and totally ignorant of the way; thus many a pistol was cocked, many a dirk grasped threateningly, and many a fierce menace was muttered—against him, when it was found that two in the morning had struck, when by his detours, doubts and blunders, the head of the first column under Lord George Murray had just passed the castle of Kilravock, the seat of the Roses of that Ilk, which stands on the left bank of the Nairn and lifts above the stream a range of stately buildings with an ancient tower of vast strength, amid the grated windows and black mass of which several red lights seemed to glitter in mid air.

“Six miles from Culloden only!” exclaimed the Duke of Perth, as he and several others consulted their watches.

“And three from the enemy’s camp, at two in the morning, when the whole affair should have been ended by twelve o’clock!” added Lord

George, in tones of rage and mortification, mingled; "my God, even *this* project turns out a failure! I must call all the officers to the front."

The first column was accordingly halted, and a hasty council was held by all its leaders.

"You see, gentlemen," said Lord George, "that though possessed of the parole and countersign, unless this spy hath played us false——"

"I have *not* played you false," cried the spy, in a weary and sad tone of voice, for he had marched thus far with his hands pinioned tightly behind him, and though kept at some distance from the conclave, his acute hearing enabled him to know what was said there; "go on, I say, and slay ye every one his man that were joined unto Baal-peor, if sic like be your pleasure."

"Of what kind should *this* cock come of?" asked Sir John Mitchell, quoting Jacques, as he drew near, and became suddenly more interested.

"Presume not to interrupt me, and least of all by your loathsome cant, lest I have you gagged by a drumstick," said Lord George Murray, sternly, to the spy, whose white face could be seen distinctly in the dark. "I declare, sirs, that it is impossible for the army to reach the point of attack *now*, before the breaking of daylight, which would inevitably expose us to a fire of musketry and cannon."

"And a charge of cavalry, too," added Lord Elcho.

“The Highland broadsword is often the better of a little daylight for its play,” said Dalquharn, who disliked to return without attempting something.

“But not in this case,” replied Lord George, with increasing gravity; “and it is one so urgent as to require immediate determination. The moment for success is past, thanks, in some degree, if not entirely, to this false and blundering fool, whose life is forfeited, therefore, once again, in so far that he has failed to guide us aright.”

“I did my best, my lord, and what can a man do mair—my best, as I shall answer at the last great day—my best, *as I’m a pardoned sinner!*”

A sudden exclamation mutually escaped the lips of Lord Dalquharn and Sir John Mitchell on hearing this remembered phrase.

“Balcraftie—Reuben Balcraftie—and here!”

In an instant the left hand of Dalquharn was on the throat of the spy, and, as his voice fell on the ear of that traitor, the latter became chilled and paralysed, like Don Giovanni, when in the strong grasp of the terrible statue of the *Comandatore*.

He seemed to be suffocating with terror; all hope died away, and there was a strange silence in the air, broken only by the morning wind, as it shook the budding branches of Kilravock woods.

“My Lord Dalquharn,” said Lord George, “he

called himself Murray, and a namesake of mine, this morning.”

“Likely enough,” said Sir John Mitchell, who had now torn away the culprit’s bonnet, Kilmarnock night-cap, and scratch-wig; “those sons of Satan assume many names and characters, but he is, nevertheless, the notorious Reuben Balcraftie, lately a magistrate and elder of North Berwick, and now purveyor of Cumberland’s forces, and a very interesting spectacle he presents!”

“A double-dyed hypocrite and villain of the most finished description! I claim instant justice on him at your hands, my lord, lest the devil, his master, rescue him,” said Dalquharn.

“Mercy my lords and gentlemen—I’ll explain a’, and pay for a’—mercy, as ye hope for it in your own hour of departure!” implored the culprit, as he hung his head and muttered inarticulately after.

“What mercy did Mr. Egerton meet with at your hands? what mercy poor Jack Gage? what mercy old Sir Baldred Otterburn, his son, I, or any other who became your victim? Think of these things if you can—of the awful crime projected by the papers and instruments found upon you, and prepare to die the death worthy of the felon you have lived.”

Dalquharn spoke with calm but terrible deliberation.

“Mercy,” cried Balcraftie, as he sank grovel-

ling on his knees; “time to repent—time to repent and pray—oh, I hae muckle to think o’—mair to repent o’! On me, are the yetts o’ mercy steekit!”

“This abject sight is both chilling and sickening!” said Sir John Mitchell, with anger and disdain.

The pale beams of the early morning whitened his bare scalp, his scowling forehead, his sharp, prominent, and livid cheek-bones and chin; he was like a hideous mort-head, with an unshaven beard of three days’ growth bristling like hoarfrost upon it. Dalquharn, silent, calm, and motionless as a statue, sat with his bridle-reins clenched on his holsters, his leather-gloved right hand planted on his thigh; he gazed with an intense disgust, which at last overcame him, so that he turned his horse away.

Then a yell burst from the lips of Balcraffie—a yell that rang through the Highland forest, scaring the dun deer in its lair amid the long green bracken leaves, the hare from its bed, and the eagle from its nest; a terrible cry it was, as from the heart of one who despaired of pardon here and hereafter, and who only felt the supreme terror of death—instant and unrelenting death!

“Throw the rope over that tree, and up with him, Rori,” said Mitchell, sternly; and in another moment Mackenzie cast the rope, by which he had half led, half dragged the spy thus far, over a

strong branch, about fourteen feet from the ground, while another Highlander, with perfect coolness, knotted it round his neck.

In his terror, Balcraftie, whose hands were pinioned behind him, caught this Highlander's shoulder with his teeth.

“O! Dhia! Dhia! cried the Celt, piteously, “unloose this hell-hound's bite.”

Mackenzie struck his dirk into the culprit's jaw, which instantly relaxed its savage hold, while the blood spirted forth.

“Up with him now and away—so die all spies and traitors!” exclaimed Mitchell, while another eldritch yell awoke the echoes of the woods—a cry half-stifled in the oil-skin bag—the identical bag Balcraftie had destined for the head of another, and which was now tied over his own distorted visage, in a species of mocking retribution, while the king's proclamation, offering thirty thousand pounds for Charles Edward alive or dead, was left pinned upon his breast.

The body swung round wildly several times as he struggled, writhed, and drew his knees up to his chin in the throes of death, at the branch of the old oak tree, while the other end of the fatal rope was made fast to the root below. Now all turned away with intense repugnance from the spot, and the retrograde movement on Culloden began, just as the April sun came up in his glory above the eastern hills of Murray, and

afar off the hostile drums of the red Saxon soldiers were heard beating in the camp at Nairn.

* * * * *

“And so this psalm-singing religioso—this refined scoundrel of the composite order, proves to be our old friend, the Provost of North Berwick! 'Sdeath, who'd have thought it?” said Dalquharn.

“You are right to term him one of the composite order,” replied Mitchell, with a bitterness that was unusual in him, “for, by my faith, it is from scoundrels of *that order* that the chief pillars in kirk and state are always chosen in our ancient kingdom of Scotland. We have only unmasked one of the many great undiscovered who exist there at all times.”

With alarm and distress, Charles Edward found his first column retiring and bearing back the second; he gave way at first to many expressions of bitterness, disappointment and regret; but, after a time, he saw the stern necessity that existed for abandoning a bold enterprise, when it became hopeless of success.

As Lord Dalquharn's troopers formed the escort round him, that noble could perceive that Charles's face wore a strange significance. All their faces were pale, after the tale of a sleepless night; but the Prince's features had a reckless, defiant, a dark and unhappy, expression.

“*Vertu de ma mie!*” he exclaimed with forced

gaiety; “so, my good Lord Dalquharn, our expected *camisade*—George Murray’s hoped-for triumph at Nairn hath proved but a South Sea bubble after all! Heaven help us!”

“But it hath cost that villain dear!” replied Dalquharn, on whose mind the late event had made a terrible impression.

“No dearer than it may cost us all, if Cumberland *now* attacks our famished and toil-worn followers.”

The state of the Highlanders—disheartened, disconsolate and starving—was now, more than ever, deplorable, when they returned to their former ground in front of Culloden House; and so scarce was food that even Charles Edward could only obtain therefrom a small slice of bread, and a little whiskey in a quaigh, to sustain exhausted nature. To add to his mental and other sufferings, the poor young Prince was afflicted by a low and intermittent fever, the result of fording rivers in the winter season, and marching with his tartans wet upon him.

On this eventful morning, “he felt the utmost anxiety regarding his men (says Robert Chambers), among whom the pangs of hunger, upon bodies exhausted by fatigue, must have been working effects the most unpromising to his success; and he gave orders, *before seeking any repose*, that the whole country should be mercilessly expiscated for the means of refreshment. His orders were

not without effect; considerable supplies were secured, and subjected to culinary processes at Inverness; but the poor famished wretches were destined never to taste these provisions, the hour of battle arriving before they were prepared!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

SEPARATED.

“O there’s nought frae ruin my countrie can save,
 But the keys of kind Heaven to open the grave,
 That a’ the noble martyrs who died for loyaltie,
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.

Hame, hame, hame,

Hame fain wad I be !

O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie !”

Old Song.

MEANWHILE where was Bryde ?

The question was ever on Dalquharn’s lips unuttered, and in his heart unanswered ; for since that gloomy evening, when from the bleak shore near Ardersier he watched the tiny craft that bore her, with Lady Ogilvie, Lady Nairn and other Jacobite dames, into exile—and, as he devoutly hoped, to safety—he had heard nothing of her ; and his soul seemed to have followed the lessening sails, as they faded or melted into the mists of the North Sea, as the vessel bore secretly on its watery path to “the Lowlands o’ Holland,” so famed in many a sad Scottish song.

Was Bryde safe there, with his old friend, the

Lord Conservator of the Scottish Privileges, who would, he knew, for his sake, protect and cherish her?

He prayed to Heaven that she might be; yet he knew nothing, he could but hope—hope and trust!

But there were perils and risks to be run upon the Northern waters then, such as do not exist in these our happier days of steam and telegraphy. Besides those of wreck by waves or wind, she might have fallen in with pirates or privateersmen, French or English, and in such unscrupulous hands what would be her fate? Her vessel being destitute of legal papers, without even a recognized flag to sail under, might have been taken, or sunk by a cannon shot, without ceremony, by some cruiser of the fleets of Byng or Norris; and, while he skilfully tortured himself by these various fears, the heart of the young husband felt alternately like ice and fire!

Many a night after that sorrowful separation on the flat and sandy shore of Ardersier, when lying in the tentless Highland bivouac, with his head pillowed on his sword and pistols, or on the pannel of his saddle, with the wide blue sky above him for a canopy—and long after the last bloody die had been cast and lost on the moor of Culloden, when lurking with the fox and the eagle, when driven from cave to cave on continent and isle—when a red coat was to be shunned

as a pest or assassin on the Braes of Lochaber, and the sound of the Saxon drum was as the knell of death to the hunted loyalist, when hid among the wilds of Corryarick—often then did Dalquharn shed tears in his heart, if we may use such a phrase, when he thought of the doubts that hung over the fate of Bryde, and of the slender chances of his ever ascertaining it—Bryde, who but for him might then have been happy and at peace, in her ancestral house of Auldhame!

Even if she escaped storms, wrecks, pirates and capture, and reached Holland or elsewhere, she would be among strangers, pining for him and ignorant of *his* fate, in penury and privation—she so gentle and so tenderly nurtured, on whom her doating old grandfather had not permitted the wind of heaven to blow too roughly; and to what inconceivable perils might she not be exposed, to what insults subjected, by her beauty alone?

He remembered her helpless persecution by La Roque, and his heart burned with indignation one moment, and died away with apprehension the next! Yet he often strove to comfort himself by repeating prayerfully and humbly,

“Surely the Blessed God, who is so good and kind, will protect her, and will not separate us, for her sake—for her sake at least!”

The Lords Nairn, Ogilvie and others, whose ladies had accompanied Bryde in her timely flight, and with whom Dalquharn had many an anxious

conference, were equally solicitous and ignorant of their fate, a cordon of ships of war, by loch and isle and firth, having now completely cut off all communication between Scotland and the continent of Europe.

Bryde and her companions, however, had in safety reached South Holland, landing at Catwyck-op-Rhin, or the Mouth of the Old Rhine, from whence they travelled by the track-boat to the Hague, where they found a cheap residence in that large and beautiful town, which, though the summer residence of the Orange family, and the meeting place of their High Mightinesses, the States General, enjoyed a popularity among the Scottish Jacobites, as being the scene of much of Charles the Second's exile.

In an alley that opened off the Voorhout, or principal street of the Hague, they had found a lodging with a Dutch widow, who, as her late husband had been a lieutenant in Tillychewan's regiment of the Scots Brigade, was disposed, so far as her small means went, to render them comfortable and welcome, for the sake of "*alt Schottlandt*, and her dear departed Kolcoohoon," as she blundered a very respectable old Scottish surname.

The three poor ladies and two faithful old Scottish servants, who accompanied them, had generally one stock purse; and their peculiar pet and favourite, was a golden haired little boy, the master of Nairn, who, afterwards was a Colonel

in the British army, and in whose arms, in 1788—eight and twenty years after bluff George III. was king of these realms—the Bonnie Prince Charlie of the '45—the idol of so many true and noble hearts—expired—an old, soured and disappointed man. In such an hour, it was something to have been the master of Nairn!

As yet those days were not foreseen, and in that gloomy alley off the Voorhout, the three ladies resided patiently, but in hourly expectation of hearing that a glorious triumph had crowned the efforts of the loyalists in the north.

The last of his poor pay, which, together with his watch and a brooch that had been his mother's, Dalquharn had given to Bryde, was nearly gone now; she had a few rix-dollars left, but could barely afford to purchase the water then sold for drinking in stone bottles of Utrecht, as all the wells near the sea are brackish; and though the season was cold, she was quite unable to provide herself with that comfort so indispensable for a lady in Holland, a *vuur stoof*, or foot stool which holds a pan for hot embers and turf.

And as her tears fell on the rix-dollars, she thought of a little stranger that was coming, for in a few months more, there would be born a helpless baby, the heir to—what? A fatal inheritance of poverty and obscurity she might have to bequeath that child, in giving birth to which she might die; and if Dalquharn died too, by scaffold,

flood or field, it would be left a nameless orphan, among strangers in a foreign land.

Bitter indeed were the unseen tears that the young mother-yet-to-be, shed over the dark future of this unborn child—a future visible to the eye of God alone.

Would Dalquharn ever see this child of sorrow? She hoped it might be a boy—a man, to brave the selfish world, and not a poor girl to endure what she had done, and to weep such hopeless tears as she now wept.

“Oh my mother!” she sometimes said, while those tears were flowing and she thought of what her young mother must have felt, on that terrible night (of which she had so faint and childish a remembrance) when her father was brought home muffled in his roquelaure, dead and stiff and bloody, from Luffness Muir, the victim of Reuben Balcraftie.

Was she too, like that poor widowed mother—widowed in her youth—to shed tears of anguish for a husband slain and a fatherless babe?

The stately Hague—the proudest village in Europe—with its broad ditches and noble walks, its lovely meadows of emerald green, the great paved road to Scheveling, the Bosch or wood that lay towards Leyden, with its herds of tame and fat little deer, and the tawdry house of mourning built by Amelia of Solms (grandmother of William III., of England), and inscribed with letters of

gold; the mansions of the princes and stadtholders, of the Grand Pensionary and the Counts of Holland; the cloisters of the Jacobins and other orders; the great church in the market-place; the Voorhout itself, so long and spacious, with its houses of gaily coloured brick, its rows of trees and hotels, excited more repugnance than interest in the mind of Bryde, to whom they were associated only with banishment, penury, peril, grief and separation from her husband.

To her eyes, the country seemed flat and monotonous; the land a mere network of sluggish and frowsy canals which emitted an unpleasant odour. In lieu of the grand mountains and rugged rocks to which she had been accustomed, there were only brick windmills tossing their brown sails, or the spires of stupid villages cutting the sky line at a vast distance, the loftiest hills being no bigger than the *dunes* of drifted sand upon the shore of that sea, from which the whole land itself seemed to have been stolen. The people too, appeared to be ponderous, solemn, plodding and industrious, bulbous shapen, with countless petticoats or breeches, and oyster like eyes, flabby cheeks and a general aquatishness of aspect.

On the whole, we fear pretty Bryde viewed the land of cheese and butter through a very morbid medium. Thus it was in vain that the worthy widow of the late Lieutenant Kolcoohon of Tillichewan's, sought to interest the pale girl, when

they went together to market, by shewing her the beauties and places of interest about the Hague, such as the steps of the Binnenhof, on the summit of which was erected the scaffold of the inflexible Barnevelt, the Grand Pensionary, when he was beheaded in 1618, and when the people gathered and kept in phials the sand wet with his blood; or the Gevangepoort, where Cornelius de Witt was confined—in vain, we say, for Bryde had never heard of either of those persons, and their stories bored her.

She shuddered when she was shown the racks, pulleys and oubliettes of the state-prisons, which were all left in such capital order by William of Orange, when he embarked in high spirits for England in 1688; and she very unmistakably turned up her pretty little nose, as became a Jacobite, on being shewn those precious relics of him, the old shirt and waistcoat, which he wore during the last three days of his life, and which are preserved at the Hague, side by side with the armour of Van Tromp and the sword of Van Speyk.

The sound of the strange church bells jarred on her ears; the pigeons wheeling in vast flocks round the great tower in the market place, and the long-necked storks, the harbingers of spring, seated on the apex of every acute gable, were each and all, in the ideas of Bryde, simply associated with sorrow and exile.

Her whole soul was with her absent husband—even as his was with her. Oh for those magnetic dials—the dials of Famiano Strada, and of which her Henry had told her so quaint a story when in the Prisons of the Bass!

Bryde could recal hours spent in wandering amid the old woods of Auldhame, at St. Baldred's ruined chapel by the sea, when she and Dalquharn, after whispering all the repetitions and pretty nothings that make up the sum total of lovers' conversation, had sat silent hand-in-hand—silent, save that their eyes spoke, and every few minutes their intertwined fingers gave or returned a gentle and eloquent pressure. Oh were they now, as then, together, would they be so silent? How much she would have to say, to describe, to explain—much that would be forgotten when they met; and what had he not to ask, to tell and to learn! No, no, they would not be silent now, thought the poor girl.

Separated though they were, she fondly strove to delude herself as to the distance they were apart. She could not write to him, nor could he to her. Where would a letter addressed to the “attainted” Lord Dalquharn at “the Pretender's camp” go? She gazed on the sun, pleased that it, too, shone on him; on the moon and certain familiar stars, thinking that he too might be looking on them, at the same moment, from the great solemn hills of the Highlands. This was childish

perhaps, "but all the works of God are made to serve, in love."

Poor Bryde! The radiance of her young face was gone; but the brown eyes were clear and sweet as ever, and her chesnut hair, as soft and ripply. The life, light and joy that had played around the petted Bryde Otterburn of Auldhame, no longer shone about the exiled Bryde Douglas, the wife of the outlawed Lord Dalquharn of the Holm.

One evening towards the end of April, she was reclining on her poor looking little bed, wearily and full of thought, for there she had hushed to sleep the little curly-haired child, the master of Nairn. Her cheek was flushed; her brown eyes bright—too bright perhaps, for she was ill and feverish; the damp atmosphere of the stagnant canals had affected her seriously, and she was full of sad, sad thoughts, when Lady Ogilvie, with her long black hair unpowdered and dishevelled, wildness and grief in her looks, pallor in her face and terror in her heart, rushed in, fainting and breathless.

A battle had been fought in the Scottish Highlands, and the news had just come to the Bourse; the Prince of Wales had been defeated and had fled; the extent of the slaughter none knew, save that the troops of the Elector-King had been merciless as incarnate fiends, and that *all* the nobles and chiefs had been killed or taken!

The hands of these poor women were alternately hot, burning, feverish, and then cold, clammy, and icy, as they embraced and looked tearfully into each others' haggard eyes.

Each, for all she knew, might be the widow, the wife of a loyal and once loving husband, lying gashed and unburied, on that terrible plain of Culloden !

How deep that new name, never heard of before, and never to be forgotten now, sank into the hearts of those two miserable mourners !

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

“Culloden, on thy swarthy brow
Spring no wild flowers or verdure fair;
Thou feel'st not summer's genial glow,
More than the freezing wintry air!
For once thou drank'st the hero's blood,
And wars unhallowed footsteps bore;
The deeds unholy, Nature viewed,
Then fled and cursed thee evermore!”

Jacobite relics.

It was the 16th of April, the morning of Culloden, that day of blood and tears!

Dalquharn, who, like the Prince and many more, on reaching the manor house, exhausted by want of rest and sustenance, had flung himself down to sleep on the floor, as others did on tables, beds, or benches, was roused by tidings that the foe was coming on!

His first informant was Ronald, of the Shield, so called by the Highlanders (in consequence of his very handsome target), Domhnall MacRaonail, Mhic Aillen, captain of the men of Glencoe; he, who in a glorious spirit of Christian chivalry,

returning good for an evil that will ever live in the annals of treachery and bloodshed, guarded Stair House, which his countrymen had sworn to destroy. From the front, Donald had come in search of the Prince, as he had seen the Red-coats advancing.

Charles instantly seized his arms, and came forth pale, weary, and wasted. Bonnet in hand, the steward of the household met him at the foot of the great staircase, saying that "a luncheon or dinner, consisting of a side of a lamb and two fowls, were on the spit before the kitchen fire."

"Oh, man," exclaimed the poor Prince, "would you have me eat at a time like this, when my brave people are starving? Ride, my Lord Dalquharn, to the captain of the artillery; let him fire a cannon, as a signal for the Clans to gather!"

This was speedily done, and "from the brown heath and shaggy wood," from the whin-bush and the roadside, from the bleak moor, or the park, and wherever the weary and worn had bivouacked for the remainder of that dreary night or morning after the useless march to Nairn, they gathered with alacrity, and in good order, under the banner of their chiefs.

Though George, Earl of Coventry, with his Mackenzies', had been cut off in the north, by the Sutherland Clan, Macdonald of Keppoch, and the Master of Lovat, came in with a great body of fresh men; and, as they marched along the

Highland line with pipes playing and colours flying, the brandished broad swords gave them a welcome, and they fired anew the spirit of the little army. Still two thousand of Charles's men were wanting, and he could muster, on this terrible day, according to Smollett and others, but four thousand men, formed in many small divisions, to oppose more than ten thousand of the enemy.

Charles came forth mounted, looking like the rest, haggard and worn, yet gallant withal; he had on the same ribband and star of the Thistle, which he wore at that famous ball in Holyrood, when, with Janet of Amisfield, the Countess of Wemyss, he led off the Strathspey, which is still so well known among our pipe music. A white Scottish scarf was over his left shoulder. Would he ever win her, whose dainty hands embroidered it—the 'Black Eyes' of his convivial hours—the second daughter of the faithless King of France?

Patriotism, loyalty, and honour, pure love of country and of glory, all apart, never did a man draw his sword with a stronger emotion, or with a keener sense of having all the world at stake upon that bloody issue, than did Henry Lord Dalquharn on that memorable 16th of April.

His head was cool, yet full of desperate thoughts; his heart was on fire; he despaired of victory, yet victory might come, for to the brave and reckless all things are possible. He had not much time, however, for reflection, as active pre-

parations were now making for the last final struggle.

The small Highland army was drawn up in two lines; Lord John Drummond led the centre; Lord George Murray the right, the Duke of Perth the left.

The Gordons had the right of the first line, and the three Regiments of the Clandonald, to their great indignation, had the left, though the former post of honour had been theirs, as they alleged, since the days of Robert Bruce, who assigned it to their forefathers at Bannockburn, as a reward for the fidelity of Angus Mhor Macdonald, Lord of the Isles.

“Oh heed not this,” exclaimed the Duke of Perth to the men of Glengarry; “fight as is your wont—you will make a right wing of the left, and I and mine, shall take the surname of Macdonald!”

But they muttered among themselves, or heard him in scornful silence.

The second line, for which men enough could scarcely be found, was led by Brigadier Stapleton, of the French service, while Charles, with his small force of Guards, was in the rear on an eminence; but *his* force could scarcely merit the name of a reserve. Between tall fascines, four pieces of cannon were placed on each of the extreme flanks, and the same number were in the centre. All these sixteen guns were from Wool

wich Warren, and had been taken at the battles of Preston and Falkirk by the Highlanders, who began their adventurous campaign, with an old ship-cannon tied upon a cart and drawn by mountain shelties.

The royal standard was borne by James Stewart, of Tulloch, near Blair, a captain in the Athole Regiment, whose widow died so recently as 1822.

The turf walls of an old farm-house protected their right flank; the park of Culloden their left; and in this order, under a thousand disadvantages as to position, numbers, ammunition, projectiles, appurtenances, sleep, food, and physical condition generally, did the Insurgents, with all their pipes playing, colours flying, and tartans waving in the breeze, formed three ranks deep, await the foe, on a sunny forenoon, when the soft breath of the spring breeze wafted across the open heath, the sweet perfume of the buds that were bursting in the woods, of the bog myrtle, and the hum of the mountain bee, as he floated over the purple bells that ere long were to be dyed crimson, in the blood of those who had never blenched in the face of an enemy.

Before their slender line, far away to the east, stretched the desolate moor of Culloden (or Drummossie), which presents so few objects to arrest the eye, that at the far horizon it seems to blend with the sky, like "a shoreless sea," and well, in after years, might Stephen Macdonald,

the great Duke of Tarentum, whose father fought there under Clanranald, express astonishment at such a battle being waged on such ground, as it was so favourable for the service of cavalry and artillery, two arms in which the Highland army were so totally defective.

The spires of Inverness rose far away on their left, and close to the shore of that sea, where the British fleet was riding, and from the yards of which, many a telescope was bent on the scene of blood about to ensue. Afar off rose the glorious hills of Ross, on which the mists were already descending.

On the south-west rose Dun Daviot, clothed with dark green pines ; further off were the square bastions of Fort George jutting out into the Murray Firth, half hidden in the haze that was setting in from the sea. On all sides the prospect was bleak and dreary ; but from the moorland ridge, where most of the graves now lie, solemn green mounds which are easily discernible above the heathy waste, a cheer ran along the Highland ranks, half dead though they were with fatigue, when the dim horizon of the plain began to darken with the advancing troops of Cumberland, as they rose against the sky, black at first, then dun, and then unmistakably in red.

Then the white cross belts, breeches and gaiters could be seen ; the waving of colours, and the long lines of bright steel muskets and fixed bayo-

nets, at intervals the halberds of the sergeants, the half pikes and swords of the officers, all glittering steadily. Closer they drew, the massed columns deploying into line, each on its company of grenadiers, could be clearly distinguished as they formed brigades and divisions, with two pieces of cannon between each battalion.

On, on they came in three great lines, flanked by Horse; the first led by Lieutenant General the Earl of Albemarle; the second under General Huske, and the third under Brigadier Sir John Mordaunt. Several hundred drums loaded the air with sound, and many mounted officers were galloping to and fro, keeping order; thus the array of Cumberland's force was so splendid and imposing, so calm and resolute, that those who did not share the sanguine hopes of the young Prince, were only prepared to die, if they failed to conquer, and the Earl of Kilmarnock uttered his doubts of success aloud.

The strength of Cumberland's army had been rightly given by Balcraftie; to wit, fourteen battalions of Infantry; three regiments of Cavalry, a train of Artillery, and a great body of Argyleshire Highlanders, amounting to two battalions of the line.

On this melancholy day, these adverse lines of brave Britons cheered each other defiantly, as they drew near; the Macdonalds alone remained

sullen, and hewed the heather with their broadswords.

Some of the Scots Royals, and other regiments, began to shout "Flanders! Flanders!" when the Duke harangued them, and read a pretended letter—many called it forged—said to have been found on a dead straggler, full of bitter sentiments against the English!

With more skill than he had shewn in Flanders, the Duke ordered the 8th, or King's Regiment, to wheel up, left flank thrown forward, *en potence* on the left, to enfilade the right of the Highlanders should they advance, while he sent the Argyleshire Militia to pull down the farm dykes, which protected their flank, and admit the approach of cavalry, that force in which the Prince was so woefully deficient.

The day was growing gloomy, and just as a heavy shower of sleet began to fall, a few minutes after one o'clock, the battle began by a cannonade on both sides, and Colonel Belford, a skilful gunner, fired twice in succession at the knoll where Prince Charles was posted. "With such precision did he take his aim, that that personage was bespattered with dirt raised by the balls, and a man holding a led horse by his side was killed."

Many a horse and man went down in the troop of Dalquharn, while the cannon shot made frightful lanes through the Highland ranks, tore up the heather in clouds, raised dark spouts from the

water-pools, dashed trees and dykes to pieces, and sent cottage-roofs, cabers and thatch, flying through the air; and the quiet endurance of this cannonade, with its consequent slaughter, instead of making their usual headlong charge, was the chief fatal mistake of the Insurgents; while the ill-served cannon of the kilted gunners, sent all their shot flying into the air, and, after passing over Cumberland's three lines, they fell quietly and harmlessly on the open moor beyond.

After enduring the cannonade for a whole hour, the Highlanders, whose ranks were thinning fast, began to grow maddened, and clamoured for the onset.

“In heaven's name, why do we not charge?” exclaimed Lord Elcho to Dalquharn; “now is the time—now or never.”

“True, my Lord,” replied the other gloomily, while the round bullets continued to tear up the turf around them; “we can but charge and die, leaving our corpses as a protest to the times.”

“How?” asked Elcho, impatiently.

“If Scotland abandons her king and the Jacobites, neither her future king nor the Jacobites abandon Scotland. Living she abandons us—dead we shall remain with her.”

“Nay, never despond!” said Elcho, as he struck his sword hilt against his heart.

The best disciplined troops in Europe would not have endured this galling cannonade, and it

is wonderful how the hot and impatient Highlanders did so for such a length of time, and till the mangled corpses lay along their lines *in layers of three and four deep*. But now, ere Lord George Murray could give the order to advance, drawing their bonnets firmly down, with rage and fury flashing in their eyes, and glowing in their hearts, and with a wild shout of,

“Mo Righ! Mo Prionse! Albyn gu bragh!” a great body from the centre and right wing rushed headlong on, making a confused charge with sword and target.

Huddled together, shaken and shattered though they were, by round shot, grape and musketry—the mingled sheets of lead and iron that tore through them, and swept the whole field like a hail-storm—with heads stooped behind their little round shields, they burst through the 4th and 37th regiments, cutting down Lord Robert Kerr, ten other officers, and two hundred and seven men of both battalions.

On they swept, all unsupported though they were, to break the 25th, or Edinburgh Regiment, which was drawn up three ranks deep, the front kneeling, and all pouring in a terrible fire, before which Viscount Strathallan, Colonel Mac Lauchlan of that Ilk, Colonel Mac Leod of Drimnin, and his three sons, Mac Gillivray of Drumnaglass, and many noble and gallant gentlemen bit the dust, while Locheil was borne away, covered with

wounds; yet many of the Highlanders broke through the second triple line, and when breathless and helpless, were bayoneted by the third beyond. All that the courage and despair of gallant hearts could do, was done, and done in vain!

Fruitlessly on the other flank did the gallant Duke of Perth wave his bonnet and shout "Claymore! Claymore!" to the sullen Macdonalds. None advanced save the fearless old Keppoch; he rushed on with a few of his relations, who were all shot down by his side. This venerable chief uttered a piercing exclamation of sorrow and shame on finding himself forsaken by his clan—by the children of his tribe—and fell, pierced with wounds under the bayonets of the right wing.*

By this time the glorious charge of the Camerons, Stewarts, and Mac Phersons on the right was futile; they were driven back by the flank fire of the 8th, which crossed that of the 5th Marines, the Inniskilling and other regiments.

Amid the smoke, confusion, and fiendish uproar of the battle, 600 Campbells, led by General Hawley, who was said to be a natural son of George II., now broke down the park wall, and

* I possess the little flask with which he primed his pistols. It is silver mounted, and bears in Latin the motto:

"He who gives quickly, gives twice,"

Cobham's Dragoons advanced upon the right flank of the wavering Highlanders, firing by sections, and then by squadrons, as they formed up, and passed through.

In the gap, ere it widened, stood a few of the Clan-Chattan, manning the breach with target and claymore, and displaying a resolute spirit, worthy of them who held Themopylæ, and the chief of those was Gillies Macbane. Man after man went down in blood and death by his side, till at last Gillies stood there alone.

On came the Dragoons, with their huge Kevenhuller hats, wide-skirted blue coats, and white cross-belts, square-toed jack-boots, and great holster pistols; their horses were champing on the bit, and their bridles were thrown over the left arm, as they advanced, firing with their short musketoons. Already the narrow gap was filled with dead and dying, but Gillies towered above them, covered by his round shield, while from his sturdy limbs and chest, more than one jet of blood was spirting. He had lost his bonnet, his long hair streamed on the wind, and, in the great stature of his six feet, four inches, he looked like a hero of Selma,—like Oscar, “when the warriors of Caros fled, and he remained like a rock left by the ebbing sea.”

“Save that brave fellow!” cried the Earl of Ancrum, who rode at the head of the 10th; but Gillies already felt death in his heart, or disdained life at their hands.

Thirteen troopers are said to have been unhorsed and slain by him, ere he was shot down, trod under foot by the regiment, and frightfully mangled as the horses swept over him. Well might the bard sing—

“ Though thy cause was the cause of the injured and
brave,
Though thy death was the hero's, and glorious thy
grave,
With thy dead foes around thee, piled high on the plain,
My sad heart bleeds for thee, brave Gillies Macbane!
How the horse and the horseman thy single hand slew;
But what could the mightiest single hand do?
Thirteen of our foes by thy right were slain;
Oh! would they were thousands for Gillies Macbane!”

John Breac Macdonald, who lay wounded by the wall, was wont to boast in after years, that “ Gillies dropped the troopers like docken leaves ;” but when buried after the battle, his body was found to be covered by bayonet wounds, his head was cloven, and a thigh bone broken.

The Argyleshire regiment now opened a long and galling flank fire from this wall, upon the right of the clans, aiding the cavalry, who had just defiled through it, and increasing the confusion, while all Cumberland's reformed lines were pressing on. It was at this desperate crisis, when the whole field was one wild arena of smoke, slaughter, and infernal sounds, that Lord Elcho dashed up to Charles, and rashly urged another and final charge into that vast mouth of steel and fire.

“Madness—’twould be madness!” exclaimed the Prince, who saw, with terrible emotions, the irretrievable ruin of his little army in front and on both flanks.

On this, Lord Elcho turned away, and, with a bitter imprecation, vowed to Dalquharn, that never would he look again on the Prince’s face; and that unjust vow he kept till his dying day.

Charles lingered on the field till the last moment, and made a final attempt to rally those who were about him; for he could not be persuaded that God had afflicted him so severely. His heart was filled with despair, and his eyes with tears, as Sir Thomas Sheridan and General O’Sullivan, two faithful and gallant Irish gentlemen, whom he loved, seized his horse by the bridle, and dragged him out of the field. He then put himself at the head of the right wing, which retired in such order, that the British cavalry, though sent in pursuit, dared not to attack it.

Some twenty minutes before this, Dalquharn and the Earl of Kilmarnock, with a few scattered horse, their own and Fitzjames’s, had joined Gordon, of Avochie, whose men were slowly retreating, and firing on Cobham’s Dragoons, in one quarter, while the French picquets did so on another; but Dalquharn had speedily the mortification to see Kilmarnock unhorsed, and taken, and his faithful friend, Mitchell, sink to the earth

—man and charger—amid the blinding glare and crash of a large shell, as it exploded; and, in a moment more, he was himself surrounded by a score of cavalry, whose swords rained a flashing shower of blows upon him.

“Halt men—hold all your hands,” cried an officer; “the gentleman will surrender, on quarter, to me. Your sword sir,—your sword?” he added, imperiously, for the time was not one of ceremony.

The speaker was Dormer, the young lieutenant, who spoke. Dalquharn had only time to recognise him, when a spent bullet struck his chest, and he sank senseless from his saddle, at the speaker’s feet, amid the hideous *debris* of the conflict.

By some dismounted troopers of Cobham’s, the Earl of Kilmarnock was roughly and exultingly dragged along the line of Barrel’s regiment. He was weary, faint, wounded, and bareheaded, without hat or wig. In this deplorable condition he was seen by his son, James Lord Boyd, who, in a sudden burst of filial respect, placed on his head his own Kevenhuller hat, and to save him from peril took him prisoner—but only, in the end, to perish by the same axe that so mercilessly beheaded the jesting Lovat, and “the gentle Balmerino;” but even in that fierce moment,—the shock of battle—the act of the young lord was applauded by his company, the brave grenadiers of old Barrel’s corps.

When Dalquharn’s senses returned, the battle

was over, and there was an end of everything, save the slaughter, which lasted so long—for so many days, yea, weeks,—that humanity shudders at the recital of it.

At midnight, seventy-two hours afterwards, Viscount Bury, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, *en route* for London, with despatches, reached Edinburgh with tidings of the total defeat of Charles Edward; and in that dark hour, between the night and morning, the thunder of the castle guns announced it to the sleeping citizens. On many who had lovers, friends, and kinsmen, lying cold and gashed upon Culloden Moor, and on many a loyal and enthusiastic heart, the tidings fell heavily. Many, who for years had prayed for the restoration of the Stuarts, were in a state bordering on insanity; and there were many, old and ailing people, who never rose from their beds again, but expired of sheer sorrow and mortification.

The Whigs and Presbyterians, now triumphant in their turn, left nothing undone or unsaid to insult the Jacobites, and lacerate their feelings. And where was he, that poor Prince over whose downfall those Scottish Pharisees were exulting?

Away in the savage wilds of Badenoch, forlorn and heart-broken, he had found his first shelter and hiding-place, and a little refreshment—"a glass of wine, with which his tears are said to have mingled."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE SEQUEL.

“ Yet when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor’s soul was not appeased ;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel !
The pious mother doomed to death,
Forsaken wanders o’er the heath.
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread.
While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country’s fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat.”

Smollett.

It was about three in the afternoon when consciousness returned to Dalquharn. Save a few moans in his vicinity, and the popping sound of distant firing where the reckless slaughter was continued along the Inverness road, no sound met his ear. The spring sunshine, and the soft breeze from the Murray Firth, came pleasantly along the purple moorland. The birds, scared no longer by the deep booming cannonade, the roar

of musketry and the clamour of the battle, were twittering merrily among the pale and distorted dead.

The deep blue of the cloudless sky was overhead like a vast dome ; but Dalquharn closed his eyes wearily, and strove to collect his energies and arrange his bitter, bitter thoughts, prior to making any exertion.

His first reflections were about his absent wife—of the lost cause—of the lives that were gone—of the once bright hopes so cruelly blighted, and of his beloved young Prince !

He felt his chest with his fingers ; it was painful, so much so, that he could scarcely breathe ; but there came no blood, for, fortunately, he was without a wound. His agony, however, was great, and the lassitude, the result of long toil and lack of food and rest, for days and nights before the battle, was frightful.

So heartsick and despairing was he, that, save for thoughts of her, who was far, far away, he would have had no desire to live, but simply to lie there and perish with the lost cause of his king.

“Bryde,” he muttered, “Bryde, beloved Bryde, I shall never see you more. Thank Heaven you know nothing of this, and cannot see me, as I lie here. If taken I shall be helplessly shot.”

“Ochon mo Righ ! ochon ! ochon ! who can aid

thee now, my king? Cha ñe Fionn mhor fein!" (not even the great Fingal himself!) said a voice near him.

The speaker was Ronald of the Shield, who was painfully crawling over the plain towards the shelter of a thicket. The once stately Highlander was covered with blood, and, apparently had a leg broken.

Dalquharn now became aware that something was pressing upon him and weighing him down; and discovered that he was almost entirely overlaid by dry light turf, a portion of that fatal wall, which failed to protect the right flank, when cut through by the somewhat too servile Campbells. Torn by passing shot, it had fallen over him in the form of an arch. This was fortunate, perhaps, as it covered him from view, and enabled him thus to escape the indiscriminate slaughter that followed the battle; for the moment the Highlanders fell back, the Duke's troops, who had only, of all ranks 50 killed and 260 wounded, (some regiments being without a casualty) in obedience to his savage orders, that no quarter was to be given, committed atrocities hitherto unknown in the annals of war—save, perhaps, the sack of Magdeburg.

"The Duke's instructions to those bloodhounds," says Robert Chambers, "were invariably expressed in the simple words, '*no prisoners, gentlemen—YOU UNDERSTAND ME?*'"

Breaking their ranks, with unsheathed swords, (every private wore one then) and fixed bayonets, they rushed over the whole field with exulting shouts, stabbing again and again, all who shewed the least symptom of life, and even dealing fresh wounds upon the slain, whom they mutilated with obscene barbarities, such as were only perpetrated by the Sepoys in the Indian Mutiny. Even the awful aspect of Death failed to tame them, and they seem to have committed such acts as much in sport as in rage; for we are told that they splashed each other with human blood, gathered in handfuls from the heather, until they looked at last "like so many butchers rather than an army of Christian soldiers."

And those were Englishmen and Scottish Lowlanders, who boasted *then* of their civilization quite as much as the same folks do *now*.

On the following day the houses of the peasantry were searched, and every wounded Highlander who could be discovered was conscientiously butchered in cold blood. To wear tartan was sufficient to ensure death. They were ranged in lines, and despatched by platoons of musketry. In one place 72 were destroyed thus; in a hut 40 of them were enclosed and deliberately burned to death. All the road to Inverness was covered with bodies of the slain, among whom were all those inhabitants who had come forth to view the battle. Even boys were thus murdered merci-

lessly, and the girls were subjected to a worse fate.

A few paces from the west entrance to the High Church of Inverness, there may still be seen two upright head-stones, about twenty yards apart. On the top of one of these is a groove on which a musket might rest. The other stone is rounded off, but has two flat spaces at the sides, which a man in a stooping posture could grasp. All Highlanders who fell into the Duke's hands in that quarter, were made to stoop at the latter stone in turn, with their backs towards the Ness, while a soldier took aim from the grooved stone, shooting the condemned victim, who fell into the large open pit that had been dug for him and his compatriots.

Till the days of Cawnpore and Delhi there were no such atrocities committed in the British Empire, as those perpetrated by our troops in the Highlands of Scotland, and even after the lapse of time since then, the heart grows sick at the contemplation of them.

Finding all still around him, Dalquharn endeavoured to raise himself in a sitting position, and did so with difficulty, being faint and feeble. Then he saw near him, Sir John Mitchell propped on an elbow, ruefully surveying the field, his face and dress was completely disfigured by blood and dust.

“Dalquharn, my dear friend,” he exclaimed;

“you are surviving, I see—alas! alas! I fear your words are about to become too prophetic.”

“My words—how?”

“That we shall all leave our bones here, as a protest to posterity. Are you wounded?”

“No—but suffering severely from a spent ball that unhorsed me—I spit much blood.”

“’Oons, my Lord—a bad sign!”

“And you—?”

“I have a fractured ankle, at least, and several flesh wounds; egad, that shell has made me a mere mass of bruises—the d—ned thing was full of grape shot and broken bottles.”

“You had your horse killed under you.”

“Would it had been so; but it happens, unfortunately, that the poor nag was killed *over* me. All is quiet in this quarter; a number of wounded have been seeking shelter in yonder wood—let us join them if we can.”

Dalquharn freed himself from the rubbish that covered him, and also from the superincumbent weight of a dead trooper, on turning over whom, he felt a species of shock, on recognizing the saucy young subaltern of Cobham’s Dragoons, Lieutenant Dormer.

“Poor fellow,” he exclaimed, “here ends your enmity and mine. I daresay you little thought to breathe out your last sigh, with your head pillowed on *me*.”

Then as he looked over the field, a sob rose to

his throat, and as for poor Sir John Mitchell, he shed bitter tears.

Bonnets, targets and claymores, dirks and pistols, pipes and drums, abandoned field pieces and shot-riven standards were all lying there, and thick among them the cannon shot and the furrows they had made. Scattered over the field lay more than a thousand dead Highlanders. In some instances they were literally in heaps, often marking where a father had fallen, with all his faithful sons around him.

Here and there a few bodies in red coats, with powdered wigs and white breeches, dotted the dark purple of the moor, on which the sun was setting. Many corpses lay nude, stripped even of their shirts; white as marble they were, and gashed with many a horrid wound. Those savagely given *after* death were apparent enough by no blood flowing from the orifices.

The rich dresses and accoutrements of the chiefs and gentlemen, their silver mounted pistols, dirks and horns, their rings, purses and watches, together with the silver bell-buttons and brooches of the privates (invariably heirlooms in the Highlands) excited the cupidity of the soldiery, who in many instances carefully stripped the wounded and prisoners, prior to finally butchering them.

Well might Barrel's regiment boast, that after the battle, there was not an officer or private in its ranks, whose weapon remained undyed with

blood. In the distance the flames of rapine were already ascending on all sides, the whole country being given up to pillage—to fire and sword; and now the prophecy uttered at an earlier period by the fanatical Alexander Peden, was terribly accomplished.

“Scotland! the time is nigh, when we may ride for fifty miles among thy hills and valleys, nor find a reeking house, nor hear a crowing cock!”

Faint and exhausted, Mitchell and Dalquharn, mutually assisted each other to gain the shelter of the wood, where several officers of the Highland army, all more or less wounded, were lurking in agony among the long grass and brackens, afraid almost to speak to each other, or utter aloud, the groans which the bodily anguish they endured drew from them, lest they should be discovered; and there, in that wood, Dalquharn and Mitchell with his fractured ankle, passed the night of horrors, subsequent to the battle of Culloden—a battle, says Sir Walter Scott, “which reminds men of the Latin proverb, that the most cruel enemy is a coward who has obtained success.”

The steward and servants of Culloden House however discovered the sufferers in the dark, and humanely supplied them with food, and dressed and bandaged their wounds; but on the following day the poor fellows were detected by one of the many detachments which were sent out in every

direction to destroy the houses, to hunt, pillage and shoot down the people. With loud shouts they were all dragged forth, and then Dalquharn found, that besides Mitchell and himself, the unhappy lurkers in the wood, consisted of nineteen Highland captains and subalterns, all in the kilt, many of them deplorably disfigured by wounds.

An entire company of—we shall not say *what* regiment, though we know it well—now surrounded them with fixed bayonets, and in a moment every ornament and article of value on their persons, was rent from them. They were all tied with ropes, and dragged away to the stone wall of the park, against which they were ordered to stand in line, such at least as retained the use of their limbs; others, too feeble to stand, sat on the turf or lay; among the latter was the poor baronet of Pitreavie, who knelt on one knee, proudly and defiantly.

Many in the names of their wives, their little ones and their aged parents, entreated mercy at the hands of the officer commanding, with cries that were earnest and piteous; others sought pity where it was only to be found, at the feet of the God of their forefathers, and some there were, who waved their bonnets and shouted:—

“*Albyn! Albyn! Righ Hamish qu bragh!*”

Dalquharn had barely time for thought, so rapid was the whole affair, moreover, he was so sleepless, so giddy and bewildered; and he was being

roughly thrust against the wall by a sergeant's halberd, when a mounted officer dashed forward, and dragged him away by the collar, saying :

“This is my prisoner—and for him will I be answerable.”

He conveyed him roughly towards Culloden House, but long before they reached its threshold, they heard the roar of the musketry, under which all the prisoners perished, save two—one who lived to tell the story ; and another of whom, hereafter.

“Before they had been ranged up for the space of a single minute—before they could utter one brief prayer to heaven, the platoon which stood at the distance of only two or three yards, received orders to fire. Almost every individual in the unhappy company, fell prostrate upon the ground and expired instantly. But to make sure-work, the men were ordered to club their muskets and dash out the brains of all who seemed to show any symptoms of life. *This order was obeyed literally.* One individual alone survived, a gentleman of the Clan Fraser ; he had received a ball, but yet shewed the appearance of vitality. The butt of a musket was applied to his head to dispatch him, nevertheless though his cheek and nose were dashed in, and one of his eyes beaten out he did not expire, but lay for some time in an agony not to be described, till the Lord Boyd, son of the Earl of Kilmarnock, happening to pass, perceived his body move, and ordered him to be

conveyed to a secure place, where he recovered in the course of three months. The unfortunate man lived many years afterward to tell the dreadful tale," and this was but one episode of thousands that were similar.

Dalquharn now found that he was the special prisoner of Captain Wyvil of the Buffs.

"By George, I came just in time to save you," said that officer, with the greatest coolness; "you heard that shot, my Lord, a single one; it has no doubt dispatched the last survivor of yon crew of rebel scoundrels."

"I do not thank you for saving me, Captain Wyvil," said Dalquharn sternly; "I disdain my life at the hands of a liveried butcher! Your people disgrace alike the character of manhood and humanity."

"Humph! life is always precious, and you have surely something left to live for yet?" said the Captain bluntly.

"I have indeed—my poor wife!" exclaimed Dalquharn, who, now weak as a child, covered his pale face with his wasted hand, and sobbed aloud.

"Come, come—don't give way thus. Here taste this," said Wyvil, who forced him to take a mouthful or two from a flask of brandy; "I do not mean to make you a prisoner; no, no, Marmaduke Wyvil is a better fellow than you perhaps think him, for we usually met under unpleasant circumstances, and I always had doubts about

that affair of poor Egerton of ours. So we have been victorious. Zounds! if the Duke of Cumberland was a tyrant and a martinet in Flanders, even after the French had beaten him from post to pillow, what the devil will he be now, after routing this handful of half-starved Highland shepherds!”

“Exile again,” said Dalquharn, pursuing his own bitter thoughts. “Tired of distant lands, of France, of Italy and of Holland—sick of strange tongues and foreign fashions—I came gladly home to Scotland on King James’s service, in the hope to abide there for ever—while life lasted at least; and now, even if I escape to *her*, ’tis but to share with her unmerited exile, penury and sorrow again.”

“You see the reward of rebellion—of this most rash and fortunately partial Rising in the North,” said Wyvil kindly, though his words jarred on Dalquharn’s ear.

“And the Prince—where is he?”

“Well—the chevalier is retiring towards Ruthven in Badenoch, say our scouts; and we shall soon be on his track; escape is physically impossible now, by land or sea.”

“Then in Badenoch lie my way and line of duty—but oh, how to reach him!”

“I shall aid you,” said Wyvil.

“You, sir—you?”

“But beware how your Lordship falls into our

hands again. There may be no one near to save you, as I so narrowly did just now."

In a few minutes after this, Lord Dalquharn, completely disguised in a suit of livery belonging to Duncan Forbes of Culloden, and furnished with several comforts by the House Steward, mounted on a strong stray horse, given him by Wyvil, and protected by a pass, signed by that officer, desiring all persons in authority, civil and military, to permit the bearer, Timothy Jones, a liveryman, to pass unquestioned, turned his horse's head towards Badenoch, and gladly quitted for ever the vicinity of the moor of Culloden.

By the Park wall, lay the heap of disfigured corpses, when the sun was declining, and the darkness drew on.

After that, one might have been seen to leave the heap, and crawl away to the shelter of the wood. That poor creature was Sir John Mitchell of Pitreavie, who, when the bullets flattened on the wall around him, fell down and feigned death, even to receiving a bayonet stab afterwards without wincing, and so escaped the butchery by which his brother officers perished.

Conspicuous still, above the dark purple heather of the great moor, are the graves of the slain; and in years long after, tradition avers that, in the soft twilight of the summer eve, solitary wayfarers, when passing near those burial mounds, have suddenly found themselves amid the smoke and

hurly burly of a battle. They could recognize the various clans engaged by their tartans and badges. On those occasions, a certain Laird of Culduthil was always seen amid the fray on a white horse; and the people believed that once again a great battle would be fought there by the clans, but with whom, or what about, no seer ever ventured to predict.

A darker and wilder tradition lingers in the Highlands, to the effect that once yearly, on the night of the 16th April, the gates of hell are unlocked, and that a spectral army, led by the doomed spirit of the Duke, visits the scene of its atrocities, and marches to and fro amid weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, till the first beam of the morning sun gilds the distant peaks of Ross, when the whole grisly crew vanish to their abode beyond the Styx.*

* See this legend in the novel called "The Phantom Regiment."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE COIRE GAOTH.

“The Saxon has swept o’er the plains of Culloden,
 Our heroes have fallen, or wandered afar,
 ’Mong dark mountain caves, where the blue mist is
 shrouding—

No minstrel awaits their returning from war.
 I see a white sail through the dim mist of ocean,
 It comes like the beam of the dawning of day ;
 Grey Albyn, awake thee to mournful devotion,
 It bears him an exile for ever away !”

Scots Song.

THREE months after this, when the summer grass was sprouting fresh and green above the mounds of Culloden, and on many a solitary grave in the glens and by the wayside, over all the western Highlands, wherever a poor peasant, wayfarer or fugitive had been shot down in cold blood by the troops employed in hunting the Jacobites, on the evening of the 28th July, five men were slowly and wearily traversing the slopes of Corambian, near the Braes of Glenmorrison.

All yesterday in Strathcluanie, and on the hills above Strathglass, they had heard the report of muskets, and the cries of the people, who were being butchered in the solitary places to which

they had fled with their children and cattle, but still were unable to escape the troops from Fort Augustus—the regiment of my Lord George Sackville, whose cowardice nearly lost us the battle of Minden.

The aspect of those five wayfarers was deplorable. Their eyes were sunken, their beards were long; famine had enfeebled them, and their smiles were almost ferocious when they indulged in them, which was but seldom. Some had wounds, raw and unhealed; yet they clung to life, and faithfully to each other.

For more than eight-and-forty hours no food had passed their lips. They all wore the Highland dress, but it was barely discernible as such, being but masses of rags and tatters, that had been often drenched by the rain or the dense mountain mists, and bleached by the wind and sun. Some of them were shoeless; but all were well armed, though their weapons were rusty. They were wolfish, and well nigh savage in aspect, and, after all they had undergone since the night of Culloden, well might they be so!

He so wasted and wan, so hollow-eyed and all unkempt, “upon his head a wretched yellow wig, and old bonnet, his neck cinctured by a dirty clouted handkerchief, his coat of coarse dark cloth, his vest of Stirling tartan much worn, his tartan hose and Highland brogues tied with thongs so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon

his feet, his shirt—and he had no other—of the colour of saffron”—was Charles Edward Stuart, he who had come to win three kingdoms for his exiled father, so fondly styled the heir of “Fergus, father of a hundred kings”—he for whom so many noble hearts had grown cold in battle, and for whom so many were perishing daily on the English scaffolds.

His companions, whose plight was, if possible, worse than his own, were the loyal and gallant Macdonald of Glenaladale, two gillies of his surname, and the fourth was Lord Dalquharn.

All last night the rain had fallen in torrents, and it had been passed by them on the summit of a high hill between Strathglass and the Braes of Glenmorrison; there the Prince had slept in a little fissure in the rocks, with no comfort, but a short pipe, which he had learned to smoke among the Highlanders.

At that time, when hunted from place to place with a price set upon his head—hunted like a very wolf, within the four seas of Britain—there was not a being more wretched, or whose condition was more utterly deplorable, than he, whose right to its throne, was, by the ancient constitution of the country, unalienable, and immovable as the mountains, to use a Gaelic proverb.

It was by the merest chance, that after being separated for two entire months, that being outcasts and seeking the same savage and sequestered wildernesses, Lord Dalquharn had met the Prince,

after the return of the latter to the mainland had been achieved by the famous Miss Flora Macdonald, who watched and tended him so faithfully in the caves and hiding places of Skye and of north and south Uist.

Since they had last been together, how many of their compatriots had perished or been in hopeless captivity? Many nobles were in the Tower of London and Castle of Edinburgh; among them, the venerable Marquis of Tullybardine, who by dying in the former prison, eluded the axe and knife. Lord Pitsligo, old and feeble, was safely hidden among the Forbesses, with whom he lived for years as an aged mendicant, known to them, and to them only, as their outlawed Lord and Chief. Of poor Sir John Mitchell, they never heard more.

As they proceeded wearily along, in search of a certain cavern, of which Glenaladale knew, by the drove road or old Fingalian path, by which the voiceless solitude was traversed, they frequently paused and looked around them. All was solemnly still there, and no sound was heard, but the drowsy hum of the mountain bee, as he floated over the heather-bells, or the shrill whistle of the curlew, as he winged his way up from the deep corrie below, where the silver mist was rolling round the bare, brown slopes of the vast rocky mountains.

Often had black despair taken possession of

Charles's gallant breast; but the emotion always gave place again to that hope which is inseparable from youth; and more than once he boasted, that "surely his life was charmed, he made so many hair-breadth escapes in mountain and isle, and that he was yet reserved for some great end."

They had been without food for more than two days and two nights, and now, after all their past sufferings, human endurance could no longer sustain the task of further existence.

"Oh Glenaladale, my faithful friend," said the Prince, "where is this cave—the Coire Gaoth, of which you spoke—not much further I hope?"

His voice was low and faint and husky.

"We are near it now indeed, your Highness," replied the Chieftain.

"And seven men occupy it?"

"Seven."

"Who may be trusted?"

"They are Highlanders," replied the other emphatically.

"So were the Campbells who broke down the park wall at Culloden," said the Prince with a bitter smile.

"But those seven men are as true as steel, Glenmorrison assured me, to your Highness and yours."

The poor Prince sighed, and said, after a pause,

"Those days of wandering by sea and land—by isle and inlet, hill and cave—were dreadful! Each

night, I used to say, while cleaning and priming my pistols anew, 'I have never known *such* a day and I shall never forget it!' But the days and nights as they succeeded each other, have actually become monotonous in the unvarying extremity, of their fierce excitement. Where will all this end? —Oh, Father of Mercy, where will all this end for me, and those who have loved me, as never man was loved?"

As this sounded like a prayer, the Highlanders took off their bonnets; but no one replied, as they trod slowly and wearily on. Dalquharn had gloomy forebodings in his heart, of what the *end* might ultimately be, and he viewed the young prince with intense commiseration. He feared much, that in a country so poor and so lawless as the Highlands, and where the people were supposed to be so rapacious, that the proffered reward would prove too great a temptation, and yet more than a hundred persons, had risked the gallows by concealing the Prince or conniving at his escape from place to place; but how he was to leave the country, swarming as it was now, with English and foreign troops, while the salt lochs and inlets were filled with ships of war and armed launches was beyond all comprehension!

"In this district we are safe, at least," observed Glenaladale, "for the Grants of Glenmorrison are true."

"Then they are the only true men of their

name," said Charles, coldly ; " for if Glenmorriston brought us two hundred claymores, his chief led six hundred to the service of the Elector."

As they crept up the hill-side, towards some rocks and bushes, the head of a man became visible, and the sun glittered on the long barrel of his Spanish musket. Only the keen eyes of a Highland sportsman could have detected this scout, for his shock head of red hair, which was bound by a thong, seemed to blend with the tufts of the heather around it.

Glenaladale shouted something in Gaelic, on which the scout uttered a wild cry of joy, and brandishing his long musket like a reed, rushed towards them, and exclaimed in piercing accents,

" Mo Righ ! mo Righ ! Tearlach Righ nan Gael ! "

This man was powerful, brawny and athletic ; his whole attire consisted of a kilt of the red tartan of his clan, sorely faded and worn, a sheep-skin jacket and a white satin vest which had whilome belonged to an officer of Kerr's Dragoons. He was armed with a double brace of steel pistols, a dirk without a sheath, a claymore that had cloven many a skull and collar-bone, and a long antique musket, elaborately mounted with brass ; but shoes, hose or bonnet, had he none. He was bearded to the eyes, and singularly savage and impressive in aspect.

He was Peter Grant, one of the seven famous

outlaws, whose lurking-place was the Coire Gaoth, a cavern on the hill of Corambian. His companions came rushing forth, all similarly armed and equally ferocious in aspect, and all these men, save Roderick Mackenzie, who was also lurking with them, were robbers and sheepstealers, who had served in the Prince's army, and who like gallant Rob Roy in the preceding generation, had been forced to take "to the heather bush for shelter."

On beholding the Prince, he who to them was centre of all creation, in a plight as miserable as their own, these poor fellows fell on their knees before him and wept bitterly. Charles was deeply touched and wept also. Then they humbly kissed his hands, led him into the wretched cavern which was their hiding-place, and hastily supplied him with food, broiling on a wooden spit the kidneys of a sheep they had stolen and killed, on the preceding night.

Poor Lord Dalquharn was incapable of eating, though they offered him food, with all the hospitality, tenderness and politeness that were native to them. He slept long and heavily on a bed of heather, with his head pillowed on a stone, and he had been dreaming of the tender brown eyes of Bryde, with their merry smiles—Bryde of whom, in the roving and outlaw life he had led, hunted from place to place, since Culloden, he had heard nothing,—when he awoke, and was startled to find the

change that had taken place in the attire of the Prince, for since their arrival, Peter Grant had overtaken and killed a servant of Lord George Sackville's, on the Fort Augustus road, and taking his cloak-bags, conveyed them to the cavern, where the good Holland shirts with lace ruffles, the kerseymere waistcoats and so forth, found in them, proved very acceptable.

That night saw the fugitives even merry; one always kept guard without, but the rest sat round their fire, and Grant, who was a good musician, drew from a corner what he called "the harper's second wife—generally the best natured of the two, a harp," and sang many a lively stave to his own accompaniment.

These men robbed and stole for the support of the Prince and his followers, who stayed with them for three weeks; but still his ultimate escape seemed hopeless, so close was the cordon drawn around him by sea and land, and it might never have taken place, but for a very remarkable incident, in which Dalquharn nearly perished.

One evening he and Roderick Mackenzie were scouting on the Braes of Glenmorrison, when they came suddenly upon a party of Sackville's Regiment from Fort Augustus, where Cumberland was still residing. They were grenadiers, in sugar loaf caps, and large square skirted red-coats, and black gaiters, and were led by an officer, who called aloud,

“Surrender, and show your passes, if you have them, fellows!”

“Air Dhia, bhailach!” replied Mackenzie, mockingly, “what said the Bell of Scone? Meddle not with that which meddles not with thee.”

Being in the kilt they were instantly fired on by four of the party, which consisted of ten; six of whose muskets were luckily unloaded. While all were casting about and preparing for a volley Dalquharn and Mackenzie rushed along the slope of the hill above the roadway. It was covered by whins, large boulders and masses of detached rock, very favourable to a skirmish; the odds were terrible, yet they turned to fire from time to time at their pursuers, of whom they disabled three; but they were closely followed with wild hollos, which they hoped might not reach the ears of the adventurous Prince, and lure him into peril by any attempt to succour them.

In this unequal skirmish the bullets whistled rapidly about them; Dalquharn felt one shave the tip of his right ear; another tore away the heel of his left shoe, and already was Mackenzie's right arm shattered, so that he had flung away his musket as useless and an encumbrance.

The pursuers were fast gaining on them, and the voice of the officer as he brandished his spon-
toon, and drew nearer poor Mackenzie, whose agony and loss of blood rendered him incapable of

keeping pace with Dalquharn, was heard exclaiming exultingly,

“The Pretender, by all the devils, the Pretender! Down with him—down with him! Huzza—huzza, my brave boys, for thirty thousand pounds!”

Mackenzie, with a cry of despair, fell under another bullet; at the same moment, the foot of Dalquharn struck a stone, and he fell heavily forward, and rolling down the rough hill-side, sank into the dry bed of a mountain torrent, where his head struck a rock, and he lay senseless, while the soldiers, with their fixed bayonets, surrounded his less fortunate companion, who looked at them proudly and defiantly.

It was then that the sublime idea which lives alike in Scottish History and tradition, seized the heroic soul of this devoted man, who, desirous of saving his royal leader, even in death, said to the soldiers reproachfully,

“Oh, villains, *you have slain your Prince!*”

“Hah,” exclaimed the officer, “I knew that he was the Pretender! Off with his head, and away with it to the Duke!”

The bayonets clashed together as they were driven into the body of this martyr to loyalty.

In a few minutes more, the reeking head, with all the long fair hair, which he had been so vain of dressing *à la* Prince Charles, was thrust into a coarse canvas haversack, and borne to Fort

Augustus ; and in this terrible manner, did the strange double-dream of the mother and son become fulfilled.

Dalquharn soon recovered, and though giddy and smeared with blood from a wound in the temple, crept stealthily with cocked musket out of the hole which had concealed him. All was still ; the soldiers were gone ; like red dots they could be seen afar off on the Fort Augustus road, and he found, to his horror, only the headless trunk of Mackenzie lying on the hill side, where Charles and the outlaws buried him that night, scooping his scanty grave among the heather with the blades of their swords ; and over his grave, eight years ago, a plain little monument was erected.

Two days after this dreadful deed, believing that the great work was accomplished, the Duke of Cumberland set out for London, with an incredible quantity of plunder, and conveying with him in his coach the head of Mackenzie, doubting not that the ghastly trophy was worth the thousands set upon it !

The Prince's valet, Richard Morrison, was brought in chains from the castle of Carlisle to inspect and identify it. Fainting with horror (says a note to Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs), he was shewn the dreadful spectacle, but after a narrow examination for some mole or other mark, he became convinced that it was *not* the head of his royal master.

The supposition that the skull in the Duke's possession was that of Charles Edward, caused the pursuit after him to be considerably relaxed, and it was chiefly owing to that circumstance that he was enabled, ultimately, to escape from Scotland.

The brave outlaws of the Coire Gaoth, some of whom were afterwards hanged for sheep-stealing, wept like children, when the Prince, with Dalquharn and Glenaladale, left them.

“Stay with us!” cried poor Peter Grant and his followers; “the mountains of gold which the Elector has set on your head, may induce some great man to betray you, for he can go to a distant country, and live on the price of his dishonour, but to us there exists no temptation. We speak no language but our own—we can live nowhere but in this country, where, were we to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down and crush us to death!”

Scott has recorded these words, and we doubt much if Macaulay, had he finished *his* History, would have repeated them.

On an evening of the succeeding September, when the shadows of the mountains were falling darkly on Loch nan Uamh, two French frigates, *La Princesse de Conti*, and *L'Heureux*, were standing slowly out to seaward, with all their sails set, and each had a strange and motley crowd on her deck. These vessels had been

piloted into Scottish water, by a short, squat, and ferocious little nautical personage, who figures in the *Mercure Française*, as "M. le Capitaine d'Escupperplugge," and by Colonel Warren, of Count Dillon's Regiment of the Irish Brigade, through whose faith, courage, and skill, the unhappy Prince, with more than a hundred of his followers, including Lord Dalquharn, all wasted and worn, and in the last stages of rags and misery, escaped.

"Once more, once more for exile," exclaimed the young Prince, as he leaned on Dalquharn's shoulder; "for exile in France, which must be as a land of bondage to me and all who love me!"

And now as darkness spread alike over the vast deep, and the wild hills of Loch nan Uamh, Dalquharn gazed sadly at the shore he was doomed never again to see, and he had but one hope in his heart of hearts, that he would find his lost Bryde in that land towards which they were speeding, as they sailed into that dense and friendly fog, which so fortunately concealed them from the British fleet, under Admiral Lestock.

The captain of *La Princesse de Conti* handed to Prince Charles Edward, who was leaning against the capstan, a goblet of wine, for he was very faint and would not go below till he had seen the last of the land of his sorrow and his glory. He looked towards the lessening shore, which the mist was shrouding fast, and exclaiming,

“To the hills, the glens, and *the people!*” a toast he had learned among his faithful Highlanders, he drained the goblet to the dregs, and covering his head with his tattered tartan plaid, burst into tears.

L' ENVOY.

BRYDE OTTERBURN and Lord Dalquharn found a home in France, where he attained a high rank in the army and state, with the Grand Cross of St. Louis.

Their home was not far from the fine old historical town of Compeigne, on the Oise, in the province of the Isle of France, in the midst of a peaceful and beautiful country; and the parks of their château, which had been originally a small hunting seat of the earlier monarchs, were spacious and lonely, but a tamer scene than Bryde had been wont to view from the windows of Auldhame—the Firth of Forth, rolling in its fury up the bay of jagged rocks, the towering Bass in the distance, with its bare scalp in the ocean mist, and its sides glistening in the lashing spray.

Dalquharn is said to have owed much of his success in France to M. du Boyer, the Marquis de Guilles, King Louis's ambassador at the little court of Charles Edward in Scotland.

At the Château de Compeigne, he and his lady lived to a ripe old age; and we can honestly close these pages with the assurance that they had little to complain of save the idea of exile.

Even that wore away as their children grew up around them, and they lived contentedly and happily.

In the abbey church of St. Corneille, which was founded by Charles the Bold, on the left hand side of the nave, may be seen their altar-tomb, which was sorely defaced at the Revolution; but the crowned and winged heart of the Douglasses of the Holm, may still be seen thereon, impaled with the chevrons and three otter heads of the Otterburns of Auldhame and Redhall.

Some kind memory of the mountain-land that was far away—the land of battle and of song—was still lingering there, when in 1815, on their return from Paris after Waterloo, the Gordon Highlanders and the Black Watch, when brigaded on their homeward march to Calais, passed through Compeigne; for a banquet was given to them by Charles Edouard Duglass, whose title was Le Comte d'Alvarn d'Auldhame, a Lieutenant General in the service of France, the oldest of the six sons of bonnie Bryde Otterburn, three of whom perished, as field officers, under the Great Emperor on the retreat from Moscow—one of them being aide-de-camp to Stephen Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, son of Neil Mac Eachin, of the Clan-Ranald, one of the fugitives from Loch nan Uamb.

Among those kilted Waterloo veterans so sumptuously entertained by Comte d'Alvarn, were many

like himself, the sons, and many more, the grandsons of the men of Falkirk and Culloden; and next day, when with all their pipes playing and drums beating, they defiled along the quaint old bridge of the Oise, he rode at their head as far as Roye, and then bade them farewell.

Thus, true to the end, Dalquharn and Bryde had named their firstborn after the young hero of the ever memorable "Forty-five."

In the year of Waterloo he was a courtly old French gentleman of the *ancien regime*, who, though he had somehow escaped the Revolutionists, and found favour with Napoleon, both as Consul and Emperor, now wore his hair flowing and powdered, a flap vest, a buckram-skirted silk coat, and a dress sword, just as he had done in the antechambers of Versailles when Louis XVI. was king.

Less happy than that of the Comte's parents, was the close of the life of Sir John Mitchell, who so narrowly escaped being slaughtered with so many others at the park wall of Culloden House.

For years the inhabitants of Edinburgh had been struck by the venerable and grand aspect of a bald and white bearded mendicant, who usually sat on the pavement with his head uncovered, and his hat before him, mutely seeking alms near "a dead wall opposite to Lord Milton's House in the Canongate."

This huge and black gloomy wall is still there, and unchanged from the aspect it then wore.

Few persons who were in the habit of passing that way, to and from Holyrood, failed to be impressed by the meek, benign and singularly sweet manner of this reverend person, whose eyes seemed always to be fixed on something that was far away from mortal ken. At last the Editor of that quaint old periodical, the Scots Magazine, became interested in him, and in his number for September, 1770, we have the following paragraph regarding the old man :

“ He is an attainted Baronet named Sir John Mitchell of Pitreavie, and had formerly a very affluent estate ! In the early part of his life he was in the Scotch Greys, but was broke for sending a challenge to the Duke of Marlborough, in consequence of some illiberal reflections thrown out by his grace against the Scottish nation. Queen Anne took so personal a part in his prosecution, that he was condemned to transportation ; and this part of his sentence was, with difficulty, remitted at the particular instance of John, Duke of Argyle.”

Exposed at his extreme years to the severities of the weather, “ it is to be hoped the humane and charitable of this city will attend to his distresses, and relieve him from a situation which appears too severe a punishment, for what can at worst be termed his *spirited imprudence* ”—a phrase which doubtless refers to his adherence to the House of Stuart.

A subscription was opened for him at Balfour's Coffee-house ; he, however, did not long survive the discovery of his real name and rank, for on a sunny morning he was found on the cold pavement, dead of mere age and exhaustion. When discovered by a soldier of the old City Guard, he was lying in his usual place, near the old gloomy wall in the Canongate, having apparently been unable to creep home to his obscure and humble lodgings.

Within an old tin case, concealed in the lining of his patched coat, were found some MS. memoranda relating to the great Insurrection, which ended amid the horrors of Culloden, with his commission as an officer of the Greys, signed by Queen Anne, and of the Prince's Life Guard, signed by James VIII. as King of Scotland.

Where this poor old martyr to loyalty and circumstances found a grave, no record remains to shew us.

NOTES.

NOTE I.

THE PRINCE'S PIPER.

THE Piper of Charles Edward was a man equally famed in his day for his proficiency in the martial music of his country, and his personal strength. He was a native of Fortingall, in Perthshire, and was warmly attached to the House of Stuart. John Macgregor resorted to the muster at Glenfinnan, and soon became a great favourite with the Prince, whom he accompanied throughout the campaign, and whom he was ever ready to serve with his blood, if necessary. The Prince—we are told—was in the habit of addressing him in kind and familiar terms; but Macgregor having but a scanty knowledge of English, Charles acquired so much of the Gaelic, as enabled him to say *Seid suas do piob, Iain!*

When the Prince entered Edinburgh, after his victory at Preston-pans, he called laughingly, “Blow up your pipe, Iain.” The Piper marched to Derby, and was present at Clifton Moor, Falkirk, the siege of Stirling, and the last fatal day at Culloden, when he saw, for the last time, his beloved Prince. After many years of wandering, danger, and hardship, he returned to his native village of Fortingall, where he died, leaving four sons and eight grandsons, all of whom were famous pipers.

“The identical bag-pipe with which Macgregor cheered the spirits of his Jacobite countrymen, is still in the pos-

session of his only surviving grand-son, also a John Macgregor, in the seventy-second year of his age, residing at Drumchary, in Perthshire. It has but two drones, the *third* in such instruments being a modern appendage. Its chanter is covered with silver plates, bearing inscriptions in Gaelic and English. The late Sir J. Athol Macgregor added one to it, on which are the following words in both languages :—

“ ‘These pipes, belonging to John Macgregor, Piper to His Grace, the Duke of Athol, were played by his grandfather, John Macgregor, in the battles of Prince Charles Stuart’s army, in 1745—6, and this inscription was placed on them by his chief, Sir John Macgregor, Bart., of Macgregor, in 1846, to commemorate their services.’

“The present owner, John Macgregor, a celebrated piper in his day, still plays the old pipe with wonderful efficiency. He performed at the head of his Clan during the royal visit in 1822, at the Eglinton tournament in 1839, and had the honour of performing before Her Majesty at Taymouth ; but John, like his pipe, has now become aged, and he has neither brother nor son, with whom to leave his favourite instrument.”—*Perthshire Courier*, 1857.

NOTE II.

THE PRINCE’S ARMY.

THOUGH constantly stigmatised by the English press, as cut-throats and banditti, and though styled in one of Cumberland’s orders, ‘arrant scum,’ the little army of Charles Edward was as orderly as it was brave, and was well organised in a fashion of its own—the discipline of the modern military system, being added to that of the patriarchal tribes of the Gael. The pay of a captain was 2s. 6d. daily ; the lieutenant, 2s. ; ensign, 1s. 6d. ; and of the privates, 6d. In the Clan regiments, every company

NOTE IV.

ORDER OF BATTLE ON CULLODEN MOOR, 16TH APRIL,
1746.

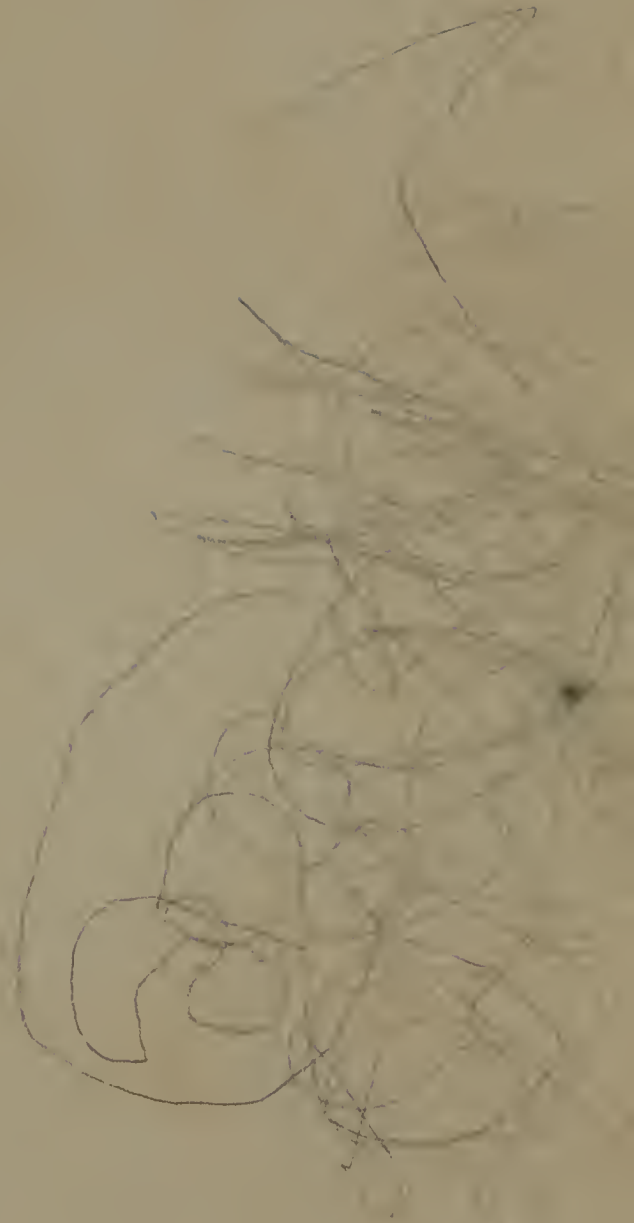
FEW accounts of the Prince's line of battle exactly agree in the order of the reserve. The total strength of the *British Infantry* was 29 Field Officers, 84 Captains, 222 Subalterns, 330 Serjeants, 225 Drums, 5521 Rank and File. Kerr's, Cobham's, and Kingston's Horse, with the Argyleshire Regiment, mustered 2400 men, exclusive of the Artillery, Engineers, and Staff. Only four Scottish Regiments were engaged: the 1st Royals, 21st Fusiliers, 25th or Edinburgh Regiment, and the Argyleshire Militia under Colonel Campbell of Mamore, afterwards Duke of Argyle.

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------|------|----------------|---------------------|-----|------------------------|-----|---|
| Cannon. | ++++ | | Major-Gen. Bland. | [] | Cobham's | | |
| Glen-garry. | [] | | | [] | Dragoons, | [] | Kingston's |
| Kep-poch. | [] | Duke of Perth. | | [] | 3 squads. | [] | Horse, 2squads |
| Clan-ranald. | [] | | | [] | Royal Scots, 1st Foot. | [] | Bufs. 3rd Foot |
| Mac-lean. | [] | | | + | Cannon. | [] | Fleming's 36th. |
| Mac-leod, | [] | | | [] | Cholmondeley's 34th. | ++ | Cannon. |
| Mac Intosh. | [] | | | + | Cannon. | [] | Bligh's 20th. |
| Cannon. | ++++ | | Lord John Drummond. | [] | Price's 14th. | [] | Battercran's, 52nd. |
| Farquharson. | [] | | | + | Cannon. | [] | Edinb. Reg. 25th. |
| Mac Intosh. | [] | | | [] | Scots Fusilier 21st. | [] | Cochrane's 48th. |
| Lovat. | [] | | | + | Cannon. | [] | 5th Marines. |
| Cluny. | [] | | | [] | Dejean's 37th. | ++ | Cannon. |
| Appin. | [] | | | + | Cannon. | [] | Wolfe's 8th. |
| Lochiel. | [] | | Lord George Murray. | [] | Barrel's 4th. | [] | Kingston's Horse, 2squads |
| Athol. | [] | | | [] | Kerr's | [] | Argyle-shire Highlanders, 12 Companies. |
| Cannon. | ++++ | | | [] | Dragoons, | [] | |
| | | | | [] | 3 Squads. | [] | |

Park wall broken down by the Campbells.

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